

LICENSE TO KILL

WRITTEN BY
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FINAL DRAFT

FADE IN

1

1 EXT. AWACS PLANE - SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE CARIBBEAN - DAY 1

A Coast Guard plane, on patrol. A large radar pod is mounted on top of the fuselage.

2 INT. AWACS PLANE RADAR OPERATOR, RATING, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, DUTY OFFICER 2

stands behind the seated Radar Operator, in a windowless cabin, bathed in dim red light, both intent on the radar screen before them. In the background are PLOTTING TABLE and a wall of sophisticated ELECTRONICS EQUIPMENT.

RADAR OPERATOR

We have a mid-course deviation.
Target heading 036, 126 miles
bearing 149 - Havana VOR.

Duty Officer turns to the plotting table. Rating is already projecting the new heading on a map of the Caribbean which is etched in glass and lit from below. The line intersects a small island in the Northern Bahamas. Duty Officer looks up from the table to the Communications Officer, sitting before the bank of computers.

DUTY OFFICER

(jubilant)

Advise Key West Drug Enforcement
he's headed for Cray Cay!

3 EXT. SANCHEZ' LEAR JET - APPROACHING CRAY CAY 3

An airstrip and a cluster of buildings. Signs of small resort town near beach. The plane deploys its landing gear.

DUTY OFFICER V.O.

(continuing)

If they hurry they might just grab
the bastard.

4 EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE - AERIAL SHOT - BENTLEY - DAY 4

The CAMERA follows as it speeds towards Key West, Florida.

5 INT. BENTLEY - DAY CHAUFFEUR, SHARKY, BOND AND LEITER 5

sit in the rear seat of the Bentley, resplendent in top hats, swallowtail coats and striped trousers, white roses in their buttonholes. Leiter's black fisherman friend, Sharky, similarly dressed, sits next to Chauffeur. It's Leiter's wedding day. He looks like he's about to be shot. Sharky tugs at his tie, and adjusts the air conditioning.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

2/23

LEITER
(5th time)

You're sure you've got --

Bond is ahead of him. He opens his hand. The RING sits in its demure jeweler's box in his palm.

BOND

Right here. Relax Felix, it'll all be over soon.

THE SOUND of a helicopter approaching. They look out the window.

THEIR POV

A Coast Guard HELICOPTER skims across the water running parallel with the Bentley. Leiter's DEA partner HAWKINS holds up a sign reading "FOLLOW ME". The helicopter flies on toward vacant lot.

6 INT. BENTLEY

8/23

6

BOND

Friend of yours?

LEITER

Hawkins. My partner at the DEA.

He looks ahead through the windshield.

7 INT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE - HELICOPTER HAWKINS

8/23

7

standing near it by the side of road. The Bentley pulls up beside him. LEITER, SHARKY and BOND get out.

LEITER

What the hell's going on?

HAWKINS

(excited)

Sanchez is in the Bahamas.

LEITER

(jubilant)

Have you cleared it with Nassau?

HAWKINS

We got the green light.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

LEITER

Let's go.

He steps toward the helicopter.

SHARKY

Haven't you forgotten something?

LEITER

(stopping; to Bond)

Oh, yes, explain to Della --

BOND

No way. Sharky can do it. I'm coming. I'd rather face this Sanchez than Della.

Sharky nods, he'll do it.

LEITER

Okay, but strictly as an observer.

They run to helicopter.

8 EXT. HELICOPTER

8/23

8

rises into the sky.

9 EXT. AIRSTRIP, CRAY CAY - TWO PILOTS SANCHEZ' LEAR JET

9

parked. The pilots wait in the shade under its wing.

10 EXT. MAIN HOUSE, CRAY CAY GUARD

8/18

10

sits snoozing on the steps leading to the upper level of a traditional one-story clapboard house. PEREZ steps silently up to him. The guard startles awake. Perez slips a garotte around his neck through the opening in the steps. He applies it pitilessly. The FEET OF SANCHEZ AND HIS MEN pass the Guard in his death throes.

11 INT. MAIN HOUSE REAR BEDROOM ALVAREZ AND LUPE LAMORA

7/18

11

the voluptuous, beautiful former Miss Galaxy lies asleep in the bed next to her new paramour, Alvarez. The door bursts open. SANCHEZ enters with gun drawn. He's forty, tall, strong, exuding all the confidence and authority of a man who has never had any reason to doubt that those who oppose him can be bought or killed. DARIO, his henchman, follows. Alvarez reaches for the gun on the night table and Sanchez fires several rounds, hitting night table and wall. Alvarez whips his hand back, Lupe startles awake. PEREZ and BRAUN rush in and drag Alvarez from the bed. They pull him into the doorway. Sanchez faces him.

(CONTINUED)

Revised: July 16, 1988

7/18

11 CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

What did he promise you, his heart?
(he turns to Dario)
Give it to her!

Dario hesitates.

SANCHEZ

Hacer Lo! (Do it!)

Dario draws a large Bowie knife from under his jacket. He pushes the struggling Alvarez through the door. Sanchez closes the door, leaving himself alone with Lupe, the woman who, until a few says ago, had been his constant companion. He comes to her. She sits bolt upright in the bed, clutching the sheet to her breasts in fear. He puts his hand on her head, and speaks in an understanding tone.

SANCHEZ

It's all right baby. We all make mistakes.

He pushes her head down on to the bed, exposing her naked back. He takes a sting ray whip from his belt, rests it against her flesh. She is weeping.

LUPE

Franz, I didn't --

He cuts her off.

SANCHEZ

Sssshhh. Not a word, baby.

He brings the whip down on her back. She begins to sob.

CLOSING

in on her face as Sanchez whips her. Her SOBS are drowned by Alvarez' BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS.

11A EXT. BUSHES NEAR MAIN HOUSE ALVAREZ'

mutilated body pitches to the ground.

12 EXT. CHURCH, KEY WEST - WHITE BENTLEY SHARKY

10/4
8/12 pt 8/13

12

runs to it as it stops at curb. Inside the CHAUFFEUR-driven car is Leiter's bride, DELLA CHURCHILL, and her ELDERLY UNCLE. Della looks concerned. He uncle sits back, folding his arms.

SHARKY

Still not here. Go around the block again.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

DELLA
What about all the guests?

ELDERLY UNCLE
I told you this was a mistake

13 EXT. CRAY CAY - COASTGUARD HELICOPTER 13

sweeps over the beach, heading for the main house.

14 INT. HELICOPTER PILOT, BOND, MULLENS, LEITER AND HAWKINS 14

The agents don flack jackets, check their M-16s. Mullens is an athletic middle-aged black agent.

LEITER
(turning to Hawkins)
The papers?

Hawkins hand him a sheaf of legal papers.

HAWKINS
Indictment, Arrest Warrant,
Extradition Request

BOND
You're not going to let him off on
a technicality.

LEITER
Damn right I'm not. I've been
after Sanchez for five years.

He sees Bond eyeing the guns, pulls an automatic from under his jacket and hands it to him.

LEITER
Just in case, James.

Bond eyes him ironically as he stuffs the gun in his waistband.

15 EXT. MAIN HOUSE MAN IN JEEP, SANCHEZ AND DARIO 15

emerge and look up at the SOUND of the helicopter.

16 EXT. MAIN HOUSE SANCHEZ AND DARIO POV 16

through the trees, HELICOPTER passing overhead.

17 EXT. MAIN HOUSE MAN IN JEEP SANCHEZ AND DARIO 17

SANCHEZ
Let's go!

They run for the Jeep as PEREZ and BRAUN hustle the hastily dressed LUPE out of the house. The GROUP jumps into the Jeep and heads for the airstrip.

8/8pt 6.

18 INT. HELICOPTER PILOT, BOND AND LEITER
see LEAR JET on airstrip.

8/17

18

LEITER
(to pilot)
The airstrip.

PILOT
What about our backup?

LEITER
Can't wait.

19 EXT. ROAD NEAR AIRSTRIP JEEP SANCHEZ

8/18

19

sees that the helicopter will beat them to the plane. He motions the driver to slow down then jumps from the moving Jeep and rolls under some bushes as the Jeep continues on.

20 EXT. AIRSTRIP - SANCHEZ' LEAR JET TWO PILOTS - HELICOPTER
LEITER HAWKINS MULLENS

8/18pt 8/19 8/20

20

jump out of it.

LEITER
I want Sanchez alive.

The two pilots throw up their hands in surrender. Mullens checks out the inside of the Lear Jet, signals 'No Sanchez'. AGENTS turn their HEADS AT sound of JEEP.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JEEP

with Sanchez' GROUP turns on to airstrip. Group opens fire on Agents who return it.

BOND

moves to door of helicopter. Bullets RICOCHET off helicopter door. One of them passes through Bond's TOP HAT. He ducks back inside.

HELICOPTER

begins to lift off out of the gun battle. The firefight on the ground intensifies.

BOND

leaps the ten feet from helicopter to ground, comes up on one knee in the classic firing position and shoots out the tire of the JEEP. It crashes. Sanchez' MEN jump out. Bond and Agents close in.

(CONTINUED)

Revised: August 5, 1988
20 CONTINUED:

8/18/88 8/19 d/20

LEITER

Hey, observer, you trying to get yourself killed?

BOND

If I don't get you back for the wedding, I'm a dead man for sure.

BRAUN, PEREZ and DARIO run into the bushes. The two pilots make a break for it. Mullens runs them down and tackles them. Leiter Hawkins chase after Sanchez' men. Bond is cautious.

BOND

Wait!

But they have already disappeared into the undergrowth. Bond notices Lupe sitting by the wrecked Jeep. He pulls her to her feet, sees that she has been crying.

BOND

You need help?

She looks furtively in the direction Sanchez' men took and shakes her head vigorously, No.

LUPE

No. Keep your hands off me. Go away.

She pushes him away. They look up at the SOUND OF A SMALL PLANE ENGINE starting up on the airstrip. Hawkins and Leiter realizing they have been tricked run up behind Bond.

21 EXT. PRIVATE PLANE PARKING AREA ALVAREZ' PLANE

21

single engine piloted by SANCHEZ, roars out onto the runway.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON PILOT

It is SANCHEZ. He gives them a cheerful waive.

ALVAREZ' PLANE

turning on the runway, past Bond and Leiter.

LEITER

Sanchez !

Bond waives for the Coast guard Helicopter to come in. They leap forward reaching the helicopter just as it touches down. Mullens brings the Pilots to the door. Bond gets in.

MULLENS

What about these?

(CONTINUED)

Revised: August 5, 1988

21 CONTINUED:

LEITER

Small fry. Forget them.

He and Hawkins climb aboard. Mullens lets the men go and gets in after them. Helicopter takes off.

22 INT. HELICOPTER MULLENS HAWKINS BOND AND LEITER 8/17 2:
watching the fleeing plane through the pilot's window.

LEITER

(desperate)

He'll be in Cuban airspace in twenty minutes.

Bond hands Leiter a parachute, puts a second on himself.

BOND

He hasn't got away yet.

LEITER

What are you doing?

Bond grabs hook at end of winch cable, pulls it toward him.

BOND

Let's go fishing.

The others jump in as helicopter takes off.

23 EXT. HELICOPTER 8/9 2

The helicopter looms like a giant bird of prey over Alvarez' plane. The pilot positions the helicopter over the plane's tail

24 INT. HELICOPTER, OPEN DOOR BOND 8/17 2

LEITER directs pilot as Bond is lowered on the helicopter's winch cable.

25 EXT. HELICOPTER BOND 8/17 8/9 2

The wind tears at his hair, the tails of his swallowtail jacket flap madly as he swings on the end of the cable.

26 INT. HELICOPTER, OPEN DOOR LEITER 8/17 2

in HEADSET guides the helicopter pilot.

27 EXT. ALVAREZ' PLANE BOND 8/9 2

grabs the tail of the plane with one hand, clings on as the plane bounces around. He wraps the lifting cable around the tail.

28 INT. ALVAREZ' PLANE SANCHEZ 8/13 2

feels the added weight at the back of the plane. He opens the throttle

29 EXT. ALVAREZ' PLANE BOND *8/9 P* 29

is almost torn from the cable by the sudden increase in speed.

30 INT. HELICOPTER, OPEN DOOR LEITER *8/17* 30

frantically signals the pilot to close the gap.

31 EXT. ALVAREZ' PLANE BOND *8/9 pt 8/13 8/30* 31

painfully maneuvers the cable hook into the plane's tow-ring. He gives Leiter the "thumbs up."

32 INT. HELICOPTER, OPEN DOOR LEITER *8/17* 32

gives the pilot the signal to increase power. The pilot pulls back on the controls.

33 INT. ALVAREZ' PLANE - SANCHEZ *8/8 8/13* 33

stares at the dials. He's losing speed. He gives his plane more throttle. The plane stalls. He gives it full throttle. The plane's nose drops dizzingly. Sanchez YELLS.

SANCHEZ' POV

The horizon looms up from below.

34 EXT. ALVAREZ' PLANE BOND *8/13* 34

hangs on grimly as the plane's nose plunges down. He swings his legs over the tail, hauls himself into a sitting position.

35 EXT. HELICOPTER AND PLANE *8/9 8/13* 35

Alvarez' plane hangs from the end of the helicopter cable like a spent fish. Bond sits triumphantly on the tail.

36 EXT. CHURCH, KEY WEST DELLA *8/12 pt 8/13* 36

The taffeta of her ivory wedding dress rustles furiously as she gets out of the white limousine, throws her bouquet into the back seat. Her ELDERLY UNCLE tries to calm her. SHARKY looks like he'd like to run and hide.

DELLA

That's it! I've had it! The wedding's off! Everybody go home!

There's the SOUND of the helicopter. Della, her uncle and Sharky look up. The HELICOPTER carrying Alvarez' plane passes overhead. WEDDING GUESTS pour out of the church, gazing upward.

37 EXT. HELICOPTER - ALVAREZ' PLANE BOND AND LEITER *8/12 pt* 37

also in a parachute. They jump out into space. Two PARACHUTES blossom in the blue sky.

38 EXT. CHURCH DELLA WEDDING GUESTS BOND AND LEITER 38

8/12st 8/13 10. 8/15st

parachutes billowing, land either side of Della. The Wedding guests file back inside. The triumphant strains of WAGNER'S 'BRIDAL CHORUS' fill the church. Della stands at the church door, the taffeta train of her wedding dress stretches behind her. She's flanked on either side by Leiter and Bond whose parachutes trail behind them. They shed the chutes as they move up the steps of the church.

THE MAIN TITLES COME UP

Montage of the wedding.

39 EXT. COASTGUARD H.Q. - DAY - COASTGUARD HELICOPTER ALVAREZ' 39 PLANE

8/13 8/31

in parking lot, helicopter next to it. A few OFFICERS and CUSTOMS MEN search it.

40 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COASTGUARD H.Q. - DAY SANCHEZ 40 HAWKINS AND KILLIFER

8/27 8/30

a tough, experienced, salt-of-the-earth DEA agent, paces the room, chewing on his habitual cigar. The air is heavy with its smoke. Sanchez sits, calm, almost bored, at a table. Hawkins sits opposite him.

KILLIFER

You're facing 139 felony counts, 936 years, Sanchez. Even one of your goddam famous million dollar bribes can't get you out of this one.

SANCHEZ

Two.

KILLIFER

What's that?

SANCHEZ

Two million U.S. A standing offer for anyone who springs me.

Hawkins stares in awe. Killifer explodes.

KILLIFER

Goddammit, do you think you're in some banana republic? All that scumbag money aint going to do you a bit of good here!

Sanchez applauds languidly.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Muy comico. Very righteous. But
I think I'll be home soon.

Killifer lunges towards him. Hawkins steps between them,
holding Killifer at bay.

KILLIFER

No way! We've got a private cell
waiting for you at Quantico.
Your boys will have to fight
their way through a battalion of
marines to get you out. And I'm
going to personally see you get
there.

41

EXT. PATIO, LEITER'S HOUSE - DAY BOND DELLA WEDDING 41
GUESTS

The reception is at its noisy, crowded peak. The CAMERA finds
Bond, cornered by THREE GIGGLING FEMALE GUESTS. Della, still
in her wedding dress and holding a silver cake knife, sails
into the group. Extracts Bond.

DELLA

James, I need you.

BOND

Excuse me, ladies.

They move inside.

42

INT. LEITER'S HOUSE DELLA BOND 42

Della leans in and kisses Bond. She's radiantly happy, very
beautiful and slightly tipsy. There is the ease between them
of old friends.

DELLA

Custom. The bride gets to kiss
the best man.

BOND

I thought it was the other way
round.

Bond kisses her back. She suddenly realizes she is holding
the cake knife.

DELLA

James, would you? He's still in
the study and it's time to cut
the cake.

He takes the knife from her.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BOND

I'll do anything for a woman with
a knife.

43 INT. LEITER'S STUDY PAM LEITER BOND

7/17
7/20pt 8/15pt 43
opens the door and enters. Leiter sits at his desk in front of his personal computer. There are files, maps, books and diskettes over every surface in the room. Pam, a striking brunette of about thirty, stands abruptly.

BOND

Sorry.

LEITER

No, no, come in. We're finished.

He hands Pam a sealed envelope, she slips it into her purse.

LEITER

Pam, meet James.

She nods toward Bond.

PAM

Good-bye Felix.

Leiter waves an abstracted hand. Bond moves to open the door for Pam but she brushes past him, doing it herself. Bond turns to Leiter, raises an enquiring eyebrow.

LEITER

Strictly business, my friend.

BOND

You know you've got a house full of guests waiting.

Leiter punches a couple of keys on the computer, sits back.

LEITER

Just let me save this. Take a seat. The department wants a full report. Yesterday.

Bond sits, lights a cigarette.

LEITER

We really hit it lucky today. Sanchez hasn't been out of his home base for years.

BOND

Couldn't you extradite him from Central America?

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

LEITER

Not a chance. He's killed
intimidated or bribed half the
government officials from here to
Chile. There's only one law down
there. Sanchez' Law --Plomo o
Plata.

BOND

(translating)

Lead or silver.

The computer "beeps." KILLIFER barges into the room without
knocking.

KILLIFER

Double congratulations, old
buddy. Take your time on the
honeymoon. Everything's okay.

(slaps Bond on the
back)

You must be Bond. The guy who
went along for the ride.

LEITER

(to Bond)

Ed Killifer.

(to Killifer)

Come out and get a drink.

KILLIFER

Can't...On Duty..Just came to
kiss the bride..Got to get back.
We're taking Sanchez to Quantico
this afternoon.

He exits. Bond hands Leiter the cake knife.

BOND

Time to cut the cake.

Leiter leaps to his feet, extracts the back-up disc and slips
it behind a framed photo of Della on the bookcase as he
speaks.

LEITER

Della must be ready to kill me.

44

EXT. PATIO, LEITER HOUSE CROWD INCLUDING LEITER DELLA 44
BOND SHARKY

Champagne corks and camera flashes POP as Della and Leiter cut
the cake. Sharky hands Leiter a box of hand-tied fishing
lures.

SHARKY

Tied 'em myself.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

8/15

BOND

That should keep you busy for the next few days.

Leiter holds the lures up.

DELLA

(seeing the lures)

They're not coming on my honeymoon.

8/13 8/13

45 EXT. COAST GUARD H.Q. MARSHALS M.P.'S SANCHEZ

45

escorted to a waiting ARMORED VAN by M.P.s. A chain runs from his wrists to his ankles. KILLIFER pulls up in a CAR. He gets out to watch as Sanchez is chained into the back of the van by TWO MARSHALS. He shuts the door on all three. There's the SOUND of the van's rear door being locked from inside. He gets into the seat next to the DRIVER, picks up a shotgun and cradles it in his lap. The van moves out in convoy with TWO MARSHAL CARS, one in front, one behind. A POLICE HELICOPTER flies overhead.

8/15

46 EXT. PATIO, LEITER HOUSE BOND DELLA LEITER GUESTS

46

dancing. The party is in full swing. Della and Leiter approach Bond. Leiter pulls a small box out of his pocket and hands it to Bond. Bond opens it.

INSERT - GOLD BUTANE LIGHTER

The inscription reads, "JAMES. LOVE ALWAYS, DELLA AND FELIX"

DELLA

leans in, kisses Bond on the cheek. He smiles at them.

BOND

Thanks.

He flicks the lighter. They jump back as the flame shoots up.

47 EXT. HIGHWAY, FLORIDA KEYS CONVOY

47

proceeds at high speed.

8/13

48 INT. VAN CAB DRIVER KILLIFER

48

watching alertly the road ahead.

8/4

48A INT. REAR OF VAN GUARDS SANCHEZ

looking bored, yawns.

9/19

- 49 EXT. BRIDGE, FLORIDA KEYS CONVOY 49
 slows to take the bridge. Halfway across is a sign which reads: CAUTION. BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR. A twenty foot section of railing has been replaced by a temporary wooden one.
- 50 INT. VAN CAB KILLIFER DRIVER 8/4 50
 As they come abreast of the wooden railing Killifer suddenly smashes the butt of his shot gun into the driver's temple. The driver slumps. Killifer grabs the steering wheel and yanks it hard to the right.
- 51 EXT. BRIDGE, FLORIDA KEYS - VAN 8/4 51
 crashes through the temporary railing and plunges into the sea. The MARSHAL'S CARS screech to a stop. The MARSHALS jump out and run to the shattered railing in time to see the van disappear. The HELICOPTER hovers some fifty feet above, the NOISE of its rotors all but drowning the panicked CRIES of the lawmen.
- 52 INT. VAN - UNDERWATER SANCHEZ MARSHALS 9/19 52
 scramble madly trying to open the doors of the van. The water rises around them.
- 53 EXT. UNDERWATER - VAN 53
 sinks lazily in the murky waters.
- 54 INT. VAN - UNDERWATER SANCHEZ MARSHALS 9/19 54
 succeed in forcing one of the back doors. They swim out with the last of the air, leaving Sanchez behind.
- 55 EXT. WATER'S SURFACE MARSHALS 8/5 55
 burst to the surface.
- 56 EXT. UNDERWATER THREE FROGMEN 8/5 56
 appear from out of the deep, on an underwater sled. Two of them leave it and swim to the van which has settled into the silt.
- 57 INT. VAN - UNDERWATER SANCHEZ #1 FROGMAN 9/19 57
 swims through the open door of the van. He puts an extra mouthpiece from his regulator into Sanchez's mouth. Then, using boltcutters, severs the chain holding Sanchez to the van.
- 58 INT. VAN CAB - UNDERWATER KILLIFER FROGMAN #2 58
 pulls Killifer from the cab of the van. Like Sanchez, Killifer is given the frogman's extra mouthpiece.

59

EXT. UNDERWATER SANCHEZ KILLIFER THREE FROGMEN 39

help Sanchez and Killifer onto the underwater sled. Frogmen and sled disappear into the deeper blue.

59A

EXT. WATER'S SURFACE POLICE HELICOPTER 59

hovers above, pulling MARSHALLS from the water with sling.

60

EXT. LEITER HOUSE - NIGHT LEITER DELLA BOND 60

Bond is the last to leave the reception. Della and Leiter accompany him to his car. They're bubbly from the champagne. Bond gives Della a long hug. He releases her, turns to Leiter, holds out his hand. Leiter takes his hand and hugs Bond affectionately. Della sweeps up the skirts of her wedding dress. She's shed her shoes.

DELLA

There's something I wanted you to have, James...

Both men look at one another in wild surmise. Della extends one pretty leg to reveal her wedding garter. She slips it off.

DELLA

You know the tradition. The man that catches this is the next one to...

BOND

Thank you, Della. Time I left.

He takes the garter, studies his two friends, laughing together, for a moment. Then drives away. Della and Leiter watch him go.

DELLA

Did I say something wrong?

They begin to walk back to the house.

LEITER

He was married once, but it was a long time ago.

They come to the door. Leiter stops Della.

LEITER

Wait. Let's do this right.

He bends down and picks her up. She giggles happily as he carries her across the threshold.

7/19

61 INT. BEDROOM, LEITER HOUSE LEITER DELLA PEREZ BRAUN 61
DARIO

The night breeze wafts the curtains into the room. The door to the patio stands open.

DELLA O.S.
(laughing)
Felix, put me down, you're no good
to me with a wrecked back.

Leiter swings Della into the room. The laugh catches in her throat as she sees PEREZ and BRAUN standing by the bed. Leiter sees the cold faces and the drawn guns. He sets Della on her feet, pushes her behind him.

LEITER
Let her go. I'm the one you want.

Dario, sawed-off shotgun in hand, comes through the door behind him, brings the butt of the shotgun down on his head. Della screams and covers her face with her hands. Leiter slumps to his knees.

62 EXT. OCEAN EXOTICA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 9/22 62

The Warehouse is a two-story clapboard building on a pier which juts out from an isolated part of the harbor.

63 INT. OFFICE, OCEAN EXOTICA WAREHOUSE SANCHEZ 8/28 63

sits behind the desk in Milford Krest's office. MILFORD KREST enters. He is a burly bully with the florid complexion of the hard drinker. He distributes drugs to the East Coast and the Caribbean from his warehouse.

KREST
Ready to go? We got the batteries recharged in the sub. It'll take you to the 12 mile limit then a fast boat to Cuba. You'll be there for breakfast.

SANCHEZ
We'll wait for Dario.

KREST
(objecting)
You crazy? You got everybody looking for you --
(gestures toward the door)
And what about Killifer? Having a cop here is nuts. Let me deep six him.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

SANCHEZ

No. I always reward loyalty.

KREST

He can finger me. I spent a fortune on this cover.

Sanchez bristles dangerously.

SANCHEZ

I told you, I got something to do.

(he smiles)

Hey amigo, why we fighting? Don't I treat you good?

Krest nods wordlessly.

SANCHEZ

(gestures toward the door)

Get the cop.

Krest opens the door, calls in Killifer. He joins them.

SANCHEZ

Two million. All in twenties. Very heavy, but difficult to trace.

Killifer tests the weight. Finds it difficult to lift with one hand.

KILLIFER

Smart.

SANCHEZ

Be ready tomorrow. I'll have someone pick you up.

(turns to Krest)

Where's Lupe?

KREST

She's on the boat.

Dario enters. Sanchez nods and goes to the door.

SANCHEZ

(on the move)

Send her to the casino.

(he stops at door; smiles)

Hey! No fooling around.

(CONTINUED)

KREST

(snickering)

After what you did to that guy on
the island?

SANCHEZ

(laughing)

You liked my little Valentine?

He exits.

INT. WAREHOUSE LEITER PEREZ BRAUN

The warehouse contains racks of sea-shells, rows of transparent glass tanks holding myriad varieties of rare fish and a tank of red fish. A network of transparent tubing from a giant maggot incubator to the tanks serves as an automated feeding system. The UNDERWATER SLED, Sanchez used in his escape, rests on wooden blocks near a side wall.

Leiter stands among the fish tanks, blindfolded, flanked by Perez and Braun. There is a trapdoor in the floor. The SOUND of a big fish swimming in the tank below can be heard through the floorboards. Overhead, a rope with a hook at one end passes through a pulley in the ceiling. The light from the surrounding tanks is green and ghostly.

SANCHEZ, KREST, KILLIFER and DARIO come down the stairs from the office.. Dario pulls the blindfold from Leiter's eyes. He blinks groggily. His eyes focus on Sanchez, who breaks into a smile.

LEITER

Where's my wife?

SANCHEZ

Your little bride?

(to his men)

Hey boys, you give her a nice
honeymoon?

Leiter lunges at Sanchez. The others restrain him. He struggles in frustrated fury.

SANCHEZ

I want you to know. This is
nothing personal.

Perez grabs Leiter's bound hands and ties one end of the pulley rope around them. He pulls on the rope. Leiter's arms are hauled above his head.

SANCHEZ

It's purely business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8/30 at 8/31 713-

Perez and Braun pick up a side of beef from the floor and jab the overhead hook into its hamstring. Dario opens the trapdoor. Leiter looks down. There is movement in the water below. He looks up sees Killifer at edge of group.

LEITER

killifer!

KILLIFER

Sorry, old buddy. But two mill is a hell of a chunk of dough.

Perez and Braun throw the beef in. It acts as a counterweight, pulling Leiter up into the air over the open trapdoor. In the water below he can see sharks attacking the beef. The rope jerks each time the side of beef is hit. Leiter sinks toward the water with every bite out of the meat.

LEITER

Killing me won't stop anything, Sanchez.

Leiter has sunk so far that his feet are touching the water.

SANCHEZ

Si. But there are things worse than dying, no?

Leiter feels the tension of the rope slackening.

LEITER

(gasping)
See you in hell!

SANCHEZ

No. Today is the first day of the rest of your life!

Leiter falls into the churning water. What is left of the side of beef comes up through the trapdoor, huge bites ripped out of it. Leiter's body jerks with the impact of the sharks. He SCREAMS. Sanchez glances into the water. Killifer, sickened at the sight rushes from the room.

EXT. KEY WEST AIRPORT - DAY BOND

8/22 8/31 and

stares around him as he gets out of the taxi. Several POLICE CARS are parked in the white zone. There is a CLUSTER of COPS at the entrance.

INT. KEY WEST AIRPORT TERMINAL

8/22

filled with PASSENGERS and their luggage, backed up in huge lines in front of the boarding gates. Every male passenger is being thoroughly scrutinized before boarding. PLAINCLOTHES MEN and UNIFORMED COPS are everywhere. It's evident that a massive manhunt is under way.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

BOND

goes to the ATTRACTIVE FEMALE TICKET AGENT at the First Class Check-In, hands over his ticket.

AGENT

Your passport, please.

Bond hands it over. A POLICEMAN steps up next to her, looking over her shoulder at the passport.

BOND

Is there a problem?

AGENT

Some big drug dealer just escaped.

The Agent hands Bond his passport, looks down at the seating chart.

AGENT

Smoking or Non-Smoking, Mr. Bond?

She looks up. Bond has vanished.

67 EXT. LEITER HOUSE - DAY BOND

67

rings Felix's front doorbell. A taxi is pulling away from the curb. SOUND OF RINGING PHONE from inside the house. Bond tries the front door. It opens. The phone STOPS RINGING.

68 INT. BEDROOM, LEITER HOUSE BOND

68

The curtains still blow into the room. Bond pushes open the door cautiously. He stares at the bed. DELLA lies across it, still in her wedding dress. She has been stabbed. Bond is stunned. He simply can't believe it. He touches her neck, feeling for a pulse.

BOND

Della?

His face sets in grief.

69 INT. STUDY, LEITER'S HOUSE BOND

69

The door crashes open. Bond enters. He takes in the wrecked desk, the ransacked drawers and bookshelves, the bloodstained carpet. He follows the blood to the leather couch. Felix lies on it, wrapped in a rubber sheet. A note is pinned to the sheet. Bond snatches it up.

(CONTINUED)

7/21

BOND

(reading)

"He disagreed with something that
ate him."

He flings it away, bends down, pulls away the rubber sheet. The sight sickens him. He turns his head aside, looks up at his friend's face, cradles his head. Felix's hair is wet. There is a faint exhalation from the lips. Bonds feels Felix's neck for a pulse. The lips move.

LEITER

(a breathy sigh)

Della?

Bond struggles for control. The PHONE STARTS TO RING AGAIN. Bond stands abruptly, pulls the phone from the wreckage, answers it.

HAWKINS

(V.O. Phone)

Leiter, where've you been?

BOND

It's Bond, get an ambulance here
immediately.

70

EXT. LEITER'S HOUSE - POLICE CARS AMBULANCE

8/15

70

pulling away, its emergency lights flashing.

7/21

71

INT. STUDY, LEITER'S HOUSE - BOND CORONER RASMUSSEN
TWO FORENSIC MEN

71

The Ambulance siren WAILS as the ambulance leaves the house. The CORONER hangs up the telephone, picks up his bag. RASMUSSEN, a heavy-set, hard-boiled city cop interviews Bond. In B.G. FORENSIC MEN go over the bloodstains and pack the rubber sheet in a plastic bag. Sharky appears at the doorway. He's just gotten up, his face is unshaven. The police hold him back as he strains to look into the shambles of Felix's study.

BOND

It's alright, he's Sharky a friend
of Leiter's.

The police let him through. He joins Bond and Rasmussen, who is just putting away his notepad.

RASMUSSEN

Keep in touch, I may have a few
more questions.

(CONTINUED)

REVISED: AUGUST 26, 1986

7/21

71 CONTINUED:

SHARKY

How is he?

BOND

He's going straight into surgery.
Left leg's gone below the knee.
He's lost a lot of blood. They
maybe able to save the arm.

RASMUSSEN

(knows it all)

You can bet it's a chainsaw.
Colombians love to use em on
informers. Hell, they sell more
here than in whole of Oregon.

72 DELETE

72

73 INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY LEITER BOND SHARKY DOCTOR 73

examines Leiter. Bond and Sharky stand beside their friend's
bed. Tubes run from Leiter's arm and nose. Machines monitor
his progress. He's unconscious. Sharky looks hopefully at
Bond, who shakes his head. Doctor turns to leave.

DOCTOR

I wish I could be more hopeful.
We'll just have to wait and see.

He exits.

SHARKY

Chainsaw, my ass. I know a shark
bite when I see one.

HAWKINS appears in the doorway. He's been up all night, red-eye
and tired. His face is set in a hard, angry line. He catches
Bond's eye and moves to the window, away from Sharky and Leiter.

HAWKINS

Sanchez has vanished, got all of
Leiter's files. God only knows
what's in them.

BOND

Can't be that hard to find him!

HAWKINS

He's out of our jurisdiction by
now. Plenty of countries will
protect him. We'll never extradite
him.

(CONTINUED)

825

70 CONTINUED:

BOND
There are other ways

HAWKINS
Let it go, Commander. We've been called off.

BOND
And you're just going to forget all about it ?

HAWKINS
(looking him in the eye)
No, I'm not going to forget.
Bond turns and heads for the door, taking a last glance toward Leiter.

BOND
(bitter)
Looks like Sanchez' law operates North of the border too.

Hawkins looks at Bond, his face hardens. Sharky joins Bond, then they exit.

CLOSE ON BOND
To Sharky out of Hawkins' hearing.

BOND
Let's go shark hunting.

822

74 EXT. OCEAN EXOTICA WAREHOUSE - DAY SHARKY'S CAR 74

pulls up across from entrance.

822

75 INT. SHARKY'S CAR. BOND SHARKY 75

stepping car.

SHARKY
This is the last place in the Keys.
We'll have to try Miami next.

BOND
(getting out)
Stay here.

8/31

76 INT. KREST'S OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - DAY KILLIFER KREST 76
TWO GUARDS

Killifer and two guards sit in the office playing cards. There's the SOUND of knocking from the front of the warehouse. One of the guards takes his rifle, goes through the door. Krest rises to follow, turns to Killifer at the door.

KREST
Keep out of sight.

77 DELETE 77

8/31

78 INT. WAREHOUSE GUARD BOND KREST 78

standing at the door of the warehouse as GUARD opens it. Bond hands him his business card and breezes past.

BOND
Universal Exports, Marine Branch.
We've been retained by the Aquarium
Department of the Regent's Park Zoo
to arrange shipment of a
Charcharodon carcharias.

GUARD
Say what?

(CONTINUED)

8/31

BOND
Great White Shark.

GUARD
We're closed. There ain't nobody
here right now.

Bond looks distraught.

BOND
But I've come all the way from
London.

KREST come up behind Bond, jerks his head at guard, who moves
away. Bond turns. Krest smiles coldly.

KREST
We sold our sharks years ago.

He points to AUTOMATIC FEEDING SYSTEM. Bond glances around the
room, spots the UNDERWATER SLED up on blocks in the back.

KREST
You can see, we do purely research
now. Project to feed the Third
World. We feed maggot to our
special breed of genetically
engineered fish.

BOND
Interesting.

krest moves to the tanks of red fish.

KREST
We use hormones to make them all
males. Gain weight faster.

He turns from the tanks of red fish. But bond has gone. Krest
swings around. Bond is standing in front of the Underwater
Sled.

BOND
From your shark catching days?

KREST
(contained fury)
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Guard comes back into the room with a rifle. Krest indicates the door. Bond moves slowly toward it.

KREST

You'd best be going along.

Bond's eye is drawn to a flash of white in a pile of sweepings on the floor. In among the dust is the white rose Leiter wore to his wedding, its petals bruised, the silver foil still wrapped around its stem. Bond pauses at the door.

BOND

Perhaps we'll meet again,
Good-bye, Mr...?

KREST

Good-bye, Mister.

Krest slams the door on Bond. Krest turns to the Guard, jerking his thumb toward the Underwater Sled.

KREST

Get that thing ready.

79

EXT. WAREHOUSE - FROM THE WATER - NIGHT

Sept 9/5

79

The CAMERA rocks with the motion of the boat under a pier as it closes on the warehouse dock. BOND and SHARKY are in a RUBBER DINGY drifting under the pier. Suddenly, two of the old tires that form a line of bumpers along the dock swing part. The UNDERWATER SLED slides silently out from underneath the dock. They duck down as it glides past them. The silhouettes of three divers can be seen inside. Bond spots the name "Wavekrest" just before it submerges. Sharky brings the dingy to the dock. Bond parts the tires with a gaff revealing a tunnel under the dock.

80

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT GUARDS KILLIFER

28

80

has his feet up on the desk. He and another guard smoke cigars, the air is heavy. SECOND GUARD comes into the room.

SECOND GUARD

Mr. Krest said to be ready. He'll send the Sub back in three hours to pick you up.

KILLIFER

I'll be waiting. This dump gives me the creeps.

81

EXT. BENEATH WAREHOUSE DOCK - ON THE WATER SHARKY'S DINGY

9/5

81

slides through the tunnel and bumps against a landing platform under the dock. BOND jumps onto the landing. He sticks the gaff through his belt. Sharky ties the dingy to a piling.

82

DELETE

82

9/5

is separated from the access stairway by a hinged, stainless steel mesh about three feet long by twenty feet, just above the water level. He gingerly steps onto the mesh and walks carefully toward the stairway. Just as he reaches the stairway, the mesh screen is hit a mighty blow from underneath. Bond pitches forward and manages to grab the staircase railing with one hand. He looks down.

BOND'S POV

The three tiers of razor sharp teeth in the gaping jaws of a great white shark. The blunt, ugly head of the shark sinks back below the surface.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sharky reacts to the sudden appearance of the shark. Bond climbs the straight ladder to the floor of the warehouse, and uses the gaff to force the trap door there.

84-85 DELETE

(Circled out)

84-85

86 INT. WAREHOUSE BOND

9/1 9/2

86

moves among the fish tank. One tank looks empty. The base of the table supporting it seems suspiciously thick. Bond reaches into the tank to shift the sand. His arm is not long enough. He uses the crowbar. A MORAY EEL lunges out from behind the rocks. Its jaws crunch down on the gaff almost jerking Bond into the tank. He lets go of it and stares with amazed respect as the Moray snaps it in half.

MAGGOT INCUBATOR

Four feet wide, eight feet long. Bond examines it. A high density light heats the interior. Bond operates the controls. The tray rolls out revealing a heaving bed of white maggots. On the side of the incubator a thermostat registers the sudden drop in temperature.

87 INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - KILLIFER TWO GUARDS CONTROL BOARD 87

8/28

red light flashes on it. The cigar-smoking guard notices it, gets up, goes out.

grimaces, plunges his hand into the seething mass of maggots, feels around in the sand at the bottom of the incubator. His hand encounters something. He brushes the maggots aside revealing a plastic bag full of white powder - unmistakably cocaine. Bond freezes as a gun is jammed into the small of his back.

GUARD #1

Hold it right there!

He leans in, takes Bond's gun from him.

BOND

Mind if I get my hand out of here?

GUARD #1

Do it slow.

Bond pulls his hand out and throws a handful of maggots into the guard's face. The guard flinches. Bond chops his gun away, punches him in the gut and flips him over his shoulder into the maggot bed. Bond's gun spins away and clatters under the tanks. Maggots fly like popcorn. Bond hits the CLOSE button. The guard disappears into the incubator. Bond moves toward his gun.

WAREHOUSE FLOOR

A rifle bullet splinters the floor at BOND'S FEET before he can retrieve his gun. He dives for cover under a tank.

(CONTINUED)

9/2

83 CONTINUED:

88

WAREHOUSE GUARD #2

The second guard has come out on the gallery. He fires again, shattering the tank. BOND is drenched. He rolls under another tank. The guard fires again. A game of cat and mouse ensues as the guard stalks Bond among the tanks.

89 EXT. WAREHOUSE PIER - SHARKY'S DORY SHARKY 9/5

89

Hear the SOUND of gunfire. He ties his dory up at the loading platform, takes his GAFF and gingerly steps on to the stainless steel mesh.

90 INT. WAREHOUSE GUARD

9/2pt 9/3pt 9/5fin 9/12pt 9/13pt 90

has momentarily lost sight of Bond. He climbs up on to the overhead walkway above the tanks to get a better look.

BOND

lets the guard get almost on top of him, then stands and sweeps his feet out from under him. The Guard plunges into the Electric Eel tank. His body jumps and jerks as the eels shock him. Bond clambers to his feet.

KILLIFER O.S.

Freeze.

BOND

turns. KILLIFER stands some feet away. In one hand is a .357 Magnum make-my-day gun, the other holds his suitcase. Killifer gestures with the gun.

KILLIFER

Over by the trapdoor, old buddy.

Bond moves toward the trapdoor. The trapdoor is between them. The hook on the end of the rope hangs on a bar from one of the posts supporting the roof.

KILLIFER

Open it.

Bond opens the trapdoor. Killifer sets his suitcase down. He walks up to Bond. The open trapdoor looms between them. Bond looks down. The sharks thresh below him in the water.

BOND

Is this where you put your "old buddy," Leiter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9/20st
9/30st
9/5st
9/12st

KILLIFER
(glancing down)
Not me. Chalk that one up to Sanchez and Krest --

The trapdoor behind Killifer opens. He swings around. Sharky peers through the open trapdoor. Bond grabs the heavy hook off the post and swings it at Killifer. It hits him solidly in the head, knocking him to his knees. His gun clatters to the floor. Killifer dives after it. Bond kicks him backward into the open trapdoor. Killifer manages to grab the edge' and hold on for dear life. Bond moves toward him.

KILLIFER
(nodding toward suitcase)
The money -- I'll split it with you.

Bond looks at the suitcase. He lifts it up, hauls it to the trapdoor.

BOND
No. I think you should have it all.

Using both hands Bond slings the suitcase at Killifer. He puts up his hands to catch the suitcase. The weight of the case forces him to fall through the trapdoor into the water below. It churns with the massive movement of the shark. Killifer SCREAMS. The suitcase explodes into the bloody water, scattering money everywhere. Sharky comes over to the open trap. Bond retrieves his gun. Sharky peers down into the shark pen. Killifer has disappeared beneath the surface.

SHARKY
God, what a terrible waste...of money.

91-94 DELETE

(already cut)

91-94

95 EXT. KEY WEST CHARTER BOAT DOCK - DAY BOND

8/16

95

walking past a series of decorative gateways with the names of individual boats on arches at top.

96 EXT. BOAT DOCK - POV SHOT

8/16

96

Someone watches Bond enter Sharky's gate and walk down the gangway to the boat.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE SHARKY

greet's Bond.

SHARKY

The Wavekrest is a big marine research vessel, owned by Milton Krest. They're collecting specimens off Coy Sol Bank. Take us, maybe, six hours to get there.

BOND

I have a few things to pick up. Can we leave in an hour?

SHARKY

I'll be ready.

97

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE TOURISTS BOND

in crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE - POV SHOT

Bond starts to cross street. The CAMERA moves after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOND

stops suddenly, turns. HAWKINS steps up to him.

HAWKINS

Hey Commander, you got a minute?

He falls in beside Bond. The CAMERA moves with them.

HAWKINS

The local cops got a tip about a warehouse last night. Turned up 500 keys of Columbian pure, a couple of stiffs, and a piece of what used to be Killifer.

BOND

Sounds like someone is on the case.

HAWKINS

You maybe a pal of Leiter's, but I can only cover up so much. The D.A. is screaming to know what happened. You know we got laws in this country.

BOND

You got a law against what they did to Leiter?

8/16

8/16

97

8/24

stop in front of the walled garden of the house. Hawkins turns, suddenly harsh and unsympathetic.

HAWKINS

Look, you're in over your head.
This is where it ends, Commander.

TWO FIT HANDSOME MEN in blue suits come up behind Bond in such a way that flight is impossible. From a church somewhere in the distance, a LONE BELL TOLLS.

MAN #1

(English accent)

Never mind the sign. Go straight in.

Bond looks at the sign on the gate which reads "HISTORICAL MONUMENT HEMINGWAY HOUSE CLOSED". Above the gate is a stone bust of Ernest Hemingway. Bond enters. The two men follow him.

8/24

walk around the side of the house through the beautiful garden. A THIRD MAN stands in silhouette on the balcony above. Bond leads the way up the outside stairs. A black cat jumps with a startled SCREECH. Several other cats scamper into the shadows.

8/24

walk out on to it. Bond notices a SNIPER on a lighthouse like TOWER across the street, his weapon trained on Bond. The THIRD MAN stands at the balcony railing his back to Bond.

BOND

Sir?

The MAN turns it is M. Bond's Boss at MI6.

M

(holding his anger in check)

You were supposed to be in Istanbul last night. I'm afraid this unfortunate Leiter business has clouded your judgement. You have a job to do. I expect you to be on a plane this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

7/24

Bond looks at him steadily.

BOND
I haven't finished here, sir.

M
Leave it to the Americans. It's their mess. Let them clear it up.

BOND
They won't do anything. Leiter put his life on the line for me many times--

M
Oh spare me this sentimental rubbish. He knew the risks.

BOND
And his wife?

M
This private vendetta of yours could easily compromise Her Majesty's government. Now you have an assignment. I expect you to do it objectively and professionally.

BOND
Then you have my resignation, sir.

M eyes him coldly.

M
This isn't a country club, double O seven.

Bond is silent.

M
Effective immediately, your license to kill is revoked. I need hardly remind you that you are still bound by the Official Secrets Act. And I require you surrender your weapon now.

He holds out his hand. Bond doesn't react. He senses the two agents closing in behind him. There is tension in the air. Then Bond shrugs, reaches for his gun.

(CONTINUED)

8/24

BOND

I guess it's farewell to arms.

As the men behind relax their guard, Bond whirls on them. He catches one under the chin with his elbow and kicks the other in the gut. They go down. Bond springs off the balcony just as the sniper fires, missing him, but splintering the railing where he stood. One of the Agents struggles to his feet and draws his weapon just as Bond gets to the gate. Outside a tourist bus passes. M stays his hand.

M

Too many people.

M stares after Bond.

M

(to himself)

God help you, Commander.

99

EXT. ISLAND - DAY TENDERS WAVEKREST

8/6

99

a steel-hulled 150 foot, ocean-going working ship, anchored in a deserted cove of Coy Sol Bank. It looks to be a serious research vessel. DIVE BOATS, TWO CATAMARANS and DIVING FLAGS are set around her. SHARKY'S FISHING BOAT trolls by.

100

EXT. SHARKY'S BOAT SHARKY BOND

8/8

100

watches the activity on the Wavekrest through field glasses.

101

EXT. BOND'S POV. KREST

8/8

101

on the aft deck of the Wavekrest. A RACK of SPEAR GUNS in the BACKGROUND. LUPE sits nearby painting her toenails. She looks up toward Bond's boat.

BOND O.S.

Well, well. The girl Sanchez left behind and the man from the warehouse.

102

EXT. SHARKY'S BOAT SHARKY AND BOND

8/4

102

hands the field glasses to Sharky.

SHARKY

That's Krest. You think Sanchez is on board?

BOND

I hope so. If not, they will tell me where he is.

103 EXT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST - KREST 8/8 103

on the bridge with CREWMEN sees Lupe looking out at the fishing boat.

. KREST
(annoyed)
Get the bimbo below before she starts waving. And keep those fishermen away.

104 EXT. SHARKY'S BOAT BOND 8/8 104

watches as Lupe is escorted below decks.

WAVEKREST LOUDSPEAKER
Ahoy fishing vessel. Stand off.
Divers in the water.

BOND
Get around that headland out of sight. And be careful. We're being watched.

He jerks his head toward the stern. Sharky looks back. About 20 yards behind the boat is the snake-like head of a small periscope. As he watches, it disappears beneath the waves.

105 EXT. WAVEKREST AT ANCHOR - NIGHT 8/8 105

Reflections from the anchor lights and the fully lit staterooms dance on the water.

106 EXT. WAVEKREST AT ANCHOR - DECK - NIGHT KREST 8/2pt 9/6 106

peering through window of Owner's Cabin, a large, beautifully furnished bedroom/stateroom with a door opening onto the rear deck. LUPE is curled up in front of the VCR watching an old movie.

107 INT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST 8/5 10/18 107

TWO CREWMEN notice a blip on the sonar.

CREWMAN #1
Something in sector C. Check it out.

108 EXT. WAVEKREST HULL, UNDERWATER 108

The waters are dark, murky. Suddenly they explode into brilliant white light. SENTINEL, an exploratory probe for underwater surveillance, patrols the ocean floor. The eye of its merciless searchlight illuminates everything. It is four feet long and three feet wide, its guidance system, searchlight and t.v. camera are powered by an umbilical lifeline spooling back to the yacht. Atop it is a water tight storage compartment and the periscope Bond had seen earlier that day.

in his usual state of semi-drunkenness, enters. Lupe ignores him. He sits beside her.

KREST

You know, you caused us all a lot of trouble, girl.

LUPE

(disgusted)

You're borracho. Go to bed.

KREST

When Sanchez heard you ran off, he went nuts.

LUPE

It's none of your business.

KREST

It's my business when your stupid little tricks get Sanchez arrested and I gotta put my operation at risk to get him out. The DEA just raided Key West. It cost me a lot of dough.

LUPE

He'll give you the money.

KREST

He doesn't work like that. You better watch yourself, girlie. I've known him a long time. I've seen a lot of Girls like you come and go --

LUPE

You're drunk. Now get out and stop peeking through my windows.

She stalks to the door opening it. He come close to her.

KREST

Hey what are you so stuck up for? He fixed that phoney beauty contest you won.

A CREWMAN pokes his head round the open door. Krest immediately takes a step back from her.

CREWMAN #1

Mr Krest.

(CONTINUED)

THIS PAGE 37 INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK

9/6

109 CONTINUED: 109

KREST
Yeah, what?

CREWMAN #1
Sentinel's picking up something large on its t.v. camera, sir. Perhaps you should look at it.

Krest heaves himself up from the couch.

110 EXT. UNDERWATER 110

The probe passes a coral outcrop.

111 EXT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST - KREST TWO CREWMAN 111

Krest scowls at the television monitor.

8/5
10/18 insert

INSERT SCREEN

A winged black mass swims slowly along the bottom.

ANOTHER ANGLE

KREST
It's just a Manta Ray. Get the probe back in. We have to start loading.

112 EXT. UNDERWATER MANTA RAY 112

rises out of sand. It is BOND in scuba gear. The wings of the "ray" are fashioned from a dark grey tarp and two of Sharky's fishing poles, bent in a loop. Bond drops his camouflage and swims after the Sentinel.

113 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND SENTINEL PROBE 113

heads back toward the Wavekrest. Bond grabs onto it and hitches a ride to the yacht. The HATCH DOORS in the hull of the Wavekrest open to receive it.

114 INT. WELL AREA, WAVEKREST BOND PROBE OPERATOR 114

winches the probe out of the water. He closes the hull door and leans over to make sure it's snug. Bond thrusts his fist out of the water knocking him cold. Bond climbs out of the water, lifts the Probe Operator by the shoulders and looks around for somewhere to stow him. Sees decompression chamber.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

BOND

9/d
opens the hatch of the decompression chamber. It is partially filled with stacks of cubes in blue plastic wrapping. He shoves the Probe Operator inside and strips off his scuba gear.

115 INT. WAVEKREST COMPANIONWAY BOND

9/7st 9/6th

115

The CAMERA follows Bond through the Crew's Quarters and up another deck to the Staterooms. He pauses at a door. Ornate lettering identifies it as the OWNER'S SUITE. He tries it. It's locked. He pulls out his knife and slips it between the door and the jamb.

116 INT. WELL AREA, WAVEKREST PROBE OPERATOR THREE CREWMEN

9/6

116

The Probe Operator lies on the floor. TWO CREWMEN load the blue cubes from the decompression chamber into the Sentinel. Another Crewman speaks into the wall phone.

CREWMAN

We've got a visitor aboard.

117 INT. OWNER'S CABIN, WAVEKREST BOND

9/6th 9/7th

117

succeeds in getting the door open, slips inside. He glides noiselessly across the darkened room. Someone lies asleep face down in the double bed. Bond grabs the long hair, pulls the sleeper over. He holds his knife to the exposed throat, his hand covers the mouth.

BOND

(whispering)

Make a sound and I'll kill you.

LUPE stares up at him with terrified wide eyes. She recognizes him. He's momentarily thrown. She nods. He moves his hand.

LUPE

(a terrified hiss)

You!

BOND

Where's Krest?

LUPE

Next door. He gave me his cabin.

BOND

And Sanchez?

LUPE

He's not on board. I don't know where he is.

(CONTINUED)

9/6/7 9/7/7

BOND
You're his girlfriend.

LUPE
He doesn't tell me anything.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Bond pull her to her feet. She grabs the robe from the foot of her bed and hold it against her body ;as he pushes her to the door. He stands behind her gripping her wrist. The knife glints in the darkness.

BOND
(whispering tensely)
Answer it.

LUPE
(calling out)
What do you want?

KREST O.S.
Open up, I need to talk to you.

She glances back toward Bond. He nods as he strengthens his grip on her. She unlocks the door and speaks to Krest through the crack. Outside KREST stands with two HEAVILY ARMED MEN.

KREST
Someone slipped aboard. Seen anything?

LUPE
No. Go away. I was sleeping.

Krest leers at her. There is the SOUND of a motorboat approaching. Bond looks down Lupe's naked back, he sees the marks from Sanchez' whip.

CREWMAN O.S.
Mr. Krest, they're back.

KREST
(to Lupe)
Keep your door bolted.

She shuts the door. Bond slides the bolt home.

BOND
Who whipped you?
(She is silent)
Sanchez?

(CONTINUED)

9/6/7 9/7/7

117 CONTINUED:

LUPE
It was my fault, I did something wrong. I made him angry.

He propels her to the porthole as the SOUND OF THE BOAT comes closer. She struggles into her robe. They look out.

118 EXT. DECK, WAVEKREST - DAWN - SHARKY'S BOAT DIVERS^{8/9} CLIVE 118
KREST - BOND AND LUPE'S POV

Sharky's boat is brought alongside. Several of Krest's SCUBA DIVERS are on it. The "catch" hangs over the stern from the net boom. Two large sharks are suspended by their tails. In between them SHARKY hangs by his feet, dead.

118A INT. OWNER'S CABIN BOND AND LUPE 9/7 118A

stare in sickened horror. She moans. He puts his arm around her shoulders, turns her head away.

119 EXT. DECK, WAVEKREST - DAWN DIVERS^{8/9} KREST CLIVE 119

waves to Krest.

KREST
Nice work, Clive.

CLIVE
Thank you, Mr. Krest. Guess what?
(points to catch)
His name was Sharky.

Everyone on deck bursts into loud laughter. There's the SOUND of a plane in the morning sky. Krest looks toward it.

120 EXT. KREST'S POV 8/9 120

The seaplane approaches them.

121 EXT. DECK, WAVEKREST KREST 8/9 121

KREST
Come on everybody. We got work to do.

122 INT. OWNER'S CABIN LUPE AND BOND 9/7 122

grabs her. His face is a cold mask.

BOND
I want Sanchez.

LUPE
Don't you men know any other way?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

BOND

It's Sanchez' way. You seem to like it.

LUPE

You know nothing. Please, go. If they find you here we'll both be killed.

He crosses to the door leading to the rear deck and opens it.

BOND

Stay here.

123 EXT. DECK, WAVEKREST BOND

steps out and peers around the corner along the rail toward the bow.

HIS POV

KREST AND CREWMEN climb up stairs to the Bridge. A DIVER stacks SPEAR GUNS in a rack, then goes below. Bond slips round from the rear deck heading towards the Bridge. After he takes a few steps he sees the top of CLIVE's head at side of ship as he climbs aboard. Bond snatches spear gun from rack set into bulkhead. Clive, still in scuba gear, sees him as he is about to step on deck. He raises his arms in surrender as Bond levels the spear gun at him.

BOND

Compliments of Sharky.

He fires. His spear embeds itself in the center of Clive's chest. There is the SICKENING SOUND of a muffled explosion. Clive topples overboard.

124 EXT. BRIDGE DECK, WAVEKREST KREST

124

looks over rail down toward BOND. Recognition fills his face. Crewmen spot Bond, pull guns and fire at him. Bond dives overboard to escape still clutching the HARPOON GUN.

125 EXT. UNDERWATER CLIVE BOND

125

swims toward the bottom pulling on the line of the HARPOON GUN. He reels in the sinking, lifeless CLIVE. Grabbing Clive's mouthpiece he jams it into his mouth. Then he undoes Clive's waist strap.

8/0 43.

126 EXT. DECK KREST CREWMEN 126
guns at the ready, wait for Bond to surface.

127 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 127
Now in Clive's scuba gear, makes last adjustment to shoulder strap and swims away. CLIVE's body sinks toward the bottom.

128 EXT. DECK, WAVEKREST - CREWMEN KREST AND LUPE 128
she comes up behind Krest.

LUPE
What's wrong?

KREST
Go to your cabin and stay there.

One of the crewmen escorts Lupe away. Another Crewman looks up from his scrutiny of the water.

CREWMAN #2
Mr. Krest. That guy must've drowned.

KREST
Don't bet on it. Find him!

CREWMAN #2
Yessir.

Krest stomps off to the bridge.

KREST
(yelling)
Launch Sentinel!

Below him, the TWO CATAMARANS start up in search of Bond.

129 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 129
sees SENTINEL leave from the well area. As it passes him, he reaches out and grabs the umbilical. He pulls himself hand over hand along it as the Sentinel carries him away from the yacht.

130 EXT. COVE - DAY TWO CATAMARANS 130
pass backwards and forwards across the cove looking for Bond. In each catamaran are TWO ARMED MEN and a SCUBA DIVER, holding a CO2 powered spear gun. Each Catamaran tows another DIVER behind it, their faces down in the water, searching for Bond.

131 EXT. NEAR SHORE - SEAPLANE TWO ROUGH-LOOKING PILOTS 131
stand on the floats of the plane, waiting

8/10 8/12

8/11

- 132 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 132
 looks up as he hears the SOUND of one of the Catamaran's engines on the surface above him. Bond lets go of the line and swims under a coral overhang. The shape of the Catamaran's hull passes overhead, followed by the diver. He seems to look in Bond's direction. Bond presses himself back as far as he can under the coral.
- 133 EXT. SEA PLANE TWO PILOTS - SENTINEL 8/11 8/12 133
 partially surfaced beside the plane. One of the pilots gets down into the water and opens the storage compartment. He starts handing the blue plastic-wrapped cubes to the other pilot, who loads them in the plane.
- 134 EXT. CATAMARAN DIVER 134
 in the water indicates that they should go back over a certain area. He's sure he's seen Bond. The Catamaran turns.
- 135 EXT. SEA PLANE - SENTINEL PILOTS 8/11 135
 unload CLEAR PLASTIC BAGS OF COCAINE from inside the plane and pack them into Sentinel's storage compartment.
- 136 INT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST KREST 8/10 10/18 *amended* 136
 watches the plane through binoculars.
- RADIO OPERATOR
 Loading completed, Mr. Krest
- KREST
 Bring Sentinel back in.
- 137 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 137
 hears Sentinel's engine approaching, swims out from the coral and grabs the umbilical. He pulls himself along the cable to the probe. He opens the storage compartment. It is filled with bags of cocaine. The probe's periscope turns pointing its lens at him.
- 138 INT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST RADIO OPERATOR 8/10 138
 looking at the television monitor. Sees Bond underwater with the cocaine.
- RADIO OPERATOR
 Mr Krest!
- Krest spins round, looks in horror at the image on the screen. Bond is slashing the bags with his knife.

- 139 EXT. PROBE, UNDERWATER BOND 139
rips at the plastic bags. The water around him is cloudy with white powder.
- 140 INT. BRIDGE, WAVEKREST KREST 8/9 140
rushes to the railing, points to the white trail of powder on the surface of the cove, yells at the Catamaran crew.
- KREST
Get him! He's there!
(to radio operator)
Bring Sentinel to the surface!
- 141 EXT. COVE BOND - SENTINEL 8/11 141
is brought to the surface. Bond heaves the remainder of the cocaine into the water. THE DIVERS on the catamarans approach. Seeing them, Bond dives under the water.
- 142 EXT. UNDERWATER - BOND FOUR DIVERS 7/18 to 7/23 p 142
overtake Bond. One of them cuts his air hose. Bond rips the diver's face mask away. The diver struggles frantically to the surface. A second diver latches onto Bond's tanks, holding him. Bond releases the waist strap, slips free of the tanks. The third diver, armed with a speargun, looms up behind him. He gets Bond in a choke-hold with the gun. The fourth diver moves in for the kill. Out of the corner of his eye, Bond sees what appears to be a CATAMARAN passing overhead on the surface. With the last of his strength he gets his finger around the trigger and fires the harpoon of the CO2 gun into one of the twin hulls.
- INSERT - THE HARPOON
embeds itself in the HULL, the line stretches.
- BOND
holding on to the gun, is wrenched out of the diver's grip toward the surface.
- 143 EXT. COVE - BOND'S POV 143
The surface rushes toward him. The water gives way to air. Bond sees the line stretching ahead of him toward the harpoon. It's embedded in the float of the SEAPLANE which is taking off.
- 144 EXT. COVE - SEAPLANE BOND 8/10 p 144
is pulled behind it as it accelerates. He manages to get to his feet so that he is waterskiing barefoot behind it.
- BOND
flinches as bullets fly past his head. He looks round.

145 EXT. SEA CATAMARANS SEAPLANE

Both catamarans are in pursuit. The Armed men fire at Bond. He rolls on the water, sending up spray as a screen between himself and the catamarans. The plane gathers speed. Bond winds the line around the butt of the spear gun. As he comes abreast the plane, he executes a classic waterskiing maneuver by swinging wide, then swooping in close. He flings himself at the float pylon, and clings to it as the plane rises into the air.

INT. SEAPLANE PILOTS

146

see Bond as he grasps the leading edge of the wing to stabilize himself. Co-pilot pulls gun. Bond ducks under wing.

147 EXT. SEAPLANE CO-PILOT

opens the door of the plane and leans out to shoot Bond. He looks under the plane. Bond is not there.

148 INT. SEAPLANE CO-PILOT

smiles, figuring Bond has fallen off. He turns to tell PILOT. BOND, who has come through the rear emergency hatch behind the pilot's door, knocks the co-pilot out the door.

EXT. SEAPLANE COPILOT

outside the plane clinging desperately to the door.

INT. SEAPLANE BOND

pulls emergency door release.

EXT. SEAPLANE CO-PILOT

plunges kicking and screaming to his death holding the door.

INT. SEAPLANE BOND PILOT

banks the plane sharply, throwing Bond through co-pilot's door. He saves himself by grabbing the door jamb and managing to get a toe-hold on the door frame. The pilot seeing him about to re-enter plane, does a barrel roll.

149 EXT. SEAPLANE

in barrel roll. BOND braced in doorway.

150 INT. SEAPLANE BOND

hanging on for dear life in the door of the plane. As the plane rights itself, Bond throws himself at the pilot.

- 151 EXT. SEAPLANE 151
out of control, goes into a steep dive.
- 152 INT. SEAPLANE BOND AND PILOT 152
his hands round Bond's throat. Bond claws one of the blue plastic-wrapped cubes free of the cargo webbing and hammers the pilot over the head with it. He slumps. The cube bursts on impact. The cockpit is suddenly filled with twenty-dollar bills swirling in the wind. Bond lunges through them to the controls on the co-pilot's side.
- 153 EXT. WAVEKREST CREWMEN KREST 153
8/10 8/12
watching as SEAPLANE approaches low. The plane buzzes the yacht. Reflexively, Krest and his men hit the deck. They look up.
- 154 EXT. SEAPLANE 154
8/11
The door opens. The PILOT is pushed out.
- 155 EXT. WAVEKREST PILOT 155
8/10pt 8/11
splashes into the water a few yards from the yacht. KREST and his MEN stare incredulously as he resurfaces, slightly more dead than alive.
- 156 EXT. CASINO, ISTHMUS CITY - NIGHT ANNA RACK 156
9/21 11/18
standing at the entrance faces the CNN television camera. In the BACKGROUND Limousines unload GUESTS in evening clothes. SANCHEZ and LUPE alight from one, begin walking to the Casino.

ANNA RACK

Isthmus City is aglitter tonight as Franz Sanchez arrives at a Party that some say is to celebrate his recent escape from custody in the U.S...

She turns as Sanchez, Lupe on his arm, approaches. Immediately behind him is HELLER, an American, a former Green Beret Colonel at the head of PHALANX OF BODYGUARDS. Anna Rack steps up to them, microphone extended. The CAMERA CREW follow.

ANNA RACK

Senor Sanchez, Senor Sanchez. You were recently described in a leading American newspaper as a drug lord...

Sanchez turns toward the television camera.

(CONTINUED)

9/21

SANCHEZ
(interrupting
vehemently)

I know nothing about drugs. The United States should not blame me for its drug problems. I am a businessman running a gambling Casino. I love the American people. They are all welcome here. We have better odds than the U.S., only one zero on the roulette wheel.

In the BACKGROUND a Limousine with state flags flying and a MOTORCYCLE ESCORT pulls up in front of the Casino. Sanchez turns.

SANCHEZ
Excuse me, I must greet my guests.

The Camera Crew are pushed aside by MILITARY POLICE. Sanchez goes to the curb, embraces PRESIDENT HECTOR LOPEZ as he steps from the limousine. Anna Rack recovers her composure.

157 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - TELEVISION ANNA RACK

7/21 pt.
8/27 pt
9/21 pt
10/4

157

ANNA RACK
(from the television)
And as Franz Sanchez escorts his guest, President Hector Lopez of Isthmus, into the Gala Evening, this is Anna Rack for CNN News, live from Isthmus City.

10/18 min

The CAMERA pulls back. Bond stands staring at the TV screen. He turns it off. On the bed is a large suitcase. Strewn about it are empty blue plastic bags. He opens his attache case on the desk. The LIGHTER and GARTER from Leiter's wedding fall out. Bond lights a cigarette. The flame shoots up. He adjusts it and slips it into his pocket. His face is stony. He detaches the inside lid of the case. Behind it is his Walther PPK. He checks it and slips it into his shoulder holster.

157A EXT. LEITER HOUSE - NIGHT TWO COPS

8/17

157A

sit in their PATROL CAR in front of the house. They're drinking coffee, listening to the faint lazy SOUND of a night baseball game on the RADIO. Yellow police tape cordons off the lawn, is taped over the front door.

BOND

slips under the police cordon, across the grass and into the shadow of the house, unnoticed by either cop.

157B INT. STUDY, LEITER HOUSE - NIGHT BOND

OMIT 8/17

1.

pushes open the door. Street light comes through the slats of the venetian blinds across the window. Bond switches on a tiny flashlight, crosses to the bookcase. His flashlight finds the portrait of Della in its frame. Bond picks it up, slides the disk out from behind the photograph. He goes to the desk and turns on Felix's computer. A eerie green light invades the room softly as the screen lights up. Bond inserts the disk, punches keys.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A list of files comes up on the screen. The cursor shifts through titles: SANCHEZ U.S. ASSETS, SANCHEZ SWISS BANK ACCOUNTS, SANCHEZ ISTHMUS ACCOUNTS to SANCHEZ INFORMANTS.

BOND

lit by the green glow. He hits a key.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

INFORMANTS. Eight names. Each one has the word: DECEASED next to it. All but the last: BOUVIER: ACTIVE. The cursor flashes on it. Bond punches it up. "LEXINGTON CONTACT-- P. BOUVIER, CIA PILOT - FAMILIARITY SANCHEZ OPERATION, ISTHMUS CITY. PROVIDE MAXIMUM SUPPORT AND PROTECTION. Next meeting: 9:00 pm Thursday, BARRELHEAD, BIMINI, W.I.

158 EXT. KEY WEST MARINA - DAY - CIGARETTE BOAT BOND SPORTSMAN 158

8/16

tinkering on his immaculate cigarette boat.

BOND O.S.
Can I rent your boat?

SPORTSMAN
(without looking up)
Not a chance.

BOND

standing on the dock looking down at the boat.

BOND
How much to buy it?

SPORTSMAN
More than you got, wise ass.

BOND
Name your price.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

SPORTSMAN
(thinks Bond is a nut)
Okay. A hundred grand.

BOND
Does that include a full tank of
petrol?

He pulls the cash out of his pockets and hands it to the
astounded Sportsman.

159 BARRELHEAD CAFE, WATERFRONT, BIMINI - NIGHT - CIGARETTE 159
BOAT BOND

drives up to the dock of Barrelhead. He ties up alongside other
small craft.

160 INT. BARRELHEAD BOND 160

stands in the doorway. He takes in the seedy decor, the LOW-
LIFE CLIENTELE, A BORED STRIPPER performing for no-one in
particular. He turns to the BOUNCER.

BOND
Bouvier?

The Bouncer jerks his head toward the end of the bar where a
shadowy figure sits alone at a table. Bond walks over.

BOND
(surprised)
This is an unexpected pleasure.

PAM, the cool brunette from Leiter's wedding, looks up at him.
Her hair is caught up in a head-band and she wears pants and a
padded vest.

PAM
Where's Leiter?

BOND
Intensive care. Where you'll be if
we don't get out of here fast.
(Taking a seat)
Sanchez has all of Leiter's files.
Your name is all over them.

PAM
Hell! I knew something was wrong.

She glances toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

160

CONTINUED:

PAM
keep your hands on the table.
(to Bond)
How did you get here?

BOND
By boat.

PAM
Where is it?

BOND
(pointing to the wall)
On the other side of that.

The Hoods try to push their way through CROWD to Dario. Some of the CUSTOMERS take exception. A classic barroom brawl erupts. Dario grabs a bottle from the next table and raises it to hit Pam. Bond hits him with the butt of the Walther. He crashes to the floor.

PAM
Thanks.

Two more Sanchez Hoods reach them. Bond dispatches both of them. He and Pam are separated in the brawling mass of people.

BOND
sees Pam over by the wall. She's beckoning to him.

PAM
Let's go!

He fights his way over to her. They're hemmed in, with no way out. Pam turns, faces the wall and fires her shotgun at it. Everyone freezes. There's a gaping 4 foot hole in the wall.

PAM
(to Bond)
Get it started.

Bond jumps through. She holds Dario and his men at bay.

161 EXT. DOCK, BARRELHEAD CAFE - CIGARETTE BOAT NIGHT BOND 161

beckons for Pam to come. PAM jumps into the boat.

161A INT. BARRELHEAD HOODS DARIO

draws gun from shoulder holster of unconscious HOOD Bond hit at the table. Runs to hole in the wall.

7/26
7/27
7/28

8/1/81

CONTINUED:

7/26 7/27 7/28

THEIR POV

TWO VICIOUS COLUMBIANS sit at the bar with their backs to the stripper, watching the crowd.

PAM

They've been here for an hour.
Probably waiting to see who turned
up to meet me.

A YOUNG WELL-ENDOWED WAITRESS in halter top and skin tight cut-offs, bounces up to the table.

PAM

Bud with a lime

BOND

Same.

WAITRESS

Sure thing, Hon.

The Waitress pops her gum in answer and leaves.

PAM

(her eyes widen)

Shit! It's Dario! He's bad news.
Used to be with the Contras before
they kicked him out. Just the kind
of guy Sanchez would send.

Bond turns. DARIO stands in the doorway with a Sanchez HOOD. The BARTENDER catches his eye, nods toward Bond and Pam. Bond looks toward the rear entrance. THREE MORE SANCHEZ HOODS stand there.

PAM

You carrying?

Bond eases the edge of his windbreaker slightly to reveal the butt of the Walther PPK. She clicks her tongue derisively, pats her lap. Bond sees the 12 gauge shotgun, sawed off to 12 inches, lying across her thighs.

PAM

If they start shooting, just hit
the deck and stay there.

Dario arrives at their table with another SANCHEZ HOOD. They sit. Dario feigns affability.

(CONTINUED)

8/1

162 EXT. DOCK, BARRELHEAD CAFE - CIGARETTE BOAT BOND AND PAM 162

in boat as DARIO appears above them. He fires hitting her in the back. The impact knocks her into the boat. Bond draws his PPK. Dario ducks inside as Bond returns his fire. One of the HOODS fires at Bond with an Uzi causing a line of bullet hit in side of hull. Bond shoots him. He topples into the water as Bond races for the open sea.

163 EXT. CIGARETTE BOAT 163

8/2

roars out to sea. The Western sky glows faintly with the light from Miami.

164 INT. CIGARETTE BOAT BOND AND PAM 164

8/1 pt 9/23
Retake 10/22

stirs showing signs of life. Bond reaches back to her grabbing her arm.

BOND

Don't move.

PAM

(sitting up gasping)

I'm okay.

Bond looks at her in amazement. She unzips her vest. Underneath is a flesh-colored silk camisole. She pulls her vest open showing the lining.

PAM

(proudly)

Bullet proof, kevlar lining. I never leave home with out it.

She strips of vest, throwing it on the back seat.

BOND

Your damn lucky to be alive. A few inches higher, you'd be dead.

PAM

I'm lucky? If it wasn't for me you'd be nailed to a wall back there.

BOND

So you think you saved my life. This is a tough business, Miss Bouvier, I advise you to leave it to professionals.

(CONTINUED)

Green page

REVISED: OCTOBER 13, 1988
164 CONTINUED:

9/23

55

PAM

I used to be an army pilot flying into the roughest hell-holes in South America. I'm not going to have some weekend warrior lecturing me about professionalism.

The boat's engine sputters, they are thrown forward.

164A EXT. SEA DAWN CIGARETTE BOAT

9/23 10/22 retake

164A

against a blood red pre-sunrise sky. SOUND OF ENGINE SPUTTERING. The boat shudders to a stop.

164B INT. CIGARETTE COCKPIT. PAM AND BOND

9/23

at the controls, working them he looks at dials.

INSERT GAS GAGES

indicate empty.

BOND

He looks toward the shore, still irate.

BOND

They must have hit a fuel line.

PAM steps up next to him.

PAM

Out of gas? I haven't heard that one in a long time.

BOND

(calming down)

Take us a couple of hours to drift in. Look, I'm going to need your help. I want a complete rundown on Sanchez' operation...and a private charter to Isthmus City. No one must know I've left.

She looks at him steadily.

PAM

What do you want to go there for?

BOND

I'll pay you very well.

PAM

You're going after Sanchez, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

Green

9/27

164B CONTINUED:

BOND

Will you help me?

PAM

How many men you got?

BOND

Just you and me.

PAM

(a disbelieving laugh)
You crazy? Sanchez has a whole
army protecting him down there.

BOND

Then just drop me there and leave.
Fifty thousand.

She steps between Bond and the dashboard of the boat. The wind
blows her hair. She looks up at him, a twinkle in her eye.

PAM

(ticking off on her
fingers)
It's not that easy. A false light
plan, I'll have to pay-off people
at Isthmus City Airport...A job
like that is going to cost at least
a Hundred.

BOND

Alright. Sixty.

PAM

Ninety.

BOND

Seventy.

PAM

Eighty.

BOND

Seventy-five.

PAM

You pay the fuel?

BOND

We use your plane.

(CONTINUED)

Green page

REVISED: OCTOBER 13, 1988

9/23

56

164B CONTINUED:

PAM

Deal.

She reaches up and kisses him fully on the lips to seal the bargain. They part.

BOND

Why don't you wait 'til you're asked?

PAM

Why don't you ask me.

She kisses him again. He presses her passionately back against the wheel.

165-167 OMITTED

9/23

168 INT. MISS MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE - DAY MONEYPENNY M

168

comes out of his office, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

M

Five typing errors on the first page alone. What's got into you?

MONEYPENNY

Sorry, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Yellow page

7/23

168 CONTINUED:

He tilts his head to see a telex on her desk, then picks it up.

M
(he reads)

"U.S. Immigration has no reports of double-oh-seven leaving the United States as of fifteen hundred hours today." Who authorized this?

MONEYPENNY

I did, sir. I thought you would be worried about, James. He's gone missing.

M

You know better than that. He'll be on his way to Sanchez. I'm afraid he's gone off the deep end -- has to be stopped. I've already alerted our man in Isthmus.

(handing her the memo)

Now, I want this out this afternoon.

MONEYPENNY

Yes, sir.

M strides back into his office. After a moment, Moneypenny picks up her phone.

MONEYPENNY

Q Branch, please.

8/17

169 EXT. ISTHMUS CITY - DAY BEECHCRAFT BARON

169

CAMERA PANS with it on its landing approach into Isthmus City. It passes over the harbor and comes to rest on a huge billboard on the side of a hotel that has seen better days. The billboard shows a picture of a smiling President Hector Lopez with the legend: PRESIDENTE HECTOR LOPEZ - PROFITS FOR THE PEOPLE (in Spanish).

170 EXT. ISTHMUS CITY AIRPORT - DAY - BEECHCRAFT

9/17

170

The Beechcraft Baron taxis to a halt in front of the private Executive Section of the terminal. BOND and PAM step out. Pam is casually dressed, she wears dark glasses. A BAGGAGE MAN begins to unload a set of expensive luggage from Bond's plane. Bond's attention is drawn to a GULF STREAM II with the logo "ISTHMUS CASINO" painted on its side.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

9/17st

BOND'S POV

A GROUP OF SIX ORIENTAL MEN disembark the jet. They are met by HELLER and a young American Man, WILLIAM TRUMAN-LODGE, a yuppie whose taste in clothes mirrors Wall Street, down to a pair of bright red suspenders. A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL and TWO GOOD-LOOKING HOSTESSES escort the group to a side entrance and into waiting LIMOUSINES.

PAM AND BOND

PAM

The blonde is Truman-Lodge. Sanchez' financial whizz kid. He's wanted at home for Insider Trading on Wall Street.

BOND

Did you recognize any of the others?

PAM

The tall one's Heller. Ex-Green Beret Colonel. Handles Sanchez' security. The Feds would love to get their hands on him too.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From the doorway of the terminal FALLON, a lean middle-aged Englishman, watches Bond's arrival with intense interest.

171 EXT. HOTEL EL PRESIDENTE SECURITY GUARDS ^{9/24} BOND AND PAM 171
DOORMAN

greeting them graciously at door of luxury hotel. The face of Senor Hector Lopez, el Presidente, abounds on POLITICAL POSTERS plastered everywhere. Security Guards in leather jackets and baseball caps, carrying pump shotguns stand at either end of building.

172 INT. LUXURY SUITE, HOTEL EL PRESIDENTE BOND PAM ^{7/27} 172

enter their hotel suite followed by a frock-coated, striped trousered ASSISTANT MANAGER. A BELLBOY brings up the rear, staggering under weight of the luggage. Bond gestures for him to put them by the wall. The Assistant Manager presents the suite with one graceful movement of his hand.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Is this satisfactory, Senor?

(CONTINUED)

7/22

BOND

It's adequate. I'd want fresh flowers in all the rooms and a case of Bollinger R.D. sent up right away.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Certainly, sir.

The Bellboy places the cases on a stand and hovers expectantly for a tip. Bond fishes through his pockets. Finding nothing he opens one of the bags, the lid masks its contents from the others in the room. He fishes out a large bill, tips bell boy.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(almost fawning)

And if I could ask you to sign the registration cards...

BOND

My executive secretary, Miss Kennedy, will take care of that.

Pam glares at him with an expression that speaks volumes. She turns to the Assistant Manager smiling sweetly and signs. Bond tips the Bellboy. Assistant Manager and Bellboy leave.

PAM

Ms Kennedy. Why can't you be my executive secretary.

BOND

We're South of the border, it's a man's world.

He opens the suitcase. Piles of money fill it to the brim. Pam is mesmerized. Bond hands her a stack of bills.

BOND

Thanks for everything. You're job's finished.

She takes the money.

PAM

You can use some help. I'd like to stay.

BOND

Too dangerous. Enough people have been killed already.

(CONTINUED)

7/22

PAM

Soon as they figure out I'm still alive, I won't be safe anywhere. My only chance is to help you get Sanchez first. Besides, I like the pay.

He takes another packet of cash from the case hands it to her.

BOND

Okay. For expenses. If you're going to play my executive secretary - look the part. Get your hair done and buy some stylish clothes.

Pam yanks the cash from his hand, heads for the door in a huff.

BOND

I want to deposit this. Which bank does Sanchez use?

PAM

(on the move)

The biggest one in town, Banco de Isthmus. He owns it.

The suite door SLAMS as she goes out.

173

EXT. BANCO DE ISTHMUS DOORMAN GUARDS

9/23

173

like those at the hotel, in baseball caps and pump shotguns. A CHAUFFEUR-driven ROLLS pulls up at the entrance. BOND steps out. The Chauffeur opens the trunk. The doorman snaps his fingers. A PORTER with a handcart appears and takes the suitcases from the trunk. He follows Bond inside.

174

INT. BANCO DE ISTHMUS BOND PORTER

9/23

174

following him with suitcases toward the Manager's office. They pass through a magnificent Art Deco Lobby into a spacious office. He hears some one shout to him.

SANCHEZ

Hey, amigos!

Bond looks up to see Sanchez coming down the stairs towards him. For a moment it looks as though Sanchez is calling to him, but he soon realizes it is someone behind Bond. He turns to see TRUMAN-LODGE AND ORIENTAL GROUP Bond saw at the airport coming into the bank. Sanchez walks past and greets them flamboyantly. Bond studies him for a moment, his face hardens. The he goes into the manager's office. Sanchez escorts his guests upstairs.

9/19

174A INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, BANCO DE ISTHMUS MANAGER, BOND 1.

entering. The manager, Sr. Montolongo, rises. Bond points to the suit cases.

BOND

I've come to make a small deposit.

9/23

174B INT. TRADING ROOM, BANCO DE ISTHMUS, TRADERS ORIENTAL GROUP 174B
TRUMAN-LODGE SANCHEZ

leading them into a grand room where the traders buy and sell at break-neck speed.

SANCHEZ

Our biggest problem is what to do with all the money.

TRUMAN-LODGE V.O.

We have a cash surplus of 10 million a day. Which we ship through our bank to the U.S. Federal Reserve. Thus, establishing credits we can use for legitimate investments.

SANCHEZ

Someone has to help the Gringos with their trade deficit.

Several traders sit at computer consoles making buy and sell transactions on the leading exchanges.

TRUMAN-LODGE

This is our trading room wired to all of the world's leading financial exchanges. We operate the world's largest private investment fund. Not only for our own account but for customers in similar circumstances who require the anonymity we can provide.

SANCHEZ

In other words, we run the world's biggest laundry.

Sanchez laughs at his own joke. The orientals look on in stoney silence.

9/19

gives Bond an ingratiating smile and pats the packets of bills in the suitcase that sits open on his enormous desk. His pretty assistant, Consuela, stands next to him. Bond is seated opposite.

SENOR MONTOLONGO

(to Consuela)

Make out a deposit receipt for 5 million dollars for Senor Bond.

She nods and exits.

BOND

There will be additional monthly deposits in the same amount.

SENOR MONTOLONGO

Of course. Be assured we at the Banco de Isthmus are experienced in handling accounts of this nature.

There's a discreet KNOCK at the door. It opens and Consuela escorts PAM into the room. Pam's appearance has changed dramatically. Her hair is very short. She wears an elegant executive secretary's suit. The Bank Manager rises, gives a little bow, smiles at Pam. Bond takes a moment to recognize her. He rises. Pam extends her hand to Senor Montolongo. He kisses it.

PAM

Senor Montolongo. I'm Ms Kennedy. Mr Bond's executive secretary.

Bond recovers fast.

BOND

I would also appreciate it if you could arrange a credit for me at the Casino. Shall we say...two million dollars.

The Senor Montolongo comes round his desk.

SENOR MONTOLONGO

No problem, Senor Bond. You have excellent collateral and our chairman also owns the Casino.

PAM

A convenient arrangement.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

9/19

SENOR MONTOLONGO
(smiling)
We have always thought so,
Senorita.

176 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT BOND AND PAM

176

9/21

pull up in a CHAUFFEUR-driven Rolls Royce. The Chauffeur holds the door for them as they step out. Bond is in a tuxedo. Pam looks stunning in a low-cut evening gown.

177 INT. CASINO - BOND PAM CASINO MANAGER

177

9/26

comes forward to greet Bond and Pam. The Casino has a Belle Epoque interior, beautifully appointed, with a HANDSOME, MONIED CLIENTELE.

CASINO MANAGER
Welcome, Senor Bond, Senorita
Kennedy. This way. The Salon
Prive is upstairs.

He escorts them up a marble staircase.

178 DELETED

178

179 INT. SALON PRIVE, CASINO - BOND PAM CASINO MANAGER

179

9/26/27 9/27

enter a huge marble-floored room with several tables for Baccarat, Chemin de Fer and Blackjack. There is a large bar at one end. Among the CLIENTELE, Bond notices the GROUP OF ORIENTALS he had seen at the airport.

BOND
(to the Casino
Manager)
I would like a private table.
Blackjack.

CASINO MANAGER
Certainly, Senor Bond.

He shows Bond and Pam to a Blackjack table, bows and leaves. A DEALER greets them. The PIT BOSS, an expatriate American, sits to one side. He's a heavy-set, Las Vegas Casino type. Bond lays a \$5,000 plaque at each place at the table.

BOND
Could we raise the limit to five
thousand a box?

The dealer holds up five fingers to the Pit Boss, who nods.

DEALER
That will be perfectly fine, Sr.
Bond.

7/26 7/27 7/28

DARIO

Que pasa, Senorita Bouvier. Don't
I know you from somewhere?

PAM

No.

DARIO

Sure, I do. You fly special
charters for some of my friends. I
got a job for you.

(He takes her arm)

We go out side, talk about it in
private, eh?

BOND

The lady's with me.

DARIO

(turning ugly)

Nobody's asking you, gringo!

He gasps and looks down. The nozzle of Pam's shotgun is jammed
into his crotch.

PAM

He's with me.

Waitress returns with beers. She puts them on the table.

WAITRESS

That's three-fifty. Your friends
want somethin'?

HOOD

(reaching into his
jacket)

Let me get it.

Bond hits him sharply with a judo chop across the base of his
neck then embraces him, holding him upright in his chair.

BOND

He's had enough already.
(gives her a ten dollar bill)
We'll run a tab.

WAITRESS

Okay, Hon.

She leaves. The Hoods by the door strain to see what's going
on. Sensing something is wrong, they close in. Pam takes
Dario's gun out of his shoulder holster, stuffs it into her
belt.

(CONTINUED)

Revised: July 14, 1988

180 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE LUPE TRUMAN-LODGE SANCHEZ

10/10st
10/20^{fin}

180

Stroking the diamond-collared pet IGUANA which he holds in his lap as he watches televisions. Truman-Lodge, a Harvard Business School graduate, looks the part of the business brain behind Sanchez' wealth. A telephone lies off the hook next to him. He makes some quick calculations on a notepad while he half listens to the TELETHON T.V. PROGRAMME in B.G.. Lupe stands at the window looking out. Sanchez puts the Iguana down on a chair next to her. He stands behind her, placing his hands on the nape of her neck.

SANCHEZ

You okay, muchacha?

Lupe represses an involuntary shudder as she glances down at the Iguana in the chair, then forces a smile as he leans around her and looks at her closely.

LUPE

(too quick)

I'm fine.

SANCHEZ

Krest called me from the boat today with a story about somebody ripping him off. Did you see anything happen?

LUPE

No Franz, I stayed in my cabin most of the time.

Sanchez stands in front of her blocking her view of the outside. She looks distressed.

SANCHEZ

Hey, what's the matter?

LUPE

(glancing to the Iguana)

You know I can't stand that thing.

SANCHEZ

It's only a pet, baby I'll have Dario take you shopping tomorrow. Give me a kiss.

She does so and leaves. Sanchez takes the Iguana to his desk.

INSERT - TELEVISION PROFESSOR JOE BUTCHER

a flashy entertainment type, hosting a fund raiser for his Olimpatec Meditation Institute. He wears a white robe embroidered in gold with a Central American Indian motif.

(CONTINUED)

10/13 pt
10/20 fin

180 Revised: July 14, 1988
CONTINUED:

He stands on the highest tier of a magnificent amphitheater amidst a row of cone shaped chambers. Banks of TELEPHONE OPERATORS dressed in plain white robes take calls in B.G.

JOE (ON T.V.)

Let's put all these wonderful volunteers behind me to work.

The number 1-800-969-LOVE appears on the screen.

WIDER ANGLE

including Truman-Lodge. He looks to Sanchez.

TRUMAN-LODGE

We can raise the price to \$22,000 per kilo this month.

Sanchez nods, it's okay. Truman-Lodge picks up open phone.

JOE (V.O. T.V.)

Every dollar we raise goes to the restoration of this magnificent Ceremonial Site and supports our investigation of the lost secrets of the ancient Olimpatec Indians.

TRUMAN-LODGE

(into the phone)

Twenty-two thousand, that's two, two.

10/20

181 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, BIBLE INSTITUTE, SAN JOSE JOE 181

On the television stage, Joe faces the television CAMERA.

JOE

(with sincerity)

Our goal today is to raise...

He glances at the cue card.

JOE

Twenty-two thousand dollars from each of our Meditation Chapters. That's twenty-two thousand, each.

182 INT. SALON PRIVE, CASINO BOND 182

9/26 pt 9/27

The plaques in front of him have decreased substantially. He raises his eyes to the Dealer.

BOND

I'd like to double the limit.

The Dealer looks over to the Pit Boss.

Revised: July 14, 1988

183 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE AND HELLER 183
 still watching the Telethon.

INSERT - TELEVISION - JOE

JOE

...And our wonderful Manhattan Chapel have just made a special 500 dollar pledge! Thank you, Manhattan, thank you! 500 dollar special pledge.

TRUMAN-LODGE

writing down the amount, he turns to Sanchez in triumph.

TRUMAN-LODGE

500 kilos. I knew they'd go for it. It's simple supply and demand.

The PHONE RINGS. Sanchez picks it up.

SANCHEZ

Yeah?

PIT BOSS

(from the telephone)

Got a live one for ya, boss. British sucker who dropped five hundred grand wants to play no limit.

Sanchez glances up above the television at the row of closed circuit television monitors showing the action at various tables.

SANCHEZ

Which one?

PIT BOSS

(from the telephone)

The English, table one. Plays like a real jerk-off.

INSERT - TELEVISION MONITOR

Shows BOND with PAM at his side, waiting to hear if his request has been approved.

TRUMAN-LODGE SANCHEZ HELLER

stares at the screen for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

9/27 pt
10/10 pt
10/20 fa

183 CONTINUED: (2)

183

HELLER
That's the guy who flew in on the private plane today and opened an account at the bank. Five million in cash.

SANCHEZ
(into the phone)
Okay.

He hangs up the phone.

9/26 pt 9/27

184 INT. SALON PRIVE BOND PAM PIT BOSS DEALER

184

gets the nod from the Pit Boss and resumes playing. Bond slaps a large \$10,000 plaque down on the table at each the empty places. Cards are dealt. He looks at his first hand. It's a five and a six. Bond slaps another \$10,000. plaque down.

BOND
Double down.

Dealer gives him a ten. The next hand is two eights. Bond splits them increasing his bet.

PIT BOSS

Looking down, troubled. It is rapidly becoming apparent that Bond is not the pigeon the Pit Boss thought he was.

185 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE HELLER SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE

185

making notes on a memo pad, punches figures into a calculator, as DEEDIE continues to announce donations.

TRUMAN-LODGE
(beaming)
They all accepted the new price.

SOUND of phone ringing. Sanchez answers it.

SANCHEZ
Si.

186 INT. SALON PRIVE PIT BOSS

186

on the phone to Sanchez. In BACKGROUND the ten thousand dollar plaques are piled up in front of BOND. Several people have drifted over to the table to watch. Obviously his luck has changed.

9/27 9/28 du

(CONTINUED)

9/27 9/28/lu 68.

186 CONTINUED: 186

PIT BOSS
(into the phone)
The British guy is a quarter a million ahead. Should I close the table?

187 INT. SANCHEZ'S OFFICE HELLER SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE 187

SANCHEZ
(into the phone)
No.

He hangs up the phone, turns to Truman-Lodge.

SANCHEZ
Tell Lupe to come in here.

188 INT. SALON PRIVE, BLACKJACK TABLE DEALER 9/27/lu 9/28 188

His hands gather in the cards and move away. A virgin deck is laid on the table. Brilliantly manicured, beringed hands strip off its wrappings. A little emerald bracelet with the name "Lupe" tinkles from one wrist.

LUPE O.S.
New deck.

She shuffles professionally.

BOND

glances up. LUPE stands before him. She offers the deck for him to cut. He cuts, gazing into her face. She keeps her eyes lowered, starts to deal the cards.

BOND
(to Pam)
Miss Kennedy, would you get me a medium dry vodka martini, shaken not stirred.

Pam opens her mouth to speak, he stares her down. She gives him a hard look, gets up, moves to the bar at end of room. Lupe finishes the deal.

BOND
Most professional.

LUPE
I used to work here.

BOND
Am I going to win or lose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

Is that why he sent you?

LUPE

And to find out more about you.

KWANG, an impressively huge Hong Kong Chinese, who is part of the Oriental group Bond saw arrive at the airport, pauses at the table to watch the play. On his arm is his beautiful Japanese companion, LOTI. Bond plays the five hands simultaneously, standing on two and busting on three. Lupe has thirteen, deals herself an eight for 21. She wins all five hands.

LUPE

Looks like your luck has changed.

BOND

Perhaps I should quit for the night.

Bond walks away from the table to the end of the bar. Kwang and Loti drift away, leaving them alone.

LUPE

You should walk straight out of here, go to the airport, and never come back.

BOND

Where's Sanchez?

LUPE

Upstairs in his office. He's been there all day, planning a big party for some Orientals tomorrow night.

He watches waiters going into service lift area.

BOND

What did you tell him about the Wavecrest?

LUPE

Nothing. I told him nothing. Now go.

BOND

(thinks for a moment)
Take me to him.

(CONTINUED)

Revised July 14, 1988

188 CONTINUED:

LUPE

You loco? You'll get us both killed.

BOND

I want to see him now.

PAM

at the opposite end of the bar takes martini from BARMAN. She looks up.

PAM'S POV

Lupe leading Bond toward the private elevator.

PAM

Puzzlement gradually turns to annoyance. She finishes the martini in one gulp.

189 DELETE

190 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE HALLWAY PEREZ AND BRAUN ^{10/11} 190

form a welcoming committee at the door of Sanchez' suite as BOND and LUPE step out of the private elevator. A TELEVISION CAMERA looks down on them. Braun puts an ugly looking .45 up to Bond's chest. Bond smiles. HELLER steps out from Sanchez' Office, watches as Perez frisks Bond, takes the Walther PPK from his shoulder holster and his passport from his pocket. Heller gestures towards Sanchez's door.

191 INT. SANCHEZ'S OFFICE SANCHEZ ^{10/11} TRUMAN-LODGE LUPE HELLER 191

leads BOND in. LUPE follows. They pass door to adjacent conference room. Sanchez and Truman-Lodge are engrossed in the Professor Joe's T.V. program. Sanchez waves them forward, smiles at Bond.

SANCHEZ

Momento, por favor. It's almost over.

Bond crosses to the window. Lupe joins him. The IGUANA sits on a pillow nearby. Bond looks casually out the large picture window.

191A T.V. SCREEN

COVER OF BOOK - beautiful bikini clad woman sit in lotus position inside large cone. Title reads "THE SECRETS OF CONE POWER REVEALED" ^{10/20} 191A

JOE

Everyone pledging \$100 or more shall receive an autographed copy of my book, THE SECRETS OF CONE POWER REVEALED. A forty-nine, ninety-five value, absolutely free.

Revised: July 14, 1988

192 EXT. WINDOW - BOND'S POV 10/5

192

The window displays a tiny logo in the corner: "Armourlite-III". The CAMERA examines the roofs and buildings across the street.

193 EXT. REVERSE ANGLE - BOND THROUGH THE WINDOW 10/14

193

The picture window is surmounted by intertwined marble figures of nude nymphs. Bond looks up at the floodlit national flag fluttering from the flagpole mounted on the roof, directly above Sanchez's office.

194 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE BOND AND LUPE 10/11 pt
10/12 pt

194

BOND

Lovely view. Don't you think so, Senorita?

He smiles at Lupe, but she doesn't trust herself to even look at him. The SOUND of theme music signifies the end of Joe's Program. PEREZ comes in and puts Bond's passport and gun on the desk.

SANCHEZ

(to Truman-Lodge)

Send them an anonymous donation ..\$10,000..

Bond walks over to him.

SANCHEZ

Wonderful work these people do.

Lupe introduces them, Sanchez remains seated.

LUPE

Franz Sanchez, Senor --

BOND

(cutting her off)

Bond. James Bond.

Bond steps forward to shake hands, Heller moves between them cutting Bond off. He points to a chair in front of the desk.

HELLER

Sit.

Bond does so. Perez comes and stands directly behind him. Heller takes a seat midway between Sanchez and Bond.

LUPE

(apologetic)

He insisted on seeing you.

SANCHEZ

It's okay, baby.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

12/11 pt
10/12 pt

Sanchez glances briefly through Bond's passport.

SANCHEZ

A well-travelled man.
(putting it down)
You did alright at the tables
tonight.

BOND

I had the feeling my luck was about
to change.

SANCHEZ

Its a wise gambler who knows when
his luck has run out.
(picking up the gun)
Why this?

Sanchez looks at him quizzically. Lupe looks at the floor,
trembling slightly.

BOND

In my business you prepare for the
unexpected.

SANCHEZ

And what business is that?

BOND

I help people with problems.

SANCHEZ

A problem solver.

BOND

More of a problem eliminator.

Sanchez puts the gun down on his desk. Sanchez glances toward
Lupe.

SANCHEZ

Anda Jugar. (Go play). Leave us.

She quickly exits.

SANCHEZ

Are you here on business?

BOND

I'm temporally unemployed. Thought
I might find work here.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

10/11* 10/12*

SANCHEZ

It is very difficult to obtain a work permit in Isthmus, you have to show a special talent that people here don't have.

Bond glances from Heller to Perez.

BOND

That shouldn't be difficult.

Heller and Perez bristle.

SANCHEZ

Senor Bond, You have big cojones. You come here, to my place, without references. Carrying a piece. Throwing a lot of money around. But you know something, nobody saw you come in. So nobody has to see you go out.

BOND

Senor Sanchez, I could be quite useful to a man in your position. And you have a reputation for rewarding loyalty very well.

Sanchez is amused. He settles back into his chair. He pauses for a moment then takes Bond's passport.

SANCHEZ

I'll keep this for a few days. We'll talk again.

(He gestures toward the gun.)

You won't need this in Isthmus, its a very safe city.

Bond gets up to leave.

BOND

I'm at the Hotel Presidente for the next few days.

Bond walks to the door.

SANCHEZ

Meanwhile you're welcome to the casino at all times.

Bond exits. Sanchez hands Heller Bond's passport.

SANCHEZ

Check him out.

195 INT. SALON PRIVE PAM

9/27

195

sitting at the table, no plaques in evidence.

BOND O.S.

Let's go.

Pam looks up. Bond is standing behind her. The CASINO MANAGER hurries up, a bank draft in his hand.

CASINO MANAGER

I have the draft you wanted,
Senorita Kennedy.

Bond intercepts Pam's outstretched hand, takes the check, looks at it. The Casino Manager bows and leaves.

PAM

Just the profits. I could use some
walking around money.

BOND

You can walk a long way with
quarter of a million dollars.

Bond puts the check in his pocket. They walk out of the Salon Prive and through the casino.

PAM

What did you do with that hot
tamale?

They pass through the lobby.

BOND

We went to see Sanchez.

Pam looks at him, amazed. They exit the building.

196 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT - ROLLS ROYCE PAM AND BOND

9/21

196

stop outside.

PAM

What did you find out?

BOND

I'll need a cannon to get to him.
he's sitting up there behind two
inches of armored glass.

He looks up towards Sanchez's office. He turns and stares across the street at the gaping front of a condemned apartment building awaiting demolition. KWANG and LOTI come out of the casino behind them. Bond's CHAUFFEUR opens the door of the Rolls for Bond and Pam. They get in. KWANG and LOTI watch them drive away.

9/20

197 INT. EL PRESIDENTE HOTEL - NIGHT BOND AND PAM 19.

enter the hotel lobby. Bond stops at the CONCIERGE's desk for the key.

BOND
314 please.

The concierge hands Bond the key.

CONCIERGE
Sr. Bond you'll be pleased to know that your Uncle has arrived. I've put him in your suite.

Bond looks concerned.

BOND
Thank you.

PAM
Your uncle?

BOND
Let's make this a proper family reunion. Give me your gun.

She steps into an unoccupied vestibule by the house phone, to conceal what she's doing. She raises her skirt, takes a small automatic strapped to her thigh and hands it to Bond.

BOND
Wait here.

He goes to the elevator.

198 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR BOND 7/29 198

approaches the door of his suite cautiously. He rings the bell, takes out Pam's small pistol, flattens himself against the wall. A MAN opens the door. Bond pushes him into the room and up against the wall, his gun at the man's temple.

199 INT. HOTEL SUITE BOND AND Q 7/25+ 7/29 199

Q
Really, 007!

It's a moment before Bond realizes who he's holding. It's Q, dressed like the quintessential tourist, in walking shorts and a loud Hawaiian shirt.

(CONTINUED)

7/25/pt
7/29

BOND
(releasing him)
Oh no. What are you doing here,
Q.

Bond puts Pam's gun away.

Q
I'm on leave. Thought I'd pop
by and see how you were getting
on.

BOND
How did you find me?

Q
Moneypenny. She's worried sick
about you.

BOND
This is no place for you, Q. Go
home.

Q
I know what you're up to, Bond.
And quite frankly, you need my
help. Why, if it wasn't for Q
branch, you'd be dead years ago.

Q pulls out a large bag which opens like an accordion. It's
jammed with gadgets and tools.

Q
(proudly)
Everything for the man on holiday.

He pulls objects from the bag and hold them up for Bond.

Q
A travel alarm clock...packed with
enough explosive to make sure they
never wake up!

Bond reaches into case, takes out a British passport.

Q
Don't open that double-O-seven.
It'll explode in your face.
(takes it from Bond)
Perfect diversion if questioned
too closely by the local police.

He pulls out tube of toothpaste.

(CONTINUED)

7/25th
7/29

Q
Dentonite Toothpaste..use it sparingly. It's the latest in plastique explosive.

Bond relents.

BOND
I could use some plastique.

The door opens. They whirl around. PAM stands there, a second gun in her hand. She smiles

PAM
I thought there might be a mess to clean up.

BOND
Pam, this is Q, my uncle.
(Bond gestures towards Pam.)
Uncle, this is Miss Kennedy...my cousin.

She steps forward and shakes takes his hand.

Q
Are we related?

Pam picks up a thin cylander from Q's case, examining it closely.

PAM
What's this?

Q takes it from her and begins to assemble a rifle from various innocuous objects in his bag as he speaks.

Q
(turning to Bond)
It's a signature gun with an optical palm reader. After I program it for you, Bond, no-one else can fire it.

Pam has picked up a polaroid camera from Q's bag. She points it at Bond and Q.

PAM
Smile, boys.

Q whirls around, sees the camera.

(CONTINUED)

7/25/4
7/29

Q
Don't use the flash!

He pushes Bond out of the way just as Pam presses the shutter. A brilliant red laser beam shoots from the flash, burning a hole in the picture of Hector Lopez on the wall. Q grabs the camera from her.

Q
Ten shot. Best for closeups.

Pam looks at the polaroid picture.

PAM
That's odd.

INSERT POLAROID PICTURE

An X-Ray portrait of Bond and Q. Pam's gun can be seen in Bond's jacket, pens, watch and other gadgets can be seen under Q's.

BOND

BOND
Let's get some rest. There's a lot to do before we go back to finish off Sanchez tomorrow night.

Q goes to the extra bedroom.

Q
This was empty

BOND
Take it, Q.

Bond turns to the other bedroom. Pam stands in the doorway.

PAM
(formally)
Sweet dreams. Mr Bond.

She closes the door. SOUND of deadbolt lock sliding home. Bond looks around, walks to Q's room. He looks in at the two double beds. Q glances up, puzzled.

BOND
I hope you don't snore, Q.

9/21

in chauffeur's cap and uniform, drives up in the Rolls. Bond and Pam are in the back. They get out, walk into the casino, leaving Q with the car.

9/28

201 INT. SALON PRIVE - NIGHT CASHIER PAM BOND 201

taking a stack of ten \$10,000 plaques from cashier. Hands them to Pam.

BOND
Extra bonus. Your job's done.
Take Q and fly out of here now.
I'll make my own way back.

PAM
I'd like to stay.

BOND
Go. I work better alone.

He leaves her and heads for the bar, past ARMED GUARDS standing at the elevators. WAITERS, dressed in tuxedos, push large carts of food from the pantry.

9/20

202 INT. PANTRY AREA BOND 202

slips into the hall by the kitchen. A continuous stream of WAITERS passes to and from the pantry. Bond walks into the pantry, picks up a napkin, drapes it over one arm and takes a cart of food. He pushes it out of the pantry to Sanchez' private elevator. TWO GUARDS search the cart before they let him go on. TWO WAITERS step out as the door opens. Bond pushes the cart into the elevator.

203 INT. CASINO, SANCHEZ' FLOOR WAITERS 203

A group of waiters with empty trays and carts wait for the elevator. The elevator arrives and doors open. It's empty except for a cart.

9/20

204 INT. CASINO, ELEVATOR SHAFT BOND 204

climbs up the girders supporting the elevator shaft, toward a hatch opening on to the roof.

9/20

205 EXT. CASINO ROOF BOND 205

walks to the base of the flagpole above Sanchez's office.

10/1

206 INT. SANCHEZ' CONFERENCE ROOM SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE HELLER 206
KWANG ORIENTAL GROUP

10/13

10/12 pt

10/14 pt

Meeting in progress. Sanchez stands at the head of the conference table, Truman-Lodge and COLONEL HELLER, a former Green Beret type, sit on either side of him. The Oriental Group, which Bond saw arriving at the airport, sit facing them. There is a map of the Pacific on one wall.

(CONTINUED)

10/12 *at*
10/13
10/14 *at*

206

CONTINUED:

206

SANCHEZ

Senors, welcome. You all know Mr. Truman-Lodge, and this is my head of security, Col. Heller.

Heller stands to applause, sits.

SANCHEZ

This is a historic moment. East meets West. Drug dealers of the world unite.

(chuckles at his own cleverness)

Asia is a new market for us. Mr Truman-Lodge, here, my financial genius, will tell you how we can all become billionaires ten times over. But I want to tell you something else. In this business there is a lot of cash. And a lot of people with their hands out.

KWANG

(interrupting)

In a word, bribery.

The group laughs.

SANCHEZ

You said it! So you pay! Everyone and his brother is on the payroll.

207

EXT. CASINO ROOF BOND

10/1 *at* 10/5 *at*

207

removes his cummerbund, revealing a climber's harness. He slides the rope from the flag pole through the harness rings, and steps over the edge of the roof.

208

INT. SANCHEZ' CONFERENCE ROOM
ORIENTAL GROUP SANCHEZ

10/12 *at* 10/13 10/14 *at*

TRUMAN-LODGE HELLER KWANG 208

continues the meeting.

SANCHEZ

So you buy a mayor, a police chief, a general, a president. One day you wake up, you own the whole goddam country. Then you take what you want.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

10/12st 10/13 10/14st 81.

SANCHEZ (Cont'd)

A bank, a gambling casino, an
airline concession -- Why?
Simple. It's easier for
politicians to take silver than..
(he points his finger
like a gun)
...lead.

They all laugh. Sanchez goes to the map.

SANCHEZ

We have an invisible empire from
Chile to Alaska. What I want to
do, amigos, is make you part of
it.

He points to Asia. Then to the Pacific Ocean.

SANCHEZ

I want the Pacific to be our
little puddle.

They applaud.

209 EXT. CASINO, SANCHEZ' WINDOW BOND

10/5st 10/14

repels down to a position some ten feet out from the ledge above Sanchez's window. He takes a looped nylon rope from his pocket, slings it over one of the marble nymph's outstretched arms and swings into her chilly embrace. He squeezes the plastic explosives from the tube along the perimeter of the ledge. The SOUND of TRUMAN-LODGE drones faintly through the glass. As Bond inserts a radio controlled detonator in the explosive, he loses his footing and slams against the edge of Sanchez's office window. He grabs the ledge and pulls himself up.

210 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM GROUP HELLER

10/13

hears a NOISE from the adjacent office, gets up and goes into it. TRUMAN-LODGE'S VOICE continues THROUGHOUT THE NEXT SCENE.

TRUMAN-LODGE O.S.

Here is a demographic report
breaking down each territory by
age and socio-economic group.
As you can see, there is a huge
potential demand, given the
implementation of aggressive
marketing programs...

211 EXT. CASINO, SANCHEZ' WINDOW BOND

just inches above as Heller arrives on the other side of the window. Heller stands for a moment, looking around, then returns to his seat in the other room. Bond climbs back up on the roof.

TRUMAN-LODGE O.S.

As in the United States, Senor Sanchez is prepared to sell exclusive franchises. The price is \$100 million per territory.

212 INT. SANCHEZ' CONFERENCE ROOM SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE HELLER 212
KWANG ORIENTAL GROUP

TRUMAN-LODGE

We supply exclusively to you, 10 tons per month. CIF Hong Kong \$20,000 a key.

He sees a KOREAN working it out on a calculator.

TRUMAN-LODGE

That comes to 20 million per metric ton, Mr Tan.

Tan nods approvingly, it's a fair price.

213 EXT. CASINO ROLLS ROYCE Q

VIEW FROM INSIDE ANOTHER CAR ACROSS STREET. Q waiting in Rolls. Bond walks out front door of Casino, gets into car. They drive around corner.

213A EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING ROLLS ROYCE Q BOND 213A

gets out as they pull up outside. Bond goes to Q's side of the car and speaks to him through the open window.

BOND

Good-bye, Q. Thanks for what you've done. You're a hell of a field operative. Now go. I'll see you in London.

He quickly walks into the building. Q's eyes are moist as he sees his friend go.

214 INT. SANCHEZ' CONFERENCE ROOM SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE HELLER 214
KWANG ORIENTAL GROUP

TRUMAN-LODGE

We guarantee quality and price for five years. Any questions?

There is a consensus of acceptance among the group.

KWANG

Sr. Sanchez, since coming here, we've eaten well, heard a lot of good stories, but before paying anything, I want to see some hardware.

There is a sudden tense silence. The people in the room hold their breath.

SANCHEZ

Mr. Kwang. You don't pay for hardware. You pay for my personal guarantee and protection.

Sanchez and Kwang are locked in a momentary test of will.

KWANG.

How do we know you have the capacity?

There is a babble of agreement around the table.

SANCHEZ

(an expansive gesture)

Hey amigos, you're right. We're partners, No? Tomorrow you'll go to our main distribution center. Pack an overnight bag. Now, no more business tonight.

He presses a button on his desk and a large double door at the opposite end of the room opens revealing a fantastic buffet and TWENTY GORGEOUS HOSTESSES.

SANCHEZ

Enjoy yourselves.

Oriental group gets up and proceeds to the other room, Sanchez's eyes never leave Kwang. Sanchez goes into his office. Truman-Lodge follows him.

215 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT BOND 9/29pt 10/4pt 215

walks up a derelict stairs to an upper landing. He reaching into hole in wall, extracts signature gun wrapped in dark cloth. He unwraps it and takes it to the open front of the building.

216 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE SANCHEZ AND TRUMAN-LODGE 216

10/13

TRUMAN-LODGE

I don't like this. That Kwang is trouble. Why show them the labs?

SANCHEZ

Would you put up \$100 million without a little reassurance? Don't worry. He wouldn't dare expose our operation.

217 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

9/29* 10/14

217

overlooking the casino. BOND looks for a firing position. In the brightly lit window of Sanchez' office, SANCHEZ and TRUMAN-LODGE converse.

218 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE HELLER

10/13

218

enters the room.

HELLER

President Lopez is here.

PRESIDENT LOPEZ comes into the room. He's carrying a check.

SANCHEZ

Hector. Come in.

LOPEZ

There's been a mistake with my check. Look at this.

He shows Sanchez the check. Sanchez looks at it, shrugs.

LOPEZ

It's half the usual amount.

SANCHEZ

You were very quiet when I was arrested. Remember, you're only President for Life.

He laughs. Lopez pales.

219 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING BOND

9/29

219

lies on the floor. He has set up the rifle and is adjusting the night scope.

220 EXT. BOND'S POV - THROUGH THE RIFLE SIGHTS

9/29* 10/15

220

SANCHEZ at his desk. PRESIDENT LOPEZ exits.

BOND

reacts to someone at another window. He shifts scope to focus on them.

9/29^{pt} 10/15

- 221 EXT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE - BOND'S POV - THROUGH THE RIFLE SIGHTS 221
- In the room adjacent to Sanchez', HELLER greets a woman at the door. It is PAM. She hands him an envelope. They speak animatedly for a moment then she leaves.
- BOND
- his face sets grimly. He moves his sights back to Sanchez' window.
- INSERT - BOND'S HAND
- presses remote control detonator button.
- 222 EXT. CASINO 10/15 222
- The windows to Sanchez' office blow out.
- 223 INT. SANCHEZ' OFFICE SANCHEZ 10/15 223
- The concussion knocks Sanchez out of his chair. He gets up groggily.
- 224 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING BOND 9/29 224
- His finger tightens on trigger.
- 225 EXT. BOND'S POV - THROUGH THE RIFLE SIGHTS 10/15 225
- The cross hairs center on Sanchez' back.
- 226 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING BOND 9/29^{pt} 9/30 226
- TWO GREY CLAD NINJA FIGURES hang from open construction area in floor just above Bond. They drop on him, kicking the gun out of his hand just as he fires. The shot goes wild.
- BOND
- Rolls away, springs to his feet. The ninjas both leap simultaneously at him. He manages to kick Ninja #1 in the face sending him sprawling. Ninja #2 sends a crushing blow to the side of his head.
- The SOUND of sirens and alarms comes from across the street. Ninja #2 picks up Bond's rifle and points it at him. The gun won't fire. Bond leaps at him. Ninja #1 fires a net from his sleeve. It catches Bond in mid-air and brings him crashing to the floor. Ninja #2 clubs Bond over the head with the rifle. Bond is stunned.
- 227 EXT. NINJA'S CAR - NIGHT 9/17^{pt} 10/6 227
- The car turns off the highway on the outskirts of town and onto a dirt road. It pulls up in front of a bungalow. A FOURTH MAN is driving the car. The NINJAS get out of the car, open the trunk, drag BOND into the bungalow. THE FOURTH MAN looks around, then follows carrying the signature rifle.

REVISED: SEPTEMBER 12, 1968

28

9/13

228 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT NINJAS BOND 228

dragged through the front room to the back of the house. They take him to stairs leading to cellar.

229 DELETE 229

230 INT. BUNGALOW CELLAR - NIGHT BOND NINJAS 230

9/13

pull Bond into the room, throw him into a chair, and strapping his arms and legs to it. THE FOURTH MAN enters, it is KWANG. The Ninjas take off their head scarfs. One is LOTI, the other a THIN ASIAN MAN.

KWANG

Who the hell are you?

Bond, glares, doesn't answer. In an instant Loti viciously smacks Bond across the face.

LOTI

Be polite and answer the man.

She raises her arm to hit him again. Kwang stops her.

KWANG

Wait! Hold his arm.

230A EXT. BUNGALOW DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - CAR 9/17/68 10/6 230A

pulls up. A MAN gets out, goes into the bungalow. Out on the highway, another CAR pulls to a stop. Its headlights go out.

230B INT. BUNGALOW CELLAR - NIGHT 9/14 230B

The Ninjas hold Bond's arm. Kwang removes the magazine out of the rifle, squeezes it into Bond's hand, and forces his finger to pull the trigger. The gun's hammer clicks.

KWANG

Who would have a signature gun?

FALLON O.S.

James Bond.

FALLON enters from the stairs, takes the Signature Gun from Kwang examining it.

FALLON

This is property of Her Majesty's Government. How did you get it?

Bond doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

231 EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - ARMY TANK HELLER ARMY UNIT 231

An Isthmus ARMY TANK fires another shell at the house. Heller and a small army unit stand by.

. HELLER

Nice..nice. That's enough.

He waves his soldiers forward and follows them towards the bungalow. The soldiers enter it firing.

232 INT. BUNGALOW CELLAR KWANG LOTI FALLON 232

is dead. Kwang lies nearby, mortally wounded. Loti crawls over to him.

KWANG

Don't let them take you alive.

Loti nods with understanding, hears the SOUND of soldiers approaching. She runs to the top of the stairs and hides behind what is left of the door. It opens. She springs on the FIRST SOLDIER killing him instantly. She spins to face SOLDIER #2, who shoots her. Although wounded she kills him too. More SOLDIERS pour into the room. Loti goes down in a hail of bullets.

BOND

dazed, sees SANCHEZ AND HELLER enter. Sanchez grabs Kwang by the collar pulling him to within inches of his face.

SANCHEZ

(Shouting)

Who sent you?

Kwang smiles ironically and dies. Heller bends down smells poison on Kwang's breath.

HELLER

Cyanide.

Sanchez throws down Kwang's body. A SOLDIER standing over Bond CALLS to them. They come. Bond, still strapped to the chair, lies among the debris. He stares up at them for a moment, then passes out.

233 DELETE 233

234 INT. SANCHEZ' BEDROOM, SANCHEZ' HOUSE - DAY BOND 234

awakens in an opulent bed? A soft sea breeze blows through the arched patio doors. Bond sits up in bed. Looks around him in disbelief. Pulling on a silk robe from the end of the bed. It bears the monogram F.S. On a silent butler in one corner are his shirt and dinner jacket, which are still the worst for wear despite having been brushed and cleaned. Bond walks from the room.

235 EXT. PATIO, SANCHEZ HOUSE BOND

235

stares around him in disbelief. The patio stretches forever. Concrete camels kneel at its borders, under concrete palm trees beside deep couches. Everything is pristine white. The blue line of the sea sparkles in the distance.

236 EXT. GARDEN, SANCHEZ HOUSE BOND

236

walks through an extravagantly planted fern garden, down steps past a man-made waterfall. Flowers grow out of the rock wall. He heads toward an open air living room.

237 INT. LIVING ROOM BOND

237

walks in through the doors. The room is huge, cool and white, decorated with a Moorish motif. A large swimming pool serpentine around its perimeter. LUPE sits facing him on a large white couch, the table in front of her is set for lunch. She glances around quickly and seeing they are alone crosses to him.

LUPE

(whispers desperately)

The Wavekrest is arriving tonight.
Krest is coming here.

BOND

Good!

Before she can answer, Sanchez enters. He sees Bond, smiles and embraces him.

SANCHEZ

Amigo. Hey, you shouldn't be up.
Sit down.

He points to a place near where Lupe was sitting. Bond sits.

SANCHEZ

(to Lupe)

Have a drink.

She goes to the bar across the room, Sanchez joins Bond.

SANCHEZ

We both had close calls last night.

BOND

You were just in time, things were
about to turn nasty.

SANCHEZ

Who were those guys?

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

BOND
Free-lance hit team.

SANCHEZ
So what did they want with you?

BOND
(lighting up a
cigarette)
I recognized one of them at the
casino. They were afraid I would
warn you, spoil their plans.

SANCHEZ
So you knew them?

BOND
I've recently retired from the
British Government. We kept
dossiers on such men.

SANCHEZ
A British Agent. I knew it, you
have class.
(leaning close to him)
Those men tried to kill me.

Bond looks at him steadily, taking a drag on his cigarette.

SANCHEZ
Who would do such a thing?

BOND
Someone close to you.

SANCHEZ
They told you this?

BOND
They were well briefed. Obviously
by someone on the inside.

SANCHEZ
Did they mention a name?

BOND
No.
(suddenly recalling
something)
Only that they were expecting to be
paid a great deal of cash by a man
arriving in Isthmus today. Do you
suspect someone?

Sanchez asserts his usual bravado.

(CONTINUED)

237

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Every one in my organization is one hundred percent loyal.

BOND

Then you have nothing to worry about.

SOUND OF HELICOPTER APPROACHING.

SANCHEZ

I have to go meet some people. You should rest.

BOND

I have to get back to my Hotel.

SANCHEZ

(insisting)

You should rest here! For a couple of days. Hey, save your legs.

(turning to Lupe)

Lupe, show him the easy way up.

They join Lupe and walk out to the path leading to a Funicular. Lupe takes Bond to it. As they get in and go up a helicopter passes overhead and lands on the roof above. While Sanchez watches them go, HELLER silently joins him. He cocks his head in Bond's direction.

HELLER

I got a report on him. You'll never guess who he is?

SANCHEZ

Former British agent.

HELLER

How did you know?

SANCHEZ

You think I don't know such things? I want to meet Krest's boat tonight. We'll need a dozen reliable men.

HELLER

Is there a problem with Krest?

SANCHEZ

We'll see. Bring Lupe. She was there. He won't lie in front of her.

They exit toward the roof.

238 INT. SANCHEZ HOUSE, BEDROOM LUPE AND BOND

dressed in his tux pants and buttoning up his formal shirt.

LUPE

What are you doing?

BOND

I've had my fill of Sanchez hospitality.

LUPE

He told you to stay, you're asking for big trouble.

BOND

I don't want to involve you. Just give me five minutes then scream your head off.

LUPE

You'll never make it. There are guards all over the place.

239-240 DELETE

239-240

241 SANCHEZ HOUSE GARDENS AND DOCK GUARD

241

stands overlooking the dock where a 22 foot speedboat is moored. FUNICULAR leading from house arrives at landing. LUPE, a large tote bag over her shoulder, gives him a big smile as she alights. In B.G. a FIGURE darts by behind the Guard. She walks quickly to the dock and runs to the end, jumping into the speedboat. She starts it up.

GUARD

Senorita! Senorita! No, no don't.
Senor Sanchez said...

LUPE

I'm going shopping. Won't be long!

The guard's PROTESTS are drowned in the roar of the speedboat engine. Lupe peels out from the dock.

BOND

In the water holding onto the bumper line hidden from the guard by the boat's hull.

241A EXT. DESERTED DOCK SPEEDBOAT LUPE AND BOND

241A

arriving at dock. Bond jumps onto dock holding the mooring line. He extends his hand to her.

BOND

Hurry!

LUPE

I'm going back.

BOND

You love him?

LUPE

No! I hate him.

BOND

Then why don't you come with me.

LUPE

Because you're crazier than he is.

She drives off in boat pulling the line from his hand.

242 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY PAM Q

7/23

242

fidgets with his tools. Pam stares out the window, smoking. She looks at her cigarette.

PAM

I haven't had one of these in five years.

Q

Don't worry, 007 always comes back.

There is the SOUND of a knock at the door. They both rush to open it. Pam gets there first. It's Bond. He grabs her arm pushing past Q toward the bedroom.

BOND

(accusingly)
You're still here.

Q

Of course. We couldn't go not knowing what happened to you.

Bond pushes Pam roughly into the bedroom.

BOND

(to Q)
Pack up, we're leaving.

He shuts the bedroom door in Q's face.

Without releasing her arm he spins her around to face him. He reaches under her skirt and pulls her gun out.

PAM

What's wrong, James?

BOND

Kwang and his men were British agents. They're dead. You're working both sides.

PAM

No!

Bond moves a step closer, menacing her.

PAM

I couldn't tell you before.
Remember the letter Felix gave me?

BOND

(interrupting)

No more stories, I want the truth.
I saw you with Heller.

She is tearful.

PAM

I am telling the truth. Heller wanted to make a deal with the U.S. We were friends back in my army days. So he asked me to contact Leiter for him.

He eyes her coldly.

PAM

Sanchez has bought four hand held missiles from the Contras.

BOND

Stingers?

PAM

Yes, new prototypes. Infrared Target Lock. Sanchez has threatened to shoot down an airliner if the DEA doesn't lay off. The letter Felix gave me is from the Attorney General promising Heller immunity if he gets the missiles back.

Bond curiosity is aroused.

(CONTINUED)

Revised: July 14, 1988

7/23

243 CONTINUED:

BOND

Did Heller go for the deal?

PAM

Everything was set, but then you missed Sanchez. Heller panicked. He told me the deal's off. I was dead meat if he ever saw me again. That's the thanks I got for trying to help him out.

She turns away in frustration.

PAM

Sanchez has tripled his security. We'll never get another shot at him.

BOND

Don't have to. We're going to finish Kwang's job. Sanchez is going to live just long enough to see his empire crumble around him.

He makes a quick decision.

BOND

Meet us at the Harbor Master's Office in two hours.

He opens the bedroom door. Q straightens up from the case he was packing. Bond enters suite. Pam follows.

244 INT. HOTEL SUITE Q PAM BOND

7/23

244

BOND

Bring the Rolls round to the front of the hotel.

Q beams, delighted to be back on the job again.

246 INT. BANCO DE ISTHMUS BOND

9/19

246

enters the bank carrying two empty suitcases. He walks to the MANAGER's desk.

BOND

Sr. Montolongo, I need to make a withdrawal.

The Bank Manager gives him an "easy come, easy go" look.

248 EXT. BANCO DE ISTHMUS DOORMAN ROLLS Q

9/23

248

sitting at the wheel. BOND strides out of the Bank. PORTER follows carrying the suitcases. The DOORMAN goes to open the trunk of the rolls, but Bond waves him off motioning for the Porter to throwing the bags into the back seat. Bond gets in after them.

Revised: July 14, 1988

8/2

249 EXT. ISTHMUS CITY HARBOR - NIGHT - WAVEKREST

249

approaches the harbor entrance. A PILOT BOAT comes alongside.

250 EXT. PILOT BOAT - NIGHT BOND HARBOR PILOT Q 250

is at the wheel. Bond is at the stern placing the "fenders" over the side. In THE BACKGROUND, the harbor pilot climbs up a Jacobs's ladder to the Wavekrest.

251 EXT. WAVEKREST - NIGHT HARBOR PILOT 251

completes the climb up to the deck. The MATE offers a helping hand. He is surprised when he sees a woman. It's PAM.

PAM
(Spanish accent: with authority)
Show me to the bridge.

252 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE PAM MATE 252

walk onto the bridge. The CAPTAIN is at the wheel.

PAM
Good evening, Captain. I'll take over now.

CAPTAIN
(incredulous)
You? You're the harbor pilot?

PAM
(sarcastically)
No, I'm his secretary.

She takes the wheel as the Captain backs off.

253 EXT. ISTHMUS CITY HARBOR - NIGHT - PILOT BOAT 253

follows behind the yacht as it heads into port.

254 INT. PILOT BOAT Q BOND 254

stands on the deck next to Q as they follow the Wavekrest.

Q
She seems to be doing rather well.

Bond has no time to reply. They hear the SOUND of the Wavekrest scraping over a sandbar. They both wince.

255 EXT. WAVEKREST DECK KREST 255

drink in hand, strides out of the lounge, looks up the bridge.

KREST
(yelling)
What the hell is going on?

8/5 98

256 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE PAM 256
swings the wheel hard right.

8/1 257

257 EXT. WAVEKREST - MOORED DORY 257
The Wavekrest's bow runs over an untended moored dory, smashing it into splinters.

8/5 258

258 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE CAPTAIN 258
grimaces, slaps his hand to his forehead in frustration.

8/3 259

259 EXT. ISTHMUS HARBOR DOCK - CAR LIMOUSINE. HELLER LUPE SANCHEZ 259
sit in the limousine with the door open, watching the approaching boat. BRAUN PEREZ AND HELLER lean up against their car. The WAVEKREST approaches the dock very fast.

260 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE CAPTAIN PAM 260
at the wheel. The dock looms up.

CAPTAIN
We're coming in a little fast.

PAM
You want to do the driving...?

Pam pushes the throttle all the way open and jerks the wheel to the left, towards the pier.

PAM
...you take the wheel.

She leaps off the bridge. The Captain grabs the wheel and pulls the throttle back. The engines reverse but too late.

8/3 261

261 EXT. HARBOR PIER PEREZ AND BRAUN 261
scramble away. SANCHEZ steps out of his car. The WAVEKREST is 10 yards away and closing fast. Her bow crashes into the pier. Sanchez and his hoods are thrown off their feet.

8/3 262

262 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE KREST 262
is scrambling up the bridge ladder when the crash occurs. He's thrown to the deck.

8/4 263

263 EXT. PILOT BOAT Q 263
maneuvers the pilot boat alongside the yacht.

8/8 264

264 INT. WAVEKREST CORRIDOR PAM 264
runs down towards the well area of the yacht.

265 EXT. PILOT BOAT, DECK BOND 265
 eases himself into the water. Q hands him a line attached to the "fenders", which are revealed to be sacks. Bond dives under the water.

266 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 266
 swims underwater, pulling the line behind him.

267 INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM 267
 pulls the control lever to open up the hull door.

268 EXT. UNDERWATER BOND 268
 swims into opening hull of the Wavekrest.

269 INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA BOND 269
 surfaces in front of PAM. He gives the line several hard tugs.

270 EXT. PILOT BOAT DECK Q 270
 feels the tug of the line and cuts the "fenders" free. They drop into the harbor and sink.

271 EXT. WAVEKREST 271
 The Wavekrest is jammed into the pier. The SOUND of the engines straining in reverse can be heard over the DIN of voices.

272 INT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE CAPTAIN 272
 pushes the lever from forward to reverse and back again in an attempt to free the yacht. KREST storms onto the bridge.

KREST
 What the hell is going on?

CAPTAIN
 The harbor pilot went crazy.

KREST
 (yelling)
 Get us off.

273 INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM BOND 273
 pulls the sacks up through the well area. He opens one with his knife. The sacks are filled with \$100 bills. He hands Pam a sack. They head toward the decompression chamber.

BOND
 You're a better flyer than a sailor.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

PAM
I got the job done.

Bond turns the wheel on the door to the decompression chamber.
They are thrown backward as the yacht comes free of the pier.

274 EXT. WAVEKREST BRIDGE CAPTAIN KREST LUPE SANCHEZ HELLER 274
PEREZ BRAUN MILITARY GUARD.

come aboard. Krest eyes the army guard nervously, then puts on a
smile when he sees Sanchez step aboard.

KREST
(to Sanchez)
Franz!

He grabs Sanchez's hand warmly.

KREST
I didn't expect you to come.

SANCHEZ
Yeah? I like surprises.
(looking around)
You seem to be having a lot of
problems lately.

KREST
We got a crazy harbor pilot...

SANCHEZ
(cutting him off)
Let's talk about the money you owe
me.

Krest glances around, concerned that the crew will overhear.

KREST
We'll talk inside.

He heads for the cabin. As the others follow Sanchez holds back
Lupe, Braun and Perez.

SANCHEZ
(to Lupe)
Does he have a safe?

LUPE
Not up here, maybe below.

SANCHEZ
(to Braun and Perez)
Have a look around.

He takes Lupe to Krest's cabin.

275 INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM BOND 9/9 27
madly throwing armfuls of money into the decompression chamber.

276-277 DELETE *aircraft out* 276-277

278 INT. WAVEKREST OWNER'S CABIN HELLER SANCHEZ LUPE KREST 9/7 278
seated on the couch. He's hunched forward nursing a drink.
SANCHEZ stands over him.

SANCHEZ
Do I have this right? He
waterskied behind the plane, jumped
on it..

KREST
(interrupting)
No. Yes, well, he was kind of
dragged into the air. Then he
threw the pilots out and flew
away...

Krest pauses.

SANCHEZ
(flapping his arms)
Like a little bird.

Krest can't look at Sanchez.

278A INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM BOND 9/9 278A
throwing money into the decompression chamber.

278B INT. WAVEKREST CORRIDOR BRAUN AND PEREZ 9/8 278B

looking around as they approach the door to the Well Area.
278C INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM BOND 9/9 278C

hearing someone at the door. Throws the last of the cash into
the decompression chamber and leaps into the sea well. He
beckons for Pam. She ducks behind a locker it just as the door
opens. PEREZ AND BRAUN enter. Braun goes to the Locker Pam is
behind, opens it. He closes it and is about to look into the
area where Pam is hiding, when Perez calls him to the open
hatch of the decompression chamber. They look in. Perez
gestures for Braun to stay there. He rushes out.

278D INT. WAVEKREST OWNER'S CABIN LUPE HELLER SANCHEZ KREST 9/7 278D
sweating profusely.

(CONTINUED)

287D CONTINUED:

9/7

KREST

I'm telling you the truth. He took every cent. Would I make up a story like this?

(to Lupe)

You must have seen something?

Lupe cannot face him. She looks away trembling. PEREZ walks into the lounge, whispers in Sanchez' ear. Sanchez nods his head, looks at Krest grimly, and abruptly gets up.

SANCHEZ

(to Krest)

Come.

Perez leads the way. Krest follows reluctantly. Sanchez and Heller trail after them. Lupe remains behind.

279-280 DELETE

already out? 280-8/5

279-280

281 INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA PAM BOND BRAUN

8/4pt 9/10pt 9/12

281

peering into the open hatch of the decompression chamber filled with money. He glances around then steps in and grabs a packet of cash. While he is in there Bond waves for Pam to come. She steps out from behind the locker and runs to the side of the well. At THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDOR, Braun jumps out of the chamber and looks around as he stuffs the cash into his pocket. Pam has ducked down out of sight. As Braun turns his back to them and goes to the door to greet Sanchez, Bond pulls Pam into the Well.

BOND AND PAM

in the well. Gestures for Pam to swim out. She takes a breath and ducks under the water.

WELL AREA

PEREZ enters. HELLER pushes KREST ahead of him. SANCHEZ follows them. He goes straight to the decompression chamber and looks in. Krest, looking over his shoulder at the packets of cash, is dumbfounded. Sanchez whirls around, knocks him to the floor.

KREST

(protesting)

That's not my money, I swear.

(CONTINUED)

9/14/54
9/10/54 9/2**SANCHEZ**

(slapping him across
the face)

Right amigo, it's mine.

(screaming)

Do you think I'm stupid? You rip me
off then use my own money to pay
someone to kill me!

He leans down and grabs Krest by the collar and drags him to the decompression chamber. He opens the hatch.

SANCHEZ

You want it so bad? Take it.

He throws the SCREAMING Krest into the chamber. Lupe backs up against the door leading into the corridor.

BOND

peeking over the edge of the well.

WELL AREA

The muffled SOUNDS of Krest's desperate pleas can be heard as he presses his face against the glass. Sanchez turns up the pressure inlet valve to it's maximum position.

INSERT - DEPTH GAUGE NEEDLE

begins to decline indicating a depth of 50ft.

SANCHEZ

glances around the room. His eyes rest on a fire axe. He snatches it off the wall, steps back to the decompression chamber. Krest is sprawled on the pile of money, gasping for breath. His eyes widen as Sanchez shows him the axe through the window.

INSERT - DEPTH GAUGE

reads 500 ft. below sea level, and dropping.

SANCHEZ

examines the network of pipes servicing the chamber. One is labeled "VENT". Sanchez smashes it with the axe. The pipe fitting comes loose with a blast as a jet of air "whooshes" from the chamber. The pressure drops instantly. Sanchez whirls towards the window.

(CONTINUED)

8/10 J
9/10 J
9/12

281 CONTINUED:

KREST

his face contorts, then explodes, obscuring blood.

From Page 103A to 127 new treatment of

BOND

dives underwater.

281A EXT. UNDERWATER BOND

281

swimming out into the open water, towards the pilot boat.

281B INT. WAVEKREST WELL AREA SANCHEZ PEREZ AND HELLER

281

Heller turns away in disgust. Perez peers through the window.

9/10 J
9/12

PEREZ
(to Sanchez)
But the money, patron?

SANCHEZ
Launder it.

He strides out of the room.

281C to 281 J
EXT. WAVEKREST + PILOT BOAT

Lupe runs + hides in boat

Sc 281K to 281L

NEW BOND SANCHEZ PEREZ A RPT

281C - 281J OMITTED

281K EXT. PILOT BOAT PAM AND Q

281

8/4

BOND surfaces next to the boat. Pam helps him aboard as Q revs the motor and heads the boat into the darkness of the open sea.

281L EXT. PILOT BOAT DOCK BOND PAM AND Q

281

8/5

come along side dock in boat. Pam and Bond have changed into dry clothes. Pam and Q get onto dock. Bond tosses their gear up on the dock.

BOND
Now we'll split up. You and Q take the plane. I'll take care of the boat. We'll meet back in Miami.

PAM
Shouldn't we stick together?

BOND
No. They'll be after me. It will be safer if I'm alone.

He pulls away leaving them on the dock.

(PAGES 103B-103C DELETED)

281M INT. LIVING ROOM, SANCHEZ HOUSE ORIENTALS TRUMAN-LODGE

281M

having cocktails. PEREZ, SANCHEZ and LUPE enter. Sanchez waives a greeting to them.

SANCHEZ

Gentlemen, excuse me for being late. I had a problem suddenly blow up at the office. We'll have dinner in a few moments.

Sanchez, Perez and Lupe cross the room going toward the stairs.

SANCHEZ

You look tired, baby. Get some rest.

281N INT. SANCHEZ' HOUSE HALLWAY SANCHEZ PEREZ AND LUPE

281N

They stop at Lupe's door.

LUPE

Goodnight, Franz.

They kiss affectionately. Sanchez spots Bond's suitcase and Briefcase in the hall by Bond's door.

SANCHEZ

What's that?

PEREZ

Bond's clothes, he had the Hotel send them over this afternoon. They're clean.

SANCHEZ

Come.

Lupe watches them go to Bond's door.

2810 INT. BOND'S BEDROOM, SANCHEZ' HOUSE

2810

It is dark. The door bursts open. Sanchez is silhouetted in the doorway. He switches on the light and enters.

BOND

bear chested, sits up in bed rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

SANCHEZ AND PEREZ

Sanchez smiles broadly.

(CONTINUED)

2810 CONTINUED:

2810

SANCHEZ

Amigo! Sorry to wake you. But you should know, your information paid off. You well enough to travel tomorrow?

BOND

Of course. Where we going?

SANCHEZ

Surprise. You won't be disappointed.

Perez drops Bond's luggage on the floor and exits with Sanchez. As the door closes, Bond pulls back the blankets and gets out of bed. He stills wears his pants and shoes, evidently having only jumped into bed seconds before Sanchez opened the door. He pulls on a shirt as he quickly moves to his briefcase, opening it.

281P INT. HALLWAY PEREZ AND SANCHEZ

281P

exit past Lupe's door. She steps into the hall as they go down stairs and goes to Bond's room.

281Q INT. BOND'S BEDROOM BOND

281Q

opens the false bottom of his silver flask. It is empty. He looks up to see LUPE silently opening his bedroom door. She steps in, quickly closing the door behind her.

LUPE

Por Dios! What are you doing here?

BOND

Looking for my extra gun.
(tossing flask into
case)
Sanchez is thorough.

She throws up her hands and sits down on the bed.

LUPE

You're impossible.

BOND

Where is Sanchez taking me tomorrow?

LUPE

I don't know.

She takes his hand pulls him down so he sits by her on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

281Q

CONTINUED:

281Q

BOND

You must have heard something.

LUPE

He's showing the Chinese a special place. I don't know where. James, what is going to happen to us?

BOND

Don't worry. You'll be safe. When this is over I'll see you get back home to your family.

Lupe turns away from him.

LUPE

No! I spent the first fifteen years of my life getting away from there. I was one of ten children with no food, no hope...as bad as Sanchez is he got me out. (turning back to him) Can't I stay with you?

BOND

I'm not sure that would work out, Lupe.

She moves closer to him.

LUPE

How can we tell... (she pulls him close) ...unless we try.

They enjoy a long passionate kiss. They embrace and fall back on to the Bed.

LUPE

I think this is going to work out very well.

281R INT. HOTEL SUITE DAY PAM AND Q

7/25

281R

hurriedly bringing hastily packed suitcases to the door. DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS.

Q

I'll get it.

He opens the door, Lupe steps in

(CONTINUED)

281R

CONTINUED:

28.

LUPE

Miss Kennedy? I saw you at the casino with James.

(she glances toward Q)

We need to speak in private.

PAM

It's alright he's with me.

LUPE

James is in danger. Sanchez is no fool, he's checking up on him. If they find anything suspicious...

She breaks down in tears. Pam embraces her.

PAM

It's alright. He's safely out of the country by now.

LUPE

No! Don't you know. Last night he stayed with me.

Pam and Q exchange looks.

Q

At Sanchez' house?

LUPE

Si. Franz is taking him on a trip. They leave in an hour. You must help him. I couldn't live if anything happened, I love James so much.

Pam bristles at her declaration of love. Q takes Lupe's arm and escorts her to the door.

Q

You must go back before you're missed. We'll think of something.

She leaves. Q turns to Pam.

PAM

(imitating Lupe's voice)

"I love James so much."

(with anger)

Damned if I'll help him.

(CONTINUED)

7/23

281R CONTINUED: (2)

281R

Q
Don't judge him too harshly, field operatives often must use every means at their disposal to achieve objectives.

PAM
Bullshit!

281S EXT SANCHEZ' HOUSE MAIN GATES DAY GARDENER

281S

in large straw sombrero wearing white shirt and pants with an old rope for a belt. He weeds the roadside with hoe as gates open and convoy of vehicles exits. PICKUP TRUCK driven by BRAUN with THREE ARMED GUARDS leads the way. A SEDAN driven by TRUMAN-LODGE holding three of the ORIENTALS and Sanchez car with his CHAUFFEUR and the rest of the ORIENTALS. An open JEEP driven by PEREZ carrying BOND and TWO MORE GUARDS brings up the rear. Convoy turns on to the main road and speeds away leaving Gardener in the dust.

GARDENER

It is Q. He unscrews top of wooden handle of hoe revealing hidden microphone. He speaks into it.

Q
They've just left in convoy, a pickup, two sedans and a jeep...

281T INT. ROLLS ROYCE ROAD DAY PAM

281T

driving car as she listens to Q's voice over radio:

Q V.O.
...turning north onto the main highway.

PAM
I copy that, Q. Base out.

She turns it off and turns into entrance of Airport.

281U EXT. ISTHMUS CITY AIRPORT PAM

281U

passing through gates and pulling up to apron near; her plane. She steps out and stops dead in her tracks.

HER POV

THREE SCRUFFY MECHANICS are removing parts from her plane.

(CONTINUED)

281U CONTINUED:

281U

PAM

rushing up to them.

PAM

What are you doing to my plane.

One of them hands her a grease covered work order.

MECHANIC

Overhaul.

(pointing to signature)

Senor Sanchez ordered it.

PAM

I must have a plane! Where can I rent one?

The mechanics look at one another and shrug.

MECHANIC

Nada, Senorita.

They go back to work. Pam turns away to see Crop Duster momentarily unattended at refueling pumps. She glances around and heads quickly for it.

282
thru
301
301A

OMITTED

EXT. SANCHEZ HOUSE PATIO - HELICOPTER SANCHEZ DARIO

282
thru
301
301A

getting off helicopter carrying CANISTER. He greets Sanchez. Helicopter remains idling, ready for take-off. Dario opens the canister, takes out a HAND-HELD STINGER MISSILE. Sanchez smiles broadly.

SANCHEZ

Ah, you brought my insurance policy, amigo.

Dario nods knowingly. In B.G. HELLER runs out of the house to join them. Dario jerks his thumb toward the helicopter.

DARIO

Got four.

HELLER

We'll stow them in the vault.

SANCHEZ

No. Leave them in the Helicopter. From now on I want them close to me.

(CONTINUED)

301A CONTINUED: 301A

They all swing aboard the Helicopter and take off.

301B EXT. OLIMPATEC MEDITATION INSTITUTE (OMI) ^{10/19} JEEP PICKUP AND CARS ^{10/20} 301B

approaches the gates of the Institute. Through the gates in the background we see a fantastic recreation of an Olimpatec Indian Ceremonial Temple.

301C EXT. JEEP PEREZ GUARDS BOND ^{10/21} 301C

looking at the Institute as they near it.

301D thru 301J OMITTED 301D thru 301J

302 EXT. OMI GATES CONVOY 302

sweeps in and approaches reception area.

303 INT. CAR ORIENTALS . TRUMAN-LODGE ^{10/19} 303 ^{10/21}

turns to the Orientals seated in rear indicating the Institute complex with a sweep of his hand.

TRUMAN-LODGE

We started this place strictly as a cover, but Professor Joe manages to turn a tidy profit.

The orientals peer through the windows, astounded.

304 EXT. OMI CONVOY 304

passing huge STATUE OF INDIAN.

305 EXT. REVERSE ANGLE 305

view of valley with STATUE in foreground. CROP DUSTER flies low across field spraying it.

306 INT. CROP DUSTER PAM 306

watching convoy as it approaches OMI complex. Behind reception building is a large amphitheater. On the upper most gallery are a picket of stone cones each about twice the size of a teepee.

307 EXT. OMI UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE TANKER TRUCKS CONVOY 307

passes TWO parked TANKER TRUCKS and proceeds through entrance in stone wall below amphitheater.

308 INT MIXING AREA CONVOY

308

enters large brightly lit underground area. Convoy stops near entrance by another TANKER TRUCK. The air is filled with a cloud of fine cocaine dust. SEVERAL WHITE COATED WORKMAN wearing dust filter masks supervise the operations. To one side is vast MIXING VAT from which a SECOND TANKER TRUCK is being filled. Steps lead to an observation platform above the vat. From the platform a walkway runs to a door leading to the LAB. A large picture window in the Lab overlooks the Mixing Area. A CONVEYOR BELT leads from the Lab parallel to the walkway to a PULVERIZER atop the mixing vat. BRICKS OF WHITE COCAINE ride along the Conveyor Belt and fall into the Pulverizer where they are ground into powder and mixed with gasoline in the vat. High metal GUIDES on along each side of the Conveyor Belt keep the Bricks from spilling off.

309 INT. MIXING AREA BOND

309

steps out of the Jeep and takes in the mixing complex. Ahead of him TRUMAN-LODGE gets out of his CAR and takes a stack of surgical masks from the hands of a GUARD. He hands them out to the GROUP.

TRUMAN-LODGE

Put these on. We can't have our best customers developing a drug habit.

310 EXT. CROP DUSTER SANCHEZ' HELICOPTER

310

passes crop duster and flies over TWO parked TANKER TRUCKS on its way to the Institute.

311 EXT. OMI HELICOPTER

311

flies to center of vast empty amphitheater. It approaches as if to land on colorful mosaic tiled floor of amphitheater, but just as it is about to touch down, the floor parts and the helicopter disappears below.

312 INT. UNDERGROUND HANGER HELICOPTER

31

rotors send up a cloud of dust as it settles on to floor of vast hanger. As SANCHEZ, DARIO AND HELLER alight from the helicopter and head for doorway to MIXING AREA. As they leave the Hanger Dario places his palm up against an OPTICAL READER set in door jam. A steel FIRE DOOR closes behind them. An ATTENDANT hands them FACE MASKS.

313
thru
320A

OMITTED

31
thr
320

320B

INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY BOND ORIENTALS BRAUN PEREZ
AND TRUMAN LODGE

320B

addressing the Party as they enter on the gantry level.

TRUMAN-LODGE

(his voice is muffled
by his mask)

Our product dissolves completely
in ordinary gasoline, making it
completely undetectable.

They watch as the large blocks of cocaine are pulverized into
powder which dissolves completely in the liquid in the Vat.

TRUMAN-LODGE

We ship our product to the United
States in the reserve fuel tanks
of our Institute aircraft.

The Korean raises his hand to indicate a question.

KOREAN

How do you get it back?

SANCHEZ O.S.

Hey, you want us to tell you all
our secrets before we're partners?

They turn to see SANCHEZ mounting the steps to the observation
platform. HELLER AND DARIO follow him. Bond reacts to Dario.
He adjusts his mask, pulling it higher, and shrinks to the rear
of the Group. Sanchez greets the Orientals, embracing them. He
turns to Truman-Lodge.

SANCHEZ

Take them up to the Lab.

TRUMAN-LODGE

This way, Gentleman.

The Group follows him.

320C

INT MIXING AREA GANTRY SANCHEZ DARIO

320

holding him back. He points to the receding figure of Bond.

DARIO

Who is the new guy?

SANCHEZ

Just somebody I thought could be
useful.

They follow the Group into the Lab.

320D

EXT. OMI GATE GUARDS BATTERED TRUCK

10/19

320D

driven by local FARMER stops at gate. PAM gets out passenger side carrying brief case. Truck pulls away. She steps up to guard at gate.

PAM

I have a special surprise for Professor Joe.

GUARD

Sorry, no visitors this week, they are on a private meditation retreat.

PAM

But I've come all the way from Whichita Falls. The folks back home took up a collection...

She opens her brief case. Inside it is crammed full of packets of hundred dollar bills. The Guard's eyes bulge at the sight.

PAM

...and they'd be so disappointed if the Professor wouldn't accept it personally.

320E

INT. LAB WORKMAN GROUP

320E

enters. Braun and Perez clear Workman from room. Bond keeps to the rear away from Dario. Behind him, along one wall, are TWO TABLES. A large, bubbling RETORT covers most of one table and a ROW OF BEAKERS are set out on the other. Sanchez pulls off mask, the others follow suit, except Bond.

He turns his back to Party pretending to study the equipment on the table. DARIO drifts across the room toward Bond. Sanchez is beaming as he surveys the Orientals.

SANCHEZ

So, do we have a deal?

TRUMAN-LODGE

The terms were one hundred million in negotiable bearer bonds, gentlemen.

The Orientals look from one to another for a moment, then accept. They put their briefcases on the table and open them handing over the bonds to Truman-Lodge.

320F

EXT. OMI AMPHITHEATER CART PAM GUARD 10/20

320F

driving her in converted Golf Cart. They stop at base of steps leading to Reception office. She gets out and looks around wide-eyed. To one side of the Amphitheater a Party of fifteen Acolytes sit in raptured attention as one of the Institute INSTRUCTORS lectures them on the benefits of Cone Power. JOE BUTCHER in white suit with Gold cone on chain around his neck steps majestically down the stairs. At his elbow are TWO GUARDS. They come up behind Pam.

JOE

It's a truly magnificent sight.
Rebuilt stone for stone, restored
to all its original glory.

PAM

(turning almost into
his arms)

Professor Joe! It's really you!

She acts flustered. He looks down at the briefcase she clutches.

JOE

Is this for me?

PAM

You got me so flustered I forgot.

He takes the briefcase from her hands and deftly hands it to a Guard at his side. He puts his arm around her affectionately steering her toward the Cart.

JOE

Tell me, Child, have you ever
thought of studying here?

PAM

Would that be possible?

JOE

Because of a late cancellation
we suddenly have one place
available. Come along, let's see
if you have the aptitude.

He gets into the driver's seat of the Cart. She sits next to him. They drive away.

320G

INT. OMI LAB ORIENTALS HELMER DARIO SANCHEZ BOND CHIEF-CHEMIST HENCHMAN BRAUN TRUMAN-LODGE

320G

stands before the Group, behind him on the table are stacked the bearer bonds.

(CONTINUED)

320G CONTINUED:

320G

KOREAN
What's the process?

TRUMAN-LODGE
Very simple.

He nods toward the Chief-Chemist, who stands by one of the Lab tables. He takes up a beaker with the gasoline cocaine mixture.

CHEMIST
An eighteen percent mixture of cocaine and ordinary gasoline.
(he takes a second beaker)
Ammonium hydroxide.

The Chemist adds the liquid to the mixture, the cocaine precipitates out. He then recovers it by pouring the liquid through filter paper. While the Group watches, Dario steps up behind Bond sticking his gun into his back.

DARIO
(whisper)
Just keep quiet, Gringo.

Bond freezes, does what he is told.

TRUMAN-LODGE V.O.
As you saw out side, we have your first shipment of 20 tons being loaded in the four tanker trucks.

320G EXT. CONE CART JOE AND PAM

10/14

320GA

stop at the door to one of the large stone cones overlooking the Amphitheater. He escorts her to the door. They enter.

320H INT. OMI JOE'S PRIVATE CONE PAM AND JOE

10/16

320H

enter. The interior is ornately decorated in a Central American Indian style. The room is dominated by a large king-size bed. Joe locks the door and swiftly pockets the key as he shows off the room with a sweep of his arm.

JOE
This is my humble sanctuary away from the cares of the world.

PAM
Wow! Your own private meditation chamber?

(CONTINUED)

10/18

320H CONTINUED:

320H

JOE
 (proudly)
 Yes, built from the sacred rocks
 of the original temple. I've had
 it completely sound proofed so
 nothing will disturb our
 meditation.

Pam sits on the edge of the bed provocatively. Joe slides up
 looking her over as she stretches out her legs.

PAM
 I brought you another surprise.

JOE
 I love surprises, where is it?

PAM
 Right here.

Pam puts her hand on her knee and slowly moves it higher under
 her dress. She draws her gun and points it into the astonished
 Professors face.

PAM
 The keys!

He hands it over. She grabs a plain WHITE ROBE off a hook by
 the door, slips it on, and steps outside.

320I EXT. OMI CONE PAM

10/19

320I

locks Professor Joe in his room, then hurries away.

321 thru OMITTED

321 thru

323 INT. LAB SANCHEZ' GROUP BOND

323 324

at table with Dario's gun in his back.

TRUMAN-LODGE V.O.
 Your monthly delivery will be by
 ocean-going tanker. We will send
 our chief chemist along to
 supervise the reconversion.

Bond glances over his shoulder, looking for a chance to escape.

SANCHEZ
 (interrupting)
 You keep the gas as a bonus.

Sanchez picks up the beaker with the remainder of the gasoline.

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED:

324

SANCHEZ

And if there's a problem with
customs..

He puts the beaker on the table and drops a match in it. The
beaker ignites.

SANCHEZ

No evidence!

There is appreciative applause. Bond sees his chance as Dario's
attention is momentarily diverted by Sanchez' bravado. He kicks
out behind him catching Dario in the instep. He smash him
across the bridge of the nose with his elbow as he
simultaneously knocks the gun from his hand. Bond lunges for
the burning beaker. Grasps it, then hurls it at the bubbling
RETORT. It smashes and instantly bursts into flame. The people
in the room are thrown into panic as the flames spread. Braun
and Dario grapple with Bond pulling him out the door on to the
gantry. Truman-Lodge quickly snatches up the bearer bonds and
pushes the Orientals out the door. Heller rushes out on to the
gantry barking orders to the workers to bring fire fighting
equipment.

324A

INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY ORIENTALS HELLER DARIO PEREZ
BRAUN TRUMAN-LODGE SANCHEZ

324A

The Orientals beat a hasty retreat out the way they came. Dario
and Braun hold the struggling Bond against the gantry railing
as they tie his hands. Sanchez steps up to him.

DARIO

I know him, he's an informer.

SANCHEZ

(cold furry)

You disappoint me. Who are you
working for?

Bond is silent. Sanchez backhands him across the face.

SANCHEZ

You don't want to talk?

He nods toward the conveyer belt. Sanchez switches it off.
They throw Bond to it. The metal sides keep him from rolling
off. Sanchez looks down into the teeth of the pulverizer.

SANCHEZ

When you're up to your ankles
you'll beg to tell me everything.
When you're up to you knees,
you'll kiss my ass to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

324A CONTINUED:

324A

On the floor of the Mixing Area Heller directs Perez and several of the WORKMEN trying to put out the fire in the small lab. Suddenly something in the Lab explodes, sending burning debris across the hanger and starting several small fires.

HELLER

Hurry, keep those from spreading.

He calls up to Sanchez.

HELLER

I've moving the trucks out but I'm not sure we can contain the fire.

SANCHEZ

Forget the fire! Get some cars, we'll take the tankers with us.

Heller waives the TRUCKS out the Door.

TRUMAN-LODGE

This set up cost 10 million bucks. We have to try and save it.

SANCHEZ

Our cover's blown.

(points to bearer bonds)

I got 500 million in that case and 20 tons of Colombian pure in the trucks so who needs this?

TRUMAN-LODGE

But we have a deal with the Chinese.

SANCHEZ

We got their money. Go help Heller.

Truman-Lodge hurries down the stairs.

324B

EXT. OMI UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE TRUCK CONVOY PAM

324B

on parapet overlooking Convoy. She watches TRUMAN-LODGE run from smoke filled Entrance.

324C INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY SANCHEZ DARIO BOND

324

still on CONVEYOR BELT.

SANCHEZ

You want to make this hard or
easy?

He switches on Belt. Bond struggles as he nears the end.

BOND

I'm the least of your problems,
Sanchez. If you couldn't trust
Krest, who can you trust.
Truman-Lodge with all that money?
And whose looking after the
stingers? Heller?

Sanchez switches off the conveyor belt just as half of Bond's
body disappears off the end. Bond's legs are dangling over the
end of the belt just above the shoot leading into the jaws of
the pulverizer

SANCHEZ

What do you know about stingers?

Smoke is quickly filling the room. PEREZ rushes up the stairs.
He grabs Sanchez' arm.

PEREZ

We got to go, patron. This place
will blow any second.

SANCHEZ

(shouting)

Why aren't you with Heller?

PEREZ

He went to the Hanger to get
something.

BOND

That's the last you'll see of the
stingers.

One of the overhead beams collapses. Perez pulls Sanchez to
the stairs. Braun follows. Dario stays by the switch.

325 INT. MIXING AREA FLOOR JEEP PEREZ BRAUN SANCHEZ

325

turns to Perez pointing to Jeep.

SANCHEZ

Close the doors. Have my car meet
me at the Hanger.

(CONTINUED)

325 CONTINUED:

325

He looks up to the Conveyor Belt. Bond just manages to struggle up on his elbows so he can look down to Sanchez over the top of the metal side of the Conveyor. Sanchez smiles.

SANCHEZ

Thanks for the advice.

He nods to Dario at the top of the stairs.

326 INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY BOND DARIO

326

switches on the conveyer belt. The sudden movement forces Bond's elbows from under him. He falls flat on to the moving Belt. He tries to crawl along the Belt against the flow, but it is a losing battle as he is carried inexorably to the jaws of the Pulverizer.

327 INT MIXING AREA FLOOR BRAUN SANCHEZ

327

gestures for Braun to come with him. They run to door leading to Hanger. Braun use OPTICAL PALM READER to open door then steps aside to let Sanchez through. Braun steps through putting to his hand to the Optical Reader again. The steel fire door shuts solidly behind them.

328 EXT. OMI TUNNEL JEEP PEREZ

328

halts Jeep just outside Entrance. Gets out and goes to door controller. PAM slips past Jeep when his back is turned. She just ducks inside as doors slide closed.

329 INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY DARIO BOND

329

disappears over end of Conveyor Belt into Pulverizer.

DARIO

starting down stairs, stops for a last look back. He spots a flicker of movement at the end of the conveyer belt. He goes back.

330 INT. MIXING AREA GANTRY DARIO

330

approaches conveyor belt he looks down into pulverizer. BOND has hooked the rope binding his hands over a metal bar protruding from the end of the Conveyor to keep from falling in. His feet are standing on a block of cocaine merely inches from the whirling teeth of the pulverizer. Dario goes to one knee, his KNIFE springs into his hand. He begins to saw through the rope. It frays and snaps. Bond grabs the bar with one hand. Dario and places his boot on bonds fingers, he slowly presses down. Suddenly he sees Pam standing at the top of the stairs, backlit and ethereal in her robes. Dario looks up at her, dumbfound.

(CONTINUED)

330

CONTINUED:

330

DARIO

You're dead.

Still on one knee he pivots pulling back his knife to throw it at her.

BOND

You took the words right out of my mouth.

Bond manages to snatch at his throwing arm tipping him off balance. Dario falls past him down into the pulverizer.

PULVERIZER

The white powder turns red.

PAM AND BOND

She pulls knife switch on wall, Pulverizer grinds to a halt.

BOND

You're a real angel.

10/3rd

330A

INT OMI HANGER HELICOPTER FORKLIFT TRUCK HELLER

330A

loading Missile Canisters from the Helicopter on to the FORKLIFT TRUCK. SANCHEZ and BRAUN step up behind him. He whirls around to face them.

HELLER

(flustered)

I thought I better make sure these were secure.

SANCHEZ' CAR pulls up, his DRIVER at the wheel.

SANCHEZ

Good idea. Put them into my car.

HELLER

Of course.

Heller carries missiles to the car. Sanchez gives Braun a nod in Heller's direction.

331
thru
346

OMITTED

-OMITTED (330B-346A)

33
thr
34

(CONTINUED)

REVISED: OCTOBER 13, 1988

346B INT OMI MIXING AREA GANTRY BOND PAM

346B

helps him out of PULVERIZER. They run down stairs to the entrance. Huge fire doors are now locked in place, fallen debris make it impossible to open them. They are choking in the smoke. Bond spots doorway to Hanger.

BOND

This way

They arrive at the locked door leading to the Hanger. Bond searches in vain for mechanism to open the door. Another beam crashes from the ceiling near them. They are hopelessly trapped. Suddenly something crashes through the brickwork next to the door. As the dust settles they see it is the body of HELLER skewered on end of the FORKLIFT TRUCK protruding through wall. Pam shrinks back in horror.

PAM

God! It's Heller.

BOND

Looks like he came to a dead end.

Bond pushes past the fallen brick work to see into the next room. He pulls Pam with him through the hole in the wall.

347 EXT. OMI ROW OF CONES JEEP SANCHEZ' CAR DRIVER 10/21 347

waiting. SANCHEZ emerges from doorway hurrying to car. PEREZ AND HENCHMEN follow carrying Stinger MISSILES. They load them in trunk of car. Sanchez looks down to amphitheater.

347A HIS POV 10/21 347

AMPHITHEATER TRUMAN-LODGE hurrying toward White PICKUP TRUCK.

347B EXT. OMI AMPHITHEATER ORIENTALS 10/21 347

looking around for Truman-Lodge and their money. One of them motions for the others to follow him. As they move off TRUMAN-LODGE emerges from the shadows clutching brief case with bearer. He heads for the Pickup. The SOUND OF SANCHEZ' VOICE stops him in his tracks.

SANCHEZ

You! Come with me.

Truman-Lodge turns to see SANCHEZ sitting in his car beckoning to him. He dives into Sanchez' car.

348 EXT. ROW OF CONES 10/19 3

at top vel of Amphitheater. BOND AND PAM emerge from staircase into daylight. Bond looks down toward entry gates in frustration.

Shaw

REVISED: OCTOBER 13, 1988

10/20 pt 10/21

349 EXT. BOND'S POV

349

fleeing OMI ACOLYTES AND GUARDS. SANCHEZ' CAR, JEEP AND THE LAST TANKER TRUCK just disappearing through the Main Gates of the Institute. Below them, in the Amphitheater, BRAUN gets into PICKUP and drives away.

PAM O.S.

Let's go.

Green Page

10/19

349A EXT. ROW OF CONES PAM BOND 349A

looks around as she pulls up beside him in PROFESSOR JOE'S CART. He gets in.

349B EXT. OMI MAIN GATE CART PAM AND BOND 10/20 349B

driving toward gates past fleeing INSTITUTE GUARDS AND ACOLYTES. TWO GUARDS jump into back of BRAUN'S PICKUP. PAM spots JOE running ahead of them carrying her BRIEFCASE. She pulls wheel sharply to right so as to pass close by him. As they come abreast of Joe, Pam snatches the briefcase out of his grasp.

PAM

Surprise!

They leave him in the dust. She hands Briefcase to Bond. Opening it he discovers it is filled with stacks of cash. He looks up at her sharply.

PAM

I couldn't let you put all the cash in the decompression chamber.

349C EXT. ROAD CONVOY SANCHEZ' CAR 349C

lagging behind as the Trucks lumber up an incline.

349D EXT. FIELD NEAR OMI CROP DUSTER CART BOND AND PAM 10/4 349D

pull up to Crop Duster in Cart. Jump out and run to Plane. They turn at SOUND OF EXPLOSION.

349E EXT. OMI MAIN GATE 349E

the Lab Building explodes.

349F EXT. ROAD NEAR OMI CROP DUSTER 10/11 10/11 349F

taxis from field on to road and takes off.

350 EXT. ROAD CROP DUSTER CONVOY SANCHEZ' CAR 9/2pt 9/7pt 9/15pt 9/16pt 9/13pt 10/7pt 350

racing to catch up. As they descend the mountain, the Crop Duster buzzes over the top of them.

351 EXT. CROP DUSTER TANKER #5 PAM 9/1pt, 9/12pt, 9/11, 9/14pt 9/23pt 351

banks the Crop Duster and begins descending behind TANKER #5. She cuts the airspeed to match that of the Tanker. She slowly descends until one wheel settles gently on the top of the Tanker Trailer. Bond climbs out on the strut.

352 EXT. SANCHEZ' MERCEDES 9/1pt 352

rounds curve as it races to catch up.

10/7pt 1004/127

9/1pt - 10/8pt

353

INT. SANCHEZ' MERCEDES TRUMAN-LODGE BOND SANCHEZ

353

sees Bond on Crop Duster strut above Tanker. He grabs UZI, leans out the window, and begins firing at Bond.

354

EXT. ROAD SANCHEZ' MERCEDES CROP DUSTER TANKER #5 BOND

354

9/5pt, 9/6pt, 9/8pt, 9/10pt, 9/12pt, 9/15pt
9/23pt 10/3pt 10/4pt

drops onto the moving TANKER. The Crop Duster immediately climbs away from the barrage of gunfire. The SOUND of bullets striking metal resound around Bond. He jumps into the gap between the Trailer and Prime Mover, falling to where his legs are dangling next to the wheels. He pulls himself up, opens the passenger door, and climbs in just as a hail of bullets hits the door behind him, blowing several large holes in it.

9/12pt

9/9pt & 9/10pt

10/8pt

355 INT. PRIME MOVER CAB SANCHEZ' MERCEDES TRUCK DRIVER BOND 355

entering cab. Driver pulls ~~MACHETE~~ ^{KNIFE} from scabbard attached to wall above seat and slashes out. Bond blocks blow, then grabs fire extinguisher from its holder and sprays it into Driver's face temporarily blinding him. Bond glances into the rearview mirror.

BOND'S POV

In the rearview mirror Sanchez' Mercedes can be seen coming up fast on the Prime Mover's left side.

NEW ANGLE

Taking the wheel in one hand, Bond opens the door with the other and kicks the hapless Truck Driver out the door onto the hood of Sanchez's Mercedes which has pulled alongside.

356 INT. SANCHEZ' MERCEDES CHAUFFEUR PEREZ SANCHEZ TRUCK DRIVER 356

falls across the hood of the car obscuring the Driver's view. The car swerves along the road. Sanchez empties his clip into the PRIME MOVER cab. He begins to reload. The Prime Mover swerves towards the Mercedes almost forcing it off the road. Sanchez sees body of Truck Driver across windshield.

SANCHEZ

Pull him off! Get ahead of Bond.

The Driver reaches through window, grabs Truck Drivers hair and pulls him off. He falls into a ditch at the side of the road. The Mercedes surges forward ahead of the Truck.

357 EXT. MERCEDES TANKER #5 357

comes up behind Mercedes pushes it forward. Mercedes accelerates and pulls clear. Ahead is Trailer #4.

358 INT. MERCEDES CHAUFFEUR TRUMAN-LODGE SANCHEZ 358

on Walkie-Talkie. Truman-Lodge holds Map in his lap pointing to spot on it.

SANCHEZ

Perez, Bond has escaped. Wait for me at the DemonioCroce crossing.

He turns around, sees Tanker #5 coming up fast, grabs the Driver's arm, and points at the TANKER #4 ahead.

SANCHEZ

Pass him!

- 10/7pt
- 359 EXT. TANKER #4 SANCHEZ' MERCEDES 359
swings out and passes the Tanker #4. Bond in Tanker #5 closes the gap.
- 360 INT. SANCHEZ' MERCEDES TRUMAN-LODGE CHAUFFEUR SANCHEZ 360
rolls down his window and motions to the driver of Tanker #4. The SOUND of the Mercedes honking can be heard. The Truck Driver can be seen rolling down his window. Sanchez shouts to him.
- SANCHEZ
El Gringo loco robo el ultimo camion! No le defen pasar! (The mad gringo stole the last truck. Don't let him pass.)
- The Truck Driver nods in understanding as the Mercedes passes him.
- 361 INT. TANKER #5 - BUS BOND 9/2 9/6 9/12pt 9/13pt 361
coming up fast on Tanker #4. He begins to pull out to pass it, but is stopped by an oncoming Bus that sports chicken cages and piles of baggage lashed on the roof. He pulls back in behind the Tanker #4.
- 362 EXT. ROAD TANKER #4 - TANKER #5 362
pulls out attempting to pass Tanker #4.
- 363 INT. TANKER #4 DRIVER 363
looks in the rearview mirror and swings his wheel left.
- 364 EXT. DEMONIOCROCE - JEEP THUGS PEREZ 10/7pt 364
standing next to it as Mercedes pulls up. Driver gets out, opens trunk as Sanchez speaks to Perez through open window.
- SANCHEZ
Stop Bond.
- Driver hands Perez one of the Missiles and gets back into Mercedes. They drive away.
- 365 INT. MERCEDES SANCHEZ TRUMAN-LODGE CHAUFFEUR 365
TRUMAN-LODGE
Each of these Tankers is worth 40 million!
- SANCHEZ
Cheap price to pay to be rid of him.

- 366 EXT. ROAD - TANKER #5 - TANKER #4 366
swings out into the passing lane partially blocking Tanker #5 progress.
- 367 INT. TANKER #5 - TANKER #4 BOND 9/11^{pt} 367
swings his wheel hard right sending his Truck towards the side of Tanker #4.
- 368 EXT. ROAD TANKER #4 - TANKER #5 9/11^{pt} 9/19^{pt} 9/30^{pt} 368
hits the side of Tanker #4 sending up shower of sparks. The SOUND OF CRUNCHING METAL can be heard as the two trucks sideswipe each other like giant dinosaurs in battle. Tanker #5 repeatedly smashes into the other truck.
- 369 INT. TANKER #5 BOND 9/2^{pt} 10/19 369
repeatedly turns his wheel towards the other truck and then swinging it in the opposite direction, forcing Tanker #4 into the shoulder of the road. Bond gets slightly ahead of it.
- 369A INT. TANKER #4 DRIVER 369A
on walkie-talkie.
DRIVER
No puedo sujetarlo! Este Gringo maneja como un demonio. (I cannot hold him. This Gringo drives like the devil.)
- 369B EXT. DEMONIOCROCE JEEP THUGS PEREZ 9/2 369B
listening on walkie talkie.
PEREZ
Okay. Que pase.
He puts away walkie-talkie and picks up missile.
- 369C EXT ROAD TANKER #5 BOND 369C
His truck is making progress as it approaches a treacherous curve. The other Driver seems to be more cautious. There is a steep drop off on one side of the road into the Valley below.
- 370 EXT. DEMONIOCROCE ROADBLOCK - TANKER #4 - TANKER #5 - JEEP 9/2^{pt} 370
STINGER MISSILES THUGS PEREZ 10/12 10/14^{pt}
sighting the missile on Bond's Tanker #5 as comes abreast of Tanker #4.

(CONTINUED)

370

CONTINUED:

370

PEREZ'S POV - THROUGH MISSILE SIGHT

The MISSILE SIGHTING SCREEN is rectangular with a cross hair. All images are displayed as infrared silhouettes. The outline of the road and mountains is mostly green with small waves of red. Suddenly, the outline of the truck appears on the screen. There is a small red glow in the front of the truck where the engine is located. The cross hairs are fixed on the red glowing engine. In an upper corner the word "armed" blinks in red lettering.

TANKER #5

Bond pulls in front of Tanker #4.

MISSILE SIGHT

Now only one silhouette can be seen.

371

INT. TANKER #5 JEEP PEREZ'S THUGS - BOND'S POV *9/2*

371

sees Perez aiming Missile at him.

372

EXT. CROP DUSTER

372

flying on Bond's "wing" about road level.

373

INT. CROP DUSTER PAM

373

reacts to the sight of Heller aiming his missile at Bond's Truck.

374

EXT. TANKER #5

374

Bond jerks the wheel hard right onto a hump at the edge of the road.

INSERT - PEREZ'S FINGER PULLING TRIGGER OF MISSILE.

375

EXT. ROAD TANKER #5

375

starts to roll over on to two wheels.

PEREZ'S POV - THROUGH MISSILE SIGHT

As word "armed" switches to "fire", the truck's silhouette slants to the right in relation with the roadway and another truck can be seen behind it. The red glow of the second truck's engine is now lined up squarely in the cross hairs.

376

EXT. ROAD TANKER #4 - TANKER #5

376

is on two wheels. The missile passes harmlessly under it and hits Tanker #4 causing a deafening explosion and fireball.

9/2pt

9/3pt

10/11pt

10/14pt

377

EXT. DEMONIOCROCE ROADBLOCK - TANKER #4 - JEEP THUGS PEREZ

377

reacts with disbelief as he takes the firing canister off his shoulder. Surprise quickly gives way to terror.

PEREZ'S POV

Bond in Tanker #5, still up on its wheels, bears down on him. The remnants of Tanker #4 burn furiously in the background.

NEW ANGLE

Perez starts to run for the Jeep which is parked in the middle of the road. It's too late, Tanker #5 is 25 yards and closing fast. Perez throws himself out of the way, as Tanker #5 settles down on top of jeep flattening it.

378

OMITTED

378

379

EXT. ROAD PEREZ'S THUGS

9/7pt

9/14pt

10/14pt

379

fire furiously at Tanker #5 as it careens down the road.

INSERT

Two of Tanker #5's tires are hit by gunfire and blowout.

380

INT. TANKER #5 BOND

9/7pt

9/11pt

10/17pt

380

is having great difficulty controlling the truck as it swings from side to side. He slams on the brakes and the Truck shudders to a halt.

BOND'S POV - IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Perez's Thugs running down the road towards him.

381

EXT. ROAD PEREZ THUGS

9/7pt

9/7pt

9/8pt 9/9pt

10/14pt

381

firing their weapons and running towards Bond. The SOUND of the Crop Duster can be heard as it comes in low over the road releasing a cloud of insecticide on Perez and his Thugs.

CLOSE ANGLE

They cover their heads and crumple to their knees.

382

EXT. ROAD TANKER #5 BOND

10/16pt

9/10pt 9/10pt

10/16pt

382

sees Perez and the Thugs immobilized, runs back to the Tanker, disconnects the Trailer, jumps in the Prime Mover, and pushes the Tanker Trailer over the cliff towards the switchback below. He leans out the Prime Mover window to see the result.

383 EXT. ROAD TRAILER #5

9/13st10/4st10/18st

383

hurtles through the air towards the convoy below. It bounces once near the bottom and then smashes into Tanker #3 causing an enormous explosion and the spewing of flaming gasoline in all directions.

384 EXT. ROAD MERCEDES

9/15st

384

forced off road by fireball from Tankers.

385 EXT. ROAD PRIME MOVER BOND

9/3

385

drives off in pursuit of the convoy.

386 EXT. ROAD DEMONICROCE CROSSROADS PICKUP BRAUN 9/3
FLAMING TANKER #4

386

drives through the flaming remains of Tanker #4. He spots Perez, who is standing in the middle of the road surrounded by a mist of insecticide. He's coughing and waving frantically at Braun to slow down. Braun pulls up. Perez gets in.

387 EXT. ROAD - BURNING DEBRIS - MERCEDES CHAUFFEUR

10/7st

387

TRUMAN-LODGE AND SANCHEZ

There way is blocked by the burning Tankers. They jump out. Truman-Lodge clutches BRIEFCASE with bearer bonds. He is grim as he surveys remains of the Tankers. He speaks to Sanchez in an officious manner.

TRUMAN-LODGE

Another 80 million dollar write off!

SANCHEZ

(furious)

Time to start cutting overhead.

He reaches back into the limo for the Uzi and shoots Truman-Lodge several times, killing him. Chauffeur pulls last three canisters from trunk of Mercedes. Sanchez takes the briefcase from the dead Truman-Lodge. They leave the road and skirt the fire.

387A EXT. ROAD TANKERS #1 AND #2 DRIVERS 10/6st

387A

wait beside their trucks watching the fire as SANCHEZ AND CHAUFFEUR rush up to them. He gives missiles to Tanker Driver #1.

SANCHEZ

(to Driver #1) In your tanker.

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

387A

He hands Chauffeur Uzi.

SANCHEZ
(Gesturing towards
Tanker #2.)
You go in that one.

Sanchez, still holding the BRIEFCASE, climbs into the passenger seat of Tanker #1.

388 EXT. ROAD - FLAMING DEBRIS PRIME MOVER BOND ^{9/19 pt} ^{9/20 pt} 388

approaches the flaming remnants of the Tankers #3 & #4 blocking the road. Braun's Pickup looms up behind him.

389 INT. PRIME MOVER FLAMING DEBRIS - BOND'S POV ^{9/30 pt} 389

the road ahead is awash in flaming gasoline.

390 EXT. ROAD FLAMING DEBRIS BRAUN'S PICKUP ^{9/20 pt} PRIME MOVER ^{10/15 pt} BOND ^{10/17 pt} 390

does a "wheelie" through it. Braun's Pickup which is now far behind slows down as it approaches the pools of flaming gasoline. THUGS jump out of the back leaving Braun and Perez alone in the cab.

391 INT. BRAUN'S PICKUP BRAUN PEREZ ^{9/30 pt} 391

looks behind him to see THUGS jump clear.

PEREZ
Chickenshits!
(to Braun)
Go!

Braun accelerates towards the flames.

392 EXT. ROAD BRAUN HELLER BRAUN'S PICKUP ^{9/30 pt} 392

roars through the flames. When it emerges on the other side, its tires are burning.

393 EXT. ROAD TANKER #2 BOND CHAUFFEUR - PRIME MOVER ^{9/29 pt} 393

comes up behind Tanker #2 and starts to pass. Tanker #2 blocks the way.

394 INT. TANKER #2 PRIME MOVER DRIVER CHAUFFEUR ^{9/22 pt} ^{10/7 pt} 394

now in passenger's seat sees the Prime Mover in his side mirror. He puts a new clip in his Uzi.

9/22pt

- 395 INT. PRIME MOVER - BOND'S POV 395
 Tanker #2 is weaving across both lanes effectively keeping the Prime Mover from passing.
- 396 EXT. TANKER #2 - PRIME MOVER DRIVER CHAUFFEUR 396
 leans out the window with his Uzi and begins firing at the Prime Mover.
- 397 INT. PRIME MOVER BOND'S POV 9/21pt 397
 the windscreen shatters from the impact of the bullets.
 NEW ANGLE
 Bond ducks down but continues to steer the truck. He sets the cruise control for 70 mph.
- 398 EXT. PRIME MOVER - #2 TANKER BOND 9/21pt 9/22pt 9/24pt 10/13pt 10/19pt 398
 catches up to #2 TANKER. Bond pulls up to the rear end. He kicks out the shattered windscreen and crawls out on the hood only feet from the rear of the Tanker #2. It slows for a curve in the road, the gap between the trucks closes. Bond stretches out to reach a valve at the rear of the Tanker. He grabs it, but is stretched between the two vehicles as they move apart. Tanker #2 goes into the curve pulling Bond along with it. The PRIME MOVER continues straight ahead.
- BOND
 as his feet fall off the prime mover, he's dragged along. The Prime Mover continues straight ahead off the road and across the trackless desert. Bond manages to climb up onto the rear of the tanker. looks up as shots rings out.
- 399 EXT. BRAUN'S PICKUP BRAUN PEREZ 399
 fire at BOND. 9/25pt
- 400 INT. BRAUN'S PICKUP BRAUN PEREZ 400
 is reloading his gun. Braun is firing at Bond as he drives.
- 400A EXT. CROP DUSTER 9/22pt 400A
 flying at road level following TANKER #2.
- 400B INT. CROP DUSTER PAM 400B
 concerned as she watches BOND.

9/21pt 10/3pt

401 EXT. #2 TANKER BOND 401

ducking down to avoid shots. Bond opens outlet valve of Tanker. Gas-cocaine mixture flows out on to the road.

402 EXT. BRAUN'S PICKUP 402

9/21pt 9/22pt 2nd unit 9/30

with smoking tires from pass through flames, drives into the pool of gasoline from Tanker #2. Roadway bursts into flames, engulfing the pickup. It swerves off road and over edge of cliff'

402A EXT. CROP DUSTER 402A

flying at road level as Pam searches for Bond. PICKUP catapults over edge of cliff. Its momentum takes it on a trajectory which carries it over the top of the Crop Duster.

403 OMITTED 403

404 EXT. #2 TANKER BOND 404

9/23pt 9/24pt 9/26pt 2nd unit 9/28pt

climbs on top of the tanker as the flames race toward the open valve.

405 EXT. CROP DUSTER PAM 405

10/6pt

swoops down towards BOND.

406 EXT. #2 TANKER - CROP DUSTER PAM 406

9/14pt 9/16pt 9/24pt 9/26pt

flies directly above Tanker landing one wheel on top of trailer. She motions for BOND to get in. He stands on wing brace waving her to go ahead. She lifts him off #2 Tanker, just as flames engulf it. Tanker explodes.

BOND

looks ahead to Tanker #1.

407 INT. #1 TANKER SANCHEZ 407

looks out. Sees plane behind. Takes MISSILE out of CANISTER.

408 EXT. CROP DUSTER BOND 408

10/13pt 10/10pt 9/14pt 9/16pt 9/27pt 9/24pt 10/1pt 10/4pt 10/7pt 10/8pt

close to #1 TANKER. Sees SANCHEZ aiming MISSILE at them. He jumps as Sanchez fires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Plane rises and climbs away with sudden release of Bond's weight. Missile misses the body of the plane, but just clips the tail.

9/14 pt
9/24 pt

409 INT. CROP DUSTER PAM 409

reacts to her plane being hit. She struggles with the controls. She banks the plane, searching the ground for a place to crash land.

410 EXT. CROP DUSTER 410

sweeping low over the ground, smoke pouring from its tail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

a dirt road runs through a dry river bed. PAM heads for it.

410A INT CROP DUSTER PAM 410A

concentrating on flying the bucking plane.

410B INT. HER POV 410B

the road passes through a gap in the rocks, too narrow for the plane.

410C EXT. CROP DUSTER 410C

landing hard on road, bouncing and rolling to the Gap.

ANOTHER ANGLE

its wings are clipped off as it taxis through gap in rocks.

410D EXT. CROP DUSTER 410D

minus wings, rolls to a stop. PAM gets out.

410E EXT. DESERT CROP DUSTER PAM 410E

looking around the vast emptiness. She turns at the SOUND OF A TRUCK ENGINE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The PRIME MOVER Bond was last on chugs through the desert. It runs into a sand dune and stalls.

411 EXT. #1 TANKER BOND 411

scrambles down to outlet valve, opens it.

412 OMITTED 412

13 EXT. #1 TANKER SANCHEZ 413

looks back, sees gasoline trail behind them.

(CONTINUED)

413 CONTINUED:

413

SANCHEZ
(screaming)
Stop! Stop!

The #1 Tanker Driver slams on the brakes.

414 EXT. #1 TANKER BOND

9/23pt

10/12pt

414

climbs to top of tanker and heads toward cab. The truck skids to a halt, pitching him forward. He is hurled against the back of the cab. Stunned, he falls onto the rear of the prime mover.

415 INT. #1 TANKER SANCHEZ

10/6pt

415

snatches a machete from between the seats and leaps out the door.

416 EXT. #1 TANKER SANCHEZ

9/27pt

10/6pt

10/6pt

416

climbs around the back of the cab and slashes at BOND with the machete. He misses, but severs the hydraulic brake lines. The tanker immediately starts to roll down a steep slope. The DRIVER jumps out. Sanchez runs to rear of tanker. He jumps aboard grabbing the outlet valve and closing it. Bond who has run back along the top of tanker kicks out at him. He swipes at Bond with his machete. Bond falls back. Sanchez climbs up on top of tanker after him. Bond blocks a downward blow from the machete. He duck and dodges to avoid Sanchez' relentless swings. The Tanker, now brakeless and driverless, hurtles along gradually accelerating to a considerable speed.

416A EXT. TANKER #1 SANCHEZ AND BOND

9/27pt

10/6pt

10/6pt

416A

hanging on for dear life as the speeding tanker runs off the side of the road and down an embankment. It rolls over, throwing BOND clear. The tank's welded seam has cracked and gasoline leaks in a puddle around the it. Bond is dazed. SANCHEZ limps over to him. He grabs Bond by the hair and raises the machete to decapitate him. Bond barely has enough strength to speak.

BOND
(whispering)
Do you want to know what its
about, Sanchez?

Sanchez leans closer to hear.

INSERT-Bond takes Leiter's gift lighter from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

416A CONTINUED:

416A

BOND

BOND

Felix Leiter.

he strikes the lighter. The flame shoots out igniting Sanchez' gas soaked clothes. He staggers blindly engulfed in flames, then falls into a pool of gasoline leading from the ruptured Tanker. It explodes in a fireball, vaporizing him. Bond is knocked flat by the force of the explosion.

417 OMITTED

417

417A EXT. ROAD BOND

10/6pt 10/6pt

417A

staggers away for the burning Tanker. Suddenly, through an opening in the rocks, the PRIME MOVER appears. It pulls to a stop. PAN opens the passenger's door.

CLOSE ON HER

PAN

Get in.

Bond jumps in.

418 EXT. ROAD PRIME MOVER

418

drives away as the burning tanker is rocked by a series of secondary explosions in the BACKGROUND.

419 OMITTED

419

420 EXT. CLOSE ON SANCHEZ' IGUANA - NIGHT

8/25pt

420

sitting in a chair. SOUND OF MUSIC playing quietly in B.G. CAMERA pulls back to include

PATIO. SANCHEZ HOUSE TWENTY PARTY GUESTS BOND

in Black Tie sitting next to IGUANA at the bar. He speaks into telephone as he feeds the Iguana a bit of cocktail cracker and nurses his vodka martini. A small cocktail party is in progress. TEX WELL DRESSED COUPLES from the top crust of Isthmus society chatter quietly in small groups among the PLASTER LIFE SIZE CAMELS.

BOND

(into phone)

I'll be up to see you next week.
We'll do some fishing.

(CONTINUED)

8/25 out

420 CONTINUED:

420

HOSPITAL ROOM LEITER

sitting up in bed.

LEITER

Good! I 'll be out by then. M called, he's been trying to reach you.

BOND V.O.
(noncommittal)

Yes.

LEITER

James, just remember, there are things a lot more important than our crazy business.

421 INT. PATIO, SANCHEZ HOUSE BOND

421

looking up and reacting to some one approaching.

BOND

I have to go, my hostess is coming.

He hangs up the phone. Lupe joins him picks up the Iguana from the chair next to Bond.

BOND

I thought you hated that animal.

INSERT LUPE'S WRIST

the IGUANA'S DIAMOND NECKLACE is around her wrist. The iguana wears a plain leather collar.

LUPE AND BOND

She smiles.

LUPE

Didn't you know iguanas are a girl's best friend?

PRESIDENTE HECTOR LOPEZ joins them. She puts her arm through his affectionately.

LUPE

Hector gave me this house.

LOPEZ

My last official act.

(CONTINUED)

421 CONTINUED:

421

LUPE

He's had to resign in disgrace.

LOPEZ

It's not the first time, probably
not the last.

He steps away to greet another group of well wishers.

LUPE

Thank you for everything.

She gives him a friendly kiss

ANOTHER ANGLE OVER BOND'S BACK

PAM comes to the entrance of the patio dressed in an elegant evening dress.

422 EXT. GARDEN ENTRANCE PAM Q

422

an elegant LADY on each arm, waives to her. She smiles back. Then turns looking for Bond. The smile disappears from her lips as she spots him.

HER POV

Bond and Lupe kissing. She becomes more passionate.

PAM

She turns away deflated, walking toward the exit.

423 EXT. GARDEN BOND AND LUPE

423

Break off the kiss.

LUPE

You could stay here with me,
James.

He sees PAM'S BACK just as she turns and heads down the stairs.

BOND

Excuse me.

He glances around, then makes his way quickly through the crowd to the edge of the patio wall. Lupe trails after him. She and a few of the other GUESTS watch dumbfounded as Bond climbs over the wall. He stops when his head is even with the top of it.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

BOND

You and Hector will make a perfect couple.

He jumps down to the level below.

424 EXT. ROOF OF LIVING ROOM BOND

424

lands on one knee. He just gets a glimpse of PAM as she hurries along the path below.

425 EXT. GARDEN, SANCHEZ HOUSE PAM

425

holding her emotions in check as she walks down the steps past the waterfalls. She enters the living room area near the pool.

426 INT. LIVING ROOM PAM

426

walks into the room stops. There are tears in her eyes. Suddenly BOND, who has just leaped from the roof of the living room, lands right in front of her. He sweeps her into his arms kissing her passionately. After a few moments she pulls back.

PAM

Why don't you wait 'til you're asked?

BOND

Ask me.

They laugh and kiss again settling down into a nest of couches by the pool. CAMERA PANS UP to large ceramic fish sculpture fountain. The fish's eye winks.

END CREDITS