

Ian Fleming's

"LIVE AND LET DIE"

Shooting Script

by

Tom Mankiewicz

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Property of:

EON PRODUCTIONS, Ltd.
1 Tilney Street
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1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY AND UNITED NATIONS HELICOPTER SHOT
DAY

An aerial view of New York City and the East River.
CAMERA PUSHES IN on the United Nations Building.

2 INT. UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY HALL DAY

CAMERA PANS The U.N. Assembly Hall. It is half-filled
at best.

3 CLOSER SHOT PANNING DELEGATIONS

CAMERA PANS past the various partially-represented
delegations. A voice drones on monotonously in a
Slavic tongue. No one pays much attention. CAMERA
HOLDS ON U.K. DELEGATION - deserted, except for one
MAN in the second row (DAVES) who sits, ear piece
inserted, eyes partially closed, nodding off with
boredom.

4 INT. UNITED NATIONS TRANSLATION BOOTH SECTION

CAMERA TRUCKS DOWN row of translation booths, HOLDS ON
one marked: United Kingdom. The shadow of a MAN can
be seen through the glass door, behind the translation
panel.

5 CLOSE ON TRANSLATION PANEL

A black hand reaches out, pulls a plug from its socket.

6 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL CLOSE ON DAVES

DAVES' eyes blink open with confusion. He taps his
ear piece, which has ceased to function.

7 BACK TO TRANSLATION BOOTH

The black hand inserts another plug. CAMERA FOLLOWS
the plug wire back to a small box with dials and
trembling indicator arrow. The hand turns the dial
all the way to the right: the indicator jumps.

8 BACK TO ASSEMBLY HALL AND DAVES

DAVES suddenly shoots straight up from his seat,
clutching his ear, then collapses, falling over the
seats in front.

9 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET DAY

CAMERA CLOSE ON SIGN: Docker Street - New Orleans.
CAMERA PANS to MAN (HAMILTON) standing on corner

reading a newspaper. HAMILTON lowers his paper, looks cautiously across the street.

10 ANGLE ON FILLET OF SOUL - HAMILTON'S POV

The Fillet of Soul Restaurant. A garishly-coloured building with neon sign in front: CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT. As CAMERA HOLDS, a slow, death, jazz blues is heard in b.g.

11 BACK TO HAMILTON

He looks off towards the increasingly louder sound of the music. CAMERA PANS. From around the corner: A funeral procession, in true New Orleans style. MUSICIANS lead the parade, marching to a slow cadence. Behind them, PALL BEARERS carry a coffin. FRIENDS and RELATIVES string out behind. The group is all black. CAMERA PANS with PARADE as it approaches HAMILTON.

12 CLOSER ON HAMILTON

He stands, watching. A wizened, little old BLACK GENTLEMAN with white hair suddenly appears next to him, watches the procession solemnly. Tears form in his eyes - he wipes one away, shakes his head sadly. HAMILTON removes his hat.

HAMILTON

(nicely)

Whose funeral is it?

BLACK GENTLEMAN

Yours....

A switchblade flashes out from the BLACK GENTLEMAN'S hand, plunges into HAMILTON'S side. The parade marches past as HAMILTON falls to the street. PALL BEARERS stop, lower the coffin over HAMILTON'S body, pick it up again. The body has disappeared. The procession breaks out into a happy, ragtime tune, struts up the street.

13 EXT. ISLAND VOODOOLAND CEMETERY NIGHT

Lines of exotically-dressed CARIBBEAN NATIVES are fanned out in a semi-circle around a clump of graves in a small cemetery. Some hold flaming torches. The assemblage sways back and forth to the pounding of drums in a drugged, sensuous manner. We are in the middle of a Voodoo ceremony.

14 CLOSER ON GRAVES

A MAN (BAINES) is tied between the crosses of two graves. His face is broken out in sweat, his clothing ripped. The drums increase in tempo and volume. A HIGH PRIEST (DAMBALA) appears, two live snakes wrapped around his shoulders, carrying a tattered black top hat and a machete. He places the hat down on one grave, directly in front of the tombstone, lifts the machete, holds it up to one of his snakes. The snake's tongue flicks out - touches the blade, which DAMBALA now places on the grave next to the hat. The chanting of the crowd now becomes louder, as if calling out for something or someone. DAMBALA approaches BAINES, holds the snake to his neck. BAINES' eyes shut in terror - the snake's tongue grazes his face. The drums suddenly stop. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON BAINES' FACE as his eyes open wide in panic:

15 CLOSE ON MACHETE BLADE

A MACHETE BLADE FLASHES INTO FRAME: A sickening laugh is heard as the blade sweeps down at BAINES. CAMERA FREEZES FRAME ON GLINTING MACHETE BLADE.

INTO MAIN TITLES:

Perhaps animated or live Tarot Cards,
Voodoo and Occult symbols, etc.

NOTE: A short action scene to be inserted here involving both BOND and the GIRL in the following sequence.

16 INT. BOND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOND lies asleep in bed. The doorbell rings os. BOND'S eyes flick open, confused. He glances over at alarm clock. The time is 5:45 A.M. He moves across the bed in a mistaken attempt to turn it off, rolling on top of GIRL from the previous scene. She looks up at him dreamily, slides her arms around him.

GIRL

One more time again, amore? Ma
non e possibile.....

The doorbell rings again. BOND realizes, detaches himself from GIRL, gets up, storms off down steps from raised bedroom area as GIRL reaches for her dress.

BOND

Whoever's out there's going straight
from here to the dentist, I promise
you that...

17 EXT. BOND'S FRONT DOOR CLOSE ON M

M stands impassively in front of BOND's door. BOND opens it. His face drops. He manages a bleary half-smile.

M
Good morning, Double-O-Seven.

BOND
Insomnia, sir?

M
Instructions.

He sweeps past BOND into the house.

18 INT. BOND'S FOYER AND LIVING ROOM

M sheds his coat, strides purposefully through BOND's semi-darkened living room toward the stairs to the raised bedroom area. BOND quickly hangs it up in sliding panel wardrobe, follows.

M
You haven't much time. I'll explain as you pack.

They have arrived at the base of the steps. M continues on up, followed by the nervous BOND.

19 CLOSE ON BEDROOM AREA

They reach the top of the steps - the room is empty. BOND, somewhat confused, heads for the closet, nonchalantly brushing the hanging drapes with his hand as he walks by them - nothing.

M
Three of our agents have been killed in the last twenty-four hours. Daves in New York, Hamilton in New Orleans, and Baines in the Caribbean.

BOND
(opening closet)
I liked Hamilton.
(turns)
We shared the same bootmaker, you know.

BOND pulls out dressing gown, seemingly absentmindedly sweeps the hangers down to one end of the closet. She's not in there.

20 INT. KITCHEN

BOND flips on the kitchen lights, standing at the entrance to the room with M. Still no sign of the GIRL.

BOND

I take it the killings are connected.

BOND goes to closet, opens it, takes out a can of coffee beans. He crosses to gleaming espresso maker, puts beans into the top of the machine, flips it on. The beans are ground with a loud, gurgling noise. M, irritated, has to raise his voice.

M

(over this)

It would seem so. Saines was working on a small Caribbean island called San Monique, specifically watching its Prime Minister, one Dr. Kananga. He sent messages to Dawes and Hamilton, asking them to check into certain American contacts of Kananga's. The messages were lost or stolen, the three men killed. That's all we've got.

The machine hisses loudly. The finished coffee comes down into the waiting cup.

BOND

Coffee, sir?

M

Is that all it does?

21 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

MONEYPENNY arrives with a dispatch case. She hesitates in front of the open door, starts to knock, looks, suddenly stops.

22 ANGLE ON LIVING ROOM - MONEYPENNY'S POV

The semi-naked GIRL slinks quickly away from the kitchen area holding her dress, slides back the panelled wardrobe closet in the living room, gets in, slides door closed.

23 BACK TO MONEYPENNY

Stunned - she starts to speak. stops as she hears BOND and li.

24 INT. LIVING ROOM: AFEA

M and BOND enter the darkened room.

M (V.O.)

By the way - it seems congratulations are in order. The Italians were most impressed with your handling of the Rome affair.

BOND switches the lights on, looks around. The room is empty. M carries coffee cup, crosses to couch, sits.

BOND

Thank you, sir. The local authorities were more than helpful.

M

(stirring his coffee)
One small complaint. They seem to be missing one of their agents. A Miss...Caruso. You wouldn't happen to know...

There is a knock on the front door.

MONEYPENNY'S VOICE

May I?

BOND

Come in, Moneypenny. It's only the hour that's indencent.

MONEYPENNY

I have your ticket for New York, some background material on San Monique ...

(hands BOND a small box)
And Q's repaired your wristwatch.

BOND

Thank you, Moneypenny.

BOND takes box, opens it, removes a heavy Rolex watch, slips it on. An irritated M rises, still holding his coffee cup.

M

I'm sure the overburdened British taxpayer would be fascinated to discover how the Special Ordnance Section disburses its funds. In future, Commander, allow me to suggest a perfectly adequate watch-maker just down the street....

25 INSERT SHOT - BOND'S WRIST AND WATCH

BOND's hand pulls out the winding button on the watch.

26 BACK TO SCENE

The spoon in M's coffee cup suddenly flies up and out, several feet through the air, attaches itself to BOND's watchband with a "clink."

M

Good God.

BOND

Pulling out this button, sir, turns the watch into a hyper-intensified magnetic field. Powerful enough to even deflect the path of a bullet at long range, or so Q claims.

M

I'm sorely tempted to test that theory right now. If you don't mind, Commander ...

(holds out cup)

My spoon.

BOND smiles, pushes button back in. The spoon detaches itself, drops back into M's cup.

M

Dr. Kananga is at present in New York. The C.I.A. have been informed and are helping out with the surveillance. Your flight arrives at 11:00 A.M. Now where did I leave my coat ... ah ...

M heads for the closet. MONEYPENNY fairly leaps in front, intercepting him.

MONEYPENNY

Please, sir. Allow me ...

She opens the closet door a crack, retrieves the coat, looks back meaningfully at BOND.

BOND

(realizing)

Thank you, Moneypenny.

MONEYPENNY

(turns, smiles)

Well. Goodbye, James ...

(MORE)

MONEYPENNY (Cont)

(kisses him on cheek)

Or should I say ... ciao, tesoro ...

She turns smugly, leaves with it. The front door closes. BOND glances at shut wardrobe, pulls out the button on his watch. Holding it near the metal knob, he pulls his arm along, slides the door open. The GIRL is hunched over inside, having partially wriggled into her dress, now halfway zipped up the back. She spots BOND, sighs.

GIRL

Finalmente ...

She grins, comes out into his waiting arms. They kiss.

27 CLOSE ON GIRL'S BACK AND ZIPPER

BOND's hand passes close to the zipper top without touching it. The top suddenly snaps straight out. Holding his hand some distance from her back, he lowers it, unzipping her dress.

28 CLOSE ON THE TWO OF THEM

The GIRL moans as the zipper is heard sliding down.

GIRL

Such a delicate touch ...

BOND

Sheer magnetism.

He kisses her again. The dress drops to the floor.

29 EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT LONDON DAY

A jet liner taking off, climbing into the sky.

30 INT. CLOSE ON HANDS AND DECK OF TAROT CARDS

A beautiful pair of cream-coloured hands turn over one card in a face-down deck of Tarot: THE KNIGHT OF WANDS - an armed figure on a leaping charger.

FEMALE VOICE

A man comes. He travels quickly.
He has purpose.

31 EXT. SKY AND PLANE

The plane flying high in the air over the ocean.

32 BACK TO HANDS AND CARDS

Another card: THE SIX OF SWORDS - A man ferrying a boat across the water with swords and passengers.

FEMALE VOICE

He comes over water. He travels with others.

The hands turn over another card: THE KNIGHT OF SWORDS - a heavily armed fighter, sword raised, horse at full gallop.

FEMALE VOICE

He is prepared. He will oppose.

33 EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT DAY

BOND's plane landing on the runway at Kennedy airport.

34 BAND TO HANDS

They turn over another card: THE SIX OF WANDS - A Warrior with others, arriving with a laurel wreath.

FEMALE VOICE

He has arrived. He expects victory. He brings with him ...

The hands turn another card: THE TOWER - a burning tower with screaming people falling off.

FEMALE VOICE

Violence and destruction.

35 EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT TERMINAL DAY

BOND exits terminal, carrying an attache case. He walks slowly down a row of taxis, looks around, waiting for a contact. He passes by a black sedan, stops, glances at the baggage check on his attache case.

36 CLOSE ON BAGGAGE CHECK

The check reads: BOAC - 111367. CAMERA SHIFTS FOCUS, ZOOMS IN on license plate of black sedan: III367.

37 WIDER ANGLE

BOND approaches the sedan. The door locks snap up. He gets in.

38 INT. SEDAN CLOSE ON FRONT AND DRIVER

The DRIVER starts off, turns pleasantly from front, extends his hand.

DRIVER

My name's Charlie, Mr. Bond. I ...

His hand is met by the barrel of BOND's Walther PPK. CHARLIE's face blanches - he suddenly snaps to:

CHARLIE

Oh!

(mechanically)

You want to go to Shea Stadium? The Yankees are playing a doubleheader.

BOND

(smiles, lowers gun)

The Mets play at Shea. The Baseball season doesn't begin until April.

CHARLIE

My mistake.

(sighing)

Sorry - I forgot. We don't do too much of that over here anymore. Oh - Mister Leiter wants to talk to you.

BOND turns, picks up a phone against the rear sedan wall.

39 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET CLOSE ON EMBLEM

The National Seal of San Monique, hanging over a building door. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK AND UP, pulling back to a distance of several blocks and hundreds of feet up into the air.

40 EXT. MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDING DAY

A tall office building. CAMERA PUSHES IN on a high building.

41 INT. MANHATTAN OFFICE DAY

FELIX LEITER and several other C.I.A. AGENTS populate a plush office suite. A video tape camera with telephoto lens is pointed out the window at a downwards angle. The suite abounds with electronic equipment, phones, and a large television set against one wall. LEITER talks to BOND on the phone.

LEITER

(into phone)

Kananga's just left the U.N., James.
He's probably headed back here.
Don't worry. We've got the place
eyeballed, wired for sound - the
works.

42 EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE AND SEDAN DAY HELICOPTER SHOT

BOND's sedan heads onto the Triborough Bridge.

43 EXT. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT DRIVE

The sedan pulls off the end of the Triborough Bridge,
heads down the F.D.R. Drive. CAMERA PANS with sedan,
HOLDS on the 125th Street Entrance. An ornate, pink
Cadillac pulls out onto the Drive, follows.

44 EXT. F.D.R. DRIVE HELICOPTER SHOT

Seen from the air: BOND's sedan. Farther back, picking
up speed, the pink Cadillac.

45 INT. PINK CADILLAC

BLACK DRIVER (WHISPER) has pulled up parallel to
CHARLIE. CHARLIE glances over at him. WHISPER keeps
his eyes directly on the road, now looks down to his
dashboard.

46 CLOSE ON DASHBOARD

The Speedometer slides back, revealing a camera
viewfinder with two crosshairs meeting at the centre.
CHARLIE's head is visible in it. The crosshairs draw
closer, finally have an exact bead on it. A hand
presses the turn indicator in towards the wheel.

47 CLOSE ON RIGHT SIDE OF PINK CADILLAC

The right rear-view mirror on the side of the car
makes a violent half-revolution, locks. Simultaneously,
a hole opens in its side. Something is fired.

48 CLOSE ON CHARLIE

A tiny, thick metal dart slams into his temple, causing
his entire body to jerk - a thin trickle of blood oozes
down the side of his head.

49 ANGLE ON BOND

The jerk has caused the car to sway. BOND, on the
phone to LEITER, covers the receiver, talks to CHARLIE.

BOND

Easy, Charlie. Let's get there in one piece.

(no answer)

Charlie?

CAMERA PANS TO FRONT - CHARLIE suddenly slumps down over the wheel. WHIP PAN BACK TO BOND; he slams phone down as Sedan lurches hard, glances out at pink Cadillac picking up speed, leaving the careening vehicle in its wake. BOND tries to dive up and over the front seat.

50 EXT. F.D.R. DRIVE AND SEDAN

The Sedan lurches crazily - heads for a retaining wall, grazes it. Sparks fly as it bounces back into the stream of traffic, other cars slamming on their brakes to avoid it. The driverless Sedan now heads for the low steel fence separating the Drive from the exit rampway.

51 BACK TO BOND

He has pushed CHARLIE's body aside, hangs over the front seat, looks out windshield - the Sedan is screaming straight for the fence. With a last-gasp effort he spins the wheel.

52 EXT. F.D.R. DRIVE AND SEDAN

The Sedan bursts through the fence, smashing partially into a lamppost, stops.

53 EXT. STREET DAY

A black limousine pulls up to the front of the San Moniquan Consulate. Getting out: DR. KANANGA, a tall, dignified black man, who holds the door open for SOLITAIRE, a beautiful, exotic-looking girl, elegantly but primly dressed. Followed by AIDES, they proceed up the steps to the Consulate. The limousine continues down into an underground garage next door.

54 INT. LEITER'S OFFICE . CLOSE ON CAMERA

CAMERA CLOSE ON videotape camera pointed out the window. CAMERA PANS to LEITER and AGENTS as they watch the television set. KANANGA, SOLITAIRE, and the OTHERS are seen on the screen as they disappear into the Consulate. LEITER turns to one AGENT, nods. The AGENT pushes a button by a large tape recorder. Two huge spools of tape begin to spin. LEITER's phone rings. He answers.

LEITER

(into phone)

James? Where the hell ...

55 EXT. F.D.R. DRIVE AND SEDAN WIDE SHOT

The smashed sedan against the lamppost. Two Police Cars flank it, red lights spinning. One OFFICER directs traffic around it. BOND is by the sedan, talking into a phone which extends out of it.

56 BACK TO LEITER

LEITER

(dejected - into phone)

Right. What was that?

(pause - to AGENT)

Get me a make on a Caddy. Nelson, David, George, 347. I need it five minutes ago.

Voices are heard from the tape recorder. LEITER turns.

TAPE RECORDER VOICE

It would seem, Dr. Kananga, that the sugar conference has not lived up to your prior expectations.

57 INT. SAN MONIQUAN CONSULATE MAIN OFFICE DAY

KANANGA stands by a desk, flanked by SEVERAL AIDES. One AIDE (TEE-HEE) stands with hands clasped behind him, his face seemingly frozen in an eerie grin. A tape recorder of his own sits immediately beneath him.

KANANGA

We can only hope this is merely a temporary set-back. But I do have some observations on the matter ...

KANANGA reaches down, flips on his tape recorder. His voice continues from the recorder, barely missing a beat.

KANANGA'S VOICE

(over recorder)

Unfortunately, gentlemen, too many of our island neighbours have once again let themselves be bullied by U.S. industry. The record is clear. In 1968, our sugar exports dropped ten per cent. In 1969, almost twelve.

58 INT. SAN MONIQUAN EMBASSY BEDROOM

SOLITAIRE has removed her dress, stands in bra and panties, pulls her hair back tightly, reaches for wig on a dressing table in front of her. Seen in mirror: a shaggy, dashiki-type poncho hanging on the wall behind her. Kananga's voice continues from the other room:

KANANGA'S VOICE

But once we began to refine our own sugar - cube it and box it on the island with our own labour force - the entire economic outlook began to rise as well.

59 BACK TO OFFICE AND LEITER

LEITER listens, not quite believing what he's hearing.

KANANGA'S VOICE

(from Leiter's machine)

I am happy to announce that our fiscal outlook is even rosier with the recent groundbreaking of yet another refinery ...

AGENT from behind hands LEITER a note. He turns down the tape recorder volume, picks up phone.

LEITER

(into phone)

James. It's registered to a shop at 147 East 73rd. That's only a block away from here. Right. Take your time. Listening in on Kananga's like hearing your Aunt Maude discuss her appendectomy.

60 INT. SAN MONIQUAN EMBASSY BEDROOM

SOLITAIRE, now changed into hip outfit, stands with KANANGA'S AIDES, still dressed in their diplomatic garb. One AIDE opens a large wardrobe closet, removes the hanging clothes, revealing a shiny set of double doors with small panel and button, which he presses. The whine of an elevator is heard, coming up.

KANANGA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bringing a parity situation not only to San Monique, but to the entire area as well. In this regard, I have taken the liberty of proposing price supports ...

61 EXT. SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET DAY

BOND gets out of cab, looks across the street, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM; No. 147 - THE OH CULT VODOO SHOP.

62 INT. OH CULT VODOO SHOP DAY

BOND enters. There are Occult articles of faith jammed all over in the tiny shop; Incense burners, books, dolls, amulets, potions, etc. BOND wanders through, looks around, picks up a shrunken head. A pretty BLACK SALESGIRL appears.

SALESGIRL

(pleasantly)
Something in heads?

BOND

Just browsing, thank you.

SALESGIRL nods, moves off. BOND suddenly hears a noise, ducks behind some merchandise, looks.

63 ANGLE ON SIDE DOOR BOND'S POV

WHISPER (who drove the pink Cadillac) enters the shop. He glances around, does not spot BOND, moves quickly out a side door.

64 BACK TO BOND

He hesitates, starts for the side door, suddenly finds himself facing the SALESGIRL. BOND quickly picks up a huge six-foot rubber snake, dangles it in front of her.

BOND

Could you gift wrap this, please?
Lengthwise, if you don't mind.
Thank you very much.

SALESGIRL gives him a tolerant look, takes snake, moves off to rear of shop. BOND heads for side door, opens it, goes through.

65 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

BOND looks down into an underground garage from the small landing by the door. CAMERA PANS DOWN: the pink Cadillac, parked against a wall. There is a small steel door behind it. CAMERA PANS BACK TO BOND. He starts down to have a better look.

66 CLOSER ON CADILLAC

BOND creeps alongside the Cadillac, starts to peer inside. Suddenly - the sound of electronic doors opening. He ducks, lying flat under rear fender, looks.

67 ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS BOND'S POV

Four pairs of legs and feet, one unmistakably female, exit from the elevator silently. Among the dangling pairs of hands: A set of metal pincers hang from one sleeve where a hand should be. One pair of feet stops. A click, then a hum is heard. The Cadillac begins to revolve on a giant turntable.

68 BACK TO BOND

Edging around the side of the Cadillac to shield himself as the revolution takes place. Suddenly - the wall rises behind him. On the other side: KARANGA's black limousine, parked next to yet another Cadillac, this one dark purple. The garages of the Voodoo shop and Consulate are connected. A complete revolution has taken place. The turntable stops. The purple Cadillac is now pointed out towards the Seventy-Fourth Street exit. The engine starts - the car rolls up the ramp as a panel slides back, exposing the street and sunlight.

69 EXT. SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET DAY

The purple Cadillac pulls up the ramp, roars off. CAMERA PANS BACK to garage entrance: BOND stands watching. He hails Yellow Cab, gets in, follows.

70 INT. OH CULT VODOO SHOP

The BLACK SALESGIRL looks out window, talks into phone.

SALESGIRL

He's tailing.

71 EXT. SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET ANGLE ON BLACK CAR

A black car, parked down the street, now pulls out. As it passes CAMERA, BLACK DRIVER raises a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

72 INT. BLACK CAR

BLACK DRIVER

(into walkie-talkie)

I got him in my sights.

73 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS

The three cars speed uptown: The purple Cadillac, BOND's cab, and BLACK MAN's car.

74 INT. BOND'S CAB

BOND'S DRIVER is also a BLACK MAN. He turns.

DRIVER

You know where you're goin', Jim?

BOND

Uptown, I believe.

DRIVER

Uptown? You headin' into Harlem, man.

BOND

Just keep on that Cadillac and there'll be an extra twenty in it for you.

DRIVER

Hell, Jim, for twenty bucks I'll take you to a Klu Klux Klan cookout.

75 EXT. ONE-TWENTY-FIFTH STREET INTERSECTION DAY

KANANGA's limousine roars through the intersection. CAMERA PANS to shoeshine stand where a BLACK MAN in flashy suit and dark glasses is having his shoes shined. His head swivels as he watches the limousine speed by.

76 CLOSE ON DARK GLASSES

BOND's taxi following is seen reflected in the dark glasses of the BLACK MAN. MAN looks down at SHOESHINER who spits on his shoes, cracks his buffing cloth professionally. MAN nods. SHOESHINER slides open polish box, looks in.

77 CLOSE ON SHOESHINER AND POLISH BOX

SHOESHINER

(into polish box)

One twenty-fifth. You got a honky on your back.

78 INT. BLACK CAR

The BLACK DRIVER (STRUTTER) picks up walkie-talkie.

STRUTTER
 (into walkie-talkie)
 He's passing One-Twenty-Eighth. You
 can't miss him. It's like following
 a cue ball.

79 EXT. HARLEM STREET

BOND's cab pulls up opposite a restaurant. BOND looks
 out window, across the street.

80 ANGLE ON FILLET OF SOUL BOND'S POV

The Fillet of Soul. The purple Cadillac is parked in
front. Next to it - a line of other Cadillacs, each
more outlandishly coloured and decorated than the other.

81 BACK TO BOND

BOND exits cab, stands by window, reaches into his
 wallet.

DRIVER
 Sure hope you make friends easy,
 Dude.

BOND hands him several bills. DRIVER looks down,
 grins.

DRIVER
 Right on, brother ...

CAMERA HOLDS ON DRIVER, as BOND crosses street. His
 expression changes. He reaches into glove compartment,
 pulls out phone.

DRIVER
 (into phone)
 He headin' on in ...

82 EXT. OPPOSITE CORNER

STRUTTER's Black Sedan pulls up.

83 INT. FILLET OF SOUL DAY

BOND enters, looks around. KANANGA and AIDES are
 nowhere to be seen. Several BLACKS eat their lunch.
 They look up at BOND curiously, then go back about
 their business. BOND moves over to a table, sits.
 A WAITER appears.

BOND
 (to Waiter)
 Good afternoon. A Jack Daniels,
 please. Black label. Heat.
 (Waiter - blank stare)
 No ice.

WAITER
 That's extra.
 (points)
 First booth'll do.

BOND rises, turns, looks at the EATERS - they seem to watch him out of the corner of their eye. He walks slowly over to the first in a bank of booths against the wall, sits, checks the action.

84 CLOSER ON BOOTH

BOND continues to case the joint as WAITER arrives with his drink.

BOND
 (to Waiter)
 I'd like some information on
 the side as well, please ...
 (pulls out twenty-
 dollar bill)
 Three men and a girl came in here ...

Suddenly, the booth spins into the wall, BOND completely disappearing from view. It makes a complete revolution, returns into place - without BOND. Only the glass remains, and the twenty-dollar bill, which the WAITER picks up blankly, walks off with.

85 ANGLE ON DOOR

STRUTTER enters, looks around. No sign of BOND. He spots the booth with the drink - stops, looks.

86 CLOSE ON BOOTH AND DRINK

The drink on the table - the ice spins around in the glass.

87 INT. FILLET OF SOUL BACK ROOM - DAY

BOND finds himself between TWO ARMED BLACK GUARDS in an elegant waiting room. He looks across: SOLITAIRE deals cards at a desk. She does not look at BOND - rather deals the cards, one by one.

BOND
(helpfully)
Black queen on the red king? Miss ...

SOLITAIRE
Solitaire.

BOND
My name is Bond. James Bond.

SOLITAIRE
I know who you are. What you are.
Why you've come. You have made a
mistake. You will not succeed.

BOND
Rather a sweeping statement,
considering we've never met.

SOLITAIRE
The cards have followed you for me.

A door behind her opens - TEE-HEE appears, still wearing his ever-present grin. For a fleeting second, we get a glimpse of a smoke-filled room with large conference table, surrounded by BLACKS in bizarre costumes. The door closes immediately. TEE-HEE glances at BOND, then SOLITAIRE.

TEE-HEE
(to SOLITAIRE)
Is he armed?

SOLITAIRE hesitates, looks down at desk, nods. TEE-HEE crosses, reaches into BOND's coat. At the end of his arm, in place of a hand, a pair of metal pincers. BOND blinks at them incredulously as they remove gun.

BOND
(managing a smile)
One can't be too careful in New
York City these days ...

88 CLOSE ON GUN AND PINNERS

Holding the gun with one hand, TEE-HEE crushes the barrel with his pincers, then snips off the trigger, hands gun back to BOND.

89 BACK TO SCENE

An amazed BOND looks up at the constantly grinning TEE-HEE.

BOND
 (to TEE-HEE)
 Funny how the least little thing
 seems to set you off.

TEE-HEE wheels silently, goes back inside back room.
One gruff, powerful voice is heard inside, rising
 above the others.

VOICE
 Now you get ripped off in Detroit,
 baby, you yell out - to me. We
 ain't takin' no gas from no jive
 pigs in Detroit, man ...

The door has closed. BOND looks at SOLITAIRE, who
 still turns cards over silently, staring down at her
 desk. The GUARDS tense as BOND rises, half-amused,
 crosses to her, looks down.

90 CLOSE ON TAROT CARDS AND HIGH PRIESTESS - BOND'S POV

Several Tarot Cards are spread out. CAMERA PUSHES IN
 ON ONE: The High Priestess - a mysterious, dark woman
 on a throne, surrounded by religious and occult symbols.

91 BACK TO BOND

BOND
 Fascinating. That's you, quite
 obviously. Amazing resemblance.
 Tell me, am I in there as well?

SOLITAIRE
 Pick a card. Turn it over.

92 CLOSE ON TABLE

BOND's hand turns over a card. It is THE FOOL - a
 silly-looking jester with a dog, smiling stupidly.

SOLITAIRE (V.O.)
 You have found yourself.

93 BACK TO SCENE

The door to the back room bursts open - A BLACK MAN
 (MR. BIG) appears. He is a truly frightening specimen
 - bearded, with wild Afro hair, dark glasses, enormous
 features, an ugly scar running down one cheek.

MR. BIG
 (to SOLITAIRE)
 This the stupid mother that tailed
 your coon-buggy uptown?
 (MORE)

MR. BIG (Cont)
 (she nods, terrified)
 Well, who the hell let him get
 this far?

BOND
 There seems to be some mistake
 here. My name is ...

MR. BIG
 Names are for tombstones, baby,
 and I ain't about to give you one
 of those.
 (to Guards)
 Take this honky pain in the ass
 out and waste him. Now.

MR. BIG wheels, goes back inside, slams door. GUARDS
 approach BOND, guns drawn.

SOLITAIRE
 The reading is over.

BOND
 Nothing about my future?

SOLITAIRE fans the cards out on the desk impassively.
 BOND reaches down toward the deck.

94 CLOSE ON DESK

The two cards - the HIGH PRIESTESS and THE FOOL.
 BOND's hand turns over a face-down card, covers them
 with it: THE LOVERS - two nude lovers, their bodies
 wrapped in each other.

95 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

SOLITAIRE looks up - stunned, unbelieving.

96 BACK TO BOND

BOND
 (pleased)
Us?

The GUARDS take him by either arm.

BOND
 (to Solitaire)
 Now promise you'll stay right
 there. I won't be a moment.

97 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

As BOND is led out. She looks back down at LOVERS card on desk, then over to the side door. She is extremely agitated.

98 EXT. HARLEM ALLEY DAY

BOND is escorted down a narrow alley, the TWO GUARDS following closely, guns drawn. CAMERA PUSHES IN as they pass a full trash can with a thick piece of pipe resting on the top. BOND's hand tentatively reaches out for it.

GUARD (V.O.)

Let's keep those mitts up, baby ...

99 ANGLE ON FIRE ESCAPE

They pass under an overhanging fire escape, the rungs making up the final storey are hooked on some eight feet up. BOND raises his hands high - in a flash he unhooks the steel grating, sends it swinging down towards his own face.

100 CLOSE ON BOND AND GUARDS

The steel grating swings down hard. BOND ducks - it slams into GUARD ONE's face with a terrifying crunch - he reels backwards. BOND has swiveled, grabs gun from falling man; GUARD TWO raises his. BOND falls behind GUARD ONE as GUARD TWO fires, killing his partner. BOND fires, kills GUARD TWO, is about to turn:

VOICE

(from behind)

Drop it. Now!

BOND freezes, hesitates, lets gun drop. A wallet hits the ground, falls open at his feet. BOND picks it up, reads.

BOND

Harry Strutter, C.I.A.

101 ANGLE ON STRUTTER

STRUTTER (the MAN we saw tailing BOND) puts away his gun.

STRUTTER

It got obvious you weren't coming out the front. Not even with that clever disguise you're wearing.

(MORE)

STRUTTER (Cont)

(BOND looks up)

Whiteface in Harlem. Good thinking,
Bond. Let's get the hell out of here.

They turn quickly, walk down the alley towards the street.

BOND

I'm surprised they didn't spot you too, Harry. There's the most remarkable girl back there with a deck of cards.

STRUTTER

Yea. I saw those cards on the way up.
(smiles)

Spades, James, every one. You were nailed the minute you left Seventy-Fourth. There's only one man can pull that much Black muscle together in this town - calls himself Mr. Big. You name the business, he has the Black concession.

They have reached the cross-street, look out carefully.

102 ANGLE ON STREET THEIR POV

The street is deserted, except for a Yellow Cab. The DRIVER (another one) eats a sandwich in the front seat. There is a large OFF DUTY sign in his windshield.

103 CLOSE ON CAB WINDOW AND DRIVER

DRIVER munches away on his sandwich, looks up at the sound of approaching footsteps, shakes his head.

DRIVER

Soon as you guys learn how to read,
you'll find out I'm off duty.

There is the sound of the rear door opening. DRIVER turns, angry.

DRIVER

Now look, melon-head. I said ...

STRUTTER's hand comes INTO FRAME, holding a gun pointed at the head of the DRIVER who gulps, suddenly smiles broadly.

DRIVER

Exactly where is it you two gentlemen would like to go?

104 INT. CAB MOVING SEOT

BOND and STRUTTER drive downtown. BOND thinks, turns to him.

BOND

What would a foreign Prime Minister like Kananga want with an American gangster?

STRUTTER

Question is - what would Mr. Big want with a two-bit island diplomat?

105 INT. LEITER'S OFFICE DAY

The tape recorder with KANANGA's voice continues to play ad infinitum. LEITER and the OTHERS are almost asleep.

KANANGA'S VOICE

(over recorder)

In other words, gentlemen, if two other viable exports can be found ...

The telephone rings. There is a pause.

SOLITAIRE'S VOICE

(over recorder)

Excuse me, Dr. Kananga. It's your pilot. Your plane is ready. There's the Friday night traffic to content with and you did say six o'clock.

KANANGA'S VOICE

(over recorder)

Dear Solitaire. As punctual as ever. Gentlemen ...

The door opens. BOND and STRUTTER enter. LEITER turns.

LEITER

You want my information? Don't buy Bolivian tin - put your money in San Moniquan sugar.

AGENT

Mr. Leiter ...

AGENT at window turns on videotape camera. LEITER flips on remote control TV set.

106 ANGLE ON TELEVISION SCREEN LEITER'S POV

The Consulate door opens: KANANGA, SOLITAIRE, TEE-HEE, WHISPER and AIDES walk down the steps, immaculately dressed, SOLITAIRE once again looking prim and demure. The black limousine pulls out into the street from the underground garage. The group gets in. The limousine roars off. After a pause - another car pulls out from the kerb, follows.

107 BACK TO LEITER

LEITER

(to Bond)

We got him tailed.

BOND

That's the boy, Felix. Stay right on top of him.

LEITER

Well. We held up our end. You guys got anything to add?

BOND and STRUTTER exchange a look.

BOND

Don't, Harry. It would break his heart.

108 EXT. PLANE AND SKY DAY

A jetliner streaking its way towards TRINIBAGO.

109 INT. PLANE CLOSE ON SAN MONIQUE THROUGH WINDOW DUSK

The small island of San Monique, seen through the window as the plane banks, prepares to land. The sun is disappearing below the horizon, framing the island in its rays. CAMERA PULLS BACK - BOND is looking.

STEWARDESS'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Captain has put on the no smoking sign in preparation for our landing in San Monique. On behalf of the airline ...

110 INT. SAN MONIQUE AIRPORT CUSTOMS AREA NIGHT

Pictures of KANANGA and propaganda messages for San Monique cover the walls of the Customs area. BOND stands in line at the passport check-in counter. Those in front of him are quickly stamped and passed through with a cursory glance. It is now BOND's turn.

111 CLOSER ON IMMIGRATION DESK

BOND flips open his passport, smiles at OFFICIAL who prepares to stamp it, suddenly stops.

OFFICIAL

Are you here on business, Mr. Bond?

BOND

Just doing a little fishing.

OFFICIAL glances down at page with BOND's picture, moves the passport closer, directly under an overhanging light.

112 ANGLE ON PASSPORT - TOP VIEW THROUGH CAMERA

BOND's picture seen upside-down through a viewfinder. A shutter snaps.

113 BACK TO BOND AND OFFICIAL

OFFICIAL stamps BOND's passport, hands it back, smiles.

OFFICIAL

Good luck, Mr. Bond.

BOND nods nicely, moves off.

114 CLOSE UNDER CUSTOMS DESK

From a slit under the desk: BOND's photo and information page emerge as a fully-developed picture. OFFICIAL's hand sets it to one side, face-down.

115 CLOSE ON BARON SAMEDI HOTEL CABARET NIGHT

Screams from a large group of people at the sight of the painted face of BARON SAMEDI, wearing white silk tails suit and top hat. CAMERA PULLS BACK: we are at an outdoor cabaret area in a hotel. SAMEDI stands on a little island in the middle of a pool with a waterfall behind and orchestra nearby. The audience, seated around the pool edge, now laughs, applauds, as SAMEDI begins his dance. Torches light the sides of the area. CAMERA MOVES AWAY, drifting up and over to main hotel building, as hokey ANNOUNCER is heard.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The legendary Baron Samedi, folks.
That's Saturday, for those of you who
speak French. Voodoo God of Cemeteries
and Chief of the Legion of the Dead.
The Man Who Cannot Die. But for our
purposes, just a performer in a little
musical extravaganza we've cooked up
for you nice folks ...

116 INT. LOBBY - CLOSE ON RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT

RECEPTION MANAGER turns, smiles at the arriving BOND.

BOND

Good evening. My name is Bond. I
reserved a suite overlooking ...

MANAGER

Ah, Mr. Bond. Of course. Mrs. Bond
has been expecting you. Bungalow
Twelve.

BOND

(dead pause)

Mrs. Bond.

MANAGER

She arrived earlier this afternoon,
sir.

(sly smile)

Said she preferred something a little
more ... private.

(takes key out)

Bungalow Twelve.

BOND pauses, nods, signs register, smiles at MANAGER.

BOND

An incurable romantic, Mrs. Bond.
The slightest separation and she
acts as though we'd never even met.

BOND turns. PORTER leads him off through lobby toward
outside area, CAMERA FOLLOWING. They pass News-stand-
Kiosk area with Souvenir Shop. In shop window: A deck
of Tarot Cards. The top card, staring out through the
window: The High Priestess. BOND notices, smiles,
follows PORTER out.

117 BACK TO STAGE AREA OF CABARET

The show continues. A beautiful BLACK GIRL is now tied
between the crosses of two papier-mache graves, grimaces

theatrically at the threatening BARON SAMEDI who wields a rubber machete.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Now here's a little mess we hope
none of you ever get into. Folks -
Baron Samedi's famous Dance of Death ...

SAMEDI begins his dance as CAMERA MOVES UP AND OVER, now focusses on a bank of hotel bungalows on a nearby rise.

118 CLOSER ON BUNGALOWS NIGHT

PORTER and BOND walk past several bungalows, closing in on the one at the end: Bungalow Twelve.

119 INT. BUNGALOW NIGHT

A comfortably furnished bungalow with king-sized bed and sitting area, two doors leading off in different directions. BOND tips PORTER, who leaves. BOND looks carefully around empty room, crosses, opens one door - another bedroom - empty. He crosses back, opens it. CAMERA PUSHES IN: Woman's clothes - everything from evening gown to nighties. Suddenly - a beeping sound is heard.

120 ANGLE ON BED

The sound comes from a small suitcase of BOND's, lying on the bed. He quickly snaps it open, removes toilet kit, reaches in, takes out hairbrush.

121 CLOSER ON HAIRBRUSH

BOND holds the brush in his hand, swivels the top, which breaks open. There is a tiny sending key inside, as well as a short aerial, which he pulls out. He points the brush off towards the ocean side, sends a short message back, replaces the hairbrush into the toilet kit. BOND looks around again, then heads off for the bathroom.

122 INT. BATHROOM

A long pipe runs up the wall at one end of the bathtub, leading to an overhanging shower head. BOND reaches down, turns on water.

123 CLOSE ON SHOWER HEAD

The overhanging shower head opens into a half-iris.

124 BOND TO BOND

He checks the temperature of the running water, leaves.

125 INT. BUNGALOW MAIN ROOM

BOND enters, takes off his jacket, slings his Walther PPK in its holster across a chair. He starts to unbutton his shirt, picks up telephone.

BOND

(into phone)

This is Mr. Bond, Bungalow Twelve.
A bottle of Dom Perignon, please.
Chilled. '61 if you have it. Oh,
and would you page Mrs. Bond?
Thank you very much.

126 INT. BATHROOM CLOSE ON BATHTUB TAPS

BOND's hands turn off the taps on the bathtub.

127 CLOSE ON SHOWER HEAD

It opens into a full iris. Something indistinguishable can be seen moving inside.

128 BACK TO BOND

Now sitting in the tub. He sets up a shaving kit (mirror, razor, cream, etc.) on tub crossbar in front of him.

129 BACK TO SHOWER HEAD

A thin tongue flicks out from inside the shower head. Then - the head of a snake appears. Black, about two feet long, it emerges from the shower head, starts to slither down the pipe running down the wall behind BOND's head.

130 BACK TO BOND OVER SHOULDER INTO SHAVING MIRROR

BOND has put some shaving cream on his face, readies the razor, looks into the mirror. Part of the shower pipe is visible in the mirror, directly behind his head.

131 BACK TO SHOWER PIPE AND SNAKE

The snake continues down, getting closer and closer to BOND.

132 BACK TO BOND OVER SHOULDER

He has started to shave, looks into mirror. Suddenly - a sound from the next room. BOND freezes for a second then rises, gets out of tub, grabs towel as CAMERA HOLDS ON MIRROR - the snake has just come into view as he exited tub.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE

BOND now stands by door to main room, looks through.

134 ANGLE ON MAIN ROOM BOND'S POV

A BLACK WAITER (WHISPER) stands with a bottle on a tray, looking around, quickly turns as BOND swings bathroom door open.

WHISPER

(low hiss)

Your champagne, sir.

BOND

Pardon?

WHISPER tries to speak louder, but evidently cannot.

WHISPER

Your champagne.

BOND nods, reaches into his pants hanging on the chair, puts a tip on the tray, turns, goes back into bathroom.

135 INT. BATHROOM

BOND enters. CAMERA PANS to shower pipe - the snake has disappeared. There is a sound of the bungalow front door closing as the WAITER leaves.

136 ANGLE ON TUB - CAMERA LEVEL WITH IT

Without looking, BOND reaches into bath water, pulls plug.

137 WIDER ANGLE

The water is clear. BOND removes his shaving gear from tub crossbar, transfers it to the sink. He pulls a magnifying mirror out from the wall near the medicine cabinet, extending the criss-cross grill work which attaches it to wall, begins to shave again.

138 ANGLE ON TOP OF MEDICINE CABINET

The snake rapidly transfers itself from a horizontal pipe running across the wall to the top of the medicine cabinet, slithers quickly along towards the back of BOND's neck.

139 ANGLE ON BOND INTO MAGNIFYING MIRROR

As BOND shaves: the snake suddenly appears in the mirror directly behind BOND's head - strikes.

140 WIDER ANGLE

BOND jerks his head to one side - the snake flies by into the criss-cross grill extension of the magnifying mirror which BOND slams back into the wall, decapitating it. He stands, looking down at the writhing ends of the snake, his pulse racing. Suddenly - a scratching sound from the main room.

141 INT. MAIN ROOM

BOND enters cautiously. The lights have been turned out. CAMERA PANS TO DOOR - shadows are seen flickering through the partially closed venetian blinds. A key is being inserted in the lock. CAMERA PANS BACK TO BOND. He reaches down for his Walther. His expression changes.

142 CLOSE ON HOLSTER

BOND's hand vainly examining the empty holster.

143 CLOSE ON DOOR

The door opens slowly. Framed by the moonlight - the outline of a hand and a gun. As the figure proceeds in slowly, BOND's hand flashes into frame, grabbing the gun hand violently.

144 ANOTHER ANGLE

In the darkness, seen only in dim outline: BOND drops to the floor, sends the figure flying up and over him across the room. A terrible "rip" is heard. In a flash, BOND is on his feet, flips on lights.

145 WIDE ANGLE

BOND, dressed in his towel, the gun now in his hand, faces a beautiful, dazed WHITE GIRL (ROSIE) lying on the bed, semi-naked, her dress having been torn in half.

BOND

Mrs. Bond, I presume.

ROSIE

I'm ... Rosie Carver. I guess I have ... a little explaining to do.

BOND

Either you or your Uncle Felix.

She looks at him, amazed. BOND rolls the gun around in his hand.

BOND

Custom 38, Smith and Wesson, corrugated 5-1/4 inch stock, no serial number. Standard CIA issue. The question is - why point it at me?

ROSIE tries to sit up and still keep what little is left of her dress on.

ROSIE

The man who delivered your champagne - he's not a hotel waiter. He turned the lights out before he left. I was just ... being careful. As for the part about Felix Leiter - you're right. I've run errands for the CIA down here for some time now. He cabled me you were coming - asked me to keep an eye on you. Help out if I could.

BOND

Why don't you start by getting out of what's left of that dress?

(she looks)

There's another towel in the bathroom.

ROSIE gets up, walks with some difficulty into the bathroom, trying to keep her dress on, as BOND watches carefully.

ROSIE

You're only my second mission, you know ...

(disappearing o.s.)

My first was Baines - the agent who was killed.

BOND

It's a relief to know I'm next in line for the same type of aid.

There is a sudden scream from the bathroom. BOND smiles. ROSIE appears, now dressed only in panties and bra, shaking.

ROSIE

There's a ... a ...

BOND

Oh, I forgot. Never bathe in there without a mongoose along.

He sees she is really frightened, crosses to her.

ROSIE

I ... never should have gotten into any of this. I mean - as an agent, I'm a total bust.

BOND

(looking down).

That's my first impression as well.

BOND pulls her in closer, looks into her eyes.

BOND

It's going to be a busy day for us tomorrow, Mrs. Bond. Kananga's protecting something down here. Something which Baines obviously discovered. You're going to show me where his body was found. That only leaves us tonight to ... catch up on old times ...

She looks back up at him softly, smiles.

ROSIE

Felix told me there'd be moments like this.

BOND

And what did good, old Felix suggest?

ROSIE

If all else failed - cyanide pills. I settled for two bedrooms.

She ducks out from under his arms, smiles, sticks out her hand.

ROSIE

Goodnight, Mr. Bond.

BOND
 (shaking it)
 Mrs. Bond ...

ROSIE turns, disappears into the bedroom away from the frustrated BOND. Suddenly, a loud gasp, o.s. BOND races for her door.

146 INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM

ROSIE stands transfixed, her mouth trembling, gazing at the bed.

147 ANGLE ON BED ROSIE'S POV

A tattered black top hat with two bloody chicken feathers sticking out of the top.

148 BACK TO SCENE

BOND looks carefully at ROSIE's face, then over at the hat. He crosses to the bed, almost amused, picks it up - ROSIE flinches.

BOND
 It's just a hat, darling ...
 (examining it)
 Apparently worn by a small-headed man of limited means who lost a fight with a chicken.

ROSIE
 (deadly serious)
 It's a ... warning. Get ... it out of here ...

BOND shrugs, smiles, sends the hat sailing off into the main room. ROSIE suddenly breaks, grabs him, holds on tightly.

ROSIE
 Please don't leave me alone tonight, James ... please ... promise me.

BOND
 (sighs)
 Well. If you insist. I ... promise.

149 INT. SOLITAIRE'S HOUSE NIGHT

A Torot Card on a desk in a darkened room. THE TWO OF CUPS: Two Lovers toasting each other. CAMERA TILTS UP to the face of SOLITAIRE. Concerned, she quickly turns over another card, places it directly on top:

THE DEVIL - two naked lovers chained together under a huge, grinning Devil. CAMERA TILTS BACK TO SOLITAIRE - she smiles thinly.

150 EXT. BUNGALOW PATIO DAY

BOND sits on the patio of his bungalow, signing check for breakfast, handing it to WAITER, who leaves. The window to the bungalow is open behind him - the sound of a running shower is heard.

BOND
(yelling through window)
Rosie? Breakfast's here ...

There is no reply. BOND takes his place at the table, lifts his folded napkin, shakes it, starts to place it on his lap as something falls out onto the floor. BOND reaches down.

151 INSERT SHOT FOLDED PAPER

BOND's hands pick up a folded sheet of paper, open it. In the center of the blank, unfolded page - A Tarot Card: THE QUEEN OF CUPS - A Beautiful Woman on a Throne. The card is clipped on upside-down.

152 BACK TO BOND

BOND stares at the card, pours himself half a cup of coffee, downs it in one gulp, rises.

BOND
(yelling through window)
Rosie? I have to see about getting us a car. Aren't you ready yet?

153 INT. BUNGALOW BATHROOM

ROSIE's silhouette is visible showering behind a curtain.

ROSIE
(yelling back)
What?

154 BACK TO PATIO LOOKING TOWARDS HOTEL

BOND is disappearing up the beach towards the hotel.

155 INT. HOTEL LOBBY DAY

BOND signs a chit at the car rental booth in the hotel lobby, turns, checks his watch, looks around, spots something.

156 ANGLE ON SOUVENIR KIOSK AND TAROT CARDS

The window of the souvenir kiosk - plastered with Tarot Cards. CAMERA PULLS BACK. BOND disappears inside. CAMERA HOLDS ON CARDS.

157 EXT. BEACH AND JETTY DAY

A small jetty with fishing boats, excursion craft, FISHERMEN, nets, etc. BOND and ROSIE drive up in a candy-striped jeep, get out, BOND carrying picnic hamper. They start onto jetty.

158 EXT. JETTY TRAVELLING SECT

CAMERA TRUCKS with BOND and ROSIE, looking over boats. CAPTAINS and FISHERMEN crowd around, all yelling: "Lady want to catch big fish?" "Pretty coral reefs - I take," "Only two pounds over here," etc. ROSIE seems to have made a deal with one CAPTAIN, nods, turns back to BOND, who has passed her. BOND walks up to a powerfully built BLACK MAN, sleeping against the side of his boat, a straw hat pulled down over his face. BOND stops, jostles the man in the thigh with his foot.

BOND

(looking down)

This one looks eager enough.

BLACK MAN slowly lifts hat from his eyes, glares up. BOND steps over him, onto his boat, ROSIE following. BLACK MAN slowly rises, still glaring, comes aboard.

159 EXT. COVE AND BOAT

The small fishing boat heads out of the cove towards the open sea.

160 EXT. BOAT DECK

BOND is at the stern, fitting a fishing rod together. He gestures to the BOATMAN behind the tiller, motioning to him to go faster. BOATMAN nods, surly. Rosie is a bit nervous.

ROSIE

(to Boatman)

Excuse me. Where can I change?

(no answer - she gestures)

Me ... clothes off ... where?

BOATMAN points towards the hatch, irritated, ROSIE looks at him strangely, goes below.

161 INT. BOAT COMPARTMENT DAY

ROSIE enters the small cabin. Standard props throughout: fishing gaffs, tins of food, etc. ROSIE removes her skirt and blouse, spots a hook on the wall. She hangs her blouse up - it slides off. She picks it up tries again, this time hooking it securely, pulling down hard. Suddenly - a wall panel flips open - she stops dead, looks:

162 CLOSE ON EXPOSED WALL PANEL

Inside the exposed panel is a highly sophisticated radio, short-wave set-up, tiny radar screen, etc. Under it, sticking out menacingly - the butt of a gun.

163 EXT. DECK OF FISHING BOAT

BOND is facing out to sea, sitting in the stern, has his fishing rod over the side. The BOATMAN stands behind, reaching an arm around either side of BOND's neck, ostensibly helping him with the reel.

ROSIE (V.O.)

(trembling)

Stop right there. Turn around slowly. Keep your hands up.

164 WIDER ANGLE

BOATMAN turns slowly, amazed, raises his hands. ROSIE stands facing him in bra and panties, a gun in one hand, a large radio tube in the other which she grandly flips over the side.

ROSIE

And that - takes care of your radio, mister. Get him, James.

BOND sighs, half-turns in his seat.

BOND

As I was saying, Quarrel. A lousy agent. But the compensations speak for themselves.

ROSIE totally confused.

BOND

Rosie Carver - meet the man who shares my hairbrush - Quarrel, Jr. His father and I locked horns with a Doctor named No several years ago.

QUARREL smiles, reaches out to a regretful ROSIE, deflects the aim of her gun, still pointing at his stomach.

ROSIE

I'm really sorry ... I could have shot you.

QUARREL

(taking the gun)

You might have even killed me if you'd taken off the safety catch.

BOND

Never mind, darling. Just let us know when we get to the spot where Baines was killed.

ROSIE

It's up in the hills ...

(pointing off)

Just after we clear this next cove.

ROSIE exits below decks. BOND starts to say something to QUARREL, wheels back around in his seat as his fishing line jumps. QUARREL locks off, points.

QUARREL

Shark ...

185 ANGLE ON OCEAN AND SHARK BOND'S POV

A large shark at the other end of BOND's fishing line, its jaws opening and closing, fighting the hook fiercely.

166 BACK TO BOND AND QUARREL

QUARREL raises the gun to shoot, suddenly thinks better of it, reaches down into a small locker.

167 INSERT SHOT LOCKER

QUARREL's hands remove a strange-looking stubby gun with a fat barrel - resembling a flare pistol. Next to it: an open box full of oddly-shaped pellets, each with a puncture pin attached at the top.

168 BACK TO BOND AND QUARREL

QUARREL grabs BOND's fishing rod, hands him the gun, tosses him a pellet. BOND examines the gun and pellet curiously, looks up.

BOND

Gas?

QUARREL

Just give it a try, mon. But wait
till he opens his mouth again ...

169 CLOSE ON BOND

Figuring out the gun quickly. He loads the pellet.

170 CLOSE ON SHARK

Fighting the line. Its huge jaws open.

171 BACK TO BOND

BOND takes careful aim - fires.

172 CLOSE ON SHARK

The pellet flies through its open jaws - the impact
knocks it back off the line, which snaps. CAMERA HOLDS
ON shark as it suddenly begins to inflate to several
times normal size, the huge balloon-like fish now
disappearing in the wake of the fishing boat.

173 BACK TO BOND AND QUARREL

BOND watches, fascinated, looks up at QUARREL.

QUARREL

And no blood. Nothing to
attract the others.

BOND

Wait till Q hears about this.
He'll ...

BOND stops, having spotted something. CAMERA PANS UP
AND OFF to a jutting point which looms up at the near
end of the cove. At the top: a regal-looking, solitary
house, flush with the cliffside, save for a small
terrace. CAMERA ZOOMS UP AND IN on the house.

QUARREL (V.O.)

The house of Kananga's woman. She
supposed to have the power of the
obeah. No one on the island dare
go up there - except him.

BOND smiles privately, looks off at the house.

174 INT. SOLITAIRE'S HOUSE THROUGH WINDOW DAY

The fishing boat seen speeding around the point from inside the house. CAMERA PULLS BACK, PANS: We are in a long room, bizarrely decorated with statues and paintings, all pertaining to the Occult. The floors are polished marble. At the far end of the room, behind a large desk in what could almost be described as a throne area - SOLITAIRE, spreads out her cards in front of her.

175 CLOSE ON DESK TOP AND CARDS

SOLITAIRE's hands turn over a Tarot Card on the desk: THE KNIGHT OF THE SWORDS.

SOLITAIRE'S VOICE

He comes again. He is prepared.

176 WIDER ANGLE ON SOLITAIRE

For the first time, we see a small speaker, at the edge of the desk. KANANGA'S VOICE is heard through it.

KANANGA'S VOICE

By land or water?

177 INT. KANANGA'S OFFICE DAY

KANANGA sits behind his desk in his elegantly furnished Prime Ministerial office, an identical speaker directly in front of him. SOLITAIRE'S VOICE is heard through it.

SOLITAIRE'S VOICE

Water.

178 INSERT SHOT TAROT CARD

SOLITAIRE's hands turn over another Tarot Card - it is THE CHARIOT - an armed General in a chariot, ready for battle.

179 BACK TO KANANGA

KANANGA listens intently, concerned but confident.

SOLITAIRE'S VOICE

He would travel through lands which are not his. Take that which does not belong to him.

180 EXT. COVE AND BOAT HIGH ANGLE

Seen from a high angle: the little fishing boat seen putting into a long boat wharf near a small, bushy island.

181 INT. SOLITAIRE'S HOUSE

SOLITAIRE

(into speaker)

He has arrived. He will travel by land.

KANANGA'S VOICE

(through speaker)

Good. Rosie's been more efficient than I anticipated.

182 EXT. BOAT WHARF DAY

BOND helps ROSIE off the fishing boat as QUARREL looks on.

ROSIE

(to Bond)

I know a place here where I can rustle up a car.

BOND

Beautiful, brave, and now resourceful. Rosie, you seem to be staging a remarkable comeback.

183 INT. SOLITAIRE'S HOUSE

KANANGA'S VOICE

(through speaker)

Tell me of the future.

SOLITAIRE shuts her eyes, trembles, turns over a card, looks.

184 INSERT SHOT TAROT CARD

The card is THE LOVERS.

185 INT. KANANGA'S OFFICE

KANANGA waits impatiently by his speaker.

KANANGA

Is it death?

SOLITAIRE'S VOICE
(softly - through speaker)
It is death.

KANANGA grins, flips off speaker, picks up phone.

KANANGA
(into phone)
They're coming. Rosie knows what
to do. I want no bodies this time
- no trace.

186 EXT. ISLAND MOUNTAIN AREA

An old car rumbles its way up a steep road with
cliffs falling off on both sides, comes to an inter-
section. One road leads up into the hills - the other
down. The car starts up, suddenly stops.

187 INT. CAR BOND AND ROSIE

BOND, driving, has stopped, looks at ROSIE who points
down the hill.

ROSIE
It's down there ...

BOND
But I thought you said Baines was
killed up in the hills, darling.

ROSIE
(self-conscious smile)
Up in the hills - down there.

BOND
Oh.
(pause)
Well. Why don't we have a bite of
lunch and discuss it?
(Rosie about to speak)
There's an excellent pate in the
hamper.
(she hesitates)
I'm in no hurry. Are you?

ROSIE gives a nervous smile, shakes her head. BOND
drives off. As car passes OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS,
PUSHES IN on bushes in ROSIE's former eyeline, behind
BOND's head: A Baron Samedi scarecrow.

188 EXT. CLEARING AND GAZEBO CLOSE ON FOOD

CAMERA PANS up a trail of pate, french bread, cheese,
wine, and women's clothes, all running parallel to

ROSIE's bare legs, stops at BOND, lying half on top of her. They are locked in a kiss, spread out on the ground next to a beautiful gazebo in a clearing. ROSIE wears BOND's shirt - nothing else. His jacket lies nearby. He reaches over to it as they break.

ROSIE

(dreamily)

Oh, James ... you don't know what finding you has meant to me ...

BOND

I can imagine. But do you know what finding this has meant to me?

The Tarot Card flashes INTO FRAME - BOND holding it: The Queen of Cups, upside-down. ROSIE's eyes widen.

BOND

Do you know what the Queen of Cups means in an upside-down position? A deceitful, perverse woman, a liar and a cheat.

(she sits up, frightened)

I want some answers - now.

ROSIE

(now terrified)

Please ... you don't understand ... They'll kill me if I do.

BOND pulls out his gun, sticks it next to her ear.

BOND

And I'll kill you if you don't.

ROSIE

(tears forming)

But you couldn't ... you wouldn't ... not after what we've just done.

BOND

Well I certainly wouldn't have killed you before.

ROSIE sits up, looks off: her mouth twitches. BOND looks off.

189

ANGLE ON SAMEDI SCARECROW BOND'S POV

A scarecrow version of Baron Samedi, now planted directly at the start of the road leading up the hill.

190 BACK TO BOND AND ROSIE

BOND glances at the scarecrow, half-amused, then back at the panic-stricken ROSIE.

BOND
It used to be a convincing act,
Rosie. It's worn a little thin
by now.

ROSIE
It's not an act ... they ...

BOND
(cocks gun hammer)
Make your choice.

191 WIDER ANGLE

ROSIE suddenly jumps up, starts to run.

BOND
Rosie!

BOND rises quickly, looks: ROSIE suddenly jumps off the side of the road, disappears from view.

192 EXT. ROAD

BOND runs to the edge of the road, looks down.

193 ANGLE ON ROSIE AND STONE QUARRY

ROSIE's body lies broken and mangled in a stone quarry some hundred feet below.

194 BACK TO BOND

Looking down, not believing what he's just seen. He steps back, stares down at the Tarot card, then looks up and off.

195 INT. SOLITAIRE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT CLOSE ON
KANANGA

CAMERA CLOSE ON the deadly cold face of DR. KANANGA.

KANANGA
You will explain what went wrong.

196 WIDER ANGLE

KANANGA sits in a chair in SOLITAIRE's living room, TEE-HEE standing by his side. Her cards are spread

out in front of her. She turns one over, slightly nervous, looks across at KANANGA.

SOLITAIRE

I see ... the intervention of a woman. The girl must have confessed to him.

KANANGA

(insistent)

The trap was set. Tee-Hee was waiting, and you saw Death! You told me ...

SOLITAIRE

It must have been the girl's death.

(Kananga skeptical)

If you do not ask specific questions I cannot be responsible for your misinterpretation of the answers.

KANANGA rises slowly, stares deeply into her.

KANANGA

These growing signs of impertinence begin to disturb me, Solitaire. Even as they did with your mother before you. She lost the power and was destroyed. You will not make the same mistake. Now tell me - where is Bond?

SOLITAIRE, frightened, turns over a card, looks down. CAMERA PUSHES IN on her face - she can't believe what she sees.

197 EXT. OCEAN AND FISHING BOAT NIGHT

QUARREL stands on the bridge of the fishing boat, speeding along at a fast clip. He calmly smokes a cigarette, pushes down harder on the throttle, turns, looks back, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. At the stern of the boat - a line trails out and up into the air. At the other end of the line, some hundred feet up in the air, framed by the moonlight, BOND hangs suspended from a water-skiing kite, now picks up altitude with the increasing speed of the boat.

198 CLOSE ON BOND IN AIR

Hanging on calmly, immaculately dressed. He looks ahead.

199 AIR ANGLE ON SOLITAIRE'S LAWN BOND'S POV

The patch of lawn near SOLITAIRE's house getting closer and closer. An armed GUARD stands near the edge. BOND has picked up enough altitude to clear the cliff, now manoeuvres for more height.

200 BACK TO SOLITAIRE'S FACE

Still not believing what she sees, KANANGA presses in closer.

KANANGA

Where is Bond!

SOLITAIRE

I ... cannot see when you are this way with me. Things become ... unclear.

KANANGA

Let us hope these momentary lapses do not become a habit. Your power exists to serve me and is mine to control. If and when I decide the time has come for you to lose it ...

(pause - smile)

I myself will take it away.

SOLITAIRE looks down, resigned. TEE-HEE eyes her coldly, begins to snap his pincers impatiently. KANANGA's eyes flick to him, then back to SOLITAIRE.

KANANGA

It is no matter. Mr. Bond is ours in any case. He cannot be far away.

201 EXT. SOLITAIRE'S LAWN NIGHT CLOSE ON GUARD

BOND's shoes slam into either side of the GUARD's neck, stunning him, then push him silently off the edge of the cliff.

202 CLOSE ON BOND

He detaches himself from the harness, falls to the ground, rises, adjusts his tie, smooths his hair, starts for the house.

203 BACK TO SOLITAIRE'S LIVING ROOM

KANANGA looks at the still-silent SOLITAIRE with angry tolerance.

KANANGA

Go to sleep, Solitaire. You have made me angry with you, and I have no wish to be. Tee-Hee ...

They turn, leave. CAMERA HOLDS on the unsettled SOLITAIRE.

204 EXT. SOLITAIRE'S HOUSE NIGHT

KANANGA and TEE-HEE stride quickly through the narrow courtyard, across a narrow bridge which spans a moat.

205 CLOSER ON THEM

TEE-HEE

(flashing his pincers)

Maybe some persuasion of a different kind would help to keep her in her place.

KANANGA

If you ever so much as graze the skin of that woman, Tee-Hee - I will have your other arm cut off and let you watch it being eaten - here.

KANANGA looks down into moat.

206 CLOSE ON MOAT

It is filled with crocodiles.

207 BACK TO THEM

TEE-HEE still grins, but the beads of sweat on his face are unmistakable. He follows KANANGA off the far end of the bridge, They head for KANANGA's limousine.

208 INT. SOLITAIRE'S OCCULT ROOM NIGHT CLOSE ON CARDS

Several Tarot Cards - all connotating destruction and violence. At the end of the row - Death. The rest of the Tarot is spread across the table all face down.

SOLITAIRE (V.O.)

Put down the cards. It is a blasphemy. They tell nothing to those who cannot see.

209 WIDER ANGLE OCCULT ROOM

SOLITAIRE faces BOND, who sits behind her desk in the

throne-like seat, smiles, returns to the cards as she advances angrily.

BOND

Ah, but they do. And it's a bit of good luck for both of us.

(she looks at him)

The cards. They say that you and I will be lovers.

210 EXTREME CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

Her face is suddenly frozen - stunned.

211 BACK TO THEM

BOND watches carefully - realizes he's guessed correctly. SOLITAIRE tries to regain her composure.

SOLITAIRE

You are ... mistaken. It is impossible ... forbidden ... for me to ...

BOND

But you do believe - really believe - in the cards.

SOLITAIRE

They have never lied to me.

BOND

Then they will not lie now. Pick one.

SOLITAIRE hesitates, unwilling to pick. BOND stares at her evenly. She reaches out with a trembling hand.

212 CLOSE ON TABLE AND CARDS

SOLITAIRE's fingers skim the tops of the face-down cards like a divining rod. She stops, picks one, turns it over: THE LOVERS.

213 BACK TO SCENE

BOND smiles, moves around to the front of the desk where SOLITAIRE stands, rooted to the spot. He gently puts his arms around her shoulders - a body-length shudder passes through her. She trembles, looks up at BOND like a child asking for mercy.

BOND

You knew the answer before it was given and strangely enough - somehow - so did I.

He softly brings his lips down to meet hers. Her reaction is wooden at first, then gradually progresses to warmth, then to passion, as BOND pours it on. He now encircles her with one arm, reaches behind to the desk with the other.

214 CLOSE ON DESK TOP

BOND's hand slowly sweeps the Tarot cards toward the edge of the desk. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they plunge into a wastebasket, most of them turning over, face-up. They are all LOVERS CARDS.

215 INT. SOLITAIRE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The room is as bizarrely decorated as the rest of the house. BOND and SOLITAIRE lie in bed, post-coitus. BOND looks lazily over at SOLITAIRE, who stares straight up at the ceiling.

SOLITAIRE

So it has finally happened. Just as it did to my mother and her mother before her.

BOND

Well of course it did. You're visual proof of that. Please try to buck up, darling. There's a first time for everyone. Now tell me. Where is Kananga?

She looks at him, her eyes glazing over with tears.

SOLITAIRE

I ... cannot see ...

BOND

Cannot ... ah, of course. Your cards. You need your cards. Well then ...

BOND slides out of bed. SOLITAIRE takes his arm firmly.

SOLITAIRE

No.

BOND

(turning curiously)

There's nothing to be frightened of. You'll be rid of him soon. I just need a bit of ... information, that's all.

SOLITAIRE

The power. I have lost it.

BOND sits bolt upright, looks at her. She turns away.

SOLITAIRE

The High Priestess is Wife to
The Prince No Longer Of This World.
The Spiritual Bridge of the Secret
Church. It was my fate. By compelling
me to earthly love, the cards them-
selves have taken away my power.

BOND can't believe it. He thinks, finally decides.

BOND

Darling, I have a small confession
to make. Now try not to get upset.

(she looks at him)

The deck was - slightly stacked in
my favour.

SOLITAIRE

It makes no difference. The physical
violation cannot be undone.

(turns away)

And once he discovers I no longer
have the power - he will kill me.

BOND

(pause - upset)

All right. Lover's Lesson Number one:
We have no secrets. For example. I
have a boat waiting. You can be on
it. All I need to know before we
leave is what goes on back there in
Voodoland.

SOLITAIRE looks away silently.

BOND

(increasing anger)

Three men and a girl have been killed
in the last four days. Not counting
the times they've tried to stop me
from discovering ...

(she looks back)

Whatever Kananga is protecting.

SOLITAIRE

I simply read the cards for him. He
has never taken me back there and I
have never dared to go. But I have
looked in the cards - and seen riches
there.

BOND
In the water?

SOLITAIRE
On the land.

BOND nods, quickly gets out of bed, starts dressing.

SOLITAIRE
They will kill you.

BOND
Us, darling. They will kill us.
Lover's Lesson Number Two: together-
ness. Till death do us part - or
thereabouts.

SOLITAIRE reaches out, takes his arm, looks up hopefully.

SOLITAIRE
Is there time ... before we leave
... for Lesson Number Three?

BOND
(pause - smile)
Absolutely ...
(unbuttons his shirt)
After all, there's no sense in
going off half-cocked, is there.

216 EXT. ENTRANCE TO VOODOOLAND DAWN

CAMERA CLOSE ON SCARECROW BARON SAMEDI, grinning down in the eerie half-light. CAMERA PULLS BACK: BOND and SOLITAIRE stand under the scarecrow, at the intersection. BOND looks up, smiles at a nervous SOLITAIRE. They walk up the hill.

217 BOND AND SOLITAIRE TRAVELLING SHOT

They walk quickly down trails through the sugar cane, moving towards the horizon, making their way past another scarecrow Baron Samedi. CAMERA FOLLOWS as BOND and SOLITAIRE turn a corner of the trail leading to a cemetery, suddenly stop as the lilting sound of a calypso flute is heard.

218 ANGLE ON SAMEDI BOND'S POV

Lying lazily against a tombstone, playing a gay, solitary tune on a calypso flute - the BARON SAMEDI DANCER we saw at the hotel. He stops playing as he

sees BOND and SOLITAIRE, rises slowly, gives a deep bow with a wide grin.

SAMEDI DANCER

(to Bond)

Mornin' Boss. Sure gonna be a beautiful day, boss. Yassah, a beautiful day ...

BOND nods, passes. SOLITAIRE looks at SAMEDI DANCER, terrified, gives him a high sign.

219 CLOSE ON SAMEDI

SAMEDI settles back against the tombstone, continues to play his flute. CAMERA ZOOMS IN tight on the instrument. His fingers push down on the flute's final stop. A tiny microphone pops up.

SAMEDI

(into microphone)

They're heading for the hill.

220 INT. KANANGA'S OFFICE DAY

KANANGA

(into receiving set)

Wait. I am sure she will find a way to bring him to you.

221 EXT. SLOPING HILL CLOSE ON SAMEDI SCARECROW

CAMERA CLOSE ON SAMEDI SCARECROW - the eyes are solid glass. They rotate, as CAMERA PANS - they are following BOND and SOLITAIRE, who have arrived at the edge of a sloping hill.

222 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM DAWN

TEE-HEE and WHISPER watch BOND and SOLITAIRE on a video screen. The room is filled with sophisticated equipment. Through an open door, another room is seen with Voodoo costumes, including a Baron Samedi one. TEE-HEE talks on the phone.

TEE-HEE

They're here. What do we do?

KANANGA'S VOICE

(over phone)

If he finds it, take no chances.
Kill him.

223 BACK TO BOND AND SOLITAIRE

They look down the hill at the lush foliage. SOLITAIRE gestures - shrugs - that's all there is. BOND, curious, walks a bit further down the hill, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He suddenly turns, surprised, looks: As the foliage slopes down, it has become higher in relation to BOND - it is camouflage - a thin top layer of foliage supported by poles which grow increasingly longer as they spread down to shore. BOND looks inside.

224 ANGLE ON POPPY FLOWERS BOND'S POV

Under the camouflage - a never-ending field of white flowers in neatly arranged rows.

225 BACK TO BOND

He backs out, looks up at SOLITAIRE. Suddenly, there is a bright light and the rear of a helicopter. BOND looks up.

226 ANGLE ON BOND FROM HELICOPTER

The helicopter searchlight has zeroed in on BOND through the dawn dimness. BOND looks quickly back at SOLITAIRE. She freezes for a second, then half-tumbles down the hill to join him as they run for the edge of the camouflage netting - the helicopter opens fire with a machine gun - bullet holes rip through the netting as BOND and SOLITAIRE disappear underneath.

227 ANGLE UNDER NETTING

BOND shoves SOLITAIRE down on the ground, lies on top of her, shielding her with his body as bullets fly all around them.

228 INT. HELICOPTER LOOKING DOWN

The camouflage netting fans out in all directions. CAMERA PANS TO PILOT, who speaks into radio.

PILOT

We lost him. He has the girl.
They're somewhere in the field ...

229 INT. KANANGA'S OFFICE DAY

KANANGA

(trembling with rage)
At any cost - any - Bond must die!

He slams down the phone in disgust.

230 ANGLE ON ROAD UNDER NETTING BOND AND SOLITAIRE

BOND and SOLITAIRE have reached the end of one position of the camouflage netting, peer out from between the sugar cane across the road. CAMERA PANS: a small canteen and BUS STOP. A double-decker bus stands waiting to make its morning run. The BUS DRIVER sits at a table in the canteen, drinking coffee with several other people. CAMERA PANS BACK TO BOND, who looks at SOLITAIRE, nods.

BOND

Now!

They burst out of the sugar cane, run across the road, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Suddenly, the roar of engines is heard behind them. BOND turns, looks.

231 ANGLE ON MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN

TWO MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN roar around the corner, spot BOND and SOLITAIRE as they disappear around the far side of the bus. The POLICEMEN stop, look at each other, nod, dismount, draw their guns, start for the bus from either side.

232 ANGLE ON REAR END OF BUS

As ONE POLICEMAN advances from the rear. SOLITAIRE suddenly emerges from around the side, dives on - alone. POLICEMAN looks around for BOND, confused. The bus suddenly starts up, roars off.

233 INT. BUS CAB

BOND is in the driver's seat, floors the accelerator as OTHER POLICEMAN pops into view directly in front. BOND aims bus for him as POLICEMAN raises gun, fires, leaps out of the way. BOND ducks as the bullet smashes through the windshield.

234 WIDE ANGLE

The bus careens off down the road as BUS DRIVER runs out of canteen, yelling. POLICEMEN race off for their motorcycles, hop on, speed off in pursuit.

235 INT. BUS CAB

BOND has pushed the bus to top speed, glances into side mirror - the MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN are gaining. BOND

looks through windshield: the road directly ahead is covered with water from huge sprinklers watering vegetation by the roadside - back to side mirror - the POLICEMEN are almost parallel to the bus now.

236 CLOSE ON BRAKE

BOND's foot suddenly slams down hard on the brake.

237 WIDE ANGLE BUS

The bus skids hard, screams around in a complete 360 degree revolution, whapping both motorcycles hard, sending the POLICEMEN flying in the air off either side of the road.

238 INT. BUS SOLITAIRE

SOLITAIRE flies around inside the bus, hanging on to a pole.

239 BACK TO CAB AND BOND

Having made a complete revolution, BOND roars off again in the direction he was going originally. He looks into side mirror - a POLICE CAR, several hundred yards back, is now rapidly gaining on him. BOND looks through windshield - a half-mile ahead - another POLICE CAR heading straight down the road for him. BOND slams on the brakes again.

240 WIDER ANGLE BUS AND BOND

The bus makes a 180 degree-turn this time, now heads directly at the POLICE CAR which was following it. BOND aims his bud dead-on for the car which serves at the last second to avoid him, driving off the road, up an embankment, and crashing into a tree.

241 EXT. CANTEEN AREA

BOND roars the bus past the canteen he originally started from. The angry BUS DRIVER runs out to yell at him, jumps out of the way as POLICE CAR speeds by after BOND.

242 BACK TO CAB AND BOND

BOND looks nervously in his side mirror at the rapidly gaining POLICE CAR. Suddenly - looking up as he rounds a bend: a bridge with large sign: CAUTION - LOW CLEARANCE - NINE FEET

243 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

She sees the approaching bridge and sign, closes her eyes.

244 WIDER SHOT BRIDGE

As the bus slams into the bridge - the top deck is completely and cleanly shorn off - it flies backwards through the air, dropping over the pursuing POLICE CAR, completely covering it. The car with bus top over it crashes into the side of the bridge with a sickening crunch as BOND's bus continues on.

245 BACK TO BOND

He speeds down the road, in his now open-air bus, glances back at a petrified SOLITAIRE, looks ahead and off to the right, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. The jetty - boats and fishermen - QUARREL's boat at the end.

246 ANGLE ON BUS DOWN JETTY QUARREL'S POV

QUARREL watches in amazement as BOND veers the bus onto the jetty, roars down it, screaming FISHERMEN diving off in all directions.

QUARREL

Sweet Mother of Pearl ...

He grabs a machete from the bottom of his boat, starts hacking off his mooring lines.

247 INT. BUS

The bus is rapidly approaching the end of the jetty. BOND turns in cab, yells back at a terrified SOLITAIRE.

BOND

End of the line! All change.

248 WIDE ANGLE

BOND slams on the brakes, the bus skids neatly to a stop just inches from the end of the jetty in front of a thunderstruck QUARREL, waiting in his boat. BOND and SOLITAIRE leap out of the bus, jump aboard.

249 EXT. QUARREL'S BOAT DECK

BOND and SOLITAIRE come aboard.

BOND
 (to Solitaire)
 Get below!
 (to Quarrel)
 Gun it, man! Gun it!

QUARREL wheels, flips open a panel on the bridge near the main throttle.

250 CLOSE ON PANEL

Two shiny, steel throttles. QUARREL yanks them down, hard.

251 ANGLE ON STERN OF QUARREL'S BOAT

The stern end of the boat lurches down into the water. The small craft takes off like a bat - super PT strength.

252 WIDER ANGLE COVE

The little fishing boat squirts quickly out of the cove.

253 INT. KANANGA'S OFFICE DAY

KANANGA slams down the phone in a rage.

254 BACK TO BOAT BRIDGE BOND AND QUARREL

BOND and QUARREL stand on the bridge, water spray flying across their faces as they zoom over the water.

BOND
 How quickly can we make it to New Orleans?

QUARREL
 Santa Mina's four hours away. You can catch a flight and be there in the morning.

BOND
 Get in touch with Felix on the scrambler. Tell him to meet me there tomorrow. Royal Orleans Hotel.

QUARREL
 Tampa's closer.

BOND
 Hamilton was killed in New Orleans. There's got to be a connection and that's a valuable piece of merchandise we're carrying down there. With any luck they'll want it back.

BOND disappears down the hatch.

255 INT. FISHING BOAT CABIN NIGET

BOND enters the tiny cabin. SOLITAIRE sits on a cot, a blanket wrapped around her, huddled against the wall. She looks at him, frightened, suddenly leaps up, grabs him, holds on tightly.

SOLITAIRE

Oh, James ...

(they kiss, break.

She looks up, terrified)

He will be looking for me now. He will never stop. He ...

BOND

Ssshh ... quite now, darling. It's all over. Poppy fields. A simple matter of heroin smuggling. I'll just have a word or two with a man named Felix, turn the case over to him, and then you and I are off for ... where would you like to go?

SOLITAIRE looks back over at the cot, smiles.

SOLITAIRE

Anywhere where we can find one of those.

BOND grins, takes her in his arms, kisses her, slowly lowers her onto the cot. He reaches for the fold in her blanket, opens it. They wrap themselves in each other.

256 EXT. SIGN - NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT DAY

The sea plane makes its landing on a runway. CAMERA PANS across airport terminal to sign: NEW ORLEANS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

257 EXT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT

BOND and SOLITAIRE, luggageless, walk out of the airport, hop into the first of a long line of Yellow Cabs.

258 INT. CAB

BOND

(to Driver)

Royal Orleans Hotel, please.

The DRIVER flips the meter. They start off.

259 EXT. AIRPORT AND CAB

CAMERA FOLLOWS as cab starts out of the airport - passing a sign: NEW ORLEANS - with an arrow - but heading around it in another direction.

260 BACK TO CAB

BOND
(noticing - suspicious)
Is this the way to ...

DRIVER
Sure beats hell out of Harlem down here, don't it though?

BOND looks up into rear-view mirror, freezes.

261 ANGLE ON REAR MIRROR BOND'S POV

DRIVER looks back, smiles. The same DRIVER from Harlem.

DRIVER
Well, hello, Jim. What's happening, baby?

262 BACK TO BOND

BOND reaches for his gun - simultaneously, a bullet-proof shield shoots up, separating him from the DRIVER. Two "clicks" are heard. BOND tries the doors. He's locked in. DRIVER speaks to him through an intercom.

DRIVER
Just ease back now, Jim, and rest your bones. Mr. Big wants to see you.

263 EXT. AIRPORT AND CAB

The cab pulls up to the private plane section of the airport, veers off to a set of hangars. In front of the last hangar: a sleek, black, private jet. Past it a sign: BLEEKER'S FLYING SCHOOL, then the building itself, with training plane in front.

264 CLOSE ON HANGAR AND BLACK JET

The cab pulls up to the jet on the runway. Inside the hangar are several cars with assorted HEAVIES,

led by a dapper, cool, YOUNG MAN (ADAM). They exit, walk up to the plane as BOND and SOLITAIRE are let out.

265 CLOSER ON BOND AND SOLITAIRE

DRIVER takes BOND's gun, hands it to ADAM.

ADAM

You made a mistake back on that island, Bond. You took something that didn't belong to you. Took it from a friend of Mr. Big. That's the kind of mistake it's tough to bounce back from.

CAMERA TILTS UP to cockpit of private jet, its engines running. PILOT talks on radio. BOND locks up at the plane pleasantly.

BOND

But I've only just arrived.

DRIVER

Today's your lucky day, Jim. You're going skydiving.

ADAM

There's a hell of a view of the lake from ten thousand feet.

BOND winces at the thought, turns to SOLITAIRE.

SOLITAIRE

(with loathing)

My only regret is I won't be there to see it.

She swings at him hard - in an instant, BOND ducks, rolls under the low-slung belly of the plane, streaks off into the hangar. The HEAVIES run around the plane in pursuit.

266 INT. HANGAR

BOND runs through a door at the side of the hangar, slams it shut. Bullets thud into it from the pursuing HEAVIES.

267 CAMERA FOLLOWING BOND

CAMERA FOLLOWS AS BOND streaks through a small passage-way, breaks out the other side, stops, looks. CAMERA PANS: The Bleeker Flying School. Directly in front:

a small, propeller training plane, its engine running, one helmeted pilot visible in the two-seater cockpit.
 BOND races for it, climbs up on the wing.

268 CLOSER ON TRAINER PLANE AND COCKPIT.

BOND jumps into the cockpit, looks at the other pilot:
 An old lady, some seventy years old, with a sweet face
 and flying scarf. She looks at BOND, confused.

BOND

Good morning. You're ...

GRANNY

Mrs. Bell. You're not my
 instructor. Where's Mr. Bleeker?

BOND

(settling in)

Indisposed. I'll be giving the lesson.

BOND smiles at her quickly, then looks back.

269 ANGLE ON HANGAR DOOR BOND'S POV

The HEAVIES busting through the door, guns drawn,
 heading for the training plane.

270 BACK TO BOND

MRS. BELL

What's on for today?

BOND

For today - let's just wing it,
 shall we, Mrs. Bell?

271 WIDER SHOT PLANE

BOND wheels the plane quickly out of the hangar area,
 across a stretch of grass, heading towards a runway.

272 BACK TO HEAVIES

They turn, run for their cars.

273 INT. COCKPIT BOND AND MRS. BELL

BOND is wheeling the plane into position for take-off.

MRS. BELL

But you didn't check your flaps ...
 you're supposed to call the tower
 ... honestly, young man ...

BOND smiles, guns it down the runway.

MRS. BELL

But this is the runway for ...

BOND freezes, looks ahead.

274 WIDER ANGLE ON RUNWAY AHEAD

Two private planes preparing to land on the same runway BOND is taking off from.

275 BACK TO BOND

Wincing, turning around, looking behind him.

MRS. BELL

You haven't filed a flight plan,
you're over-revving and your fuel
mixture ...

276 ANGLE BEHIND BOND'S POV

Two HEAVY cars, speeding down the runway after him in
pursuit. Behind them, the black jet.

277 BACK TO BOND

Thinking madly, glances over at Mrs. Bell.

MRS. BELL

Well, don't look at me, young man.
You're the one who's supposed to be
giving the lesson.

278 WIDE ANGLE RUNWAY

At the last second, BOND takes a hard-left turn off
the runway onto the grass - the two landing planes
and HEAVY cars meet head-on, sending each other
spinning around like tops in a screech of colliding
metal. The black jet has slammed on its brakes,
narrowly avoiding the mishap. BOND has made a complete
U-turn, now heads back down runway in the other
direction.

279 CLOSE ON BLACK JET

As BOND taxis past quickly. PILOT wheels his jet
around with a determined look, follows.

280 INT. BLACK JET

PILOT in jet is gaining fast on BOND.

281 WIDE ANGLE HANGAR

BOND is almost parallel with the hangar where he started, two HEAVY cars looming up in front of him. He snap-turns towards the hangar doors. The first HEAVY car swerves, crashes into the next HEAVY car, slamming both of them into the outside hangar wall.

282 INT. BOND'S PLANE

Heading straight for the hangar doors. They are only open six feet. MRS. BELL sits wide-eyed, suddenly stunned.

MRS. BELL

Holy shit ...

Her jaw drops slack. She faints dead away.

283 ANGLE ON HANGAR DOORS

BOND's plane hits the narrow doorway opening, shearing off both wings, continuing on through.

284 INT. HANGAR

BOND's plane speeds by a long row of crates set out from the wall some six feet. Behind the crates - more HEAVIES, firing at BOND. He swivels his wingless plane around, heads straight for them.

285 ANGLE ON CRATE ALLEY

BOND steams up the narrow alley in his six-foot wide plane, heads right into the HEAVIES with his whirring propeller as they dive over crate tops to avoid him. The plane continues on out hangar door.

286 CLOSER ON BOND'S PLANE

BOND's plane veers, heads crazily off towards the runway barrier fence.

287 CLOSE ON BOND

As the barrier fence looms up ahead, BOND fiddles with the controls frantically - they won't respond.

288 ANGLE ON PLANE AND FENCE

BOND's plane hits the fence, skidding down along the side, the propeller finally cutting through, dumping the plane down at a forty-five degree angle.

289 CLOSE ON BOND

Hanging upside-down, held in by his seat belt. He looks over at MRS. BELL who moans, starts to come out of her coma.

BOND

(nicely)

Same time tomorrow, Mrs. Bell?

290 EXT. NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on a horse-drawn carriage as it clatters along the narrow streets of the French Quarter. CAMERA PANS with carriage, HOLDS on the front of the Royal Orleans Hotel.

291 INT. ROYAL ORLEANS HOTEL SUIT DAY

CAMERA PANS with TWO WAITERS wheeling a table with Southern fried chicken into the suite. PICKS UP BOND in front of a mirror, TWO TAILORS fussing around him as he tries on a jacket. The chair behind is piled high with shirts and accessories. An exasperated LEITER talks on the phone. BOND glances over at him as TAILOR holds up a particularly bilious tie.

BOND

(to Tailor)

That's a bit flashy ... just the other four, please.

LEITER

(on phone)

Yes, Mr. Bleeker. Yes, sir. I know you just can't glue the wings back on ... Mr. Bleeker, I'm sure there's no reason for name-calling ...

BOND signs bill for WAITERS, who leave. He takes off jacket, hands it to TAILOR.

BOND

Don't forget the double vents. You can bring the rest round this afternoon.

TAILORS bow, leave.

LEITER

(into phone)

Mr. Bleeker, any suggestion of that kind should be forwarded in writing

(MORE)

LEITER (Cont)
to Washington ... no, sir, no
one's questioning your patriotism.
I'm sure you're a veteran, sir ...

BOND
(to Leiter)
Mrs. Bell?

LEITER
(covering receiver)
Intensive care. She'll pull through.
(back to phone)
Yes, Mr. Bleeker, we'll take care
of everything ... thank you, sir.
(hangs up)
Not too bad. Extensive damage to
the hangar, five planes, four cars,
and a forty foot section of fence.
Not to mention giving a seventy-
year-old Granny the worst jolt she's
had since her wedding night. Christ,
James, what a way to sneak into town.

BOND smiles, shrugs. Another phone rings. LEITER
picks it up.

LEITER
(into phone)
Yes, Sam ...
(pause - listens)
Gimme those chemicals again ...
(writes them down)
Good boy. Thanks.
(hangs up - to Bond)
San Monique's been importing
massive amounts to acetone and
acetic anhydride. Used in the
refining of heroin.

BOND
Well at least that's ...

LEITER
Also used for tanning hides, among
a dozen other things. That won't
get us past first base.

LEITER drops his pencil on the desk in disgust. BOND
paces.

BOND
If Mr. Big ...
(stops - turns)
(MORE)

BOND (Cont)

Felix - find out if there's a Fillet of Soul restaurant in town ...

LEITER

James, we're way ahead of you. It's down on Docker Street. Harry's watching it now.

(SCENES 311, 312 - OMITTED)

292 EXT. DOCKER STREET DAY

HARRY STRUTTER checks his watch, looks over the top of the newspaper he holds.

293 ANGLE ON NEW ORLEANS FILLET OF SOUL STRUTTER'S POV

The New Orleans Fillet of Soul, as seen in the pre-credits. CAMERA HOLDS on the neon sign as a slow, dearth, jazz blues is heard in bg.

294 BACK TO STRUTTER

He hears the music, lowers his paper, looks. CAMERA PANS: from around the corner - a funeral procession, exactly like the one in the pre-credit sequence.

295 CLOSE ON STRUTTER

The procession is almost parallel to STRUTTER now. Suddenly, the little old wizened BLACK GENTLEMAN from the pre-credit sequence appears. He shakes his head sadly, wipes away a tear. STRUTTER turns to him, starts to open his mouth.

296 CLOSE ON CORNER BOND AND LEITER

BOND and LEITER get out of a cab on the opposite corner from the restaurant. LEITER pays the DRIVER. The funeral procession passes by. BOND nudges him. LEITER looks, takes off his hat.

LEITER

Hell of send-off.

BOND

(looking off)

Where's Harry?

297 ANGLE ON OPPOSITE CORNER BOND'S POV

The street now deserted - except for one Black Sedan.

298 BACK TO BOND AND LEITER

LEITER

There's his car. He probably went inside.

They start to cross the street.

299 INT. FILLET OF SOUL DAY

BOND and LEITER enter the dimly-lit restaurant. It is only half-full - decorated in deep tones of pink, purple, etc. A Dixieland combo plays on a raised stage. A WAITER comes up.

WAITER

Two?

(Bond nods)

We got a nice booth over there against the wall ...

300 ANGLE ON BOOTH BOND'S POV

Exactly like the one in Harlem which revolved into the wall.

301 BACK TO SCENE

BOND

You ... wouldn't have anything closer to the stage, would you?

WAITER nods, leads them to a table in front of the stage. They sit.

302 CLOSER ON TABLE

The WAITER whips out his order pad.

BOND

A Martini, please. Very ...

LEITER

Two mint juleps.

WAITER nods, leaves.

LEITER

A Martini in New Orleans. Where's your sense of adventure?

BOND gives LEITER a tolerant look. The WAITER returns.

WAITER

One of you guys named Felix Leiter?
 (Leiter nods)
 There's a phone call for you, Felix.
 Fella called Strutter.

LEITER

Thanks.
 (rising - to Bond)
 For a moment there I thought Harry
 was laying down on the job ...

LEITER leaves. The lights begin to dim as the Combo
 leaves the stage. An ANNOUNCER's voice is heard:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Ladies and Gents. Presenting at
 great expense to the management.
 This week only - Sister Love!

The lights go out.

303 CLOSE ON BOND'S TABLE

Simultaneously: manacles snap out of BOND's chair,
 handcuffing him to the seat. The table and both
 chairs sink into the floor which covers up again
 instantly.

304 WIDER ANGLE

A pinspot light has hit the silver-spangled dress of
 SISTER LOVE onstage. She begins to sing "Live and
 Let Die" as TWO WAITERS roll an identical table onto
 the spot where the other one was, set up two chairs,
 put two mint juleps down. CAMERA PANS: LEITER
 appears, looks at the empty table, then over at the
 WAITER who pulls out his chair for him.

LEITER

(to Waiter)

What ...

WAITER

(pointing to stage)

Sssh ...

LEITER

(low voice)

What happened to my friend?

WAITER

What happened to your phone call?
 What happened to your friend?
 Listen, Ace, I got problems of my own.

The WAITER walks away. LEITER sits, tentatively takes a sip from his julep, looks up at the stage.

305 ANGLE ON STAGE

SISTER LOVE continues to sing "Live and Let die."

306 INT. MR. BIG'S PRIVATE ROOM DAY

CAMERA ANGLE ON BOND - still seated in his chair at the table for two - a dazzling light being trained on him. BOND winces, unable to shield his eyes with his wrists still manacled. A VOICE is heard, dark and menacing.

VOICE

(ominously)

You're a tough dude to nail down,
Bond. For a honky pig. Thanks
for droppin' in.

307 ANGLE ON MR. BIG BOND'S POV

The dazzling light is suddenly shut off. The CAMERA LOOKS FROM BOND'S POV, tries to focus on the MAN talking. Everything is swimming, but we can make out the shape of a MAN in a huge chair. Next to him, the outline of a WOMAN, seated. Another FIGURE stands next to the MAN in the chair, who continues to speak.

VOICE

You been pickin' away at me and my
partners like some kinda maggot.
I mean, first you go and kill one
of my brothers up in Harlem. That
disturbed me. Then I hear you
crashed Baron Samedi's backyard
and messed around with his flowers.
And then TEE-HEE informs me you
stole this fine young lady from my
good friend, Dr. Kananga. Now
that got him real uptight.

The focus is clear: The WOMAN is SOLITAIRE, seated behind a table with a deck of cards in front of her. The STANDING FIGURE by the chair is TEE-HEE, complete with his characteristic grin. The MAN IN THE CHAIR, dressed in wild Mod-Afro clothes, a huge pendant with voodoo symbol hanging from his neck - is MR. BIG.

308 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND has taken in the scene, realizes where he is and with whom. He flashes a look at SOLITAIRE. She is

tense, stares down at the table in front of her. BOND looks back at MR. BIG, smiles.

BOND

Your concern for your partners is most touching, ah ... Mr. Big, isn't it?

MR. BIG

It is. And I do get concerned, I surely do. See, I can't push no smack in the U.S. of A. unless that fine diplomat Dr. Kananga brings it in for me. And he can't bring it in at all unless he gets to grow it nice and private back there where everybody's scared to look.

BOND

I'll admit it's a rather ingenious set-up. But surely you haven't brought me here to write your resume for Who's Who in Black America. What do you want?

MR. BIG

Me? Nothing. But ol' Kananga, see, he's kind of possessive about his chick. He really believes in all that crap about the cards. I tell you, he's mad, baby.

BOND

(glancing at Solitaire)

Possession being nine points of the law - I'd say that's your problem now. I'd watch my step too. Kananga can be a pretty rough customer.

MR. BIG grins, suddenly speaks in a totally different voice - the voice of Kananga.

MR. BIG

You have no idea how rough, Mr. Bond. No idea at all.

MR. BIG smiles, removes wig, peels the scar off his face, detaches a built-up nose, etc., revealing for the first time that he is Kananga. BOND, amazed, settles back in his seat.

BOND

Grower, wholesaler, distributor - and undoubtedly retailer as well.

KANANGA
 (continuing to take
 off make-up)
 Retailer? Sell heroin for money?
 (shakes his head sadly)
 What must you think of me?

BOND
 So sorry to have misjudged you.
 I'm sure you simply give it away.

KANANGA
 Excellent, Mr. Bond! That is
 precisely what I intend to do.
 Five tons of it, to be exact.
 (Bond stunned)
 When entering a fiercely
 competitive market, it's always
 advisable to give away free samples.
 Young or old, rich or poor, man
 or woman, black or white -
 (smiles)
 I don't discriminate.

BOND
 Five ton of pure heroin,
 nationally distributed - for
 nothing.
 (looks up)
 That's going to make a certain
 group of families rather angry,
 wouldn't you say?

KANANGA
 Angry? My dear Mr. Bond, it will
 positively drive them out of business.

BOND
 This magnanimous gesture. Simply
 out of the goodness of your heart,
 I suppose. A sort of junkies'
 welfare system.

KANANGA
 Merely until the number of addicts
 in this country has ... doubled,
 shall we say? Then I begin to
 market the acreage you so
 unceremoniously tromped through
 the other day. That heroin will
 be very expensive indeed.

KANANGA smiles, squashes his fake MR. BIG nose in his
 hand, throws it into the waste basket.

BOND

My congratulations on your disguise. Most effective.

KANANGA

Not nearly so much fun as my friend Baron Samedi's, I'm afraid. I wish you could be there at dawn on the next full moon to see it, but alas, your life span doesn't extend quite that far.

BOND

And here I thought Solitaire did the fortune-telling.

KANANGA

Let us hope for both your sakes she still can.

(quickly)

Did you touch her, Mr. Bond?

BOND

Touch her?

(pause - thinks)

Let me see ... on the boat ... small cabin ... rough seas ... we both got knocked around a bit ...

KANANGA

(slamming his fists down)

Did you touch her!

There is total silence. SOLITAIRE looks down at the table in front of her. BOND pauses, leans back in his chair.

BOND

(quietly)

The proposition was phrased in a hundred ways - the lady's answer was distressingly monotonous - no.

KANANGA wheels to look at SOLITAIRE, her gaze never straying from the table.

SOLITAIRE

He ... tells the truth.

KANANGA's gaze flicks back and forth between the two of them. He turns to BOND, smiles.

KANANGA

That's a particularly handsome watch you're wearing, Mr. Bond. May I see it, please.

BOND

You'll pardon me if I don't get up.

309 CLOSER ON BOND

KANANGA nods to TEE-HEE who moves over to the manacled BOND, removes first his gun, then BOND's watch, using his pincers.

BOND

(looking up)

Some day someone's going to wipe that smile off your face - and I have this funny feeling it's going to be me.

TEE-HEE grins, moves back to KANANGA, hands him the watch.

KANANGA

(to Tee-Hee)

Tee-Hee, please be seated next to Mr. Bond. With the first wrong answer you will snip the little finger off his right hand.

(looks at Bond, smiles)

As the questioning continues, we can then proceed to more ... vital areas.

TEE-HEE moves over to BOND, sits.

310 CLOSE ON PINCERS

The steel pincers encircle the little finger of BOND's manacled right hand.

311 BACK TO KANANGA

KANANGA flips BOND's watch over in his hand, looks at the back side.

312 INSERT SHOT BOND'S WATCH

There is a number: 3266.

KANANGA (V.O.)

Solitaire, my dear. Now I want you to listen very carefully.

313 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

Her face trembling slightly, staring at him.

314 BACK TO WATCH INSERT

With the number 3266.

KANANGA (V.O.)

There is a registration number on Mr. Bond's watch. It is 3266. Do I speak the truth?

315 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

Trying to collect herself. She flashes a look at BOND.

316 ANGLE ON BOND

He looks back at her helplessly. TEE-HEE grins, imperceptibly tightens his grip on BOND's finger.

317 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE

Trembling, realizing she has an even chance. She turns over a card, looks down, closes her eyes.

SOLITAIRE

You speak ... the truth.

318 KANANGA remains impassive, looks at watch, suddenly grins. SOLITAIRE smiles, represses a sigh. KANANGA presses a button near his chair, throws BOND back his watch.

319 CLOSE ON BOND

The manacles on his chair unstrap. He catches the watch, slips it back on, sighs, settles back in his seat. TEE-HEE relaxes.

BOND

Well. Thank goodness that's over.

TEE-HEE's fake arm flashes into frame, clubs him viciously in the back of the neck. BOND collapses face-down on the table.

320 WIDER ANGLE

KANANGA pushes another button by the side of his chair. A side door opens. TWO BLACK HEAVIES appear.

KANANGA

(to Tee-Hee)

Take him down to the farm. If he doesn't get his this time - you will.

TEE-HEE nods. BOND is carried to the door and outside.

321 EXT. NEW ORLEANS ALLEY DAY

CAMERA CLOSE ON the neat, hard face of ADAM, sitting behind the wheel of a car. TEE-HEE gets in next to him in the front. CAMERA PANS BACK: BOND's body is loaded into the back with the HEAVIES. The car roars off.

322 INT. KANANGA'S PRIVATE ROOM

SOLITAIRE primps a bit self-consciously in front of a mirror as KANANGA watches her, riveted. Another door to the room opens: the SAMEDI DANCER appears. Carrying his flute, he drapes himself over a chair in front of SOLITAIRE's card deck, begins to play a lilting calypso tune.

SOLITAIRE

(to Kananga)

When do we start back?

KANANGA

Soon, Solitaire. Soon.

KANANGA nods imperceptibly to SAMEDI. SOLITAIRE notices, turns:

323 CLOSER ON SAMEDI

SAMEDI's hands hold the High Priestess Card over the flame of an incense burner on the table. It catches fire. He passes the flaring card to KANANGA, who lights a cigar with it. KANANGA shakes the card out, only partially burned, lets it fall into an ashtray, shakes his head sadly at a stunned SOLITAIRE.

KANANGA

Why, Solitaire? Why? I treated you well. You lacked for nothing.

SOLITAIRE

(face flushed)

I ... do not understand what ...

KANANGA

Mr. Bond's watch number, my dear. I gave you every break possible. A fifty-fifty chance.

(pause)

You weren't even close.

SOLITAIRE shuts her eyes, dissolves, begins to shake.

SOLITAIRE

I ... had no choice ... please
believe me ... the cards ...

KANANGA

(quietly)
So it is true.

KANANGA's face suddenly twists with rage - he leaps out of the chair, whacks her hard on the side of the head, sends her crashing into the wall, collapsing on her knees, sobbing as he stands over her, almost trembling in his anger.

KANANGA

When the time had come, I myself
would have given you love. You
knew that.

(no answer)
You knew that!

SOLITAIRE

(sobbing)
Don't you see? I had no choice?
I had ...

KANANGA

(ice - to Samedi)
There can be only one proper way
to deal with this.

324 ANGLE ON SAMEDI

SAMEDI reaches down into SOLITAIRE's Tarot Deck, pulls out a card, exposes it: DEATH. He leers horribly.

KANANGA (V.O.)

And one proper time.

SAMEDI reaches back in, pulls out another card, grins again: Now lying next to the Death Card: The Moon.

325 EXT. FENCE AND GATE DAY

The car pulls up to a gate in a long wire fence. An OLD BLACK MAN opens it - the car drives through. CAMERA PANS to a sign hanging some distance down: TRESPASSERS WILL BE EATEN.

326 EXT. SWAMP DIRT ROAD ANGLE ON SHED AND SILO

Car speeds down a swampy dirt road with water on both sides, heads for a large shed at the end with silo

attached. As the car moves along, a strange, log-like object on the road suddenly seems to come to life, scurries off road down into the water. CAMERA PANS, PUSHES IN: It is a crocodile.

327 EXT. SHED DAY

The shed door is opened from inside. A still groggy BOND is hauled out of the car, propped up on his feet, led towards the shed by ADAM and TEE-HEE, passing a long row of skulls stuck on long poles. (Crocodile skulls) BOND's eyes widen. TEE-HEE notices, nicely gestures for BOND to enter the shed. BOND hesitates, feels the presence of ADAM behind, reluctantly enters.

328 INT. SHED DAY TRACKING SHOT

The shed interior is a mini-laboratory operation with SEVERAL WHITE-COATED WORKERS, undetectable from the outside. CAMERA TRACKS DOWN OPERATION with BOND as he is quickly led through by TEE-HEE, ADAM and the other TWO HEAVIES following: Black sausage-shaped objects are being removed from larger, metal torpedo-like casings, ride on a conveyor belt to WORKER who slits them with a knife, lets contents pour into a central funnel machine - the contents are pure, white heroin, about twenty-five pounds of it to each plastic sack. At the base of the funnel, the machine metes out the heroin automatically in two-kilo doses, dumping it into clear, vinyl bags, which are sealed. The bags then ride on a belt into the silo area as CAMERA FOLLOWS where they are taken off the belt, thrown into individual crates, all marked Fillet of Soul, but with different city names: Boston, Denver, Chicago, etc. TEE-HEE speaks with a WORKER as he goes through.

WHITE-COATED WORKER

The tonnage order will be completed by tomorrow morning.

TEE-HEE

We move it out tonight. Be back in a minute.

WORKER nods. TEE-HEE, BOND, ADAM, and HEAVIES have walked through silo door into the sunlight, now close it again.

329 EXT. SILO DAY

As they come out. BOND finds himself at the edge of a swamp. There are several boats tied up to a small pier which looks out over the mangroves and thick

wat4r shrubbery. Turning the corner, TEE-HEE leads him up to a small pen with water pool, stops, looks down.

TEE-HEE

How much you know about crocodiles, Bond?

BOND

I've always tried to keep them at arm's length myself.

TEE-HEE looks up with a grin, sticks his pincers into the water:

330 ANGLE ON WATER

The water is filled with baby crocodiles. As TEE-HEE's pincers enter the water, one of them grabs hold, hangs on.

TEE-HEE (V.O.)

Cute little nippers, ain't they?

331 BACK TO SCENE

BOND has peered in, looks up, around, manages a smile.

BOND

I don't suppose those potential overnight bags are orphans.

TEE-HEE

No, we got a few Moms and Dads as well.
(moves around pen,
BOND following)
A coupla thousand, in fact.

TEE-HEE and BOND have rounded the pen. TEE-HEE gestures out:

332 ANGLE ON CROCODILE SWAMP AND ISLAND BOND'S POV

CAMERA PANS expanse of swamps, mangroves, etc., all dotted with hundreds of crocodiles, some floating in the water, some sunning themselves on banks with their mouths open, etc. - all motionless, in a freeze for a moment. They suddenly come to life. There is a small bridge spanning thirty feet across water to a tiny island, completely cut off from the land.

333 BAND TO BOND AND TEE-HEE CLOSE ON METAL TIN

Just near the entrance to the bridge. TEE-HEE has stopped next to a large, sealed, tin container, leans

down, slits the top open by running his pincers around it. He bends the tin back, revealing a mass of chicken heads which he places on a tray next to him.

TEE-HEE

This is the part I like best.
(looks up - grins)
Feeding time.

BOND

(carefully)
I suspect the highlight of the
tour.

TEE-HEE has loaded his tray, now starts onto bridge, BOND following. ADAM and the HEAVIES hang back.

334 ANGLE ON BRIDGE TRACKING SHOT

TEE-HEE walks across bridge with BOND, holding chicken-head tray.

TEE-HEE

You know, some of these babies live to be two hundred years old. See over there? Now that's an alligator. You can always tell by the round nose.

He picks up a chicken head with his pincers, flings it out.

335 ANGLE ON WATER

Almost before the chicken head has had a chance to hit the water - a huge pair of crocodile jaws slashes up, devours the chicken head, disappears again.

336 BACK TO BOND AND TEE-HEE ON BRIDGE

TEE-HEE

And that's ol' Albert. He's a croc. Got a little careless with him sometime back - took my whole arm off.

BOND

Well done, Albert.

BOND has stopped, TEE-HEE in front - has noticed something: CAMERA PUSHES IN: A rusty nail barely holds one span of the bridge together. CAMERA PULLS BACK. BOND thinks, turns around nonchalantly glancing back as TEE-HEE continues to feed the crocodiles.

TEE-HEE

Oh, they'll eat anything. Even each other.

337 ANGLE ON ADAM AND HEAVIES BOND'S POV

ADAM and the HEAVIES stand by the car, guns drawn, watching BOND like a hawk.

338 BACK TO BOND AND TEE-HEE

BOND wheels back again with a disinterested air, follows TEE-HEE off the end of the bridge onto the island.

TEE-HEE

Then again, sometimes they go without eating for a whole year ...

TEE-HEE places the tray on the ground. BOND looks around.

BOND

I'm rather counting on that ...

CAMERA PUSHES IN on BOND as TEE-HEE's voice is heard behind.

TEE-HEE

There's two ways to disable a croc, you know ...

BOND turns around, looks, freezes.

339 ANGLE ON BRIDGE

TEE-HEE is on the edge of the bridge, riding backwards. The bridge is retracting. ADAM stands at the far end grinning, his hand on the controls. BOND has been cut off.

340 BACK TO BOND

Staring helplessly at the disappearing TEE-HEE.

BOND

I don't suppose you'd care to share that information with me.

TEE-HEE

Well, one way's to jam a pencil down the depression hold just behind his eyes ...

BOND
 (searching vainly for
 a pencil)
 And the other?

TEE-HEE
 Oh, the other's twice as simple.
 Stick your hand in his mouth and
 pull his teeth out.

341 ANGLE ON TEE-HEE

TEE-HEE has reached shore on the retracting bridge. He, ADAM, and the HEAVIES break up laughing, walk up a ramp leading into the shed, disappear.

342 EXT. CROCODILE FARM EXTREME WIDE ANGLE

The whole crocodile farm, with the tiny figure of BOND standing alone on the little island. The silence is broken only by the occasional sound of huge crocodiles thrashing in the water.

343 CLOSER ON BOND

BOND looks around nervously, makes a tentative step towards the water. A long crocodile suddenly leaps up on land, lashes at him, jaws open. BOND jumps back, looks down, picks up a chicken head, throws it off to one side. The crocodile goes for it as BOND searches for a way out.

344 ANGLE ON BRIDGE END AND PONTOON BOAT BOND'S POV

A small pontoon boat lying at rest under the shore edge of the bridge.

345 BACK TO BOND CLOSE ON WATCH

CAMERA CLOSE ON BOND's watch. - he pulls out the winding button. The crocodile behind now swivels for him once more. BOND throws two more chicken heads. He looks in front - other crocodiles are heading for him in the water, slowly but surely making their way towards the island. BOND lifts his watch arm, extends out towards the small pontoon boat.

346 BACK TO BOAT

The metal carlocks of the boat snap around - the boat begins to edge slowly away from the bank. Suddenly - rising out of the water - a painter rope - firmly attaching it to the bridge.

347 BACK TO BOND

Totally frustrated. He jams watch button in, turns just in time to deal with crocodile behind him. Picking up the rest of the heads, he throws two to it, hurls the remaining three out into the water, one by one.

348 ANGLE ON WATER

Each chicken head is immediately snapped up by a separate crocodile, all three animals lying in the water in a line, directly between BOND and the shore.

349 BACK TO BOND

The crocodile behind him is bored with chicken heads, goes straight for him: BOND leaps out, seemingly into the water.

350 CLOSE ON CROCODILE BACK

BOND's shoe hits the back of a floating crocodile. It lashes out with its tail, swivels its jaws, but the feet have taken off again.

351 WIDER ANGLE

BOND has leapt from the back of the crocodile onto that of another one, now lands on the second.

352 CLOSE ON SECOND CROCODILE BACK

BOND's shoe hits, continues on.

353 WIDER ANGLE

BOND has leapt to a third crocodile, now jumps off his back onto the land.

354 CLOSE ON BOND

BOND has landed, looks around, now opens the gate which keeps the crocodiles in the swamp, reaches into the large tin of chicken heads, begins strewing them around in a line leading towards the ramp which goes up into the shed.

355 ANGLE ON CROCODILES

One big crocodile runs up on the land, starts devouring the heads in a line.

356 BACK TO BOND

He grabs the remaining heads, puts them on the ramp, tosses the final few through the open doorway, disappears around the side of the shed.

357 BACK TO CROCODILE

The crocodile, eating in a frenzy, is heading directly for the ramp.

358 BACK TO BOND SHED CORNER

Around the corner of the shed - BOND is soaking some rags with gasoline from stored tanks of it, used for the boats.

359 BACK TO CROCODILE

The crocodile has proceeded up the ramp, gobbling heads, now disappears inside the shed. CALEPA HOLDS for two beats. Suddenly, WORKERS run out screaming, including TEE-HEE and ADAM. At the same exact second, sheets of flame roar up the sides of the shed, setting the wooden structure immediately into a raging firetrap.

360 ANGLE ON TEE-HEE AND ADAM

Pandemonium has broken loose. TEE-HEE and ADAM look vainly for BOND in all directions, suddenly both turn sharply towards the boat pier as the sound of an engine starting is heard.

361 BOND has leapt into a motorboat, heads off through the alligators towards dense swamp shrubbery.

362 ANGLE ON BURNING SHED

ADAM emerges from the burning shed with TWO HEAVIES and TEE-HEE. TEE-HEE angrily waves HEAVIES after BOND, then waves ADAM off to his car.

363 ANGLE ON HEAVIES

They scramble down the bank, jump into HEAVY BOATS ONE AND TWO, head off in pursuit of BOND.

364 ANGLE ON ADAM

ADAM runs for his car, gets in, roars off.

365 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND streaks across the water towards the swamp shrubbery, HEAVY BOATS ONE and TWO in pursuit. Ahead

is a seemingly impenetrable wall of hanging moss and trees. A tiny opening appears off to one side, barely the height of the boat. BOND flattens himself flush with his boat windscreen, pops through, shearing off branches on the way.

366 ANGLE ON HEAVY BOATS ONE AND TWO

They see, do simultaneous skid-turns, head off in different directions for either side of the shrubbery.

367 INT. ADAM'S CAR DAY

ADAM roars down a road running parallel to a canal at top speed. He reaches for a car radio speaker.

ADAM

(into speaker)

Bond ripped off one of our boats. Headed for Irish Bayou. Anyone who don't want to sing soprano in the morning'd better ...

368 EXT. BAYOU BOAT HOUSE DAY

A ramshackle boathouse on the edge of a bayou canal. FIVE MEN burst out the doors, scramble into HEAVY BOATS THREE, FOUR (two men in this one), FIVE and SIX. BOATS THREE and FOUR speed off to the left, FIVE up a bayou canal opposite, SIX down the main bayou to the right.

369 EXT. LAGOON BACK TO BOND

BOND has emerged on the other side of the farm shrubbery, finds himself steaming into a seeping landlocked lagoon, looks around. HEAVY BOATS ONE and TWO are speeding at him from either direction. Almost at the shoreline, BOND veers sharply, HEAVY BOAT ONE on his tail, HEAVY BOAT TWO heading straight at him. At the last possible second, BOND skids his boat towards the land, hitting the bank, bouncing high into the air as HEAVY BOATS ONE and TWO crash into each other with a sickening crunch.

370 ANGLE ON BOND FROM CANAL

BOND flies through the air over what is now seen to be a narrow neck of land, splats down into a bayou canal, speeds off. CAMERA RISES: heading down the canal on a road parallel - ADAM'S CAR.

371 INT. ADAM'S CAR LOOKING THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

CAMERA LOOKS PAST ADAM in the front seat of his speeding car at BOND in the canal. ADAM takes out gun, tries

to squeeze off a shot. BOND, almost dead parallel now, doesn't notice him. Just as ADAM's fingers lock on the trigger - the canal suddenly bends sharply, BOND screaming around a corner, now blocked by trees. ADAM puts his gun back, impassively floors his gas pedal, shoots on up the road.

372 EXT. CANAL AND BOND

BOND reaches a fork in the canal, slows down, decides to go left.

373 ANGLE DOWN LEFT FORK BOND'S POV

HEAVY BOATS THREE and FOUR round a bend in the left fork, streak towards BOND at top speed.

374 BACK TO BOND

He wheels, guns his boat down the right-hand fork.

375 EXT. CANAL ROAD DAY

ADAM's car speeds down the canal road, CAMERA PANNING, roars past a billboard: LOUISIANA - THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE - WELCOMES YOU. CAMERA PUSHES IN on SHERIFF'S CAR behind the billboard. It takes off in pursuit.

376 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

SHERIFF J.W. PEPPER guns his squad car after ADAM, his large jowly face full of chewing tobacco. He spits out the window, reaches for his car radio speaker.

SHERIFF PEPPER

(into speaker)

Toby, I got me a regular Ben Hur down here. Doin' 95 minimum.

TOBY'S VOICE

(through speaker)

Need any help, J.W.?

SHERIFF PEPPER

Hell, no ...

He floors the pedal. The squad car lurches forward.

377 EXT. CANAL AND CRAWDAD BRIDGE DAY

ADAM's car screeches off the main canal road onto a small bridge and stops. ADAM jumps out, looks down

the canal, checks his gun, obviously waiting for BOND. Suddenly, the SHERIFF's car swerves onto the bridge past ADAM (who has quickly put his gun away), squeals to a stop directly in front of ADAM's car, cutting it off.

378 CLOSER ON ADAM AND SHERIFF PEPPER

PEPPER swaggers out of his squad car, spits some tobacco juice, squints at the impassive ADAM from under his dark glasses.

SHERIFF PEPPER

You gotta set of wheels that just won't quit, boy. If they's yours, that is.

ADAM smiles, starts to reach inside his coat, presumably for his license. PEPPER cocks his gun.

SHERIFF PEPPER

Uh-uh. Spin around, boy. Legs apart, ten fingers on the fender. Now ah'm sure it ain't exactly your dayboo at this sorta thing.

ADAM does so. PEPPER advances slowly, grinning, as the sound of motorboats rapidly increases in b.g.

379 ANGLE PAST BOND LOOKING AT BRIDGE

The bridge, cars, PEPPER and ADAM, all looming up quickly in the distance, seen from BOND's boat.

380 BACK TO PEPPER AND ADAM

SHERIFF PEPPER

(advancing on Adam)

Y'all picked the wrong parish to haul ass through, boy. Ain't nobody cuts and runs on Sheriff J.W. Pepper.

(smiles)

An' it's him speakin', by the bye.

381 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

BOND's boat screams up, hits a bank, flies up and over the bridge, barely clearing the squad car. PEPPER hits the ground.

382 BACK TO PEPPER

PEPPER rolls on the ground, flabbergasted.

SHERIFF PEPPER

What the f ...

His eyes widen with terror.

383 ANGLE ON HEAVY BOAT THREE

HEAVY BOAT THREE hits the bank, now flies directly INTO CAMERA.

384 BACK TO SHERIFF PEPPER

There is an enormous crash with the sound of breaking glass as PEPPER hits the deck again. He opens his eyes, looks.

385 ANGLE ON SQUAD CAR PEPPER'S POV

HEAVY BOAT THREE has imbedded itself through the windshield of the squad car, sticks out across the hood, having totally wrecked it. Suddenly, there is the sound of another car starting.

386 BACK TO SHERIFF PEPPER

PEPPER looks: ADAM is at the wheel of his own car, backing away. PEPPER raises his gun to fire - HEAVY BOAT FOUR suddenly screams by over his head - PEPPER hits the deck again, his shot going wild as ADAM roars off. Eyes still closed, the exasperated PEPPER fires four more blind shots wildly in all directions.

387 ANGLE ON BACK OF BOND'S BOAT IN CANAL

One of PEPPER's random bullets miraculously pierces the rear of BOND's boat, causing a fuel leak.

388 BACK TO PEPPER

PEPPER is still crouched under his squad car. There is sudden total silence. He rises, sadly examines his wrecked car. TOBY'S VOICE is heard coming through the radio speaker.

TOBY'S VOICE

(through speaker)

J.W.? Soon as you've nailed that offending vee-hickle - Miz Pearson just called. Seems her dawg's foamin' all over at the mouth. She got him locked in her shed, wondered if you'd like to come on over an' shoot it for her.

SHERIFF PEPPER

(in a rage)

You tell Miz Pearson to take a flyin' ...

TOBY'S VOICE

(through speaker)

What's the matter, J.W.? You in some kinda trouble?

SHERIFF PEPPER

(glancing at car)

Oh, nothin' I can't handle ...

There is the sound of a car screeching to a stop. PEPPER turns.

389 ANGLE ON STATE TROOPER'S CAR PEPPER'S POV

TWO YOUNG STATE TROOPERS stare at PEPPER's predicament out of the window of their patrol car, try to conceal their amusement.

TROOPER #1

(deadpan - to his partner)

Say, Eddie. That look like a boat stuck on the Sheriff's car over there?

TROOPER #2

Where you been all your life? Why that there's a car-boat. Land or water, the Sheriff don't care - hell, he can bust you just as quick on both with that thing.

They roar with laughter as a furious PEPPER advances.

SHERIFF PEPPER

Under the statutory powers invested in me by this parish, I hereby commandeer this here veehicle and those persons within.

(leans in car window)

That means you, smartass ...

390 EXT. RESIDENTIAL CANAL DAY ANGLE ON BOND

BOND races down a canal dotted with occasional homes set on jutting points of land. His engine begins to sputter - he jams the throttle hard - it's no use - the sputtering continues, worse now. Worried, BOND looks behind.

391 ANGLE ON HEAVY BOAT FOUR BOND'S POV

HEAVY BOAT FOUR is closing fast from behind.

392 BACK TO BOND

He looks ahead, spots something, jerk-turns his boat hard.

393 ANGLE ON LAND AND HOUSE

BOND's boat leaps the canal bank, skids up the lawn of a private home, kicking up grass and dirt, disappears around the side of a house. CAMERA HOLDS as HEAVY BOAT FOUR tries to do likewise, but a couple of seconds late, making himself skid up the lawn and behind the other side of the house.

394 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE AND SWIMMING POOL DAY

A MAN lies in a bathing suit reading a newspaper by his swimming pool. Next to him: his WIFE, sunning herself to the accompaniment of a portable radio. TWO FRIENDS play cards at a poolside table under an umbrella. BOND's boat can be heard tearing up the lawn - they turn to look - suddenly whip around as HEAVY BOAT FOUR grinds past the house on the other side, skidding across and into their swimming pool.

395 ANGLE ON SWIMMING POOL

HEAVY FOUR, his eyes swimming, pulls a gun almost sheepishly, holds it on the silently dumbfounded group of people, tries to paddle his way to the edge of the pool with his other hand. He hears the sound of an engine starting, looks off.

396 ANGLE ON CANAL BOATHOUSE HEAVY BOAT FOUR'S POV

Down the canal bank, past BOND's now deserted first boat: A small boathouse. Suddenly - a boat tears out the entrance. BOND is inside.

397 EXT. CANAL ROAD DAY

The TROOPER'S CAR speeds along a canal road, red lights flashing, siren blaring.

398 The TWO TROOPERS sit in front. An excited SHERIFF PEPPER squirms around in the back, holding the car radio, listening.

TROOPER RADIO VOICES

Unit 23. In position.
 (other voice)
 Ten-four, 23. Come in, 28.

TOBY'S VOICE

(cutting him off)
 Hey, J.W. Try and flip this one
 heads and tails for a while. Seems
 like Deke Rogers got his boat stole
 from the river, but picked a new
 one up in his swimmin' pool ...

TROOPER RADIO VOICE

(cutting in)
 Come in, Unit 28.

TOBY'S VOICE

(cutting back in)
 Now seein' how fair exchange ain't
 exactly robbery, I told ol' Deke ...

TROOPER RADIO VOICE

Sheriff? You want to get your boys
 off our frequency?

A smiling TROOPER in the front takes the radio from
 PEPPER, who angrily snatches it back again.

SHERIFF PEPPER

Gimme that thing ...
 (into radio)
 Now you listen to me, Trooper Boy.
 We got a swamp fulla Black Russians
 drivin' boats to beat the band
 down here ...

TROOPER RADIO VOICE

Relax, Sheriff. We've got a road-
 block waiting for them at Miller's
 Bridge.

399 ANGLE ON BOND IN NEW BOAT

BOND speeds around the end of a jutting canal point
 in his new boat. CAMERA HOLDS. He suddenly speeds
 back again, this time TOWARDS CAMERA, HEAVY BOATS FIVE
 and SIX now in pursuit. All three boats zoom FAST
 CAMERA and up the canal.

400 EXT. MILLER'S BRIDGE DAY CLOSE ON OTHER TROOPER CAR

CAMERA CLOSE on another TROOPER sitting in his car,
 talking into his radio.

TROOPER #3

(into speaker)

Unit 26. We're just about set here ...

CAMERA PANS to a thin wooden bridge spanning the canal at a narrow point. TROOPERS and LOCAL FISHERMEN swarm around, some on top of the bridge, some placing boats lengthwise between the pilings like pontoons. Some TROOPERS and FISHERMEN are still in the boats - they suddenly turn at the sound of approaching engines, grab onto pilings, wait.

401 WIDER ANGLE

BOND, just barely ahead, screams around the corner heading for the bridge with HEAVY BOATS FIVE and SIX in hot pursuit. They smash into the pontoon boats between the pilings in three separate places, splitting them into pieces, TROOPERS and FISHERMEN flying everywhere. The boats disappear again as CAMERA RISES: PEPPER's Trooper Car pulls up to the bridge. PEPPER bursts out of the rear door.

402 CLOSER ON PEPPER

PEPPER runs up to a group of TROOPERS, gun drawn.

SHERIFF PEPPER

Gimme some room here. Now I want two of you boys to go up ...

He stops, looks down: CAMERA PANS to split boats and FISHERMEN either swimming or hanging on to pilings. CAMERA PANS BACK UP to PEPPER, now faced by a humorless, soaking wet TROOPER.

403 EXT. CANAL WIDE SHOT

BOND's boat leads the HEAVY BOATS zooming past CAMERA down a wider canal. Through a break in the trees: ADAM, driving in his car roughly parallel to them. The boats speed off around a bend - ADAM stops his car, veers off in a different direction.

404 BACK TO MILLER'S BRIDGE CLOSE ON TROOPER CAR

PEPPER stands with several TROOPERS by a Patrol Car. One TROOPER is talking on the car radio.

TROOPER #3

(into car radio)

Yessir, Cap'n, I understand, but I just don't know right off where

(MORE)

TROOPER #3 (Cont)
 we're gonna get a boat fast enough
 to catch 'em.

SHERIFF PEPPER
 (stroke of genius)
 I got it! Call Billy Bob! He's my
 brother-in-law! Got the best damn
 boat on the whole river. Billy Bob'll
 shonuff fix their ass ...

405 EXT. LOUISIANA WILDLIFE RANGER STATION DAY

CAMERA HOLDS on sign: State Wildlife Department -
 Ranger Station One. CAMERA PANS to a sleek power boat,
 the Louisiana State Emblem on its side, by a small
 jetty. BILLY BOB is the Ranger inside, making
 preparations to get underway as PEPPER'S voice
 blares at him from his boat radio.

SHERIFF PEPPER'S VOICE
 (through boat radio)
 I tell ya, Billy Bob, I'm as jittery
 as a long-tailed cat in a room fulla
 rockin' chairs over this thing. Now
 I promised these boys here you'd ...

BILLY BOB
 (cutting in)
 Cool down, J.W. I'm on my way.

BILLY BOB starts his engines, turns to let go of the
 ropes, as the sound of a car door closing o.s. is
 heard. He turns.

406 ANGLE FAVORING ADAM

ADAM stands by his car, smiling thinly. He walks down
 the bank towards the jetty as BILLY BOB continues
 unhooking the ropes.

BILLY BOB
 (not looking at him)
 You want something, boy?

ADAM
 (still walking)
 I'd like to borrow that boat if I
 may.

BILLY BOB
 (unhooking the last rope)
 Boy, everybody on the river'd like
 to borrow this boat. But ...

BILLY BOB glances up as a gun butt slams into the side of his head. He slumps over the railing of the now unattached boat. ADAM flips him over the side, gets aboard.

SHERIFF PEPPER'S VOICE

(through radio)

Billy Bob? We gct 'em spotted.
They're headin' for Haley's Landing.

(Adam smiles)

Should be a messa people out there today, so take care, you hear? Good boy.

PEPPER clicks off his end of the radio. ADAM roars the powerful boat out into the canal.

407 EXT. HALEY'S LANDING DAY

The narrow bayou canal leads past a swivel-bridge into a wide spot in the river. A large crowd of PEOPLE sit on the bank, sipping sodas and munching hot dogs, watching a water-skiing show. A tow boat passes by, pulling an elaborate pyramid of WATER SKIERS in its wake, standing on each other's shoulders. The swivel bridge has been opened, leaving a thin gap between it and the shore on one side. The crowd applauds enthusiastically as the SKIERS go by, the PRETTY GIRLS waving on top of the pyramid. The tow boat turns slowly, prepares to make another pass.

408 ANOTHER ANGLE

BOND screams into view, coming around the bend - he sees the SKIER's pyramid and tow boat starting back towards him on the wide-river side of the swivel bridge, turns his wheel, almost setting his boat on its side in a forty-five degree angle, slides through the narrow gap between the swivel-bridge and the bank. The crowd rises appreciatively, giving BOND a bigger hand than they did the SKIERS. CAMERA PANS BACK: HEAVY BOATS FIVE and SIX come around the bend, but they both have made far too wide turns to make it through the gap.

409 ANGLE FROM OTHER SIDE OF BRIDGE

The two HEAVY BOATS, the tow boat, and SKIER's pyramid are now all converging on the same side of the swivel bridge.

410 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND starts to head around a bend, hugging the shoreline at top speed.

411 BACK TO HEAVIES AND TOW BOAT

The tow boat and HEAVY BOATS are now directly in a collision course. The HEAVY BOATS split to go on either side, but the tow boat has already made its move, veering towards shore, cutting HEAVY BOAT FIVE off, bumping into it, sending it flying over a row of trees on the canal bank.

412 EXT. GOLF PUTTING GREEN DAY

A GOLFER attempts a thirty-foot putt from the edge of a green, watched in reverential silence by the rest of his FOUFSOME. Just as the putter is about to hit the ball, the whine of an engine is heard. GOLFER jerks his head up, involuntarily hits the ball as HEAVY BOAT FIVE flies INTO FRAME, lands in a bunker not ten feet away. All turn to gaze at the boat as the thirty-foot putt sinks.

413 BACK TO HALEY'S LANDING

The tow boat's swerving has caused the SKIER's pyramid to swing out behind on one side. HEAVY BOAT SIX darts between in pursuit of BOND, cutting the tow line on his way through.

414 ANGLE ON PYRAMID

The SKIER's pyramid trembles for a moment - begins to sink - then collapses completely as everyone tumbles over each other into the water.

415 ANGLE ON SHORE

CAMERA looking across canal towards shore: ADAM screams into view, storming up the canal and through the narrow gap as BOND did. CAMERA RISES: PEPPER's Trooper Car arrives - late as usual. PEPPER piles out with TROOPERS, catches sight of the Wildlife Boat with hunched-up figure inside, screams with delight, throwing his hat to the ground and spinning around.

SHERIFF PEPPER

That's my brother-in-law! There's
Billy Bob! Get him, son! Hot damn!

The TROOPERS look after the boat, suddenly freeze.

416 ANGLE ON ADAM: TROOPERS' POV

ADAM wheels around in the boat, flashes a look back. He is obviously Black.

417 BACK TO PEPPER AND TROOPERS

PEPPER's head is still down, his hand slapping his knee in joy. He has not seen ADAM. The TROOPERS turn to him curiously.

SHERIFF PEPPER

Dang it, if one side of the Pepper family don't get him, the other side will!

PEPPER runs off towards the patrol cars. The TROOPERS' looks have changed to ones of suspicion as they glance coldly after him.

418 EXT. RESIDENTIAL CANAL AND SURROUNDING AREA HELICOPTER SHOT

BOND steaming around bends in a network of residential canals, seen from the air. HEAVY BOAT SIX is holding pace a short distance behind. Suddenly: ADAM's boat looms up, obviously much more powerful than the others. It passes HEAVY BOAT SIX, gains steadily on BOND.

419 BOND AND ADAM CLOSE SHOT CANAL LEVEL

BOND and ADAM are almost parallel now. ADAM draws his gun. They are approaching a large party of people standing under canopies on a jutting bank. ADAM prepares to fire. BOND suddenly swerves in towards the bank - ADAM shoots past him up the canal.

420 EXT. JUTTING BANK AND WEDDING

The large group of people are attending an outdoor wedding, decked out in their finest. A towering wedding cake and beautiful refreshment marquee are in the b.g. The service is in progress.

MINISTER'S VOICE

... if there be anyone here who can think of any reason why these two should not be wed, let him ...

BOND crashes through the wedding assemblage, sending the group screaming and flying in all directions. They get to their feet, agog, as HEAVY BOAT SIX piles on through after BOND, but slightly out of line.

421 ANGLE ON HEAVY BOAT SIX

The prow of the boat catches the edge of the towering wedding cake, which topples over on the DRIVER, blinding him as he continues on into the refreshment marquee, completely demolishing it.

422 EXT. ROAD AND TROOPER CARS

FOUR TROOPER CARS speed down one side of a busy, two-lane road, sirens screaming. They screech to a halt behind a relic car driven by an OLD MAN, apparently quite deaf. Unable to get around him, SHERIFF PEPPER sticks his head out of the lead car, begins yelling obscenities.

423 EXT. CANAL BEND

BOND has rounded the canal bend on the other side of the point, looks behind him as CAMERA PANS: ADAM, having lost ground while going around the long way, is making it up fast, closing with every second. BOND turns again, looks ahead, freezes.

424 WIDER ANGLE CANAL

The canal is rimmed by a busy, two-lane road with fairly heavy traffic. Dead ahead of BOND, taking up four-fifths of the canal width - a dredging barge - stationary. And coming through the gap left by the barge, in the opposite direction to BOND - a shrimp boat, creeping slowly, nets extended.

425 BACK TO BOND

He looks behind him - ADAM is right on his tail. BOND swerves up the canal bank towards the road, ADAM following. As CAMERA RISES, we spot among the criss-crossing traffic - the procession of Trooper cars, led by SHERIFF PEPPER.

426 INT. TROOPER CAR LOOKING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

BOND's boat hits the two-lane road, bouncing across through the traffic to an inhuman cacophony of squealing car brakes and flying sparks. SHERIFF PEPPER is vaulted into the front seat as the Trooper car skids broadside into the oncoming traffic.

427 WIDER ANGLE

BOND squeezes precariously across the road, followed by ADAM. Mass mechanical bedlam is taking place, with some cars skidding off the road into the canal, the Trooper car smashing into that of the DEAF OLD MAN while being hit simultaneously from behind, sending it rolling over in a complete revolution, landing on its wheels with a hopelessly squashed top, looking like a deformed accordion. Both BOND and ADAM have made it across, now head for an open marina area.

428 INT. TROOPER CAR LOOKING THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

The TROOPERS and PEPPER, sitting in their smashed car, watch as ADAM's boat slithers down the opposite bank and out into the marine area, speeding after BOND. TROOPER #1 looks back at the line of broken State Patrol cars, then at the disappearing ADAM, and finally at SHERIFF PEPPER.

TROOPER #1

(to Pepper)

You sure that's your brother-in-law,
Sheriff?

429 EXT. MARINE HELICOPTER SHOT

Seen from the air: BOND's boat leading the faster boat of ADAM into a busy marina. BOND, outclassed, heads for the section where rows of boats are neatly moored in relatively straight lines.

430 CLOSER ANGLES BOND VS. ADAM THROUGH MOORINGS

CAMERA FOLLOWING as BOND leads ADAM through a zig-zag chase up and down the rows of moorings, in and out, most of it with both boats balanced precariously on their sides as they swivel with the turns, jockey for positions.

431 EXTREME CLOSE BOND VS. ADAM

BOND, relying only on skill against the more powerful boat of ADAM, has placed himself in a narrow corridor - boats on one side, jetties on the other. ADAM pulls up, tries to force him into a jetty. BOND flips his boat on its side, ADAM doing likewise. BOND suddenly cuts his engine, slips behind ADAM, darts through an opening in the jetties as CAMERA PANS to a sign marked: Caution - Vessel Demolition and Repair - Pleasure Craft Prohibited.

432 ANGLE ON ADAM

ADAM wheels his boat around, slows, reaches under his dashboard for something, pulls it out, exposes it: a shotgun. He slows his boat down to a crawl, enters the Demolition Area after BOND.

433 EXT. DEMOLITION AREA CLOSE ON ADAM

The Demolition Area as ADAM enters it: seemingly deserted - no sign of BOND. There are long rows of every kind of boat under some stage of repair or rot -

everything from rowboats to a hulking, old, LST landing craft looming up at the far end. ADAM proceeds cautiously, shotgun at the ready, looking both ways for BOND as he proceeds through.

434 CLOSER ON REPAIR CO. BARGE

ADAM passes a small barge owned by a Demolition and Repair Company. Piled on it: tools, kerosene cans, pieces of other boats, engine parts, etc. As he goes by, he suddenly hears an engine starting on the other side, swivels quickly, shotgun at the ready.

435 ANGLE ON OTHER REPAIR BARGE ADAM'S POV

The sound has come from a REPAIRMAN starting an unattached engine on an opposite barge. Suddenly, the sound of yet another engine, this one louder than the last.

436 BACK TO ADAM

ADAM swivels back at the new sound - CAMERA WHIPS - BOND's boat roars out at him from behind the first barge, intending to ram. ADAM lets go with both barrels from the shotgun.

437 INSERT SHOT BOAT AND WINDSHIELD

The windshield of BOND's boat is completely blown apart - but no BOND is seen.

438 WIDER ANGLE

BOND's boat crashes into ADAM. BOND suddenly rises from behind windshield, a kerosene can in his hands, slings the contents into ADAM's face as he sideswipes him.

439 CLOSE ON ADAM

ADAM screams, grabs for his face, guns his engine blindly, trying to get away.

440 BOND AND ADAM DOWN DEMOLITION ROW! TRAVELLING SHOT

ADAM races down the row of wrecked boats, swerving wildly, still unable to see. BOND hangs right by his stern, pestering him like a giant mosquito, knocking ADAM's boat one way, then the other, keeping him off balance.

441 CLOSE ON ADAM

Fighting to regain his sight, being knocked silly one way and the other by BOND. His eyes are partially clear - he looks up in front of him, sees something terrifying, fights to gain control of his boat.

442 BACK TO BOND

With a mighty whack, BOND thumps his boat into ADAM's, sending it shooting off in a certain direction.

443 WIDER SHOT - LST

ADAM shoots up a ramp and through the cavernous, open jaws of the LST, its loading doors open. CAMERA HOLDS. There is a terrible screech of metal, a loud crash, a momentary pause, and then:

444 LST FARTHER BACK

A huge explosion, pieces of metal flying everywhere through an enormous fireball.

445 EXT. MARINA CLOSE ON SIGN

CAMERA CLOSE ON MARINA SIGN: Make Boating A Fun Sport - 3 MPH Please. CAMERA PANS: BOND putts by, a mild-mannered tourist out for a leisurely afternoon. He looks off, spots something, grins, waves, veers his boat.

446 ANGLE ON LEITER

An exasperated LEITER stands on a jetty in front of several Trooper cars, waves BOND over, a radio receiver in his hand.

447 CLOSE ON BOND AND LEITER

BOND pulls up, hops onto the jetty.

BOND

(pleasantly)

Hello, Felix. What are you doing here?

LEITER

(sour)

We'll get to that later. Kananga's in town. He's got your girl with him. They just took off ...

BOND

He's Mr. Big! Quick, radio the pilot! Ask him to ...

LEITER

In a boat, James. In a boat ...

448 EXT. OCEAN AND YACHT DAY HELICOPTER SHOT

A large yacht, flying distinctive colors, seen from the air. KANANGA stands near the stern, elegantly dressed, looks up INTO CAMERA almost disinterestedly, goes back inside. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal HELICOPTER PILOT talking into radio.

PILOT

(into radio)

This is CG Scoutmaster. They're almost past the twelve-mile limit now, Mr. Leiter ...

449 BACK TO SCENE

LEITER talks into his radio receiver by the Trooper car.

LEITER

(into radio)

Forget it, Scoutmaster. Come on home.

(dejected - to Bond)

I can't bust the Prime Minister of a foreign country in International Waters - even if I had an air-tight case, which I'm not sure I do. Kananga's clear.

BOND

And Mr. Big won't show up around here anymore, now that his distribution set-up's been smashed.

LEITER

He's got both ends wired.

(turns)

You should have seen the size of the guy who got on the boat with him. Nine feet tall, I swear. Big top hat, a cockamamy flute in one hand and Solitaire in the other.

BOND's eyes widen in recognition of SOLITAIRE's problem. CAMERA PANS: the squashed, accordion-like car of SHERIFF PEPPER suddenly limps up, still

miraculously rolling somehow. PEPPER is already out the rear door, pointing.

SHERIFF PEPPER

There's the sonofabitch! I got him!

(runs up to Bond,
trembling in his rage)

You ... you ... some kinda doomsday machine, boy. But we got a cage tough enough to hold an animal like you, you hear?

LEITER

(to Trooper Captain)

Would you enlighten the Sheriff, captain?

(Pepper is led off
- to Bond)

We busted the Fillet of Soul an hour ago. Came up with nothing. Just these ...

LEITER hands BOND three Tarot Cards. BOND stares at them.

PEPPER (V.O.)

Secret agent? Secret agent? On whose side, son?

450 CLOSE ON BOND

Looking down at the cards, concerned, to say the least.

451 INSERT SHOT TAROT CARDS

The three Tarot cards, shown in succession: The half-burned High Priestess, Death, and The Moon. CAMERA HOLDS ON The Moon, PUSHES IN.

452 EXT. SAN MONIQUE COASTLINE NIGHT CLOSE ON FULL MOON

The glowing full moon, seen through infra-red glasses. CAMERA PANS down: We see the outline of Trinibago, and QUARREL's boat not far from shore, heading in closer.

453 EXT. QUARREL'S BOAT DECK NIGHT

The boat is stopped behind a rock crevice at one end of a point. LEITER puts down the glasses. CAMERA PANS: QUARREL, dressed in a wet suit, is seen dropping a black, rubber dinghy over the side. BOND comes up from below decks, dressed in an all-black outfit with a turtle-neck sweater. He holds a silver Magnum pistol with telescopic sight attached, slides it into

a holster under his coat. CAMERA PANS to a table: spread out on it are three incendiary bombs and the shark gun with puncture pin pellets. Next to it - another shark gun with pellets, lying by another, folded-up wet suit.

LEITER

(to QUARREL)

The incendiary bombs are set for six. That gives you exactly ...

(looks at watch)

Thirty minutes.

QUARREL nods, loads the bombs into a net slung over his shoulder, straps on his shark gun. BOND picks up the extra wet suit and shark gun, turns to LEITER.

BOND

See you for breakfast, Felix.

LEITER

Good hunting.

LEITER shakes hands with them both.

454 ANGLE ON SIDE OF QUARREL'S BOAT

BOND and QUARREL lower themselves over the side of the boat into the rubber dinghy, start off. CAMERA PANS BACK TO LEITER. He checks his watch once more, picks up the glasses again.

455 EXT. VODOO CEMETERY NIGHT

The Voodoo Faithful are assembling: oddly-dressed PEOPLE of all sorts - OLD WOMEN with cigars and bowler hats, MEN with rum kegs, smoking root drugs, most wearing strange fetishes and amulets. Two crosses are being erected behind the tombstones of two graves. One is the grave against which we saw SAEDI lying in the earlier sequence. A Voodoo Fetish Design is being drawn at the foot of the grave with white powder. The drum tempo quickens. The increasingly drugged crowd begins to chant.

456 EXT. SAN MONIQUE SHORELINE NIGHT

BOND and QUARREL land their dinghy on a beach by a waterfall. They pull the dinghy behind a clump of rocks.

457 ANGLE BEHIND ROCKS BOND AND QUARREL

QUARREL takes the extra wet suit and shark gun from the dinghy, jams them between the rocks.

QUARREL

You going to need these on your way
back ...

They both suddenly freeze as the sound of drums is heard.

458 ANGLE ON HILL THEIR POV

The drumbeats come from the top of the hill. The flickering outline of several bright torches can be seen.

459 BACK TO SCENE

BOND

It seems the party's started.

QUARREL

My regards to Baron Samedi, mon.
Right between the eyes.

BOND smiles, heads off toward the hill. QUARREL checks his incendiary bombs and timing devices, starts off in another direction. CAMERA FOLLOWS him.

460 BACK TO WOODOO CEMETERY

Lines of WORSEIPPERS now writhe back and forth in a semi-circular arrangement around the two graves. The beat of the drums is deafening - the swaying FAITHFUL seem to be made of rubber as they sway back and forth. ACOLYTE GUARDS wearing the heads of goats, their bodies painted and smeared with blood, stand at either end of the columns of WORSEIPPERS, holding brilliant torches. DAMBALA now stands nearby as well, snakes wrapped around his shoulders, voicing an incantation which is echoed by the crowd. He lifts a tattered black top hat high above his head, now sets it down on one grave.

461 ANGLE ON BOND CLOSE ON WATCH

BOND's watch - the time is 5:45. The beat of the drums is heard as BOND reaches the summit near the small church, looks off at the ceremony, fascinated. He takes out the silver pistol, starts to move off for better cover in the trees, suddenly looks off to the church entrance, stops.

462 ANGLE ON CHURCH BOND'S POV

TWO GOAT-HEADED GUARDS come out of the church, carrying a large, heavy basket with some difficulty, which they

set on the ground. They go back inside, then reappear with a coffin, which is set down next to the basket. The GUARDS then go back inside the church.

463 BACK TO BOND

Curious, but not especially concerned. He is about to start off again when:

464 ANGLE ON CHURCH BOND'S POV

The GUARDS reappear holding SOLITAIRE, her face frozen with terror, clothes ripped, being dragged by either arm towards DAMBALA and the CROWD, which roars its approval.

465 BACK TO BOND

BOND vaults over the crest of the hill, runs silently along the side of the church, stops at the large basket.

466 INSERT SHOT BASKET

BOND's hands lift the lid: the basket is filled with a heavy, squirming mass of snakes.

467 BACK TO CEMETERY

The ceremony has reached fever pitch - SOLITAIRE is tied between the crosses of the two graves, her face broken out in sweat, her body involuntarily jerking with the rhythm of the drums. DAMBALA, a machete in one hand, snakes wrapped around him, lifts the top hat off the grave, shoves it down hard over SOLITAIRE's head, grins sickeningly. The CROWD roars. DAMBALA lifts his machete, holds it out to one of the snakes around his shoulders. The snake's tongue flicks out, touches the blade. DAMBALA removes the top hat from SOLITAIRE's head, places it back on the grave, directly in front of the tombstone.

468 ANGLE ON GOAT GUARDS

The GOAT GUARDS carry the heavy snake basket over, set it down facing SOLITAIRE. OTHER GOAT GUARDS place the coffin next to it.

469 BACK TO DAMBALA

DAMBALA raises his machete, ceremoniously bangs both sides of the tombstone with the flat side of the blade. The CROWD hushes. DAMBALA steps back in anticipation.

470 CLOSE ON TATTERED BLACK TOP HAT

A light breeze ruffles the frayed edges of the hat in the total silence. Suddenly - it begins to rise out of the ground. A face appears under it, sprouting directly from the grave: BARON SAMEDI. The face is painted half-white, half-black, wears a revoltingly ghoulish grin. The body continues to rise until SAMEDI stands fully erect, dressed only in a ragged formal tails coat and pants, his stomach bare, painted with gleaming white bones. In one hand he holds a long stick with a monkey's skull on the end. In the other - a machete. He stands rigidly, almost frozen, staring straight ahead.

471 CLOSER ON SAMEDI AND SOLITAIRE

The drums and chanting start up again, more frenzied than ever. DALBALA bows to SAMEDI, looks off toward the GOAT GUARDS, ONE by the coffin, ONE by the basket. He points to the coffin, gestures ceremoniously.

FOUR INSTANTANEOUS FLASH CUTS

472 CLOSE ON COFFIN

The GOAT GUARD leans down, opens coffin lid: a snake shoots out, sinking its fangs into his neck.

473 ANGLE ON SNAKE BASKET

BOND bursts up out of the snake basket, the top flying off, holding the silver Magnum pistol in both hands. He fires rapidly at point-blank range.

474 CLOSE ON SAMEDI

The huge slugs slam into SAMEDI's head - it shatters into pieces - then the whole body, lifted up off the ground by the impact of the bullets.

475 EXT. POPPY FIELDS DAY

Vast incendiary bomb explosions. Sheets of flame sweep up the poppy hill, setting fire first to the camouflage netting, then to the flowers beneath.

476 BACK TO CEMETERY

Complete pandemonium has broken loose. Frightened WORSHIPERS and ACOLYTES run every which way, crashing through banks of drums. Snakes pour over the top of the open coffin. BOND grabs SAMEDI's machete from the ground, hacks SOLITAIRE's ropes loose, suddenly stops as he sees the remnants of SAMEDI's body on the ground.

477 ANGLE ON SAMEDI'S BODY BOND'S POV

The pieces of the crumpled torso are all made of plastic. It is a totally fake body.

478 BACK TO BOND

Stunned at the sight. Suddenly from behind - the other grave - the real SAMEDI shoots up, swings his machete straight at the back of BOND's neck as the crowd gasps. BOND wheels, seizes SAMEDI's machete arm, falls to his knees, sends him flying up and over his head.

479 CLOSE ON SAMEDI

SAMEDI flies through the air, lands in the coffin full of snakes with a scream.

480 BACK TO BOND

Hanging on to SOLITAIRE, looking for his gun. The GOAT GUARDS have reassembled, now start for him en masse. BOND snaps to, grabs SOLITAIRE, jumps onto the grave, picking up the machete.

BOND

Going down ...

He lifts the machete, starts to swing the flat side of it down toward the edge of the tombstone.

481 INT. UNDERGROUND CATAPULT ROOM

TWO HEAVIES man the two catapult pullies beneath the gravesites. They have heard the two quick "clangs" made by the machete on the tombstone. FIRST HEAVY looks confusedly to the SECOND, then nods. SECOND HEAVY activates the pulley.

482 ANOTHER ANGLE

BOND and SOLITAIRE shoot down into the room on the catapult. The HEAVIES go for him. BOND clops the FIRST HEAVY in the head with the flat side of the machete blade, heads for the door, SOLITAIRE following. The SECOND HEAVY jumps him. BOND sidesteps, knocks SECOND HEAVY onto the other catapult, slashes the pulley rope with his machete, sends the SECOND HEAVY rocketing back up out of the grave.

BOND

(to Solitaire)

Quick! Through here ...

They burst through the room door into an underground passage.

483 INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE BOND AND SOLITAIRE

BOND and SOLITAIRE run hard down the underground passage cut into the rocks, turning this way and that, like rats in a maze. Yelling voices and footsteps are heard coming after them, seemingly from all directions. They continue on through, turn a corner.

484 INT. UNDERGROUND GROTTO DAY

BOND and SOLITAIRE have turned the corner, suddenly stop dead, stare wide-eyed ahead of them as a wall snaps down behind them, cutting them off.

485 ANGLE ON KANANGA IN GROTTO THEIR POV

They are in a high-vaulted underground grotto, cut out from rocks. KANANGA sits some distance away behind a desk in an imposing office. Other rooms are visible through glass walls behind him. Between BOND, SOLITAIRE and KANANGA: A bridge, spanning a moat of sea water which trails out of the grotto towards the open ocean.

486 CLOSE ON KANANGA

KANANGA is behind his desk, flanked by WEISPER and TWO HEAVIES. He eats a breakfast of berries and cream with champagne, looks up pleasantly, smiles, takes a sip from his glass.

KANANGA

Ah, there you are, Mr. Bond. And Miss Solitaire as well. Hardly unexpected, but most welcome. Whisper, two more glasses for our guests.

(looks at Bond)

What shall we drink to?

BOND

How about an earthquake?

487 EXT. QUARREL'S FISHING BOAT DECK DAY

LEITER tensely scans the cove with binoculars as QUARREL swims up alongside. He helps QUARREL aboard.

LEITER

Welcome home. Where's our boy?

QUARFEL

He be along any time now. I checked behind the rocks. His wet suit is gone.

488 INT. GROTTO CLOSE ON BOND'S WET SUIT

BOND's wet suit and knife lie on a table in the next room of the grotto, seen through the glass wall. CAMERA PULLS BACK. BOND and SOLITAIRE stand in front of KANANGA's desk, face him, WHISPER, and the TWO HEAVIES.

KANANGA

It is unfortunate your wet suit was discovered only minutes before the fields were destroyed.

BOND

Don't tell me you're not insured.

KANANGA

The poppy is a sturdy flower. You've been a relatively minor nuisance, in fact.

(pulls out shark gun and pellets)

This toy - I find it particularly fascinating. What is it?

BOND

I thought everyone knew. A shark gun, naturally. With compressed gas pellets.

KANANGA picks up a pellet, flips it in his hand.

KANANGA

Ingenious.

BOND

Careful. Don't pull the pin out.

(KANANGA looks up)

The air in this room's foul enough already.

KANANGA flashes a cold look, snaps his chair forward, rises, champagne in one hand, pellet in the other, motions the HEAVIES to escort BOND and SOLITAIRE into the next room. He precedes them, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

KANANGA

Somehow I never expected you to be a sore loser, Mr. Bond. I was

(MORE)

KANANGA (Cont)

hoping you'd join me in a toast
to the future.

(ice - to Solitaire)

Miss Solitaire used to know all
about the future. She was especially
good at predicting death.

They have arrived in the next room. BOND looks around.
Off to one side, a hole has been cut in the grotto wall
- train tracks stick out. Resting on the tracks, an
ornate cable car.

BOND

An underground monorail. Connected
to the last refuge of a scoundrel,
no doubt.

BOND turns, looks out towards the water.

489 ANGLE ON WINCH AND CABLE BOND'S POV

There is a large winch-and-cable set-up with elaborate
control panel. The hook suspends over a small platform.
The cable tracks run up to the ceiling and out over
the water. Near the control panel: dozens of sausage-
shaped black bags like those seen in the crocodile
shed.

490 BACK TO BOND

BOND

The heroin leaves here, I take it.
Carried somewhere by that winch.

KANANGA

Correct again, Mr. Bond. What a
quick study you are.

(casually flips the
pellet onto Bond's
wet suit)

Please. Allow me to show you
exactly how it works.

491 EXT. QUARREL'S BOAT DECK DAY

QUARREL and LEITER wait nervously. QUARREL checks his
watch.

QUARREL

Where in hell can the man be?

LEITER

Relax. He probably got hung up
somewhere.

492 BACK TO GROTTO

BOND and SOLITAIRE are hung on the winch hook, tied together back-to-back, resting suspended several inches off the small platform. The other HEAVIES have gone, but WHISPER remains in attendance at the control panel. KANANGA looks at the trussed-up pair, walks over to the table with the wet suit and pellet, picks up BOND's knife, faces him, smiling.

BOND

It's your show, and all that, but I'm sure there must be a simpler way of drowning someone.

KANANGA

(advancing with knife)

Drown, Mr. Bond? Ch, I doubt you'll get the chance to drown.

With a maniacal grimace, KANANGA leaps at BOND, knife poised.

493 ANGLE FACING SOLITAIRE

KANANGA slashes BOND with a downwards motion. SOLITAIRE feels it from behind, screams.

SOLITAIRE

James!

494 ANGLE FROM FRONT OF BOND

The slash has cut a swath down BOND's shirt. KANANGA rips it open, looks. There is a small, thin, razor-like cut running diagonally across BOND's chest. Drops of blood are forming. KANANGA smiles with pride.

BOND

Don't worry, darling. It seems incredible - but he missed.

KANANGA

On the contrary, Mr. Bond. That minor slash will prove quite fatal.

KANANGA turns, nods to WHISPER at control panel. WHISPER presses a button. The winch hook jerks. BOND and SOLITAIRE are raised up towards the ceiling, begin their journey out towards the water. KANANGA smiles, turns towards the heroin cache against the wall.

KANANGA

The heroin leaves here just as efficiently, Mr. Bond, as you surmised. Winched out to a buoy in the open sea, towed underwater at a considerable depth to New Orleans.

495 EXTREME CLOSE ON BOND

As BOND and SOLITAIRE swing over the table with the wet suit on it, travelling out towards the water - CAMERA PUSHES IN on BOND's hands - he pulls out the winding button on his watch.

496 CLOSE ON PELLET ON TABLE

The gas pellet flies into the air.

KANANGA (V.O.)

The tow lines are picked up in the harbor by small fishing boats for delivery.

497 CLOSE ON BOND'S HANDS

The pellet attaches itself to the watch with a "clink."

498 WIDER ANGLE

KANANGA has his back partially to BOND, looks proudly down at the sausage-shaped bags.

KANANGA

These bags hold twenty-five pounds each. There are twenty to each shipment ...

KANANGA turns, looks at BOND and SOLITAIRE. They are directly over the water, now hang suspended - motionless.

499 CLOSE ON BOND'S HANDS FROM REAR

From the rear - away from KANANGA - BOND's hands have extended the winding button, now use the razor edge, trying to cut the ropes.

500 CLOSE ON BOND

BOND glances down at his chest - a drop of blood falls. CAMERA PANS down with blood. There is a red stain already visible in the water. CAMERA PANS OVER to a beatifically smiling KANANGA.

KANANGA

Goodbye, Mr. Bond ...

KANANGA nods to WHISPER.

501 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE WHISPER

WHISPER presses another button. BOND and SOLITAIRE are lowered fairly quickly towards the pool. WHISPER reaches for a lever, pulls it.

502 EXT. ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND POOL UNDERWATER SHOT

An iron, grid-like structure protecting the cave pool from the open sea rises - several sharks immediately swim in.

503 BACK TO CAVE CLOSE ON POOL SURFACE

Two more blood drops hit the pool surface. CAMERA PULLS BACK. KANANGA is at the far end of the pool, now gestures for WHISPER to stop. BOND and SOLITAIRE jerk to a halt, now suspended about ten feet up.

KANANGA

Slowly, whisper, slowly. Give the diners time to assemble.

(looks down into water)

Ah ... I think ... yes. There's one now. And another. Let's tease them a bit, shall we?

KANANGA gestures to WHISPER with his hand, still staring down into the pool. WHISPER presses the button. The winch hook jerks - BOND and SOLITAIRE start down.

504 CLOSE ON BOND

On the jerk - BOND's hands break free, cutting the rope tying him to SOLITAIRE. As they sway, he pushes off her, slicing through the rope which suspends him from the winch hook.

505 ANGLE ON WHISPER

WHISPER sees him, screams inaudibly, doing his best.

WHISPER

(hiss scream)

Look out!

BOND's feet slam into his face, cracking his head back into the cavern wall.

506 WIDER ANGLE

BOND lands in the pile of heroin bags, wheels - KANANGA is on him instantly, the flashing knife barely missing BOND's face, ripping through a heroin bag. BOND grabs a handful of the white powder with one hand, throws it in his eyes. KANANGA screams, recoils, clutching his face. BOND takes the end of another heroin bag, swings it hard against the side of his head, sending KANANGA reeling backwards. The knife flies out of his hand, drops into the pool, as BOND is on him in an instant.

507 HIGH SHOT SOLITAIRE'S POV

Looking down past SOLITAIRE, still suspended over the pool: BOND and KANANGA grapple, rolling over and over by the edge of the water. KANANGA knees BOND in the groin, now tries to stand and kick him into the pool. BOND lashes out, scissoring his leg. KANANGA loses his balance - the two men become hopelessly entangled. Both fall into the pool, as SOLITAIRE screams.

508 UNDERWATER SHOT BOND AND KANANGA

BOND and KANANGA plunge underwater. KANANGA turns in terror, looks off.

509 ANGLE ON SHARKS THEIR POV

The sharks snap to attention, begin to head TOWARD CAMERA.

510 BACK TO THEM

KANANGA breaks away from BOND, starts to head for the surface. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON BOND - he reaches for the back of his belt, pulls out pellet.

511 INT. CAVERN AND POOL SOLITAIRE'S POV

KANANGA's head breaks the surface of the pool, staring up at SOLITAIRE in panic.

KANANGA

Sharks! Sh ...

BOND's hands reach out from under the water, push him back down as BOND rides on top of him, grabbing a mouthful of air.

512 UNDERWATER SHOT CLOSE ON BOND AND KANANGA

BOND quickly slips behind KANANGA, strangling him with one arm, jerking his neck backwards. KANANGA's

mouth opens involuntarily. BOND pulls the puncture pin, pops the pellet into KANANGA's mouth, shoots up and away from him. KANANGA's body suddenly begins to inflate grotesquely, quickly rising to the surface.

513 INT. CAVERN ANGLE ON POOL SURFACE

KANANGA's body breaks the surface of the pool, several times normal size, rising into the air.

514 EXTREME CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE'S FACE

SOLITAIRE stares wide-eyed in complete disbelief as an enormous bang is heard - like a tire blowout. She closes her eyes in disgust.

515 WIDER ANGLE

BOND is out of the pool, moves to the control panel, looks up at SOLITAIRE.

SOLITAIRE

Ka ... Kananga?

BOND

He always did have an inflated opinion of himself.

BOND lowers her quickly, reaches out, gathers her in. She melts in his arms, trembling. They kiss, break.

SOLITAIRE

James ... how do we get out of here?

BOND looks around, stops, smiles.

BOND

We take the train, of course.

CAMERA PANS TO: The little cable car at the tunnel entrance.

516 EXT. NEW ORLEANS TRAIN STATION - DAY

A train whistle blows. CAMERA PANS DOWN real train carriage. A REDCAP wheels a cart of luggage down the platform. Behind: BOND, SOLITAIRE, and LEITER. They arrive at a particular car, stop. REDCAP begins loading the luggage aboard.

517 CLOSER ON THEM

BOND

So long, Felix. See you tomorrow night at the Twenty-One Club. Don't be late.

LEITER

I still don't see why you want to travel this way. I mean, what the hell can the two of you do on a train for sixteen hours?

BOND

(smiles at Solitaire)

Say goodbye to Felix, darling.

518 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE TRACK AND TRAIN NIGHT HELICOPTER SHOT

The train speeds through the countryside under the moon.

519 INT. BOND'S TRAIN COMPARTMENT NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE'S HANDS - holding cards.

BOND (V.O.)

The first thing to learn when playing Gin Rummy is to never pick up a card from the exposed pile unless you really need ...

SOLITAIRE (V.O.)

Gin.

520 WIDER ANGLE

SOLITAIRE lays down her hand triumphantly with a grin. BOND's face falls. They are sitting at a small table near the connecting door of a spacious train compartment. A dinner table with the remnants of a sumptuous repast sits nearby. The darkened countryside whistles past the window. BOND sighs, lays down his hand, gets up, moves over to the berth, locks at it.

521 CLOSE ON BERTH BOND'S POV

Shut up into the upper wall, a hole in the side of it for the long key which opens it.

522 ANOTHER ANGLE

BOND takes a skeleton key out of his pocket, inserts it in the berth hole, jiggles it for a moment.

SOLITAIRE
James, what are you doing?

BOND
Just testing an old adage.

The berth cracks open. BOND pulls it down. It is attached to the wall by a metal rod. BOND turns to SOLITAIRE, smiles.

BOND
Unlucky at cards ...

523 EXT. SMALL TOWN TRAIN STATION NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE on large mail bag hanging on a hook by the tiny station at a whistle-stop town. As BOND's train screams by, the mail bag is plucked off the hook.

524 INT. TRAIN BAGGAGE AND MAIL CAR

A BAGGAGE ATTENDANT rolls the heavy mail bag to one side, turns around to the rest of the luggage, making room for it. CAMERA PUSHES IN on mail bag: a pair of metal pincers suddenly slices through the leather, begins snipping the bag open from inside.

525 BACK TO BOND'S COMPARTMENT

SOLITAIRE is dressed in a flimsy nightie, puts a few finishing touches on her face, her vanity kit spread out in front of her on the meal cart: mirror, eye shadow, nail scissors, etc. Running water is heard from the bathroom.

SOLITAIRE
(to bathroom)
Do hurry up, James ...

BOND (O.S.)
Won't be a moment, darling ...

SOLITAIRE rises, heads for the lowered berth. She pauses, starts to pull her nightie up and over her head. Suddenly:

526 INSERT SHOT FUSE BOX

The opened small door to a black fuse box. Steel Pincers ENTER FRAME, snip wires - streams of sparks shoot out.

527 BACK TO BOND'S COMPARTMENT

SOLITAIRE, naked, seen only from behind in the dim light through the train window. She looks back at

bathroom, thinking BOND has turned off the lights, smiles, climbs up into the upper berth.

SOLITAIRE

(to bathrcom)

Lock the door as well on your way up, would you, James?

528 INT. COMPARTMENT BATHROOM

BOND turns off the water, dries his face, reaches for a bottle of after-shave lotion.

529 CLOSE ON SOLITAIRE IN BERTH

Lying, waiting. She hears the sound of the lock being turned, settles back, dangling one arm over the berth edge.

SOLITAIRE

After all, we wouldn't want anyone to just walk in on us, would we ...

530 ANGLE ON DOOR LOCK

The lock to BOND's compartment door. A steel pincer has carved its way through the crack near the lock. The pincer jiggles the bolt up and down - the dial indicator on the lock trembles, then shifts to: OPEN.

531 BACK TO BOND IN BATHROOM

He has finished dabbing on after-shave lotion, now reaches for a container of talcum powder.

532 ANGLE ON BERTH AND SOLITAIRE

The creaking of footsteps is heard as CAMERA HOLDS on the outline of SOLITAIRE's arm dangling over the berth side.

SOLITAIRE

(dreamily)

For the first time in my life, I feel like a complete woman ...

Pincers come INTO FRAME, reaching for her wrist.

SOLITAIRE

The slightest touch of your hand ...

The steel pincers have opened, now encircle SOLITAIRE's thin wrist. Suddenly - the sound of a door slamming. The pincers whirl around.

533 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND stands by the bathroom door; grimly facing TEE-HEE.

534 ANGLE FROM BERTH SOLITAIRE'S POV

BOND, seen from the top of the berth by SOLITAIRE.
TEE-HEE is directly beneath her, out of her sight line.

SOLITAIRE

James ... ?

535 CLOSER ON TEE-HEE

He reaches out, snips the metal berth rod with his pincers. The berth, SOLITAIRE inside, slams up into the wall.

536 WIDER ANGLE

BOND and TEE-HEE face each other for a long moment, silently in the darkened, rumbling compartment. TEE-HEE grins, flashes his pincers. BOND edges around the side of the table, looking for some kind of weapon, suddenly reaches down, picks up the deck of cards, smiles.

BOND

Would you like to cut?

TEE-HEE lunges at him - BOND riffles the card deck in his face - the fight begins.

537 THE FIGHT: Brutal and fast-moving (exact details to be worked out). At one point, BOND gets TEE-HEE at a disadvantage - pounds away fruitlessly on his fake arm, but in the process - rips TEE-HEE's jacket sleeve. We clearly see the intricate system of pulley wires and wood which make up the false limb. TEE-HEE hurls BOND backwards against the train window, shattering it - his pincers flash for BOND's neck. BOND jerks to one side - the pincers lock around the brass railing of the smashed window. BOND glances down at the dinner cart next to him.

538 ANGLE ON DINNER CART BOND'S POV

The dinner cart. On it: knives, skewers and SOLITAIRE's vanity kit with nail scissors. BOND picks up scissors.

539 CLOSE ON FAKE ARM

BOND snips the central wire pulley in the fake arm.

540 CLOSE ON BRASS RAILING AND PINCERS

The arm has been completely disabled - the pincers now act as handcuffs, attaching TEE-HEE to the brass railing.

541 CLOSE ON BOND AND TEE-HEE

TEE-HEE's grin suddenly vanishes for the first time, replaced by a look of stark terror. BOND picks him up, flips him through the opened, smashed window.

542 EXT. TRAIN, TRESTLE AND RAVINE WIDE SHOT NIGHT

The train screams over a trestle across the deep ravine.

543 BACK TO COMPARTMENT

BOND retrieves the berth hook, lowers a dazed SOLITAIRE, quickly returns to the window, looks.

544 INSERT SHOT BRASS WINDOW RAILING

The pincers, still locked around the window railing. Below, just the fake arm dangling down on the outside - nothing else. BOND's hands start to disengage the pincers.

545 BACK TO SCENE

BOND stands in front of the window, blocking SOLITAIRE's view of what he is doing.

SOLITAIRE

(irritated)

Well, that wasn't very funny. What in the world are you doing over there?

546 CLOSE UP BOND

BOND

(turns - smiles)

Just trying to be disarming, darling. That's all.

547 EXT. TRAIN TRACK JUNCTION CLOSE ON RED SIGNAL NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE on a large, circular sign hanging over one track at a central train junction: A red light blinks on and off over the words: NO ENTRY. With a loud "ding," the sign flips down, is replaced by a bright, blinking green light as BOND's train whistles through, and off into the distance ...

FADE OUT)

THE END