

The Man With The Golden Gun

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First draft screenplay (C)

by

Richard Maibaum

FADE IN

1 BOND - GUNBARREL - BLOOD LOGO 1

2 EXT. LONG SHOT BEACH DAY 2

A sandy stretch between steep, shrub-faced cliffs. CAMERA MOVES IN PAST an offshore, mushroom-shaped rock formation, then ZOOMS to SCARAMANGA's powerful, dripping back as he wades in from the surf. He wears golden trunks.

3 EXT. BEACH SCARAMANGA ANDREA 3

Back still turned, he walks to ANDREA, who holds a large unfolded bath towel monogrammed with an ornate 'S'. She is about twenty-six, dazzlingly beautiful, in a bikini.

4 CAMERA CLOSER 4

As she towels his muscular torso.

5 REVERSE ANGLE SCARAMANGA'S CHEST 5

A startling sight. Two inches above and to the right of his left breast he has a third nipple.

6 NEW ANGLE ANDREA SCARAMANGA 6

His age is hard to guess. Oblivious of her he stretches out on a beach chaise as she pats lotion on his legs. NICK NACK, a perfectly proportioned midget in an impeccable butler's uniform, enters with a tray. On it is a silver bucket filled with unshelled oysters, a pepper mill, etc. He sets the tray down on a bamboo coffee table beside the chaise. SCARAMANGA dips his hand into the bucket, takes an oyster.

7 INSERT OYSTER IN HIS HAND 7

Between thumb and forefinger. He cracks upper shell with his thumb, flips pieces away with it.

8 SCARAMANGA NICK NACK ANDREA 8

She sits on the sand beside the chaise, lies back to sunbathe.
SCARAMANGA holding half-shelled oyster glares at NICK NACK.

SCARAMANGA
(harshly)
Nick Nack, you goon, where's the
tabasco sauce?

NICK NACK
Sorry, Mr Scaramanga. I'll get it.

He exits.

9 EXT. BEACH NICK NACK 9

Walking back across beach. He sees someone o.s., stops, beckons.

10 NICK NACK'S P.O.V. 10

RODNEY, holding a suitcase, starts towards him. Cold-eyed, with
a slash of a mouth, he wears a black hat and suit.

11 EXT. BEACH NICK NACK 11

RODNEY joins him. NICK NACK gestures for him to accompany him,
leads him out of scene.

12 EXT. BEACH SCARAMANGA ANDREA 12

Sunbathing.

13 INT. SCARAMANGA'S PAD ALL PURPOSE ROOM 13

Poshly but exotically furnished. Native-modern. It could be a
vacation house at any smart spa, Acapulco, Puerto Vallarta, etc.
NICK NACK enters with RODNEY, gives him an envelope stuffed
with cash. RODNEY riffles through it swiftly, puts it away.
NICK NACK leads him to a door, opens it.

- 14 CORRIDOR 14
- NICK NACK and RODNEY cross it to another door. NICK NACK opens it, points into room. RODNEY goes into it.
- 15 INT. GYMNASIUM RODNEY 15
- He looks about at the equipment: a bicycle mounted on a stand, gym horses, medicine balls, weights, exercise bars, racks for Indian clubs, etc. There is a stack of exercise mats in a corner, RODNEY sets down his suitcase, opens it, takes out a revolver.
- 16 EXT. BEACH SCARAMANGA ANDREA 16
- As before, NICK NACK enters, places bottle of tabasco sauce on tray.
- NICK NACK
Will you take your exercise at the usual
time, sir?
- SCARAMANGA nods. NICK NACK exits. ANDREA watches as SCARAMANGA cracks another oyster, douses it with tabasco sauce, brings the shell to his mouth, sucks, swallows oyster. All his movements are precise and deft.
- 17 INSERT BUCKET OF OYSTERS 17
- Half full.
- 18 ANDREA 18
- Alone on beach, lying on her stomach, her face in her arms.
- 19 INT. HOUSE ALL PURPOSE ROOM NICK NACK 19
- Busying himself. SCARAMANGA enters, crosses to corridor door. NICK NACK looks after him, an enigmatic smile on his face.
- 20 INT. CORRIDOR 20
- SCARAMANGA walks along it, goes into gymnasium.

- 21 INT. GYMNASIUM 21
- Rodney is not visible. SCARAMANGA gets on bicycle exerciser, begins pedalling. In b.g. RODNEY's head appears over stacked mats as he kneels behind them. SCARAMANGA sees him and stops pedalling. RODNEY aims at him. The lights go out. SCARAMANGA dives off the bicycle as RODNEY fires.
- 22 INT. CLOSET OFF CORRIDOR 22
- NICK NACK, wearing ear-phones, is seated at console with button panel, stereo controls etc, looking at monitor of an infra-red closed circuit TV on which he can see action in gymnasium etc.
- 23 INT. GYMNASIUM SCARAMANGA RODNEY 23
- RODNEY hears SCARAMANGA roll over several times, then his swift footsteps on flooring. He fires towards them.
- SOUND of door opening and closing. RODNEY gropes along side of gymnasium, finds door (opposite one leading into gymnasium from corridor), opens it, goes through it. Scaramanga's receding footsteps are still audible.
- 24 INT. MIRRORED AREA 24
- RODNEY hears a click behind him, tries door, finds it locked.
- 25 INT. CLOSET NICK NACK AT CONSOLE 25
- He pushes another button.
- 26 MIRRORED AREA RODNEY 26
- Sudden blare of caliope carnival music startles him. He looks at himself in mirror.
- 27 HIS POV IN MIRROR 27
- His reflection, dumpy and dwarfish.

- 28 RODNEY 28
- He moves past mirror, looking for Scaramanga. A SKELETON drops in front of him. Music segues into spooky canned laughter. The effect is of being in a funhouse.
- 29 SCARAMANGA 29
- Laughter O.S. Dim lights illuminate SARCOPHAGUS. He opens it, unwrapped mummy leers at him. He searches through case, doesn't find what he's looking for.
- 30 RODNEY 30
- Not visible in darkness until burst of western music, "Buffalo Girl" and BAR DOORS light up. Doors open. Through them comes WESTERN GUNSLINGER, replete with ten gallon hat, handlebar moustache, boots and spurs, etc. levelling six-shooter. GUNSLINGER fans hammer, fires, RODNEY ducking in time to avoid bullets. He fires back several times, hits six-shooter, then stares puzzledly as the automated effigy jerks back and forth mechanically. He looks around, continuing his search for Scaramanga.
- 31 SCARAMANGA 31
- OPEN COFFIN lights up. A two-headed corpse in it. SCARAMANGA searches it and coffin. Lights go out.
- 32 RODNEY 32
- Burst of jazz music, "Chicago". Lights over garage door. Door rolls up, revealing effigy of fat AL CAPONE, in his white fedora, holding a machine gun. RODNEY drops flat on floor as machine gun fires. Not sure if CAPONE is another effigy or someone in costume, RODNEY fires back. Figure immobilizes.
- 33 SCARAMANGA 33
- GALLOWS lights up in front of him. Hanged man is a replica of himself.
- 34 INT. CLOSET NICK NACK 34
- Enjoying himself hugely.

- 35 SCARAMANGA 35
 Laughing, enjoying himself too. He searches hanging dummy, finds what he's looking for: a golden gun. Lights go out.
- 36 RODNEY 36
 Dim lights on over MIRROR. He looks at his reflection.
- 37 HIS P.O.V. IN MIRROR 37
 RODNEY elongated like a Giacometti. Canned laughter. Lights over mirror dim out. We hear RODNEY move away. Lights over mirror on again. SCARAMANGA now reflected in mirror, also elongated. Mirror lights out.
- 38 SCARAMANGA 38
 Strobe lights on, flashing intermittently. He looks in mirror.
- 39 HIS P.O.V. IN MIRROR 39
 Himself, intermittently, and RODNEY behind him, gun pointed at his back but wavering as he peers through flashing lights.
- 40 SCARAMANGA 40
 Stepping aside a split second before Rodney fires. Bullet smashes mirror.
- 41 NEW ANGLE SCARAMANGA 41
 He whirls, levels golden gun towards Rodney.
- 42 HIS P.O.V. RODNEY 42
 Intermittently visible in flashing lights. SOUND of Scaramanga's gun firing. RODNEY, hit, staggers.
- 43 RODNEY 43
 He pitches forward. Strobe lights out. JAMES BOND theme music. JAMES BOND effigy lights up, evidently activated by Rodney falling against tripwire. BOND drops to one knee, gun drawn, as in logo.

44 SCARAMANGA 44

Firing at Bond effigy, immobilizing it.

45 RODNEY'S BODY 45

NICK NACK appears. He takes envelope with money out of Rodney's pocket. ANGLE WIDENS to include SCARAMANGA.

NICK NACK

Enjoy yourself, sir?

SCARAMANGA

(jovially, patting him
on the head)

You'll be the death of me yet, Nick Nack.

CAMERA MOVES PAST him to Bond effigy. There is a bullet hole where the heart would be.

MAIN TITLES

46 INT. LONDON M'S OFFICE DAY 46

CLOSE on M's hands examining a golden bullet and a typewritten note initialled with an S.

TANNER (voice off)

The paper ... type ... no leads there,
I'm afraid ...

CAMERA pulls back. TANNER, Chief of Staff, stands next to M who is seated at his desk, BOOTHROYD, the ballistics expert, beside it.

TANNER

... but the print is genuine. No doubt
about that.

All are glum and concerned. BOND enters.

BOND

(brightly)

Good morning, sir.

(acknowledging them)

Chief of Staff. Boothroyd. Lovely
weather.

Continued

46 Continued

46

TANNER and BOOTHROYD remain silent and grim. M gazes at Bond for a moment.

M

What do you know about a man called Scaramanga, Double-O-Seven?

BOND

Scaramanga? Scaramanga. Oh, yes.
(glibly)

Nationality and whereabouts unknown. Trained by Smersh. Reputation began as an overworked, underpaid assassin for the KGB after the war. Became an independent operator in the late 50's. Credited with hundreds of killings he probably didn't commit. But there are at least 46 confirmed. Never misses and never been photographed. Distinguishing feature: a third nipple. His current price per killing is one million dollars. Always uses a golden bullet, hence 'man with the golden gun'. Last known assassination two years ago. I think that's about all, sir. Why?

M hands BOND the bullet.

BOND

A charming trinket. For the man who has everything?

47 INSERT BULLET

47

007 engraved on the case.

48 GROUP

48

BOND

It even has my number on it.

M

(dourly)

Precisely.

Continued

BOOTHROYD

(adding ominous note)

Gold. 18 carat.

BOND

(glancing at them,

starting to get it)

Obviously not practical. Made by some
local jeweller. A joke ... a hoax ...

(disarmingly)

I mean, who'd pay a million dollars to
kill me?

M

Jealous husbands, outraged chefs,
humiliated tailors. The list is endless.
However the trinket, as you call it,
was accompanied by a note initialled
with an S.

TANNER

We know it's authentic because
Scaramanga's fingerprints were all
over it. They've been double-checked
by the CIA.

BOND

Why would he alert me?

TANNER

Psychological. Counts on his reputation
to terrify or paralyze his intended victim.

M

(interrupting)

Thank you, gentlemen.

He busies himself with papers while TANNER and BOOTHROYD leave.

M

(looking up)

I'm taking you off your current assign-
ment, Double-O-Seven. You're relieved
as of now. I'm prepared to endorse
your request to resign or take a sabbatical
and go to ground until this matter's settled.

Continued

48 Continued

48

BOND

(wryly)

Or until he kills me -

M

I will not jeopardize the success of a mission by having Scaramanga pop up to put a bullet in you. Nobody knows where he's domiciled or what he looks like, other than his abnormal mammary count. He'll undeniably have the edge if he finds you -

He dismisses BOND, who walks slowly to the door, then turns back.

BOND

If I found him first, sir - that would change the situation -

M

(not looking up)

Dramatically -

He looks up with the flicker of a smile.

M

Good luck, Double-O-Seven.

He tears up paper. BOND takes a deep breath, exits.

49 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE DAY

49

MONEYPENNY at her desk.

BOND

Money Penny, Fairbanks.

MONEYPENNY

Alaska?

BOND

No, Bill Fairbanks, Double-O-Two.

MONEYPENNY

Poor Bill. Killed on active duty.

Continued

49 Continued

49

BOND

By the man with the golden gun.

MONEYPENNY

That was never confirmed.

BOND

Where did it happen?

MONEYPENNY

Beirut, '67.

BOND

Moneypenny, you're better than a computer.

MONEYPENNY

(sighing)

In all sorts of ways, but you never take advantage of them.

Click on the intercom.

M'S VOICE

Miss Moneypenny!

MONEYPENNY grabs her pad and pencil.

BOND

When I get back.

MONEYPENNY

(heading for M's office)

Behave yourself, James.

BOND

(innocently)

I always do, Moneypenny. At home and abroad -

50 EXT. BEIRUT RED LIGHT DISTRICT NIGHT

50

Nightlife pedestrians and traffic activity along a narrow street of bars, nightclubs, and bordellos. Bright-coloured lights in the windows. Native Arab head-dresses on a few passers-by. A glimpse of a minaret in b.g. A cacophony of Middle Eastern and Western music from o.s., combos, radios, etc.

51 INT. BORDELLO CORRIDOR MADAM BOND NIGHT 51

Bulbs from the ceiling make pools of light between dark areas. FAT, OILY CUSTOMER, indicative of the establishment's clientele, emerges from the door of one of the rooms, passing BOND and the MADAM as she leads him towards Saida's room in b.g.

MADAM

... all my girls, monsieur ... famous beauties ... but you are fortunate Saida was recommended to you ...

BOND

The spécialité of the house, I hear.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE, BACK TO CAMERA, appears in f.g. Whoever it is looks after them.

52 INT. CORRIDOR SAIDA'S DOOR BOND MADAM 52

Stopping there.

MADAM

A dove, a little bird of Paradise - and so talented.

MADAM opens door.

MADAM

Saida, here is a handsome Englishman for you -

BOND goes in.

53 INT. SAIDA'S ROOM BOND 53

As MADAM closes door behind him.

54 BOND'S P.O.V. SAIDA 54

Reclining on king-size bed, she wears thin Turkish trousers, a short velvet bedjacket, is excessively plump and over made up, but definitely not an old bag. Her eyes light up.

55 BOND

55

Unable to restrain a wince.

56 SAIDA'S ROOM

56

The showplace of the house, the decor partly Middle Eastern, partly Empire. Crystal chandelier et al vie with Persian rugs, silk wall hangings, etc. A carved, three-panel, latticed screen is positioned about fifteen feet away at a forty-five degree angle from the foot of the bed. It stands in front of an arched doorway opening on to a balcony running along the back of the house and masks a courtyard below.

SAIDA

(flirtatiously)

Oui, you are very handsome.

(getting off bed)

And Saida?

She undulates towards him, models herself provocatively, featuring a curvaceous but out-sized haunch.

SAIDA

Do you like her?

BOND

A dove, a little bird of Paradise.

SAIDA

Come. Saida can take you there.

BOND

(stalling)

Yes, of course, indubitably - but couldn't we just chat?

SAIDA

(staring at him)

With Saida? That is an insult!

BOND

(craftily)

I mean first.

SAIDA

(mollified, returning to the bed)

You are so English, you English.

Continued

BOND

You know us well, I see.

SAIDA

(assuming another
seductive pose)

Certainement.

BOND

Bill Fairbanks? We worked for the
same firm.

SAIDA

(blankly)

Fairbanks?

BOND

I believe he was with you when he was
rather rudely interrupted.

SAIDA

(sitting up)

Mais oui! What a terrible night!
I will never forget it!

BOND

I'm sure it must be painful, but do you
mind telling me where you were?

SAIDA

Here. He was in my arms..

BOND

At least he died happy. Did you see
who killed him?

SAIDA

Non. Bang! It was all over. Through
the neck.

BOND

Where did the shot come from?

SAIDA

That screen.

Continued

56 Continued

56

He walks to the bed, looks back at the screen trying to determine angle of fire. She reaches up, draws him towards her.

BOND

(sitting on edge of
the bed)

But the police -

SAIDA

Later -

She clamps her arms around him. CAMERA PANS slowly to the screen. Through the lattice work we glimpse a SHADOWY FIGURE holding something. Scaramanga and gun?

57 THE BED SAIDA BOND

57

Simultaneously he pulls gun out of the holster and rolls off the bed.

58 CAMERA FOLLOWING ACTION

58

BOND comes up in a half-crouch, still holding gun, and launches a flying dropkick at the screen. It crashes over, pinning HAMMUD, a husky, swarthy Lebanese, under it. BOND pulls him out from under screen to his knees and covers him with his gun. HAMMUD still hangs on to a camera.

HAMMUD

(gasping)

Don't shoot! I give you film! No
charge!

He moves as though to hand BOND the camera, instead knocks the gun out of BOND's hand with it. BOND brings his knee up under HAMMUD's chin. HAMMUD falls back, drops camera. BOND picks it up. HAMMUD tries to get up. BOND bashes him over the head with camera. Then he wraps the strap around HAMMUD's neck and twists it until his eyes bulge. BOND releases him, gasping, yanks HAMMUD to his feet, screws off lens, shoves it into his mouth.

59 SAIDA BESIDE BED

59

Watching wide-eyedly.

- 60 BOND HAMMUD 60
BOND turns him around, hustles him out through the arched doorway.
- 61 EXT. BALCONY BOND HAMMUD 61
BOND propels him over balcony railing.
- 62 EXT. COURTYARD BOND'S P.O.V. 62
HAMMUD drops a short flight into a large refuse bin, groggily tries to climb out.
- 63 EXT. BALCONY BOND 63
He turns, goes back into room. Returns with Hammud's camera, aims, chucks it down over railing.
- 64 EXT. COURTYARD HAMMUD 64
Camera conks him on the head and shoulders and knocks him back into refuse bin, out cold.
- 65 INT. SAIDA'S ROOM SAIDA 65
BOND comes in from balcony.

BOND
I never liked home movies.

He picks up gun, puts it back into holster on chair, turns to her.

BOND
Where were we? Oh, yes.

She scurries back to the bed. He walks past her, kneels down to inspect wall on the other side.
- 66 INSERT TURKISH TROUSERS BED JACKET 66
Falling to the rug.

- 67 BOND 67
Seeing bullet hole.
- 68 INSERT BULLETHOLE 68
Plastered over but still discernible.
- 69 BOND 69
He stands up.
- BOND
The bullet was never found -
(turning towards her)
What hap-
- He stops abruptly.
- 70 SAIDA IN BED CAMERA ON HER BACK 70
Sheet pulled up to her waist. BOND comes slowly towards her. We now see SAIDA has a black ribbon around her throat. BOND sits down on edge of bed.
- 71 CLOSE ON BOND'S HAND 71
Examining mashed golden bullet hanging on ribbon in her cleavage.
- SAIDA'S VOICE
My lucky charm. I never take it off.
- 72 SAIDA IN BED CAMERA ON HER BACK 72
She holds out her arms. CAMERA IN on BOND's reaction. Big "Things I do for England" sigh.
- 73 BOND 73
Reluctantly starting to take off his jacket.

- 74 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT NARROW STREET NIGHT 74
Deserted. Lights in windows and neon signs going out.
- 75 INT. BORDELLO SAIDA'S ROOM 75
SAIDA sleeping contentedly, a thoroughly satisfied female. She stirs, turns in the bed to find Bond. He is gone. SAIDA sits up abruptly.
- 76 CAMERA CLOSE 76
The bullet is also gone.
- 77 INSERT THE MASHED GOLDEN BULLET 77
Seen through a spectograph.

BOOTHROYD'S VOICE

Dum dum bullets like this flatten on
impact for maximum wounding effect.
Very nasty.

- 78 INT. BOOTHROYD'S WORKSHOP BOOTHROYD BOND 78
Through glass we can see Q Branch personnel apparently lined up for a picture to be taken by a photographer with a long telephoto lens on an ordinary 35 mm. camera. BOND and Q, who is in the doorway from his domain, and BOOTHROYD pay no attention to what transpires in Q Branch.

BOND

I'm sure it is, Boothroyd. Just tell me
where it was made and by whom.

BOOTHROYD

Luckily it's still in one piece.

He uses tweezers to transfer bullet to sensitive weighing machine.

BOOTHROYD

32.0005 milligrams, from which we can
deduce that it was fired from a 42
millimetre gun.

BOND

There's no such gun as a 42 millimetre.

Continued

Q

(exasperatedly patient)

The fact that no recognized munitions manufacturer, military or civil, produces such a bullet does not mean it doesn't exist, Double-O-Seven.

In b.g. we see a rocket-like missile being loaded into camera in Q Branch.

Q

Q Branch has made irregular calibres for most unusual purposes and we don't put markings or serial numbers on them.

BOOTHROYD

Making identification almost impossible.

BOND

Oh, no! You mean to say there's no way to trace this bullet? If you knew what I went through to get it -

BOOTHROYD

I wouldn't go so far as to say that.

(putting bullet back
under spectograph)

The workmanship is undemanding according to our standards. Hard soft 24 carat gold alloy. Hardly ever used in Europe. Comes from India.

Q

(taking a look)

Far East.

BOND

Why not India?

Q

The oxide content is obviously too low, Double-O-Seven.

BOOTHROYD

(to Q)

Lazar?

78 Continued

78

Q

Lazar?

(nodding)

Imaginative, very specialized. Yes,
I concur.

BOND

(blankly, looking from
one to the other)

Lazar? Lazar?

BOOTHROYD

Portuguese. Lives in Macau -

Tremendous explosion from inside Q Branch as "camera" is fired into a furnace-like steel receptacle. Smoke obscures Q Branch, drifts into Boothroyd's workshop. BOND reacts violently but BOOTHROYD and Q remain oblivious.

Q

(patiently)

Chap who made the bullet, Double-O-
Seven -

79 EXT. MACAU FLOATING CASINO NIGHT

79

Illuminated sign: CASINO DI MACAU. Bustling traffic, pedestrians.

80 EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF CASINO CYCLE TRISHAW

80

BOND sits behind DRIVER, pedalling in and out among other vehicles.

81 EXT. TRAVEL SHOT TRISHAW BOND DRIVER

81

Passing UNDERTAKER'S SHOP with paper floats, flowers, wreaths, etc. CAMERA HOLDS as trishaw stops in front of next door Chinese APOTHECARY SHOP filled with jars of medicine, bins of dried herbs, dried lizard and snake skins etc. BOND pays driver.

82 NEW ANGLE BOND

82

He takes address out of his pocket, glances at it, appears puzzled, then goes into shop.

83 INT. APOTHECARY SHOP

83

Behind the counter in the corner a wrinkled old CHINESE WOMAN is feeding two small grandchildren.

BOND

(tentatively)

Senhor Lazar?

(blank stare from
old lady)

Laz ... zar ...

CHILDREN stop eating and also stare. A bulky, middle-aged Caucasian with strong, beautiful hands appears from a back room.

BOND

Senhor Lazar?

(as the man nods)

My name is Bond. James Bond.

LAZAR

(Portuguese accent)

An unexpected honour, Mr Bond.

(as Bond looks surprised)

Your reputation precedes you. It would be the proudest moment of my career if I could make something for you.

Please, this way.

84 INT. LAZAR'S WORKSHOP BEHIND SHOP

84

Benches, lathes, and in b.g. a small shooting range. LAZAR and BOND enter. LAZAR points to an intricate gun held in a vice on a tripod which he has obviously been working on.

LAZAR

An interesting problem, Mr Bond.

(caressing gun)

A custom built model for a client who recently lost two fingers -

He loads gun with a bullet, indicates SMALL TARGET RANGE in b.g.

LAZAR

Please -

BOND, puzzled, looks at gun.

- 85 INSERT GUN 85
- It has no trigger.
- 86 BOND L. LAZAR 86
- He smiles.
- LAZAR
- The trigger is housed in the butt.
Squeeze it.
- BOND aims at target, fires.
- 87 INSERT TARGET 87
- Bullet hits it about an inch below bullseye.
- 88 BOND LAZAR 88
- LAZAR
- You have five fingers. The butt is balanced
for the pressure of three. That is why you
were one inch too low.
(as Bond looks impressed)
Here you will find only craftsmanship and
quality. Mass production, your Walther PPK,
for instance, I leave to others.
- BOND
- What about ammunition?
- LAZAR
- Designed for individual requirements,
whatever they may be.
- BOND
- In gold, if I wanted?
- LAZAR
- I have already done that for a client.
- BOND
- I know you have.
(as Lazar is suddenly wary)
Francisco Scaramanga.

Continued

LAZAR
(reproachfully)

My relationship with a client, Mr Bond,
is strictly confidential. Like a doctor.
A priest with a penitent. You understand,
of course.

BOND

Of course.

He walks over as if to re-examine the gun.

BOND

Yet you make guns for fingerless hood-
lums, bullets for assassins.

He removes the spent cartridge.

LAZAR
(philosophically)

Mr Bond, bullets do not kill. It is the
finger that pulls the trigger.

BOND

Exactly.

He drops in a new cartridge, then swivels the gun round on the tripod.

BOND

I am now aiming precisely at your groin.
So speak now or forever hold your peace.

LAZAR
(very frightened)

I have never seen Mr Scaramanga.

BOND
(sighting)

On a cost per bullet basis he must be
your best customer.

LAZAR
That is true, but unfortunately he seems
to fire them only occasionally.

BOND

When was the last shipment?

88 Continued

88

LAZAR

Mr Bond, this is impossible. I cannot answer -

BOND fires. LAZAR freezes, terrified.

BOND

You're quite right. One inch too low.

He ejects cartridge, drops in another bullet, aims again.

LAZAR

(hastily, utterly
unnerved)

I have just completed an order for immediate delivery.

He runs to a cabinet, takes out a small cardboard box, extracts a cigarette package, opens it to reveal contents.

89 INSERT

89

Five golden bullets.

90 BOND LAZAR

90

BOND

Who collects them?

LAZAR

I swear I do not know. My instructions are to go to the Casino. I am paid and they vanish -

BOND looks puzzled.

91 INT. MACAU FLOATING CASINO DAY

91

Crowded with polyglot habitués and tourists. In f.g. LAZAR is seated with other PUNTERS at a Chinese roulette table. In b.g. is a large room with action at chemmy, craps and conventional roulette tables. All the CROUPIERS are girls. In Chinese roulette three dice are shaken in a sealed and covered bowl by a croupier. Bets are placed on the total of the dice, i.e. 3 to 18. In the centre of the table the numbers 1 to 18

Continued

- 91 Continued 91
- are painted on a glass strip along with odds on each number. The winning number lights up after every play. There is an oblong aperture in the ceiling directly above the table. Seated behind a railing on all sides of the aperture are the bigger punters. Their bets are placed and winnings, if any, returned by croupiers lowering and pulling up small baskets.
- 92 LAZAR AT TABLE 92
- A basket with money is lowered in front of him.
- 93 CLOSER ON BASKET 93
- LAZAR takes money, and discreetly replaces it with cigarette package containing the bullets.
- 94 INT. CASINO TABLE 94
- The basket is pulled up.
- 95 INT. CASINO UPPER FLOOR PUNTERS CROUPIERS 95
- The basket arrives in front of ANDREA. CAMERA CLOSER as she slips cigarette package into her handbag.
- 96 BOND 96
- Seated among others across aperture from Andrea. He was also able to see Lazar below.
- 97 ANDREA 97
- She tips CROUPIER.
- 98 BOND 98
- Looking after her.
- 99 BOND'S P.O.V. ANDREA 99
- As she rises and moves off into crowd.

100 EXT. MACAU HYDROFOIL DEPARTURE POINT DAY 100

The hydrofoil ferry to Hong Kong roars out of its berth.

101 EXT. HYDROFOIL ANDREA DAY 101

Speeding towards Hong Kong.

102 INT. HYDROFOIL CABIN ANDREA 102

Among PASSENGERS seated along windows. Through them we see various boats, etc., as hydrofoil passes them.

GUIDE'S VOICE

(over P.A.)

In a few moments we will be in Hong Kong harbour, one of the busiest ports in the world. May I remind you to have your passports and landing cards ready. Customs declarations should also be filled out in order to avoid unnecessary delay.

CAMERA PANS to BOND, seated across and a little way down from ANDREA, unobtrusively watching her.

103 EXT. HONG KONG HARBOUR DAY 103

Hydrofoil roaring through maze of freighters and junks etc., on its way towards berth in Hong Kong.

104 INT. HYDROFOIL BOND ANDREA IN B.G. 104

GUIDE'S VOICE

On our right is the wreckage of the famous liner Queen Elizabeth which sank here under mysterious circumstances in 1971 -

BOND turns to look out through window behind him.

105 BOND'S P.O.V. 105

Approaching wreckage of the Queen Elizabeth. Hull and funnel of the giant liner at a severe angle with the deck sloping down to water's edge. Hydrofoil passes it.

BOND crosses to give her the packet.

BOND
They certainly can damage your health.

As she reaches for the packet he smacks the gun away. It falls to the floor. In the same move, he grabs her arm, twists it roughly behind her. They fall on the bed, she face down, BOND on top of her.

ANDREA
You're hurting my arm.

BOND
I'll break it unless you tell me where those bullets go.

ANDREA
I can't.

BOND
(applying pressure)
Try!

ANDREA
He'll kill me!

BOND
Who?

ANDREA
(tears)
I can't tell you ...

BOND squeezes harder. ANDREA bites her lip, then gasps.

ANDREA
Scaramanga.

BOND releases her arm.

BOND
(pleasantly)
You see what you can do when you try.

ANDREA sits up rubbing her shoulder.

Continued

BOND

And you work for him.

ANDREA

I don't work for him. He's ... I'm
his ...

She tries to find the right expression.

BOND

So he's a lover, too.

ANDREA

Only before he kills.

BOND

Bullfighters do the same thing. Claim
it improves the eye. His eye is on me.
Where can I find him?

ANDREA

I don't know.

BOND slaps her hard.

BOND

I said where?

ANDREA

(in tears)

I don't know where. He doesn't tell
me everything.

She lies with her face down on the bed.

ANDREA

I know he has a date at the Bottoms Up
Club tonight.

BOND

How will I recognize him?

ANDREA

Tall, broad-shouldered ... dark ...

BOND

So's my aunt.

Continued

126 Continued

126

He reaches for her arm again.

BOND

(relentlessly)

Anything distinctive about him?

ANDREA

Yes ... but how can I ... he's not
like other people ... he has three -

She sits up, passes her hand across her chest.

BOND

I know. That's a fascinating anatomical
titbit but unless the Bottoms Up is a
strip club and he's performing, you'll
have to do better -

ANDREA

He always wears a white linen suit, black
tie, crepe soled loafers, and a lot of
jewellery. All gold.

BOND

Better. Much better.

ANDREA

I don't want you to twist my arm again.

BOND

I don't want to either. So I'll tell you
what you're going to do, Miss Anders.

He pockets her gun, leaves the bedroom.

BOND'S VOICE

You'll take Mr Scaramanga those bullets.
Because if you don't he may not go to the
Bottoms Up and I want him there -

ANDREA

Why should you trust me?

127 INT. BEDROOM DAY

127

BOND reappears carrying the bottle of champagne and the two glasses which he puts down on the dressing table.

BOND

I don't. But neither would Scaramanga if he hears about this interesting little conversation. I think he might even use one of those bullets - on you -

(as she stares at him)

That would be a shame - because they're very expensive.

He opens champagne bottle, pours out two glasses.

ANDREA

I'll do it.

BOND

Let's drink to that.

He hands her a glass, touches his to it.

BOND

Bottoms up!

They drink.

128 INT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB CLOSE SHOT NIGHT

128

An enchanting small Chinese bottom, clad in black panties, gyrates on a white mattress.

129 INT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB NIGHT

129

Three small interconnected circular rooms enclose three circular bars. The interior of each bar consists of a revolving circular mattress and a pretty TOPLESS CHINESE BARMAID.

130 INT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB, BECKY'S BAR NIGHT

130

BECKY, the prettiest of the hostesses, her long dark hair, playing peek-a-boo with her topless front, pours a drink for an enchanted, middle-aged Englishman, GIBSON.

- 131 INT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB NIGHT 131
- As customers leave the stools round BECKY's bar, others rapidly take their place, including a tough but good-looking Chinaman, HIP. He settles into the stool next to GIBSON.
- 132 EXT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB NIGHT 132
- A few CUSTOMERS are exiting into the street. The sign "BOTTOMS UP" is lost in the myriad of Chinese signs and characters that blanket the street at all angles.
- 133 EXT. ARCADE NIGHT 133
- BOND stands in a narrow shopping arcade, looking into the window of the corner shop. Through it, he is able to watch the entrance of the BOTTOMS UP across the street.
- 134 EXT. BOTTOMS UP NIGHT 134
- The street is quiet. A few passers-by, but no one appears to be going into the BOTTOMS UP.
- 135 INT. ARCADE NIGHT 135
- BOND turns his attention to the shop window and watches himself on a couple of small TV screens amid the cameras, hi-fi and tape recorder sets in the shop window.
- 136 INSERT TV SCREENS NIGHT 136
- BOND adjusts his tie and glances back in the direction of the BOTTOMS UP, but nothing is happening. He glances at his wrist-watch.
- 137 INSERT WRISTWATCH 137
- The time is five past ten.
- 138 EXT. CLOSE SHOT TOWER CLOCK NIGHT 138
- Same time.

139 EXT. TOWER OVERLOOKING VICTORIA HARBOUR NIGHT 139

Beyond it ferries and water-taxis headed for Kowloon or Hong Kong; diesel-powered and sail junks and sampans, anchored or moving; freighters moored to buoys; launches churning among other craft. Night lights of Hong Kong in b.g.

140 EXT. VICTORIA WATERFRONT 140

Junks tied up along dock street.

141 EXT. JUNK 141

Sails stowed. CAMERA IN to NICK NACK on deck looking out over harbour. He glances at wristwatch, goes into hatch.

142 INT. JUNK NICK NACK 142

Crossing dirty, cluttered work area to companionway.

143 INT. COMPANIONWAY NICK NACK 143

Descending to door at bottom. He knocks.

NICK NACK

It's after ten, sir.

144 INT. JUNK CABIN 144

Startlingly luxurious. CAMERA IN to SCARAMANGA as he lies in berth. He gets up. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to closet. He opens it. CAMERA PANS back to berth. We now see ANDREA, obviously nude under sheet.

145 EXT. BOTTOMS UP ARCADE NIGHT 145

BOND still patrolling the arcade, thoroughly bored. Perhaps Scaramanga is not coming after all. He glances once more into the window of the camera shop. His attention is caught by ...

- 146 TV SCREENS 146
BOND is standing next to a MIDGET.
- 147 INT. ARCADE NIGHT 147
NICK NACK smiles at his reflection, then at BOND, shakes his head and carries on down the arcade.
BOND glances at his watch and once more looks in direction of the deserted entrance to the BOTTOMS UP.
- 148 EXT. BOTTOMS UP STREET 148
BOND leaves the arcade, comes into the street and starts for the Club entrance. As he exits shot the CAMERA RISES and CLOSES IN on a Chinese NEON SIGN above and behind him.
- 149 FLASHING NEON DRAGON'S HEAD 149
The CAMERA passes through the dragon's mouth into the small window behind to a GOLDEN GUN.
- 150 B.C.U. SCARAMANGA aiming. 150
- 151 SCARAMANGA'S EYELINE 151
BOND is half way across the street heading for the entrance of the BOTTOMS UP.
- 152 SCARAMANGA continues aiming and squeezes the trigger. 152
- 153 CLOSE UP 153
Back of BOND's head as he walks towards the club.
- 154 CLOSE UP GOLDEN GUN 154
It fires.

- 155 SCARAMANGA'S P.O.V. 155
 BOND drops to the ground. So do a couple of CUSTOMERS just coming out of the Club.
- 156 C.U. WINDOW 156
 SCARAMANGA vanishing.
- 157 EXT. BOTTOMS UP CLUB NIGHT 157
 Blood and a corpse on the pavement. Several people group around it. NICK NACK among them. He turns body over, reveals the face of GIBSON.
- 158 BOND 158
 Walther PPK drawn, he has jumped back into the shadows and is searching for the source of the shot.
- VOICE (O.S.)
 Drop it.
- 159 HIP 159
 Covering BOND with gun. He flashes what looks like a police I.D. card.
- HIP
 You're under arrest. I'll take that.
- BOND hands him his Walther. In b.g. more people stop and stand around Gibson's body. NICK NACK is gone.
- 160 EXT. BOTTOMS UP BOND HIP 160
 POLICE CAR draws up. THREE OFFICERS get out. HIP gestures for one of them to take charge of Gibson's body. The other two flank BOND.
- BOND
 (to Hip)
 If you'd take the trouble to examine that gun you'll see it hasn't been fired.

Continued

160 Continued

160

HIP
(pushing Bond into car)
Anything you have to say you can say
at the station -

HIP and POLICEMEN get into the car with BOND. Car drives away.

161 EXT. HONG KONG STREET NIGHT

161

Car with NICK NACK and SCARAMANGA speeds by.

162 EXT. SAME DISTRICT

162

Hip's car, driving in same direction, with BOND in back beside him.
Two other men in front.

163 INT. HIP'S CAR : BOND HIP TWO MEN

163

Long silence.

BOND
(to Hip)
I didn't see your I.D. card.

HIP
You will.

BOND glances at him thoughtfully.

164 EXT. HONG KONG WATERFRONT DOCK

164

HIP's car stops beside small tied-up launch. HIP, TWO MEN and
BOND get out.

BOND
I thought we were going to the police
station.

HIP
(nodding)
Kowloon-side.

They board launch.

165 EXT. VICTORIA HARBOUR SCARAMANGA'S JUNK NIGHT 165

SCARAMANGA and NICK NACK come aboard.

166 DECK AREA NIGHT 166

SCARAMANGA walks past NICK NACK who remains on deck looking o. s. as if expecting someone. The two men crew begin to cast off.

167 SCARAMANGA descends through hatch. 167

168 INT. JUNK CABIN NIGHT 168

Lying on the bed is ANDREA. She gazes expressionlessly at SCARAMANGA as he crosses to her. He pulls out his GOLDEN GUN and, smiling, caresses her cheek and throat.

169 EXT. SCARAMANGA'S JUNK NIGHT 169

Pulling away from the quayside. Rising steeply behind, the million lights of one of the world's great backcloths.

170 EXT. HONG KONG HARBOUR NIGHT 170

HIP'S LAUNCH speeding past the brightly lit moored ships in the harbour.

171 EXT. LAUNCH DECK 171

HIP stands next to BOND with another UNIFORMED CHINAMAN. BOND watches the helmsman.

The bright lights of Hong Kong are receding but those of Kowloon are not approaching. The launch appears to be heading out to sea.

BOND
(helpfully)
Kowloon's over there.

HIP
We're going New Territories.

Bond's suspicions that they are not policemen are growing. So should the audience's.

172 EXT. LAUNCH NIGHT 172

The craft speeds away from the brightly lit freighters into darkness.

173 BOND 173

Glancing at HIP and his MAN,

174 BOND'S P.O.V. 174

The launch approaching the wreckage of the QUEEN ELIZABETH.

175 EXT. LAUNCH NIGHT 175

The boat begins to reduce speed as it approaches the tangled wreckage of the sloping deck.

BOND suddenly picks up circular canvas life preserver and drops it over head of the man next to him, turns and delivers a few shrewdly placed karate chops on HIP.

176 EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH DECK 176

The launch bangs alongside. BOND scrambles out of the launch on to the deck. HIP starts to follow.

177 EXT. FUNNEL BOND 177

Scurries up the sloping deck, ducking under twisted wreckage, seeking cover.

VOICE

Welcome aboard, Commander Bond.

BOND looks round in amazement. The voice comes from a small loud-speaker over a hatchway at the base of the funnel.

178 BASE OF FUNNEL 178

BOND approaches hatchway, goes into it.

179 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH BOND 179

He goes through a short, narrow dark passage then into blazing light.

180 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH COMPANIONWAY 180

Standing at the head of the companionway, a smart young NAVAL LIEUTENANT in white tropical uniform.

LIEUTENANT

This way, sir.

The flooring is slanted to conform with the sloping deck.

BOND

(looking around)

Certainly gives you a new slant.

181 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH SLOPING CORRIDOR 181

BOND follows his escort. Everything is bright, painted, spotless.

LIEUTENANT

(cheerfully)

What with the Chinese on one side and the American Fleet on the other, down here's the only place in Hong Kong you can't be bugged.

The LIEUTENANT steps aside to let by two dripping, wet-suited FROGMEN.

LIEUTENANT

Any luck?

FROGMEN gives thumbs up sign and waddles on.

182 LIEUTENANT AND BOND 182

Descending to a lower level. Again the walls and ceiling are slanted but the floor is constructed on the bias so that Bond can stand completely level.

LIEUTENANT

And with current real estate prices, quite practical really.

Continued

182 Continued

182

They have walked past several cabin doors. The LIEUTENANT stops at one, knocks, opens it and gestures BOND to enter.

183 INT. CABIN

183

M

(sourly)

Good evening, Double-O-Seven. I'm glad to see you're still with us.

Once again BOND is surprised. Seated at a conference table are M, Q and FRAZIER, a donnish-looking man in his fifties.

BOND

Thank you, sir.

HIP enters.

M

In future, Commander, if you must tour the world of Suzie Wong by night, kindly inform Lieutenant Hip here before you jeopardize another operation.

HIP

Sorry, Commander Bond. I didn't know how much you knew.

BOND

Nothing -

(turning to M)

- but I think I must inform you, sir, that Scaramanga doesn't have a contract on me. He had the opportunity to kill me tonight, couldn't have missed. Instead he hit some poor chap coming out of the club.

M

(rising)

That poor chap, as you call him, was our missing solar energy expert. One of the key men in the field.

Continued

BOND

The man who disappeared with the secret data two years ago? Gibson?

M

Yes, Gibson.

(growling)

That's why I'm out here. Gibson was prepared to come back - under certain conditions. Hip was making a preliminary contact -

(walking back to his chair)

I almost wish Scaramanga had a contract on you -

(turning to Hip)

Was Gibson co-operative?

HIP

He wanted to bargain for immunity, suggested another meeting in Bangkok to discuss terms -

M

Why Bangkok?

HIP

I got the impression he was working there with Hai Fat.

M

That name's come up before. Head of Hai Fat Enterprises, all of them legitimate as far as we know. What did Gibson propose bargaining with, Hip?

HIP

A solex. Claimed it was 95 per cent efficient.

FRAZIER

(excitedly)

If he developed a solar cell that efficient he's solved the energy crisis!

Continued

M

(impatiently)

So you've told me. Some day coal and oil will be depleted. Uranium's too dangerous. Geothermal and tidal control too expensive. I know all that. Where's this solex now?

Q

(pedantically)

Solex "agitator", sir. The essential unit to convert radiation from the sun into electricity on an industrial basis. It's only about that size.

He indicates about six inches with his hands.

FRAZIER

It won't take me long to check out Gibson's efficiency claim. This is really exciting. May I see it, Lieutenant?

HIP

He showed it to me at the bar and replaced it in his pocket.

A long pause.

HIP

And after he was shot it wasn't there. I looked.

Deep silence.

M

(caustically)

Gentlemen, I congratulate you. Instead of getting our hands on a perfected solex, the assassin removes it and we're left with a useless corpse and no leads.

BOND

One lead, sir. Assuming Gibson was killed by Scaramanga, whoever hired him could afford a million dollars.

Continued

183 Continued

183

M

Hai Fat certainly could.

HIP

Out of his pin money.

BOND

I'd like to strike up an acquaintance
with him, sir. I have a notion how
to approach him -

Everyone stares at BOND.

184 EXT. HONG KONG TAI PAK AIRPORT DAY

184

BOND, carrying hand luggage, pays off taxi and hurries into airport.

185 INT. AIRPORT DAY

185

HIP, standing by check-in desks, as BOND joins him.

BOND

Where's Q?

HIP

Not here yet.

VOICE (O.S.)

Boarding passes.

GOODNIGHT, looking very trim, joins them, holding passes.

BOND

Three?

GOODNIGHT

You stood me up last night, James,
so buy me dinner in Bangkok.

BOND

Would M approve?

GOODNIGHT

He suggested it.

Continued

185 Continued

185

GOODNIGHT (Cont)

(enjoying herself)

After last night's debacle I suppose
he thought a keen, efficient operative
might not be amiss.

BOND

Quite right, too. Someone will have
to keep an eye on me while I'm asleep.

VOICE over P.A. announces departure of plane to Bangkok. HIP and
GOODNIGHT go past check-in desks. BOND looks o. s.

186 HIS P.O.V. Q

186

Hurrying towards him, carrying a tiny package.

187 INT. AIRPORT CHECK-IN DESK BOND

187

Puffing hard, Q reaches him.

BOND

Have you got the item I requested?

Q

(panting)

Stayed up all night making it.

(handing him a tiny
opaque plastic box)

I say, Double-O-Seven, you're getting
awfully kinky.

BOND

(taking box)

Thank you, Q -

He turns to follow HIP and GOODNIGHT.

Q

Just a moment, Double-O-Seven -

(unslinging camera case)

I believe you'll find this unusually handy -

BOND

Not my hobby.

Continued

187 Continued

187

Q
(taking camera out
of case)

It is now -

BOND
If you'll excuse me, Q - my flight -

He walks past check-in desk.

188 INT. AIRPORT TRAVEL SHOT BOND Q

188

With BOND walking rapidly towards boarding gate and Q trotting alongside him.

Q
Really, Double-O-Seven, you're being unusually obtuse today. I've designed this for prompt emergency action by merely selecting and setting appropriate shutter speeds -

189 INT. AIRPORT BOARDING GATE

189

PASSENGERS going through. HIP and GOODNIGHT reach it. HIP goes through. GOODNIGHT turns back and gestures for Bond to hurry up.

190 INT. AIRPORT BOND Q

190

Approaching boarding gate.

Q
(rattling on)
Gas ejection - instant solidification ... liquid non-adhesion ... Fortunately there's a complete manual in the case which I strongly advise you to study carefully, but whatever you do -
(indicating on camera)
- never, never press this without first turning that.

Continued

190 Continued

190

BOND

Why not?

Q

Self-destruct mechanism. Whtt!

He pantomimes explosion. They stop at gate, beside GOODNIGHT.

BOND

Most ingenious. But I'm sure there's one thing it can't do.

Q

What?

BOND

Take a photograph.

Q

(putting camera back
in case)

There's no need to be facetious. Actually you're right - but I'm working on it. -

(thrusting camera case
into Bond's hand)

Happy landing -

He bustles off. Stuck with camera, BOND slings it over his shoulder and accompanies GOODNIGHT through boarding gate.

191 EXT. BANGKOK JET AIRLINER DAY

191

Framed by Chinese architecture of HAI FAT'S HOUSE. Airliner loses altitude as it makes landing approach over sea in b.g.

192 EXT. HAI FAT'S ESTATE TOP TERRACE DAY

192

HAI FAT, an impressive Chinaman in his late forties, is seated at a table in a pergola. A SECRETARY stands beside him, handing him business memoranda etc., which he scans rapidly. Waiting to see him beside pergola is a group of obsequious subordinate executives. SECRETARY, using a pocket calculator, checks figures on statement, hands them to him. HAI FAT, using an abacus, double-checks swiftly. A SERVANT removes tray with partially finished lunch. The impression is of high-powered tycoonery.

- 193 STEPS FROM TOP TERRACE 193
- SERVANT comes down them towards main house built on a series of descending levels in a heavily wooded garden.
- 194 GARDEN 194
- SERVANT enters house. In f.g. a UNIFORMED GUARD patrols a winding path and across a small bridge. Crouching in the water under the bridge is a forty-foot painted dragon. The garden is filled with weird, vividly-coloured statuary: two grotesque larger-than-life Suma wrestlers, a giant tiger, its bright yellow and black stripes contrasting with the shrubbery. In its fangs the tiger holds what looks like part of a human being.
- 195 GUARD 195
- Moving along PATHWAY, exchanging greetings with another UNIFORMED GUARD patrolling a lower level leading past a grotto filled with painted statuary, these smaller-than-life.
- 196 INT. GROTTTO GUARD 196
- Passing it. The painted figures represent scenes from Chinese mythology, the fate in store for adulterers, unfaithful wives, wicked landlords, liars etc. at the Court of Eternal Justice. The punishments are severe, disembowelment, the rack, tongue removal, eternal fire, all graphically depicted.
- 197 PATHWAY LEADING TO MAIN GATE 197
- GUARD continues along inside high wall surrounding estate. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to top of wall.
- 198 CLOSE SHOT HIP 198
- His face masked by branches. He is lowered out of shot.
- 199 EXT. OUTSIDE WALL 199
- BOND, dressed in shirt and slacks, helps HIP to the ground.

Continued

199 Continued

199

HIP

No way. The place is crawling with guards. Hai Fat takes his privacy very seriously.

BOND

Oh, he'll see me all right.

BOND adjusts the camera round his neck, and using HIP, heaves himself up to the top of the wall.

200 INT. GARDEN

200

BOND drops silently into the garden and cautiously sets off through the woods in the direction of the house, passing more Chinese statuary.

201 CLOSE SHOT BOND

201

Emerging carefully through the greenery. He stops. There is the sound of water splashing.

202 BOND'S P.O.V. A POOL

202

A beautiful young Chinese girl's face surfaces.

203 EXT. GROUNDS POOL

203

Olympic size, again flanked by dragon columns and a grotto of painted statuary. At the end of the pool, ornamental steps lead up to the house. BOND approaches the edge of the pool. He watches for a moment as the transparently naked Chinese mermaid swims about. She turns her back, spots BOND.

BOND

Good morning. How's the water?

She treads water for a moment, looks BOND over carefully, makes up her mind.

GIRL

Why don't you come in and find out?

Continued

106 EXT. HONG KING HYDROFOIL TERMINUS DAY 106

Hydrofoil noses into berth. PASSENGERS for return trip assembled off to one side.

107 INT. HONG KONG CUSTOMS BUILDING DAY 107

ANDREA and other passengers proceeding towards exit. BOND follows her. She climbs into a chauffeured green Rolls Royce.

108 NEW ANGLE BOND 108

As the GREEN ROLLS pulls away, he hurries towards the taxi rank, opens the door and is about to get in when a small SPORTS CAR pulls up sharply in front at an angle, preventing the taxi moving forwards or backwards.

BOND slams taxi door and strides angrily to sports car. In b.g. the ROLLS has disappeared in the traffic.

109 SPORTS CAR 109

At the wheel is an attractive, chicly-dressed girl in her middle twenties, MARY GOODNIGHT.

GOODNIGHT

(breathlessly)

Sorry I'm late, James. Your signal from Macau only reached the office a few minutes ago.

BOND

(sourly)

You're a great help, Goodnight. 43267. Get on to the Licence Bureau and trace that car. A green Rolls.

GOODNIGHT

(slowly)

A green Rolls?

BOND

(sharply)

A green Rolls Royce. There can't be that many in Hong Kong. 4326 ...

BOND stops, puzzled by GOODNIGHT's big smile.

110 EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL DAY

110

Four green ROLLS ROYCES are neatly parked outside the hotel for the convenience of the clientele. A fifth one pulls away from the steps as the COMMISSIONAIRE closes the door, revealing GOODNIGHT'S SPORTS CAR coming to a halt.

111 EXT. SPORTS CAR DAY

111

BOND

(smiling)

Brilliant deduction, Goodnight.

GOODNIGHT

You see what a two-year posting to Staff Intelligence does for a girl? It's wonderful to see you again, James -

(as he climbs out of car)

Where are you going?

He has a word with the COMMISSIONAIRE, turns back to her.

BOND

The subject under surveillance occupies room 602. I'll buy you dinner tonight but right now I must proceed with official business.

GOODNIGHT

I saw the official business.

BOND

Goodnight, would I do that to you? After two years?

GOODNIGHT

(smiling)

Yes, you bloody well would.

He grins as she drives off.

112 INT. PENINSULA HOTEL 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR DAY

112

The elevator doors open and BOND steps out, holding a champagne bottle in a bucket of ice and two glasses. He rounds the corner and meets WANG, an elderly CHINESE HOUSE BOY, patrolling the corridor. WANG runs forward to assist BOND.

Continued

112 Continued

112

BOND

Thank you, I can manage.

He stops in front of 602 and goes through the motions of trying to extract his key from pocket. WANG obliges by using his pass key to open the door.

BOND, balancing the bucket and champagne with one hand, uses the other to touch his lips and point to a five-dollar bill in his top jacket pocket.

BOND

Ssh ... surprise.

He slides through the door, winking at the delighted WANG who removes the bill and closes the door silently.

113 INT. SUITE FOYER DAY

113

BOND puts down the bucket, flattens himself against the wall, draws his Walther, looks and listens.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

114

BOND cautiously crosses the elegantly furnished reception room which is deserted, and moves towards the bedroom.

115 INT. BEDROOM SUITE DAY

115

The bedroom is also empty, but the silence is suddenly broken by a shower noise in the bathroom. BOND moves to the bathroom door and looks in.

116 INT. BATHROOM DAY

116

BOND puts his Walther away as he looks at the pleasing shape of ANDREA behind the glass shower.

117 INT. SHOWER DAY

117

ANDREA's pretty face under the gushing water. She turns off the shower.

118 INT. BATHROOM DAY 118

BOND
Good afternoon.

119 C.U. ANDREA's startled reaction. 119

120 INT. BATHROOM DAY 120

BOND leans in the doorway smiling pleasantly.

121 INT. SHOWER DAY 121

ANDREA, dripping, turns and faces BOND. She slides the glass partition open.

122 C.U. 122

Somewhere around her belly button, ANDREA holds a GUN pointing at BOND.

123 INT. BATHROOM DAY 123

BOND
(recovering from a
slight case of shock)
A water pistol?

ANDREA
Pass me that robe.

BOND picks up the terry towel robe beside him and passes it to ANDREA.

ANDREA
(icily)
Turn around.

BOND does so and ANDREA gets out of the shower putting on the robe.

BOND
(looking at her reflection
in mirror)
Do you always take a shower with a gun?

Continued

123 Continued

123

ANDREA
Walk forward slowly.

124 INT. BEDROOM DAY

124

BOND followed by ANDREA comes into the bedroom.

ANDREA
Get out of here before I call the police.

BOND
You still haven't answered my question.

He turns and sits on the bed, looking at her questioningly. ANDREA walks to the telephone and picks it up.

ANDREA
(after a pause)
This is Miss Anders. Room 602 ...

She hesitates as BOND opens her handbag on dressing table and removes CIGARETTE PACKET.

ANDREA
Put those down!

BOND weighs the packet of bullets in his hand.

125 INSERT CIGARETTE PACKET

125

His fingers fold back foil and reveal golden bullets inside.

126 BOND ANDREA

126

He examines printed caution on packet.

BOND
I see why these packets carry a
Government warning.

ANDREA hangs up.

ANDREA
Give me that.

Continued

203 Continued

203

BOND

That sounds very tempting ... Miss ...

GIRL

Chew Mee.

BOND puts his camera down, starts to take his shirt off.

BOND

Only one small problem. I haven't
any swim trunks.

CHEW MEE

Neither have I.

She sinks below the surface.

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

HAI FAT is striding towards the pool. Behind him a GUARD.

HAI FAT

Get out! Immediately!

BOND turns to face him.

204 REVERSE ANGLE OVER BOND'S SHOULDER TO HAI FAT

204

HAI FAT

I will have you ...

He stops abruptly. His eyes dart from Bond's face to his chest, which is still off camera. He brusquely dismisses the GUARD, comes closer to BOND.

HAI FAT

Please forgive me, Mr Scaramanga.

He passes in front of BOND, goes to the edge of the pool. BOND turns.

205 CLOSE SHOT BOND'S CHEST

205

He has three nipples. The extra one over his heart.

Continued

205 Continued

205

HAI FAT
Excuse us, Chew Mee.

He leads BOND away from the pool area towards a small lake.

206 EXT. MARBLE JUNK

206

A wooden gangway leads to a small stone junk in the centre of the lake. An awning and chairs complete an idyllic setting.

HAI FAT
(leading Bond across
gangway)
You understand my surprise. I thought
it was understood we were never to
meet, Mr Scaramanga.

207 EXT. GARDEN MARBLE JUNK HAI FAT BOND

207

BOND starts to put his shirt on.

HAI FAT
I always thought your abnormality was
a myth. There are cults where it is
considered a sign of invulnerability and
great sexual prowess.

BOND
(shrugging)
I've learnt to live with it.

HAI FAT sits in junk, indicates Bond should sit opposite him.

HAI FAT
Why are you here?

BOND
Bond. James Bond.

HAI FAT
Do I know the gentleman?

BOND
He knows you.

Continued

HAI FAT

(unimpressed)

Without being immodest, there is hardly anybody in this part of the world who doesn't.

BOND

And there are very few people who haven't heard of Bond either. British Secret Service, Double-O-Seven. Licensed to kill. He's good, even by my standards. He was near the Bottoms Up Club.

HAI FAT

A coincidence.

BOND

I don't believe in them. The man's a menace. He knows something.

HAI FAT

Are you suggesting I invest another million to remove him?

BOND

That's up to you.

HAI FAT rises, as does BOND. They cross gangway to path.

HAI FAT

I will give it some thought. Since you have chosen to meet me perhaps you will dine tonight.

BOND

I'll be here.

HAI FAT

Nine o'clock then. You will excuse me if I don't escort you further.

(calling)

Merdan!

MERDAN, a dangerous-looking, scarred, ex-OAS Frenchman, enters.

Continued

207 Continued

207

MERDAN

M'sieu.

HAI FAT

See this gentleman out.

MERDAN leads BOND out of scene.

208 EXT. GARDEN TRAVEL SHOT MERDAN BOND

208

As MERDAN escorts BOND towards gate. They pass another bizarre piece of statuary. This time a miniature guillotine with a head rolling.

BOND

Must make you homesick.

MERDAN sullenly ignores him.

209 EXT. GATE

209

MERDAN opens it, lets BOND out, closes gate behind him.

210 EXT. OUTSIDE ESTATE

210

Round the corner, out of sight from gate, HIP sits waiting in car. BOND joins him.

HIP

Don't tell me you saw him.

BOND

I made a clean breast of it. Got invited to dinner.

BOND gets into car.

211 BINOCULAR HIGH ANGLE SHOT

211

Car driving away.

212 CLOSE SHOT BINOCULARS 212

They are lowered, revealing SCARAMANGA's face.

213 EXT. TOP TERRACE SCARAMANGA 213

He puts binoculars down and joins HAI FAT standing in front of a small pagoda-like edifice.

HAI FAT

In due time I intend to be laid to rest here in my mausoleum after a useful, happy, long life, and I see no reason for Mr Bond to shorten it.

He smiles beneficently.

214 EXT. BANGKOK ORIENTAL HOTEL ENTRANCE NIGHT 214

CHA and NARA, two attractive young Thai girls, are waiting for someone. They wear occidental dress, short skirts, skimpy summer fur pieces, platform shoes, carry handbags. BOND comes out of the hotel, stops beside them. Girls look him over shyly. He notices them, smiles. HIP'S CAR stops beside them. Girls greet him in Thai.

HIP

These are my nieces, Cha and Nara -

BOND

How do you do -

GIRLS giggle.

HIP

I'm taking them out to see their granny.
We'll drop you off on the way -

GIRLS get in back, BOND in front. HIP drives away.

215 EXT. HAI FAT'S ESTATE NIGHT 215

HIP'S CAR stops outside gate. BOND gets out.

Continued

215 Continued

215

BOND
(to the girls)
Nice to have met you -

HIP
(as girls giggle)
How long will you be in there?

BOND
I'm playing this by ear so I don't know -

HIP
I'll drive back and hang around -

BOND nods, walks to gate. HIP drives away.

216 EXT. GATE

216

Opened by AGED GATEKEEPER.

217 INSIDE GATE

217

BOND comes through it.

BOND
My name is Scaramanga.
Mr Fat's expecting me.

GATEKEEPER points toward main house. BOND starts toward it.

218 EXT. FAT'S ESTATE TRAVEL SHOT BOND

218

Passing several pieces of painted statuary, A GORILLA, A TORTURER,
A DRAGON.

219 A GROTTTO

219

Filled with statuary. Among them is a LITTLE DEMON about forty inches high holding a chain with a ball on the end. BOND walks into scene, CAMERA HOLDS ON LITTLE DEMON as BOND passes it. NICK NACK, varnished and painted as the little demon, turns his head to look after BOND walking out of scene.

220 TRAVEL SHOT BOND

220

Approaching a passing statue of a tiger WITH A HUMAN ARM IN ITS FANGS. He passes it, approaches STATUES OF TWO ENORMOUS SUMA WRESTLERS, poised to grapple. They have top-knots and are nude except for G-string-like loin cloths drawn tight between the legs with a large knot at the back of the crotch. As BOND passes them CAMERA HOLDS ABRUPTLY AND COMES IN CLOSE ON HIS STARTLED FACE as he hears lumbering footsteps behind him and turns to look back.

221 NEW ANGLE BOND

221

Realizing WRESTLERS are not statues as the closest one grabs him from behind and swings him around to Second Wrestler.

222 CAMERA FOLLOWS ACTION

222

SECOND WRESTLER flings BOND to the ground and bounces on him. Then FIRST WRESTLER bounces on him. They stand over BOND, grin. FIRST WRESTLER decides to bounce again. BOND, gasping, rolls away. FIRST WRESTLER lands hard on his huge posterior, knocking the wind out of himself. SECOND WRESTLER grasps BOND around the middle, lifts him off the ground and begins squeezing him. BOND gulps for air, then reaches down over his opponent's shoulder with both arms.

223 INSERT BOND'S HANDS

223

Twisting large knot behind opponent's loin cloth.

224 CLOSE UP SECOND WRESTLER'S FACE

224

As he squeals.

225 ACTION

225

BOND keeps twisting knot until SECOND WRESTLER relinquishes his bear hug and drops him. BOND staggers to his feet. FIRST WRESTLER, now recovered, grabs for him. BOND momentarily eludes him. BOTH WRESTLERS simultaneously charge him from opposite directions. He steps back. WRESTLERS collide with terrific impact, knocking themselves back. BOND, groggy too, gropes for gun inside his jacket, the first opportunity he has had to draw it.

226 BEHIND BOND

226

NICK NACK sneaks up on him, hops on a rock, clobbers him over the back of the head with the ball on the chain. BOND sinks to his knees, falls forward on his face, out cold.

227 NEW ANGLE GROUP

227

FIRST WRESTLER picks BOND up like a baby, the other advances to twist his neck. HAI FAT and MERDAN enter.

HAI FAT

(sharply)

No - not here -

WRESTLERS freeze. HAI FAT turns to MERDAN.

HAI FAT

Mr Bond deserves an audience -

He exits.

228 CLOSE UP BOND'S FACE DAY

228

His eyes are closed, but he is smiling. His eyes flutter open. He tries to focus them.

229 BOND'S P.O.V.

229

Two doll-like, exquisite, young, oriental female faces materialize, smiling at him.

230 BOND GIRLS

230

There are candles, incense burners. He is on a pallet, propped up with pillows. He wears a black, slashed tunic and black pyjama-like trousers.

BOND

(hazily)

I seem to be in the wrong heaven -

The GIRLS bow. One resumes gently massaging his neck. The other holds a delicate tea cup to his lips. He sips, looks around. CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is in a MARTIAL ARTS ACADEMY. A large room, partly like a temple, and partly a gymnasium. ABOUT TWENTY STUDENTS file ceremoniously past him.

231 NEW ANGLE STUDENTS 231

As they form a circle in front of a dais. On it sits an aged, benign-looking Chinaman, THE HEADMASTER, flanked by TWO BLACK BELTERS in Kung Fu tunic and trousers. He nods to them. They step down from dais.

232 TRAVEL SHOT TWO BLACK BELTERS 232

Walking toward BOND, passing four more black belters joining students.

233 BOND GIRLS 233

THE BLACK BELTERS sent by Headmaster bow to BOND. He eyes them, quizzically. They lean forward, help him to his feet, indicate he should precede them. He manages a smile at the GIRLS, goes with BLACK BELTERS.

234 SPECTATORS 234

Entering from one of several doorways. They group themselves in back of the students. In b.g. BLACK BELTERS bring BOND in front of the dais.

235 BOND HEADMASTER BLACK BELTERS 235

HEADMASTER

Good morning, Mr Bond. On behalf of my Academy I accept your challenge.

BOND

My what?

HEADMASTER

It is a source of great pride to us that we are prepared to oblige all comers. Have you any requests?

BOND

(looking around)

Is there a doctor in the house?

Continued

235 Continued

235

HEADMASTER

Excellent, Mr Bond. Always strive to strike fear into an adversary. I will be most interested to see your individual style of self-defence -

BOND

(dead pan)

So will I.

The HEADMASTER gestures to the two BLACK BELTERS flanking BOND.

236 FULL SHOT

236

BLACK BELTERS escort BOND into centre of encircling STUDENTS. The FOUR OTHER BLACK BELTERS stand just inside them, the two others join them. SPECTATORS murmur expectantly. The STUDENTS seat themselves, sit cross-legged.

237 BOND

237

Looking around for exits.

238 BOND'S P.O.V.

238

More BLACK BELTERS at all of them, arms folded.

239 HEADMASTER

239

He raises hand for matches to start.

240 NEW ANGLE GROUP

240

FIRST BLACK BELTER steps forward. He shadow fights for a bit, throwing punches and kicking with amazing speed and dexterity. SPECTATORS react approvingly.

241 MERDAN

241

Standing unobtrusively among SPECTATORS.

242 FIRST BLACK BELTER

242

He signals to STUDENT who rises. He holds five slabs of wood, each about seven inches square and an inch thick. ANGLE WIDENS as we go into SLOW MOTION of student throwing slabs at FIRST BLACK BELTER who chops at them with the side of his hand and splits them in mid air one after the other. We resume normal CAMERA SPEED as STUDENTS and SPECTATORS applaud. FIRST BLACK BELTER bows to BOND. BOND imitates ritual ironically, begins shadow boxing, throwing punches in conventional boxing style. He moves around, working his way toward circle of seated STUDENTS, then through it, toward only exit which looks unguarded. BLACK BELTER appears in it. BOND shadow boxes back, stops beside pallet, low table etc. where we first saw him.

243 CLOSER ON BOND

243

He stoops, picks up fleecy towel, mops his brow, puts towel down, surreptitiously slips circular iron rest of incense burner into his tunic.

244 FULL SHOT GROUP

244

As BOND shadow-boxes back into centre of encircling STUDENTS, BLACK BELTERS, SPECTATORS, etc.

245 HIP NARA CHA

245

Standing among SPECTATORS.

246 NEW ANGLE GROUP

246

BOND stops shadow-boxing. He bows to FIRST BLACK BELTER he is ready. FIRST BLACK BELTER scowls, starts circling BOND. BOND reaches into tunic, takes out iron incense burner rest, tosses it toward opponent. We go into SLOW MOTION AGAIN as FIRST BLACK BELTER instinctively chops at it. STOP ACTION FREEZE on his agonized reaction. NORMAL CAMERA SPEED RESUMES as FIRST BLACK BELTER clutches his hand, grimacing, and retires. SPECTATORS murmur disapprovingly.

247 HEADMASTER

.247

Impassive.

248 GROUP

248

SECOND BLACK BELTER, bigger, tougher, uglier than the first steps forward. He circles BOND with the usual sneers, growls, hisses. BOND sticks his thumbs in his ears, wiggles his fingers, crosses his eyes. SECOND BLACK BELTER disconcerted, stops. As he does BOND stamps hard on the arch of his foot. SECOND BLACK BELTER grimaces, limps away disdainfully, squats, rubs his foot. CHULA, the biggest BLACK BELTER, approaches BOND. SPECTATORS murmur. Evidently he is a great champion.

249 BOND CHULA

249

No warm-up for him. He means to dismantle BOND who senses he is facing a battle of survival. CHULA takes his stance. So does BOND, a conventional boxing one. CHULA shouts, kicks BOND in the chest, BOND is flung backwards. He gets up. CHULA rushes him with a blood-curdling shriek. They mix it, with BOND using judo, karate, and straight punches. Good as he is, he is no match for CHULA who knocks him down several times with chops, punches, kicks.

250 HIP CHA NARA

250

Wincing.

251 BOND CHULA

251

As he continues his murderous attack on BOND who gets up each time he is knocked down but is increasingly dazed and shaky. CHULA knocks him down again, then grasps BOND's neck in a both-hand squeeze, a possibly fatal hold. ANGLE SUDDENLY WIDENS as CHA and NARA come to BOND's aid. Actually, they are professional Thai girl kick-fighters. Gasp of amazement from CROWD as they go to work on CHULA with their fists, elbows, knees, feet, even butting with their heads. CHULA goes down. STUDENTS and BLACK BELTERS rush to help CHULA. GIRLS and BOND fight their way through them toward an exit. HIP joins them. The four of them battle their way past STUDENTS and BLACK BELTERS.

252 EXT. COURTYARD

252

HIP, BOND, CHA, NARA fight their way into courtyard, pursued by STUDENTS and BLACK BELTERS.

- 253 MELEE IN COURTYARD 253
- HIP and CHA become separated from BOND and NARA. HIP and CHA get out GATE first.
- 254 OUTSIDE COURTYARD 254
- HIP and CHA run to HIP'S CAR. STUDENTS pursue them. BOND and NARA fight their way out through gate. STUDENTS block way to HIP's car. BOND and NARA turn, run in opposite direction, as CHULA and THREE OTHER BLACK BELTERS emerge from gate, see them, and start toward BOND and NARA.
- 255 HIP'S CAR 255
- HIP driving, CHA beside him. He swerves to avoid hitting SPECTATORS emerging from courtyard through gate.
- 256 HIP'S P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD 256
- No sign of BOND or NARA beyond milling crowd.
- 257 BOND NARA 257
- Running along wall in front of courtyard, away from HIP and CHA in car. He looks back.
- 258 HIS P.O.V. 258
- CHULA and BLACK BELTERS spotting them.
- 259 BOND NARA 259
- They turn corner of wall.
- 260 TRAVEL SHOT BOND NARA 260
- Running towards back of houses beyond. Houses are built on stilts.

- 261 HOUSE ON STILTS 261
BOND and NARA run along side of house.
- 262 BANK OF STREAM HOUSES ALONG IT 262
All kinds of boats moored and tied up along bank. Market boats in stream filled with melons, kitchen utensils, flowers, etc. etc.
BOND and NARA reach bank. They look back.
- 263 THEIR P.O.V. 263
CHULA and his MEN, THREE OF THEM, coming after them alongside house on stilts.
- 264 EXT. STREAM TRAVEL SHOT BOND NARA 264
As they jump from boat to boat working their way to the opposite bank.
- 265 NARA 265
Missing her footing, falling into the water.
- 266 BOND ON MARKET BOAT 266
He looks back for her.
- 267 HIS P.O.V. 267
A great kick-boxer, she is obviously no swimmer as she thrashes around in the water.
- 268 BANK OF STREAM CHULA BLACK BELTERS 268
In b.g. they see BOND come back for NARA. He dives in after her.
- 269 CHULA BLACK BELTERS 269
They commandeer market boat. TWO MEN pole it past other boats toward BOND and NARA O.S.

- 270 BOND NARA 270
 He boosts her out of water onto market boat with help of MARKET MAN. She is spluttering and winded. He sees BOAT approaching, climbs back on deck, picks NARA up.
- 271 TRAVEL SHOT BOND NARA 271
 As he resumes crossing stream by leaping from boat to boat while carrying girl. In b.g. CHULA's boat gains on him.
- 272 EXT. DOCK 272
 On bank of stream BOND is headed for. Tied up to dock are three long-screwed Thai motor boats. BOND carries NARA into scene, sets her down. He pulls her with him into one of the motor boats, casts off, starts motor, operates long rudder pole with spinning screw at the back, backs boat into stream, swings boat around, capsizing melon market boat as he does, then drives out of stream.
- 273 EXT. STREAM BOND'S BOAT BOND NARA 273
 Manoeuvring in and out of other boats of all types as he drives downstream.
- 274 EXT. DOCK CHULA BLACK BELTERS 274
 Reaching it. CHULA and one of the MEN commandeer one boat, the other two get in another.
- 275 EXT. STREAM CHULA BOATS 275
 Backing out away from dock, swinging around, then pursuing BOND'S BOAT.
- 276 SERIES OF SCENES 276
 CHULA'S BOATS pursuing BOND's downstream. They gain on it as BOND's boat encounters growing river traffic.

- 277 EXT. STREAM LARGE PASSENGER LAUNCH 277
BOND drives behind it. CHULA'S BOAT roars past on the opposite side so that it is now ahead of BOND's.
- 278 EXT. BOND'S BOAT 278
He now has one hostile boat downstream of him, the other upstream.
- 279 EXT. CHULA BOAT 279
Turning to come upstream.
- 280 EXT. BOND'S BOAT BOND NARA 280
He sees CHULA's in front of him, looks back, sees second CHULA BOAT gaining on him. He heads through water traffic toward bank and FLOATING MARKET.
- 281 EXT. STREAM CHULA BOATS 281
Closing in on BOND's. CHULA boats back off, turn around, then back toward BOND's, the props on the end of the rudder poles whirling.
- 282 SERIES OF SCENES CHULA'S BOAT AND BOND'S BOND 282
CHULA BLACK BELTERS
Manoeuvring as they attempt to cut each other down with the props. Action takes them close to bank.
- 283 BOATLOAD OF TOURISTS 283
Prop shears off strut holding up canopy. It collapses on them.
- 284 MARKET BOAT 284
MARKETEER frantically tries to avoid veering TOURIST BOAT. It crashes into poles holding up house on bank. House collapses.
- 285 OTHER BOATS 285
Trying to avoid manoeuvring long-screwed boats. They

Continued

- 285 Continued 285
- collide, tip over, dumping produce and merchandise into water along with market people.
- 286 CHULA BOAT NUMBER TWO 286
- Just missing BOND with shirling prop.
- 287 BOND BOAT 287
- BOND manoeuvres to strike back at DRIVER OF CHULA TWO BOAT.
- 288 NEW ANGLE BOND BOAT BOND NARA 288
- O.S. scream as his prop evidently hits DRIVER of CHULA NUMBER TWO BOAT. SOUND OF SPLASH.
- 289 INSERT SURFACE OF STREAM 289
- Blood on water at centre of outgoing concentric ripples.
- 290 BOND NARA 290
- He looks O.S.
- BOND
He screwed himself up.
- 291 EXT. STREAM 291
- BOND manoeuvres his boat to put other water traffic between him and CHULA boat with CHULA and OTHER MAN in it.
- 292 FLOATING MARKET BOND NARA 292
- They get out of motor boat, scramble onto BARGE SHOP. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH THEM as they cross barge which is crowded with SHOPPERS, including TOURISTS, identifiable by their holiday attire.

- 293 BARGE SHOP 293
- CHULA and BLACK BELTERS climb out of his motor boat onto it.
They start after BOND and NARA.
- 294 TRAVEL SHOT BOND NARA 294
- Market boats are now densely positioned so that SHOPPERS and
TOURISTS can move about around FLOATING MARKET by using gang-
planks, bamboo spans, rope ladders, or just by stepping from one
boat to the other. BOND and NARA approach a group of TOURISTS
on boat selling all kinds of large straw hats.
- 295 CAMERA CLOSER ON SHERIFF J.W. PEPPER AND WIFE 295
- An American-Gothic Grant Wood type. She is trying on hats while
PEPPER waits impatiently. BOND and NARA pass them. PEPPER
looks puzzled, then shakes his head.
- 296 FLOATING MARKET CHULA BLACK BELTERS 296
- They have apparently lost their quarries, look about frustratedly.
BLACK BELTER from other prop boat joins them.
- 297 BOND NARA 297
- Looking O.S.
- 298 THEIR P.O.V. 298
- CHULA and BLACK BELTERS with their backs turned toward them.
- 299 BOND NARA 299
- They turn, retrace steps to get away from him.
- 300 HAT SHOP BOAT PEPPER MRS PEPPER 300
- As BOND and NARA pass them again.

- 301 CLOSE ON PEPPER 301
Delayed take, then he remembers.
- PEPPER
That spy fella!
- 302 EXT. FLOATING MARKET BOND NARA 302
Disappearing behind cabin of large market boat.
- 303 EXT. CHULA AND BLACK BELTERS 303
Disgustedly giving up pursuit.
- 304 HAT SHOP BOAT PEPPER MRS PEPPER 304
Among other TOURISTS.
- PEPPER
I tell you it was him, Emma! Let's
get out of here!
- He turns, bumps into MARKET MAN carrying pile of hats, backs up,
loses footing, falls over the side.
- 305 NEW ANGLE PEPPER 305
He comes up sputtering. Excitement among TOURISTS, etc, on hat
boat.
- MRS PEPPER
(shrilly)
JW, get your ass out of that filthy water!
- TOURISTS and MARKET MAN pull him back aboard.
- 306 CLOSE UP HAI FAT 306
His face reflects controlled anger as he listens to HEADMASTER'S
VOICE speaking apologetically in Chinese.

307 INT. HAI FAT'S STUDY HAI FAT DAY 307

An ornate Chinese room. HAI FAT, seated at his desk, continues listening with growing impatience to HEADMASTER'S VOICE over squawk box as he looks out through open French window.

308 HAI FAT'S P.O.V. 308

SCARAMANGA comes up from garden and walks toward him across terrace.

309 INT. HAI FAT'S STUDY HAI FAT 309

He interrupts HEADMASTER with angry burst of Chinese and flips off squawk box. CAMERA PANS TO SCARAMANGA standing just inside French window.

SCARAMANGA

(grinning)

What do they teach in that school?
Toe-dancing?

310 HAI FAT SCARAMANGA 310

HAI FAT

(icily as he rises from
behind desk)

I find nothing remotely amusing about
Mr Bond's escape.

SCARAMANGA

He's pulled off some great ones.

He sits down in chair vacated by HAI FAT who picks up a briefcase and walks to a lacquered cabinet filled with Chinese antiques, bronze and pottery figures, bowls, vases, etc.

SCARAMANGA

You underestimated him..

He takes out his gold cigarette case and lighter. HAI FAT moves one of the antiques. The cabinet slides aside, revealing a wall safe.

311 HAI FAT AT SAFE 311

He opens it, takes out cash and papers, puts them into briefcase.
Continued

311 Continued

311

HAI FAT

Even my influence doesn't extend into
the British Secret Service -

(putting more cash
into briefcase)

- and as far as they are concerned
your talents are more likely to be an
embarrassment than useful.

312 CLOSE SHOT SCARAMANGA

312

He stops doodling with his golden fountain pen for a beat, then resumes.

313 NEW ANGLE HAI FAT SCARAMANGA

313

HAI FAT crosses to him at desk.

HAI FAT

Take this -

He places the solex agitator in front of him.

HAI FAT

- return it to the plant - and don't
leave there without my permission.

SCARAMANGA pockets solex. HAI FAT returns to wall safe.

HAI FAT

I shall lie low, too. I don't intend
to jeopardise a project I've invested
half my fortune in when it's ready to
yield billions.

SCARAMANGA is fiddling with his cigarette case and lighter. They
appear to interlock.

SCARAMANGA

Where will you hide out?

HAI FAT

I have no intention of answering that.
May I remind you that you work for me.
I give the orders.

Continued

313 Continued

313

He replaces antiquity he moved. Cabinet slides back in front of wall safe.

HAI FAT

I took you on as a junior partner to be an occasional convenience. Nothing more. Is that clearly understood?

SCARAMANGA

(dead pan)

Very clearly.

HAI FAT

(coming back to desk with briefcase)

Bond doesn't even know you're in Bangkok. He's never seen you. But he knows me. That's the problem.-

He stops, his eyes on what SCARAMANGA is holding in his hand. The fountain pen has screwed into the lighter and is now a gunbarrel, while the cigarette case serves as the butt and a cufflink as the trigger of the golden gun.

SCARAMANGA

(smiling)

That's no problem -

He fires. A very dead HAI FAT falls behind the desk.

314 EXT. TERRACE MERDAN

314

He has heard shot, runs toward French window, goes into study.

315 INT. HAI FAT'S STUDY MERDAN

315

Entering. SCARAMANGA is just lighting a cigarette with the gold lighter.

MERDAN

What happened?

SCARAMANGA

I'm the new Chairman of the Board -

Continued

315 Continued

315

SCARAMANGA (Cont)

(rising)

Mr Fat's just resigned -

MERDAN sees HAI FAT's body, stares at it.

SCARAMANGA

He liked that mausoleum -

He walks to the French window, turns back.

SCARAMANGA

Put him in it -

He exits through French window. MERDAN comes forward slowly to FAT's body.

316 C.S. KRIS DANCERS NIGHT

316

Blare of exotic music, cymbals, drums. DANCERS leap and gyrate, menacingly brandishing their weapons.

317 FULL SHOT ORIENTAL HOTEL NIGHT

317

DANCERS performing on the lawn which runs down to the river. GUESTS are seated at tables around lawn, with the U-shaped arcade of the hotel behind them.

318 ARCADE

318

BOND, in white dinner jacket, walks past the DANCERS and GUESTS and joins GOODNIGHT seated at a table. She looks particularly pretty.

BOND

(sitting down)

Sorry, darling. That was Hip ...

A hovering WAITER proffers a bottle of champagne.

WAITER

Sorry, Mr Bond, no Dom Perignon.
You like to try some Phuyuck, '74?

BOND winces, feels the neck of the bottle, nods. The WAITER pours.

Continued

BOND

Still no sign of Hai Fat. All enquiries
about him get a polite Oriental brushoff.

He sips the wine.

BOND

I approve.

GOODNIGHT

(also sipping)

You do?

BOND

Not the champagne. Your frock. Tight
in all the right places. Not too many
buttons.

GOODNIGHT

Standard uniform for South East Asia.
(she takes another
sip)

The buttons are down the back.

BOND

Designed by Q, no doubt. One of them's
a suicide pill, I suppose.

GOODNIGHT

(smiling)

No, but the bottom one has a homer
in it.

BOND glances at her then refills their glasses. He hands her one,
lifts his.

BOND

I heard a toast in Venezuela. Por ce
momento, es sea venga. To this
moment - and the one to come -

GOODNIGHT

lovely -

They touch glasses, sip wine. He sighs.

Continued

318 Continued

318

BOND

In our profession I'm afraid you never
can count on that moment to come. Who
knows where we'll be a year from now?

GOODNIGHT

(playing along,
also sighing)

Opposite sides of the world most likely -

BOND

That's too far apart. Let's think more
positively. Unless Hip comes up with a
lead there's really nothing very much for
us to do tonight - or is there?

GOODNIGHT

I'm tempted, darling, but killing a few
hours as one of your passing fancies isn't
quite my scene.

There is a round of applause. The TOURISTS clap as the KRIS DANCERS
run off and their place is taken by pretty little THAI TEMPLE DANCERS.
They stream out on to the lawn with the river and its passing traffic
behind them. The CAMERA isolates a moored junk.

319 EXT. JUNK NICK NACK

319

Looking through scope.

320 NICK NACK'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

320

He sees GOODNIGHT rise, still smiling, and leave BOND alone at the
table. BOND looks after her thoughtfully, sips his drink.

321 EXT. JUNK NICK NACK

321

Lowering scope.

322 INT. ORIENTAL HOTEL CORRIDOR BOND NIGHT

322

At the door of his room. He takes out his key, inserts it. As he

Continued

- 322 Continued 322
- opens the door he hears a creaking noise from inside the room. He freezes, takes the Walther out of his shoulder holster, enters cautiously.
- 323 INT. BOND'S ROOM BOND 323
- The room is dark but slightly illuminated by moonlight falling through the windows. He flattens back against wall near door, looks O.S.
- 324 BOND'S P.O.V. THE BED 324
- The unmistakable outline of a body lying in it.
- 325 BOND BED IN B.G. 325
- As he aims the gun at the person in the bed.
- BOND
- Sit up slowly - or you're dead.
- The light goes on. BOND wheels.
- 326 INT. BOND'S ROOM BOND GOODNIGHT 326
- She is standing in the doorway of a closet, wearing a diaphanous short nightgown.
- BOND
- Goodnight!
- He lowers his gun.
- GOODNIGHT
- (ruefully)
- My hard-to-get act didn't last very long, did it?
- BOND
- (putting gun away)
- What a pleasant surprise. But why the old pillows-under-the-sheets trick?

Continued

326 Continued

326

GOODNIGHT

I was trained to expect the unexpected.

BOND

So was I - but they didn't prepare me
for anything like you in a nightie -

He draws her to him, puts his arms around her, kisses her for a long time.

GOODNIGHT

(knees weak when
they break)

Mind if I sit down - ?

She does, on the edge of the bed. He does too, beside her, and kisses her again. Then he pulls bedcovers back and sweeps the pillows on to the floor. She switches off the light and takes their place. He stands up, takes off jacket and shoulder holster and starts undressing. She watches him.

GOODNIGHT

Darling, I thought this would never
happen.

BOND

(interrupting his
disrobing for another
kiss)

What made you change your mind?

GOODNIGHT

(breathless by now)

I'm weak.

SOUND of a key being turned in the door lock. BOND covers GOODNIGHT's mouth with his hand.

327 BOND'S P.O.V.

327

The handle turns. The door opens a few inches.

328 CAMERA ON BOND

328

BOND

(whispering)

Don't move.

Continued

328 Continued

328

He pulls the sheet over her head, then goes silently across the room, steps behind the door, and draws his Walther. The sound of retreating footsteps puzzles BOND. Then the door begins to open.

329 BOND

329

Poised for action behind the door, expecting Scaramanga. A figure enters and takes a few steps towards the outline of GOODNIGHT under bedclothes. BOND switches on the light and kicks the door shut.

330 C. U. ANDREA

330

She turns and gasps.

BOND

Why, Miss Anders. I didn't recognise you with your clothes on.

In b.g. there is a perceptible start from GOODNIGHT.

ANDREA

I bribed a bellboy to let me in. I've come to warn you - you're in great danger -

BOND

(moving towards bed)

I usually am. That's why I use the old three-pillow trick.

He pats GOODNIGHT's posterior under the sheet and sits on the bed.

ANDREA

Please believe me. I'm risking my life to warn you.

BOND

Your concern for my well-being is touching but puzzles me.

ANDREA

Scaramanga's in Bangkok.

BOND

He was in Hong Kong too, but not after me. We've been through that routine.

ANDREA comes and sits next to BOND on the bed.

331 C.U. GOODNIGHT

331

Under the sheet.

332 BOND ANDREA

332

ANDREA

He's a monster. I hate him.

BOND

Leave him.

ANDREA

You don't walk out on Scaramanga.
There's no place where he wouldn't find
me. I'm chained to him as long as he
lives.

BOND

You need a good lawyer or another hired
killer ...

ANDREA

I need Double-O-Seven.

BOND takes this in.

ANDREA

Who do you think sent that bullet to
London with your name on it?

BOND

You. I've been a little slow on the
uptake.

ANDREA

Don't you see. You're the only man in
the world who can kill him.

BOND

What gave you that idea?

ANDREA

The way Scaramanga spoke about you.
He has a likeness of you in his funhouse.

BOND

I'm flattered.

She moves closer to BOND.

Continued

332 Continued

332

ANDREA

(desperately)

I have money. I'll have more when
he's dead. Name your price. Anything.
I'll pay it. You can have me too if you
want. I'm not ... ugly.

BOND

At last - you're starting to tell the truth.

333 C.U. GOODNIGHT

333

Under the sheets.

334 ANDREA

334

She moves even closer to BOND.

ANDREA

I've dreamed about you setting me free ...

She puts her arms around his neck, her lips close to his.

BOND

I've been dreaming about a solex
agitator.

She kisses him gently.

BOND

Ever heard of one?

She presses her lips to his again.

ANDREA

Perhaps you can have that, too.

She rises and goes towards the bathroom, unbuttoning her dress.

BOND

Hurry back.

She smiles, goes into bathroom. GOODNIGHT sits up indignantly
throwing off the sheet. He puts his finger to his lips, then pantomimes
her urgently towards the closet. She hesitates momentarily, then,
gritting her teeth, gets off the bed and goes quickly into the closet,
closing the door behind her.

335 INT. CLOSET GOODNIGHT 335

Fuming.

336 INT. BEDROOM BOND 336

Hastily smoothing the sheets. ANDREA comes out of the bathroom wearing his short terry cloth bathrobe. He turns to her.

BOND

Charming.

He holds out his arm towards her. Instead of coming to him she walks directly towards the closet door. He tenses momentarily, but relaxes again as she turns off the lights from the switch there. Then she crosses to him and puts her arms around him. CAMERA IN CLOSE.

BOND

It was an inspiration, sending that bullet -

He takes her in his arms.

337 INSERT TERRY CLOTH ROBE 337

Falling on the bed.

338 INT. CLOSET GOODNIGHT 338

Her lips move in a very unladylike manner.

339 EXT. ORIENTAL HOTEL NIGHT 339

The terrace, lawn, and arcade are deserted. Only a few windows in the hotel beyond are still lit.

340 INT. CLOSET GOODNIGHT 340

Huddled on the floor she has fallen asleep. The closet door opens. BOND, silhouetted in the light from the room, stands in doorway. He now wears the terry cloth robe.

BOND

You can come out now -

Continued

340 Continued

340

GOODNIGHT wakes up with a start. He reaches in, helps her up.

341 INT. ROOM BOND GOODNIGHT

341

ANDREA is gone. GOODNIGHT comes out of the closet.

GOODNIGHT

What time is it?

BOND

Twelve.

GOODNIGHT

You mean I was in there two hours?

BOND

All in the line of duty.

GOODNIGHT

But two hours! That's what I call overkill!

BOND

Overkill isn't quite the word.

GOODNIGHT

Whatever it is, I'm resigning in the morning.

BOND

Don't let us down, Goodnight. The Service needs women like you.

GOODNIGHT

Obviously you don't!

BOND

Forgive me darling. Your turn will come, I promise -

As she eyes him dubiously:

BOND

- as soon as she brings me that solex agitator.

GOODNIGHT

(after a beat)

For killing Scaramanga?

Continued

341 Continued

341

BOND

If she gets me the agitator first -

GOODNIGHT

(eyes widening)

First? James, you must be good -

BOND

(modestly)

We'll find out about that the next time
I meet her. She's making the arrangements.

342 EXT. BANGKOK RIVER SCARAMANGA'S JUNK NIGHT

342

A WATER-TAXI pulls away from it.

343 INT. JUNK CABIN SCARAMANGA NIGHT

343

He is apparently asleep in the berth. ANDREA enters from
companionway.

SCARAMANGA

(eyes still closed)

You're late.

ANDREA

It was a double feature.

She slides panelling from in front of wall safe, turns combination dial.

SCARAMANGA

(eyes still closed)

What are you doing?

ANDREA

Putting my jewellery away -
(she takes off ring,
bracelet, brooch, etc)

344 INSERT SAFE

344

ANDREA's hands as she puts jewellery next to the solex agitator.
Door closes, blocking out screen.

345 INT. ORIENTAL HOTEL LOBBY DAY 345

BOND emerges from Florist's adjusting boutonniere in his lapel.
CAMERA GOES WITH HIM TOWARD NEWS STAND. HIP joins him.

HIP

Query from M. What are we waiting for?

They pass BELLBOY holding salver with envelope on it.

BELLBOY

Oh, Mr Bond -

CAMERA HOLDS as BELLBOY joins them.

BELLBOY

For you, Sir.

BOND takes envelope, tips BELLBOY, who exits. BOND opens envelope, extracts a single ticket.

BOND

Signal M I think the waiting's over.

346 INSERT TICKET 346

Featuring words BANGKOK STADIUM.

347 INT. BANGKOK STADIUM DAY 347

Large, packed with excited, noisy FANS. There are only three rows of ringside seats. A high circular barrier keeps other SPECTATORS back. There is much betting, both during action and between rounds, with some PUNTERS gesticulating with their hands, offering odds, and others, shouting, accepting them. Many VENDORS in white jackets and caps move about selling soft drinks, bags of nuts, etc. CAMERA AVOIDS SHOWING ACTION IN RING UNTIL DESIRED.

348 ARCHWAY THROUGH BARRICADE 348

BOND, ticket in hand, shows it to USHER who precedes him down aisle toward second ringside row. In b.g. noisy, excited SPECTATORS who subside somewhat as round ends, and SECONDS and MANAGERS work in corners, masking their fighters.

- 349 BOND'S P.O.V. 349
 ANDREA, sitting in second row with a couple of empty seats on either side of her.
- 350 INT. STADIUM BACK OF BLEACHERS GOODNIGHT 350
 She looks down toward ringside seats O.S. below.
- 351 GOODNIGHT'S P.O.V. 351
 BOND and USHER reach second ringside row. USHER points out his seat to BOND.
- 352 BOND USHER 352
 ANDREA seated in b.g. She makes no gesture or sign of recognition.
- 353 GOODNIGHT'S P.O.V. FROM BLEACHERS 353
 She watches BOND squeeze past in front of SPECTATORS toward ANDREA.
- 354 BOND 354
 Continuing past SPECTATORS, then sits down next to ANDREA.
- 355 SIDE ANGLE BOND ANDREA BEYOND HIM 355
 He looks towards ring so as not to appear to be with her.
- BOND
 Sorry I'm late. Bangkok traffic is
 worse than Piccadilly.
- Bell sounds O.S. CROWD roars, keeps up almost continuous loud excitement.
- 356 CLOSE UP BOND 356
 Registering surprise.

357 BOND'S P.O.V. 357

The CONTESTANTS in the ring are GIRLS: T-shirts, satin trunks, 10-ounce gloves, and bare feet. There is nothing fake about Thai boxing. The girls mix it with punches, kicks, and knees in the clinches as we saw Cha and Nara do.

358 CLOSE SHOT BOND 358

Still looking toward ring rather than ANDREA.

BOND
Women's Lib should love this.

359 ACTION IN RING 359

One GIRL rains blows on her opponent, then finishes her off with a kick. CROWD around ring goes mad as the LADY REFEREE raises the victor's arm.

360 CLOSE ON BOND 360

PEOPLE around him cheering and applauding.

BOND
Did you bring it?

ANDREA doesn't answer. He leans forward a little, glances at her.

361 BOND'S P.O.V. 361

ANDREA's eyes are open but she is obviously dead. There is a bullet hole in the front of her dress.

362 BOND 362

Managing to keep his expression impassive as he realises what has happened. Through the ensuing action the first pair of girls leave the ring, TWO OTHERS take their place, the opening ceremonies take place, the new bout begins.

363 CLOSE UP GOODNIGHT IN BLEACHERS 363

Watching BOND and ANDREA.

- 364 GOODNIGHT'S P.O.V. 364
- BOND and ANDREA. All apparently is going well.
- 365 CLOSE UP GOODNIGHT 365
- She takes small walkie-talkie from her handbag, speaks quietly into it.
- GOODNIGHT
He's made contact.
- 366 CLOSE UP HIP 366
- Standing near REFRESHMENT STAND. O.S. SOUND OF CROWD. VENDORS crowd around stand to refill their trays with sweets, nuts, food, etc. HIP holds similar small walkie-talkie to his ear then talks into it.
- HIP
How's he doing?
- 367 CLOSE UP GOODNIGHT IN BLEACHERS 367
- GOODNIGHT
(sighing)
Need you ask? She's a goner.
- 368 CLOSE UP HIP 368
- HIP
(into walkie-talkie)
That's our man. Meet you outside.
- 369 BOND 369
- Under cover of the shouting and with everyone's eyes on the contestants he carefully lifts ANDREA's handbag from her lap, transfers it to his, and begins to look through it for the solex agitator. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and he becomes aware of a MAN occupying the seat next to him. We can only see a shoulder, arm and hand holding a programme. BUT WE RECOGNIZE THE CUFFLINK - part of the golden gun.

Continued

369 Continued

369

BOND

(to Andrea)

I know you put it in here somewhere,
dear. I saw the man in the shop give
it to you -

370 BOND SCARAMANGA

370

SCARAMANGA lowers his programme and glances at BOND who
gives him an embarrassed half-apologetic smile.

BOND

(rummaging in bag)

- without the ticket we can't get the
receipt for customs ...

SCARAMANGA

I don't think you'll find it in there, Mr
Bond.

BOND freezes, turns his attention to him.

SCARAMANGA

I looked before you got here.

As BOND reaches into his jacket pocket.

SCARAMANGA

I wouldn't try that either.

BOND slowly pulls out gun-metal cigarette case.

SCARAMANGA

You wouldn't want to risk killing me in
front of all these people. Or me you.

BOND lights a cigarette and replaces the case slowly.

SCARAMANGA

Look behind you.
Lower.

371 BOND'S P.O.V. NICK NACK

371

He is standing behind BOND, his head level with BOND's shoulder
blades. He smiles coolly, putting a peanut in his mouth. The other
hand is pushing the bag of nuts into BOND's spine.

372 SCARAMANGA BOND

372

He turns to him.

BOND

(wryly)

A gun in a bag of peanuts, what will they think of next?

SCARAMANGA grins.

SCARAMANGA

So let's enjoy the fights. The girl in red. Watch her left.

BOND

Foot or glove?

SCARAMANGA

Both. Real style.

BOND

Pity Miss Anders can't appreciate it.

SCARAMANGA

She double-crossed me. She crossed us both. Forget her.

He calls BOND's attention to some stylish action in the ring.

SCARAMANGA

A certain article belonging to me is missing but that shouldn't concern you either. I'll find it. You know why those girls aren't phoney? They're fighting for husbands. Come from the mountain villages up north. Chiang Mai. You need a dowry up there.

During the above, BOND realises that he still has Andrea's handbag on his lap. He replaces it. As he does so his eyes go to the floor beyond her.

373 BOND'S P.O.V.

373

Half hidden on the floor by a fallen glove, among candy wrappers, nut shells, newspapers, etc. the SOLEX AGITATOR.

374 . INSERT

374

BOND's foot covering it.

SCARAMANGA'S VOICE

Win a few fights and you can pick your husband.

375 BOND SCARAMANGA NICK NACK BEHIND THEM

375

BOND

Lose a few and you end up a pug-ugly old maid.

An unusually excited CROWD reaction draws SCARAMANGA's attention toward ring.

376 RING THEIR P.O.V.

376

A rough piece of action puts one of the girls on the floor. The bout is over.

377 BOND

377

A peanut VENDOR shouts his wares out in Siamese. BOND holds his hand up. A packet of nuts is thrust into it, slips out, falls to the ground, BOND picks it up again and drops a coin in the VENDOR's tray as it moves on.

378 INSERT FLOOR BOND'S FEET

378

The solex is gone.

SCARAMANGA'S VOICE

You only lose once in our racket -

379 BOND SCARAMANGA

379

SCARAMANGA

I think a lot of you, Bond. Style. Real style.

BOND

Coming from you that's quite a compliment. Continued

379 Continued 379

He smiles disarmingly, offers nuts to SCARAMANGA, then over his shoulder toward NICK NACK O.S.

380 ARCADE INTO STADIUM 380

CLOSE ON VENDOR'S TRAY. The solex is among the bags of nuts. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL vendor, HIP, now wearing white jacket and cap. He ignores shouts for his wares, hurries out.

381 INSIDE STADIUM ENTRANCE GOODNIGHT 381

HIP hurries to her, opens her handbag.

HIP

(dropping solex
into it)

Keep this. Whatever you do don't lose it. I have to get back and help James.

GOODNIGHT

Something's gone wrong.

HIP

There's a midget with a gun on him!

GOODNIGHT

A midget!

HIP

Same one I saw outside the Bottoms Up.
And the girl's dead. Call the police.

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH HIM as he hurriedly gets rid of the tray on his way back toward arena.

382 GOODNIGHT 382

Looking after him, somewhat dazed.

383 RINGSIDE SCARAMANGA BOND 383

SCARAMANGA rises.

Continued

383 Continued

383

SCARAMANGA

... so let's hope our paths never cross again.

(indicating Andrea)

Don't worry about her. She's replaceable.
And don't try to follow me.

BOND

Your little friend back there wouldn't like that.

SCARAMANGA

Not a bit.

He moves out of scene. CAMERA ANGLES TO REVEAL that NICK NACK is no longer behind BOND.

384 STADIUM FOYER GLASS PHONE BOOTH GOODNIGHT 384

Dialling. Roar of crowd as next bout starts.

385 GOODNIGHT'S P.O.V. THROUGH GLASS 385

As NICK NACK passes booth and walks toward exit.

386 PHONE BOOTH GOODNIGHT 386

She hangs up, comes out of booth, looking after NICK NACK exiting stadium. After a moment's indecision she takes a step toward arena, stops, changes her mind, and follows NICK NACK.

387 INT. STADIUM HIP 387

Hurrying toward ringside. He passes SCARAMANGA on his way out.

388 BOND AT RINGSIDE 388

SPECTATORS around him reacting excitedly to action in ring. He once again reaches packet of nuts back without turning around. No-one takes one. BOND risks a glance over his shoulder, grimaces as he discovers he has been fooled. He gets up, hurriedly shoves his way toward aisle.

389 INT. AISLE HIP

389

Still in vendor's cap, jacket and with tray. He meets BOND.

BOND

Where's the solex?

HIP

Gave it to Goodnight.

BOND

Where's Goodnight.?

HIP

Outside -

They hurry out of scene.

390 EXT. PARKING LOT NICK NACK

390

Getting into a GREEN CAR. CAMERA PANS BACK TO GOODNIGHT who has come out of exit and seen him. Again she is momentarily undecided. Afraid of losing tail on Nick Nack by going back for her car in another section of the lot, she makes up her mind to stay close to Nick Nack. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH HER, HOLDS as she reaches back of GREEN CAR where she drops out of sight.

391 INT. GREEN CAR NICK NACK

391

So low in seat next to driver's he cannot see lid of boot opening behind him.

392 BOOT OF GREEN CAR

392

As GOODNIGHT gets in and starts to pull lid down.

393 EXT. STADIUM

393

SCARAMANGA emerging. Does he see her? He gives no indication one way or the other as CAMERA GOES WITH HIM TOWARD GREEN CAR.

394 INT. BOOT GOODNIGHT

394

Lid closed above her.

395 GREEN CAR 395
 SCARAMANGA reaches it, stops, takes keys out of pocket, locks boot, walks forward, gets into driver's seat beside NICK NACK.

396 INT. BOOT GOODNIGHT 396
 Trying to open lid - unsuccessfully.

397 EXT. STADIUM EXIT 397
 BOND and HIP emerge, look around for Goodnight.

398 GREEN CAR 398
 Passing behind them on way to parking lot exit.

399 BOND HIP 399
 Still looking for Goodnight.

BOND
 The walkie-talkie -

HIP gives it to him. BOND switches it on.

400 INT. BOOT OF GREEN CAR GOODNIGHT 400
 Her walkie-talkie starts to beep. She switches it on.

401 PARKING LOT BOND HIP 401
 BOND
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Where are you, Goodnight?

402 INT. BOOT GOODNIGHT 402
 GOODNIGHT
 In a boot.

Continued

402 Continued

402

BOND'S VOICE

In a what ! ?

GOODNIGHT

Green car ... it's the midget's ...

403 EXT. PARKING LOT BOND HIP

403

BOND

(to Hip)

The silly cow's got herself into the ...

He stops, looks toward parking lot exit.

404 BOND'S P.O.V.

404

The green car just leaving parking lot, as it turns into heavy traffic on broad highway running past stadium. Two way traffic with raised grass island between lanes.

405 BOND HIP

405

BOND

(to Hip)

Where's your car ?

HIP

Parked in the next section.

CAMERA ANGLES AFTER THEM as they rush toward next section.

406 EXT. AVENUE GREEN CAR

406

Encountering heavy traffic, making slow progress.

407 EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT SECTION HIP'S CAR

407

BOND and HIP reach it.

BOND

(starting to get in
behind wheel)

Give me the keys -

408 HIP stares at him.

408

BOND

Oh, no!

(into walkie-talkie)

Goodnight, where are the car keys?

409 INT. BOOT GOODNIGHT

409

GOODNIGHT

(small voice into

walkie-talkie)

I've got them - I've got the solex, too -

410 EXT. PARKING LOT TRAVEL SHOT HIP BOND

410

Running toward exit to broad avenue.

BOND

(into walkie-talkie)

Hang on there, Goodnight - we've got
you spotted -

He hands walkie-talkie back to HIP and they run out into broad avenue.

411 EXT. AVENUE BOND HIP

411

Heavy traffic. HIP tries to flag a cab. None available. CAMERA
LOSES BOND as HIP keeps looking for a cab. TRISHAW drivers keep
stopping for him. He waves them away.

412 EXT. LARGE FORD AGENCY BOND

412

Standing outside plate glass window of Showroom as he watches GREEN
CAR disappearing in traffic with mounting frustration.

413 AVENUE GREEN CAR

413

Proceeding down avenue. It comes to a gap in the grass island, does
a U-turn, rejoins traffic flow in opposite direction.

414 BOND OUTSIDE AGENCY

414

Looking very dejected. He sees GREEN CAR, reacts with revived
élan.

415 HIP 415

Still trying desperately to get a cab.

416 REVERSE ANGLE HIP IN F.G. 416

Shouting as passing drivers yell back at him. In b.g. BOND is no longer visible on sidewalk before showroom window.

417 INT. SHOWROOM LARGE NOTICE STANDING IN FRONT OF CAR. 417

It reads: THE NEW FORD - A WHOLE NEW DRIVING SENSATION.

418 SHINY NEW MODEL FORD 418

A PROSPECTIVE BUYER, a small, spectacled, solemn faced Thai, is tentatively kicking one of the tyres. He gets into car in seat beside driver's. SALESMAN, OTHER PROSPECTIVE BUYERS, etc. in b.g.

419 INT. CAR PROSPECTIVE BUYER 419

He tries the seat-reclining mechanism. Someone gets into car behind the wheel. The keys are in ignition slot.

PROSPECTIVE BUYER

Give me demonstration, please. How
is pickup?

420 EXT. AGENCY SHOOTING THROUGH SHOWROOM WINDOW 420

Through it we see the SIGN suddenly flattened. The car rolls over it, engine roaring, and CRASHES THROUGH PLATEGLASS WINDOW. CAMERA FOLLOWS IT ACROSS PAVEMENT AND INTO TRAFFIC ON AVENUE.

421 AVENUE TRAFFIC HIP 421

Paralysed, as FORD, with BOND behind wheel next to PROSPECTIVE BUYER, comes at him. BOND swerves just in time to avoid hitting him.

422 EXT. AGENCY SHOOTING THROUGH GREAT GAPING 422
JAGGED OPENING IN PLATEGLASS WINDOW.

As SALESMAN, OTHER PROSPECTIVE BUYERS, MANAGER, etc.
group behind opening and stare out, open-mouthed.

423 EXT. AVENUE 423

Cars screech to a halt as BOND drives straight up and over the grass
island into lane with traffic in opposite direction, turns that way, tyres
screeching, and hurtles after SCARAMANGA in GREEN CAR.

424 INT. FORD BOND PROSPECTIVE BUYER 424

Displaying true Oriental unflappability, his face is expressionless.

BOND
(apologetically)
You wanted a demonstration.

425- SERIES OF SCENES CAR CHASE (TO BE ROUTINED ON 425-
435 LOCATION) 435

BOND catches up with SCARAMANGA and green car. SCARAMANGA
realises he is being pursued. He, too turns on the power. In the boot,
GOODNIGHT, thrown about, desperately attempts to brace herself.
Cars whizz by police car. It U-turns to follow. OFFICERS inside call
other police cars over radio. SCARAMANGA knows town and environs.
BOND can only follow.

436 EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS 436

BOND speeding along straight open highway beside CANAL.

437 GREEN CAR SCARAMANGA DRIVING 437

Along highway beside canal.

438 INT. FORD BOND PROSPECTIVE BUYER 438

Still impassive, BOND looks through windshield.

- 439 HIS P.O.V. 439
He sees SCARAMANGA'S GREEN CAR on highway across the canal.
- 440 INT. FORD BOND PROSPECTIVE BUYER 440
BOND
He must have turned off on that old
bridge we passed about a mile back -
No comment from frozen-faced PROSPECTIVE BUYER. BOND brakes.
- 441 EXT. ROAD BESIDE CANAL 441
FORD spins 180 degrees, starts back.
- 442 EXT. GREEN CAR 442
SCARAMANGA makes a right-angled turn off from the highway and
vanishes down a dusty track toward distant hills.
- 443 EXT. FORD 443
It passes BRIDGE. BOND brakes, reverses, and points FORD toward
canal.
- 444 CANAL 444
There are remnants of a tumble-down bridge on both sides with a
ninety foot gap between.
- 445 INT. FORD 445
BOND passes foot of bridge on his side. He brakes again, reverses,
drives car at ramp leading up to gap in bridge.
- 446 CLOSE UP PROSPECTIVE BUYER 446
Raising an eyebrow.

447 FORD AT RUINED BRIDGE

447

As BOND drives car onto ramp and goes up it. The Ford takes off at the end of the ramp but immediately turns in midair with a sickening lurch. It barrel rolls 360 degrees in the air before landing at a 5 degree angle on two wheels and then crunches down on four onto the remnant of the ramp on the other side of the canal.

448 INT. FORD

448

PROSPECTIVE BUYER merely gives the suggestion of a blink.

BOND

Nice family car -

449 HIGHWAY FORD

449

BOND turns onto it, continues pursuit.

450 EXT. RUINED BRIDGE

450

POLICE CAR stops at Ford's takeoff point. TWO OFFICERS stare incredulously after Ford. Another POLICE CAR draws up behind first one.

451 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE FORD

451

BOND powering after CLOUD OF DUST from SCARAMANGA'S GREEN CAR in distance. TWO MORE POLICE CARS, sirens wailing, chasing him.

452 SCARAMANGA'S CAR

452

Passing through small village, then suddenly turning off the road, down a path and up to a wooden warehouse barn. The car drives into the warehouse.

453 INT. BARN

453

NICK NACK climbs out of the car, and comes over to close the barn doors. In the b.g. SCARAMANGA reverses the car and backs it under high piles of rice bags supported by a yellow structure.

454 EXT. VILLAGE FORD 454

Followed by sirens of police cars, approaches the barn and stops.

455 INT. BARN 455

NICK NACK climbs back into car.

456 INT. CAR 456

SCARAMANGA methodically checks and pushes switches on dashboard.

457- SERIES OF INSERTS 457-
460 460

Yellow struts come down and lock into place. Radiator grille drops like a curtain, revealing what looks like a nose cone. Steering wheel converts into aircraft type controls.

461 EXT. BARN BOND'S CAR 461

PROSPECTIVE BUYER remains seated in it as BOND draws Walther and starts toward barn. POLICE CARS stop beside, one on each side of him.

POLICE OFFICERS pile out, shouting in Thai and surround him.

BOND

Don't stop me! I'll identify myself
later. It's imperative I -

POLICE OFFICERS grab him and disarm him. Obviously none of them speak English. All turn startledly to barn as they hear SOUND OF AIRCRAFT revving up from inside it. ..

462 INT. GREEN CAR 462

SCARAMANGA, hands on controls, taxis forward. NICK NACK presses electronic remote control unit.

463 INT. BARN 463

Far wall of barn, actually a metal door, rolls up under roof. In b.g.

Continued

463 Continued 463

there is a view of open fields. The car, now locked into a wingspan and tail unit, propeller in front, has been transformed into a complete CAR-PLANE.

464 EXT. BARN 464

BOND and SEVERAL POLICEMEN run around toward back.

465 THEIR P.O.V. 465

CAR-PLANE emerging from back of barn and gathering speed down grass runway.

466 INT. CAR-PLANE SCARAMANGA 466

He pushes controls up. CAR-PLANE lifts off ground.

467 INT. BOOT GOODNIGHT 467

Mystified by sudden silence.

GOODNIGHT
(into walkie-talkie)
I think we've stopped - !

468 EXT. NEAR BARN BOND POLICE OFFICERS 468

BOND is frustrated, the POLICE OFFICERS dumbfounded.

469 THEIR P.O.V. 469

CAR-PLANE further and further away, still climbing.

470 INT. BOOT OF CAR GOODNIGHT 470

She has found a large wrench and is whacking locking mechanism of boot.

- 471 EXT. CAR-PLANE IN FLIGHT 471
Lid of boot pops open. GOODNIGHT, wrench in hand, sticks her head out of boot.
- 472 CLOSE ON GOODNIGHT 472
Bewildered. She looks down.
- 473 GOODNIGHT'S P.O.V. 473
The ground, 3,000 feet below.
- 474 GOODNIGHT 474
Closing her eyes, on the verge of fainting. She recovers somewhat, fumbles for her walkie-talkie to report, accidentally drops it over edge of lid. Then she huddles back as far as possible from it.
- 475 EXT. CAR-PLANE 475
Altitude now 5,000 feet.
- 476 EXT. GROUND CLOSE ON BOND 476
Looking up dispiritedly. He feels someone tugging at his sleeve. As he turns ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE PROSPECTIVE BUYER, still unruffled.
- PROSPECTIVE BUYER
(pointing up toward
O.S. Car-Plane)
No care for that model -
(gesturing back
toward Ford)
I take that one -
- 477 EXT. CAR-PLANE 477
As it enters low cloud formation and is obscured by it.

478 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH M'S OFFICE M BOND HIP Q 478

M is staring at BOND, momentarily speechless.

M

(finding his voice)

If I heard you correctly - Scaramanga
got away -

BOND

Yes, Sir -

M

In a car that sprouted wings -

BOND

Yes, Sir -

Q

Oh, it's quite feasible, Sir - We're
working on a simil -

M

(uncharacteristically)

Shut up!

(back to Bond)

And Goodnight was in the boot -

BOND

Yes, Sir -

M

Where's the solex - ?

HIP

In her handbag -

M

And that was in the boot, too -

HIP

Yes, Sir -

M

I don't believe it. Where's Goodnight
now?

Continued

478 Continued

478

BOND

We don't know, Sir. Communications hasn't been able to pick up the signal from the homer in her bottom button -

Q

Rubbish! They're simply not stepping up satellite reception sufficiently to -

M

Shut up!

(glaring around)

Of all the fouled up, half-assed operations this one's the

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER enters hurriedly with rolled up charts.

M

What do you want?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

We picked up Goodnight's signal, Sir.

M

Well, that's something.

COMMUNICATIONS unrolls chart on M's desk.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

(as all gather around him)

Our sector's here -

479 INSERT CHART

479

COMMUNICATIONS MAN'S INDEX FINGER pointing to map.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

(O.S.)

We're receiving her from somewhere beyond that coastline sloping in to the West - offshore there -

480 GROUP

480

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER unrolls another chart, puts it on top of the other.

Continued

480 Continued

480

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Here it is on a much smaller scale - that's
where she is - somewhere in that group
of small islands -

M looks around.

M

(hollowly)

That tears it - Red Chinese waters -

BOND

We could inadvertently stray into them,
Sir - I'd fly low under their radar -

M

Absolutely out of the question -

BOND

Officially you won't know a thing about
it, Sir -

M

(after a beat)

If the P.M. ever finds out he'll hang me
from the yardarm -

(glaring at Bond)

- and I'll have your guts for garters.

ROAR OF PLANE COMES OVER.

481 EXT. CESSNA DAY

481

In flight over Hong Kong harbour, then banking and heading out to sea.

482 INT. CESSNA CABIN

482

BOND listening to faint beeping.

483 INSERT. HOMER RECEIVER

483

Concentric circles on dial. RED ARROW at outer circle points toward
centre of dial.

- 484 EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT DAY 484
Over ocean, starting to lose altitude.
- 485 EXT. CESSNA 485
Skimming over surface, dangerously close to it.
- 486 INT. RED CHINESE RADAR STATION 486
SOLDIER AT WINDOW with binoculars.
Looking out over ocean.
- 487 HIS P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS 487
The CESSNA in far distance.
- 488 EXT. OCEAN CESSNA 488
Continuing low altitude flight.
- 489 BOND IN CESSNA 489
Listening as beeping grows somewhat louder. He looks through wind-
shield,
- 490 BOND'S P.O.V. 490
He sees a group of apparently uninhabited small islands with shrub-
covered camelback and "sugar-loaf" mounds, some of them steeply
cliffed. Sandy strips of beach below mounds.
- 491 AERIAL SHOT FROM ABOVE CESSNA 491
Approaching islands, then banking and counter-banking to thread its
way between them, over some of them, etc., still in low hazardous
flight.
- 492 INT. CESSNA BOND 492
Looking at homer receiver, BEEPING louder. RED ARROW moving
toward centre of dial.

493 BOND'S P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD 493

SCARAMANGA'S ISLAND, recognizable by mushroom-shaped rock formation and the two steeply-cliffed mounds with beach between them, suddenly looms in the distance.

494 AERIAL SHOT CESSNA 494

Flying toward island and over it.

495 BOND 495

Looking down through window.

496 HIS P.O.V. 496

The island appears deserted. No structure in sight.

497 AERIAL SHOT CESSNA 497

Banking again.

498 INT. RED CHINESE RADAR STATION 498

GROUP around radar screen. BLIP appears intermittently. One of the SOLDIERS on the phone.

499 INT. SCARAMANGA'S ALL-PURPOSE ROOM SCARAMANGA 499

Picking up a phone. In b.g. we now see beach through a long, low plateglass picture window set at beach level under an over-hang at the base of a declivity in one of the cliffs.

500 INT. ALL PURPOSE ROOM SCARAMANGA 500

Watching Cessna through window as it approaches to fly back over island as he speaks into phone.

SCARAMANGA

Thank you ... I know about it ... a guest I'm expecting ... no, he won't be leaving ...

Cessna has passed from view during conversation. He hangs up.

501 INT. CESSNA BOND

501

Looking at homer receiver. Bleeping still louder. Red arrow at centre of dial.

502 EXT. ISLAND CESSNA

502

BOND banks plane, then comes in and makes a smooth landing on the water. He taxis the plane past the MUSHROOM ROCK FORMATION into a small cove beyond it, then up onto the beach.

503 INT. CESSNA CABIN BOND

503

Checking the gun in shoulder holster under his jacket. He looks through windshield and cabin windows, sees no-one about, opens cabin door.

504 EXT. BEACH CESSNA

504

BOND steps out of the plane, tense, ready for action.

SCARAMANGA

(calling from O.S.)

Hello, Mr Bond -

BOND turns towards voice.

505 BOND'S P.O.V. SCARAMANGA

505

Emerging from the entrance to a narrow grotto about halfway along one of the cliffs. He wears ducks, a T-shirt, yachting cap and jacket, and is barefooted. NICK NACK appears behind him, carrying a silver bucket. In it is an opened bottle of champagne and two upside-down chilled glasses. SCARAMANGA smiles broadly as he walks towards BOND, followed by NICK NACK.

506 EXT. BEACH BOND

506

Starting warily towards them.

507 CLOSER ANGLE

507

As BOND and SCARAMANGA, with NICK NACK behind him, meet. Throughout the ensuing scene inner tension is never relaxed despite the apparent surface cordiality.

Continued

SCARAMANGA

You don't know how glad I am to see you.

BOND

I'm glad to be here.

SCARAMANGA

(taking champagne from bucket)

Your brand. Dom Perignon. '64.

BOND

I prefer the '62.

SCARAMANGA

(filling one of the glasses)

How do you like my island?

BOND

Lovely spot.

SCARAMANGA

(handing Bond a glass)

Rent free. I do my landlords a favour now and then.

BOND

Cosy arrangement.

SCARAMANGA

(filling glass for himself)

I don't drink much, but this is a big occasion.

(touching his glass to Bond's)

To us. We're the best.

BOND waits for him to drink first. SCARAMANGA laughs drily, does. BOND then drinks too, his eyes still wary over the top of the glass.

BOND

By the way, where's Miss Goodnight?

SCARAMANGA

Oh, around somewhere. There's no way to leave so she has the run of the place.

Continued

507 Continued

507

SCARAMANGA (Cont)

Look. You won't try to kill me till you take care of your unfinished business. And I must be the loneliest man in the world. Who talks my language except you? So why don't we relax and chew the fat a while?

BOND

That makes sense.

(looking around)

I don't suppose you sleep rough, but I can't see your pad.

SCARAMANGA

If I say so myself it's a great layout. But let me show you something first. That's all, Nick Nack.

They give NICK NACK the glasses. SCARAMANGA gestures for BOND to accompany him. They leave NICK NACK who looks after them, then starts back towards grotto.

508 TRAVEL SHOT SCARAMANGA BOND

508

Walking along beach. CAMERA HOLDS as they reach a metal door at the base of the cliff. SCARAMANGA presses his palm against it.

SCARAMANGA

This'll knock your hat off.

Door opens. They go in. Door closes behind them.

509 INT. SOLAR PLANT

509

SCARAMANGA and BOND have come in on THE COOLING LEVEL. There are two higher levels beyond it, the GENERATOR LEVEL and THE COLLECTION LEVEL.

BOND

So this is what it's all about. A solar plant built by Hai Fat's construction company, no doubt.

Continued

SCARAMANGA

All automated.

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH THEM PAST A GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE. MERDAN sits at a desk with his feet up on it as he leafs through a magazine.

SCARAMANGA

You know, Merdan. He's Maintenance and Security. Nick Nack does everything else when he's not polishing the silver.

They approach and walk past a long pool-like pit filled with coils immersed in liquid helium. SIGN hanging prominently over pool reads: DANGER. ABSOLUTE ZERO MUST BE MAINTAINED TO PREVENT PROMPT CRITICALITY.

SCARAMANGA

(pointing to pool)

They tell me the electricity's stored in there -

BOND

(usual expertise when needed)

Super-conductivity coils cooled by liquid helium -

SCARAMANGA

You know more about it than I do.

BOND

I wouldn't like to stick my toe in that liquid helium - at 453 degrees below it would break off like an icicle -

CAMERA GOES WITH THEM UP RAMP TO NEXT LEVEL. They walk along a row of thermo-electric generators.

BOND

Thermo-electric generators to convert solar energy to electricity.

SCARAMANGA

I'm arranging for every country that can pay the price to send experts and see for themselves.

Continued

BOND

But they don't get the dope on the solex
agitator till the money's in the bank.
Right?

SCARAMANGA

You're fast, Bond.

BOND

(dryly)

I've run across similar situations.

SCARAMANGA

(as they walk up
another ramp to
Collection level)

Not with a set-up like this. The highest
bidder gets the sun in his pocket. A
monopoly on solar power. I'll start
the bidding at a billion.

CAMERA HOLDS as they reach COLLECTION LEVEL. They walk across
a short narrow bridge over a pit housing a complex of solar cells, the
solexes,, each with an AGITATOR. Cables run into the concrete walls
of the pit. Others run down to the solar cell complex from a solar still
on the other side of the bridge. The still is built of metal and is shaped
like an oblong trough. The whole unit is encased in pyrex.

BOND

(pointing back and
down to solex complex
in pit)

Those solexes transmit heat to the
generators back there - and they get
it from this solar still that collects it -

(looking around)

- but from where?

SCARAMANGA

(grinning)

This is the part I like.

He turns to a switchboard near the still covered with switches, buttons,
dials, gauges, etc. He hunts around for a moment, finds switch he wants,
throws it.

510 COLLECTION LEVEL CLOSER ANGLE SCARAMANGA BOND 510

Steel plates slide apart revealing an opening in the side of the cliff. Through it the offshore MUSHROOM ROCK FORMATION is visible, along with THE CESSNA ON THE BEACH.

SCARAMANGA

Watch that mushroom.

511 BOND'S P.O.V. THROUGH OPENING (MODEL) 511

The offshore rock formation. TWO ENORMOUS INTRICATELY CONTRACTED METAL PANELS rise out of the top. They then open out into a single huge concave reflector consolidating many smaller ones, all now blazing with sunlight.

512 INT. BEHIND OPENING BOND SCARAMANGA 512

BOND turns to him.

BOND

Those solar panels must have a capability of 3,500 degrees fahrenheit -

SCARAMANGA

(pointing to opening)

All reflected through there - but we can focus it anywhere we want -

He presses button on switchboard, tinkers with switch, adjusts dial, pushes another button.

513 BOND'S P.O.V. THROUGH OPENING 513

Again we see the panels on the top of the rock formation and the Cessna on the beach. The individual panels forming the huge concave reflector swivel and tilt down to reflect the sun's rays on the CESSNA. Almost immediately, it bursts into flames, then explodes.

SCARAMANGA'S VOICE

That's what I call solar power, Mr Bond -

514 SCARAMANGA BOND 514

BOND

Thanks. A very convincing demonstration.

Continued

514 Continued

514

BOND (Cont)

Now you're undeniably the man with
the golden gun.

He glances into pit.

515 BOND'S P.O.V.

515

The solex complex. CAMERA ZOOMS TO AGITATOR in a solex.

516 BOND SCARAMANGA

516

As BOND turns back to SCARAMANGA he sees he now has his hand in
his jacket pocket and is smiling.

SCARAMANGA

(softly)

I still keep the other one handy.

A WHISTLE BLOWS.

SCARAMANGA

Lunch!

517 EXT. NARROW GROTTA IN CLIFF

517

Narrowing as it runs back from beach. SCARAMANGA and BOND emerge
from Solar Plant door at the base of one of the grotto walls, cross to
another door in the opposite grotto wall. It opens as they approach.
NICK NACK bows, ushers them through door.

518 TRAVEL SHOT SCARAMANGA BOND

518

As NICK NACK leads them across FOYER and then along CORRIDOR
towards door to ALL PURPOSE ROOM.

519 INT. SCARAMANGA'S ALL PURPOSE ROOM CLOSE SHOT
BUFFET TABLE

519

Spread on it is a lavish lunch in silver tureens, chafing dishes, and
platters. CAMERA PULLS BACK as NICK NACK, SCARAMANGA
and BOND enter. BOND looks over variety of courses. Continued

519 Continued

519

SCARAMANGA

If I knew you were coming Nick Nack
could have served your favourite meal -

BOND

(ignoring implications)

I'll enjoy whatever there is. This sea
air gives one an appetite -

SCARAMANGA

There's Miss Goodnight now -

520 BOND'S P.O.V. THROUGH PICTURE WINDOW

520

GOODNIGHT, in a bikini and reminiscent of Andrea, is stretched out
on chaise longue on patio.

521 INT. ALL PURPOSE ROOM SCARAMANGA BOND

521

SCARAMANGA slides section of window aside. GOODNIGHT turns,
rises and comes in. She tries very hard to maintain her composure.

GOODNIGHT

(voice not too steady)

So nice to see you, Mr Bond -

BOND

What a marvellous tan -

SCARAMANGA

I like a girl in a bikini - no concealed
weapons -

BOND

I always carry one. How about you?

SCARAMANGA

Trade secret.

GOODNIGHT

Please, gentlemen - no shop talk -

She walks to buffet, looks at food.

Continued

GOODNIGHT

I'm more interested in the fried mushroom -

BOND

Yes, I've seen it. I'll get to that later.
Having fun in the sun, Goodnight?

SCARAMANGA

No complaints from her yet. She's got
everything she needs here - clothes -
jewellery -

GOODNIGHT

Yes, Mr Scaramanga is a perfect host -
I could stay here forever -
 (looking at buffet again,
 juxtapositioning deliberately)
The devilled crab gives me nightmares -

BOND

 (quickly before
 Scaramanga catches
 on)
I dream a lot myself.
 (to Scaramanga)
Do you?

SCARAMANGA

Never. I sleep like a baby.

They sit down, plates in their laps, start eating.

SCARAMANGA

I've looked forward to this. We under-
stand each other, Bond. I'll clean up
on this solar energy swindle and forget it.
Just a business deal. But I'll never retire
from my real profession. That's like my
art, I guess. You know what I'm talking
about. Sure you do. You work for peanuts
with a lousy pension coming; and I get a
million a shot. That's the only difference
between us. Otherwise we're the same
breed of cat.

BOND slowly puts down his plate.

Continued

BOND

There's a useful four-letter word,
Scaramanga. You're full of it.

GOODNIGHT gasps. Even NICK NACK, at buffet, momentarily freezes.
SCARAMANGA puts his plate down with no change of expression.

BOND

You'd kill a blind cripple for tuppence.
When I have to kill it's a kind of justice.

SCARAMANGA

(unruffled)

You get the same charge I do, Bond.

BOND

I admit killing you would be a pleasure.

SCARAMANGA

So we're down to the nitty gritty. The
world isn't big enough for both of us.

BOND

I have no intention of leaving it.

SCARAMANGA

Let's put the whole ball of wax on the line -
the plant, the girl, and your life or mine -

BOND

You have an advantage - you could kill me
with clichés -

SCARAMANGA

I'll use what I always do. That's a Walther
in your holster, right?

BOND

Six bullets.

SCARAMANGA

I'll have one.

BOND

One?

Continued

521 Continued

521

SCARAMANGA

Do you need more ?

BOND is impressed in spite of himself.

SCARAMANGA

So we start even.

BOND

Where ?

SCARAMANGA

Why not on the beach ?

BOND

You mean stand back to back, take twenty paces, turn, and fire ?

SCARAMANGA

Whatever you want.

BOND

Sounds a little old-fashioned to me.

SCARAMANGA

Gentlemen used to duel that way. Eyeball to eyeball and the steady hand won. You're a gentleman. I'm not. But I'll go for it.

BOND

I accept. Just as soon as I finish this delicious cheese souffle - my compliments, Nick Nack -

He picks up plate, resumes eating. GOODNIGHT has difficulty remaining cool.

522 INSERT BUFFET TABLE

522

Unattended, depleted.

523 EXT. BEACH BOND SCARAMANGA NICK NACK

523

Rocks and clumps of vegetation in b.g. The ocean beyond. CAMERA ON NICK NACK's back. BOND and SCARAMANGA stand in front of him, back to back, Bond's Walther and Scaramanga's golden gun held pointing up.

524 REVERSE ANGLE SCARAMANGA BOND

524

NICK NACK now facing camera beyond them.

NICK NACK
(enjoying his role
as referee)
Gentlemen, you will fire at twenty
paces. Are you ready, Mr Scaramanga?

SCARAMANGA
Ready.

NICK NACK
Are you ready, Mr Bond?

BOND
Ready.

NICK NACK
(starting count)
One -

They start away from each other, pistols still pointed up, as he continues count.

NICK NACK
- two - three - four - five -

525 CLOSE SHOT BOND CAMERA PRECEDING HIM

525

Nick Nack's voice comes over as we see BOND's distrustful expression. He doesn't trust Scaramanga.

NICK NACK (O.S.)
- six - seven - eight - nine -

526 CLOSE SHOT SCARAMANGA CAMERA PRECEDING HIM

526

Nick Nack's voice continuing over. SCARAMANGA's expression matches Bond's.

NICK NACK (O.S.)
- ten - eleven - twelve - thirteen -

527 HIGH ANGLE SHOT

527

SHOOTING DOWN at NICK NACK, BOND and SCARAMANGA as the distance between them widens.

NICK NACK

- fourteen - fifteen - sixteen -

528 CLOSE UP BOND

528

Eyes glancing left to right, then back.

NICK NACK'S VOICE

- seventeen -

529 CLOSE UP SCARAMANGA

529

Also comtemplating action.

NICK NACK'S VOICE

- eighteen -

530 HIGH ANGLE SHOT NICK NACK BOND SCARAMANGA

530

Contestants take eighteenth step.

NICK NACK

- nineteen -

Both BOND and SCARAMANGA dive and roll behind rocks as NICK NACK yells "Twenty!". He turns and scrambles away from what he now knows will be a no-holds-barred shoot-out.

531 BOND BEYOND ROCK

531

BOND

(shouting)

Chicken !

532 SCARAMANGA BEHIND ROCK

532

SCARAMANGA

(shouting back)

How about you ?

533 BOND

533

BOND
Just a tactical surprise.

534 SCARAMANGA

534

SCARAMANGA
That's a laugh. I know every rock and
bush on this island. You're dead, Bond.

He darts from behind rock towards another.

535 BOND'S P.O.V. SCARAMANGA

535

Just a flash of him.

536 EXT. GROTTO MERDAN AND GOODNIGHT

536

Pushing her ahead of him across grotto. SOUND OF A SHOT.
GOODNIGHT stiffens, stops. MERDAN takes her arm, roughly goes
with her into door to solar plant in opposite grotto wall.

537 EXT. BEACH BOND

537

Crawling behind clump of brush to take cover behind different rock.

538 SCARAMANGA BEHIND ROCK

538

SCARAMANGA
(calling)
You're slipping. Bond. You had a clean
shot at me and blew it. That leaves you
five.

BOND'S VOICE
Four more than you -

539 SERIES OF SCENES ON BEACH BOND SCARAMANGA

539

Their deadly game continuing. Each man tries to outmanoeuvre the
other in an effort to get behind him or make him expose himself.
SCARAMANGA takes advantage of his locale knowledge, BOND of

Continued

539 Continued

539

props he finds in the sand. A crab, for instance, which he wedges into the Y of a piece of driftwood and propels over a rock SCARAMANGA is hiding behind. When SCARAMANGA, surprised, becomes momentarily visible, BOND gets off another shot at him. SCARAMANGA almost traps BOND by throwing part of an abandoned fishing net over the clump of brush he is using for cover. BOND retaliates by tossing a dead sea-gull at him. Throughout SCARAMANGA tries to draw BOND closer to the grotto.

540 INT. SOLAR PLANT MERDAN'S GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE 540
ON COOLING LEVEL.

Through the glass we see GOODNIGHT watching MERDAN as he reads magazine, ignoring her.

541 EXT. BEACH BOND 541

Firing again.

542 SCARAMANGA FROM BEHIND ROCK NEAR GROTTO ENTRANCE 542

SCARAMANGA

(taunting him)

Three wasted - and three left - that
doubles the odds on you - you're a long
shot now, Bond -

543 BOND BEHIND ROCK 543

BOND

(shouting back)

That just pumps my adrenalin faster.
You're playing it close. Is that what they
taught you when you were a KGB punk?

544 SCARAMANGA 544

SCARAMANGA

You're a limey punk yourself - and so
far it looks like they didn't teach you much -

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he sprints a few yards towards the cover
of a rock nearer grotto entrance.

545 BOND 545
Firing.

546 SCARAMANGA 546
Reaching cover of rock.

SCARAMANGA
Two left, Double-O-Seven -

He takes off yachting jacket, stuffs it with seaweed. Then he reaches for rotting plank and puts his yachting cap on it. By holding the plank behind the stuffed jacket he has made a passable simulation of himself. He holds it up over top of rock.

547 BOND 547
Firing.

548 SCARAMANGA 548
Firing golden gun back.

549 BOND 549
Dropping back behind rock, not hit. CAMERA IN CLOSE on him as he realises that SCARAMANGA must now be without ammo. Or is he?

550 SCARAMANGA BEHIND ROCK 550
Grinning as he loads another golden bullet into golden gun. He rises, sprints towards grotto entrance.

551 BOND 551
Getting up warily from behind rock and pursuing SCARAMANGA. He has one bullet left.

552 EXT. GROTTA SCARAMANGA 552
He lets himself into door to foyer of his pad. BOND runs into grotto in hot pursuit. He reaches door. It opens. NICK NACK looks up at him.

Continued

552 Continued

552

BOND

I've never killed a midget - but there
has to be a first time for everything -
where is he?

NICK NACK gestures him to come in.

553 INT. FOYER

553

NICK NACK leads BOND across it into corridor.

554 INT. CORRIDOR

554

BOND follows NICK NACK into all-purpose room.

555 ALL PURPOSE ROOM

555

NICK NACK takes BOND to door of gymnasium. He opens it, points
in. BOND looks into gymnasium.

556 BOND'S P.O.V.

556

Door in opposite wall of gymnasium which leads into FUNHOUSE.

557 INT. GYMNASIUM

557

BOND comes in. NICK NACK remains in door to all-purpose room.

NICK NACK

Good luck, sir.

BOND

I get it. You're playing both ends
against the middle.

He starts towards door to Funhouse.

558 INT. GYMNASIUM FUNHOUSE DOOR

558

BOND opens it, looks in warily. He goes in.

- 559 NICK NACK 559
He grins, goes back into all purpose room.
- 560 INT. FUNHOUSE BOND 560
Peering through semi-darkness. Light goes up over mirror and caliope music starts. BOND moves past mirror, proceeding cautiously.
- 561 INT. SOLAR PLANT MERDAN'S OFFICE GOODNIGHT 561
MERDAN
She slips outdoor into general cooling level. He looks up, rises, rushes after her.
- 562 INT. COOLING LEVEL MERDAN 562
Pursuing GOODNIGHT along liquid helium pool. He comes up behind her. She drops to one knee, puts her arms up, grabs the back of his neck with her hands, flips him over her head into the pool.
- 563 LIQUID HELIUM POOL 563
MERDAN sinks into it. Instantly vapour starts rising from surface of pool. GOODNIGHT sees sign over pool, cautioning about keeping temperature at absolute zero to prevent prompt criticality.
- GOODNIGHT
Prompt criticality?
- 564 INSERT TEMPERATURE GAUGE 564
Needle starts going up from absolute zero, 453 degrees below.
- 565 INT. FUNHOUSE BOND 565
Looking for Scaramanga.
- 566 SCARAMANGA 566
Waiting for him, golden gun poised.

567 INT. SOLAR PLANT GOODNIGHT 567

Cooling level begins filling with steam. GOODNIGHT runs to exit.

568 INT. FUNHOUSE SCARAMANGA 568

JAMES BOND THEME MUSIC. LIGHTS GO UP on James Bond effigy in b.g. It drops to one knee as in logo, levels gun at SCARAMANGA. He laughs, starts past effigy, it fires.

569 CLOSE SHOT SCARAMANGA 569

Hit by bullet from effigy. He staggers, raises golden gun to fire back. As he does, wildly, his knees sag, and he sinks to the floor, the golden gun still clutched in his hand.

570 CLOSE ON EFFIGY 570

But it isn't. It's BOND himself who put on effigy's coat and hat, etc, and impersonated himself. He rises, comes forward slowly.

571 BOND 571

He stops beside SCARAMANGA'S BODY, takes the golden gun out of his hand, turns away, looks for the way out.

572 EXT. GROTTA GOODNIGHT 572.

Running towards grotto entrance. BOND emerges from SCARAMANGA's pad.

GOODNIGHT

James!

She runs to him.

BOND

(as she clings to him)

Steady, Goodnight. Here's a souvenir for you.

He gives her the golden gun. She stares at it.

Continued

572 Continued

572

GOODNIGHT

Where is he ?

BOND

In a funhouse. He died laughing.

GOODNIGHT

(after a beat)

Darling, what's prompt criticality ?

BOND

An explosion, but right now. Why ?

GOODNIGHT

That sign over the liquid helium pool
Merdan fell in -

BOND

(staring at her)

Where is he ?

GOODNIGHT

Still in it -

BOND

His body temperature will raise the pool's
above absolute zero! We've got about two
minutes to get a solex agitator out of there - !

CAMERA TRAVELS with them as they run back to door of solar plant.

573 INSERT TEMPERATURE GAUGE

573

Needle indicates higher temperature than before.

574 INT. SOLAR PLANT COOLING LEVEL

574

The place is filled with hissing steam as BOND and GOODNIGHT enter.
They run past liquid helium pool bubbling menacingly. CAMERA
FOLLOWS THEM up ramp to GENERATOR LEVEL, past the generators,
then up ramp to COLLECTION LEVEL.

575 BRIDGE OVER PIT CONTAINING SOLEX COMPLEX

575

BOND and GOODNIGHT reach it. They look down.

576 THEIR P.O.V. 576

The complex is enormously complicated.

577 BRIDGE OVER PIT BOND GOODNIGHT 577

The steam starts to billow into the collection level. The heat is rapidly increasing. BOND looks around, spots a tool kit near panel beside opening. He runs across bridge, gets kit, opens it, gets a screwdriver, runs back. GOODNIGHT watches him breathlessly as he sits on bridge, then drops down beside complex.

578 HER P.O.V. 578

As BOND starts working on solar cell to detach an agitator. It is a slow, complicated, meticulous process - which Bond knows nothing about.

579 INSERT TEMPERATURE GAUGE 579

Still going up.

580 BRIDGE OVER PIT GOODNIGHT BOND 580

She looks at her wristwatch.

GOODNIGHT

James - it's been a minute and fifteen seconds - !

581 CLOSE SHOT BOND 581

Sweat pouring down his face as he continues trying to detach agitator.

582 CLOSE SHOT GOODNIGHT 582

Gasping for breath as steam envelops them. . She holds wrist close to her eyes so she can see watch.

GOODNIGHT

Thirty seconds left -

583 CLOSE ON BOND

583

Wiping sweat out of his eyes so he can see what he's trying to do.

GOODNIGHT'S VOICE

Twenty seconds -

584 INSERT SOLEX AGITATOR

584

As he detaches it.

585 NEW ANGLE BOND GOODNIGHT

585

He climbs back on to bridge over pit, holding the solex. They start back towards ramp down to generator level.

BOND

(stopping her)

Too late!

He looks around, remembers how SCARAMANGA operated opening in side of cliff. CAMERA TRAVELS with them back to bridge and across it, HOLDS as they reach panel. He starts indiscriminately pushing buttons, switches, etc.

586 CLOSE ON OPENING IN CLIFF

586

Steel panels slide aside.

587 INT. COOLING LEVEL

587

Series of explosions begin, blowing solar plant apart. Explosions spread like firecrackers on a string.

588 INT. GENERATOR LEVEL

588

Explosions reach it.

589 INT. COLLECTION LEVEL

589

Explosions begin there, obliterating scene.

590 EXT. CLIFF BOND GOODNIGHT 590

Climbing down from opening, slipping, sliding, desperately hanging on to rocks and shrubbery. CAMERA FOLLOWS them until they reach the base of the cliff. Above them there is a tremendous explosion.

591 BOND GOODNIGHT 591

Stumbling away from base of cliff as earth and rocks fall around them.

592 TRAVEL SHOT BOND GOODNIGHT 592

Running away from cliff. Earth slide builds and explosions continue.

593 EXT. BEACH BOND GOODNIGHT 593

As they run towards shore.

BOND
I hope you can swim!

GOODNIGHT
This way - !

She shouts something else which is lost in the roar of the explosions and the sliding earth and rocks.

594 EXT. GROTTO 594

The walls fall in. Earth and rocks fill it up.

595 EXT. ISLAND TRAVEL SHOT GOODNIGHT BOND 595

As they run into cave-like declivity in the cliff opposite the one they have left. CAMERA HOLDS. Scaramanga's junk is moored under overhang.

596 SCARAMANGA'S JUNK 596

BOND and GOODNIGHT scramble aboard.

597 EXT. GROTTO 597

Almost obliterated as explosions and earth slides continue.

598 EXT. JUNK 598

As it pulls out from under overhang and heads away from the island.

599 EXT. OCEAN SCARAMANGA'S JUNK DAY 599

Sailing through a calm sea, not under canvas but using its diesels.

600 INT. LUXURIOUS CABIN GOODNIGHT 600

Ensconced in the berth. BOND enters. He crosses to berth, sits down on the edge, takes her in his arms. They kiss, then break.

GOODNIGHT

(double take)

But, darling, who's at the wheel?

BOND

Not to worry. I put it on automatic pilot. We'll make Hong Kong in eight hours.

GOODNIGHT

(purring)

I always wanted to take a slow boat from China -

He kisses her again, long, lingeringly. CAMERA COMES IN CLOSE, then SHOOTs PAST them towards a WICKER HAMPER. CAMERA MOVES IN on it as lid slowly raises slightly, enough for us to see NICK NACK's face.

601 BOND GOODNIGHT 601

Still clinching on berth. His back is to hamper.

602 CLOSE ON GOODNIGHT'S FACE 602

Over BOND's shoulder. Her eyes are closed. She opens them.

603 BOND GOODNIGHT NICK NACK IN HAMPER IN B.G. 603

GOODNIGHT screams. BOND turns, sees him, rolls out of berth with her as NICK NACK's arm comes out of hamper holding a tiny golden derringer. BOND reaches for something o. s.

604 CLOSE ON NICK NACK

604

Muzzle of gun swivelling as he tries to get a bead. LEATHER HAT BAG, hurled by BOND, hits derringer, knocking it out of Nick Nack's hand.

605 BOND

605

He lunges towards hamper. NICK NACK ducks back down into it. BOND slams lid down, latches it securely. He turns to GOODNIGHT, huddled beside berth.

BOND

Keep trying, Goodnight -

He picks up hamper with NICK NACK in it, carries it out of cabin.

606 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH M'S OFFICE M

606

Into phone.

M

Keep trying, Operator. They tried to contact me ship-to-shore so what's the difficulty?

OPERATOR

(faintly audible
over receiver)

They don't seem to be taking calls just now, sir.

607 EXT. OCEAN JUNK

607

Sailing on.

608 EXT. JUNK DECK

608

CAMERA PANS UP mast. HOLDS as it reaches a rope sling which has been pulled up on cable to the pulley. The wicker hamper is in it. NICK NACK has managed to open the lid again and scowls into CAMERA.

609 INT. JUNK CABIN BOND GOODNIGHT

609

In berth, under covers. Apparently they are finally making it. Berthside-ship-to-shore telephone buzzes insistently.

610 INSERT PHONE BOND'S HAND

Groping for it,

611 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH M'S OFFICE

M on phone.

M

Is that you, Double-O-Seven?

He listens, smiles broadly.

M

Well done. Congratulations -

612 INT. JUNK CABIN BOND CAMERA CLOSE ON HIM

BOND

Thank you, sir -

M'S VOICE

(faintly audible
over receiver)

Can I speak to Miss Goodnight ?

BOND

Just a moment, sir - she's coming -

613 INT. M'S OFFICE M

He waits ... and waits ... and waits.

FADE OUT