

UNTITLED B24

Screenplay by

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GUNBARREL - BOND - BLOOD.

The sound of DRUMMING.

IRIS OPENS on the eye-socket of a SKULL.

1 EXT. STREET, MEXICO - LATE DAY 1

It's the Day of the Dead.

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

Drummers accompany the vast procession.

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

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

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

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

It's BOND. Although we don't know it yet...

He's dressed all in black, and is masked too. His arm is round a MASKED GIRL. Shapely. He carries a death's head cane.

The couple push on through the parade, and head into

A HOTEL...

2 INT. HOTEL LOBBY/ELEVATOR - LATE DAY 2

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

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

They step into a crowded elevator as the doors shut.

3 INT. ELEVATOR - LATE DAY 3

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

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

2.

3

A REFLECTION in the mirrored wall of the elevator: a SMALLER MAN WITH A RED SATAN MASK stands stock still, carrying a DEVIL'S TRIDENT.

Unseen, the small Satan passes Bond a ROOM KEY.

The doors open and the couple leave.

4 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATE DAY

4

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

5 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

5

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

ESTRELLA

Now you can kiss me...

And now the man removes his mask. It's BOND.

BOND

Sorry. Do I know you?

They kiss.

She fixes them both a drink.

ESTRELLA

You like our Day of the Dead?

BOND

Unexpectedly charming. Like you.

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

Underneath he is dressed in a black commando suit.

Suddenly he is the dark clothed, lone assassin.

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

ESTRELLA

But... where are you going?

BOND

To check out the view.

And we follow him OUT OF THE WINDOW.

6 EXT. HOTEL/ROOFTOPS - LATE DAY

6

Dangerously high up, he jumps...

(CONTINUED)

Lands on a rooftop.

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

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

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

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

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

A laser microphone.

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

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

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

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

Bond settles.

The apartment he is observing has several windows through which we will track goings-on.

A DOORBELL SOUNDS.

IN THE APARTMENT

A SUITED MAN (SCIARRA) crosses toward his apartment door, drink in hand.

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

SCIARRA
(pointing, in Italian,
subtitled)
It's over there.

(CONTINUED)

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

SCIARRA (CONT'D)
(in Italian, subtitled)
Where are the others?

WHITE SUIT
(in Italian, subtitled)
At Saint Saviours.

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

WHITE SUIT
(in Italian, subtitled)
South side of the Main Square.

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

SCIARRA
(in Italian, subtitled)
What time is the Governor due at the stadium?

WHITE SUIT
(in Italian, subtitled)
One hour.

AS BOND TAKES AIM ON SCIARRA - He intones a prayer under his breath--

BOND
(To himself, in Latin)
Nos morituri te salutamus..

IN THE ROOM SCIARRA pours two drinks.

SCIARRA
(in Italian, subtitled)
A toast, my friend.
(Raises glass)
To Death.

WHITE SUIT
(in Italian, subtitled)
To Death!

BOND FOCUSES, STOCK STILL AS THE MEN DRINK - THEN --

BOND
Bottoms up.

Bond squeezes the trigger.

Sciarra takes a bullet between the eyes. Drops like a stone.

(CONTINUED)

The Associate instantly pulls a pistol and fires back--
Bullets smash through the window.

Bond it HIT!

The bullet-proof commando suit protects him. But the effect is like getting kicked by a mule.

Not missing a beat, he recovers, returns fire.

White Suit drops behind the table for cover, as bullets continue to smash through the window.

He is near the case. Reaches to fire around the side of it -

Bond takes the direct line - aims through the case - shoots and - KABOOM! The case explodes.

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

Bond reflexively takes shelter behind the low wall.

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

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

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

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

And the falling building SMASHES into his rooftop--

A massive concussion. Dust and rubble everywhere.

But somehow it has missed Bond. He exhales.

Then...

A CRACK begins to spread across the rooftop--

Before he can move, the crack widens -- the roof splits -- and he FALLS through the crack--

Two storeys--

Through the interior of the collapsing building--

SLAM!

His fall is violently arrested when he hits a piece of a floor--

(CONTINUED)

He's battered, but alive. He gasps for air. Exposed wires crackle around him, water gushes from pipes.

Then he feels the ground begin to tilt again. Instinctively he grabs onto an exposed pipe as--

This entire floor collapses as well!

He holds onto the pipe, swinging down dangerously. Leaps onto the rubble, and lands--

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

He pulls himself up, picks his way through the debris.

Through the clouds of dust, a chilling moment as he looks down to find... A dead man's hand in the rubble. His target.

Bond notes a DISTINCTIVE RING on the dead hand. He slips it off the finger.

He unzips his commando suit. Steps out of it...

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

CAR AND POLICE ALARMS WAIL...

7 EXT. STREET, MEXICO - LATE DAY

7

POLICE GUARDS are moving through the scene, urgently talking on radios...

Bond strides away from the mayhem, turns a corner. A quieter street. He looks over his shoulder, checks he isn't being followed.

Now he notices a distressed sign above a door: "SCUELA INFANTIL DE SAN SALVADOR" ("Saint Savior's Infant School" - the name the man mentioned).

He looks about, heads inside...

8 EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATE DAY

8

He finds himself in a deserted courtyard. Many doors lead off it. He listens. Above the distant sounds of the street, he hears the low hum of a conversation. Heads towards it, drawing his PPK.

9 INT. CORRIDOR/CLASSROOM, SCHOOL - LATE DAY

9

He enters A DERELICT CLASSROOM.

(CONTINUED)

TWO MEN sit among empty cans, dirty plates, cigarette butts. Many cellphones charging on a table.

The men are chatting, smoking. THREE RIFLES lean against the wall near them.

The men notice him. They turn and look at him.

Bond looks at them.

A horrible pause. Then suddenly -

The men go for their guns, Bond raises his PPK--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

The two men get off a few misdirected rounds but Bond is quicker. Both men dead in their chairs.

Bond searches through the phones trying to find an unlocked one. He STOPS. There on the table where the Two Men were sitting. Looks down. THREE cigarettes burn in the ash tray... Curious.

Just then, a distant toilet flushes, and a THIRD MAN comes out of a door in the far corner of the room.

The man sees Bond, but too late. He picks up the PPK and

BAM!

The man lies dead where he stood.

BOND

You shouldn't smoke.

Bond now notices something. Curiously, A SMALL OLD TV BUZZES WITH WHITE NOISE, a video recorder beneath it. The IMAGE IS PAUSED ON A SHADOWY MAN.

A weird tension as Bond walks past the two dead bodies, and presses PLAY on the video machine.

The two dead men stare blankly at the screen.

ON THE TV:

The face can't be seen clearly in the shadows. His voice is mesmerizing, the accent elusive.

MAN (O.S.)

Dia Di Muertos..... The Day of the Dead. How fitting an occasion for the task ahead. Strength to you, my Brothers. And when the deed is done contact Signor Sciarra, who will instruct you on the final elimination of the Pale King.

(CONTINUED)

Bond registers the name.

THE IMAGE CUTS BACK TO WHITE NOISE.

BOND

Is distinctly spooked.

Now he grabs one of the charging cellphones; punches in a number:

BOND

Pruitt--

PRUITT

Bond! What the hell happened?

BOND

Later. Find Saint Saviour's School.
I'll be at the front.

But now he HEARS PEOPLE COMING IN FROM THE FRONT (the remainder of the terrorist cell).

BOND (CONT'D)

Make that the back.

He moves swiftly through the rear entrance to the classroom, down a corridor and out of the back of the school -

10 EXT. SCHOOL/STREETS - LATE DAY

10

Back into the noise of the city.

Bond looks around. Back streets. No-one to be seen.

Then suddenly, the noise of a truck accelerating and - WHAM!
A HUGE TRUCK blasts through the enormous gates opposite.

The truck stops inches from Bond's face. It's an old beer delivery truck. Heineken emblazoned on the side.

Bond leaps over the hood of the truck, jumps in the cab -

11 INT./EXT. TRUCK, STREETS - LATE DAY

11

- As a middle-aged, slightly foppish man, PRUITT, flips his Satan mask to the top of his head; he's a local ex-pat contact and the man who slipped Bond the key in the elevator. He shifts over, holding his wrist, hurt from the impact.

PRUITT

I thought you said a nice quiet job?!

Bond takes the wheel -

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Yes. Sorry about that.

As the THREE GUYS COME OUT OF THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL, PISTOLS
IN HAND -

They see Bond, run to a couple of cars as Bond floors the
pedal.

The truck roars away...

PRUITT

(re; the truck)

I had to steal this bloody thing from
the service entrance of the hotel.

As he barrels down a narrow street:

PRUITT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I take it this wasn't meant to
happen.

BOND

Not exactly.

Bond spins the truck at the corner, keeps going...

PRUITT

Where are we going?

Two cars are now in pursuit.

BOND

The south side of the main square.
The bombers had an exit strategy.

PRUITT

Bombers?!

They roar past several POSTERS FOR THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH IN
THE ESTADIO AZTECA STADIUM.

BOND

(re: poster)

They were planning to blow up the
Governor. And I'm guessing the rest
of the stadium as well.

PRUITT

Christ... well done you.

BOND

I'm not sure M's going to see it that
way.

Bond swings the truck down another narrow road, scraping the
sides...

They race past shrines. Revellers. Floats.

(CONTINUED)

They turn a corner - a POLICE ROADBLOCK for the street party.

PRUITT

Bugger. No way through.

They turn down another street, to find themselves heading...

12 EXT. MAIN SQUARE - LATE DAY

12

The massive party is in full swing. FIREWORKS EXPLODE. Clearly the noise of the celebrations masked the explosion.

MASKED REVELLERS descend upon the truck, climbing all over it... but in his wing mirror Bond can just make out the TWO CARS arriving behind him.

Bond forces his way and then - through the front windscreen, he sees the crowd begin to scatter.

A ROAR OF DOWNDRAFT, and Bond looks up to see a HELICOPTER descending, now hovering close to the ground, directly in front of the truck.

The downdraft knocks the readied fireworks over -

ROCKETS fizz horizontally across the square - the crowds scatter and scream - mayhem unleashed.

The helicopter lands, TWO GUN-TOTING GUYS get out.

PRUITT

Oh, God in heaven!

Bond considers the situation - two cars behind, a helicopter ahead. And then -

BOND

Hold on...

And he slams the truck into reverse, ramming the two cars against one another.

BOTTLES pour out of the back of the truck, partially burying the men.

BOND (CONT'D)

You shouldn't drink and drive.

The gunmen in front start shooting - Bond and Pruitt duck down as the windscreen is smashed away - Bond floors the pedal heading straight for them.

The gunmen DIVE for cover - as Bond hits the brakes-- he goes flying out of the front window of the truck, across the hood, and INTO the gunmen.

Bond thumps one. The other is climbing back into the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

The PILOT adjusts the throttle, lifts the helicopter, getting out of there.

Bond dives for the landing skids, hangs on, the pilot struggling with the lopsided weight.

Pruitt watches from below as Bond hauls himself up. As the pilot wrestles with the controls, Bond fights the remaining man in the helicopter...

The chopper spins dangerously over the masses in the square.

Down below, Pruitt makes his escape into the crowd, all the time watching the helicopter.

The helicopter is gaining some height. Bond has managed to disarm the man, and holds him over the edge of the side opening of the helicopter.

BOND (CONT'D)
Who's The Pale King?

But the man isn't talking.

The pilot tries to dislodge Bond. He turns the helicopter almost UPSIDE DOWN. Bond is violently spun onto his back, but manages to hold on.

But the man slips... and is gone into the helicopter's blades.

Now Bond struggles into the cockpit, fights with the pilot...

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

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

BOND (CONT'D)
You need to leave.

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

The pilot falls like a stone to the ground below.

Bond takes control.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

Pruitt watches the HELICOPTER level off in the distance, and the chaotic aftermath in the Square, POLICE now arriving.

Pruitt's CELLPHONE rings. He answers:

BOND'S VOICE
I owe you a drink.

(CONTINUED)

PRUITT
(into cell)
A pleasure dear boy. But let's never,
ever do it again.

BACK TO BOND

PRUITT'S VOICE
Did you get what you wanted?

Bond's hand on the joystick. We close in - on the RING.

BOND
It's a start...

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

AND CLOSER...

TITLES:

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

SPIRALLING DOWN...

The drowning Vesper,

The sweat-drenched Le Chiffre,

The oil-soused Agent Fields from Quantum of Solace,

The insane Silva,

The dying M.

Bond is caught in the middle, torn and confused -

Now, funeral mourners mix through into the desert -

The Octopus tentacles become Bond's veins -

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

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

Inside the envelope, a picture of Bond.

13 EXT. MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY

13

Grey early morning London.

A solitary figure walks up Whitehall.

It's Bond.

(CONTINUED)

13. 13

13 CONTINUED: 13

He enters the front of an austere building.

14 INT. MI-6 CORRIDOR, WHITEHALL - DAY 14

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

He doesn't miss A MAINTENANCE MAN on a ladder either, installing SECURITY CAMERAS high up on the walls, every twenty feet. They're new.

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

Bond passes between desks of SECRETARIES who type faster as he passes, and pretend not to look up.

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

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

BOND

Morning.

Moneypenny regards Bond levelly. She carries on typing.

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

We stay outside with Moneypenny. She slips off the headphones. And waits..

SUDDENLY --- from BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR, the sound of M shouting. Bigger, louder, angrier than ever before.

Moneypenny winces.

17 INT. MI-6 CORRIDOR, WHITEHALL - DAY 17

The Secretaries can hear it too. And passing Analysts.

M (O.S. THROUGH DOOR)

(Shouting)

NO YOU LISTEN TO ME...

It's only now we cut inside:

18 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY 18

Bond sits in front of M's desk, riding out the storm.

(CONTINUED)

M

...In case you forgot, your 00 status does NOT give you the right to swan around the globe settling old scores.

A newspaper hits the desk. Its headline: "OUTRAGE IN MEXICO"

M (CONT'D)

Christ man, what the hell were you thinking?

BOND

Why all the cameras?

M

(Utter incredulity)
What?!

BOND

Out there. In the corridors. They're everywhere..

M

Are you even listening? In five minutes the Head of the Joint Intelligence Committee is going to walk through that door, and I've got to explain how one of our agents decided to potter off to Mexico all on his own and cause AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

BOND

It could have been worse.

M

Worse? You blew up half a bloody block!

BOND

Better half a block than a whole stadium.

M

We're in the middle of the biggest shake up in the history of British Intelligence. As soon as the ink dries on this merger, GCHQ and MI-5 will be just itching for an excuse to scrap the 00 programme forever. And you just handed them one ON A SILVER BLOODY PLATTER!

BOND

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

M, his blood boiling, could cheerfully kill Bond.

(CONTINUED)

M

I don't suppose you're going to tell me what you were even *doing* there?

BOND

I'd love to, Sir... but with respect - all these mergers, "Inter-Departmental Streamlinings", "Cost-Effective Restructurings"...? Can you really say who's calling the shots anymore?

M stands now, looming over Bond's chair.

M

Don't push me, 007.

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

M has to regain his composure.

M (CONT'D)

Ah. Excellent. Come in. 007, I'd like you to meet Bruce Denbigh, Head of MI-5, soon to be Head of The Joint Intelligence Committee. Codename C.

They shake hands.

C

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

BOND

Congratulations on your appointment, C. M and I were just discussing the new cameras..

M shoots 007 daggers.

C

Yes. The cameras. Standard procedure over at MI-5. Trust me. You get used to them..

BOND

Why wouldn't I trust you?

M

007 was just leaving.

BOND

Bruce Denbigh. Wrote that dossier last year on how the 00 programme was obsolete, how drones could do all our dirty work abroad.

(CONTINUED)

M

That's enough.

C

It's perfectly alright, M. I appreciate candour. After all, that's what this merger is all about. Openness, sharing opinions across departments, bringing Intelligence out of the Dark Ages, into the light.

BOND

Well, that all sounds lovely.

M

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

BOND

So I'm still active?

M

No. You're grounded. For now.

BOND

Very good, Sir.

BOND walks out.

M looks after him. Unfinished business.

19 EXT. BOND'S FLAT - NIGHT

19

A large stucco fronted house.

A figure appears. Framed in the window.

Bond.

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

20

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

Takes a drink of Scotch.

The doorbell rings. Bond looks round.

CUT TO:

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

21

The front door opens. It's Moneypenny.

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

22

Bond shows her inside.

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

MONEYPENNY

Have you just moved in?

BOND

No.

MONEYPENNY

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

The scotch bottle on the counter is the only decoration.

BOND

Thanks. I did it myself. Drink?

MONEYPENNY

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

She hands over a slim box file.

BOND

What is it?

MONEYPENNY

Personal effects they recovered from Skyfall.

Bond tosses it on the counter next to the scotch.

BOND

Thank you.

She looks at him. Then:

MONEYPENNY

Why the hell did you do it, Bond?

He looks at her.

BOND

Eavesdropper.

MONEYPENNY

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

(CONTINUED)

BOND

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

MONEYPENNY

There's certainly a raft of opinions.

BOND

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

MONEYPENNY

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

BOND

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

MONEYPENNY

I have my own theory.

BOND

Really. And what's that?

MONEYPENNY

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

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

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

.... M. Moneypenny is transfixed..

M

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

The image goes black.

MONEYPENNY

Jesus. Where did-

BOND

In my mailbox. A few days ago. Unmarked envelope.

(CONTINUED)

MONEYPENNY

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

BOND

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

MONEYPENNY

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

BOND

She wouldn't have gone to these lengths if she didn't suspect something big.

MONEYPENNY

When's the funeral?

BOND

Three days. Rome.

MONEYPENNY

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

BOND

It's a problem. Certainly.

(Then)

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

MONEYPENNY

You want me to be your mole?

BOND

For the time being.

MONEYPENNY

What makes you think you can trust me?

BOND

You want me to frisk you?

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

GIRL'S VOICE

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

Caught flat-footed, Bond merely smiles.

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

(CONTINUED)

MONEYPENNY

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

Moneypenny goes to leave.

At the door.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

Well it proves one thing.

BOND

What's that?

MONEYPENNY

You're not insane.

BOND

Let's not jump to conclusions.

Moneypenny smiles. And leaves.

23 INT. BOND'S APARTMENT, WINDOW - NIGHT

23

From the window, Bond watches as Moneypenny crosses the street and walks away.

Behind him, a woman's shapely bare legs pass. We see her reflected in the window, wearing only a bedsheet.

GIRL (O.S.)

So who was that?

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

BOND

A friend.

24 EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

24

The magnificent old river stretches through London.

A RIB heads down the river.

On it is Bond. Next to him is TANNER, M's Chief of Staff.

TANNER

(to Bond)

So you enjoyed Mexico?

BOND

Delightful, Tanner. Got to see all the bars.

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

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

New Centre for National Security...

BOND

Then why are we going past it?

TANNER

MI-5 are getting it.

BOND

What, GCHQ isn't big enough?

TANNER

Not if this merger goes ahead. Now they're rich, partnered with a couple of tech companies. M wouldn't ever do anything so unethical. So we're funded by Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer and our old building is still derelict.

The boat heads into an opening in the embankment -

25 INT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - DAY

25

Their voices echo in the tunnel:

TANNER

So you're up to date on the intelligence digests? All these recent events - that high-speed train crash in Tokyo, the chemical plant explosions in Hamburg and San Diego. Different groups could be teaming up. Which would be a whole new game. M's feeling the pressure, what with everything else.

They turn a corner.

Bond looks ahead into the darkness as the tunnel narrows.

TANNER (CONT'D)

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

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

TANNER (CONT'D)

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

26 INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - DAY

26

They head along a corridor.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

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

They turn a corner.

TANNER (CONT'D)

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

BOND

I can hardly wait.

They reach a door. Tanner knocks.

TANNER

Welcome to Q Branch East..

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

27

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

Q

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

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

28

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

Q

Take a seat 007.

Q busies himself, preparing as he talks.

Q (CONT'D)

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

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

Q (CONT'D)

If you'd just pop your arm in there.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Why do I have a bad feeling about this?

Q

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

A VIOLENT SOUND LIKE A STAPLE GUN -

BOND

Christ.

Q

...Prick.

BOND

What the hell was that?

Bond reacts in pain as THE SCREENS LIGHT UP:

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

Q

(proud)

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

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

Q (CONT'D)

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

BOND

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

Q

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

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

BOND

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

Q looks at the screen of readouts.

(CONTINUED)

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

29 INT. Q'S RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT WORKSHOP, EAST LONDON - DAY 29
Further down in the new Q-Branch environment.

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

MECHANICS work silently; elevators are moving, bringing
material up and down.

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

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

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

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

Q (CONT'D)
Anyway.

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

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

Bond smiles, admiring, already anticipating the pleasure.

Q (CONT'D)
Rather magnificent, isn't she? Shame
really. She was meant for you but now
she's being reassigned to 009.

Bond's face. Stopped in his tracks. Q brushes past, reaches
in through the window of the passenger side, into the glove
compartment.

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

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

BOND

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

Q

Sorry?

BOND

What does it do?

Q

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

BOND

M's idea?

Q

Precisely. I think you get the picture.

They walk out through the facility.

BOND

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

Q

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

BOND

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

Q

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

BOND

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

Q looks at Bond for a beat.

Q

How urgent?

BOND

Extremely.

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

Q

(Brightly - moving back to his desk)

Well, it's lovely to see you 007.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Q (CONT'D)

Enjoy the watch. Sorry about the car.

(Then, without looking up)

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

Bond listens...

Q (CONT'D)

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

BOND

(With meaning)

24 hours..?

Q

48 hours. But after that it should work perfectly.

Bond smiles.

BOND

I'll send you a postcard.

Q

Please don't.

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

CUT TO:

30 INT. BOND'S FLAT - NIGHT

30

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

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

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

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

OLD PAPERS AND A FEW CHARRED PHOTOS.

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

Bond looks at the photo, his face a mask.

Another drink. The next item:

TEMPORARY GUARDIANSHIP PAPERS. Bond's name briefly visible.

(CONTINUED)

LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

He leafs through and comes to ANOTHER PHOTO:

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

A faint smile comes to Bond's face.

He replaces the items, closes the box.

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

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

CUT TO:

31 EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

31

The start of another day. Rain.

32 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL DAY

32

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

A gift-wrapped parcel. And a single orchid.

How the hell did that get there?

She unlocks M's door.

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

'THANK YOU'

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

M

What's that?

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

MONEYPENNY

Just something from an admirer.

M

Not your birthday is it?

MONEYPENNY

No, sir -

M heads into his office.

(CONTINUED)

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
...that was last week.

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

33

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

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

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

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

Q
Yes, yes - fine.

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

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

Q's face.

Q (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. ROME - DAY

34

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

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

35 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

35

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

Bond takes in the interior. FOUR TOGGLES on the dash: 'Atmosphere', 'Exhaust', 'Air', 'Backfire'. Plus a small joystick near the handbrake.

Bond looks down at them.

36 EXT. CHAPEL, CEMETERY, ROME - DAY

36

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

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

Bond observes MOURNERS spilling down a long flight of steps away from a chapel - the funeral service clearly over. The black clothes in stark contrast to the white marble steps.

37 EXT. CRYPT, CEMETERY, ROME - DAY

37

White marble colonnades surround a square. Bond observes a smaller gathering for the interment.

The gathering stands before one particular crypt, which bears the name SCIARRA. A PRIEST intones in Italian:

PRIEST

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

BOND

Watches from a distance.

The Mourners look pretty tough, mostly suited, unreadable. Possibly Mafia. We sense Sciarra must have been important.

Centre-stage, the WIDOW (LUCIA), black veil covering her face.

As she leaves, she turns and looks straight at Bond. She is very beautiful.

She holds his gaze for a second. Moves off.

38 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ROME - DAY (LATER)

38

The reception is being held in a large frescoed room. Cold light from high windows illuminates the many funeral wreathes.

At the end of the room, the widow is receiving the condolences of the mourners; her veil raised now, revealing her beauty. Bond watches her.

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

We are close on Lucia now, as she hears an off camera voice.

BOND (O.C.)

I'm sorry for your loss.

(CONTINUED)

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

LUCIA
You knew my husband?

BOND
All too briefly.

A flicker of curiosity:

LUCIA
What do you do?

BOND
Life insurance.

LUCIA
(wry smile)
A little late for that.

BOND
For your husband, yes. How about you?

LUCIA
Me?

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

Their eyes are locked now.

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

BOND
No.

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

Eyes still locked with Bond, intrigued, she brings her veil
back down. She heads away with her men. Bond watches her go.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. VILLA, ROME - DUSK

39

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

Another car pulls up behind Lucia. The two bodyguards.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

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

Both bodyguards raise their pistols behind her veiled head -

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

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

JAMES BOND

Steps out of the shadows.

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

WIDER

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

Bond comes to her.

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

Bond looks at his watch.

BOND
Splendid. Time for a drink.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM, VILLA, ROME - NIGHT

40

Bond pours them both drinks.

LUCIA
You killed him didn't you? My
husband.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

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

LUCIA

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

BOND

Loyal to a man you hated.

LUCIA

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

BOND

I know the feeling.

LUCIA

Well I sure as hell don't trust you.

BOND

Then you have impeccable instincts.

LUCIA

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

BOND

I can think of worse ways to go.

LUCIA

Then you are obviously crazy, Mister.

He lifts her veil.

BOND

Bond. James Bond.

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

As items of clothing are removed, the following:

LUCIA

(breathless)

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

He is kissing her neck, her shoulders...

BOND

Did your husband ever mention 'The Pale King'?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIA

He kept these things to himself.

(kissing him back,
passionately now)

The organization - they hardly ever
meet. But because of what happened to
my husband...

(breathes, tries to
control herself)

...they are meeting tonight.

BOND

Why?

LUCIA

To choose a replacement.

BOND

Where?

LUCIA

The Palazzo Cardenza. Midnight.

BOND

Sounds like fun. I may swing by.

Bond continues to kiss her. She is very turned on. Her dress
falls to the floor.

LUCIA

I've met a lot of men. But none as
crazy as you...

BOND

Flattery will get you nowhere.

And they start to make love.

41 INT. LUCIA'S BEDROOM, ROME - NIGHT

41

Lucia is naked under the sheets.

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

LUCIA

(warily)

Leaving your number?

BOND

An American friend - Felix. He'll
call his Embassy people and they'll
get you out of here. You'll be safe.

He crosses the room and hands her the paper.

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

Your husband. Did he ever use a password?

LUCIA

Diana.

BOND

Who's Diana?

LUCIA

His mistress.

BOND

Then he was the crazy one.

He bends and kisses her.

LUCIA

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

She smiles through tears.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

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

He looks at her.

BOND

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

He leaves her alone.

42 EXT. PALAZZO CARDENZA, ROME - NIGHT

42

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

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

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

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

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

A group of people are just disappearing inside.

(CONTINUED)

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

MAN
(in Italian, subtitled)
Hey. Stop.

Bond is facing away from the man.

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

Bond slowly turns.

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

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

The man nods, serious, understanding.

MAN
(in Italian, subtitled)
Were you at the villa? Where's Francesco?

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

As they enter the gate, the man looks about.

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

43

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

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

The bell echoes in a magnificent room. Eight doors open at the same time, allowing the different groups in.

Bond finds himself in the gallery, looking down into the hall.

The huge hall is dominated by a vast geometric table.

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

He watches as twenty two men and women take their seats around the table.

(CONTINUED)

Formidable businessmen and women of different nationalities. Behind them their entourages stand, some forty in all.

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

Bond boldly stands amongst the crowd.

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

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

HIS FACE IS SWATHED IN BANDAGES. HE IS CONNECTED TO A DRIP.

Bond watches as the leader slowly reaches the table. He unplugs the drip from the back of his hand. He breathes hard. But when he speaks, his voice is clear.

LEADER

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

With difficulty, he walks around the table.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Three days ago I summoned the heads of the 22 chapters... I asked each to contact their cells, and to send one envoy from each to answer the question tearing at our heart. They came. I listened carefully. But none of them knew why five days ago, our loyal brave servant, Marco Sciarra, was cut down in Mexico City by an unseen assassin.

BOND STANDS IN THE SHADOWS. LISTENING.

LEADER (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)
(Shouts)
THEY WERE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

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

He pours the contents of bucket onto the table.

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

A couple of the people nearest turn white. A couple look sick. The eyes glisten in the candlelight. The leader begins to intone.

LEADER (CONT'D)
How does the fly evade the web? How
does the spider escape the child..?
It keeps watch. It sees everything.

He lowers his head shaking. Like he is laughing, or crying. Slowly in a low voice, he intones a prayer.

LEADER (CONT'D)
*Santa Muerta, Goddess of Death, With
defleshed body, your gaping jaw
swallowing the stars.*

They repeat it.

ALL
*...protect us this day, so when the
moon is gone and the eternal night
falls...*

Bond doesn't know the words.

ALL (CONT'D)
*We shall dance together in the
darkness, as the sky rains tears and
blood...*

A bell rings. The leader signals, the TABLECLOTH is removed, containing the eyes.

LEADER
We gather to appoint a replacement to
Sciarra. Who steps forward?

Bond registers the name - as the Leader fixes his gaze on the TWO MEN sitting beside one another at the other end of the table (where Bond is standing in the background).

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

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)

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

(to one candidate)

Show me why you should succeed Signor Sciarra.

SPANIARD

(Spanish accent)

I am have mastered Jujitsu, Karate and Taekwondo to the highest levels. I am an expert shot with all types of firearms, and am highly skilled in knife fighting and, when necessary, the use of the garotte.

LEADER

(to Hinx)

And you, Mister Hinx.

Mister Hinx slowly gets to his feet.

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

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

The onlookers are enthralled.

Bond watches, from the shadows.

The Leader watches, dispassionate.

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

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

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

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

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

Silence.

The Leader gets up from his chair and slowly, as if drawing life from the death, he stands straight and strong.

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)
We are whole again.

He smiles. Then---

LEADER (CONT'D)
You want to know the funny thing? The
funny thing is... I knew. I knew who
was responsible. Even before the
bullet struck. Before the shot was
fired I knew..

BOND listens.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Only one among you truly understands
these words, only one can hear me and
I speak now to him alone.

BOND keeps perfectly still.

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

He turns and looks directly at him.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Tell me, did you enjoy our little
entertainment... Mister Bond?

Bond freezes. Quickly looks around.

LEADER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(sing-song, as if to a
child)
I know you're up there...

GUNS out. Thirty of them. Pointed at Bond.

Bond backs away.

BOND
Ah. You seem to have me at a
disadvantage.

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

44 EXT. PALAZZO COURTYARDS, ROME - NIGHT

44

Bullets fly as broken glass showers down into the courtyard.

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

(CONTINUED)

Now, thinking fast, he drops to a balcony, looks... and then JUMPS again. Lands on the roof of a car.

Inside the building, the men rush to the window, raise their guns.

Bullets ricochet around Bond's feet, as he races across a couple of other car roofs, denting them all...

Reaches the Aston, jumps in. Bullets fracture the side window of the car, but his tyres smoke as he roars away...

A car blocks his exit. He's forced into an adjacent courtyard. No exit there either.

45 EXT. PALAZZO CENTRAL AREA, ROME - NIGHT

45

He screams into the central area to be confronted by a ring of heavies, all shooting at him. Hinx watches, smiling.

As the men's bullets ping off the Aston, Bond throws the car into a spectacular 360 spin, and keeps the car spinning, faster and faster, kicking up a massive screen of smoke. The car disappears behind the smoke as the shooting continues.

Suddenly, the car stops spinning. The shooting stops. The car has now disappeared in the smoke. A beat of silence.

And then, just as suddenly, the car screams out from behind the smokescreen, leaving them all standing.

Bond's accelerates towards the main exit and away.

46 EXT. PALAZZO DRIVEWAY, ROME - NIGHT

46

Now with BOND as he hurtles out of the main archway.

HE HEARS ROTOR BLADES, looks up:

A HELICOPTER IS LEAVING THE ROOF OF THE PALAZZO - must be the Leader.

Bond has lost him.

And suddenly, with a roaring sound, a JAGUAR sports car screams out of the archway behind him.

Mister Hinx is inside.

Other cars now join as they race down the long drive to the MAIN ENTRANCE.

47 EXT. PALAZZO, MAIN ENTRANCE GATES - NIGHT

47

Where the SECURITY GUARDS are alerted by a call. They see the cars coming. One guard runs to a button, presses it. The vast gates start to close...

As Bond comes hurtling through them.

Hinx accelerates, just makes it too.

The gates close behind them. Other cars screech to a halt behind the gates.

48 EXT. STREETS, ROME - NIGHT

48

On the streets of Rome, the race is on. Just the two of them.

Bond hurtles onto a dual straight road. Pure speed.

It's the middle of the night. Few cars about. The Jaguar not far behind.

IN THE ASTON:

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

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

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

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

BOND (CONT'D)
What?

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

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

Small machine guns appear at the back of the car.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)
Oh, for God's sake...

Hinx is gaining. Bond makes a fast right turn, surprising him.

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

INTERCUT:

49 INT. MONEYPENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

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

MONEYPENNY
Bond. Where are you?

BOND
Bit hard to explain right now.
Moneypenny, she was right. This is
big. I don't have time to explain
but.. Hold that thought...

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

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

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

50 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

50

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

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

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

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

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

Bond looks in the rear-view mirror, hopeful.

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

51 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

51

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

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

But still Hinx pursues.

52 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

52

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

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

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

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

We see the Old Driver. He's not going anywhere.

Bond sees Hinx approaching behind him at speed.

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

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

Up ahead, an empty parking space approaches--

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

BACK ON THE ROAD

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

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

53

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

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

MONEYPENNY (O.S.)
James, I can't wait all night... What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

BOND
About 90.

54 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

54

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

Another turn and onto--

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

55

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

MONEYPENNY (O.S.)
Okay, I think I've found your Pale King.

56 INTERCUT - INT. MONEYPENNY'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT/ EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT

56

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

Data files relating to him stream down the screen.

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

MONEYPENNY & BOND
(simultaneously)
Mister White.

It's a surprise. A nasty one.

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

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

BOYFRIEND
What you doing?

MONEYPENNY
(covering mouthpiece)
Oh, a client had his credit card
stolen. Go back to bed.

He goes.

BOND
Who was that?

MONEYPENNY
No-one.

BOND
No it wasn't.

MONEYPENNY
Just a friend.

BOND
At this time of night?

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

And she's gone.

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

Bond swings the corner.

57 EXT. VIA DEGLI SCIALOIA, ROME - NIGHT

57

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

They find their way blocked by a giant delivery truck coming
in the other direction. Bond has no choice but to divert...
Hinx is almost neck-and-neck.

NAT KING COLE'S L.O.V.E. NOW DECIDES TO FILL THE CAR. A
surreal counterpoint to the tyre-shredding insanity of the
chase.

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

58 EXT. RIVER PATHWAY - NIGHT

58

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

(CONTINUED)

The pathway starts to narrow. It's a tight squeeze. The cars occasionally veer to avoid obstacles, scrape against the wall. Side-by-side, Bond is forced to 'ride' the sloped wall.

Another wall is fast approaching straight ahead - Bond shifts down a gear - the engine screams, but Bond just manages to accelerate in front of Hinx, and drop back down onto the river path.

Now Bond tries another gadget, 'EXHAUST'.

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

BOND
(to himself)
Better...

And now they're heading down a dead end - the approaching road too narrow to continue.

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

He eyes the only unpresed toggle - 'Air'.

Not completely certain of its outcome he flips it.

BOND (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Here's hoping...

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

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE DIALS

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

BOND

Looks about. Readies himself... as

ON THE DIAL

2-1 -

BOND'S POV:

The end of the road zooming straight toward us -

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

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

AND CRASHES INTO THE TIBER!

HINX

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

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

59 EXT. ROME, ABOVE ON FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

59

A garbage truck makes its early morning rounds.

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

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

M (O.S.)

...I repeat - my agent is extremely conscientious...

60 INT. MEETING ROOM, TOKYO - DAY

60

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

A meeting is in progress.

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

M has clearly been defending himself. Tanner sits behind him on an outer ring of tables where aides take notes on their laptops.

M

...he had no time to inform the Mexican authorities of the unfolding threat. He made a judgement call of extraordinary sensitivity in exceptional circumstances.

JAPANESE REPRESENTATIVE

Revealing yet again that many of the external intelligence agencies are dominated by rogue elements, and have ceased co-operating with each other for our safety.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, Bruce Denbigh(C), steps in. They all turn.

C

If co-operation is the goal, then no-one in this room is innocent.

Silence, as the room digests this.

C (CONT'D)

Phone hacking, computer surveillance, intelligence gathering on our friends as well as our enemies - all of us here are crippled by mistrust.

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

C (CONT'D)

I believe we are seeing something new - not just coordinated attacks, but different terrorist organizations joining together. They trust each other more than we do. Whatever we are doing, it's failing.

The room absorbs this tough analysis.

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

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

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

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

C (CONT'D)

I say, again - a Nine-Eyes committee will have full access to the combined intelligence streams of member states. Then we stand a chance of making a difference. So I implore you. A yes vote is the only way forward.

C sits.

M's face. Concerned.

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

61

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

An otherworldly setting of haunting desolation. Grey and cold.

62 EXT. LAKE - ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK

62

Bond climbs from the car.

HIS POV: across the lake, an isolated chalet.

63 EXT. LAKE - ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK

63

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

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

64 EXT. ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK

64

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

As Bond steps onto the porch, he can hear a fuzz of VOICES from within. TV channels. Flickering coloured lights refracted through the windows. He tries the door. It opens. Perhaps White is dead already?

Bond enters the house.

65 INT. ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK

65

Bond moves through the house carefully.

A TV in the living room plays news reports of an industrial explosion in Sweden, its gas cloud heading for a population centre...

But the commentary is fighting with TV news reports playing in other rooms.

There are SCREENS and RADIOS in every room, all tuned to rolling news from around the world. Disasters and crises. A siege in Honduras. Fires raging outside Sydney.

The carnage in the world playing out on every screen, as Bond moves stealthily around the house. All rooms seem to be empty.

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

But now Bond notices something odd. Right next to the basement door, a panel. Flickering light from beneath the wall...

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

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

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

The lights, TVs and sounds die.

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

BOND

Time to come out.

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

66 INT. PANIC ROOM, AUSTRIA - DUSK

66

Mister White in a chair in the panic room.

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

Bond is quietly shocked at the sight.

67 INT. MISTER WHITE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, AUSTRIA - NIGHT

67

Bond and Mister White sit opposite each other, a chess table between them.

WHITE

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

BOND

Who says I'm here to kill you?

WHITE

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

BOND

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

WHITE

I'm flattered London are still talking about me.

BOND

It wasn't MI-6.

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

He is clearly disturbed by what he sees..

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

Last month I found thallium in my cellphone. It's done its job. I have a few weeks at best.

(He studies it closely.)

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

He drops the ring back on the board.

BOND

The leader. What's his name?

WHITE

Oh.. Come now..

BOND

Why protect him when he wants you dead?

WHITE

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

BOND

So what is he capable of? Apart from sponsoring terror.

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

WHITE

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

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

WHITE (CONT'D)

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

He drinks.

WHITE (CONT'D)

What is he capable of?

(CONTINUED)

He looks levelly back at Bond.

WHITE (CONT'D)

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

Bond doesn't blink.

BOND

So where can I find him?

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

WHITE

It's good to see you again, Mister Bond. You know I always loathed you. Now at least I know you'll die horribly. Alone, and insane.

White gazes levelly at Bond, chuckling.

BOND

It doesn't make sense.

White stops laughing.

BOND (CONT'D)

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

White shakes his head anxiously. And Bond guesses--

BOND (CONT'D)

(with realization)

You have somebody. Somebody you're trying to protect.

White stares at the chessboard.

WHITE

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

Some of us might realize he is talking about Vesper.

BOND

Who is she?

White shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

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

WHITE

Your word, Bond? Your word?

Two lost killers. At the crossroads.

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

BOND

There's my word.

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

WHITE

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

BOND

What do you mean?

WHITE

Vesper. She bought your life with her own.

Inside Bond is convulsed by the body blow. Outwardly, he doesn't blink.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Oh come now, surely you must have wondered...?

BOND

Do we have a deal? Yes or no.

White stands. He walks behind Bond.

Bond doesn't turn.

White cocks the weapon.

He strokes the back of his neck with the muzzle.

WHITE

You have caused me a lot of pain.

White puts the gun to Bond's head.

WHITE (CONT'D)

I blame you, just like he does.

Bond hears the words.

(CONTINUED)

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

WHITE (CONT'D)
My daughter. She will lead you to
L'Americaïn.

BOND
L'Americaïn?

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

He removes the gun from Bond's temple.

WHITE (CONT'D)
You are a kite dancing in a
hurricane, Mister Bond. Good luck.

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

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

Bond contemplates the scene.

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

The shards of glass across the chessboard.

68 INT. TOKYO - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

68

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

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

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

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

C is visibly disappointed. M is relieved...

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

'Speeding car crashes into Tiber.'

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

CHAIRMAN
Gentlemen - the vote is eight to one
in favour.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

But we cannot proceed unless by unanimous vote. So the Nine Eyes motion is not passed.

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

'ARE WE QUITE CERTAIN BOND IS IN LONDON?'

M frowns, perturbed.

69 INT. ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - NIGHT

69

We move slowly through the living room to reveal the shadowy mass of Hinx standing over White's dead body.

He turns the body over with his foot. White's dead eyes stare up at us.

Hinx looks around. Sees the EMPTY PHOTO FRAME lying on the ground.

70 INT. HALLWAY, TOKYO - NIGHT - LATER

70

M is outside in a corridor, on the phone, pacing.

He gets through:

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

INTERCUT:

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

71

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

Q
I'm just looking now, Sir.

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

He makes his choice:

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

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

(CONTINUED)

Q
Yes, of course -

Q hears the call go dead.

Q (CONT'D)
- Sir.

Now we see what Q sees. The screen showing 007's whereabouts.
The tracker moves across the screen. At the top of the screen
it reads:

'KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA'

72 EXT. MOUNTAINS, AUSTRIA - DAY

72

A snow plane cuts across a perfect blue sky.

It could not be more serene.

The snow-plane descends over the magnificent Austrian Alps.

73 INT. SNOW PLANE, AUSTRIA - DAY

73

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

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

74 EXT. BODY AND SOUL SPA, AUSTRIA - DAY

74

Bond steps off the plane. Surveys the scene.

The Body and Soul Spa.

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

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

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

75 EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

75

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

76 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DAY

76

Inside, people busy with themselves with preparations.

(CONTINUED)

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

C

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

M

To what end, exactly?

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

C

Nothing too complicated. On a basic level, this system collects data on every man, woman and child in the country, analyses it at extraordinary speed, and then predictively paints a picture of each individual with ninety to ninety five percent accuracy.

M

George Orwell's worst bloody nightmare.

C

(smiling)
Glad you like it.

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

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

77

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

C sits behind his desk. M remains standing.

C

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

M looks across the table at C.

M

Sounds like you know me extremely well.

C

Look, I didn't want to have to do this, but...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)

I think you should take a look at a transcript that our algorithmic scanning isolated.

C hands him a brown envelope. M opens it.

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

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

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

C (CONT'D)

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

M looks back at him.

78 INT. CLINIC, EXAMINATION ROOM, AUSTRIA - DAY

78

Bond enters.

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

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

MADELEINE

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

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

(Into recorder)

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

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

She presses stop.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
Please excuse me, Mister Bond.

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
I hope you don't mind. The view can
be distracting.

BOND
I hadn't noticed.

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

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

BOND
Sounds pretty straightforward.

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

BOND
When I have to.

MADELEINE
Do you consider your employment to be
psychologically stressful?

BOND
On occasion.

MADELEINE
Do you have trouble sleeping?

BOND
Only when I'm alone.

She pauses slightly, but doesn't look up.

MADELEINE
How much alcohol do you consume?

BOND
As much as is necessary.

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

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

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

BOND

They died when I was young.

MADELEINE

How old?

BOND

Eleven.

MADELEINE

How, if I may ask..?

BOND

A climbing accident.

She looks up at him.

MADELEINE

So you grew up where?

BOND

Here and there. England, Scotland, Eton. Then thrown out of Eton.

MADELEINE

What for?

BOND

I was caught with one of the maids.

MADELEINE

That was careless.

Bond has let himself get pulled further down the personal road than he intended. Now he takes control.

BOND

So how do you train at the Oxford and the Sorbonne, become a consultant, work five years for *Medecine Sans Frontiers* then end up giving backrubs in the mountains of Austria? Anyone might think you were hiding from something.

A beat.

MADELEINE

I see you've done your homework.

BOND

And I see you didn't answer the question.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

Who's asking the questions, Mister Bond. You or me? You're paying a lot of money to be here.

BOND

Of course. Carry on.

She looks at him levelly. Returns to her questions.

MADELEINE

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

BOND

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

MADELEINE

Oh? Why?

BOND

I kill people.

She looks back at him, turns cold.

BOND (CONT'D)

Small world, eh?

She realises what he means. Puts the paperwork down.

MADELEINE

Where is he? Where's my father.

BOND

He's dead. He died two days ago.

MADELEINE

How do you know?

BOND

Because I was there.

MADELEINE

Did you kill him?

BOND

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

MADELEINE

Were you friends?

BOND

He was my sworn enemy.

She regards him, fighting her emotions.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

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

BOND

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

MADELEINE

Why?

BOND

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

MADELEINE

You're lying. Why would he trust you?

BOND

Because he knew I needed something in return.

MADELEINE

And what was that.

BOND

To find L'Americain.

She turns stone cold.

MADELEINE

This interview is over.

He stands, moves to her, she flinches back.

BOND

Dr. Swann?

MADELEINE

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

She heads to the door, opens it.

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

BOND

I gave him my word.

MADELEINE

What does that even mean to people like you?

Bond leaves.

Madeleine stands, shaken.

79 INT. BAR, BODY AND SOUL SPA - DAY

79

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

A BARMAN approaches.

BOND

Vodka Martini. Shaken, not stirred.

BARMAN

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

Bond looks at him with utter contempt.

BOND

I'm really starting to love this place.

A VOICE (O.S.)

He'll have the prolytic digestive enzyme shake.

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

BOND

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

Q

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

BOND

Why are you here?

Q

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

BOND

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

Q

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

(CONTINUED)

BOND

What's going on out there is part of this. A single organization behind all the attacks. Led by one man.

Q

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

BOND

I don't know yet.

Q

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

BOND

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

Q

Well that narrows it down.

BOND

...And he knew who I was.

Q registers this.

UP IN THE WINDOW --

Madeleine picks up her phone. Bond knows she's calling Security.

BOND (CONT'D)

Do you understand how big this is?

Q

Don't patronise me, 007.

BOND

Listen to me. This runs deeper than you or I could possibly imagine.

Q

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

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

BOND

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

Q wavers. Security arrive at the bar.

SECURITY

Herr Bond. Do have a moment please?

(CONTINUED)

Bond turns his back.

BOND

See what you can find out from this.

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

BOND (CONT'D)

Link it to White's past, Quantum, anything.

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

Q

I really, really hate you right now.

BOND

That's the spirit.

SECURITY 2

Monsieur. Now, please.

BOND

(To Security)

I was just leaving.

(To Q)

Where are you staying?

Q

The Horatio. Room twelve.

BOND

One hour.

Q leaves, heading out the other door, towards the ski lift.

The barman arrives with his health drink.

BARMAN

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

BOND

(To the barman)

Do me a favour would you? Throw it down the toilet. Cut out the middle man.

Bond heads off. Security Guards follow close behind him.

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

She watches him leave, impassive.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

The Security Guards grab him.

Bond fights the guards.

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

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

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

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

Then Bond runs outside.

80 EXT. BODY AND SOUL SPA, AUSTRIA - DAY

80

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

But before Bond has time to react, two men are on him.

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

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

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

It's Madeleine, looking back at him.

She has been taken.

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

Meanwhile--

81 EXT. CABLE CAR STATION, AUSTRIA - DAY

81

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

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

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

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

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

Q looks away. The silence is unnerving.

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

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

BACK TO:

82 EXT. MOUNTAIN, AUSTRIA - DAY

82

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

It's incredibly icy and dangerous.

They speed into a tunnel cut into the rock--

83 INT. CAR, INSIDE TUNNEL, AUSTRIA - DAY

83

Up front, the DRIVER and Hinx, who has a gun trained on Madeleine in the rear seat. ANOTHER HEAVY is next to her - opening a small medical kit...

MADELEINE

What do you want?

The Heavy opens the case. She sees a hypodermic needle in there.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Can't you speak?

He lifts the syringe. She kicks it out of his hand.

The next second she throws herself to the floor, picks it up and as they try to overpower her, she plunges it into the thigh of the Heavy next to her.

84 EXT. TUNNEL, MOUNTAIN ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

84

The cars emerge from the tunnel.

Suddenly--

A snow-plane cuts across the front of the lead car.

It's Bond.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

We see him at the controls of the snow-plane, banking round--

85 INT. CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY

85

They've overpowered Madeleine, but the spiked Heavy sinks to his knees and sacks out.

Madeleine is stirred to have seen Bond trying to save her.

Hinx stares out at the sky looking for Bond. Where the hell has he come from?!

86 INT. CABLE CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY

86

Q works away on his laptop. A bloodhound on the scent.

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

Q looks up. The Man gazes back with unnerving blankness. Q shifts uncomfortably.

BACK TO:

87 EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

87

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

Bond soars directly in parallel to them--

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

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

BACK TO:

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

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

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

BACK TO:

89 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

89

Bond quickly lowers the plane, below them now--

The bullets now hit the roof of the plane.

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

Then Bond accelerates and soars up quickly--

They fire at him--

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

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

90 EXT. ALPINE ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

90

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

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

It's Bond, in the plane.

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

They speed toward Bond--

He's not going to give way--

His face.

This is a game of chicken he will not lose.

Bond's plane dangerously low and close.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

Bond banks quickly.

And follows.

Right into the forest.

91 INT. CABLE CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY

In contrast to the sound and fury of the pursuit - the serenity of the descent.

And then the MUFFLED ROAR of a distant EXPLOSION. Bond. The snow-boarders turn and look. So do the men. Q takes his chance and moves so he's next to the door with the snow-boarders between him and the men.

The cable car shudders as it enters the ground station and Q steps out.

92 EXT. CABLE CAR GROUND STATION, KITZBUEHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY 92

Q moves quickly through the crowd, looking back to see the snow-boarders with all their gear, slowing his pursuers.

He keeps moving, weaving his way through the crowds of skiers breaking for lunch, looking back anxiously, the two men prowling the crowd for him ...

93 EXT. ALPINE FOREST, AUSTRIA - DAY 93

The cars twist and turn down the hill, through the forest as Bond soars after them, thrillingly close, in and out of the trees--

The cars slalom down the slope, trying to shake off Bond.

Bond responds by following the cars even more closely.

But he makes a fractional misjudgment. He steers slightly too far to one side... Suddenly one of the snow-plane's wings clips a tree, and the end of the wing is sheared right off!

Immediately, the other wing dips viciously, and Bond starts to lose control.

Fighting for control of the plane now, he instinctively shears off the other wing on a passing tree--

And now the wingless plane slams to the ground, ripping off the wheels and undercarriage - and now he's tobogganing down the snow path in the fuselage of the snow plane-- the cars in front...

Coming up fast on Madeleine's car --

Madeleine staring at Bond through the rear window. The speed of the fuselage is too fast, Bond rams into the back of Madeleine's car... The car is propelled forward, forced to go faster behind the Land Rover to break free of the plane.

94 EXT. KITZBUHEL/HORATIO HOTEL, AUSTRIA - DAY

94

Q has made it through the lunch-time crowds, starting to feel safe now.

His surreptitious glances back suggest he's lost them.

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

95 EXT. ALPINE FOREST, AUSTRIA - DAY

95

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

96 EXT. ALPINE SKI-SLOPE, AUSTRIA - DAY

96

Ahead, a giant forest...

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

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

He just makes the turn.

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

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

Fragments of plane litter the hillside.

And now the cars are getting away...

97 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY

97

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

SMASH!

It is destroyed as--

The fuselage of the plane spins to a stop--

Torn to bits.

Bond steps out from what remains of the plane.

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

Hinx lunges forward, DEAFENING the driver.

HINX

KILL HIM!

OUTSIDE:

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

BLAM!

Perfect.

The driver of the car jerks back, dead--

Madeleine grabs hold--

Hinx yells in fury as--

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

The car CRASHES.

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

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

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

MADELEINE

Who the hell are you?

BOND

Later.

And he helps her away.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

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

98 INT. HOTEL HORATIO, KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY

98

Q gets into his hotel room, massively relieved. He closes the door behind him. Safe.

CRASH! The window smashes as his pursuers force their way in!

99 EXT. KITZBUHEL STREET BAR, AUSTRIA - DAY

99

Madeleine's shaking hand clutches a glass of brandy.

Bond and Madeleine stand at a street bar.

BOND

Here. Drink this. Drink it.

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

BOND (CONT'D)

Another.

MADELEINE

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

BOND

They must want something that you have. Or something you know.

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

MADELEINE

You played a game with me over my own father's death.

BOND

I wasn't sure how much you knew.

MADELEINE

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

BOND

Luckily I'm not working alone...

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

SILENT IMAGES FROM A TERRORIST ATTACK IN CAPE TOWN.

Bond takes the information in.

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)
We need to keep moving.

100 INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL HORATIO, AUSTRIA - DAY 100

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

Bond pushes it. It swings ominously open.

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

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

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

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

The bathroom door has been wrenched off its hinges.

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

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

Bond is shaken. This is his fault.

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

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

MADELEINE
What are you doing?

He doesn't reply.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
James?

Bond is staring at the mirror.

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

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

'SPECTRE'

CUT TO:

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

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

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

MONEYPENNY
(a whisper)
...Bond?

CUT TO:

104 EXT. KITZBUHEL VILLAGE, BRIDGE, AUSTRIA - DUSK 104

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

BOND
Moneypenny. Find out anything you can on an organization called Spectre. Pull anything relating to it. Anything--

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

MONEYPENNY
I'll do what I can. Bond--

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

M
Moneypenny - my office. Now.

MONEYPENNY
Yes, sir.

She puts the phone down.

Moneypenny looks sick.

106 EXT. KITZBUHEL VILLAGE, BRIDGE, AUSTRIA - DUSK 106

Bond holds his phone.

BOND
--Hello? Hello?

He hangs up. He turns to Madeleine.

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

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

Find who?

BOND

L'Americaïn.

MADELEINE

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

Bond looks at her. Of course...

BOND

It's a place.

CUT TO:

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

107

Close on M sitting behind his desk.

Money Penny stands in front of him.

M

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

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

Money Penny on the rack. In an impossible position.

He leans in, his voice quieter:

M (CONT'D)

I do hope it wasn't for love. If so -
you've been made a fool.

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

MONEY PENNY

It wasn't love. It was loyalty.

Conspicuously not loyalty to M. Painful to him.

M

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

Money Penny's jaw tightens.

(CONTINUED)

MONEYPENNY

He was following orders.

M

Who from?

MONEYPENNY

Her. Before she died, she made a disk. It arrived a few weeks ago. She told him to go to Mexico. To kill Sciarra. And then go to his funeral.

M is stunned..

M

You crafty bitch.

MONEYPENNY

Sir?

M

Not you. Her.

He gets up. Pacing.

MONEYPENNY

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

M

Except you.

MONEYPENNY

Except me.

(Then, she takes a leap)

Sir, Bond thinks the organization behind the attacks is called SPECTRE. I believe he's onto something. And right now needs us. He needs you.

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

M

That's as maybe, Moneypenny. You remain officially suspended.

MONEYPENNY

Sir.

She goes to leave. Then:

M

However, unofficially... you are now on filing duty. The paper archive. The old building.

(CONTINUED)

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

M (CONT'D)

I suggest you start with the letter
S.

Moneypenny understands his meaning. A special assignment.

MONEYPENNY

Reporting only to you, sir?

M nods.

M

That will be all, Moneypenny.

She leaves. M goes and stares out the window. He shakes his head. Laughs.

M (CONT'D)

(To himself)
Genius.

108 EXT. TANGIER, SOUK - DAY

108

Tangier spread out beneath the setting sun.

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

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

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

Bond eyes the shadows watching for anyone watching them.

MADELEINE

This way.

Madeleine leads them down an alley -

109 EXT. TANGIER, KASBAH - DAY

109

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

The alleys getting narrower.

MADELEINE

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

(CONTINUED)

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

They enter A TINY ALLEYWAY.

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

110 INT. STAIRWAY, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - DAY

110

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

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

111

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

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

MADELEINE

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

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

Bond starts looking through drawers.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

BOND

That's touching.

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

MADELEINE

What the hell are you doing!

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

BOND

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

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

MADELEINE

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

Bond finds a loose tile. Detaches it.

Bond turns --

He holds a dusty bottle.

BOND
Your inheritance...

MADELEINE
I don't drink.

BOND
Lucky you. It's schnapps..

He opens the bottle. Raises it.

BOND (CONT'D)
Cheers, you old bastard. Thanks for
the wild goose chase...

MADELEINE
That's my father you're talking
about.

He winces from the taste.

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

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

She takes a huge pull.

BOND (CONT'D)
I thought you didn't drink.

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

She takes another pull.

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

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

BOND
That's fighting talk.

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

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

Now kiss me.

BOND

I hardly know you.

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

MADELEINE

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

She goes in again to kiss him, but loses her balance. He
catches her, scoops her up... and carries her to the bed.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

You don't want to join me..?

BOND

Tempting. But no.

MADELEINE

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

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

She points to the wall.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

BOND

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

MADELEINE

He told me once, when he was drunk,
he said you'll never know what this
man is capable of. He said that he
had a disease. A wasting disease.
That his organs slowly ate
themselves. But he found a way around
it.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

How?

MADELEINE

A kidney here, a liver there. Blood transfusions, bone marrow, skin grafts... All it took was money, a blood match, and people poor enough to sell their own bodies, piece by piece. That's how he stays alive. Keeps going. Who knows.. Maybe forever.

BOND

All it takes is one small bullet.

She looks at the ceiling.

MADELEINE

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

She sits up.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

So you're just going to sit there all night?

BOND

You never know. We might have unexpected guests.

MADELEINE

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

She laughs, drunkenly.. She closes her eyes... And her mind swims..

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

(To herself)

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

(She raises an imaginary glass)

To heartless bastards.. Everywhere...

He listens as she drifts off.

DISSOLVE:

112 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT - LATER 112

A hot night. Bond in the moonlit room, watching Madeleine.

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

Her beauty is not lost on him.

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

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

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

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

Alert again, he looks, realizing he missed something.

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

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

Turns back.

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

MADELEINE WAKES

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

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

113 INT. SECRET ROOM, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT 113

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

BOND

So...

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

BOND (CONT'D)

He boarded it up.

A range of fake passports. Wads of different currencies.

Box after box of new, disposable cellphones.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

Poisons. Morphine. Scanning equipment. A satellite phone.

Knives, pistols, garrotes, knuckle duster.

It's repellent to Madeleine. The dehumanized secret life of a man who can kill and then carry on as normal.

But she also spies a photo album. She pulls it down off the shelf. Inside: a photo of her parents in happier times. Photos of herself as a child.

While she does this:

Bond is looking at the objects, in business mode - until something gives him pause:

CLOSE ON

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

Bond stares at the image. Why is it here?

He rummages around in stack of paperwork close by, hoping to find a clue. He discovers an old newspaper clipping in which we see the same photograph that's on the wall with the heading, "HANNES OBERHAUSER FOUND DEAD IN MOUNTAINS. SON, FRANZ STILL MISSING."

Bond discretely folds up the article and pockets it.

Now he looks on the shelves. Something else catches his attention.

A LABELLED SHELF OF VIDEOTAPES: 'INTERVIEWS'. ONE SPINE READS 'INTERVIEW WITH VESPER LYND'.

BOND

starts to pull it out. Hesitates - a crisis moment. Madeleine sees emotion on his face as he... pushes it back in.

MADELEINE

Who's that?

A beat.

BOND

Someone from the past..

Then he gets back to work. As if nothing happened.

Tucked into the lid of the case, a piece of paper on which CO-ORDINATES have been written.

He turns to the scanner, switches it on, reads the data...

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

He was scanning for a particular
satellite phone. Got these co-
ordinates...

(looks to the gun)

I think he was planning to go there
and kill him. But they got to him
first.

He grabs an old MAP, unfolds it.

BOND (CONT'D)

It was too late for him - but not for
me.

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

CUT TO:

114 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - DAY

114

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

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

115

Moneypenny is descending a concrete staircase, windowless and
unloved.

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

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

116

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

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

Moneypenny moves along the shelves.

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

She pulls out a file.

117 LATER:

117

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

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

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

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

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

Moneypenny looks closer...

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

118 EXT. TANGIER RAILWAY STATION DAY

118

The station is crowded. Bond and Madeleine walk along the platform, hurrying to the train that is just about to leave: a magnificent faded colonial relic. Luxury writ old.

Madeleine reads the back of the ticket.

MADELEINE

It says we have to dress for dinner.

BOND

I'm sure you can scrub up...

MADELEINE

I was talking about you.

BOND

Don't worry about it.

He boards. She follows quizzically.

119 INT. MADELEINE'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY

119

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

BOND

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

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

GUARD

Yes, Sir.

He leaves.

MADELEINE

You travel with a tuxedo?

Bond frowns, almost slightly confused.

BOND

Of course.

120 EXT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

120

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

Hinx is inside, reading a paper...

121 EXT. DESERT - DAY

121

The sun is high as the train crosses the beginnings of the Northern Sahara desert.

122 INT. MADELEINE'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY

122

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

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

BOND

Pick it up.

MADELEINE

I hate guns.

BOND

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

MADELEINE

What if I shoot you by mistake?

BOND

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

She doesn't. So he does.

BOND (CONT'D)

Glock 33 point 357.

(Points)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

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

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

BOND (CONT'D)

You try it.

MADELEINE

I said I hate guns.

BOND

Try it.

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

BOND (CONT'D)

(beat, cool)

Your father's daughter.

MADELEINE

Who else would I be?

BOND

But have you ever used one?

MADELEINE

A man once came to our house and attacked him. The assassin didn't know his mark's twelve year old daughter was upstairs playing in her bedroom. Or that her papa kept a Beretta 71s 9 millimeter under the sink with the bleach.

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

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

That's why I hate guns.

Bond looks at her levelly.

BOND

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

MADELEINE

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

BOND

Of course.

123 INT. CORRIDOR, TRAIN - DAY

123

Bond closes the door after himself.

The guard passes.

GUARD

Your suit, Mister Bond.

BOND

Thank you.

He heads into his own compartment.

124 INT. BOND'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY

124

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

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

125 EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE COURTYARD, WHITEHALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

125

The forbidding curved stone facade of the Foreign Office.

The lone figure of M moves swiftly across the cobbled courtyard.

126 INT. THE FOREIGN OFFICE - NIGHT

126

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

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

C

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

M

No. I didn't.

M realises he's been out-maneuvered.

C

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

M

South Africans on board, I take it?

C

And who can blame them now?
(nods)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

C (CONT'D)
Look, I should tell you - I've been asked to head the new group. My first act will be to absorb MI-6's operations. If it's any consolation, M, you couldn't have stopped this.

And he walks off, leaving M the only still point in a room full of movement.

127 EXT. TRAIN, AFRICA - SUNSET

The train looks tiny beneath the vast African sky.
The sun is setting - purple and orange streak the horizon.

128 INT. DINING CARRIAGE, TRAIN - NIGHT

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

Madeleine approaches. Looking stunning. She sits opposite him.

MADELEINE
You shouldn't stare.

BOND
You shouldn't look like that.

The waiter approaches.

WAITER
An aperitif, Madam?

MADELEINE
Club soda.

BOND
I forgot, you don't drink.

Madeleine addresses the waiter.

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

The waiter nods uncomfortably.

BOND
(To the waiter)
And we can't have that, can we?

MADELEINE
(To Bond)
The worst part is, I don't remember a single thing about it the next day.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Dear me. That must be awful.

MADELEINE

So I stick to this.

She leans in, conspiratorially..

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

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

BOND

I'll bear that in mind.

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

BOND (CONT'D)

Vodka martini. Shaken not stirred.

She doesn't either.

MADELEINE

Make that two...

Slowly Bond smiles. She looks back, as if butter wouldn't melt. The waiter looks at her, worried.

WAITER

Coming right up.

He goes.

MADELEINE

So, I have a question.

BOND

And what's that?

MADELEINE

Why, given every other possible option, does a man choose the life of the paid assassin?

BOND

It was that or accountancy.

MADELEINE

I'm serious. Is this really what you want? Living in the shadows. Hunting. Being hunted. Always looking behind you. Always alone.

BOND

Not always.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

"Evasion. Deflection. Manipulation:
deployed to protect the core psyche
and thus avoid accountability." My
PHD...

BOND

Tell me, Dr. Swann. Am I paying for
this session?

MADELEINE

Do you ever dream of getting out?

BOND

I never dream about anything.

Bond doesn't answer. She keeps looking at him.

MADELEINE

You know I was wrong. You're not like
my father at all. He was cold to the
bone. But you, you're wounded.

(Then)

Have you ever been in love?

He holds her gaze. She holds his. The movement of the train..

BOND

Once.

MADELEINE

What happened?

BOND

She died.

MADELEINE

Were you there?

BOND

Yes.

MADELEINE

Does it haunt you?

BOND

I've dealt with it.

MADELEINE

Do you dream about her?

BOND

I already told you I don't dream.

MADELEINE

Not anymore...

Bond looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

BOND

Not anymore.

The drinks are here.

BARMAN

Two martinis. Shaken not stirred.

BOND

Thank you.

She raises her glass.

MADELEINE

What shall we drink to?

BOND

Traditionally, it's heartless bastards.

She smiles. She raises her glass.

MADELEINE

To new beginnings..

He raises his.

BOND

To beginnings..

They drink.

WAITER (O.S.)

Ready to order, Mister Bond?

Bond sees the gigantic hands of the waiter, folded patiently. The jacket cuffs unusually short. And turns white.

It's HINX..

Before Bond can react. Hinx grabs the underside of the table, rams it upward, slamming into Madeleine, sending her backwards as he grabs Bond, lifting him from the booth, slamming him against the carriage wall. Hinx's thumbs start to make his signature move toward Bond's eyes...

Bond punches Hinx with no effect, manages to pull out his gun. They struggle and the gun goes off, shattering the glass on either side of the table.

Undeterred, Hinx lifts, spins and throws Bond onto a table, moves in again. Bond strikes out with a kick, but Hinx simply grabs him and hurls Bond's body into the service area --

Just as Madeleine, recovered, runs at Hinx with an ice-bucket, swinging it over his back - again, no effect.

Hinx turns, swings a brutal slap to Madeleine knocking her to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

He turns back to Bond, sees him grabbing for the Walther, grabs him with both hands, rams him forward, crashing through into next carriage.

129 INT. TRAIN, BAR CARRIAGE - NIGHT

129

Hinx barrels through the opening in pursuit, stops in his tracks. Where's Bond?

WHAM! WHAM!

The bathroom door slams open twice, catching Hinx off guard. Not for long though. Hinx is grabbing Bond again. Bond uses the momentum to kick off the carriage wall, slamming both of them back into the bathroom.

They slam side to side before busting through the wall.

Now Bond grasps for any weapon within reach. Smashes a beer bottle into Hinx's face. Hinx releases Bond from his vice like grip.

Back on his feet, Bond now hurls a lamp, but Hinx is unstoppable, advances swinging a bar table back and forth forcing Bond down the length of the bar.

Bond grabs a lit bar candle and throws it at Hinx catching his waiter's jacket on fire, moves in to throw some punches. Distracted, Hinx realizes he's on fire and tries to snuff out the flames.

Bond seizes the opportunity, jumps up, grabs the beam above and double kicks Hinx back into the wall and runs past him into the next carriage.

Hinx, meanwhile, is frantically removing his jacket.

130 INT. PRIVATE DINING CAR, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

130

A long dining table sits unused in the car. Bond passes through opening every cabinet looking for anything that will serve as a weapon.

As he opens a larger lower cabinet, we see tied up, gagged and bundled inside, the real SENIOR WAITER whose uniform Hinx has clearly stolen. Bond deftly closes the door again and keeps on going into the next car as he sees Hinx enter.

131 INT. KITCHENS, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

131

Now in the kitchen, using pots, pans, knives... The fight resumes again. Bond grabs a knife, stabs Hinx in the shoulder. Leaving chaos behind, they fall through to

132 INT. GOODS CAR, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

132

Cases burst open, more weapons improvised. Hinx's huge hands rip through everything Bond hits him with.

The two men crash around the carriage...

Until Hinx has the upper hand; holds Bond's head, his thumbs moving over Bond's eyes, starting to press in...

When three gunshots ring out.

Hinx suddenly freezes, falls away. Madeleine stands behind him with the GLOCK.

Hinx spins around and knocks the gun from Madeleine's hands, and slaps her to the ground. As he lurches for her, Bond loops a fire hose around his throat, throttling him.

Hinx struggles - the hose reel mounting jerks free...

BOND

Get that open!

He's indicating the side door.

She acts swiftly, opening it, the wind rushing into the carriage.

They're in a long tunnel, the tracks and brickwork hurtling by...

Just as Hinx elbows an exhausted Bond in the stomach, whacks him down - he goes sliding across the floor. And now Hinx is starting to undo the hose...

- when in a last ditch effort, Bond boots the hose reel out of the train -

- it sparks off the tracks, goes under the wheels, wrapping onto the axle, tightens fast around Hinx' throat - and propels him forward toward the door.

Hinx grabs hold of Madeleine en route - pulling her with him - smashing through all the debris from the fight... they're going out of the door together -

- until she pulls the knife out of his shoulder and hammers it into his wrist - he YELLS, letting go -

Bond grabs her on the brink -

- As Hinx goes disappearing out the door, bashing against the brickwork, then the tracks, until he's sucked SCREAMING under the wheels.

And instantly the train exits the tunnel and all is suddenly quiet.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

Bond and Madeleine sit, in stunned silence. They look at each other

MADELEINE

What do we do now?

They look at each other.

133 INT. MADELEINE'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - NIGHT

133

The door to her sleeper compartment bursts open. They are already in each other's arms. They slam up against the wall.

Now they are tearing at each other's clothes, making desperate, passionate love.

134 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

134

The stars shine brightly, as the train crosses the desert.

135 INT. M'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL - NIGHT

135

M holds the Legionnaire's PHOTOGRAPH Moneypenny has found, a file of other old documents spreads on his desk. Moneypenny stands before him.

MONEYPENNY

The whole regiment were thought to have died. But we know White survived. And, it seems, one other.

M

(to himself)

Spectre. It can't be a coincidence.

He studies the file.

M (CONT'D)

And none of these other faces have thrown up matches on the system?

MONEYPENNY

No.

M looks closer at the photograph.

The octopus symbol. The face of the man next to White...

M

The question is, who is this other man? And what's his name?

MONEYPENNY

Oh, we know that. According to the file, the only other man left alive was a man named Heinrich Stockmann.

136 EXT. TRAIN, EMPTY DESERT - DAWN.

136

Dawn breaks over the desert.

The distant train traces a thin line across the immense emptiness.

137 INT. COMPARTMENT, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - MORNING

137

Inside the cabin, Bond is up, and sitting with the map open on the table. He has half a happy eye on Madeleine, still in bed. They feel the train grinding to a stop.

Checking the coordinates, he looks to her.

BOND

We're here.

138 EXT. STATION, OPEN DESERT - DAY

138

Bond and Madeleine stand and watch as the train heads off into the distance.

They are at a small abandoned station in the middle of nowhere. A solitary station sign creaks in the breeze.

Nothing as far as the eye can see.

MADELEINE

Are you sure it wasn't the next stop?

They stare out into nothingness.

Then - movement out there on the vast plain.

A tiny dust cloud on the horizon.

Bond and Madeleine watch as it grows in the shimmering heat.

The cause of the cloud gradually becomes clear:

A VINTAGE BENTLEY, driven by a UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR.

A surreal sight.

The Bentley drives closer.

Now it pulls up next to them.

The Chauffeur gets out and opens the door for Bond and Madeleine.

CHAUFFEUR

(indicating for them to
step in)

Please...

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

They exchange a look. Bond nods.

They get in, game for the ride.

139 EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

139

The Bentley drives across the vast plain of the Northern Sahara.

140 EXT./INT. CRATER, DESERT/CAR - DUSK

140

Gradually, Bond and Madeleine see a shape loom up ahead of them in the desert.

The raised corona of a CRATER. A mouth has been blasted through - and beyond it they glimpse strange silvered DOMES of different sizes, sitting on the floor of the crater.

As the Bentley passes through the mouth of the crater we now see a beautiful pool, set in an immaculate green lawn.

Next to the pool, a vast, sleek modernist house sits amidst the huge domes.

The Bentley pulls up.

The Chauffeur opens the door for Madeleine. Bond follows her out, aware now of HENCHMEN pointing guns at him from nearby.

A BUTLER looms:

BUTLER

(pleasantly)

Good afternoon, Mister Bond. Herr Stockmann extends his warmest welcome, and invites you and Dr. Swann to rest, relax and join him for dinner at 7.

The Butler continues to hold out his silver tray.

Bond gets his meaning. One eye on the henchmen, Bond places his gun on the tray.

BOND

Tell Herr Stockmann, thank you and we promise not to be late.

BUTLER

Your rooms are prepared. We trust they are to your liking.

Bond and Madeleine look at each other.

141 INT. HER BEDROOM - DUSK

141

A beautiful bedroom. Light filters in through linen curtains.

Madeleine enters. A tall woman (IRMA) awaits her. Looks her up and down. An almost sexual appraisal.

IRMA
(indicating wardrobe)
Your dress is in there.

MADELEINE
So you know my size.

IRMA
Herr Stockmann knows everything about you, Dr. Swann. If you need assistance..

IRMA (CONT'D)
I'm a big girl. I can dress myself.

IRMA (CONT'D)
You will shower.

Without explanation, she leaves.

Madeleine walks to the wardrobe. A single beautiful dark blue dress, which catches the light. It looks not unlike the night sky.

142 INT. HIS BEDROOM - DUSK

142

Bond enters a magnificent bedroom.

A TUXEDO is laid out on his bed.

Bond picks it up and stops. He's spotted something...

BOND turns from the bed and looks at the pictures around the room. And his blood freezes..

The room is decorated with pictures from Bond's childhood.

Pictures of him as a child in snowy mountains. With skis. With Oberhauser.

Them playing cards in front of a roaring fire. Bond smiling...

On the wall, a giant blown up photograph of Bond and Oberhauser. And Oberhauser's son. A thin smile on the other boy's face.

BOND STARES AT THE PICTURE...

143 EXT. TERRACE, OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

143

Madeleine emerges onto the terrace, very beautiful in the stunning dress.

From another door, Bond emerges, in his suit

BOND
How do you like your room?

MADELEINE
Incredible. I hate it. How's yours?

BOND
Stirring.

A fine dining table has been set for three.

They are taken silently to their seats by liveried servants.

They take their seats.

MADELEINE
So where's Mister Stockmann?

BOND
There is no Stockmann.

MADELEINE
What do you mean?

BOND
That's not his name. It's made up.
Another mask. Another game.

MADELEINE
Now you're scaring me. What's going on...?

Then - the man from Rome appears. Dressed immaculately.

He is excited.

STOCKMANN
Mister Bond. Dr. Swann. I've been looking forward to this so much that now I'm nervous. Really. I've got butterflies in my tummy.

A white Persian cat sits on his chair at the head of the table.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
(addressing the cat)
Get off there, you bloody fool.

He pushes the cat onto the floor. It meows its objections.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
Shut up. Filthy creature.

WAITER
(to Bond)
Champagne?

BOND
Thank you.

MADELEINE
Water.

WAITER
Certainly.

STOCKMANN
You will have to excuse me. As you probably know I have a chronic condition which means I must regularly undergo surgery. I am presently recovering from just such an operation and the drugs which manage the pain make me a trifle on edge.

BOND
Well we can't have that, can we?
Stockmann looks at Bond for some time.

STOCKMANN
(smiles)
Let us toast this... reunion, Mister Bond.
He raises his glass.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
Health, love and money, and the time to enjoy them.
Bond watches him drink. Not poisoned, then.

BOND
Here's to that.

Bond lifts his glass. Takes a sip. Stockmann turns to Madeleine.

STOCKMANN
It's such a pleasure to finally meet you Dr. Swann. It's strange because I feel I know you so well after all these years.

MADELEINE
You may know my dress size but you don't know me.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN

On the contrary. I've been watching you your whole life. You see with an organization as big as mine you have to keep a close eye on your associates. I've watched you grow from a small girl, into a woman. But's that's just me. I always, always ...loved to watch.

He smiles broadly.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Now I have something I'd like you to watch. Shall we?

144 INT. OPERATIONS CENTRE, OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

144

Stockmann leads Bond and Madeleine into a simple, modernist space, the centre-piece of which is a ring of screens that provides a 360-degree field of information and imagery.

Arranged around the screens are desks occupied by perhaps a dozen people quietly manning telephone headsets. Not unlike a call centre.

The screens show a wide variety of views of an unnamed city.

CCTV footage, security cameras, satellite images.

Stockmann turns to face Bond.

MADELEINE

What are they doing?

STOCKMANN

I'm going to show you something that happened just 48 hours ago. Watch... This is probably my favorite part. The moments just before, when the scene is pristine, everything is well, and no harm can come to anyone.. Everything is as it should be.. Observe..

Bond focuses on the screens.

And then.

The camera images shake. An explosion appears to have taken place in the city. Rendered all the more surreal by the silence of the images.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Whoosh!

Bond's blood has gone cold.

(CONTINUED)

By now the images begin to fill with people. Running dots move across the screens.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Look at that. Just look at it..

Bond turns to Stockmann.

BOND

Why?

STOCKMANN

I'm sure that, before he blew his brains out, Dr. Swann's father informed you that my motives were far too strategically complex for you to even remotely comprehend. And so with all due respect, Mister Bond, let's not waste time trying to explain Mozart to the monkeys.

Stockmann watches a screen on which a bus is visible with a terrified crowd running by.

Suddenly that screen blacks out as the EXPLOSION HITS.

Camera dead.

He closes his eyes.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Listen to this music.

The cacophony of sound building. And one by one more screens come on. A second, outer circle of TV screens beyond the first.

Breaking news feeds from all round the world, reporting the catastrophe. One by one they come on - CNN, AL-Jazeera, BBC, NBC, etc - until there is a cacophony of sound.

The ticker along the bottom of the images reads "Terror attack in Cape Town"

MADELEINE

Why did you do this?

STOCKMANN

What you're witnessing, Doctor, on a molecular level, is power itself taking shape.

More images from different TV channels, different angles on the carnage.

BOND

The power to kill innocents?

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN

Let me try to explain. What is the difference between this and an earthquake? Answer: Nothing. The only reason we exist is the frequent occurrence of cataclysmic events in nature. Earthquakes. Flood. Droughts. This

(Makes little rabbit ears)
"abomination" is simply the power to affect the greater good through a strategy of linked, controlled catastrophes designed to manipulate local political feeling to place maximum pressure on the global stage.

MADELEINE

The unshakable belief characterized by consistently inflated feelings of personal ability, privilege, or infallibility.

STOCKMANN

Or as a psychologist might call it - a God complex.

BOND

I've got another word for it.

Stockmann looks at them both.

STOCKMANN

Enough of this. Take her away.

145 INT. SOLAR FURNACE - NIGHT

145

A dark monstrous place. Tiled floor with small drains. Like an abattoir.

Traces of blood on the floor.

STOCKMANN

(to Guards)

Tie his hands. Tight.

Bond is pushed into the centre of the chamber.

The men tie his arms as Stockmann approaches him...

BOND

If anything happens to her...

STOCKMANN

(bored)

Yes, yes...

(CONTINUED)

BOND

(lying)

Her father told me a document would be released. A passport application with your fingerprints. Isn't Franz Oberhauser wanted for murdering his own father?

Stockmann turns. Considers Bond.

STOCKMANN

You're bluffing.

BOND

But can you afford to take that chance?

Bond sees the flicker of doubt. And Stockmann knows he saw it.

BOND (CONT'D)

Without seeming rude, how is this a reunion?

Stockmann's whole attention switches to Bond:

STOCKMANN

Was I really so ...invisible?

BOND

Your real name might help.

STOCKMANN

That died with my father. Hannes Oberhauser. Remember him? Taught you to ski, to climb. How many peaks did you scale in the Aiguilles Rouges. Twenty two?

BOND

I wasn't counting.

STOCKMANN

(icy)

Well I was. It was quite a feat. You and he out on those mountains day after day. While his sickly disappointment of a son watched from inside his iron lung.

BOND

You're right. I forgot about you.

STOCKMANN

Well I never forgot about you.

He steps forward and throws a PUNCH into Bond's gut.

Bond drops to one knee but the Guards haul him up.

(CONTINUED)

Stockmann indicates an opening in the dome high above.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

This is a solar furnace. When the sun rises there will be nothing left of you... So your pain in the present is very important to me.

Another PUNCH.

He delivers two blows to the head and Bond hits the floor.

Now it's Bond who hauls himself to his feet, unaided.

Stockmann looks at Bond with sympathy;

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

We desire truth, and find within ourselves only uncertainty.

Stockmann KICKS Bond hard. Breathing heavily now. Stockmann's lungs begin to wheeze.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

We seek happiness, and find only misery and death.

Another punctuating KICK:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

We cannot but desire truth and happiness, and are incapable of finding either.

Another kick. And another. Stockmann stops. Backs away, fighting for breath.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

As your friend Q would say; it's irksome.

One of his men hands him a HANDKERCHIEF. He mops his brow. A drop of blood from his hairline.

Amazingly, Bond drags himself to his feet again. Stockmann's eyes burn into him.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

I didn't seek you out. It was written in the stars that we meet again. You came after me without even knowing it - when you stumbled onto my money man, Le Chiffre. The pleasure it gave me to watch you fall in love with Vesper, then take her away.

Bond's agony as he processes this. He slumps down to his knee.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Have you noticed how the women around you tend to die?

(beat)

It was so inspired to send Silva after your beloved M. Yet still so... unsatisfying. Because you didn't know it was me. Well ... now you do.

Bond stares at him. And then he speaks, quietly and slowly, blood dripping from his mouth:

BOND

I'm going to kill you, Stockmann.

Stockmann kneels down, so his face is level with Bond's.

STOCKMANN

No you are not.

Bond's eyes never leave him.

Stockmann indicates to the Guards to take him to the steel cell. It's at the end of the room, only a slit in the large metal door. They drag him there. Another steel door, another slit next to it.

BOND

Where is he? Where is Q?

STOCKMANN

Your next door neighbour.

We CUT INSIDE THE SECOND ROOFLESS CELL.

Where a broken figure is slumped in the corner. Q. He's been badly beaten. Unconscious.

STOCKMANN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He touchingly refused to help us track your special blood. The man is barely alive, but I saved him so you might watch each other die.

Stockmann looks to his watch.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

I'd like to have stayed but I'm on a rather strict timetable. Besides, there really isn't anything to see - too bright for the naked eye.

Stockmann indicates to one of his men. The roof slowly slides open.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

When the sun rises you will be burnt alive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (4)

145

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
I would like to say - slow and
lingering... but it will be
surprisingly fast.

He moves to the door, turns.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
You know, it's ironic. You are in my
home, and soon I will be in yours,
your girl on my arm. I've come a long
way. Goodbye, little brother.

...and he is gone.

Bond sits slumped and weak in the cell.

The door closes on him.

146 EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAWN

146

A HELICOPTER rises from among the domes.

Madeleine looks back out of the helicopter's window,
desperate at losing Bond.

While Stockmann gazes at the first rays of the sun creeping
over the lip of the crater, finding the mirror on top of the
solar furnace...

The helicopter disappears into the rising sun.

147 INT. SOLAR FURNACE - DAWN

147

The SOUND of the helicopter recedes.

In the cell, Bond stares at the fingers of light. He's been
awake all night. His wrists bloody from his efforts to loosen
his binds.

It's fast becoming like an oven.

Not for the first time, he calls out:

BOND
(calls)

Q!

No reply.

IN THE OTHER CELL

The light is waking Q - he lapses in and out of
consciousness.

BOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Q!

(CONTINUED)

Q stirs some more. Starts to realize who is calling. Barely able to speak:

Q
007...

IN BOND'S CELL

The light concentrates, starts burning into the floor near him, coming closer, the focus widening, a larger area burning - the destructive heat upon his skin now...

BOND
Q. It's getting bloody hot. Any ideas?

Q (O.S.)
The watch... 007...

BOND
What?

Q
The watch... I lied about the watch...

Bond hears this, gradually realizes what he means. As the hair on his arms singe he struggles to get the watch off.

Q (O.S.) (CONT'D)
007...

Now his skin is burning. Bond gets it.

He twists the bevel twice to zero, then to seven...

A tiny window opens in the watch: A digital display begins its countdown. Tick, tick, tick...

Bond instinctively slides it under the door of the cell, braces himself.

BOOM! A huge explosion.

THE DOORS BLOW OFF, one smashing straight into one of the guards.

As the BRIGHT LIGHT starts to fill the space, the other guard gets to his feet, pulling his gun, Bond kicks his hand -

The gun skates across the floor, landing at Q's feet.

As the guard reaches for his partner's gun,... Bond can't get to him quick enough; the man turns with the gun as -

BANG!

He falls dead. The gun shakes in Q's hand. Traumatized.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2)

147

Q is a killer now.

The sun invading fast -

BOND

Sometimes a trigger has to be pulled.

He helps him into the shade. Sees a message appear on one of the Henchmen's phones.

'ARE THEY DEAD?'

Bond types on the phone, replying... Then pockets the phone.

BOND

(to Q)

We've got to put an end to this place

Q

...I think I know how.

148 INT. PRIVATE JET (TRAVELLING) - DAY

148

The message on Stockmann's phone he's just received - 'Yes. Its finished.' - brings a smile to his face.

He looks across to Madeleine.

STOCKMANN

It is done. Your lover is dead.

All hope dies in her.

The jet cuts through blue skies. Stockmann gestures at their surroundings:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Is this so unbearable?

149 INT. CONTROL CENTRE, OBSERVATORY - DAY

149

The screens show updates of the attacks throughout the world. Other screens show potential new targets...

One of the Technicians hears a noise and turns to see the tessellated mirrors at the base of the 'telescope' ripple into a new configuration. His surprise and unease tells us this is not normal.

In seconds the mirrors have focused the sun's rays onto the COOLANT STORAGE VAT.

The Technician's eyes go wide.

150 EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

150

Bond and Q crouch behind the cell block, at a safe distance. They're near the helicopter launch pad.

Strange bright light is emanating from the control dome.

Q
By redirecting the light onto the cooling system, the computer will instantly overheat, causing a chain reaction.

BOND
And?

Q
Two possible outcomes. One, it will just short the place out.

BOND
And the second?

Q
Well it's complicated to explain but if the system is overclocked to the extent I think it is

KABOOM KABOOM KABOOM KABOOM!!!

A MASSIVE WAVE OF EXPLOSIONS SWEEPS THE FLOOR OF THE CRATER - FOLLOWED BY A DEEP IMPLOSION OF ALL OF THE OBSERVATORY DOMES. THEY DISAPPEAR IN A HUGE STORM OF DUST.

A far bigger event than Q could ever have imagined.

BOND
I think I get it.

151 EXT. LONDON - DUSK

151

Establish. Rain falls hard. An aerial shot moves over the great city, the River Thames snaking through it like a cobra.

152 EXT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DUSK (RAINING)

152

The new building gleams on the north bank of the Thames.

153 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DUSK - RAINING

153

We are with C as he walks through the central atrium. A buzz of expectation around the place as the final preparations are made.

Champagne bottles are being opened, glasses laid out on side tables.

(CONTINUED)

A temporary curtain has been set up for the unveiling of a plaque. A small stage and a podium have been set up as well.

C

We're online at 8. Where is our benefactor?

AIDE

He's landed - just making that detour.

C

Splendid.

C nods, looks around the new building proudly.

C (CONT'D)

Amazing how fast history moves.

154 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

154

As if to illustrate C's point - the old MI-6 building sits, dark and forgotten, on the banks of the Thames.

High up, a windblown TARP clumsily hides the old scar of the giant explosion from view.

Down on the river, a sleek BLACK LAUNCH pulls up at the shadowy quay at the base of the building.

Stockmann, Madeleine, Irma and HENCHMEN step out.

Waiting with a GIANT UMBRELLA - JENKINS, C's aide.

JENKINS

Welcome, Mister Stockmann.

155 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT (RAINING)

155

The door to the interior swings open. As it does:

JENKINS

... so, Mister Denbigh was very touched that you wished to pay your respects to the dead in this private way. He asked me to-

STOCKMANN

(cold)

Thank you. You can go now.

JENKINS

Of course.

Jenkins nods awkwardly and withdraws.

Stockmann looks around as if he's just bought the place.

(CONTINUED)

The vast empty shell. Belly blown out by the huge explosion from Skyfall.

Amidst the dust and rubble, he sees the old MI-6 Memorial Wall. Those who have died in service of their country. He laughs quietly to himself.

STOCKMANN

Very touching.

He looks around the shadowy lobby. We see up through the middle of the chasm - A CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR. Hanging cables and wires fringe the exposed doll's house rooms. Jagged concrete, twisted wire reinforcements, construction netting.

Stockmann turns to Irma -

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Go down to the vaults.

Looking at Madeleine:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

If this document is in the files, we'll know Bond was lying to save you. How apt that he would die with a lie on his lips.

(looking around)

And that this will be your coffin.

Now he looks up. His eye settles on a floor halfway up the building where the damage is centred. A GANTRY extends to it from the elevator.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Ah. The scene of the crime.

156 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

156

They get out of the elevator, cross the high gantry. Stockmann surveys the damage. The scars of a building blown apart from within - it's like standing inside a broken rib cage...

STOCKMANN

They couldn't even scrape together the money to rebuild it. They can't do anything without a rich man's checkbook. This really is a third world country.

MADELEINE

You did this?

STOCKMANN

My friend Mister Silva had some issues with the head of MI-6. I simply fanned the flames.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

No wonder my father cut you loose.
You're just another small time
criminal.

STOCKMANN

You're right on one count, Miss
Swann. A criminal. But certainly not
small time.

He has moved to the tarp, and looks out over London.

OUTSIDE:

STOCKMANN LOOKING OUT OF M'S(JUDI'S) SHATTERED OFFICE...

We see the lights of Whitehall in the distance...

CUT TO:

157 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6 OFFICES, WHITEHALL - NIGHT (RAINING) 157

In Whitehall, M looks around his office. It is empty. He
holds a small box, with the remains of his belongings.

Then he remembers something, opens a drawer, and looks down.

CLOSE ON A MEDAL: GEORGE CROSS. AN SAS AWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

Money Penny enters off camera

MONEYPENNY

Are you ready sir?

M

Ready as I'll ever be.

A last look, then he pushes the drawer shut, leaving it.

He closes the door behind him.

158 INT. MI-6 OFFICES, WHITEHALL - NIGHT (RAINING)

158

M stops in his tracks.

The entire staff of MI-6 is waiting for him. They stand in
silence.

Tanner stands facing him.

M

Tanner.

TANNER

Sir.

M nods to one or two in acknowledgement. Dignity in defeat.

(CONTINUED)

M

The French have a saying - it is the fate of glass to break. Well perhaps it's the fate of spies to disappear. But with any luck, we leave something behind.

The gathered faces look back at him.

M (CONT'D)

Thank you all.

He walks through the room, and out into the night air.

159 EXT. WHITEHALL, STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (RAINING) 159

Moneypenny and Tanner have followed, and now watch as M steps into a limousine.

The limousine pulls away fast.

MONEYPENNY

Strange. That's not M's usual driver.

TANNER

What do you mean?

MONEYPENNY

Wrong number plate.

They look at each other.

TANNER

Christ.

He pulls out his phone -

160 INT. M'S LIMOUSINE, TRAVELLING - NIGHT (RAINING) 160

The car speeds away, pressing M back in his seat.

M

What the hell!

Bond is driving, meets his eyes in the mirror:

BOND

If I'm responsible for you being sacked - I apologize.

M is shell-shocked but recovers quickly.

M

Don't be so bloody pompous Bond. What's going on?

His phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

BOND
Who's calling?

M
Tanner.

BOND
Tell him you'll meet him at Q branch.

And they roar onwards.

161 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, FILE VAULTS - NIGHT (RAINING) 161

The rows of shelves seem to stretch into infinity.

Close on IRMA'S feet as she walks the final yards towards the place where the file should be.

She arrives. A gap in the filing. It's not there.

162 INT. Q'S LAB, MI-6, EAST LONDON - NIGHT (RAINING) 162

Low light illuminates Q's lab.

Weapons lie on a table.

Bond is close to a large screen which shows a cross section of the new CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY.

He taps a spot high up in the building, looking at M, who is pulling on a shoulder holster.

BOND
Your job is to get Q into there.

Q is typing away at a laptop.

Q
(distractedly)
The Vertex -it's the terminal where the highest level data is output.

M
It can't be hacked from the outside?

Q
I'd worry if it could be.

Bond has finished arming himself.

BOND
Come on Q, are we still blind?

Q hits a last key and something comes up on his own screen.

We see the map, with a blinking cursor next to Vauxhall Bridge on the south bank of the Thames.

(CONTINUED)

Q

Not perfect, but here's the phone's last appearance. He was on the south bank, but then the signal simply disappeared.

BOND

There's only one place that could be...

BOND AND Q

...The Faraday Cage.

M looks at them, catching up:

M

In the old building?

Q

That has to be it.

BOND

He's hiding right under our noses.

M

What are you going to do?

Bond makes a quick assessment. To M:

BOND

Have you still got your Section 6 aviation access?

M is beginning to understand where he's heading...

M

...Yes.

The door opens, Moneypenny and Tanner come in. Bond gives Moneypenny a special nod of acknowledgement.

BOND

What took you so long?

163 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT (RAINING)

163

The construction elevator touches down at ground level.

The doors open on Stockmann. Irma is facing him.

IRMA

No file.

STOCKMANN

They must have it.

(CONTINUED)

IRMA

Bond is dead. They won't know what it means. We should kill her.

STOCKMANN

No. I need to be sure. Then you'll have your kill.

He turns to go.

164 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

164

Madeleine watches from high up in the building as the black boat pulls out from the shadows at the base of MI-6, and heads off down river.

Irma steps behind her. Madeleine turns and stares at her with contempt.

MADELEINE

Do you really have nothing better to do?

165 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - NIGHT (RAINING)

165

The building is subtly lit, as befits the function. Ministers, Mandarins, senior military and police personnel, all in suits.

C looks over it all with satisfaction. Then he sees something and frowns.

Across the room, M, drink in hand, watches C approach.

C

I have to say I'm surprised you took up the invitation.

M

Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

C laughs. Almost in wonder:

C

Our public schools breed such fervent masochists.

166 EXT. THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING)

166

The new CNS building stands tall beside the river.

ON THE BLACK LAUNCH

STOCKMANN, looks up at the building with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN
(to himself)
And away we go...

167 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT

167

Madeleine is at the window. Wind blows. Rain drips in from the holes in the roof.

The tarp creaks inward with a gust of wind - momentarily cloaking her from Irma...

Noticing a broken metal strut from a window frame, she waits until Irma disappears from view again - then grabs it.

She prepares to strike. But as the tarp swings back, it reveals Irma - already close, and onto her.

Madeleine swings with the metal, but Irma shifts away, and punches her viciously in the stomach.

Madeleine slides back as she falls, dropping her weapon.

But she won't give up. She pulls herself to her feet, and suddenly - runs.

She makes it to a door, yanks it open - only to find that there is no floor on the other side!

A massive drop of three storeys. All the way to the ground floor.

She teeters on the edge, pulls herself back - only to be hauled back and thrown across the room.

She lands on the floor. Winded. Looks up at Irma with hatred. Spits blood.

IRMA
You pathetic child.

Then both women become aware of A SOUND GROWING...

ROTORS. A helicopter approaching. Very close.

Irma draws aside the tarpaulin, and together the two women watch as a helicopter drops down RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM.

And then BRIGHT LIGHTS BLAST THE ROOM, the tarp blown inwards from the downdraft, the lights even brighter now.

Rain lashes in, Madeleine shields her eyes to the light. She cannot see him, but she knows who it is.

BOND.

168 EXT. HELICOPTER, THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING)

168

In the cockpit we see Bond at the controls, struggling against the conditions...

169 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - SAME TIME

169

Inside the building. The lights and noise keep on rising upwards.

Irma runs to the thin walkway leading to the construction elevator, calls down into the darkness.

IRMA

Get up here! Now!

170 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT (RAINING)

170

Swinging wildly in the wind, the helicopter sets down on a high roof of the building. Lights go off. Bond gets out into the pelting rain.

As he moves to the closest window - he sees a shadow on the other side. The window is kicked out. TWO MEN come out on to the roof to get him.

With no cover except the helicopter, Bond moves behind it. One of the men strafes it - hoping to blow it up. Bond won't be leaving in it, that's for sure.

They're getting closer. He's trapped.

Until he dives inside the smashed cockpit, flicks the lights back on - blinding them.

BLAM BLAM!

Two bullets take them down.

James Bond strides forward from behind the lights.

Crosses the roof of the old MI-6 building and straight through the open window...

171 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

171

Now he's into the building. High up on a gantry.

He looks down, planning his attack.

Bond's POV: The massive building drops down into the darkness beneath him.

172 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

172

Speeches are being made. Stockmann is in the audience watching.

Up on the raised platform, C stands and watches the Home Secretary at the podium, addressing the crowd.

HOME SECRETARY

Ladies and gentlemen, today is an historic day marking a new era. A new era in international cooperation. A new era in advanced technology. A new era in national defence...

During this, ONE OF STOCKMANN'S MEN approaches. Leans down to whisper in his ear.

M watches him like a hawk from the sidelines...

HOME SECRETARY (CONT'D)

This extraordinary new building symbolizes everything this Government stands for...

Stockmann's face goes white with shock at what he has been told.

Bond is alive.

173 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 173

High up in the building, the construction elevator is descending.

TWO GUARDS look up from a middle floor.

They ready their machine pistols...

The doors open and they start shooting. But no-one is inside.

Confusion is replaced by the deadly certainty of Bond - standing on the roof of the elevator. Two shots and the two men are down.

BLAMBLAMBLAM!

Now bullets rain upwards from SOMEONE DOWN BELOW, sparking off the frame of the elevator. No time - Bond runs, leaps across a chasm to get to safety - gun in hand.

The men shoot from below. Bullets ricochet. They miss him.

Bond lands on the other side of the chasm. Turns, shoots upwards.

Boom! His bullets hit a skylight high up in the building.

(CONTINUED)

The massive sheet of glass shatters and rains down on the men.

Shouts from down below - the men are ripped up by the glass. One looks up, face bloody...

Two more shots from Bond, and they both lie dead.

He looks to where Madeleine is... He's getting closer.

174 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

174

Applause. Back at the event, M is watching closely now as C comes to the microphone.

C

Thank you. Well, as you must all know by now, this great building was only made possible by an extraordinary donation from an extraordinary man. A man whose name will surely be placed alongside the greatest of all philanthropists: Carnegie, Tate, Guggenheim. Step forward please, Mister Heinrich Stockmann.

A spotlight picks out Stockmann in the crowd. Triggering more applause.

Stockmann looks straight back at C, his face a mask. C senses something is wrong.

And M knows it too.

Stockmann curtly acknowledges the crowd.

But C has been thrown off his stride slightly...

C (CONT'D)

So. Finally tempted out of the shadows.

He laughs weakly.

C (CONT'D)

Mister Stockmann - Heinrich, if I may - we all owe you an enormous debt of gratitude.

He pulls a cord and a curtain parts to reveal a stone:

THE CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION OF THE STOCKMANN FOUNDATION.

More applause.

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)
(to Stockmann)
And now I wonder if we might call on
you to take the system online?

STOCKMANN
Of course.

Applause as Stockmann makes his way up to the podium.

M has been watching him and waiting for this moment, and now
his eyes flick up to the upper gantry. A nod.

From an internal window high in the building - Tanner nods
back.

175 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - NIGHT (RAINING)

175

Now Tanner turns to address the occupants of the room...

TANNER
Online in seconds.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Five clean-cut analysts and C's aide Jenkins watch helplessly
as TANNER stands with a contemptuous gun trained on them.

JENKINS
You'll be locked up for this Tanner.

TANNER
So shooting you won't make a blind
bit of difference.

176 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

176

M watches as Stockmann reaches the small stage.

C approaches him and addresses him urgently, under the noise
of the applause.

C
(sotto voce to Stockmann)
What's wrong? What's going on?

STOCKMANN
Bond is alive.

C is struck dumb. Stockmann turns, suddenly smiling.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
Well, I'll do my best, but I have to
warn you - I'm terrible with
technology.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter.

Stockmann presses a button.

LIGHT STARTS TO PULSE SILENTLY UP THE MESH OF FIBRE OPTICS WITHIN THE GLASS CORE. In an instant, data is streaming across screens around the room.

177 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - SAME TIME

177

Back up in the upper area, Q's screen suddenly comes alive.

Q
On-line. We're in.

Tanner watches as Q's hands move across the keys like lightning. The screen flows with data.

178 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 178

Bond in the shadows. Listening.

The sound of the elevator again. This time, rising.

179 INT. OLD MI6 BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT (RAINING)

179

Unknown to Bond, we see the DARK FIGURE OF A HENCHMAN climbing the stairs...

180 INT. OLD MI6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 180

Back with Bond, as he looks out from the shadows.

His POV: the semi-obscured outline of ANOTHER HENCHMAN riding up in the elevator.

Now Bond steps out, aims at the elevator cable.

BLAMBLAMBLAM! He shoots at the cable. It shreds... but it doesn't break -

Suddenly, behind Bond, we see the door to the stairwell open, and a man in the doorway!

The man shoots, misses. Quick as a flash, Bond spins round and kills him with a single shot -

But now he has his back to the elevator door - and it's just opening...

Bond is revealed to the gunman inside who has his gun pointed right at him.

Bond holds up his hands. Surrender.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

You got me.

Bond turns, hands over his head. Then, without breaking pose - BANG! - he fires a single shot. It severs the cable.

A split second while the man realises what is going to happen. And then he plummets four storeys to his death.

BOND (CONT'D)

(watching his descent)

Going down...

A shuddering crash at the base of the elevator echoes round the empty space.

Now, higher up in the building, Bond sees the shadow of a woman. Irma's silhouette.

Bond starts off, moving slowly, wary, passing through the chiaroscuro ruin, the cascading water, on his way to the high gantry...

Only the high gantry is between him, and his goal...

181 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

181

The lights of the central cable still pulse and glow.

Stockmann again addresses the audience.

STOCKMANN

So now, Bruce, would you perhaps give us a little demonstration?

C

It would be my pleasure.

Stockmann walks past him back into the audience. As he goes:

STOCKMANN

(under his breath)

If he exposes me, you're dead.

And Stockmann leaves. C gathers himself.

M clocks it all.

The screen behind him comes to life. Clearly a pre-planned presentation:

C

(analysing data on screen,
off the cuff)

Well... From the presence of your phones, cross-referenced with your credit card details, and uh...

(CONTINUED)

He watches as Stockmann moves through the crowd towards the exit.

Now we see Moneypenny on the other side of the room. She has been waiting for this moment. She follows Stockmann, staying at a distance.

C (CONT'D)

..and other records, I can tell you that ...seven of you woke up in a different country this morning. One person actually travelled here by public transport!

Laughs from the audience.

182 INT. CNS BUILDING - TECH AREA - NIGHT (RAINING)

182

Tanner watches from the higher floor.

Now he turns back to Q, waiting at his laptop.

TANNER

Now.

Q punches a key on the keyboard.

183 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

183

Down in the main room, the graphics on the screen change.

C looks at it, slightly puzzled.

C

Ah, this doesn't seem to be...

From the crowd, a familiar voice - like a good-natured audience member playing along with the act:

M

Fascinating stuff. Those charts up behind you now. What do they represent?

C finds himself staring at a morphing 'organism' of data throbbing on the screen; different connections grow, solidify.

C presses his remote. The screen continues to fill with data.

C

Wrong page. Teething problems. How predictable.

Weak laughs from the audience. C presses his remote again. Still nothing.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to face the audience.

C (CONT'D)

Well, perhaps this was all a bit optimistic...

What C hasn't seen is that the screen is working perfectly, and has now finished its data search.

A name is now written in capitals at the head of the page: BRUCE DENBIGH.

C turns, and realises that he is looking at his OWN DATA.

C (CONT'D)

Well, I - This wasn't...

M

Ah yes, I think I see... You really can tell everything from properly analysed data. All the occasions you and Mister Stockmann have met in secret, for example. Seven times in Switzerland, four in Rome. Others too. And yet it seems that we now know that under his previous identity, he was a wanted murderer.

M starts to move towards the stage.

M (CONT'D)

He changed his name. He set up SPECTRE - a vast criminal organization. Then he put you in power. By indiscriminate bombing.

C is silent. So are the audience.

M steps up onto the stage.

M (CONT'D)

Have I missed anything out?

184 EXT. CNS BUILDING, QUAY - NIGHT (RAINING)

184

A thunderstorm has begun. The rain is torrential now.

Moneypenny has followed Stockmann down to the exit.

We see her POV: Stockmann and ONE HENCHMAN are heading towards the Black Launch.

And as before, the rest of his MEN are making for the RIB.

MONEYPENNY

(into the phone)

Tanner - they're heading for the boats.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

Call Bond. If you can't get through to him it means he's still in the building.

MONEYPENNY

And what happens then?

TANNER

Take them down.

Moneypenny moves off through the rain. She takes out her gun.

185 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - SAME TIME

185

Tanner is on the other end of the call.

TANNER

Q - get road blocks up. Keep people away from the river.

Across the room, Q attacks his keyboard with renewed vigour.

186 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

186

C

(to M)

You have no power here.

SEVERAL of the men in the audience are HIGH RANKING POLICEMEN. They start moving to the front...

M

No. But they do.

C knows the game's up.

C

(quiet)

Come on M. One man can't sweep back the tide.

M

Who says I'm alone?

187 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

187

Thunder rumbles in the darkness as Bond stealthily tracks Irma across the gantry.

Sudden flashes of lightning illuminate the huge drops on either side. But he is getting closer.

Bond finds cover behind some construction machinery.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up ahead into the near darkness. A flash of lightning reveals Irma, gun drawn. Briefly silhouetted against the gaping hole. The rain behind her.

She has her gun to someone's head. But Bond's view is obscured. He cranes his neck to see: Madeleine. She is knelt against the back wall, below the windows. She is CHAINED and gagged.

He looks... realises he is crouched next to a DIGGER.

He looks around, thinking.

Irma is crouching. She is unchaining Madeleine. She puts the gun to Madeleine's head. Presses it hard.

IRMA

(a harsh whisper)

One sound and you're dead.

She unlocks the chains. They look around in the gloom. No sound except the dripping of the rain water.

In the silence, Irma starts to push Madeleine across the room at gunpoint.

When suddenly...

BOOM!!

The DIGGER slams through the wall. Screaming straight towards them.

And now Irma makes a decision. A suicidal one. She runs flat out, and pushes Madeleine through the door she nearly fell from earlier - takes a huge leap.

And the two of them go flying out into darkness.

BOND

No!

Bond leaps from the digger, reaches the door, too late.

Only now, looking down, another flash of lightning illuminates something - the two women are caught on SAFETY NETTING two storeys below.

But their weight is causing the netting to shred on a jagged edge... Madeleine reaches out for some dangling wires... fingers just missing... Irma clings to her.

Bond leaps down some crumbling stairs to try to help.

Madeleine and Irma struggle ... the net unravelling...

Bond grabs the netting just as it gives way on one side - now he is holding the weight of both of them.

(CONTINUED)

Madeleine scrambles toward him, kicks Irma away and with that leverage manages to grab the wires above - as Bond lets go of the net.

And Irma disappears down, down... into the depths of the building.

Madeleine swings on the wires. She lets go.

Lands safely - in Bond's arms.

BOND (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

MADELEINE
No!!

She pummels him in the chest with both fists.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
I though you were dead!

BOND
I was.

They kiss.

188 EXT. CNS BUILDING, QUAY/RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING) 188

The rain pours down. Moneypenny is trying to contact Bond. The call won't go through - he's still out of range.

MONEYPENNY
(into the phone)
Come one, come on...

Stockmann's boat starts up its engines. The rib follows close behind...

They start away.

Moneypenny realises what she has to do. She breaks out into a run...

Gets out her gun as she runs. Stops. Braces herself. Aims...

Shoots through the rain and darkness. The bullet skims the edge of the trailing rib.

One of the men notices, looks back, readies his gun - the others notice too - three of them about to fire at her - she takes quick aim, shoots again - direct shot into their FUEL TANK.

KABOOM! A HUGE EXPLOSION. Four men taken out in one fell swoop. Moneypenny flinches at the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

131.

188

AN ANGRY ENVELOPE OF FLAME rises up -

189 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - SAME TIME

189

The RUMBLE of the explosion is heard by Bond and Madeleine as they leave the building.

AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS are turning up...

190 EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING)

190

Stockmann's launch hurtles along the dark waters. He looks back at the explosion. Worried.

191 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

191

Bond pulls Madeleine away, heading for the street.

BOND

We need to get away from here...

As police and medics run toward the building, Bond pulls Madeleine to one side. Towards a parked ambulance.

Madeleine gets into the passenger seat.

BOND (CONT'D)

(re: the ambulance)

Best way through a road block.

He fires the engine, hits the accelerator - and they head away from the building...

MADELEINE

Where are we going?

BOND

Somewhere safe.

MADELEINE

It's difficult to stay safe around you.

Bond roars through a roadblock, the ambulance the perfect getaway vehicle tonight.

Bond's phone flashes.

192 EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING)

192

MONEYPENNY

Thank God. Bond. Stockmann. He's heading for Westminster Bridge.

193 INT./EXT. AMBULANCE, LONDON STREETS - NIGHT (RAINING)

193

BOND

How many men with him?

MONEYPENNY

Just one.

BOND

What happened to the others?

MONEYPENNY

Turns out I'm not such a bad shot
after all.

Bond smiles. Hangs up. Thinks.

Madeleine looks at him. Suddenly, he slams on the brakes.
Turns the wheel. Accelerates towards the river again.

BOND

Just one more thing I have to do.

Madeleine understands.

MADELEINE

You're going after him. Aren't you?

Bond doesn't answer.

THE AMBULANCE screeches through the wet streets.

Skids around the bend leading up onto Westminster Bridge.
Screeches to a halt at the entrance to the Bridge.Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament rise up massively on the
other side of the river.

BOND opens the door. Looks back at Madeleine.

BOND

Stay here.

And he walks into the rain.

194 EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

194

Stockmann sees a SILHOUETTE on the bridge. Backlit by the
head lamps of the ambulance.

It's Bond.

The gauntlet laid down.

195 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT (RAINING)

195

Bond's POV: The Thames. Through the dark and rain, the wash of a launch heading his way...

BOND LOOKS DOWN AT THE APPROACHING LAUNCH.

Stockmann looks up at the Bridge. Then looks beyond.

He can see through the rain, THE DISTANT LIGHTS OF A HELIPAD, A HELICOPTER WAITING FOR HIM...

Stockmann looks back to Bond.

He realizes what he must do.

He gestures to the Man, who steers the boat toward the shore.

196 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - SAME TIME

196

Bond watches the boat pull up near steps on the embankment.

Now he starts walking toward the centre of the Bridge. Stops.

And Stockmann steps out onto the bridge.

197 INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

197

Madeleine watches as the two men close on each other.

198 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - SAME TIME

198

The rain lashes down, the two men walk toward each other, Bond with gun in hand, down by his side, Stockmann with machine pistol raised, feeling he has the advantage. They stop.

STOCKMANN

You and me have had this date from the beginning.

BOND

Don't flatter yourself.

Bond suddenly pivots and shoots the gun out of Stockmann's hand.

Stockmann is shocked.

STOCKMANN

No!

He moves toward the gun.

BOND

Stop.

(CONTINUED)

Stockmann ignores him. Keeps moving for the gun. Bond pulls the trigger. CLICK.

The gun has jammed. God has intervened.

And Stockmann now has the machine pistol.

He smiles.

199 INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

199

Madeleine sees what has happened. She gets behind the wheel - fires the engine, floors the pedal.

200 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - SAME TIME

200

Madeleine directs the vehicle toward Stockmann -

Seeing the car screaming towards him, Stockmann turns and fires. Boom! He hits the front tyre.

THE AMBULANCE SWINGS OFF COURSE, HITS A KERB, FLIPS ON ITS SIDE - SLIDES ALONG THE WET ROAD, METAL SPARKING, STILL HEADING TOWARD STOCKMANN -

Stockmann, unconcerned, watches it JUST MISS HIM.

The ambulance powers into the side of the bridge. Smashes through the wall.

The back of the ambulance hangs over the edge. Bond can see Madeleine is conscious through the window. She's unable to get out, forced to watch, as:

Stockmann raises his gun to Bond.

STOCKMANN

You see, Mister Bond? It was written in the stars.

He looks up to the skies, nodding thanks to the heavens.

Bond looks at him.

BOND

I do remember you.

Stockmann hesitates.

STOCKMANN

What?

BOND

I lied. Of course I remember you.

Now Bond starts slowly walking closer.

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

Your father would talk about you all the time. When we were out climbing.

Stockmann is hooked, even though he wants to shoot him. And Bond is edging forward.

BOND (CONT'D)

He wasn't disappointed with you. He hated himself for not being able to do more for you.

Bond is closer now.

BOND (CONT'D)

He blamed himself for your illness. He wanted nothing more than for you to be with us. With *him*.

Stockmann is breathing heavily now, staring at Bond. Gripped.

Now we see M, getting out of a car at the far end of the bridge. Watching in the rain.

BOND (CONT'D)

But you killed him.

Stockmann stares, in a kind of reverie.

BOND (CONT'D)

So there's just us now.
(indicates Madeleine)
And her.

Stockmann takes a look at her - as Bond takes a quick step and grabs at the gun. Stockmann struggles, the gun FALLS.

And Bond grabs him around the throat.

Stockmann looks confused, like Bond could never really kill him. They have too strong a connection.

Close on Bond and Stockmann in profile. Almost as if they are about to kiss. The sound of their breathing.

Stockmann gasps, Bond's hands around his throat:

STOCKMANN

But... You're my little brother.

BOND

I never had a family.

With every ounce of strength left, Bond lifts Stockmann off the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Stockmann's face so close to his, RISING OUT OF FRAME, as Bond squeezes his throat tighter.

Stockmann's face is still above frame, but we hear his death rattle. His body slumps and becomes heavier. Dead.

Bond slowly lowers him. Stockmann's dead face re-enters frame, facing Bond.

Then we watch as Bond lets his body slide to the road.

Bond looks down. Thunder rumbles.

Dead eyes stare up at Bond, the rain, the dark clouds above, Stockmann lies on the pavement.

Now Bond looks to the ambulance. Moves swiftly. Climbs up so he's standing on the upturned side, reaches in and pulls Madeleine up through the smashed side window.

The two of them drop down to the road.

MADELEINE

Is it safe to be with you now?

BOND

Definitely.

And they kiss.

M watches from the far bank. A smile on his lips.

Just then, a CREAK as the bridge collapses under the ambulance. Masonry and ambulance crash down fifty feet into the river.

BOND (CONT'D)

All in the timing.

The lights of the ambulance sink into the murky waters...

Now Bond looks back across the Bridge.

M stands sentinel. An honourable, upright figure in the London rain.

Bond looks at him.

M looks back at Bond. Is this the end?

Bond takes out HIS PISTOL. He looks at it for a moment - a last moment - and then...

He throws it into the river.

MADELEINE

Why did you do that?

(CONTINUED)

BOND

It was weighing me down.

And now they begin to walk away across the bridge.

A wide shot, getting wider. Pulling back as they walk.

Away from M. Away from the Bridge. Away from London.

Away...

FADE TO BLACK:

201 EXT. EAST END - DAWN - A WEEK LATER

201

A black cat walks across an East End cobbled street. Rubs up against the leg of a figure dressed in black.

The FIGURE is breaking into a lock up.

The man breaks the lock, slides back a garage door...

202 INT. ELEVATOR/Q'S WORKSHOP, MI-6, EAST END - DAWN

202

Inside the workshop, a dark freight elevator descends.

It stops. Doors open.

To reveal James Bond, lit by a single naked bulb. Smartly dressed once more. He steps out.

We realize that we're in Q's vehicle workshop. Bond's footsteps echo in the dark chamber.

Suddenly, all the lights come on. And there, looking back at Bond, is Q. A little older. A little wiser.

A beat while Q registers who it is.

Q

Bond? What the hell are you doing?

BOND

Morning, Q.

Q

I thought you'd gone.

BOND

I have. I am.

Bond looks at Q...

BOND (CONT'D)

There's just one thing I need.

Q looks at him. Bond looks back. And Q knows.

(CONTINUED)

Now we might hear the distant strains of the Bond Theme...

Q smiles. Shakes his head.

Throws the KEYS across the room to him.

Bond reaches out. Catches them.

BOND (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

203 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAWN

203

A series of close ups:

A hand turns the key in the ignition.

A rev counter bursts to life. AN ENGINE THROBS.

A clutch is depressed.

A gear stick is slammed forward.

Now we see Bond in the front seat. He turns and looks.

Madeleine in the passenger seat. She smiles back -

JAMES BOND HITS THE ACCELERATOR...

WHEELS SPIN...

...AND THE ASTON MARTIN DB5 ROARS AWAY.

TAKING THEM SOMEWHERE...

ANYWHERE...

TOGETHER.

- END

*