

**THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH  
(BOND 19)**

by  
**Neal Purvis & Robert Wade**

**FIRST DRAFT  
June 18 1998**

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

BOND 19

GUN BARREL OPENS ON -

1 A GUN BARREL REFLECTED IN A PAIR OF DARK GLASSES 1

Pull back on JAMES BOND 007, a HEAVY pointing a gun in his face. He calmly removes his shades, smiles his steely smile.

We're high up, on the rooftop garden of a substantial Havana townhouse. The gold disk of the sun hangs low in the sky. Another HEAVY searches Bond for weapons. Bond pincers out his WALTHER PPK by the barrel, places it on a nearby table.

A third HEAVY slams down a chair, gestures Bond to sit.

Sprawled opposite, a beautiful GIRL. Slowly rolling a cigar on her naked inner thigh. Eyeing him with wise eyes.

Bond meets her gaze, sits on the chair. Ignores the blinding sun it's facing into.

Hears FOOTSTEPS on an old iron staircase. A fat man walks onto the roof. KAROUSH is forty-five, sweaty, not pleased to see Bond. He glances at Bond's pistol over on the table.

KAROUSH

(shakes head)

Mister Bond, I am just a middle man. Someone wants to sell something, I make it happen, the two ends remain happily separate. I represent no threat to anyone. And yet you bring a pistol to my house.

BOND

(beat)

Rude of me.

Karoush reddens, shrugs it off.

KAROUSH

(on with business)

Naturally I am disappointed there was a misunderstanding in this case.

BOND

Selling plans for infrasound weapons to someone who thinks they're buying tunneling equipment is more than a misunderstanding. Especially when those plans have leaked out of MI-6.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

Irritated, Karoush snaps his fingers and a heavy opens a suitcase on a table. It contains a lot of money.

KAROUSH

Fortunately I was able to retrieve the money -- no doubt Sir Robert will be pleased to see it again.

Bond's eyes question.

KAROUSH

More to the point, I have no desire to make enemies of British Intelligence. Now take the money and go.

Bond does nothing, says nothing. Leaving it to his eyes. His coolness disconcerts Karoush.

KAROUSH

It's rather irksome having to lose my commission, Mister Bond. Please don't make it more so by being so ungrateful.

BOND

Thanks, but no thanks. Until you tell me who gave you the plans to sell.

The man's nerve! Karoush smiles quizzically.

KAROUSH

You're in the middle of Cuba, Bond, surrounded by guns only one of which is yours and that some way away from you. Hardly the position from which to turn inquisitor.

(losing patience)

I am being honourable. I am returning the money and I am protecting my source. That's an end to it.

Bond glances at his pistol on the table.

BOND

The name.

A kind of deadly calm suddenly illuminates Karoush's eyes:

KAROUSH

You know, I take it all back. Who are MI-6 to me? -- I have contacts. I'll keep the money and you can feed the worms.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

He grabs a gun from one of the henchmen. The girl is alarmed, pleas for calm in Spanish... Karoush hesitates, but shakes his head.

KAROUSH

No, no my dear. The arrogant British send this man to insult me!

A shaft of light from the setting sun creeps across Bond's eyes. He squints, opens the arms of his sunglasses (a faint CLICK) and puts them on.

KAROUSH

(taking aim)

I find that particularly irritating --

But Bond's mouth edges into a smile. A flicker of doubt on Karoush's face -- as Bond's finger finds a protrusion on the sunglass arms and --

KABOOM! The pistol on the table explodes like a STUN GRENADE; BLINDING, DEAFENING. Glass shatters. Even the windows across the street. Everyone crumples.

Except Bond, casually pulling PLUGS from his ears and KICKING HENCHMAN #1 unconscious. Deals with HENCHMAN #2 the same way. Karate-chops HENCHMAN #3. Now he picks up his pistol from the table, nestles the barrel in Karoush's cheek, whipping off his shades.

BOND

Clever thing, fires bullets too. Give me the name.

KAROUSH

You've blinded me!

BOND

I can give you a new eye to look through. The name.

Karoush knows Bond is serious. His lips quiver.

KAROUSH

Very well. But you must protect me --

And he freezes. The handle of a THROWING KNIFE is sticking out of his neck. Bond looks up, catches sight of the GIRL as she vaults the verandah. Was she trying to kill Bond or silence Karoush? He moves to the verandah -- she must have shimmied down a pipe, vanishing in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

But there are several POLICE heading this way, responding to the stun grenade.

Bond returns to Karoush -- dead, dammit. He looks up at the money, grabs the case and moves fast for the door -- pausing only to slip that cigar into his pocket, naturally...

2 INT. TOWNHOUSE, HAVANA - EVENING

The faded grandeur that befits a one-time hotel. Bond appears on the top floor, by the elevator. Looks over the balcony, sees figures on the stairs. Hears the elevator cage start from below.

Thinking fast, he wrenches open the steel gate, leans into the lift shaft, watches the elevator COUNTERWEIGHT as it comes down. Almost nonchalant, he steps out....

As the cageful of police rises, Bond is now standing on the counterweight, DESCENDING. He passes only inches away from them, hidden in the half-light...

3 EXT. TOWNHOUSE, HAVANA - EVENING

The noise, hustle and bustle of Havana.

Bond leaves the building, adjusts his tie, melts into the busy street scene...

DISSOLVE:

4 EXT. RIVER THAMES, LONDON - DAY

A SEAPLANE swoops over the Millennium Dome, banks along the snaking river, putting down opposite the Tate Gallery. The plane cruises to a mooring beneath the vast stepped cake that is MI-6. Bond exits, carrying a bag.

5 INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - DAY

CAMERA MOVES with Bond as he enters this secret, hi-tech world. He passes through countless security procedures, watched by an attentive staff.

Bond scoops the money out of the bag. Four million dollars in tightly bundled hundreds makes quite a sight. Wrapped with thick paper bands. A blue light scans it on three axis.

The cash is put on a tray and wheeled through a series of barred enclosures into the SECURE ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

BOND  
(filling out form; to  
staff)  
Don't spend it all at once.

6 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6 - DAY

Bond appears, hiding something behind his back. Money Penny brightens.

MONEYPENNY  
James. Brought me a souvenir from  
Havana?

He produces the cigar, now in a large phallic TUBE. Stands it end up on the desk.

BOND  
Thought you might want one of these.

MONEYPENNY  
(beat, deadpan)  
I gave up a long time ago.

BOND  
Probably for the best.  
(handing receipt)  
How about four point two million dollars  
instead?

MONEYPENNY  
(handing it back)  
You can give this to Sir Robert. He's  
come in to pick up the money himself.

Bond is a little surprised.

7 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6 - DAY

Bond enters. SIR ROBERT KING is perched on the edge of M's desk, chatting. Bond feels as if he's intruding.

But King shows no embarrassment. He moves toward Bond with an easy, patrician smile:

M  
Sir Robert King, James Bond.

Bond notices a tiny badge in his lapel -- like the glass eye of a stuffed snake.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SIR ROBERT

So you're the one who managed to get my money back? Well done.

BOND

It wasn't quite what I was expecting.

He eyes M edgily.

SIR ROBERT

Isn't the unexpected what you chaps are trained to deal with? And from what I hear, you're the best. However, I won't offend certain parties present by asking you to join King Industries, much as I'd like to.

M smiles stiffly at Bond, knows this will get his goat.

BOND

Construction's not exactly my line.

M

Quite the opposite, in fact.

She couldn't resist. Bond hands the receipt to Sir Robert.

M

Thankyou 007. Now you're back perhaps you'd like to look up that young lady you met in Cuba?

Understanding, Bond smiles guardedly. Sir Robert is mystified. Bond nods goodbye to them. As he leaves:

M

(to Sir Robert)

Now, about that other matter...

8 INT. COMPUTER ROOM, MI-6 - DUSK

8

Bond sits at a screen, cycling through a photographic database of Hispanic female criminals.

Out of the window, the sun sets on London. The Thames is afire, burning as it did in Turner's day.

M (O.S.)

You're uncomfortable about us getting involved with the private sector. But it's a fact of the age, Bond. It's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8

M (O.S.) (CONT'D)

not about nations anymore. The real superpowers are corporations.

She puts down a bottle of Dimple Haig scotch whisky and two glasses;

M

A present from Sir Robert. I told him you're a bourbon man but he insisted you have 'the best'.

She produces two glasses. Bond pours.

M

I must confess, I'd rather lose you to enemy action than to the private sector.

He savours the scotch.

BOND

Thanks.

(eyes M)

He may have got his money back, but the mission was a failure. We still don't know who leaked the designs.

M

(hands dossier over)

It was Catesby of Mexico Station. Killed in a car crash yesterday. A copy of the plans in his bag.

BOND

Convenient.

M

(nods significantly)

Our only lead now is your cigar girl. Any luck?

BOND

Not yet, but she was a professional, she'll have history...

He stops, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together, a strange texture now revealed from contact with the scotch. A horrible realisation is sinking in.

BOND

King.

(CONTINUED)



8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

M sees the seriousness in his eyes -- stabs at the intercom:

9 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 9

Money Penny's eyes shoot to the intercom console:

M'S VOICE

(filtered)

Money Penny, stop King leaving the building.

MONEYPENNY

(flicking switch)

Security --

10 INT. CORRIDORS, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 10

Sir Robert King and an MI-6 aide walk toward the SECURE AREA.

11 INT. Q DIVISION, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 11

Q is working on a smaller, more powerful version of the old JETPACK. He looks up mystified as BOND hurtles past.

12 INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 12

THE MONEY

lies on the tray. We see Sir Robert approaching, two rows of security bars between him and the cash. A security official produces a bag and moves toward it:

SIR ROBERT

Thanks, but I'll count it myself.

(apologetic, smiles)

Lifetime habit. I'm Scottish.

13 INT. LOWER CORRIDORS/SECURITY AREA, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 13

Bond shoots around the corner just in time to see Sir Robert disappearing past the THICK STEEL DOOR of the secure room.

BOND

Stop! King!

14 INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS 14

The shout is muffled, Sir Robert's more interested in the money. He continues toward camera, that PIN on his lapel emits a serene HUM and we

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON THE BANDS AROUND THE MONEY AS THEY CRACKLE AND --  
KABOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

15 INT. LOWER CORRIDORS/SECURITY AREA, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

MAYHEM. FIRE blasts out of the open doorway just as Bond reaches it. The STEEL DOOR flies toward him. He dives --

16 EXT. MI-6/RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The building rocks. And suddenly SMOKE is pouring from a HOLE that's appeared in a lower tier. A wall and a section of roof gone.

A figure staggers out into the evening air, shaken. Catching his breath. BOND.

And in the swirling dust and smoke, he suddenly sees a wand of red light, pointing at his chest.

All instinct, he dives. A bullet SHATTERS the wall where he'd stood.

He scans around for the source. Sees an unusual, hi-tech BOAT on the river -- long and narrow and low. A figure on board. The CIGAR GIRL. Determined, Bond races back into the wreckage.

ON THE BOAT, CIGAR GIRL

knows she's missed her chance. She guns it, starts downriver. This is no ordinary boat, it cuts through the water like a snake...

MI-6

an INDISTINCT RUMBLE from somewhere within as we are treated to an amazing sight...

THE 007 THEME KICKS IN AS:

JAMES BOND comes shooting out of the smouldering blast hole, strapped into the JETPACK...

He sees the boat speeding up river, swings into pursuit...

WITH THE CIGAR GIRL

as she looks behind her, unbelieving as Bond gives chase, flying down the Thames, and closing...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

## WITH BOND

shooting past Big Ben. Whitehall whizzes by. He sees her speed under a bridge. He climbs, hurtles over the bridge and the London traffic stuck on it.

## WITH THE GIRL

firing a gun at Bond, misses. Glances ahead: Tower Bridge is opening, a ship is passing through. She yanks on the stick, races for a gap...

## ANGLE

on the boat squeezing past the ship and the bridge, the boat flying through the ship's wake.

## BOND

zooms over the ship. Sees her heading to a wide bend in the river -- he flies away from the water, across the city, trying to cut her off...

## THE CIGAR GIRL

looks back. Where is Bond? Nowhere in sight. Relieved, she looks ahead, concentrates on her piloting, the boat curving around the bend, when -- her eyes widen --

-- there he is, minus jet pack, standing at the front of a moored ship, feet apart, poised to start firing. And he does. Blasting at her repeatedly. She fires back. Heads straight for him.

Firing continuously at one another. They can't both survive these onslaughts...

At last he gets the better of the exchange, wings her, once, twice -- she lurches forward on the steering column -- but the boat keeps coming straight at him. He's no time to escape as... BOOM! She crashes into the side of the ship.

The EXPLOSION ROARS UP, yellow flames lighting up the evening sky, enveloping James Bond and burning us into our

17 TITLES

17

18 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE, LOCH LOMOND - DAY

18

A chapel atop a green slope which leads to the dark waters of Loch Lomond. A long line of mourners is leaving the chapel, following palibearers carrying a coffin.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CLOSER

Move along somber faces. It's like a state funeral. Rich and powerful people, government ministers, chief executives from around the world...

Amongst them, we find M, grim-faced.

M

A fine turnout. The great and the good. Exactly what he wouldn't have wanted.

She's walking beside BILL TANNER, CHIEF OF STAFF.

M

(indicates parties)  
The wolves are circling. Each politician grieving with a different agenda.

TANNER

King was an important man.

(Which at least means this isn't Bond's funeral). Tanner and M return curt nods to a HAUGHTY FIGURE nearby.

M

More than you know.  
(re: Haughty)  
It's a miracle the Home Secretary declined my resignation.

M's gaze shifts forward to an elegant VEILED WOMAN following the coffin, Sir Robert's daughter ELEKTRA.

M

And now his daughter's got to pick up the pieces. As if she hasn't been through enough.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE, LOCH LOMOND - LATER

19

Sir Robert's body being laid to rest.

Watching from a distance, a lone figure in black. BOND. His eyes are locked on Elektra. He's sad for her, guilty at his part in all this.

His gaze falls on M -- emotion expertly contained.

20 INT. CASTLE THANE, HIGHLANDS - DAY

20

Money Penny sits at a desk with a view of sweeping hills. Something in the distance catches her eye:

WHAT SHE SEES:

a silver Aston Martin DB5 rounding the long driveway cut into the hillside.

MONEYPENNY:

surprised, and a little excited, she stands...

21 EXT. CASTLE THANE, HIGHLANDS - DAY

21

The DB5 sweeps under the portcullis and into the courtyard. Bond parks next to a black Rolls Royce limousine. Money Penny is waiting, escorts him into the castle.

MONEYPENNY  
(slightly perplexed)  
Welcome to Remote Operations.

Bond scans the battlements. A discrete security presence.

BOND  
Good to see some things don't change.

MONEYPENNY  
I thought you were being put out to pasture for a while. Until you were 100%.

BOND  
Never felt better. Besides, I get bored if I spend too long on my back.

MONEYPENNY  
Don't we all, James.

BOND  
Don't get my temperature up, Money Penny, I'm here to see the Doctor.

MONEYPENNY  
I thought there must be a reason...

22 INT. MEDICAL ROOM, CASTLE THANE - DAY

22

CLOSE SHOTS:

a female hand pumps a rubber bubble to inflate a blood pressure armband. Somehow the rhythm is ... sexual.

ANGLE

Sunlight filters through blinds. Bond lies on a padded table in the medical room, his ribs badly bruised.

He looks up at the lovely face of DOCTOR GREATREX. She ignores the glint in his eye, puts on a show of sternness.

DOCTOR GREATREX  
Blood pressure's shooting up.

BOND  
I wonder what could be causing that?

She shakes her head disapprovingly.

He pulls her down for a kiss. She enjoys it but pulls away.

DOCTOR GREATREX  
You should take things slower. Cut  
out alcohol. Cigarettes. Rich food.  
And particularly...  
(straddling him)  
...Strenuous activity.

She leans in and kisses him. Between kisses:

BOND  
I'm just glad you could squeeze me  
into your tight schedule.

DOCTOR GREATREX  
(ignoring him)  
I really shouldn't be passing you as  
fit. You aren't ready yet.

To illustrate, she prods his bruised ribs.

BOND  
(hiding pain)  
Doctor. If I get through this test...

DOCTOR GREATREX  
...yes?...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BOND

I think I'd like a second opinion.

23 INT. CORRIDOR, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - LATER

23

Bond walks across the flagstones, ducks inside a large door.

24 INT. BRIEFING ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - LATER

24

A huge chandelier dominates the vast stone room. A meeting is already in progress. Bond watches from the side.

Three agents listen to the debriefing. Tanner and M stand watching Q, who explains things with the help of a few props.

Q

...The notes were dipped in urea, dried, and bound tight with paper bands housing tiny detonators. King always wore a pin in his lapel, an heirloom called 'the Eye of the Glens'; but this was a copy, a ceramic micro-circuit emitting an electronic signature. When he came within two feet of the money -- boom. Ingenious.

He spies Bond.

Q

(to Bond)

Even I wouldn't have spotted it, 007.

Bond shoots him a look, hardly reassured. M is surprised that Bond is here, and from her look, not fully approving.

M

In other words, someone went to a hell of a lot of trouble. The leaked weapons plans, ensnaring MI-6 into bringing back the money... very elaborate, very... cock-sure.

(long beat)

We're assuming the girl in the boat was out to stop 007 identifying her.

BOND

A little out of her way, wasn't she?

M

(beat)

The same could be said of you, 007. As I recall, you're on leave.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BOND

I left. Brought my medical forward.  
I'm ready for duty.

Riled, M ignores this, continues imperiously:

M

(continuing)

The girl had good reason to try to stop her identification. Her name was Sashenka Firo. Six Algerian-sponsored assassinations -- all working with Claude Serrault.

This registers with another agent.

AGENT #1

'Renard, the Fox'? Ex-Foreign Legion -- murdered six commanding officers. Mostly high profile mercenary work and prestige assassinations until he took a bullet in the head...

M

The story goes that the doctor who saved him couldn't get the bullet out -- so Renard killed him. When Interpol found the X-rays there was mild jubilation. The bullet in his brain is on the move -- effectively he's a dead man.

AGENT #2

Except for the matter of timing...

TANNER

Quite. Our medical people tell us the bullet's moving through the medulla, killing off his sense of pain. Without that, he can push himself harder, longer. His strength could become phenomenal.

M

He resurfaced a year later, alive and killing, with the Xenos shipjacking -- Firo as his lieutenant. So we're pretty certain he's behind this.

BOND

Renard is a man for hire. He couldn't afford to destroy four million dollars.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

M eyes him.

Suddenly the chandelier darkens, the floor brightens into a VAST SCREEN, showing a satellite image of Central Asia and the Mediterranean. M and Tanner walk onto the screen.

M

(to Bond)

What do you know of the Caspian Sea?

BOND

Caviar capital of the world. The Beluga is best from the north.

(M looks askance)

The planet's largest landlocked body of water. Oil-rich.

M

Far richer than first thought.

TANNER

Estimates running at six trillion dollars. It'll make the Gulf look like a puddle, see us right through the new century. The problem is getting that oil out of the area.

M

Hence the dignitaries at the funeral. They're worried that King's pipeline won't be completed.

TANNER

(re: the image)

It's one of only four. Three to the Black Sea, shipping out through the Bosphorus -- and Sir Robert's pipe across Turkey to the Mediterranean. A massive project -- people say it was only his charisma holding it all together.

BOND

Kill the man, kill the pipeline.

TANNER

It seems the Russo-Chinese combines behind the other pipelines would like to keep the oil for themselves.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

M

If one of them bankrolled Renard, we need proof of it.

(to agents)

009 -- Havana, look into Karoush.

003, I want a full traceback on the Firo girl.

(to Tanner)

When is the satellite linkup to 004?

TANNER

One hour.

M nods thoughtfully. That seems to be it. Bond is surprised and frustrated:

BOND

We're missing a trick here. Whoever switched the 'Eye of The Glens' had to get close to do it -- someone inside the company itself.

Bond steps forward, eerily lit by the floor screen.

BOND

King's daughter has vowed to finish his work. That makes her a target. I made enquiries. She's gone straight back to the pipeline. The killer could be close to her even now --

M

(cutting in)

-- We'll be putting someone there.

And she turns. The lights come up.

BOND

With respect ma'am, that someone should be me.

She hesitates. This is something she feared he'd say.

M

I won't send you on that mission Bond.

BOND

I'm fit, just a few sore ribs.

M

It's not your fitness I doubt.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

It stops him in his tracks. M turns back, studies him, thinking. Bond waiting, flinty.

M

(to the others)

You have your missions. Moneyppenny will provide you with details.

The agents up and go. Tanner reads the situation brewing, leaves with Q.

And now they're alone.

M

Fires are burning, James, and I have to put them out. I've just heard we're to face a ministerial enquiry. I can't risk sending in an agent who has a personal agenda.

Beat. Then;

BOND

Nothing to do with your own personal feelings, perhaps?

M

You're referring to my friendship with King?

BOND

I'm referring to the kidnapping of his daughter, your advising him not to pay the ransom.

It hangs there.

M

That was four years ago. The girl came through it fine.

BOND

She might be dead if she hadn't managed to kill her captors. I can't quite believe you don't regret that it came to that.

A long beat. Bond knows he's gone too far, stares into the precipice... Finally:

(CONTINUED)

M

I stand by the advice I gave Sir Robert. Just as I have no doubt you want this mission because you feel guilt about King's death and have something primitive to prove to yourself.

BOND

Yes I want this mission. Yes I got her father killed. And yes, if there's one chance in ten that I can get to Renard through her, you have to give it to me.

A long beat. Eyes locked. He's never been more determined. She scrutinises him like he's never been scrutinised. Finally:

M

This pipeline is vital to the West. Any cock-ups, any sign your judgement is impaired -- we'll both be out of a job. Find Renard, extract the truth -- and extract his life.

BOND

Pleasure.

She starts walking. Bond keeps pace.

M

You'll be filling in for a PR consultant who's been 'taken ill'.

BOND

A spin doctor?

M

Specializing in crisis management. A man like you should be able to master the subject in about ... half an hour. Now, where's your medical report?

Bond hands it over, she peruses it swiftly.

M

(impressed)  
Endurance levels high... Another glowing testimonial Dr Greatrex has given you.

Bond tries to act the innocent. M looks at him hard.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (6) 24

M

007. Take this advice. Don't get involved with King's daughter. Shadows stay behind or in front. Never on top.

25 INT. VIDEO ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - NIGHT 25

An ancient nook chock full of video equipment. Bond studies a file. It's dominated by the kidnapping. Reports, photos: one depicts her savagely beaten holding a newspaper up, "£2,500,000" scrawled at the top of the photo.

Bond tosses other photos down: two kidnappers' bodies, crumpled in death.

Starts a video tape.

ON SCREEN:

a grainy image of Elektra, still badly bruised, being interviewed by police.

VOICE

...Now... the leader, the one who escaped. You say you never saw his face. Can you describe his voice?

ELEKTRA

(traumatized)

He shouted. He shouted all the time --

She breaks down. Bond freeze-frames on her tear-stained face. Stares at the image, unconsciously flexing his hand...

Suddenly -- the wall at his side slides back to reveal Q:

Q

007, there you are. I want you to familiarize yourself with a few items I've been working on...

He leads Bond out of the corner and into a much larger area:

Q'S LAB.

Q walks him through the laboratory.

Q

(hands Bond foil sachet)  
Infra-red contact lenses, disposable  
of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Q (CONT'D)

(hands Bond ring)

I'm particularly proud of this. It's  
~~the~~ DNA ring. Draw blood with it and a  
 circuit instantly breaks it down,  
 transmits the results to one of our  
 satellites and we can scan our database  
 in seconds for an identification.

He glances to the side as two men walk up to one another.

Q

Now here's something interesting.  
 Microchip in each man's shoe; when  
 they make contact, tiny electric pulses  
 pass data over the skin from one chip  
 to the other.

The men shake hands, remain in contact -- as the data is  
 being passed, static causes one man's hair to stand on end  
 and lower, then the other man's...

BOND

Bit obvious isn't it, Q?

Q

(irritated, hands him  
 the classic watch)

It's not perfected yet.

(beat)

New refinement. Twisting the bezel  
 arms it. Move your wrist, so, and it  
 emits an odourless knock-out gas. For  
 goodness' sake, remember to hold your  
 breath.

Then he hands him his gun.

Q

Walther PPK. If the bullets don't get  
 them, this might.

He presses a concealed button. A blade shoots out of the  
 barrel.

Q hands it over. Bond presses the button and the blade shoots  
 back in. Presses it again, studies the blade.

BOND

Should keep me a cut above the rest.

(holsters it)

What about transportation?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Q  
Have I ever let you down, 007?

26 EXT. THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

26

A hot day.- CAMERA soars over tall trees. We can just make out a sleek muscular car, beetle-black and far below, bouncing over rough terrain. Bond in his new BMW Z7.

We join Bond at the wheel, skillfully maneuvering his way up extreme inclines, smashing through overhanging branches --

Finally, he reaches a CONSTRUCTION SITE, pulls up at the dramatic sight of a combined BRIDGE/OIL PIPE strung across a deep ravine; a spectacular feat of engineering. The site teems with ultra-modern robotic construction machines and vehicles.

And now an even more striking image -- HELICOPTERS trailing GIANT SAWS are trimming back trees; other trees are being felled; huge metal sheets are laid out -- it's an incredibly fast and well-oiled operation which we gradually realize is in aid of a landing strip for the PRIVATE JET which we can now see flying in...

It lands, taxiing to a halt near Bond's jeep. Stairs swing down and out steps ELEKTRA KING. This is our first good look at her. So different from the beaten kidnapping victim we saw on the video. She's beautiful, elegant and imperious, a commanding presence in this world of men. She surveys the worksite with an expert glance. Right on cue, a helicopter swoops in and drops down an air-conditioned office. She walks to it, steps inside, FOREMAN and PROJECT ENGINEERS behind her. And a HUGE BODYGUARD.

Impressed by the whole event, Bond is following them in when the BODYGUARD turns back. Eyes him.

BOND  
(observing his bulk)  
Don't worry, it's not a random drugs  
test. Miss King is expecting me.

Hands an ID card. As the BODYGUARD peruses, Bond notices an ear-ring. The Bodyguard shifts his bulk aside.

27 INT. OFFICE, CONSTRUCTION CAMP - CONTINUOUS

27

Bond moves into a fully functioning office. Everything Elektra requires is here. Computer, phones, even a drinks cabinet. She has a cultured, slightly brittle English way:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ELEKTRA

(to Foreman, testy)

...They should have been in place two days ago. That is the target my father set? What's going on?

FOREMAN

(awkward)

We're a little behind. The men didn't work on the day of the funeral...

It catches her unawares. A tear wells suddenly in her eye. She masters the emotion, softens: Bond is almost embarrassed to witness this moment of fragility.

ELEKTRA

Of course. My father would be touched...

(smiles)

... and bloody irritated. Let's get back on track.

She signs several documents and the men file out -- leaving her eyeing Bond.

ELEKTRA

Elektra King.

A pointed glance at her watch:

ELEKTRA

You're the spy from the consortium, Mister -- ?

BOND

Somerset. David Somerset. They hired me, yes. Don't know about the spy part...

ELEKTRA

There's no point in playing games, we both know why you're here. They're nervous about me taking charge.

BOND

Needlessly, of course.

Said with such a charming smile. She eyes him anew, warms:

ELEKTRA

Naturally.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: (2)

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

(beat)

So, Mister Somerset. Shoot from the hip.

BOND

I'd like to get a feel for you, your style. How best to introduce you to the public after what's happened...

ELEKTRA

-- Taken care of. I've decided to speak at the Oil Producers' Association tonight. You can mark me on my performance.

(beat, warmer)

I'm sorry, but I'm scrambling around trying to keep track of all the things my father set in motion. I just can't give you much time.

She notices Bond glance at a portrait hanging behind her desk -- a bearded man in traditional Turkish garb.

ELEKTRA

My mother's grandfather discovered oil here ninety years ago. The Bolsheviks slaughtered him and his people for it.

(beat)

Some say oil is in my family's blood. I say our blood is in the oil.

BOND

More than ever, with your father's death.

She eyes him anew, unblinking:

ELEKTRA

No doubt you'll be able to put a positive spin on that.

He holds her gaze. The moment is broken by the FOREMAN returning:

FOREMAN

We have a problem at Camp Ruan. They're not letting us through.

ELEKTRA

You see what I mean, Mister Somerset? Never a dull moment --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

And she pulls out her cell phone, strides purposefully out of the office...

28 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CAMP - CONTINUOUS

28

Bond steps out, scanning the workers' faces. Who on the inside switched the pin? Where is Renard?

Elektra finishes her call, commandeers a jeep, fires the engine. The Bodyguard moves to get in beside her.

ELEKTRA

(to Bodyguard)

No Gabor. Mister Somerset wants to see how we do things...

Unhappy, Gabor stands back. Bond smiles at him as he takes his place.

29 EXT. JEEP, TRAVELING - DAY

29

As they travel beside the vast pipe through dramatic scenery, the blue of the Caspian Sea sparkles in the distance.

ELEKTRA

I've had Gabor since I was kidnapped. I'm sure you know the story. About me escaping and so forth.

He nods, studies her. So matter-of-fact about such a terrible episode in her life. A gutsy girl putting on a brave face, facing a huge challenge and determined not to let self-doubt creep in.

ELEKTRA

He's very protective, but he does have his uses. Helps me choose what to wear. He's very good on colour for a bodyguard.

BOND

How novel.

And now they pass an area where FLAMES carpet the bare soil:

ELEKTRA

Natural gas. It's been burning since before mankind. They call it the Devil's Breath.

(beat, at ease)

This is where my heart is. Heart of the planet, too. When the other oil

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
 fields have all dried up, she'll still  
 be pumping her lifeblood to the world.  
 And this  
 (proudly, of pipeline)  
 will be one of the main arteries...

Bond is fascinated by her passion. The greenery yielding  
 now to snow, they keep on up...

30 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CAMP, CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

30

They finally reach a break in the pipe: the construction  
 camp. Deep in snow. Beside a huge icy chasm.

A SURVEY CREW sit outside their HUT, waiting for the situation  
 to be sorted out.

A large group of tribesmen look over at her, jabbering loudly.  
 One breaks free of them, shouting at her. Aggressive.

Bond is concerned for her safety as she moves into their  
 midst. But he needn't have worried. She begins to speak  
 quietly, calmly to them -- in their own tongue. It's like a  
 miracle. After a few sentences, their anger has dissipated.

The situation has been calmed.

CUT TO:

HI-TECH RIFLE SIGHT VIEW:

The target moves over Elektra, then hovers over Bond as he  
 passes in front. It's tense. Unawares, Bond and Elektra  
 move out of sight, behind a tree.

BACK TO:

BOND --

edgy. He scans the perimeter of the secure area, instincts  
 at work. Someone is out there. He's sure of it. Elektra  
 moves back to him.

BOND  
 They seem to like you.

ELEKTRA  
 (playful)  
 When I want to be liked... I work hard  
 at it.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

I can imagine.

Elektra is enjoying the scenery. She moves to the edge of the chasm. Chilling Bond's blood, she leans into the wind -- it's all that stops her from falling.

BOND

What are you doing--?

Bond reaches out to pull her back but she shifts way. Right on the edge. Fearless. Loving the wind in her hair...

ELEKTRA

Throw caution to the wind and your fate will find you. It's all a life is for.

Bond holds out his hand. A beat --

ELEKTRA

I don't need help.

His hand remains there -- and then she takes it, lets him guide her back to safer ground.

BOND

There's living on the edge...

ELEKTRA

I hope I didn't scare you.

(beat)

My father taught me one good lesson. Everything or nothing.

BOND

You nearly got a lot of nothing.

And Bond, beguiled, watches as she moves to the hut, selects some skis. One of the survey team moves toward them, the wind whipping up the powdery snow:

WORKER

Miss King, there's a storm coming in. Danger of avalanches.

ELEKTRA

Nonsense. I need to see the route.

(to Bond)

I'm very hands-on. Perhaps a bit too much for you?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

And with a smile she starts off -- following a line of SURVEY FLAGS.

Bond quickly dons some skis and starts after her. Already she is quite a way ahead. True to form, her skiing is fearless. Bond smiles. He loves a challenge...

31 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

31

Tiny, vulnerable figures in a vast expanse of white, Bond and Elektra follow the line of flags.

ELEKTRA

smiles as she speeds along, daring Bond to take the more dangerous line to overtake her. Of course, he does...

He turns back with a grin -- but his smile vanishes as he sees FOUR HYDROCOPTERS STORMING OVER THE REAR HORIZON (incredible vehicles that skate across snow, water and rocks).

A rifle is fired, Bond dives for Elektra, brings her down. A bullet punches into the snow beside them. Bond pulls her back up, swings her in front of him and they set off down a steep embankment, the hydrocopters in pursuit...

Elektra and Bond ski a treacherous path, their skis slashing through the virgin snow. But they can't shake off the would-be assassins...

And they're rapidly running out of snow, speeding toward the edge of what looks like a cliff...

Jamming their skis into the snow, they broadside to a stop, right on the edge, look down at a steep BARE FACE OF ROCK.

A glance behind: the hydrocopters bearing down on them...

No choice. At Bond's urging, they launch onto the granite, skiing down the almost suicidal incline.

Close to the bottom, Bond turns to look -- to see the hydrocopters aren't stopping, they're coming down too. His eyes widen as one catches a jutting rock, flips over, plummets down the rockface.

Bond pushes Elektra into a hollow as the twisting steel hulk hurtles over them, EXPLODING at the foot of the rock. He recognizes a flush of exhilaration in Elektra's firelit cheeks:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BOND  
 (pulling her up)  
 Good to see you're not taking this  
 personally.

And the two of them ski down either side of the burning wreckage, onto snow again...

BEHIND --

the other hydrocopters make it down safely, bursting through the flames -- in hot pursuit, literally...

BOND AND ELEKTRA

snake through huge boulders standing high out of the snow.

THE MEN IN THE HYDROCOPTERS

wind after them, firing, bullets sparking off the stone.

They lose sight of them, slow their machines... Suddenly Bond appears above them on a boulder:

ANGLE

Bond DIVES onto a hydrocopter, struggles with the DRIVER and his SIDEKICK -- the accelerator jams, the machine shoots forward...

Bond shoots the sidekick, but the driver is strong, fending away the gun barrel.

They struggle as the hydrocopter careens out of control, RICOCHETS from one boulder to another -- their heads so close to being smashed on the rocks. A hard slam now, the whole machine turns on its side, tosses Bond and the driver clear: Bond lands in the soft snow of an ice bridge. A huge drop beneath.

A few yards away the machine skids to a halt, its huge rear fan spinning, housing ripped off. Engine still in gear.

The driver has landed nearby, gets to his feet. Now we notice he carries a long WHIP on his belt.

Bond is half-buried in the snow, only head and chest free. He's struggling to get out when he sees the driver coming this way, pulling the whip from his belt...

Bond is trapped.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

The driver closes, grins as he lets fly with the whip -- just misses, SLAPPING the snow hard. Again. Closer.

He steps nearer, lashing out again as PUP PUP -- the snow around Bond erupts in tiny muted explosions.

The driver falls back dead, chest riddled with bullets. Bond calmly pulls his hand out of the snow. He still had his hand gripped around his gun.

But now he realizes the noise and recoil has disturbed the snow he's in. He looks around, the ice bridge is collapsing and the drop below is phenomenal.

He shoots a look twenty yards away -- another hydrocopter pulling up by Elektra. She's cornered.

ANGLE ON BOND

the snow shifting... the ice bridge collapsing, he's going to fall, and a hell of a long way.

ANGLE ON THE HENCHMEN

as they watch on. They don't need to do anything. The bridge is crumbling. Bond is going to die...

BOND

tense, looks about desperately, claws the long whip toward him...

But it's too late. The snow and ice break up -- as he slips away, one last superhuman effort -- he lashes out with the whip -- toward the still rotating FAN of the stricken craft...

And then he's fallen, out of view...

CLOSE ON THE FAN

as the WHIP catches in its blades, is drawn in...

BOND, FALLING THROUGH THE AIR

clings to the whip and is caught mid-drop.

THE FAN

SPUTTERING, smoking and shuddering, but continues to spin, drawing the whip in -- and pulling Bond back from certain death.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

BOND

appears again, dragged up over the snowy edge by the whip, pulled across the ice toward the fan. He quickly takes in the henchmen by Elektra. They react, amazed to see him again, raise their rifles -- but Bond is faster -- aims his pistol, blasting them as he slides.

He lets go of the whip as it is gobbled up by the fan, which now shatters and EXPLODES.

Getting to his feet, he moves to Elektra.

ANGLE -- DISTANT

on the driver of the only surviving hydrocopter, watching from afar. The man is Algerian, but with piercing BLUE EYES. He sees Bond over a body, pulling off the goggles, rifling the pockets.

He decides he can't take this man on his own. Turns his vehicle around...

ANGLE ON BOND

No ID on the body, no clues. He looks up at Elektra.

BOND

Anyone you know?

She shakes her head. He shows her the dead man's gun.

BOND

Russian. They must have been working for the man who killed your father. Better get back to safety.

ELEKTRA

You're British Intelligence, sent by my father's friend, M?

Bond looks up.

BOND

We thought you might be next.

She's shaking, adrenalised. He moves to her puts his hands on her shoulders. She stares at him, a manic light in her eyes. Pulls him to her. They embrace. Exhilarated by their escape. The carnage all around them.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

ELEKTRA  
 (whispered)  
 David -?

BOND  
 (shakes head)  
 The name's Bond, James Bond.

A great shudder of release, a basic, animal energy of survival coursing through their death-shocked mechanisms. They stare into each other's eyes. It becomes a moment. That dry-mouthed sexual moment before a kiss...

...but they don't.

32 EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

32

A HAWK soars through the sky.

BLUE EYES is nervous as he approaches the back of a large man watching the hawk. We're on a hillside. Lush, green.

The hawk swoops down, lands on the man's ungloved hand. The talons dig into his flesh, drawing blood. He doesn't even flinch. Surveys the damage almost academically.

This is Renard. A faint discolouration to his forehead, where plastic skin conceals a metal plate.

RENARD  
 Well?

Blue Eyes shakes his head.

Renard nods, knowingly. Then whispers instructions to the hawk.

Blue eyes twitches, eyes widening in horror as the hawk leaps at him... His SCREAMS mix through to --

33 INT. GRAND ROOM, BAKU - NIGHT

33

A POLITE RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE.

A large ornate function room. Big tables, a rich exclusive gathering. We could be in any of the world's best hotels.

A discrete banner declares: CASPIAN OIL PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION

Elektra is at a podium, addressing the diners -- a high-powered selection of leaders and dignitaries from the region.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Bond walks the fringes: like a hawk, he watches the others watching her... Gabor listens to Elektra, enraptured.

ELEKTRA

...Blood is running hot and the reason is simple: money's in the air. In the sea, to be more precise.

(beat)

Well let me assure you. No matter how hot the blood -- a cool head is going to steer us through.

She looks to a table inhabited by a mixture of Russian and Chinese businessmen.

ELEKTRA

In the fullness of time, all of us shall benefit from the wall of money that is on its way...

Bond surveys the room -- and spies someone on the fringes. His old adversary, ex-KGB, VALENTIN ZUKOVSKY, surrounded by heavies. Zukovsky looks across. Their eyes meet.

Zukovsky limps around to greet him, wary.

ELEKTRA

Let not the roughest terrain impede our progress. Let not the sea of corruption swallow our work. Terrorists and gangsters will not stop my pipeline. We've already seen Stalin push the Rothchilds and others, my family included, from the Caspian...

ANGLE ON BOND AND ZUKOVSKY:

ZUKOVSKY

Well, well, well. If it isn't BondJamesBond.

BOND

Valentin Zukovsky. Don't they have a door policy here?

ZUKOVSKY

You suggest I fire the doormen because they didn't throw me out?

Bond is mildly impressed.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

BOND

I should have known it was yours from  
the ... decor.

He's referring to the smattering of tartily-dressed women  
around the room. Zukovsky takes it as a compliment.

They watch Elektra:

ELEKTRA

...And then Hitler decided he wanted a  
piece of the cake. We will not let a  
tyrant gain control of what is  
rightfully ours. The... black gold.

A silver cup is brought to her. She dips her fingers into  
the cup -- and runs them across her cheek, smearing OIL.

ZUKOVSKY (O.S.)

Hell of a woman.

Her audience break into RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, and part to allow  
a cake depicting Baku and the Caspian to be wheeled forward.

ELEKTRA

Cut the cake. Enjoy.

As she is surrounded by dignitaries,

BOND AND ZUKOVSKY

continue to spar.

ZUKOVSKY

So what brings you to Baku? Oh, let  
me get you something.

A GIRL is passing, apparently a prostitute because Zukovsky  
puts a hand around her shoulder, draws her to him:

ZUKOVSKY

(to Bond)

This is 'Martini'. How would you like  
her?

He laughs at his own joke. Bond feigns a smile.

ZUKOVSKY

(indicating tables)

You're here to try your luck?

Bond shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

ZUKOVSKY

Then you're here to try my patience.

BOND

Patience isn't my game.

ZUKOVSKY

Why am I suddenly worrying I'm not carrying enough insurance on this place...

BOND

(pleasant)

I wouldn't want to upset a nasty little rat's nest like this.

Bond subtly indicates various characters around the room. The place is reminiscent of a modern day Casablanca:

BOND

GRU, Mossad, Chinese intelligence, BND, Japanese. Just about every intelligence agency has someone here.

ZUKOVSKY

To them it's the greatest game since they carved up Africa.

(summons waiter)

Have some of the special rat's nest caviar. From my own fishery, you know.

(intense)

I win, no matter which players prevail. They buy my caviar. They drink my champagne. What they lose on my tables, I use to buy up their shares. I cannot lose.

BOND

Careful, you're drooling.

ZUKOVSKY

With good cause, my friend. Why not join me, Bond? Partners at last. The cold war is over, the world is our lobster, as they say. What have you left now? Economic espionage. Murder in the boardroom. Dull dull dull.

Elektra is emerging from the crowd.

BOND

You'd be surprised.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

A disturbance at a nearby table. A red-faced man is led away from the table by a couple of security men. Another heavy comes and speaks quietly in Zukovsky's ear:

ZUKOVSKY

(to Bond)

Ha, poor fellow just lost an oil rig on the poker table. There'll be some champagne flowing, I suspect --

He trails off, gazing at Elektra. She hasn't seen Bond, is heading for the door.

ZUKOVSKY

(to Bond)

Excuse me, another player in the game of life.

Elektra scans the room for Bond. Sees him, a smile illuminates her eyes. And then Zukovsky is before her:

ZUKOVSKY

Not leaving, Miss King? We've kept your father's chair free for you...

She looks to Bond -- shrugs nonchalantly.

ELEKTRA

And his account?

ZUKOVSKY

You have a credit line of a million and a half.

ELEKTRA

Why not? It's been an interesting evening. James?

Zukovsky turns, surprised they know each other.

Bond smiles at Zukovsky as they move away. She whispers to Bond:

ELEKTRA

(low)

I'm quite ... afire.

He hands her a napkin to wipe away the oil.

BOND

Well I think you just burnt away the clouds of doubt.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (5)

33

They pass the tables marked 'MINIMUM \$20', then \$50, \$100, \$500,... Zukovsky trails.

Bond's eyes land on the Russo/Chinese consortium at one table. One man dominates -- long grey hair, tinted spectacles, moustache, big cigar.

BOND

Who does the moustache belong to?

ELEKTRA

Varian Tripp. Half-Chinese, half-Russian. He and my father observed a courteous ... hatred of each other for years. But there are half a dozen people here who'd gain from destroying the pipeline.

BOND

Oil really can be a filthy business.

They pass \$1000, \$5000; settle at the last table: MINIMUM STAKE \$10,000.

She takes her seat at the table. Bond stands at her shoulder.

ELEKTRA

Do you play vingt-et-un, James?

BOND

A little. Not my speciality.

A large tray of chips appears before her:

ELEKTRA

Nor mine.

Bond catches a look between the Dealer and Zukovsky:

DEALER

The House has no limit.

Elektra pushes forward quite a few chips. The other gamblers are more circumspect. The Dealer deals from the shoe.

BOND

(low)

I understand it's normally good practice to get the feel of the cards before going off the deep end.

She look up at him.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (6)

33

ELEKTRA

Really?

And with a smile she turns over Ace-King Spades.

ELEKTRA

Vingt-et-un.

The Dealer, whose face-up card is a nine, pushes Elektra's chips back, together with one and half times the same amount.

As the rest of the hands are played out, Elektra turns to Bond with a glint in her eye, coming on to him:

ELEKTRA

I like the deep end, James.

No mistaking the sexual undercurrent. He can only smile back.

Another deal. This time, Elektra stakes even more.

She shows Bond her cards. Seventeen. Bond looks to the Dealer, showing a five.

BOND

(to Elektra)

Stand.

ELEKTRA

Not tonight.

She nods to the Dealer, who gives her an eight.

Disgusted, Elektra reveals her cards.

DEALER

(raking in chips)

Bust.

Now he turns over his other card. A king. Draws -- a seven.

DEALER

Dealer is bust, pays all.

ELEKTRA

(to Bond)

You're not one of those tiresome people who are always right, are you?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (7)

33

BOND

Just experience. One learns to ride  
the ups and downs.

ELEKTRA

(predatory)  
Perhaps you can teach me.

BOND

My advice is to stop playing.

ELEKTRA

And do what? Learn another game?

Very intense. They both know what's happening here. She eyes him a long while -- sex firmly in the air. She smiles. They're going to fuck. That's decided. Now it's the build-up...

ELEKTRA

One more hand. I'm not licked yet.

And she moves the REMAINDER of her chips forward. General kerfuffle. Bond watches, feeling somehow responsible for the situation.

The cards are dealt in silence. Bond looks around the room. Most people are looking this way. Not Zukovsky. He's not far off, but is conspicuously NOT watching the unfolding drama. Gives Bond pause to think. But not for long. Elektra is holding two eights. The Dealer's up-card is a six.

BOND

(beat)  
Stand or split them.

ELEKTRA

Surely you believe in living  
dangerously?

She smiles.

ELEKTRA

(to Dealer)  
Hit me.

She eyes Bond. The Dealer scoops a card from the shoe. Tension. Everyone holds their breath. All eyes are on it ...as he turns over...

-- a six. Bust. The audience inhale as one.

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED: (8)

33

Elektra stands, eyeing Bond a little coolly. Finally smiles. She doesn't care.

ELEKTRA

Now I know. I should follow your instruction in all fields...

Smiling, he puts an arm to her back and guides her through the crowd that's gathered around the table. As they step into the night air, he catches sight of Zukovsky -- watching seriously.

34 EXT. CASINO NOIR D'OR, BAKU - CONTINUOUS

34

Outdoors, we're met with an amazing sight: the Caspian stretches before us, dominated by miles and miles of raised walkways and platforms pumping oil from below. A decaying legacy of the Soviet years -- bordered at the shore the glittering lights of modern fancy buildings illuminating Mercedes and Porsches; the whole thing a bizarre cousin of the French Riviera...

Bond watches Varian Tripp & Co stepping into a waiting limousine, replete with motorcycle outriders.

35 EXT. LAUNCH, ARRIVING AT 'ELEKTRA' - NIGHT

3

Bond looks up at the sleek yacht they're approaching, the name 'Elektra' emblazoned across her bows.

Elektra climbs the ladder, turns to greet him:

ELEKTRA

Come aboard, James.

36 INT. BEDROOM, 'ELEKTRA' - NIGHT

36

As Bond and Elektra hit the bed, Bond slides his pistol under the pillow, hears a CLINK: he looks under it -- she has a gun there already. As they kiss:

BOND

(deadpan)

Mine's fully loaded.

ELEKTRA

(sensual, deadpan)

On safety I hope. Wouldn't want it to go off suddenly...

She smiles, makes a show of taking her gun out, slipping it in a bedside drawer.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ELEKTRA

Won't be needing it... now I have you...

And she pulls him down and envelops him... Her finger reaches out and presses a button. The roof silently slides open onto an incredible star-lit sky.

37 INT. BEDROOM, 'ELEKTRA' - LATER

37

Post-sex on the bed.

He traces a hand down her naked back. The sweat glistens off the curve of her spine.

ELEKTRA

(looking up at stars)

I wonder if there's oil on other planets?

He look at her, laughs.

BOND

Orbis non sufficit. For some of us the world is not enough.

She smiles up at him -- quickly realizes he's distracted by something. He fingers one of several small SCARS on her neck.

BOND

These are from when you were kidnapped?  
(holds her gaze, beat)  
You did well to escape...

ELEKTRA

I was on my own. I always seem to be.

He kisses her.

BOND

Not now.

ELEKTRA

(guarded)

We made love. That's all.

She turns away. Bond won't be put off.

BOND

Extreme danger like that, it's something we've both experienced...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ELEKTRA

(shrugs)

You've read my file.

BOND

Doesn't mean a thing. It's not you.

She's awkward, reluctant. He probes.

BOND

So... you were a rich unhappy brat.

Her shoulders tense at this bluntness -- then relax a little. She turns with a smile.

ELEKTRA

Perhaps you think I haven't changed much.

BOND

Get close enough to death, it changes you all right...

She nods, studying him. Perhaps a man who understands her?

ELEKTRA

I wasn't afraid, I was angry -- at not being in control. I found out if you don't fear death -- you can do anything.

BOND

(wry)

I did notice.

ELEKTRA

(digging deep)

I used my body on the guards. I got to a gun and I took my chance. Somehow my father refusing to pay made my will stronger. Perhaps that was his idea.

(beat)

He wanted to control me too. Gave me a small division of the company to run -- tolerating his changed wayward daughter. He was shocked at how I've thrived.

(beat)

If only I could have forgiven him while he was alive.

She turns to Bond. Fingers his bruised ribs... He flinches.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

ELEKTRA

You've got scars of your own.

Bond eyes her seriously. Crunch time. Takes the plunge:

BOND

Elektra...

She looks up at him, recognizing his sudden edginess:

BOND

The money that killed your father...

He hesitates. It hangs in the air...

BOND

It's the same amount as the ransom he didn't pay. Four point two million dollars, two and a half million sterling at the exchange rate of the time.

ELEKTRA

What are you saying? I don't understand.

BOND

I think the man who killed your father is the same man who kidnapped you. Using cash, the exact amount -- it's some kind of twisted poetic revenge.

She's sitting up now, staring at him.

ELEKTRA

(numb)

Is that what MI-6 think? You've been keeping this from me? My God--

BOND

(shakes head)

It just came to me.

She stares at him, trying to take it in.

ELEKTRA

I don't know what it all means.

(shaking head)

If you're trying to scare me, to control me...

BOND

You have to trust me.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

ELEKTRA

It seems I don't have a lot of choice.  
(beat)  
I don't know... Tell me if you think  
this is connected --

She moves to a cubist sculpture in bronze. Moves one of the blocks and a section of wall extends, presenting a SAFE. She spins the dial and the door opens.

She rifles inside, brings over a document:

ELEKTRA

When I went over my father's papers, I found this... I don't know how the company got involved, but suddenly we're providing equipment to move nuclear warheads for the Chechnyans. Maybe it's something to do with my father being killed?  
(beat)  
It's happening tomorrow. I didn't know who to turn to...

Bond has taken the documents, looks through them.

ELEKTRA

(thinks)  
We should go there. I can get us passes to observe --

BOND

(cutting in)  
One pass.

She moves to the safe, comes back with two electronic tags.

ELEKTRA

I think we should do this together.  
It's not far, a two hour drive...

BOND

(shakes head)  
Too dangerous. You're too important.

She holds his gaze.

BOND

And not just to the world.  
(beat)  
You're in my hands now.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

And he sinks onto the bed with her...

BOND

For the moment... this is all we should  
do together.

They begin to make love again...

38 EXT. TEST FACILITY - CHECHNYA - DAY

38

Cotton fields. Sun high in the sky, beating down. Dominating  
the landscape, a massive rock, three hundred feet high.

Trailing through the fields, a plume of dust and cotton thrown  
up by a fast-moving blip on the horizon.

CLOSE ON BOND

in his BMW Z7.

INSIDE CAR:

he hurtles across the rough track, heading straight for the  
rock ahead. But there's nothing there. He consults a map  
on the passenger seat, which clearly indicates buildings  
near the rock.

And as he nears, things slowly change and become clear;  
extending from the rock, a series of vast, subtly-camouflaged  
WEBS, allowing a winding route through to a huddle of low  
buildings that are completely hidden from the naked eye.

As Bond passes

UNDER THE WEBBING

he sees three large trucks marked KING INDUSTRIES, several  
Chechnyan army personal carriers, soldiers dotted around,  
scientific personnel quietly going about their business -- a  
kind of hi-tech wagon train.

Two soldiers immediately approach Bond's car, rifles trained.

Bond lowers the window and smiles that winning smile.

BOND

(showing tag)  
King Industries.

39 INT. TEST FACILITY, CHECHNYA - MOMENTS LATER 39

(CHRISTMAS JONES') POV:

the sound of breathing LOUD, we're looking from inside the visor of a protective suit. It's hard to tell what's going on, but our hands are spraying a kind of silvery steam over a corroding WARHEAD...

40 EXT. TEST FACILITY, CHECHNYA - MOMENTS LATER 40

Using a remote-controlled lifting robot, Chechnyan soldiers are maneuvering a WARHEAD into a carbon black container on the back of one of the trucks.

Bond watches from twenty feet, held back by the Chechnyan commanding officer. Everything we can see is mottled by the weird effect of the overarching webbing.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

No closer. Until the devices are loaded, they are the responsibility of the Chechnyan army.

BOND

So all the personnel inside are yours?

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

Apart from your scientists. And the French expert.

Suddenly the door of one of the buildings opens and out steps a figure in a white PROTECTIVE SUIT. Moving fast, off comes the helmet to reveal a BEAUTIFUL FRENCH POLYNESIAN GIRL. CHRISTMAS JONES is mid-twenties, shortish hair, hot right now. In one movement she unzips and steps out of the suit, revealing a khaki sports bra, similar shorts, heavy duty boots. Deep tan, incredible figure. Totally unselfconscious.

She grabs a bottle of water, guzzles. Runs a finger through her hair. To nearby soldiers:

CHRISTMAS

(French accent)

It's safe now. You can move it.

The soldiers look to Colonel Akakievich. He nods and they steer the lifting robot into the building.

Bond is admiring Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BOND  
(to Akakievich)  
The French expert?

Akakievich nods bitterly, also unable to take his eyes off her. He spits on the floor.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH  
Not interested in men. Take it from me.

Bond shoots him a look. Akakievich isn't exactly what you'd call a looker. Bond offers a disappointed tut.

Christmas moves to the trucks and starts checking status screens on the sides of the containers. Bond soon appears at her side.

She turns to him, looks him up and down.

BOND  
The name's Bond.  
(flashing tag)  
King Industries.

CHRISTMAS  
(returning to screens)  
Your equipment is very impressive.

Naturally, Bond restrains himself:

BOND  
And you are --?

CHRISTMAS  
Christmas Jones.

She continues to punch buttons and check readings.

BOND  
I can see you've done this before.

CHRISTMAS  
I've decommissioned three sites in the last ten months.

BOND  
Good. And everything here is as normal?

CHRISTMAS  
Apart from this interruption, yes.  
Just a shame we have to use civilian  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHRISTMAS (CONT'D)  
cover because of all the stupid  
politics.

She closes the last panel and turns to him.

CHRISTMAS  
There. Six are loaded. I knew your  
people would take longer with the bomb  
in the test chamber. Monsieur Macho  
insisted they bring it up.

BOND  
Macho?

CHRISTMAS  
Your chief scientist.

BOND  
What's a bomb doing down there? The  
Soviets signed the non-test agreement  
ten years ago.

CHRISTMAS  
(shrugs)  
They were about to set it off when the  
treaty was signed. It stayed down.

Bond takes the clipboard she's just put down. He flips the  
top sheets over until he finds a SCHEMATIC of the underground  
test chamber, a warren of passages and shafts. He looks at  
the protective suit Elektra stepped out of.

BOND  
Will I need one of those?

CHRISTMAS  
(shakes head)  
That protects against a sealant I used  
on a leaking bomb. Uranium is quite  
safe until it achieves critical mass.

BOND  
I'll see if I can scare up a little  
urgency...

And he starts off.

41 INT. TEST CHAMBER ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - LATER

41

An industrial cage elevator lowers, creaks to a halt. Dead  
silence in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Bond's in his element, pistol drawn, that alert glint in his eye as he takes in his surroundings.

Quietly, he slides open the elevator door.

By the dim light, he can make out cobwebs, steel equipment at the end of a corridor. An atmosphere of decay. A place frozen in time.

42 INT. TEST CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

42

The test chamber centres on a red pit in the concrete floor. Arrayed all around, cobweb-draped scientific measuring equipment. Bond edges forward in the shadows. Men are silently maneuvering a lifting ROBOT carrying THE WARHEAD.

Bond watches it near a ventilation hatch where a chain is attached. They're planning on secretly dragging the warhead to the surface through the shaft.

Hearing a noise behind, he turns --

-- and takes an horrifically hard punch to the ribs. He sprawls back, his pistol skitters across the floor.

RENARD walks into the light. His face menacing.

RENARD

Just the man I wanted to see.

Two henchmen train guns on Bond. Confident, Renard wrenches open a metal strongbox with his bare hands, takes out a complicated TIMER, hands it to a cohort (who happens to be BLUE EYES, now with an eyepatch: namechange to BLUE EYE).

RENARD

(to Blue Eye)

Keep an eye on that.

Renard picks up Bond's pistol.

RENARD

This really is a gun, no stun grenade lurking?

He pulls the clip, pockets it, tosses the gun down.

BOND

So you're the great fox. Hardly worth the hunt.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Surreptitiously, he twists his watch bezel off 'safety'. Just as two men come from behind and grab him by the arms.

RENARD

Oh it will be worth it.

And he moves his hand down Bond's ribcage, looking for the sweet spot. Bond winces slightly as Renard finds what he's looking for -- and digs in another punch.

RENARD

Ribs a little... tender?

BOND

(recovering)

What are you up to? That bullet in your brain must have done more damage than we thought.

RENARD

(shrugs)

I am the heartless killer, I am the widowmaker?

(shakes head)

...I am a visionary. When I die I shall leave a great big hole in the world -- and the West will topple in. I'm putting the world to rights -- is that such a great crime?

Bond sees the shaft being closed, the warhead has gone.

BOND

Your great crime is living.

Antagonized, Renard butts Bond hard in the head.

Now absently fingers a trickle of blood that is running down his forehead, where the plastic skin has grazed to expose the bare metal of a plate.

RENARD

You did well protecting the girl. The joke is, my incompetents were actually after you.

(beat)

Your flesh will burn away, your bones will char. When your molars identify you, MI-6 will be blamed for this fiasco.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

Ever so subtly, Bond twists his left wrist in the way ordained by Q. Holds his breath. Soon, the man to his left is coughing. Then the other man.

And as Renard realizes something is up, Bond explodes into action, pulling one of the men back with him, a human shield.

RENARD

(to men)

Kill them!

They open fire, killing the choking man. But Bond has ducked down

A CORRIDOR,

into a niche -- with the dead man's pistol.

Three henchmen come toward him, firing continuously at head and torso height, stone splintering, not giving him the chance to fire one shot.

They're getting closer...

CLOSE ON BOND'S GUN

appearing at ground level. Fires off a round.

ANGLE

One of the henchmen has the toe of his boot blown away, and presumably his toes. He hops, falls into one of the other men.

BOND FIRES AGAIN,

Takes the elbow of another henchmen. He drops his gun, falls down in agony.

THE LAST HENCHMAN

keeps on coming, raining bullets up and down the wall, not giving Bond another chance for a precision shot. We're with him as he turns into the niche, firing at...

...nothing but wall. Where's he gone? Looks up -- at Bond, wedged up high. Bond lets him have one through the temple, then drops down.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

RENARD

in the test chamber itself. He machine-guns a couple of barrels of rocket fuel, starting a FIRE.

The fuel from one barrel does not spill out very fast. He moves to it, calmly puts his finger into the bullet hole, tears the metal back as if it's paper. The pours out, quickly catches alight...

The line of fire is moving toward a mass of barrels stacked against the wall.

We move with Renard to the elevator.

RENARD

(into walkie-talkie)

Do we have our fireworks?

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DESERT NEAR TEST SITE - CONTINUOUS

43

A few vehicles hidden amongst some tumbleweed, near the concrete head of the ventilation shaft. Out of sight of the main nuclear test centre.

The warhead being winched into the back of a truck.

HENCHMAN

(into walkie-talkie)

No problem.

44 INT. TEST CHAMBER PASSAGENAYS - CONTINUOUS

44

Renard moves fast to a panel on the wall. Starts pressing buttons.

HUGE BLAST DOORS

start shutting: a thick metal iris fans inward.

RENARD

and what men are left, calmly get in an elevator...

THE FIRE TRAIL

is closing on the barrels...

45 EXT. TEST FACILITY, CHECHNYA - CONTINUOUS 45

A SIREN starts wailing, startling Christmas. She runs to the control building.

46 INT. TEST CHAMBER/PASSAGEWAYS - CONTINUOUS 46

The SIREN LOUD down here. Bond can see the fire trail as he runs, picks up his clip-less gun. Nothing more he can do. Just got to get out.

Sees the blast doors shearing shut. Is about to move --

When the man missing the toes is suddenly on him, strangling him. Bond flicks a button on his newly recovered gun. A blade shoots out of the barrel, turns it into a small bayonet. He rams it back into the man's side.

Shoots a look back at the fire, the closing doors...

Thinking fast, he leaps on the lifting robot hits a couple of buttons, rides the jerking machine towards the closing iris...

The iris CREAKS, the hole getting smaller...

...As the robot slams into the hole, jamming it open. Bond leaps off. The hole is just big enough for him to squeeze through...

He falls out onto

THE OTHER SIDE.

Looks back. With the door slightly open there's no protection from the blast.

Bond spins, sees the elevator, runs, slips

INSIDE

Jabs the button. No time left. The doors close. Painfully slow...

47 INT. CONTROL ROOM, TEST FACILITY - CONTINUOUS 47

A console has lit up. Lights flashing all around Christmas. She looks at them, trying to fathom what to do.

TECHNICIAN

(disbelief)

This is madness...

- 48 INT. TEST CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 48  
The fire trail roars beneath the fuel barrels.
- 49 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 49  
At last the cage begins to rise, when -- KAKAABOOM!!!  
SHOTS OF:  
THE MASSIVE EXPLOSION SHREDDING THE INEFFECTIVE BLAST DOOR,  
FLINGS EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH OUTWARD --  
THE CONTROL ROOM ROCKING.  
THE TRUCKS ROCKING.  
PEOPLE KNOCKED FROM THEIR FEET.  
THE ELEVATOR CAGE  
was rising slowly but it's now fired up like a rocket. Bond  
hangs on for dear life as the cage hurtles skyward, a ball  
of fire beneath it.
- 50 EXT. TEST FACILITY, CHECHNYA - CONTINUOUS 50  
The elevator bursts through the shaft, flames roar either  
side of it. Bond falls out of the cage. Amazingly, still  
alive.
- DISSOLVE:
- 51 INT. EXPLODED UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 51  
A weird spider-like robot moves through the rubble and debris  
of the explosion. The fire is still raging. Several lenses  
and sensors are prominent on its 'head'. A thick umbilical  
of cables extends behind it...
- 52 EXT. NUCLEAR SITE - DAY 52  
The cables snake across the ground and into a panel on the  
side of a hi-tech silver CONTROL TRUCK parked amidst a clutch  
of emergency vehicles, army, police, military medics,  
helicopters, etc.
- 53 INT. CONTROL TRUCK, NUCLEAR SITE - DAY 53  
Bond, Akakievich and Christmas (now in khaki overalls) watch  
monitors displaying the views from the various devices on  
the SPIDER.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Infra-red, night-vision, heat-sensitive, radiation-vision. What's certain is that the place is a burning mess of molten steel.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

A waste of time. There is no chance they could have escaped with a bomb.

BOND

(to Christmas)

Keep going.

And now, looming through the fiery debris, the image of a dead Henchman. Christmas shoots Bond an uncomfortable look.

CHRISTMAS

In British Intelligence you like to kill.

BOND

(ignoring her)

To the left.

And now they see the open lead box. The view moves close, through the flames, looks inside. Empty.

Christmas turns to Bond:

CHRISTMAS

They got the timer as well. The other bombs needed trigger codes. But not this one. That's why they chose it.

Bond nods, grim.

Suddenly the truck starts to shake, a huge ROAR builds, as if the whole world is about to shake to bits...

54 EXT. CONTROL TRUCK, NUCLEAR SITE - MOMENTS LATER

54

Bond opens the door of the truck as a JET swoops low overhead and lands on the road. Christmas steps out and they watch as the jet turns and taxis this way.

The door opens and M appears on the stairs. Bond stares: Elektra is behind her.

55 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

55

Bond and Colonel Akakievich are shown in.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

TANNER

Colonel Akakievich, Agent Bond.

Bond joins M, Elektra, and various intelligence and ministry personnel sat around a table. Elektra gives Bond a subtle nod -- perhaps to hide the fact of their intimacy from Bond's superior.

Bond smiles back. Briefly. There's something on his mind. Mere anger that he couldn't prevent the theft -- or could it be something else?

M

Fill us in, Colonel. What have we lost, what are our measures to get it back?

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

The missing device is an SP25 warhead, rated at 36 kilotons. Three times the yield of Nagasaki.

M

(re: Bond)

Our agent identified the thief as Claude Serrault, AKA Renard. After recent events we have to view this as part of the same campaign against King Industries and the Turkish pipeline in particular.

Elektra looks uncomfortable, the memories returning...

M

(continuing)

Not to say it wasn't also a plan to make British Intelligence look bad, since we were the ones who brokered the deal to move the warheads to France.

This was something Bond didn't know. M sees his reaction.

M

(to Bond)

Information on a need-to-know basis, 007.

BOND

(irritated)

Ma'am.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

BOND (CONT'D)

(beat)

They carried security passes and had a detailed knowledge of the complex. We can't ignore the possibility they have an ally inside King Industries.

Elektra looks very concerned. Unwell, even.

ELEKTRA

(to all)

Do you mind? I need some fresh air.

And she gets up, touching Bond's shoulder tenderly as she passes. A moment not lost on M.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

We have roadblocks at a one hundred mile radius. They won't get through.

M

We have to assume they're already through and the device is heading for its destination. We're getting everyone we can to the terminal at the Mediterranean end of the pipeline. If that were to be destroyed, it could finish the pipe for good.

Bond seems distracted, prepares to leave.

BOND

(nods)

There's something I have to check. We'll talk.

M

Now, 007.

Bond hesitates. As the others begin moving out, he returns to M.

M

What do you have?

BOND

A lead, ma'am.

M leans back, waiting to hear.

M

Well?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

BOND

(beat)

Need-to-know basis. I don't have enough yet.

M

(even)

I hope you've been taking my advice 007. Regarding Elektra.

Bond gazes back at her.

M

Eyes are on you. So don't screw up.

56 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

56

Bond emerges from the office, sees Elektra at the foot of the steps to the plane. They exchange brief, wistful smiles...

He heads off to the BMW.

Christmas sits on the bonnet of a jeep. Angry.

CHRISTMAS

What happened?

BOND

They seem to know what they're doing. They're heading for the terminus. Maybe you should go with them?

CHRISTMAS

And where are you going?

He smiles, not answering.

BOND

(off her face)

Don't worry.

CHRISTMAS

How can I not worry? The program to destroy the nuclear arsenal will be finished unless we get this bomb back. The military will say we cannot protect the weapons and they will be right. And it will be my ass.

BOND

Well I'll just have to try and save your... program.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

He gets in. Fires the engine.

Smiles charm at her before roaring away past the cotton fields, trailing a cloud of dust...

Christmas stares after him, thinking...

~~beat~~, then she hops off the jeep, pulls out a cell phone. As she punches in a number, she tilts her head, gazes up at the sky...

CUT TO:

SATELLITE IMAGE:

THERMAL IMAGING provides a colourful overhead image of Bond's car travelling along a coastal road...

57 INT. CHRISTMAS' JEEP - NIGHT

57

Christmas driving, on a cell phone, listening:

CHRISTMAS

Okay, droit... Merci beaucoup, Paul...

DISSOLVE:

58 EXT. CASINO, BAKU - NIGHT

58

Bond pulls up in his car. Looks through the casino glass.

BOND POV:

Zukovsky -- as usual, surrounded by heavies...

ANGLE

Bond accelerates past...

CUT TO:

A JEEP SLIDING INTO THE PARKING LOT

Christmas Jones watches Bond's car vanish in the darkness. She accelerates after it...

DISSOLVE:

59 INT. SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

59

CLOSE on a MAN on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MAN

...yeah, come straight away, we've got chemicals getting into it somewhere, it tastes awful.

ADJUST ANGLE

as Bond takes the receiver from him, replaces it. He nods, the man did good. Then Bond hits him with the butt of his gun, knocks him cold.

CLOSE ON

the man's head hitting the cabin floor, right beside a discarded old caviar jar. The image on it: a LINE DRAWING OF ZUKOVSKY.

60 EXT. CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - LATER

60

Christmas watches from a distance, as Zukovsky limps purposefully across a walkway out to a Beluga caviar factory built over the water.

Behind him, the miles and miles of other walkways and platforms recede into the distance.

61 INT. CAVIAR FACTORY, CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - MOMENTS LATER 61

Zukovsky bangs through the battered old door.

ZUKOVSKY

(irritated)

Who was in charge of the machine --?

But he freezes. Staring straight at Bond pointing his pistol at him. The crimson light of dawn filters through the windows behind him.

BOND

Glad you could make it.

Zukovsky holds his hands away from his body, comes in slowly. His evening dress looks decidedly out of place in this environment.

ZUKOVSKY

Tricking me like this is not a good way to start our partnership.

BOND

I'm more interested in you and someone else being partners.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

BOND (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Elektra King.

ZUKOVSKY

What are you talking about?

BOND

(serious)  
Last time I was here I watched her  
drop a million and half dollars to the  
house -- you. She was paying you off.  
What for?

CUT TO:

62 EXT. CAVIAR FACTORY, CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - CONTINUOUS

62

Christmas is moving closer to the cabin. Can hear the  
conversation...

ZUKOVSKY (O.S.)

(cool)  
She lost, Bond. She got burnt. You  
try and see things when there is nothing  
there. You are the desperate spy.

BACK TO:

63 INT. CAVIAR FACTORY, CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - CONTINUOUS

63

BOND

(impatient)  
Where is Renard?

ZUKOVSKY

(shrugs)  
Who?

Zukovsky laughs.

BOND

Wait for me to say something funny,  
Zukovsky.

Bond is moving toward the cabin wall... he suddenly smashes  
his elbow through a rotten piece of wood, grabs Christmas by  
the scruff of her shirt -- and pulls her THROUGH the cabin  
wall, splintering the wood. He follows through with a toss  
across the cabin. Christmas smashes into the side of a vat  
of caviar. Roe spills down across the filthy floor.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Now Bond sees it's Christmas. She gets to her feet, dazed. Zukovsky watches, disgusted. Shakes his head.

ZUKOVSKY

That is 5,000 dollars worth of finest Beluga caviar -- ruined!

Bond hasn't time for Christmas, turns the pistol back on him.

Zukovsky raises his palms, shrugs. Nothing is going to change his cool demeanor. But a frown slowly appears as --

-- they both become aware of the SOUND OF A HELICOPTER, GETTING LOUDER --

Bond is the first to move as --

-- Suddenly wood splinters everywhere -- the wall and roof tear open behind them - GIANT VERTICALLY-SUSPENDED SAWS RIP THROUGH, just missing them.

The three of them run, past the mountains of caviar --

THE SPINNING TEETH

churning through the corrugated roof, spraying caviar everywhere.

64 EXT. CAVIAR FACTORY, CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - CONTINUOUS

6

They burst out of an exit, hurtle along the walkway -- the chopper and its saws close behind.

THE THREE OF THEM,

race along the dawn-red walkways, when a SECOND HELICOPTER suddenly appears.

The dangling saws so close behind, teeth whirring inches from their heads -- then lunging down, ripping up the walkways...

ZUKOVSKY

is trailing. A desperate spurt of speed as the wooden walkway disintegrates just behind him...

CHRISTMAS

plunges into a pool full of TWENTY FOOT STURGEON.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

BOND

braves the saws to pull her out.

The saws miss him, tear through fuel barrels. A long line of barrels ignite, sending A SUCCESSION OF COLOSSAL EXPLOSIONS snaking back along the walkway, separating Bond and Christmas.

ZUKOVSKY

reaches Christmas' jeep, jumps in, fiddles with the ignition wires -- when Christmas hops in beside him, clumsily pushes the key into the ignition, fires the engine.

Zukovsky puts his foot down. The saws are right in front of him, so he spins the jeep around, speeds off down the massively long walkways, heading out to sea...

BOND

is in the BMW. It roars away from the other saws, so he too is racing along the walkways.

The high speed chase is on.

THE CHOPPERS

swoop and dive, crossing in front of the cars, ripping into the sides, tearing metal. Gunmen fire bullets from the helicopters too.

The cars are speeding terrifyingly close to the edge of the walkways.

BMW POV:

zooming along the looping, converging walkways, swerving to avoid the saws, the jeep in front, other stationery vehicles, cabins, barrels, crates...

BOND

pushes the accelerator, overtakes the jeep, heading for a PARKED TRUCK... He flicks open a button on the dash, presses it.

MISSILES

burst from the headlamps, zoom into the truck. It EXPLODES

(CONTINUED)



64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

## THE CAR

zips through the shell of the truck, followed by the jeep, followed by the saws...

## THE HUGE SWINGING SAWS

race ahead, try to cut them off, by ripping through the walkway ahead.

A GAP opens up but Bond accelerates, jumps it.

## THE JEEP

jumps too. Then part of the walkway behind it collapses.

## ANGLE

But now, way ahead, the saws are cutting through the next section -- then the cars will really be cut off. Stuck on a platform unattached on both sides.

Bond speeds up a delivery slope --

He has the angle to attack one helicopter. As the chopper heads for him, a henchman shooting, he fires more missiles -- they tear through the sky, **BLOWING THE HELICOPTER TO SMITHEREENS.**

Bond slams the gears, reverses down, speeds off again as the burning helicopter crashes down onto the walkway, a few feet from him.

And now the other helicopter gives chase -- but it's pushing him toward a trap. He's speeding toward the end of the walkway, where it has already been severed...

Bond has no time to stop -- he punches a button. The car's parachute opens, slows him down. He brakes too, skids, stopping on the very lip of the walkway, just above the sea.

Then Bond suddenly dives out of the car -- as the buzzing saws tear through the engine, the windshield, splitting the whole car in two.

Behind, the jeep has stopped, Christmas and Zukovsky are out of it, looking for cover...

Bond runs out, dives down as the saws swoop over him -- and heads for Christmas --

She has hit a dead end. FIRE from the other helicopter cutting off her only exit. Backed up against a wall, with no escape...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

BOND

has to act -- as the terrifying saws close in on her for the kill -- he jumps ONTO the side of the dangling rig on which the saws sit, the whirring blades inches from his fingers and feet. He clings on tight as the helicopter rises...

Moving fast, he pulls a timer-charge from his pocket, slaps it onto the side, primes it, lets go -- tumbles through the air, past the saws, and into the water -- as

THE SAWS EXPLODE, throwing the helicopter into a spin. The pilot struggles to control it but can't stop it falling to the walkways.

It BLOWS UP.

...but SPEEDING OUT OF THE HUGE EXPLOSION COME THREE OF THE SAW BLADES, free of the contraption, still on their edges, still rotating, propelling themselves along the walkway -- toward Zukovsky!

ZUKOVSKY

dives away -- into an OIL PIT. It's like sinking sand, deep -- he's going under --

CHRISTMAS

freezes, flat against a wooden cabin -- as the SAWS EMBED THEMSELVES either side of her like a giant version of a circus knife-throwing act...

Shocked, she steps away. Now her eyes desperately scan the dark waters for any sign of Bond. Did he survive?

ZUKOVSKY

flounders, trying to cling to a crate blown in there by the explosion. Then he looks in horror:

ZUKOVSKY POV:

Bond appearing at the edge of the oil pit, dragging himself up, soaking wet, the golden sun behind his head. He's holding a harpoon gun. Points it directly at Zukovsky. This time he really means business.

ANGLE ON THE SCENE

Zukovsky, on the point of being swallowed by the oil. He claws at an old wooden crate, blown in there by the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

Bond, steely eyed, cold:

BOND

Now... where were we?

ZUKOVSKY

A rope!

BOND

No. The truth!

(beat)

Those blades were meant for all of us. What were you doing with Elektra King? Where is Renard?

Zukovsky is sinking. He talks rapidly, staccato:

ZUKOVSKY

I have never met this Renard...

He seems genuinely surprised that Bond is quizzing him about Renard.

BOND

You're in this thing up to your neck. Talk.

Zukovsky sinks alamingly:

ZUKOVSKY

Alright, alright. Elektra King. I sometimes smuggle machinery for her business. Russian stuff.

BOND

And the payoff on the tables?

Christmas joins him.

ZUKOVSKY

A special job. A thing called a plasma lathe. Let's talk back on dry land. Bond!

Bond prepares to fire.

BOND

Where did you deliver it?

ZUKOVSKY

It's on its way. I made a deal with a Russian submarine captain - that's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (5)

64

ZUKOVSKY (CONT'D)  
 how she wanted it delivered. Left  
 Sebastapol two hours ago.

BOND  
 So where's the sub heading?

ZUKOVSKY  
 Help me!

Bond's face, merciless.

ZUKOVSKY  
 Only the captain knows.

BOND  
 (beat, grim)  
 Where is it heading?

ZUKOVSKY  
 I don't know!

BOND  
 Last chance.

ZUKOVSKY  
 (horrified)  
 If I knew, I'd --

He looks doubly horrified -- Bond squeezes the trigger.

BOND  
 No!... Bond!

But Bond fires. Zukovsky YELLS as the harpoon shoots toward him.

It takes him a moment to realize he hasn't been hit -- the harpoon having shot through the crate, just missing him. He clings to the crate, exhausted, grateful, as Bond drags him to safety.

Just then -- the SOUND of A CAR PHONE RINGING. Coming from one of the two halves of Bond's car which lies down a broken walkway.

He moves to it, climbs down into the one half, picks up, listens. Calls to Christmas:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (6)

64

BOND

He's struck again. They think they know where the device is. They're sending a helicopter.

DISSOLVE:

65 EXT. CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - LATER

65

A helicopter skims away, leaving Zukovsky below, sitting, depressed, anger growing, looking from his ruined suit to the distant devastation that was once his caviar factory... Thick smoke billows from the mass destruction.

He frowns as a huge section of walkway CREAKS, teeters, and crashes into the sea.

66 INT. HELICOPTER, CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - CONTINUOUS

66

Bond puts a blanket around Christmas' shoulders.

BOND

Just had to follow me?

CHRISTMAS

An old boyfriend works at a French satellite station...

(beat)

Like I say. I cannot let the program collapse. Or all that will be left is the men with guns. Killers.

(beat)

Like you...

Bond looks out of the window, his eyes cold.

CHRISTMAS

What made you suspect Elektra King?

BOND

Back at the test site. They were expecting me.

He touches his bruised ribs -- where Renard had knowingly punched him...

DISSOLVE:

67 EXT/INT. COMMAND ROOM, PIPELINE CONTROL CENTRE - DAY

67

Bond and Christmas walk toward a clutch of offices. All around we see soldiers scouring the surrounding area.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Bond and Christmas pass out of the light

INTO A DARKENED OFFICE:

It's spooky, five body bags are being carried out by soldiers.

TANNER

They hit the base here about 90 minutes ago. We've got ten crews combing the area. The warhead must be planted somewhere near.

(looking about)

Power will be back up soon.

TWO MEN, mysterious in the shadows, sweeping a corridor ceiling with Geigers. The machines clicking...

Bond looks about him.

THE LIGHTS POWER UP. The room has several monitors and a huge satellite map of the pipeline's meandering path.

Now something on a console catches Bond's eye: beneath a clipboard, a dim light pulses. He moves the clipboard. A BUTTON is flashing.

BOND

What's this for?

A Technician comes over.

TECHNICIAN

Just an observation and repair rig. Travels along the pipe, checks for broken seals.

BOND

(thinks)

How do you stop it?

Technician flicks two switches. The light continues to flash. Confused, he tries another two. The light keeps pulsing.

TECHNICIAN

I don't understand...

CHRISTMAS

Where is the rig?

The Technician looks harried as he activates the wall schematic of the pipeline. A pulse of light travels along the line.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

An with it, a sense of horror descends...

BOND  
The parcel's in the post.

CHRISTMAS  
Merde, it's heading for the terminus.

BOND  
(to Tech)  
How fast is that thing going?

TECHNICIAN  
Full speed. Seventy MPH.

He presses some buttons.

TECHNICIAN  
One hundred and six miles from the terminus.

CHRISTMAS  
(quick)  
It'll reach the other end in seventy-eight minutes.

BOND  
(beat, to Tech)  
Do you have another one of these rigs?

The Technician checks his records. Nods.

Bond pulls Christmas

OUT OF THE PLACE.

CHRISTMAS  
What are we doing?

BOND  
We're going to unwrap the parcel.  
Christmas.

As they hurry move to a chopper, Tanner catches up with them.

TANNER  
Bond?... What about blowing the pipeline before the terminus, derail this thing?

BOND  
Ask her, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

CHRISTMAS  
(to Tanner)  
It could detonate the bomb.

BOND  
(to Tanner)  
And by the time we get to it, it will  
be in a populated area. Radio ahead.  
Tell them what we're doing.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

68

A helicopter swooping along the pipeline...

Bond and Christmas can see a party gathered at one section  
of the pipe.

Dust blows as the helicopter lands.

69 EXT. PIPELINE - LATER

69

Bond and Christmas climb through an access hatch down onto  
the electric rig. Its lights blazing twenty yards into the  
tunnel. Then darkness.

Bond familiarizes himself with the controls.

A TECHNICIAN leans into them.

TECHNICIAN  
Good luck.

Bond nods, checks his watch. Christmas looks nervously  
down the pipe.

BOND  
(to Christmas)  
Be one along any minute.

And he starts the machine off...

It quickly picks up speed, its lights flooding the seemingly  
endless pipe before them.

Christmas looks behind, apprehensive. Waiting for the lights  
of the explosive rig.

BOND  
I forgot to ask, you do know how to  
defuse one of these?

(CONTINUED)



69 CONTINUED:

69

CHRISTMAS

(joking)  
Don't you?

BOND

Cut the red or the blue, isn't it?

It's tense. They travel along, expectant...

CHRISTMAS

Where is it? We have only minutes...

BOND

When this is over we'll celebrate. A champagne dinner.

CHRISTMAS

(coy)  
That's a little presumptuous of you, Mister Bond. We're in a tunnel with an atomic bomb heading for us.

Then... they HEAR something, a WHOOSHING NOISE, GETTING LOUDER. Lights appear behind, reflected on a bend, then... here it comes, the rig tearing through the pipe..

Bond judges the speed of his rig, lets the other one catch up... the lights getting closer... closer...

Bond's rig jolts as the other makes contact. He moves swiftly to the back, LEAPS onto the other machine.

Puts out a hand, helps Christmas across.

The bomb sits there, daunting, deadly, wires everywhere. She surveys it:

CHRISTMAS

Merde.

BOND

What's wrong?

CHRISTMAS

I forgot my cigarettes.

He smiles. She sets to work fast. Unfastens the cover.

Inside: the timer. 2:45 MINUTES.

As she works, Bond checks the electrical system that powers the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

BOND

Can you do it?

CHRISTMAS

Sure.

But her face betrays the difficulty of what she's attempting. The digital clock ticks down... 1:30, 1:29...

The rigs speed through the tunnel...

70 EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

70

WHOOSH! as they hurtle past...

71 INT. PIPELINE - DAY

71

The pipe suddenly dips. They just manage to hang on as the machine bucks like a rollercoaster. Back on a straight:

CHRISTMAS

If you can stop us... there are better ways of celebrating than champagne.

She concentrates on the task in hand -- but her tiny sideways glance, eyebrow raised, tells Bond she means what he thinks. Bond uses his LASER WATCH to burn some cabling. The whine of the engine dies, the rig begins to slow, whilst the other rig carries on, pulls away.

BOND

An offer like that, I keep my end up.

All her attention on the bomb, but she manages a faint smile.

They finally slow to a halt. As the rig ahead passes out of view, Bond sees it illuminate an ACCESS HATCH. And then it's gone, and all is deadly quiet.

Christmas is peering inside the bomb, brow furrowed. Leans back, perplexed.

CHRISTMAS

Half the uranium is missing. They've taken one of the cores.

BOND

(stares)

You mean -- it's not a nuclear bomb anymore?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CHRISTMAS

(nods)

But the trigger is still enough to  
kill us...

The timer: 0:59, 0:58...

Christmas gets back to work, leaning into the device.

Bond's mind races in the ghostly light of the tunnel.

He stares at the timer: 0:44, 0:43... Looks forward to the  
INSPECTION HATCH just down the tunnel. Makes a decision.

BOND

Let it blow.

Christmas shoots a look, astonished.

CHRISTMAS

But I can stop it.

BOND

No. We let it blow.

She can't believe what he's saying.

BOND

Trust me. Leave it.

72 EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

72

The pipeline, running beside a river. A long beat, then...

KABOOM!! A section of the pipe explodes into the sky, sending  
debris rocketing in every direction.

As the smoke clears we see a fifty yard section of pipe has  
been destroyed.

73 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6, LONDON - EVENING

73

Through half-drawn blinds, the sun sets over the Thames. M  
sits in the half-light, pensive, heavy-hearted.

Tanner comes in, discreet, low-key:

TANNER

Your call to Istanbul, Ma'am.

M returns from her reverie. Nods to Tanner as he withdraws.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

M  
(into telephone)  
I've just had word that the bomb  
detonated at five pm. It seems to have  
been a dud, damage to the pipeline was  
minimal.

(INTERCUTTING)

74 INT. VILLA - ISTANBUL - EVENING

74

Elektra on the other end:

ELEKTRA  
Thank God.

She's in a palatial villa. Beyond iron ballustrades we see  
one of the most fabulous views in the world -- on one side  
the still waters of the Golden Horn, on the other, the dancing  
waves of the unsheltered Bosphorus -- and in between, the  
tumbling roofs, soaring minarets and crouching mosques of  
Pera (a district of Istanbul).

M  
Unfortunately Bond was killed.

A long beat. Finally:

ELEKTRA  
I'm very sorry to hear that...  
(beat)  
Thank you for telling me in person...

And she puts the phone down.

ADJUST ANGLE:

Renard comes over. Elektra looks into the distance.

ELEKTRA  
Bond is dead.

She doesn't seem too happy.

RENARD  
It's what you wanted wasn't it?

She snaps out of it:

ELEKTRA  
(beat)  
Of course...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

Renard runs his hand down her cheek.

RENARD

He was a... good lover?

ELEKTRA

Unfortunately for both of us, yes.

He puts his face close to hers, his lips millimeters from hers. Breathing one another's breath. A deep sigh:

RENARD

(wistful)

Give a dying man his last request?

ELEKTRA

(sensual, beat)

Just one I suppose.

And she lets him kiss her, roughly. She pulls away.

ELEKTRA

Again, but gently now... and only once.

And they kiss again...

75 INT. MI-6, LONDON - EVENING

75

M and Tanner walking purposefully.

M

I hope to God Bond knows what he's doing. This submarine he wanted us to track -- what's the latest?

TANNER

Our hydrophone arrays lost it as it approached the Bosphorus. His hunch is they'll be delivering the plasma lathe somewhere in Istanbul. If Bond is right and she's planning something with that missing uranium she'll need the lathe to machine it.

M

(shakes head)

That gutless Minister's not going to sanction any moves against Elektra. Bond's going to have to play this out on his own. Where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

TANNER  
Just taking up position.

76 INT. HOTEL ROOM, ISTANBUL - DAWN

76

The dawn light filters in and finds Bond and Christmas entwined in the sheets. She clings to him tight.

CHRISTMAS  
(flushed)  
That's something I won't forget.  
Shooting along a pipe with a huge  
explosion at the end...

BOND  
I'm sure there'll be more bangs to  
come.

He puts on his watch. She props herself on an elbow:

CHRISTMAS  
(serious)  
You think they'll find it?

Eyeing her:

BOND  
I doubt it.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. NAVAL FRIGATE, BOSPHORUS - DAWN

77

A young officer stands on watch, scanning the water with nightvision binoculars.

HIS GREEN POV:

A SUPERTANKER churns along...

ADJUST ANGLE

The CAMERA SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES, steals through the watery gloom... eventually comes upon something sitting just beneath the belly of the tanker. The silhouette of a SUBMARINE, hugging the tanker's shadow, creeping undetected into the Bosphorus...

78 INT. MINISTRY BUILDING - DAY

78

A vast bureaucracy, an ancient ministry building where long-redundant departments tick away in forgotten corners.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

Christmas wanders the myriad corridors, passing whole families that seem to have set up home in corners and doorways.

79 INT. PLANNING OFFICE - DAY

79

A small, disorganized office. A seedy-looking CLERK looks up with delight as Christmas opens the door and heads this way. But the smile vanishes as she chooses the big-armed FEMALE CLERK at the next desk.

CHRISTMAS

(sunny)

Hello. I believe King Industries have several projects in Istanbul. I'm an engineering student, I have a job interview and I thought it would be a good idea if I could access your database and --

Female clerk pushes back her chair heavily, lumbers over to the old-fashioned filing system.

Now the male clerk is not only not smiling but looking slightly worried.

The big female bangs about the drawers, confusion growing.

FEMALE CLERK

This is strange. They must have been misfiled.

CHRISTMAS

Oh. But you must keep copies?

The big woman offers a gloomy shake of the head.

CHRISTMAS

Thankyou.

She heads off.

The male clerk watches Christmas leave. He waits until the female clerk heads back to the filing cabinets...

FEMALE CLERK

(to self)

I just don't understand it...

Now he picks up the telephone and surreptitiously dials...

80 INT. THE GRAND BAZAAR - DAY

80

A cafe among the cluttered stalls and shops within the immense Byzantine architecture.

Inconspicuous in the woven shadows, Bond sits at a table. He watches Christmas approach.

CHRISTMAS

The plans are gone.

He nods, looking past her. Through the milling hordes, he can just make out a big black limousine that's crept into the bazaar. It stops there. Bond glances around, to see where its backup is.

He can't discern any. Looks back at the limousine. Waiting to see what the move will be.

Slowly, the door opens. A big figure climbs out. Smartly-dressed. Calm. Very serious. ~~VALENTIN~~ ZUKOVSKY. He nods to Bond.

Bond looks around again. No assailants he can detect.

CHRISTMAS

We can run, we can get away.

BOND

(shakes head)

Mustn't make an exhibition of ourselves. Have a drink.

Unaccompanied, Zukovsky walks through the crowd, finally sits at the table. He gestures toward the cafe owner. A coffee swiftly appears.

ZUKOVSKY

Only one thing clears the head faster than a Turkish coffee; a bullet in the brain.

(looks to Bond,  
significant)

This Renard... you've met him?

Bond nods.

ZUKOVSKY

Yet he is still alive. This man that even James Bond cannot kill -- it worries me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



80 CONTINUED:

80

ZUKOVSKY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Drink. We both need clear heads  
right now, Bond. I want your help.  
You might want mine.

BOND

You've got the plans.

Zukovsky nods.

BOND

Why?

ZUKOVSKY

The bitch tried to kill me, she  
destroyed my fishery, and, what's  
more, she ruined a perfectly good  
suit.

(seeing that's not  
good enough for Bond)

The Captain of the submarine is my  
nephew. If Elektra is mixed up with  
Renard and atomics -- I've gotten  
him into something I have to get him  
out of.

BOND

A little late for you to be thinking  
of his morals.

ZUKOVSKY

You know what the pay is in the  
Russian Navy? I was helping Yevgeny  
get a house. This does not make him  
Public Enemy Number One...

Bond eyes him, appraising the situation...

81 INT. SECRET QUAY - DAY

81

The ancient arched underbelly of a waterside building.

Something is disturbing a large expanse of water. A black  
shadow looms beneath the waves. A SUBMARINE SURFACES.

Waiting at the newly excavated quay: Renard and a team of  
his men.

82 INT. SUBMARINE, SECRET QUAY - DAY

82

Renard climbs into the sub.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

The youthful CAPTAIN (Yevgeny) leads him through to the PLASMA LATHE -- a bulky laser-like device.

CAPTAIN

I hear it is a remarkable tool. If you have the power of a small city to run it.

He laughs. Renard smiles.

RENARD

Fortunate then we have such power.

He indicates the nuclear reactor. The Captain looks confused.

Elektra appears;

ELEKTRA

Is everything satisfactory?

Renard nods.

ELEKTRA

(to Captain)

Please tell your crew to get up on deck.

The Captain looks confused.

CAPTAIN

There was no mention of this. My crew stays below.

She looks to Renard -- who lifts the Captain's hat off and butts him with his forehead, killing him instantly. As the Captain crumples to the floor, Elektra takes the hat. Puts it on her head at a jaunty angle, looks to the Second Officer.

ELEKTRA

You'll tell your crew to go on deck, won't you.

83 EXT. SUBMARINE, SECRET QUAY - MOMENTS LATER

83

The crew clamber onto the deck, bemused to find guns pointing at them from all angles. The Second Officer addresses them in Russian, resigned and subdued. They are led to an opening in the side of the rock.

Once they are inside, a large stone door slides across the entrance, sealing them in.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

93

## A SKELETON CREW

of Renard and Elektra's own men move toward the sub hatch.

RENARD

We'll be underway in two hours. Use that time to re-familiarize yourselves with your stations. Then ponder how rich you'll be. The re-breathers for the escape will be distributed just before we abandon ship.

His eye catches Elektra's. The look between them tells us there will be no re-breathers.

The men file into the sub. A man appears holding a heavy lead box containing the uranium. Renard takes the box as if it weighs nothing. Stronger than ever.

And suddenly there's a violent crackling HUM, VIOLET LIGHT spilling up weirdly from a hatch open along the deck.

Renard's walkie-talkie fizzes to life:

VOICE

(filtered)

The lathe is connected.

He kills it. An awkward moment now between him and Elektra.

RENARD

You won't want to be near it when I start this.

Their eyes are locked.

RENARD

I won't be seeing you again.

ELEKTRA

(beat)

The world will never be the same.

He smiles. A last look as he starts down the hatch:

RENARD

Have fun.

And he disappears. Elektra takes a deep breath, crosses the walkway onto the quayside. Sees Blue Eye approaching her, urgent:

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

BLUE EYE

I have interesting news...

84 INT. DYE FACTORY - DAY

84

CAMERA WEAVES through a warehouse full of fabrics drying high overhead, a multi-levelled, rickety old stone building.

In a space lit golden yellow by the reflection of the ochre dyes, Bond, Christmas, Zukovsky and a gang of his henchmen pore over construction plans laid out on trestles...

ZUKOVSKY

They have three projects on the waterfront. A road tunnel. Can't see how a submarine could dock there. Then there's this hotel. Built around a marina, plenty of shelter, not open yet. Could be the place.

But Bond is looking at another plan.

BOND

What about this temple?

CHRISTMAS

(reading)

The Immortal Temple of Galata. 'Gesture de philanthrope' on behalf of King Industries. Restoring the ancient home of the Selante, defender of the city. She hands it over to the Turkish government in one month.

BOND

(to Zukovsky)

Sounds good to me.

ZUKOVSKY

So. If you are right and Elektra is there, there will be shooting.

Bond nods.

ZUKOVSKY

If something has happened to Yevgeny... you must let me kill Elektra.

Bond stares hard at him. A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

BOND

I don't think I can guarantee that.

Suddenly Bond's instinct are aroused. He sees a shadow move, something flying this way amongst the silk hangings: a big GRENADE. Lightning, he hurls Christmas to the floor.

KABOOM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips the place apart. In half a second the air is thick with coloured dust and drifting clumps of burning silk.

Bond pulls himself to his feet and sees Christmas shaking herself awake, numb. Zukovsky is a bloody heap in the corner. Several of his men, dazed or dead.

Now Bond sees THREE GUNMEN clambering into the debris-strewn warehouse. Thinking fast, he steers Christmas to a hole in the floor. They jump down through the chaos of coloured silks and out into daylight...

85 EXT. THE GRAND BAZAAR - CONTINUOUS

85

Bond and Christmas race through the crowd -- suddenly see they're heading straight into the giant form of Gabor (Elektra's bodyguard).

Gabor doesn't see Bond grab a couple of things off stalls before he appears right in front of him. So he doesn't expect the CLOUD OF SPICE coming for his eyes nor the BRONZE TRAY that's whacked across the side of his head, knocking him down.

He stumbles -- as Bond and Christmas get going, racing off down a side exit.

The men behind speed up now, help Gabor up. Give chase.

86 EXT. ORNATE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

86

Bond and Christmas rushing across the square. Six men coming after them.

They find themselves by a door, push through into

87 INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

87

A circular corridor bordered by marble balustrades. They race around, bang through another door -- and into a Turkish Bath House FULL OF NAKED WOMEN. Coloured light filters down from the stained glass windows in the domes way above.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

A moment's hesitation, then they hurry through -- find some stairs. Head up...

The pursuers aren't sure where they are, but aren't far behind.

88 EXT. BATH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

88

Bond and Christmas emerge onto a roof. It has two huge domes, part tiled, part stained glass.

Bond pulls his gun, he and Christmas hide behind one of the domes as they hear someone come out onto the roof.

A Heavy stalks the edge of the dome...

He stops, pleased with himself as he finds Christmas standing there.

Turns, hearing a noise -- to see Bond sliding from the top of the dome. Bond is too quick, WHACKS the man with the butt of his gun.

The Heavy falls back against a stained glass window. It cracks but doesn't break completely. As he lifts his gun, Bond kicks the edge of the window. It breaks, the rest of the cracks merge and the Heavy looks horrified as he disappears through the window...

89 INT. BATH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

89

The Heavy tumbles fifty feet, lands face down on the fiery hot coals that generate the steam. Dead.

The other Henchmen alerted, they race up the stairs.

90 EXT. BATH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

90

Bond and Christmas keep going. They leap across a huge gap to another roof...

Find some steps on the outside of this building, work their way down...

A HENCHMAN follows. Bond has to turn back to deal with him.

BOND

(to Christmas)

Keep going. If you can, call home...

He smashes the man off the roof. When he gets to

GROUND LEVEL,

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

He looks for a vehicle. He's by a building site. There's a couple of trucks and the most GIGANTIC CRANE.

Up ahead he can see Christmas running down an alley alongside the Bosphorus. She turns, sees him -- when a car speeds around the corner, blocking her view. It screeches to a stop at the head of the alley. The driver couldn't have seen Bond, but he has seen Christmas.

She turns on her heel, runs like hell. But the alley is long, she doesn't stand a chance.

#### THE DRIVER

REVS THE ENGINE before jamming the pedal to the floor. Wheels spin as the car accelerates after her, intent on knocking her down.

#### ANGLE

The car must have gone just fifteen yards when it is jolted back.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND to show Bond had somehow managed to lower the crane's hook to the rear fender.

#### ANGLE

He's in the cabin controlling the crane. And he's lifting the car off the road.

#### CLOSE ON THE CAR

One of the passengers opens the door, falls fifteen feet. The other two hang on in there as Bond maneuvers them over the Bosphorus -- and drops them in it.

#### ANGLE

Then he gets going. Picks Christmas up. The two of them rumble through the city in the gigantic crane...

A car catches up, runs alongside them, someone shooting at them. The cabin window disintegrates.

Bond presses a button, a giant stabilizing wing shoots out, powerfully stabs the car into a brick wall.

The crane lurches

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

UP SOME STEPS,

Climbs to the top. Cars are soon following...

91 EXT. SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

91

They corner Bond in a square.

He sets the crane on its hydraulic support, sets the arm swinging about, hitting one or two cars, slicing off part of a wall, causing MASSIVE DESTRUCTION and creating such mayhem the henchmen have difficulty keeping their eye on him.

Through it all they finally let the cabin have it. Machine gunning it to smithereens.

The arm finally dies. Its control system damaged. The men move warily to the cabin... to find Bond and Christmas have disappeared.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

92

Bond helps Christmas down onto the roof of a passing tram. The he jumps on himself.

They lie on their backs as the tram trundles away... to freedom. They allow themselves a smile.

But as they journey beneath another bridge, Bond finds himself staring up at Gabor, standing on the bridge wall. He jumps down onto the tram, punches the prostrate Bond in the face.

A vicious fight ensues. The two of them trading punches while avoiding bridges, and even more dangerously, the tram's overhead power cables...

The bloody fight is ended when the tram shudders to a halt. Bond looks out over the edge.

A car has blocked the track.

Guns are trained on he and Christmas.

No choice.

He raises his hands in surrender.



93 EXT. TEMPLE OF GALATA - LATER 9

A magnificent palace near the banks of the Bosphorus. At each corner tall ornate minaret towers puncture the sky.

Renard's hawk hovers around the courtyard.

Bond and Christmas, hands bound, are led to the front gates by a number of henchmen.

94 INT. TEMPLE OF GALATA - CONTINUOUS 94

Hundreds of stained glass windows cast myriad patterns over the elaborate tile and marble surfaces. Pillars, iron lattices, velvet drapes and flowers embroider the huge room.

Elektra crosses the massive hallway as the doors to the palace open, tosses the sub Captain's hat casually across the floor.

She kisses Bond on the cheek as she eyes Christmas.

ELEKTRA

James. I was sad to hear you'd died --  
But I should have known better.  
James Bond and his amazing...  
resurrection. If you'd stayed away,  
we might have met again in a few  
years. Stayed friends.

BOND

How could I stand that time away  
from you?

She leads Bond to an ornately carved chair, covered in silk.

ELEKTRA

(to guards, re:  
Christmas)

Take her to Renard.

Bond and Christmas exchange a look as the guards start her towards some steps.

BOND

Let her go. She knows nothing.  
Just a stupid girl I couldn't shake  
off.

Christmas eyes Bond daggers. Elektra smiles, shakes her head:

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

ELEKTRA

(to guards)

Come back soon. There'll be another  
corpse to dispose of.

Bond and Christmas exchange last looks as she is led down.

Elektra indicates for him to sit. Behind him, the whole of  
Istanbul is visible through a large curved window.

ELEKTRA

Pretty thing. I suppose you made  
love to her? The 'hands on' agent.

Bond ignores her.

ELEKTRA

After me, it must be strange. Life  
in black and white, as it were.  
Music heard through water...  
(wistful)  
I could have loved you, James.

BOND

You're not capable of it.

This cuts. But she fingers his cheek affectionately.

ELEKTRA

Unlike you?...

95 INT. SUBMARINE, SECRET QUAY - CONTINUOUS

95

By the eerie light of the plasma jet, Renard melts down the  
jet-black plug of uranium. Concentrating hard, he pours the  
dense black (oily) liquid into a special mould...

96 INT. TEMPLE OF GALATA - CONTINUOUS

96

Elektra casually reaches behind his neck, flips up a wooden  
arm to which is attached a metal collar. A GAROTTE.

ELEKTRA

They were digging near here and they  
found some very pretty vases. They  
also found this...

(meaning the garotte)

I think we ignore the old ways at  
our peril, don't you?

Bond recoils as she fastens the collar... She steps back.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

ELEKTRA

Now, you know what you have to do.

For a moment he's unsure what she means.

BOND

Kill you?

ELEKTRA

Cure me. Tell me why I should relent.  
Talk me out of it. Tell me the  
cavalry's on its way. All I see is  
one spy and a foolish girl,  
floundering in a city they don't  
understand. You don't know what I'm  
up to -- and neither does M.

BOND

Then why did she tell you I was dead?

Just a flicker of doubt in her eyes. Then, confidence back:

ELEKTRA

I imagine she was indulging you.  
Hoping her favourite agent would dig  
something up. Hoping against hope  
he wasn't past it, as she fears.

Bond keeps his cool, decides on a gambit:

BOND

One thing M knows is what your father  
told her about you.

And she's hooked. Controls herself:

ELEKTRA

Interesting...

She moves to the back of the chair, twists the screw ONE  
NOTCH. The effect on Bond is instantaneous as a bolt is  
forced into the back of his neck, tilting his head up  
slightly.

ELEKTRA

Five more turns and your neck will  
break. You've tried a lot of things  
in your life. Now you can try death.

Bond's jaw is fixed.

(CONTINUED)

ELEKTRA

And what did my father tell M?

A long beat as Bond eyes her.

BOND

(lying)

That his little girl was insane.

She turns the screw again -- Bond jolts:

ELEKTRA

Go on.

This is serious. He's got to read it right:

BOND

The poor thing, always in his shadow, desperate to prove her worth. Every action and instinct, sprung from a knowledge of her own inadequacy --

ELEKTRA

-- Ha! He was the inadequate one. He would let the opportunity of all time slip by...

Bond doesn't reply, his gaze momentarily on a tiled wall, an ancient map of Istanbul painted upon it... There's a CHAIN stretched across the Bosphorus, an ancient sea barricade... Wheels turn in his head.

ELEKTRA

He had no awareness of my destiny, nor the Caspian's.

BOND

Why is it people who invoke destiny are always destined to fail?

ELEKTRA

Not me James. I'm going to redraw the map. You can't just waltz in and take the oil this time. Mine will be the only hand on the tap. East and West will beg. And the price will be high.

Taking this in, Bond's gaze returns to the map on the wall, the chain across the water...

(CONTINUED)

BOND

(putting it together)  
The right kind of explosion in the  
right spot -- you'd block the  
Bosphorus, cut off the Black Sea.

She's impressed.

BOND

That would kill the other pipelines.  
Make yours the only one.

ELEKTRA

Hmmm. It would tend to have an  
impact, wouldn't it. My ancestors,  
my ... people, avenged

She smiles, tightens the screw again.

BOND

(sweating)  
But what kind of explosion? With  
the lathe, you can re-fashion the  
uranium...

A psychotic half-smile grows on her face.

ELEKTRA

You're getting warm. Positively  
melting down.

BOND

The nuclear sub. You re-shape the  
uranium to fit the reactor.

(grim)  
Weapons grade uranium, it'll be like  
putting nytro in your fuel tank.  
Instant, catastrophic meltdown.

Her eyes are shining. She moves toward the view, gazing out  
at this spectacular cradle of civilization.

ELEKTRA

A tragic accident at sea. The  
explosion will destroy Istanbul and  
reshape the world. The Black Sea  
stranded, Russia hemmed in, the land  
irradiated for a hundred years.

Out of her eyesight, Bond works his wristbinds feverishly.  
But there's little give...

97 INT. SUBMARINE, SECRET QUAY - DAY 97

Renard sprays freezing gas over the uranium mould, cooling it...

Christmas appears, held by a Henchman. Renard appraises her, glances at his watch:

RENARD

Keep her alive for a bit.

98 INT. TEMPLE OF GALATA - DAY 98

Elektra moves back into Bond's field of vision. Time is running out.

BOND

It's not too late, Elektra. Eight million people needn't die.

ELEKTRA

You work for the West, you kill for the West, and you tell yourself it's for the good of mankind. Hypocrisy.

(beat)

I kill for myself, for my destiny. What is about to happen is written in the stars and that is something even James Bond cannot change.

Now she straddles him. All the time, he's working that wristbind.

ELEKTRA

Do you know what happens when a man is strangled? Let's just say -- your number will be up, 007.

She smiles, twists the screw again. A nasty, grinding sound. Sweat trickles from his brow. She licks it away. Getting turned on.

ELEKTRA

Perhaps you'd like to think you could have killed me. But you couldn't. Not me. Not in cold blood. A woman you've loved.

She pushes her hips into his. Turns the screw. The bolt is jammed right into the back of his neck. His face is angled upwards. Breathing is difficult. He glares into her eyes:

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

BOND

You meant ... nothing ... to me.

ELEKTRA

Then truly the world is not enough,  
James.

She fingers the bolt. Prepares to turn it for the last  
time...

His hand strains at its binding...

BOND

One... last... screw?

She kisses his ear;

ELEKTRA

(whispered)

Oh James.

And she begins to turn the screw...

... when SEVERAL GUNSHOTS are heard outside.

Bond is on the edge of consciousness.

Elektra freezes. Gets off him. Moves to a window.

HER POV:

Big, battered and bloody, Valentin Zukovsky is crossing a  
forecourt with three of his men. Two bodies in his trail.  
He's on course for the palace and nothing is going to stop  
him, even as his henchmen are all cut down by ferocious fire.

INSIDE THE PALACE

Elektra moves to her gun. Just then, Gabor crashes through  
a stained glass window, neck broken.

TWO ELEKTRA HENCHMEN appear from below stairs as the doors  
burst open. Zukovsky stands there. A bloody giant.

They open up with machine guns, but two shots from Zukovsky  
take them out, though he takes one in the shoulder. Right  
now, he's unstoppable.

A shocked silence after the shooting. He eyes Bond in the  
chair. To the room:

(CONTINUED)

ZUKOVSKY

I'm looking for a submarine. It's big and black, and the guy who drives it is a friend of mine.

Then his eye falls on the HAT Elektra had brought up from below. He knows at once what it means.

ZUKOVSKY

Bring it to me.

Blood running cold, she picks it up, walks to him (surreptitiously sliding a gun beneath it).

ZUKOVSKY

(eyes hat as it nears)

You killed him?

She shakes her head as she proffers the hat...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

She fires through the hat, unloads the clip into his chest.

It's a real shock to him.

He staggers back. Stares. Slumps down. Raises his gun.

She watches helpless, as he dredges up every last ounce of energy to aim at her -- then, strangely, he moves it off her, aiming at Bond.

Bond stares back.

Zukovsky's eye narrows -- he tries for extreme accuracy...

BLAM!

The SHOT hits the binding at Bond's wrist. Splinters the wood there.

ELEKTRA

stares at Zukovsky. She didn't see where the bullet went, just that it missed Bond. She watches him slump further, staring at Bond...

A look passes between the two men. Comrades in arms. The merest of smiles. Then the light fades from his eyes. Dead.

(CONTINUED)



98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

ELEKTRA

turns back to Bond. Smiles.

ELEKTRA

Excuse me.

She picks up a walkie-talkie, speaks into it:

ELEKTRA

Everything's under control up here.  
Are you ready?

RENARD'S VOICE

(filtered)

Yes. Your destiny is near.

ELEKTRA

So is yours, my dear. Goodbye.

RENARD'S VOICE

(beat, filtered)

Au revoir...

Lost for a moment, she breathes heavily. Then turns to Bond.

ELEKTRA

(smiles)

I suppose you could say I had the  
measure of you both.

She glances at Zukovsky's corpse. Slightly puzzled:

ELEKTRA

Zukovsky really hated you.

BOND

Oh, he didn't know the meaning of  
the word...

ELEKTRA

Sorry James. No time for semantics.  
Or long goodbyes...And she kisses him -- reaches behind to deliver the killer  
twist...

One super-fast movement:

Bond's hand breaks free, grabs her throat, tight. He holds  
her, their faces close together, disdain in his eyes -- hurls  
her backwards, her hand scratching at his face.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

99

Ripping the collar from his neck, he gets to his feet. Moves to Zukovsky, checks his pulse, takes the bloody gun from his fingers.

Turns back, to see Elektra disappearing upstairs. A moment's dilemma: should he race below to the sub -- or up to Elektra?

He takes off after Elektra.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. SUBMARINE, SECRET QUAY - MOMENTS LATER

99

The submarine moving away from the quay...

100 INT. MINARET - CONTINUOUS

10

ELEKTRA

rises up one of the triple spiral stairways leading to the various balconies of the minaret tower.

BOND

stalks up after her. THEIR VOICES ECHO through the intertwined stairs:

ELEKTRA

No, James, please. You can't kill me.

But Bond isn't wavering. Clutches Zukovsky's bloody wet gun.

ELEKTRA

This wasn't me. He changed me, I've been his ever since the kidnapping.

She's reached a

BALCONY.

It affords a spectacular view of Istanbul. Bond comes up, has her cornered. She backs away...

ELEKTRA

You don't understand, I have to do what he tells me.

BOND

The little girl lost?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

ELEKTRA

I tried to break away from him.  
When you came along, for the first  
time I thought I might escape him.

BOND

Helsinki Syndrome? Kidnappee falls  
for captor.

ELEKTRA

(encouraged)  
I didn't know what --

BOND

(shakes head)  
-- he fell for you, Elektra. You  
twisted your own kidnapper round.  
You know all about control. You  
switched the pin, murdered your own  
father. Because he didn't pay the  
ransom. Because he stood in your  
way.

She smiles.

ELEKTRA

I think you made the wrong choice,  
James. You came after me when you  
should have gone for the submarine.  
(pleased)  
You let this get personal and the  
world suffers for it.

Bond looks out of the window, sees the nose of the sub heading  
into the Bosphorus, half submerged. The hatch is still open.  
Turns back:

BOND

You like to live dangerously, Elektra.  
Well this is as dangerous as it gets.

And he shoots. One bullet through the heart. She stumbles  
back.

Disbelief, then hatred in her eyes. And then nothing.

He stares at her body a beat. His eyes are as cold as hers.  
Mixed emotions.

Then he moves to the ledge. Composes himself -- and

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

DIVES ONE HUNDRED FEET

down to the water. Amazing.

He surfaces close to the exiting sub. Grabs a ladder, pulls himself up.

The hatch is just closing... He splashes through the water flooding over the sub, appears in front of the amazed sailor shutting the hatch. WHACKS him with the hatch. Gets inside. Closes it. Milliseconds before the hatch slides under the water.

101 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

101

Bond down below. The skeleton crew are spread throughout the sub. He creeps through...

Approaches one man working some levers, smoking. Bond holds his gun to his head.

BOND

How do you want to die?

(re: cigarette)

That?

(re: gun)

Or this?

CUT TO:

102 INT. CABIN, SUBMARINE - MOMENTS LATER

102

A few SOLID BANGS on the metal of Christmas' door. It opens and Bond lets the now unconscious man hit the deck. That was his head banging.

CHRISTMAS

(stunned)

James!...

He takes her by the hand, they move through the shadows of the sub.

CHRISTMAS

Don't ever call me stupid again.

103 INT. SUBMARINE - MOMENTS LATER

103

A man is operating the tanks. Through the intercom:

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

RENARD'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
Flood tanks 4 and 5...

The man goes to do as told, until Bond knocks him out with the butt of his gun.

104 INT. CONTROL ROOM, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

104

Renard watches the lights. Nothing happens.

RENARD  
(into intercom)  
I said flood 4 and 5.

Again, nothing. The lights don't change. He looks up, knows something has gone wrong.

RENARD  
(to self)  
Bond...

He flicks a switch;

RENARD  
(into mic)  
Bond! You have decided to join me on this historic voyage.

INTERCUT BOND ON AN INTERCOM:

His voice fills the control room.

BOND'S VOICE  
You're really going to commit suicide for her?

Renard responds, into the mic.

RENARD  
In case you've forgotten. I'm dead already.

BOND'S VOICE  
News for you. So is she.

RENARD  
You lie! Liar!

He roars away, strides through the sub until he reaches the

(CONTINUED)

- 104 CONTINUED: 104
- CHAMBER HOUSING THE NUCLEAR REACTOR,  
He jams shut the hatch.  
Flicks switches... Pulls the sleek uranium rod from its  
mould. Opens up the cover of the glaring REACTOR...
- 105 INT. TANK CONTROLS ROOM, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS 105
- Bond finds some controls. Selects a few switches to flick.
- CHRISTMAS  
Do you know what you're doing?
- BOND  
Like riding a bike.
- 106 INT. AIR TANKS, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS 106
- The air tanks immediately filling with water.
- 107 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS 107
- Christmas and Bond shift to the side. Everything not screwed  
down starts sliding...
- 108 EXT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS 108
- LONG SHOT  
The submarine is tilting, further and further, the rear  
dropping down and down...  
Pretty soon we have the strange and incredible sight of a  
submarine hanging vertically, nose upwards.
- 109 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS 109
- RENARD  
hang on, swings, until he can get a footing on the nearest  
wall.  
BOND AND CHRISTMAS  
hang on too, get a grip. He helps her up.  
CHRISTMAS  
What kind of bikes did you ride?  
BOND  
Just wanted to put him on edge...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

RENARD

is disturbed by the sub's position, but only momentarily.

He bangs a button. We hear the WHOOPING ALARM ECHO around the sub. A distress call.

Hits another button.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

110

Clothes shoot out of the missile tube, into the water.

111 EXT. BOSPHORUS - MOMENTS LATER

111

The clothes bubble to the surface. Signs of a disaster. All part of the plan.

BACK TO:

112 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

112

RENARD

struggles back up to the reactor, stares into the hellish red heat... Slowly, he inserts the uranium rod. Immediately the light around him changes, a horrible luminescence...

BOND AND CHRISTMAS

also move with difficulty through the vertical sub, down to another room -- to what must obviously be the plasma lathe...

CUT TO:

113 INT. COASTGUARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

113

A message coming through. The Watch looks worried.

WATCH  
(subtitled)  
We've got an S-O-S.

The Coastguard looks at the screen.

WATCH  
Russian sub. Out there.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

And he points past the screen, out to the waters of the Bosphorus.

BACK TO:

114 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

114

Bond removes a protective guard from the lathe, points the plasma beam at the internal doors, nods to Christmas, who flicks the power switch and dives for cover -- Bond fires the plasma beam, up through the room they were in, blasting Renard's hatch off its hinges...

RENARD

falls back, stunned by the explosion.

BOND

climbers up to the reactor, shifts the cover off it.

BOND'S POV

In the intense glow inside -- the overheating rod, protruding slightly.

BOND

looks to the gauges.

Christmas comes up level with him.

CHRISTMAS

Melting down. 4000 degrees, the Zirconium casings on the rods will crack. 5000, the uranium melts. Radiation fallout. An hour later maybe, a hydrogen explosion.

(looking about)

This size reactor, will be very very big detonation. When the uranium melts -- the process can't be stopped.

THE TEMPERATURE GAUGE READS 4500 AND RISING...

BOND

leans back from the rods, the heat so powerful. He knows it would be fatal to touch, looks around for something to use.

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED:

114

CHRISTMAS

finds the handling equipment Renard must have used, destroyed.

When suddenly

RENARD IS BEHIND BOND, THROTTLING HIM.

CHRISTMAS

grabs at him, is flung back, nearly falls through the hatch but manages to grab a pipe, hangs on for dear life.

THE GAUGE HITS 4700

BOND AND RENARD

struggle... both of them slamming into switches and buttons.

CUT TO:

A CHAMBER BELOW STARTS FILLING WITH WATER...

BACK TO:

THE FIGHT

Suddenly a DEAFENING ROAR. Now everybody has to hold on -- and cover their ears.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. ISTANBUL - CONTINUOUS

115

The distant ROAR can be heard throughout the city...

SHOTS OF:

People in the streets stop, look about, unnerved.

BACK TO:

116 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

116

The sound is killing the three of them...

The sub shaking like crazy.

Bulkhead rivets start working themselves free...

117 EXT. BOSPHORUS - CONTINUOUS

117

From on high we see STEAM pouring out of the water...  
HELICOPTERS race over the scene...

118 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

118

Finally the noise and shaking ceases: Bond recovers first, smashing Renard continually with a metal door. When it looks like Renard is unconscious Bond returns to the nuclear pile.

BOND

What the hell was that?

CHRISTMAS

(pale)

Hydrogen. We're dead.

THE GAUGE IS PASSING 4900, EDGING TOWARDS THE NO-WAY-BACK 5000 MARK. Meltdown imminent...

He looks down the sub -- at the chambers below filling with water.

Back to the pile. Scans the scene, searching for an idea. Sees a HOSE, compressed air escaping from a fissure. Thinks fast. Grabs the hose, snaps it free...

RENARD

is recovering, has found a FLARE GUN near him. Raises it to Bond...

BOND'S POV

in the reflection of the gauge (which is millimeters from 5000), we see Renard approaching from behind us...

BOND

jams the hose into the reactor, ducks down -- as the air blows the rod out - narrowly missing him as it shoots past -- impales Renard in the heart, just before he could shoot.

Renard stares at Bond in horror. Bond calmly takes the flare gun off him;

BOND

The heartless killer.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

And he lets him fall past Christmas, through consecutive open hatches of the sub, crashing into the rising water.

Christmas looks down at the floating corpse.

Bond watches the gauge -- as it edges DOWN from 5000.

The nuclear disaster looks like it's averted. But the sub is still filling with water, still sinking...

119 EXT. BOSPHORUS - CONTINUOUS

A number of naval vehicles are heading across the straits to the stricken vessel.

The helicopters continue to circle, helpless.

120 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Bond handles the controls, BARKS ORDERS to several henchmen who press the buttons he tells them to.

Water is expelled.

The sub begins to hang a little less vertically.

The engines are started.

BOND  
(under breath)  
This isn't going to be easy.

121 EXT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

The sub at sixty degrees. Propellers working hard. It's not sinking any more...

And now it's starting to move...

122 EXT. PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

A flotilla of boats in search of the sub.

Then -- a dark beast just below the surface in front of the palace -- the SUBMARINE SUDDENLY BURSTS OUT OF THE WATER LIKE A HUGE SHARK, smashes through the frontage of the shoreside palace.

Water starts flooding in through a gash in the belly of the nose. The sub starts to slide back down...

123 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

12

Seeing water flooding in from in front now, Bond looks around for Christmas. We're sliding back into the sea. The lights flickering. Water coming from below and above now...

BOND

Christmas!

He races through the flickering darkness to find her. And suddenly, there she is...

CHRISTMAS

Had to seal the reactor.

BOND

Good girl.

CUT TO:

CLOSE, INTERNAL WALL OF SUBMARINE

A red hot line is traced across the fizzling metal...

CUT TO:

124 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

124

Bond operating the plasma lathe...

125 EXT. SUBMARINE/VILLA - CONTINUOUS

125

A DISC of metal splashes down into the water.

Bond appears. Floating nearby is one of several motor launches and dinghies from nearby moorings blasted free by the sub's explosive appearance. Christmas and Bond dive out to it.

The SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS fill the air.

ANGLE

It's a surreal image. The ancient cityscape disturbed by the huge submarine.

BOND AND CHRISTMAS,

exhausted, fall into the dinghy and into each other's arms.

They kiss.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

CHRISTMAS

Oh, James.

They kiss passionately.

He pulls away, looks up at the sky.

BOND

I think someone up there must like us.

126 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM, MI-6, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

126

M watching an aerial satellite view of the scene.

CLOSE ON A SCREEN, THE SATELLITE IMAGE:

The wakes of the flotilla and helicopters surrounding the remains of the Elektra mission,

TANNER (O.S.)

You think Bond made it?

One wake starts becoming very clear. Bond has been carving a pattern in the waters of the Bosphorus, viewable only from outer space: '007'

M

He made it.

The image CLOSES IN ON the vessel as it finishes the '7'.

127 EXT. DINGHY, BOSPHORUS - CONTINUOUS

127

Bond lets go of the controls and nestles down next to her, heading out to sea. Christmas looks dreamily into his eyes.

CHRISTMAS

You know James, in our hotel room...

BOND

Yes, dear?

A long beat. She smiles up at him. Coy.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas came early.

His hand comes off the the rudder and they sink from view...

PULL BACK

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

past a host of boats converging on the sinking submarine, rising high, sweeping past the angular minaret where Elektra lies dead...

FADE OUT

THE END