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The Man with the Golden Gun

By Richard Maibaum

Nick Nack! Tabasco!
Right away, Monsieur Scaramanga!
Hey.
Half. You get the rest later.
Wait for him in there. Through that door.
He will join you in a minute.
Your steam bath is ready, |Monsieur Scaramanga.
Oh, that would have been too easy.
It's locked.
You'll have to look elsewhere, monsieur.
Hey, Al.
Al, wherever you are, |don't hold it against me.
I wonder where you can find your gun, |Monsieur Scaramanga.
Your little golden gun.
Where can it be?
we haven't had before.
I wonder what it can be.
I fooled you!
You're getting warmer.
Much warmer.
Now, how are you going |to get down the stairs?
So near and yet so far.
Bravo, Monsieur Scaramanga.
You've done it again.
- This one was the best, "n'est-ce pas"? | - Not bad. Not bad at all.
But you'll have to do better |to come into my money.
I'll get you yet, |and I'll enjoy every sou you leave me.
You'll be the death of me yet, Nick Nack.
He has a powerful weapon
He charges a million a shot
An assassin that's second to none
Lurking in some darkened doorway
Or crouched on a rooftop somewhere
In the next room, or this very one
The Man with the Golden Gun
Love is required whenever he's hired
It comes just before the kill
No one can catch him
No hit man can match him
For his million-dollar skill
means another poor victim
Has come to a glittering end
For a price, he'll erase anyone
The Man with the Golden Gun

His eye may be on you or me
Who will he bang?
We shall see
Love is required whenever he's hired
It comes just before the kill
No one can catch him
No hit man can match him
For his million-dollar skill
means another poor victim
Has come to a glittering end
If you want to get rid of someone
The Man with the Golden Gun
Will get it done
He'll shoot anyone
With his golden gun

Good morning, sir.

Colthorpe.

Chief of Staff.

What do you know|about a man called Scaramanga, 007?

Scaramanga?

Oh, yes! The Man with the Golden Gun.

Born in a circus. Father, the ringmaster.|Mother, English. A snake charmer.
A spectacular trick-shot artist by the time|he was ten and a local Rio
gunman at 15.

The KGB trained him in Europe,|where he became
an overworked, underpaid assassin.

He went independent in the '50s.

Current price:

No... er... photograph on file.

But he does have one distinguishing|feature, however. A superfluous
papilla.

- A what?|- A mammary gland. A third nipple, sir.

He always uses a golden bullet,|hence "Man with the Golden Gun".

Present domicile unknown.

I think that's all.

Why, sir?

Hm! Charming trinket.

- Even has my number on it.|- Precisely.

Obviously it's useless as a bullet.

Who would pay a million dollars|to have me killed?

Jealous husbands, outraged chefs,|humiliated tailors. The list is endless.

Moreover, this trinket, as you call it,

was sent with a note|requesting "special delivery" to you.

- It's initialled with an S.|- Scaramanga's fingerprints were on it.
They've been verified by the CIA.

- Why would he alert me?|- Psychological.

He counts on his reputation|to terrify his intended victim.

Thank you, gentlemen.

I'm relieving you|of your present assignment, 007.

- Er, sir?|- Yes?

The energy crisis is still with us.

I submit that finding Gibson and his solar|cell data is more important than
ever.

It is indeed.

And I can't jeopardise it or any mission|by having Scaramanga put a bullet
in you.

I'll endorse your request to resign.

Or you can take a sabbatical|and go to ground until this is settled.

Or until he kills me.

Nobody knows where he is|or what he looks like.

So I think it's fair to assume|that he has the edge on you.

Wouldn't you agree? That's all, 007.

If I found him first, sir,

that might change the situation.

Dramatically, wouldn't you say?

Good day, Bond.

Moneyppenny, Fairbanks.

- Alaska.|- No. Bill Fairbanks, 002.

Oh, poor Bill.

- I miss him.|- The Man with the Golden Gun didn't.

Officially that was never confirmed.

Where was 002 when it happened?

Beirut, '69.

In a cabaret with a lady called Saida.

Beirut, hm?

Moneyppenny,|you are better than a computer.

In all sorts of ways.

But you never take advantage of them.

- Miss Moneyppenny.|- Yes, sir.

Oh, just one moment, darling.

Yes, James?

Why wasn't Scaramanga|confirmed as the killer?

Because they couldn't find the bullet!

Darling!

Ahmed.

Ahmed!

Entrez.

Good evening. |My name is Bond. James Bond.

Your dancing is superb.

- Merci.

And you are very handsome.

Well, I don't usually intrude like this, |but I... I believe we had a mutual friend.

- Bill Fairbanks. | - Fairbanks?

Yes.

I am told you were with him
when he was rather, er... |rudely interrupted.

Ah, "mais oui" - Bill!

What a terrible night. I will never forget it.

- Did you see who shot him? | - No, I was in his arms.

- My eyes were closed. | - At least he died happy.

The bullet went through him.

- Through his back and ended up there? | - No, no, through his neck.

I take it out of the wall |before the police arrive.

And now it is my lucky charm.

I never dance without it.

I'm sure Bill would have loved that.

But let us forget the past.

Mm! I was hoping you'd say that.

Are you staying long in Beirut?

Oh, it depends.

Clumsy of me.

You really do have |a magnificent abdomen.

Oh, my perfumes! No!

I've lost my charm!

Not from where "I'm" standing.

Taxi? Hotel, mister?

No. To the nearest pharmacy.

Dumdum bullets like this

flatten on impact |for maximum wounding effect.

- Very nasty. | - Yes, I'm sure it is.

But just tell me |where it was made and by whom.

Well, fortunately it's all in one piece.

Which leads us to deduce |it was fired from a 4.2 millimetre gun.

Colthorpe, there's no such thing |as a 4.2 millimetre gun.

The fact that no recognised munitions |manufacturer, military or civil,
produces such a bullet |doesn't mean it doesn't exist, 007.

Q Branch have been making irregular |calibres for most unusual purposes.

- And we don't put markings on them. | - Making identification almost
impossible.

You mean we can't trace it? You've |no idea what it went through to get

here.

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

The workmanship is undemanding|according to our standards.

Soft 23-carat gold with traces of... nickel.

Hardly ever used in Europe.|Comes from India.

Far East?

- Why not India?|- Nickel content obviously too low, 007.

- Lazar?|- Lazar!

Hm. Imaginative.

Highly specialised.

Yes, I concur.

- Well, what the hell is Lazar?|- Not what. Who. Portuguese.

- Lives in Macau.|- Chap who made the bullet, 007.

I hate to interrupt your dinner,|but does Senhor Lazar live here?

Lazar.

I was given this address. Does he...

Senhor Lazar?

My name's Bond. James Bond.

An unexpected honour, Mr Bond.

Your reputation precedes you.|This way, please.

It would be my proudest moment if|I could make something for you, Mr Bond.

A rifle, perhaps.

Now, here we have|an interesting problem.

A custom-built model for a client

who recently lost two fingers. Please.

- Also lost his trigger.|- It is housed in the butt.

Squeeze it.

The sights are a bit off.

You have five fingers. The butt|is balanced for the pressure of three.

That is why you were one inch too low.

Here you will find only|craftsmanship and quality.

Mass production,

your Walther PPK, for instance,|I leave to others.

What about ammunition?

Designed to individual requirements,|whatever they may be.

In gold... if I wanted?

- I have already done that for a client.|- I know you have.

Francisco Scaramanga.

My relationship with a client, Mr Bond,|is strictly confidential.

Like a doctor. A priest with a penitent.

Oh, of course!

Yet you make guns|for fingerless hoodlums,

bullets for assassins.

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

Exactly!

I'm now aiming precisely at your groin.

So speak or for ever hold your peace.

I have never seen him.

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

True, but unfortunately|he only fires them occasionally.

When was the, er... last shipment?

This is impossible. I can't...

You're quite right.

An inch too low.

I have just completed an order|for immediate delivery.

- Who collects them?|- I swear, I do not know.

My instructions are to go to the casino.|I am paid and they vanish.

in Hong Kong harbour,

one of the busiest ports in the world.

passports and landing cards ready,

in order to avoid unnecessary delay.

of the famous liner Queen Elizabeth,

mysterious circumstances in 1971.

and on your right, Hong Kong Island.

Taxi!

Follow that Rolls.

Madam, would you be good enough|to move this inverted bedpan?

Sorry I'm late, James, but your signal|from Macau just reached the office.

You're a great help, Goodnight.

Now, get on to Licence Bureau|and trace that car. AU 603, a green Rolls.

A green Rolls?

A green Rolls-Royce.

There can't be that many in Hong Kong.

Courtesy cars. All green Rolls-Royces|belong to the Peninsula Hotel.

You see what a two-year posting|to Staff Intelligence does for a girl?

James, it's wonderful to see you.

- Where are you going?|- I need some information.

The subject under surveillance|is in room 602.

I'll buy you dinner, but first|I have official business to attend to.

Yes, I saw the "official business".

Goodnight, would I do that to you|after two years?

Yes, you bloody well would!

- Please.|- I can manage.

You could open a door for me, though.

- I open champagne?|- No, it's a surprise.

Oh! A surprise!

Good afternoon.

- A water pistol?|- Pass me that robe.

Turn around.

Do you always take a shower|with a pistol?

Put your hands up and get out of here!

- Keep on walking.|- But you haven't answered my question.

Reception. Can I help you?

This is Miss Anders. Room 602.

Put those down!

I see why these packets carry|a government warning.

Give me that!

They certainly can damage your health.

- Ow! You're hurting my arm.|- Then tell me where those bullets go.

- No, I can't.|- Try!

- He'll kill me!|- Who?

I can't tell you!

Scaramanga.

You see what you can do when you try?

You work for him?

I don't work for him.

He's, um... I'm his...

Oh. So he's a lover too.

Only before he kills.

Bullfighters do the same thing.|Claims it improves the eye.

His eye is on me. Where can I find him?

I don't know.

I don't know.

I said where?!

I don't know!|He doesn't tell me everything.

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

How will I recognise him?

- Tall, slim and dark.|- So is my aunt.

- Anything distinctive about him?|- Yes, but how can I...

He is not like other people. He has three...

Oh.

Fascinating anatomical titbit, but the most|useless piece of information I ever heard.

Unless the Bottoms Up is a strip club|and Scaramanga is performing there.

You'll have to do better.

He usually wears|a white linen suit, black tie,
and jewellery, all gold.

You're improving.

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

I don't want to either.

So I'll tell you what you're going to do.

You're going to take the bullets|to Mr Scaramanga,

because, if he doesn't get them, |he may not show up at the Bottoms Up.
And I want him there.

- Why should you trust me?|- I don't.

But neither will Mr Scaramanga, if he |hears about this interesting
conversation.

Who knows? He may even use |one of those little golden bullets on you.

And that would be a pity,

because they're "very" expensive.

I'll take them to him.

Let's drink to that.

Bottoms up!

- Soda or ginger ale?|- Ginger ale, please.

Police! Drop it!

Drop it!

You're under arrest.

Move away from there!

If you take the trouble to examine |that gun, you'll notice it hasn't been
fired.

Anything you have to say, |you can say at the station.

I'm charging him under Section 473.

- I didn't see your identity card.|- You will.

Here.

- I thought we were going to the station.|- Kowloon side.

Kowloon's over there!

We're going to the New Territories!

Welcome aboard, Commander Bond.

This way, sir.

Down the hatchway, please.

Good evening, sir.

Would you follow me, please?

It certainly gives you a new slant.

What with the Chinese on one side |and the US fleet on the other,

down here's the only place |in Hong Kong you can't be bugged.

And with current real-estate prices |in Hong Kong, quite practical. Any
luck?

A Chinese fighter we salvaged.

Good evening, 007.

Glad to see you're still with us.

In future, Commander Bond, if you must |tour the world of Suzie Wong by
night,

- inform our man here. Lieutenant Hip.|- Sorry, Commander.

I had to get you away from the police, |but didn't know how much you knew.

Nothing.

But I should report, sir, that Scaramanga |does not have a contract on me.

He couldn't have missed me tonight. | Instead he hit a chap at a club.
- I got a shock when I saw who it was. | - I should think you did.
Our missing solar-energy expert: Gibson.
Yes. Gibson. He was prepared | to come back under certain conditions.
That's why I'm here | with Professor Frazier.
Lieutenant Hip | was making a preliminary contact.
I almost wish that Scaramanga | had a contract on you.
Was Gibson cooperative?
He wanted to bargain for immunity. | Suggested another meeting in Bangkok.
- Why Bangkok? | - I think he worked there for Hai Fat.
That name's come up before.
A multimillionaire. | Head of Hai Fat Enterprises.
All legitimate, as far as we know.
What did Gibson | propose bargaining with?
A solex. Claimed it was 95% efficient.
If he developed a solar cell that efficient, | he solved the energy crisis.
So you've told me.
Coal and oil will soon be depleted. | Uranium's too dangerous.
Geothermal and tidal control | too expensive. I know all that.
- Where's the solex now? | - Solex "agitator", sir.
"The" essential unit to convert | radiation from the sun into electricity
on an industrial basis. It's only that size.
It won't take long to check out Gibson's | efficiency claim. This is
exciting!
May I see it, Lieutenant?
He showed it to me at the bar | and replaced it in his pocket.
And after he was shot,
it wasn't there.
I looked.
Gentlemen, I congratulate you.
Instead of getting a perfected solex,
we're left with a useless corpse | and no leads.
One lead, sir.
Assuming Gibson | was killed by Scaramanga,
whoever hired him | could afford a million dollars.
- Are you suggesting Hai Fat? | - He could afford it.
Out of petty cash.
A thought has occurred to me.
If Hai Fat hired Scaramanga,
- it's unlikely that he met him personally. | - Why?
If anything had gone wrong, | there's nothing to connect the two.
That gives me an idea | as to how to approach him.
Q, I'll... need this.
- Really, 007! | - Oh, I admit it's a little kinky.

You'll take Miss Goodnight with you.

- Goodnight, sir?|- After tonight's debacle,
an efficient liaison officer|wouldn't come amiss.

Thank you, sir.

You won't get near Hai Fat.

I have relatives in Bangkok.|I have often passed his place.

He lives in a house on a mountain|surrounded by guards.

No way!|The place is crawling with guards.

Have a look.

Hai Fat takes his privacy very seriously.

I'm sure he'll see me.

Good morning. How's the water?

Why don't you come in and find out?

- Sounds very tempting, Miss, er...|- Chew Mee.

Really?

There's only one problem.|I have no swimming trunks.

Neither have I.

What are you doing here?

Get out!

Immediately.

I will have you...

Please forgive me, Mr Scaramanga.

Excuse me, Chew Mee.

Bye-ee.

You understand my surprise.

I thought it was understood.

We were never to meet, Mr Scaramanga.

I always thought|your abnormality was a myth.

Some cults consider it a sign of|invulnerability and great sexual prowess.

I've learned to live with it.

Why are you here?

Bond. James Bond.

- Do I know the gentleman?|- Well, he knows you.

Without being immodest, there are few|people in this part of the world who
don't.

And there are very few people|who haven't heard of Bond.

British Secret Service,|007, licensed to kill.

He's good, even by my standards.

- He was near the Bottoms Up Club.|- A coincidence.

I don't believe in them.

The man's a menace.|He knows something.

Are you suggesting I invest|another million to remove him?

That's up to you.

I will give it some thought.

Since you have chosen to meet me,|perhaps you will dine here tonight.
- I'll be delighted.|- Nine o'clock, then.
Ling Po, see this gentleman out.
Don't tell me you saw him?!
He even invited me to dinner.
He must have found me quite titillating.
In due time, I shall be laid to rest|here in my mausoleum
after a useful, happy, long life.
And I do not intend|to allow Mr Bond to shorten it.
I'll get the car.
- You know I'd rather be dining with you.|- I understand, James. Please
hurry back.
I'll ring as soon as I do.|A midnight snack might be just the thing.
I'll keep the wine properly chilled.
And everything else warm, I trust.
Bye-bye!
And everything else warm?!
I hope you don't mind|giving my nieces a lift.
Good evening.
Hai Fat's is on the way.
I'll drop the girls, come back and wait.
Bye-bye. Bye-bye.
The name's Scaramanga.|Mr Fat is expecting me.
Grislyland.
A pleasant evening.
Get him! Come on!
Stop it!
Not here.
This is my home.
Take Mr Bond to school.
Heaven.
Definitely heaven.
Tashman.
Chula.
Chula! Chula! Chula!
Chula! Chula! Chula!
Are you all right?
- How did you find me?|- Hai Fat owns this place.
Stand back, girls.
Forgot to tell you!
Their father runs a karate school.
Hang on!
What you might call|a Mexican screw-up, gentlemen!
Pretty lady, 100 bahts.

- No, no.|- 80 bahts.
Pretty lady, real elephant. 60 bahts.
Missy, yesa!
Elephant. Bargain, mister. 100 bahts.
Elephant! Real elephant.
You are very handsome man. 40 bahts.
For you, mister, 20 bahts.
Sonny, I'll give you 20,000 bahts|if you can make this heap go any faster.
- I'm afraid I'll have to owe you.|- Bloody tourist! 20,000 bahts!
Goddamn little brown water hog!
Oh, what's the matter, JW, huh?
You just try that in "my" bayou, boy!|I'd haul your ass!
Oh, look, JW. I just gotta have me|one of those cute little elephants.
Elephants!
We're Democrats, Maybelle.
If you got your little pointy heads|out of them pajamas,
you wouldn't be late for work.
I knew it!
You pointy-heads has no more idea|of traffic control than a gooney bird!
Get your cotton-picking schnoz|out of my pants. Hear now?
Boy, you is ugly.
JW?
Where are you?
What do they teach in that school?|Ballet dancing?
I find nothing remotely amusing|about Mr Bond's escape.
You underestimated him.
Even my influence doesn't extend|into the British Secret Service.
I shall lie low too.
I won't jeopardise a project|in which I've invested half my fortune,
when it's ready to yield billions.
- Where will you hide out?|- That does not concern you.
Take this.
Return it to the plant and|don't leave there without my permission.
May I remind you that you work for me.
I took you on as a junior partner to be an|occasional convenience. Nothing
more.
I did not hire you to interfere in my affairs.
- Is that clearly understood?|- Oh, yes, very clearly.
I now regret having even considered|employing your services,
but that is beside the point.
Bond doesn't know you're in Bangkok.|He's never seen you, but he knows me.
That's the problem.
That's no problem.
What happened?

Mr Fat has just resigned.
I'm the new chairman of the board.
He always did like that mausoleum.
Put him in it.
Sorry about that, darling. It was Hip.
Still no sign of Hai Fat. Every inquiry|gets a polite Oriental brushoff.
With the compliments.
"Phuyuck" ?
'74, sir.
- I approve.|- You do?
Oh, not the wine. Your frock.
Tight in all the right places. |Not too many buttons.
Standard uniform for Southeast Asia.
The buttons are down the back.
Designed by Q, no doubt. |One of them's a suicide pill, I suppose.
No. But the bottom one has a homer in it.
How original.
Per ora e per il momento che verr.
"To this moment,
and the moment yet to come."
In our profession, I'm afraid, you never|can count on that moment to come.
Who knows where you and I will be|this time next year?
Opposite sides of the world, most likely.
That's too far apart.
Now, if Hip doesn't come up with a lead,
there's really nothing very much|for us to do tonight.
Or is there?
Oh, darling, I'm tempted.
But killing a few hours|as one of your passing fancies
isn't quite my scene.
Phuyuck!
Ah! Goodnight. What a pleasant surprise.
My hard-to-get act|didn't last very long, did it?
I was trained|to expect the unexpected, but...
they never prepared me|for anything like you in a nightie.
James, I thought|this would never happen.
- What made you change your mind?|- I'm weak.
Don't move!
Miss Anders! I didn't recognise you|with your clothes on.
I bribed a bellboy to let me in.
I've come to warn you,
you're in great danger.
I usually am. That's why I use|the old three-pillow trick.
Please believe me. |I'm risking my life to come here.

Well, your concern for my wellbeing|is touching,
but puzzles me.

- Scaramanga is in Bangkok.|- He was in Hong Kong, but not after me.
We've been through that routine.

He's a monster. I hate him.

Then leave him.

You don't walk out on Scaramanga.

- There's no place he wouldn't find me.|- You need a good lawyer.
I need 007.

Who do you think sent that bullet|to London with your number on it?
I did.

And it wasn't easy|getting his fingerprint on the note.

Forgive me|if I've been slow on the uptake.

Don't you see you're the only man|in the world who can kill him?

Now, what gives you that idea?

The way Scaramanga speaks about you.

- Even has a likeness of you.|- I'm flattered.

I want him dead.

Name your price. Anything, I'll pay it.

You can have me too, if you like.

I'm not unattractive.

At last you're starting to tell the truth.

I've dreamed about you setting me free.

I've been dreaming about a solex agitator.

Ever heard of one?

Perhaps you can have that too.

- No, my clothes are in there.|- Get in.

- I'll kill that woman.|- Later!

Charming.

It was an inspiration, sending that bullet.

You're late.

It was a double feature.

What are you doing?

Putting my jewellery away.

You can come out now.

- What time is it?|- Two-ish.

Two? You mean|I've been in here for two hours?

All in the line of duty.

Duty! I'm resigning in the morning!

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

Well, obviously you don't!

Forgive me, darling.

Your turn will come, I promise.

As soon as she brings me that solex.

- For killing Scaramanga?|- If she gets me the solex agitator first.
First?

James, you must be good.

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

Sorry I'm late.|Bangkok traffic's worse than Piccadilly.
He's made contact.

- How's the charm boy doing?|- Need you ask?
Meet you outside.

Did you bring it?

Darling, I left it in your handbag.

It must be in here somewhere, dear.|I saw the man in the shop give it to
you.

Without the ticket, we can't get a receipt.

You won't find it in there, Mr Bond.|I looked before you came.

I wouldn't do that either. Look behind you.

Lower.

A gun in a bag of peanuts. How original.|What will they think of next?

My name is Scaramanga.|Francisco Scaramanga.

I feel I know you, although|I never thought we should ever meet.

It's a very great pleasure for me, Mr Bond,|thanks to Miss Anders.

You've a strange way|of showing gratitude.

A mistress cannot serve two masters.

A difficult shot, but most gratifying.

Well, we, er... all get our jollies|one way or another.

Mine have always been guns, Mr Bond.

When I was a boy|I was brought up in a circus.

My only real friend|was a magnificent African bull elephant.

One day his handler mistreated him|and he went berserk.

Bleeding, dying,

he came and found me.

Stood on one leg - his best trick -|picked me up and put me on his back.

The man emptied the gun into his eye.

- I emptied my stage pistol into his.|- An eye for an eye. Nut?

You see, Mr Bond,|I always thought I liked animals.

Then I discovered that|I liked killing people even more.

Keep this. Whatever you do, don't lose it.

- I have to help James.|- Something's wrong?

- There's a midget with a gun on him.|- A midget?

Same one I saw at the Bottoms Up.|The girl is dead. Call the police!

Forget the girl. She's replaceable.

And I shall find what she stole from me.

Personally, I have nothing against you,|so let's hope our paths never cross
again.

Please don't try to follow me.
Your peanut-toting friend back there|wouldn't like it.
No, he wouldn't.
You want to try one of mine?
- Where's the solex?|- With Goodnight.
- Where's Goodnight?|- Outside.
She must be by the car.
Women! Walkie-talkie.
- Goodnight, where are you?|- Somebody locked me in a boot.
- The midget's car. I'm locked in.
Number 7543.
- The keys!|- I haven't got them.
Oh, no.
- Oh, I've got the keys.
And I've got the solex too.
Taxi!
Stay in there, Goodnight.|We've got you spotted.
Taxi! Taxi!
Taxi!
- How 'bout a demonstration, boy?|- Certainly, sir.
What the hell is goin' on?!
Now... I know you!
Oh, no.
You're that secret agent.|That English secret agent from England.
You're chasin' somebody.
Who are you after this time, boy?|Commies?
Let's go get 'em! I'm with you all the way.
Uh-oh. I think we've got trouble.
Pull your cars over,|you little brown pointy-heads!
I'm a peace officer!
James? Are you still there?
James!
Can you hear me? James!
All right, Goodnight. Don't panic.
- Who's that?|- It's, er...
- It's Headquarters.|- Let me talk to 'em.
Hello. This is Sheriff JW Pepper,
Louisiana State Police.
and tell her I'm on a mission.
I've been deputised. Right?
Right.
Which car are we all chasin', boy?
Move it! Move it!
Get that piece of junk off of the road.

They went left, boy.
Press that pedal, boy.
Where the hell have they got to?
You goofed, boy.
Nearest bridge is two miles back.
Goddamn! What the...
What's goin' on?|What the hell are you doin' now, boy?
The bridge is "that" way!
You're not thinking of...?
I sure am, boy!
Ever heard of Evel Knievel?
Wowiee!
I ain't never done that before!
Neither have I, actually.
Let's go get 'em, boy!
You stay put, boy.
This is "my" department.
Glad to see you boys on the ball!
Sheriff JW Pepper, Louisiana State Police.
Here's my identification.
Law Enforcement Association,|American Legion.
Me and my partner here,|we're on a secret mission.
What the hell you doing?|Give me my wallet back.
Doors.
You can't do this to me.|I want my wallet back.
Take these goddamn bracelets off!
I'm gonna sue ya for false arrest!|Police brutality. I got connections.
I'm gonna get the FBI on your ass!|The CIA!
Goddamn it,|I'm gonna get Henry Kissinger!
Now look at me|when I'm talkin' to ya, boy.
What's the matter?|Ain't none of you seen a plane before?
James? James, are you still there?
Can you hear me?
I think we've stopped.
That is really|all there is to report, sir.
So, if I heard correctly,|Scaramanga got away.
Yes, sir.
- In a car that sprouted wings.|- That's perfectly feasible, sir.
- In fact, we're working on one now.|- Oh, Q! Shut up.
- Miss Goodnight was in the boot?|- Yes, sir.
We found the car-plane abandoned|about 200 miles west of Bangkok.
- And the solex?|- In Goodnight's handbag, sir.
- Where's Goodnight now?|- We don't know, sir.
Communications aren't getting the signal|from the homer she has supplied by

Q.

Rubbish! They're simply|not stepping up the reception to enable...

Oh, shut up, Q!

Of all the fouled-up,|half-witted operations!

- What do you want?|- We've picked up Goodnight's signal, sir.

- Well, that's something.|- But there's something rather curious, sir.

Our sector's here,

and we're receiving her signal|from somewhere off this coastline here.

Now here it is on a much larger scale.

That's where she is. |In this group of small islands.

That's all we need! Red Chinese waters.

We could stray|inadvertently into them, sir.

- I could fly low under their radar screen.|- Absolutely out of the question.

If the PM gets to hear of this,|he'll hang me from the yardarm.

Officially you won't know|a thing about it, sir.

There's a small seaplane|approaching your island.

Do you want us to take action?

No. No, please don't do anything.

Yes, it's a...

guest I'm expecting.

No, he won't be leaving.

Bonjour, Monsieur Bond.

I am Nick Nack.

Dom Prignon soixante-quatre.

I prefer the '62 myself.

Still, beats a bag of peanuts.

Monsieur Scaramanga|will welcome you personally.

Forgive me, Mr Bond. |A vulgar display, but I couldn't resist it because I am so delighted|to see you again.

A harmless toy.

I am, as you can see now,|completely unarmed.

Cigarette?

We have so much in common|and so much to discuss.

We will never have this chance again.

Ours is the loneliest profession, so let us|spend a few pleasant hours together.

How can I refuse|such a gracious invitation?

Splendid. Splendid!

Nick Nack, I expect you to surpass|yourself. He's a cordon bleu, you know?

By the way, where's Miss Goodnight?

Oh, she's around here somewhere.

She can't leave,|so she does as she pleases.

How do you like my island?

A bit off the beaten track.

It's rent-free. | I do my landlords an occasional favour.

A cosy arrangement.

- Servant problem, I suppose? | - Not at all.

Nick Nack does for me very nicely.

Usually there's just us two, | but guests are no inconvenience.

We're entirely self-supporting. We have | every electrical device you can think of.

This is an airlock, | as you are doubtless aware.

Automatic, of course.

Naturally, we have an ample supply | of electricity here.

Let me show you.

This should run | a few electric toothbrushes.

Up here.

A solar-energy station. | So this is what it's all about. Ah!

Thermoelectric generators | to convert solar energy into electricity.

All built by Hai Fat's | construction company, no doubt.

Somehow I seem to have inherited it | from him. It's all fully automated.

Kra looks after maintenance and security | in here. Nick Nack does everything else.

They tell me the electricity | is stored in here... somewhere.

Science was never my strong point.

Superconductivity coils | cooled by liquid helium.

If I were you, I wouldn't stick my finger - | or anything else, for that matter - in there.

At 453% below zero, that liquid helium | would break it off like an icicle.

You really know | far more about it than I do.

I'm arranging for countries that can afford | the price to send experts here to see this.

But no solex | until the money is in the bank, right?

Right.

- I have run across similar situations. | - Not what I've got here.

This way the highest bidder | can build hundreds of stations and sell franchises for hundreds more.

He will literally have the sun in his pocket.

A monopoly on solar power.

The oil sheikhs will pay you | just to keep solar energy "off" the market.

The thought had occurred to me.

This is the collection point.

Ah! So that's where it belongs.

Our famous solex in the still down there | transmits heat to the thermal generators.

It's collected through this?

But where is it collected from? | You need the sun.

Watch that mushroom-shaped rock.

Ingenious, isn't it?

The panels lock on to the sun, then track it automatically.

Something like that, yes.

Ah. Reflected through this, those panels must produce a heat of at least 3,500°F.

If you say so, Mr Bond.

But I do know we can focus the power wherever we want. Here, I'll show you. This is a bonus.

Goes with the solex. No extra charge.

This is the part I really like.

Now that's what I call solar power.

That's what I call trouble.

You must admit I am now undeniably the Man with the Golden Gun. Lunch.

This way, Mr Bond.

Ah, Miss Goodnight!

- James! - Aren't we a little overdressed?

I like a girl in a bikini. No concealed weapons.

Miss Goodnight, please. Mr Bond.

Let's see what Nick Nack has for us.

Ah, mushrooms.

The fried mushroom looks terribly interesting.

Yes, I'd noticed that. I'll get around to it later.

- Having fun in the sun, Goodnight? - Yes!

I could stay here for ever.

Mm, excellent.

- Slightly reminiscent of a '34 Mouton. - Then I must add it to my cellar.

You live well, Scaramanga.

At a million dollars a contract, I can afford to, Mr Bond.

You work for peanuts. A "well done" from the Queen and a pittance of a pension.

Apart from that, we are the same.

To us, Mr Bond. We are the best.

There's a useful four-letter word, and you're full of it.

When I kill it's under specific orders of my government.

And those I kill are themselves killers.

Come, come, Mr Bond. You disappoint me.

You get as much fulfilment out of killing as I do. Admit it.

- I admit killing you would be a pleasure. - You should have done that before.

But then the English don't think it's sporting to kill in cold blood.

Don't count on that.

I could have shot you when you landed, but that would have been too easy.

You see, Mr Bond,
like every great artist, I want to create an indisputable masterpiece
once in my lifetime.
The death of 007, "mano a mano",
face to face,
will be mine.
You mean stuffed and displayed over your rocky mantelpiece.
That's an amusing idea, but I was thinking in terms of history.
A duel between titans.
My golden gun against your Walther PPK.
Each of us with a 50-50 chance.
Six bullets to your one?
I only need one.
Sounds a bit old-fashioned, doesn't it?
I mean, pistols at dawn, that sort of thing.
Indeed it is, Mr Bond.
But it still remains the only "true" test for gentlemen.
I doubt if you qualify on that score.
However, I accept.
As soon as I have finished this delicious lunch that Nick Nack has prepared
for us.
"Messieurs", I will remind you, this is "un duel la mort".
Only one of you can leave the field of honour.
If a "coup de grace" is necessary,
as your referee, I will administer it myself.
I do not expect wounds, only a clean kill.
each contestant will take 20 paces.
Are you ready, Monsieur Scaramanga?
- Ready.|- Are you ready, Monsieur Bond?
- Ready.|- I will now begin the count.
One, two,
three, four, five,
six, seven, eight, nine,
ten, eleven, twelve,
thirteen, fourteen,
fifteen, sixteen,
seventeen, eighteen,
nineteen, twenty!
If you kill him,
all this be mine.
This way, Monsieur Bond.
- Monsieur, good shooting.|- I've never killed a midget before.
But there can always be a first time.
Oh, monsieur!

You only have three bullets left.

I have fooled you.

- Goodnight!|- James!

Oh, James!

Steady, Goodnight.

Where is he?

Flat on his "coup de grace".

Come on, let's get out of this fun palace|and find that solex.

Wait here.|I'll take care of the maintenance man.

I already did.

I laid him out cold.

- You did?|- Yes.

There's more to you than meets the eye.

I hate to ask stupid questions, but|where exactly did you knock him cold?

He landed in that one.

Don't you believe in signs?

We've got five minutes before his body|temperature raises the helium above zero.

Then this whole damn place|will go sky-high.

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Kill the beam!

- Hit the master override switch!|- The what?

- Goodnight?|- Yes, James?

Now listen carefully.|There's a console up there.

Now, there must be a scanner|interlock button on it. Push it!

Are you still there?

It'll be on the auxiliary feedback circuit.

"Computer interlock..." Is that it?

Just push every damn button, will you?

Good girl, Goodnight. You've done it.

Oh, I have.

Goodnight, get the hell out of there!|I've done it.

- I hope you can swim, Goodnight.|- This way.

His junk is moored around the corner.

- But, darling, who is at the wheel?|- George.

George?

Automatic pilot.

We should make Hong Kong|in about... eight hours.

Give or... take a little.

I always wanted to take|a slow boat "from" China.

I'll kill you.

I'll kill you!

Why, you...!

Hey! Let me out!

Hey, what are you doing?

Ouch!

No, no, no! I can't breathe!

Ow! You'll be sorry.

I may be small, but I never forget.

I kill you if you don't let me out of here!

Ow! Let me out, you big bully!

Shut up.

- What did you do with him?|- What do you think?

- Oh, James, you didn't!|- Yes, I damn well did.

Got all the glass out of the bed, I trust?

We don't want anything else|to disturb our peace,
do we?

Now, where were we?

Oh, James!

Mmm...

What's the matter?

Something came up.

Hello?

Ah, there you are, Bond.

Well done. Congratulations.

Thank you, sir.

I'd like a word with her.

Hold on, sir.

Bond? Bond, are you there?

Goodnight?

She's just coming, sir.

Goodnight?

Goodnight?

- Goodnight!|- Good night, sir.

Good night, good night

Sleep well, my dear

No need to fear

James Bond is here

whenever he's hired

It comes just before the kill

No one can catch him

No hit man can match him

For his million-dollar skill

means another poor victim

Has come to a glittering end

If you want to get rid of someone

The Man with the Golden Gun

Will get it done

He'll shoot anyone
With his golden gun