Never Say Never Again

By Lorenzo Semple Jr.
You walk in a room.
A woman can feel the heat.
One look is a guarantee.
Nights could be long and sweet.
The message is clear.
Like nothing I've ever known.
But from all that I hear.
Forget about long-range plans.
'Cause this man's got his own.
To get mixed up with.
A man who says never.
May be big trouble, but then
I just could be the woman to take you.
And make you never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
You've got all the moves.
No matter your attitude or your mood
I'll come through.
The touch of your voice.
The feel of your eyes on me.
You leave me no choice.
Though I know there's danger there
I don't care, let it be.
To get in bed with.
A man who says never.
May have no future, but then
I just could be the woman to reach you.
And teach you to never say never again
I'll beg you I'll get you
I'll teach you I'll get you
I'll take you I'll make you.
One minute, 47 seconds, sir.
Not too shabby, sir.
But dead, 007. Dead!
You should have studied
the plot more carefully.
Fanatical revolutionaries
kidnap a millionaire's daughter
and hold her captive for eight weeks.
Of course she could have been brainwashed.
Could have turned.
Evidently she did.
With due respect, sir,
I played your war games for two
weeks and I only got killed once.
Twice.
You've forgotten the land
mine on the Black Sea beach.
Correction, sir. I lost both legs.
I did not die.
You were immobilized.
It can never be the same
playing with blanks.
It is somewhat different in the field.
With your life on the line, you...
Well, your adrenaline gives you an edge.
But is your edge sharp enough?
That's the difference between
a double-0 and a corpse.
Since you took over, sir, you've
had little use for the double-0's.
I've spent most of my
time teaching, not doing.
I'll make you no secret.
I hold your methods in much less regard
than my illustrious predecessor did.
But my duty is to keep you up to par.
Too many free radicals,
that's your problem.
Free radicals, sir?
Yeah, they're toxins that
destroy the body and the brain.
Caused by eating too much
red meat and white bread
and too many dry martinis.
Then I shall cut out the white bread, sir.
You'll do more than that, 007.
From now on, you will be suffering a
strict regimen of diet and exercise.
We shall purge those toxins from you.
Shrublands? You've got it.
Have you got an assignment, James?
Yes. Yes, Moneypenny.
I'm to eliminate all free radicals.
Oh!
Do be careful.
Come on, now. Keep up with me.
Welcome to Shrublands, sir.
Thank you.
My word. They don't make
them like this anymore.
You're right.
It's still in pretty good shape.
This way, sir.
Your body's got enough scar
tissue for an entire regiment.
Right. But it's still in pretty good shape.
We'll be the judge of that, Mr. Bond.
Our job is not just to rehabilitate you.
It's to re-educate you.
I want to open your mind to the virtues of
nutrition, proper exercise, meditation,
and, hopefully, spiritual enlightenment.
I'd like you to see the iridologist

at 4:
and then you can cut along
to the light-dining room
and have a refreshing cup of parsley tea.
Mr. Bond, I need a urine sample.
If you could fill this beaker for me.
From here?
Box 274 and quickly, please.
We have invested extensively
in the Middle East and Central America
to promote insurgency and revolution.
Fortunately, our capital outlay
has been handsomely offset
by the resultant sales of
armaments and missiles.
You will note that we have supplied
both rebels and government forces
on an equal basis.
In matters of death, SPECTRE
is strictly impartial.
Now for the future.
SPECTRE's most audacious enterprise of any,
next to which our previous
ventures are inconsequential.
Our esteemed Number One is in complete charge of the entire operation, which will henceforth be called "The Tears of Allah."
He will now join us.
According to plans, an American Air Force officer has been introduced to a cruel mistress, heroin.
I understand he is now our willing and obedient servant.
A surgical operation has been performed on him.
As a result of a corneal implant, his right eye print is now an exact replica of that of the President of the United States.
He will soon be moved to a convalescent clinic near London.
I have chosen Number 12 to have the responsibility of taking the most tender loving care of Captain Jack Petachi.
I beg your pardon.
Is there no speed limit here?
She's not staff. She must be one of those private nurses.
My name is Bond.
You're Mr. Bond. I believe I'm having you in half an hour.
Splendid! Your room or mine?
Mine.
That's it. Okay, now just move back on the couch for me, please.
That's it. Right. Now, let's have this arm on the shoulder. This one... No, underneath there. That's good.
Okay, now just relax.
Yes, there are slight lesions of the thoracic vertebrae.
Now, just hold still.
Yes. Some sacroiliac strain at the base of the spine.
You know, there is a more beneficial therapy for a man's lower back.
Oh, really? And what might that be?
I thought I'd surprise you, James.
Well, you have. Come in.
No, no, no, no. I can't come in.
You know if they found me here they'd fire me on the spot.
I won't let anyone find you. Don't worry.
I have my reputation to think of.
I don't think you got your reputation by living on a diet of wild rice.
So, lentil delight. Dandelion salad.
Goat's cheese.
Beluga caviar. Quail's eggs. Vodka.
Foie gras.
Strasbourg.
Jack's been smoking again!
Jack was ordered not to smoke.
Smoking is dirty.
It gets into Jack's eye.
Jack must do as he's told if he wants his fast cars and his pretty clothes.
And if he wants to keep his sister alive, he's got to...
You leave Domino out of this!
James?
Get up!
Now let's just take a look, shall we?
Very good.
With a contact lens, both eyes will look exactly the same.
Now, darling must do his little trickie in eight seconds.
Then nursie will give baby his candy.
P-3-4-1.
Come on, Jack.
Oh, damn.
Try it again, darling!
- Who's that?
- A man!
At the window!
Don't move.
Did he see you?
I don't know.
I guess he could have.
Do you know him?
Oh, yes. 007.
- Good morning, Mr. Bond.
- Good morning.
Miss Fearing tells me you're making fine progress.
Oh, yes.
But I must say, you're looking a bit peaked this morning.
I was up all night.
Don't overdo it.
A herbal enema should fix you up.
Thank you.
Sounds terrific.
I'll be done in a minute.
Heavy, Mr. Bond?
Let's try again.
You lunatics.
I send you to a health farm to get yourself in shape.
Instead you demolish it.
I've had to notify the local police, pull out the special branch, get the minister to muzzle the press and allocate a sizeable chunk of my meager budget to renovating the establishment!
A man did try to kill me, sir.
No, caught you seducing his wife, did he?
No, sir, not at all.
But in fact, I lost four pounds, and God knows how many free radicals.
That is the kind of attitude that tempts me to suspend you, 007!
Now, this test is to assess distance and accuracy of cruise-missile release from the support country.
Now, these ALCMs with dummy warheads will go from terrain following, to inertial guidance, over water, toward the target.
We hope.
Stand by.
Countdown is go for dummy warhead loading and B-1 flight.
Let's hope we never have to use the real thing. Good luck.
All right, men. This is it.
Let's make it a good one.
1-0-1, Depot One.
Mr. President, please stand by while authority for this procedure is confirmed by eye-print check.
If confirmation is not authenticated within eight seconds, the base will be sealed.
Eight, seven, six, five...
Come on... four, three, two...
Come on.
One. Thank you.
Presidential authority is confirmed for change of test procedure.
Dummy warheads will be replaced by W80 thermonuclear device.
Have a nice day.
Jack!
Bravo!
Oh, no! No!
Oh!
My poor angel. My sweet baby.
Mr. Kovacs, how much longer?
They're coming. They're almost in range.
Range safety officer to base. Alert.
Radar confirms both missiles on descent trajectory. Repeat.
What the hell's going on here?
They've got maximum thrust, but they're still going down.
About to cross minimum cruise height.
Descending below minimum cruise height.
Damn! We've lost them.
We've got them.
Well, Kovacs?
The fish are netted.
Put them on ice.
I am supreme commander of SPECTRE, the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion. Yesterday morning, the American Air Force launched two cruise missiles from Swadley airbase in Great Britain. Through the ingenuity of SPECTRE, the dummy warheads they carried were replaced with live nuclear warheads. Your weapons of destruction are now safely in our possession and will be moved to two secret targets. Please note the serial numbers of the missiles. They will confirm the truth. Your weapons of deterrence did not deter us from our objective. A terrible catastrophe now confronts you. However, it can be avoided by paying a tribute to our organization, amounting to 25% of your respective countries' annual oil purchases. We have accomplished two of the functions that the name SPECTRE embodies, terror and extortion. If our demands are not met within seven days, we shall ruthlessly apply the third, revenge. That would be $25 billion a year! Order, gentlemen, please. Order! These demands would destabilize the monetary system! I call this meeting to order! The foreign secretary wishes to address you! Lord Ambrose. Gentlemen, we are faced with the ultimate nightmare, the abduction of nuclear warheads. But how is this possible? Up to this point, our fail-safe procedures relating to nuclear hardware
have been absolutely foolproof.  
I hope the American government realizes
its awesome responsibility in this matter.
NATO has a joint responsibility
to solve this problem, gentlemen.
But if this gets out, it
will cause worldwide panic.
How well has this
information been contained?
Apart from those present in this room,
the information resides only with
the CIA and British Intelligence.
Wonderful. That means by now
it's all over the Kremlin.
I know your feelings, M, but I insist
you reactivate the double-0's.
As you wish, sir.
Maximilian Largo, born Bucharest, 1945.
Industrialist and philanthropist.
Resident Nassau, Bahamas. No
known criminal activities...
Here you are.
You still here, Moneypenny?
You should be in bed.
James, we both should be.
Instead I'm looking everywhere for you.
Forget that.
M wants to see you right now.
It's panic stations upstairs.
He's been with the Prime Minister all day.
I think you're back in business, James.
Welcome home.
Good morning, gentlemen.
Morning. Morning.
- The latest reports?
- Everything okay?
Yes, sir.
Good morning.
Good morning, Charles.
In absolute secrecy, the Americans
are trying to trace the missile
that's on their eastern seaboard.
The other allegedly threatens the
oilfields of the Middle East.
How well protected are they from the air?
Everyone's collaborating. The
Americans, NATO, the Japanese.
They're putting up an air screen
a mosquito couldn't get through.
Our concern is that the warhead
may already be in position.
The worst devastation would result
from a subterranean explosion.
You see, the oil-bearing
strata in the area,
interconnected by a surprisingly
delicate structure...
It would be a sort of ripple effect.
What's the Americans' story on
how the damn things were stolen?
The release of ALCMs has to come
from the President himself.
Even that has safeguards.
It can only be authorized after
a scan of his right eye.
The only irregularity they've discovered
is that a communications officer
unofficially left the base
at the time of the launch.
A certain Captain Jack Petachi.
If this Petachi was involved,
is it conceivable that he
could have used a false eye?
Do come along, Bond.
Let's think of a more logical
explanation, shall we?
Okay, let's run through that routine
we were working on yesterday...
It'll make you strong.
There.
Let's go again.
Okay.
Four, five, six, seven, down.
Come on, now.
Max!
As usual, I have left you
alone too long. I know.
But I brought you a gift.
I don't want any more gifts.
I just want you. That's all I want.
I know, but this is different.
Look. Max.
Look.
Look.
What is it?
It's very old.
What's the inscription?
Arabic. The Tears of Allah.
The story is that the Prophet wept
for the barrenness of the desert,
and his tears made a well.
It's a legend, of course,
but like all great legends,
it is also the truth.
It is the most valuable thing
I have ever possessed. Except you.
And you trust me to wear it?
A safer place than around your
neck, I couldn't imagine.
And what if I ever leave you?
No, really!
Then I cut your throat.
Nice to know even old Q can surprise
one of you double-0's occasionally.
Algernon.
Not quite perfected yet.
You could write a very
binding contract with this.
Yeah, I wish I had a new contract.
They've slashed my budget, you see.
You can't get the spare parts.
And when you can, there's usually
some strike that stops delivery.
And look at this place. They keep
it bloody freezing down here.
Plays havoc with my sinuses.
We're both humble servants
of the Crown, Algy.
If the CIA made me an offer,
I'd be off like a shot.
Unlimited resources, air conditioning,
28 flavors of ice cream in the restaurant.
It's a motorbike toy.
If I can get the thing to work properly, I'll ship it out to you. Wait a minute. I've got something in here that could be useful. The prototype came from a KGB defector. Bit of a whiz kid in their technical section. Not a bad chap, though like all defectors, prone to melancholy. I suppose it's all that vodka and English weather. Rather tasty, this is. It looks like a watch, but it's really a laser. Keeps perfect time. But for how long? At least your lifetime. Good to see you, Mr. Bond. Things have been awfully dull round here. Bureaucrats running the old place, everything done by the book. Can't make a decision unless the computer gives you the go-ahead. Now you're on this, I hope we're going to have some gratuitous sex and violence. I certainly hope so, too. What is this for? I'll show you. You unscrew it, then stick it up your nose. It's for my sinus. Well, I won't need one of these where I'm going. Where's that? Or are you not allowed to say? The Bahamas. Lucky bloody you! Sorry. That's perfectly all right. What are you hoping to catch? Something about 6'2", 190 pounds, with brown eyes. Well, why bother going to sea? Let me help you. Mr. Bond! I say, Mr. Bond!
Catch you later, perhaps.
Right.
Nigel Small-Fawcett,
British embassy, Nassau.
How do you do, Nigel?
Sorry I'm late.
But as you're one of these
undercover johnnies,
I took the precaution
of not being followed.
And that's why you shouted
my name across the harbor?
Oh, God, did I? I'm sorry.
Damn. Damn!
Sorry. I'm rather new to all this.
What's the score with Largo?
He's highly visible in these parts.
Enormously wealthy. Owns the
biggest boat in the Caribbean.
Spends a lot of his time at a
place called Bluebeard Reef.
Marine archeology, I gather.
You've met him?
Oh, yes. He's charming.
I mean, foreign, but charming nonetheless.
He donates a lot of money to worthy causes.
He built a maritime museum and
a new wing for the orphanage.
I'm sure he's very kind to his mother.
Don't know his mother.
You're not going to make any
trouble, are you, Mr. Bond?
Let's face it, your
reputation has preceded you.
Do I look like the sort of
man who would make trouble?
Well, yes, frankly.
And you're going to
jeopardize the tourist trade
if you start going around killing people.
Nigel, please. Just go back to your desk.
Find out where Largo's
boat is at the moment.
Call me later. I'll be at my hotel.
Jolly good. I'll get onto that at once.
And take full advantage
of the natural cover.
Is this the Flying Saucer?
Yeah. It sailed this morning.
How reckless of me. I made you all wet.
Yes, but my martini's still dry.
My name's James.
Hello, James. I'm Fatima Blush.
You ski very well.
I do many things very well.
I'm sure you do.
What brings you to Nassau, James?
I'm fishing.
For what?
Anything I can get.
I know the best waters.
I'd be very happy to show them to you.
Now, why would you want to do that?
I'd like you to find
what you're looking for.
I'm all yours.
Yes?
James, would you come down please?
Right away.
I think this should take
care of you perfectly.
I'm sure it will.
You're marvelously well-equipped.
Thank you, James.
So are you.
Thank you.
What exactly are we going down for?
Sport and a little fun.
You appear tense.
You affect me, James.
Well, that's bad.
Going down, one should always be relaxed.
Is it far to the reef?
It's far enough.
We've got time to kill.
It's you.
Well, you did say you'd catch me later.
Oh, my God.
Here you are. No messages.
Hello?
Mr. Bond, I've finally tracked you down.
Small-Fawcett here.
I hope I haven't caught you at an awkward moment.
No, not at all. Just be brief.
I don't have too much time.
Just want you to know that I'm on top of things.
I've found out that Largo's boat is en route for the south of France.
Well done.
It was nothing, really.
If you're free tomorrow, why don't we go snorkeling?
Sounds a wonderful idea.
Jolly good, Bond!
Because I was wanting to discuss with you...
What's that?
Mr. Bond?
Proof that we made the right decision.
About what, darling?
Your place or mine.
I found a villa for us just where you wanted. It's perfect.
The Flying Saucer is anchored in the bay below.
And Q sent this.
Thank you.
- Catch!
- Get down!
- Felix.
- Not bad.
Not bad at all. Nothing wrong with your reflexes.
How you doing, buddy?
What the hell are you doing here?
CIA sent me to ride shotgun with you.
- 326.
- How do you do?
Excuse my inexperience. Nicole.
I'm Felix Leiter. Enchant.
Thank you. My car is right there.
I ran some checks in the Langley computer.
Anything on Largo?
No, he's squeaky clean.
I must say, for once, your hunch was wrong, buddy.
- Algernon, right?
- Yes.
I had the first one of those things, and it blew up in my face.
A motorbike came for you from England.
Here's the papers.
What are you gonna do with this bike?
I won't know until I test it.
It's gonna be your ass, James.
Thank you.
Felix?
Yeah.
Forget the soup.
Feast your eyes on that.
What've you got here, James?
That's Largo's lady.
Her name is Domino. Domino Petachi.
Petachi. The Air Force officer
killed in that car crash.
Jack Petachi.
That's right. He was her brother.
Well, there's the man himself.
If he's got the bombs, do you think he'd have them on his yacht?
Unlikely. But get some scuba gear.
We'll check her out.
Right.
Welcome to the Centre de la Sant.
I hope you enjoy our facilities.
Do you serve men here?
But of course.
Some men more than others.
Miss Petachi. No one told me you were here. I am sorry.
You speak English, yes?
Yes. Quite well, in fact.
Now, hard or soft massage?
Hard, please.
Well, perhaps we should begin with your back.
I don't believe we've seen you around here before.
No, I was on a boat.
And what boat would that be?
The Flying Saucer.
Mr. Largo's boat.
Yes. Do you know Mr. Largo?
I know of him.
I know he owns many beautiful things.
Yes, he's a very generous man, Mr. Largo.
I'm sure he is.
He's giving a charity ball tonight at the casino, for children.
What a worthy cause.
Perhaps I should attend.
I'd really like to ask you. I would.
But I'm afraid the guest list is very restricted. I'm sorry.
C'est la vie.
C'est la vie?
Such is life.
Such is life.
That feels so good.
Certainly does.
Excuse me?
It certainly does need it.
You have slight lesions in the upper vertebrae.
Could you go a little lower, please?
Lower?
Yes, please.
Please.
Right there.
That feels so good.
I am sorry, mademoiselle.
We are so very busy today.
Where'd the masseur go?
Who?
The man, the...
The man I pass? He does not work here.
They'll never let you in.
I'd better wait for you.
No, Nicole. You go back to the villa.
Find that villa.
Wait a minute! You there!
I shouldn't have the fish.
You must have an unreasonable fear of gatecrashers to carry this heavy artillery.
This bomb has a tiny gyroscope inside.
Any lateral movement on your part and you could be served in an egg cup.
If you understand what's being explained to you, nod gently.
Good boy. Stay.
Hello again. I do owe you an explanation.
My name is Bond. James Bond.
May I offer you a drink?
Hard or soft?
Soft.
I'll have a double Bloody Mary with plenty of Worcestershire sauce.
Hate to think what you mean by hard.
Vodka on the rocks for me.
I think you have lost her.
Can you actually imagine that I could lose a woman to a underpaid British agent?
Yeah?
Yeah.
And I warn you, if he's not executed at once, he'll have your Domino turned over.
Is it possible that you have bungled your attempts because you want him for yourself?
Maximilian.
Why torture yourself over that kind of woman?
Maybe one day you'll have to kill her, Fatima.
Your sense of humor is delicious.
What's your brother up to these days?
He's on his way here. I can't wait to see him.
How do you know my brother?
Hello!
You must be Mr. James Bond, right?
Monsieur Largo.
Yes, right. Are you a man who enjoys games?
Depends with whom I'm playing.
Yeah. Shall we? Join us.
These are my friends. They honored
me by coming from all over the world
to lose their money for
my favorite charity.
And what might that be?
Children. Orphan children.
So, here we are.
The game is called Domination.
I designed it myself.
But my problem is I've never
yet found a worthy adversary.
No doubt I shall disappoint you, too.
We'll see.
Darling?
This game has one objective, power.
We will be fighting for countries,
chosen at random by the machine.
But for this demonstration,
I will choose France.
Target areas will light up on the map.
Whoever hits them first with his
laser beam will score a point.
But there is another way to win.
With your left hand, you
control two nuclear missiles.
With your right hand, you control
a shield to block my missiles.
But if you fail... Boom, I win the game.
You will be red. I will be blue.
Are you ready?
Yes.
Begin.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Eternal battle for the
domination of the world begins.
We play for dollars.
Random target selection, Spain.
Value $9,000.
Play.
Blue wins $9,000.
Gave me a shock.
I'm sorry. I forgot.
Unlike armchair generals, we will
share the pain of our soldiers
in the form of electric shocks.
One last point,
if you let go of the controls,
you forfeit the game.
As you were unaware of
this, we will begin again.
Reset. Thank you.
Random target selection, Japan.
Value, $16,000.
Play.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Blue wins $16,000.
A lucky move on my part.
Perhaps I didn't explain.
As the stakes increase, so
does the level of pain.
Rather like life. We continue?
Of course.
Good.
Eternal battle for the
domination of the world begins.
Random target selection, the United States.
Value, $42,000. Play.
Red pain level at 50/o.
Danger level. Repeat. Danger level.
60%.
65%.
Red pain level, 80/o. Danger. Danger.
Danger.
Domino.
Excuse me.
Are you all right?
Fine.
You lost $58,000.
It goes, of course, to my charity.
I think it's better if we don't continue.
Can we play one more game
for the rest of the world?
Win or lose?
You know what that could mean?
Yes.
Good.
Best of luck.
You, too.
Final game. Remaining
countries of the world.
Value, $325,000.
Play.
Blue missile destroyed.
Blue pain level, 50%.
Danger level. Repeat. Danger level.
Second blue missile destroyed.
Blue pain level, 55%. Danger.
Max.
65%.
Blue pain level, 70%.
Pain level at 80%. Max.
85%. Danger. Danger.
Max. Danger.
Excuse me.
It seems I underestimated you.
$267,000.
I'll settle for one dance with Domino.
So...
Do you lose as gracefully as you win?
I wouldn't know. I've never lost.
This game has been played
and I have lost. That's it.
He's never gone this far before.
He's certifiable.
A tango, yes?
What is it you're after?
In part, it's about your brother.
What about my brother?
Did you know that your brother
was working for Largo?
That's impossible. Jack is in the U.S.
Air Force.
That's precisely why Largo used him.
Your brother's dead.
Keep dancing. Largo is the prime suspect.
Your brother was used and then eliminated.
They move well together, don't they?  
Today you have another chance.  
This time you'd better not fail.  
Number 12.  
Excellent.  
You dance amazingly well, Mr. Bond.  
It's Domino, really.  
She's such a pleasure to follow.  
I know.  
I'd love to have you for lunch.  
If you are still around tomorrow,  
why don't you join us on our boat?  
Tomorrow's not good for me.  
Why?  
I'm going to pick up Jack.  
No. That's not possible.  
Jack phoned earlier to say  
he'd been delayed again.  
At least for another week, maybe two.  
Bye-bye.  
Thank you very much.  
Nicole?  
Nicole.  
Don't touch him! He's mine!  
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!  
Hold it.  
Sit up.  
Your gun.  
Carefully.  
Over here.  
Spread your legs.  
Good. Very good.  
You're quite a man, Mr. James Bond.  
But I am a superior woman.  
Guess where you get the first one.  
Well, in view of your hatred of men...  
Liar!  
You know that making love to Fatima was  
the greatest pleasure of your life.  
Well, to be perfectly honest,  
there was this girl in Philadelphia...  
Shut up!  
I am the best.  
Yes. Yes, you're right.
In fact, I was going to put you
in my memoirs as number one.
Write.
Write.
Now write this.
The greatest rapture in my life was
afforded me in a boat in Nassau
by Fatima Blush.
Signed James Bond, 007.
I just remembered.
It's against service policy for
agents to give out endorsements.
Write!
Right now?
Right now.
Not perfected yet.
Good show, James. Q actually
came through, didn't he?
How long have you been here?
Long enough.
Long enough for what?
To see how you handled the lady.
You did rather well.
Come on. This way.
Monsieur Largo is waiting for you, sir.
Of course. Thank you.
This way, sir.
Hello.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
You are a bit early for lunch.
I know. It's rather embarrassing.
Prepare for departure.
Steward, get some clothes for my guest.
I'm overwhelmed.
I'm invited for lunch and given a cruise.
Why? You had other plans?
No, not at all. I'm at your disposal.
Of course. Cigarette?
No, not today, thank you.
So...
A drink? A vodka martini?
Of course.
This is my situation room.
From here, the world comes to me.
You could run a small government from here.
Oh, no, I could run a large
government from here.
What's your latest venture?
Oil.
It's a new departure for me,
besides which all my other enterprises
are of little consequence.
Well, if it's that big, let's hope
it doesn't blow up in your face.
Mr. Bond. Excuse me. I have work to do.
Time is money.
By the way, the staterooms are aft.
Don't forget, 12:00. Lunch.
Mr. Bond, enjoy the ship.
Mr. Bond!
There's some fresh clothes
in your cabin, sir.
If you'd like to follow me.
Thank you.
What happened to my brother?
Why are you here?
Just trust me.
The Tears of Allah.
Does that mean anything to you?
This is it. He gave it to me.
He said it was very valuable.
It doesn't look it.
Have you any idea where we're heading?
North Africa.
He's got a house, a place called Palmyra.
Somehow I've got to transmit
a message out of here.
It could be risky, but I'm
going to need your help.
What do you want me to do?
I'm going to kiss you.
I want you to respond as if you liked it.
I'm doing this for two very good reasons.
One, because I'm hoping
to provoke a reaction.
And the other one?
Because I always wanted to.
False alarm! False alarm!
All crew return to stations.
We've just picked up a message
from one of our ships in the Med.
I think it's from Bond, sir.
About time.
Yes. He used our emergency
code Tango Zebra.
"Heading North Africa, Palmyra."
Palmyra? Where is that?
Haven't a clue, sir.
Well, find out about it, will you?
I'll do my best, sir.
North Africa?
Quite impressive, huh?
Very.
That's my retreat, where I can
escape and enjoy all my treasures.
How do you like your new home, my princess?
Bond, the game is over. Take him away.
That belonged to Napoleon's empress.
That is my greatest treasure.
Take it. Take it. But be careful.
That is your wedding present.
You betrayed me.
But I forgive you.
And what about my brother?
Your brother...
I hate you. I hate you.
Domino! Domino!
You're crazy.
Yeah, maybe I'm crazy.
What a wonderful view.
You'll see.
Every game has to have a winner.
So... Ciao bello.
Largo.
Bond.
In that case, where did you hide the bombs?
You still think of escape?
I must say, I admire your spirit.
Well,
bomb number one is right
under the President's feet
in Washington DC.
And number two?
You were a very good secret agent. Really.
Bye.
I'm sure this will amuse you.
Goodbye, Domino.
Cover it up.
Hold on.
What are you doing?
James!
Bond, you're a hard man to keep up with.
Clear the line to Washington, Felix.
That's where the first bomb is.
It was never like this
when I was in the Navy.
Here we are.
What's the matter?
You're going back after Largo, aren't you?
Well, I have to.
I want him as much as you do.
Probably more.
I can understand you hating him.
Maybe I don't hate him
enough to risk losing you.
But I don't want to risk losing me, either.
Commander Bond, the Washington
bomb has been located and defused.
Now, sir, from London, your
chief wants to speak to you.
This is M. We've cracked the
code for disarming the warheads,
but we've only got five hours
to find the second bomb.
Now, as you perfectly well know,
I have absolute confidence in you, and I...
That's what kept me going, sir.
Bond, all right, then,
I'll be brief with you.
And I know you've got your hands full.
If you should come through
this fearful ordeal unscathed,
I'd like to offer you
lunch at my club. Over.
That's a thrilling prospect, sir.
But if I do get through this, I may have other plans.
Steady at 300.
Steady at 300.
There she is, sir.
What's she reading?
Seven fathoms, sir.
No way we can get in there.
The water's too shallow.
Nothing. Nothing moving on board.
AWAC surveillance reports no sightings on shore.
Now why did Largo anchor here?
Your pendant. Give it to me.
This is The Tears of Allah.
The story goes that the Prophet wept, and his tears made a well.
The contours are the same.
The diamond must mark a place.
That would be about here.
Right where the oilfields begin.
Sir, there is underwater activity in the area.
Check the area for underwater caves.
Right, sir.
Sonar signals do indicate a cavity below sea level at 015 degrees.
There's an underground river right there.
Commander Pederson, are you equipped with the new XT-7Bs?
That's top secret. How do you know about them?
From a Russian translation of one of your service manuals.
Sorry about that.
Ports open. Fire one.
Fire two. Cut track.
Be careful of the housing.
Watch it.
I've got to go in.
We don't have much time.
Give the sub our position and get some help.
All right.
You're not in the right place. Please.
Well done, Dr. Kovacs.
Go ahead. Go ahead.
When the warhead is ready for its
final voyage, we will drink a toast.
There is nothing that can stop us anymore.
The guide rope. Keep the tension.
The Tears of Allah.
Sweet, like money.
For centuries, this has
been a monument to power,
but nothing like what we now possess.
Huh, Kovacs?
Everybody stay undercover!
You, get up there!
Leiter, stay down!
What took you so long?
Hold up on the heavy stuff!
Bond is still in there!
It's armed.
Largo got away with the warhead.
Call down a chopper.
I'm going to try the oasis. Good luck.
Bond's clear! We're moving in!
There you are.
I always have a martini at 5:00.
You'll never give up
your old habits, James.
No, you're wrong. Those days are over.
Oh, no.
I'm sorry, Mr. Bond.
Obviously caught you at a bad moment.
M sent you.
Only to plead for your return, sir.
M says that without you in the service,
he fears for the security
of the civilized world.
Never again.
Never?
Never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
You walk in a room.
A woman can feel the heat.
One look is a guarantee.
Nights could be long and sweet.
The message is clear.
Like nothing I've ever known.
But from all that I hear.
Forget about long-range plans.
'Cause this man's got his own.
To get mixed up with.
A man who says never.
May be big trouble, but then
I just could be the woman to take you.
And make you never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
Never, never say never again.
You've got all the moves.
Oh, but, baby, I got them, too.
No matter your attitude or your mood
I'll come through.
The touch of your voice.
The feel of your eyes on me.
You leave me no choice.
Though I know there's danger there
I don't care, let it be.
To get in bed with.
A man who says never.
May have no future, but then
I just could be the woman to reach you.
And teach you to never say never again
I'll beg you I'll get you
I'll reach you I'll teach you
I'll take you I'll make you