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On Her Majesty's Secret Service

By Richard Maibaum

I've been saying for years, sir,
that our equipment is obsolete.
And now computer analysis reveals an
entirely new approach: Miniaturisation.
For instance, radioactive lint.
When placed in an opponent's pockets
the antipersonnel and
location fix seems obvious.
What we want is a location fix on 007.
Number Ten's making ugly noises
about Operation Bedlam.
Miss Moneyppenny,
did you check with Communications?
Replies to our Cairo
and Madrid enquiries: All negative, sir.
The PM wants to be informed
personally when we find 007.
No!
Good morning!
My name's Bond. James Bond.
Miss erm...
Don't move, Mr Bond.
Now get up!
Put your hands behind your head. Move!
Get in!
Lie down!
Argh!
This never happened to the other fellow.
- Your bagages, sir?
- In the boot.
- Take care of those gloves.
- Right, sir.
- Commander Bond, how are you?
- Fine. Good to see you, Manuel.
Quinhentos e cinquenta e seis.
Everything seems up to
the Palcio's standards.
Yes, it's a good season.
That red Cougar outside.
Does it belong to a lady?
Yes, sir. Contessa Teresa di Vincenzo.
Che bella!
Our best!
Fortunately, we have had a cancellation.

Allow me.

Mm.

This'll do. This'll do me nicely.

I'm sure we can look after
your special needs.

I'm sure you can. Thank you.

Huit. la banque.

Dix mille la banque. Give the bank.

- Banco.

- Les jeux sont faits, monsieur.

Changeur.

Cartes.

Neuf la banque.

Thank you.

Quatre mille la banque. Give the bank.

Suivi.

- Cartes.

- Cartes.

Neuf.

- Vingt mille.

- La banque vingt mille. Give the bank.

Vingt mille la banque. Give the bank.

- La banque a vingt mille.

- 20,000 francs!

- La banque a vingt mille.

- Too rich for my blood.

- Vingt mille, la banque.

- Banco.

Banco debout.

Carte.

Neuf.

- Madame?

- I don't have the money.

- Je regrette, mais c'est impossible.

- I regret too, but I don't have any money.

- Dame can't pay up.

- OK, madame, venez avec moi.

- S'il vous plat, madame?

- Forgive me. My mind was elsewhere.

Madame has forgotten

we agreed to be partners this evening.

- Please continue.

- Merci.

Well, that's a bit of luck, being bailed out

like that at the last minute!

Waiter.

- Dom Prignon '57.

- Sir.

Why do you persist

in rescuing me, Mr Bond?

It's becoming a habit,

isn't it, Contessa Teresa?

Teresa was a saint. I'm known as Tracy.

Well, Tracy, next time

play it safe and stand on five.

People who want to stay alive play it safe.

Please stay alive.

At least for tonight.

Come later.

I hope it'll be worth it,

partner.

Monsieur.

- Send it to suite 423 with caviar for two.

- Oui, monsieur.

Tracy.

Tracy?

Argh!

Gate-crasher. I'll leave you to tidy up.

Mm, royal beluga. North of the Caspian.

- You're full of surprises, Contessa.

- So are you, Mr Bond.

Do you always arm yourself

for a rendezvous?

Occasionally. I seem

to be accident-prone.

I'll take that, if you don't mind.

You're very sure of yourself, aren't you?

Suppose I were to kill you for a thrill.

I can think of something

more sociable to do.

Will you stop playing games?

Who was that man in your room?

- You're hurting me.

- I thought that was the idea.

- Who was he?

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- I can be a lot more persuasive.

- I'm sure you can.

Whatever else I may be, I'm not a liar.

Get dressed.

You're the most extraordinary girl.

I'm not interested

in your opinion of me, Mr Bond.

- I'm here for a business transaction.

- Really?

Isn't Le Bleu a bit heady for that?

So, you know your perfumes.

What else do you know?

A little about women.

Think about me

as a woman you've just bought.

Who needs to buy?

Look, you don't owe me a thing.

I think you're in some sort of trouble.

Would you like to talk about it?

No, Mr Bond.

The only thing you need know about me

is that I pay my debts.

20,000 francs is a lot of money.

Mm.

Good morning.

- Morning. Caf for two with orange juice.

- Yes, sir.

- Connect me with suite 423, please.

- The Countess has left the hotel, sir.

- Checked out?

- A few minutes ago.

Thank you.

Paid in full as well.

- Mr Bond?

- Yes.

- You've lost something.

- Really?

We'll give it to you outside.

Why not? Perhaps

we can make up a foursome!

You've thought of everything. What a

lovely surprise, meeting again so soon!

- Mm.

- Thank you.

- And where's the party this time?

- You have an appointment.

Business or pleasure?

Mystery tour, eh?

I think we'd all enjoy it more without that.

Mmm.

Basta!

Do not kill me, Mr Bond.

At least not until we've had a drink.

Then if you wish,

I'll give you another chance.

I'm Draco of Draco Construction.

Mm-hm.

- But today is the 13th, Commander.

- I'm superstitious.

- A martini for our guest, Olympe.

- A pleasure.

- Shaken, not stirred.

- Of course.

- Campari for me.

- Mm-hm.

My apologies for the way you were brought here today. Please sit down.

I was not sure

you would accept a formal invitation.

There's always something formal about the point of a pistol.

Thank you, chrie.

- Olympe, we will finish our struggle later.

- As you wish.

She also plays

a very good game of chess.

- Salute.

- Cheers.

You usually drink Corsican brandy.

Ah! What else do you know about me?

Marc Ange Draco. Head of Union Corse, one of Europe's biggest crime syndicates.

- The biggest.

- Not quite.

An organisation known as SPECTRE operates worldwide.

However, your legitimate business fronts are more extensive.

Construction, electrical supplies, numerous agricultural holdings.

Your dossier on me
is not entirely complete.
I am also Teresa's father.
- Tracy?
- Yes, Tracy. Tracy.
My only child.
Her mother was an English girl -
romantic -
who had come to Corsica
to look for bandits.
Rather like those women who ventured
into the desert looking for sheikhs.
She found me in the mountains.
Hiding from the police at the time.
I came to love this girl.
We married. The result: Teresa.
Twelve years later my wife died.
I sent Teresa to Switzerland
- No, thanks. I prefer my own.
- To finish her education.
Unfortunately I didn't give her a proper
home. She was without supervision.
So
she joined the fast international set.
One scandal after another.
When I disapproved,
cut off her allowance,
she committed some greater folly.
To spite me.
Yet, behind her bravado,
something was eating away at her soul.
This can happen to men and women.
They burn the heart out of themselves
by living too greedily.
And suddenly,
- all is finished.
- Why are you telling me this?
Without telling me, she married. An Italian
count who killed himself in a Maserati
with one of his mistresses.
I gave her too much,
and it brought her nothing.
Now, why did I tell you all this?
I have been informed of everything

you have done for my daughter.

- Everything?

- Don't worry, don't worry about that.

What you did, the way you behaved,

might be the beginning

of some kind of therapy.

She needs help.

Your help.

I find her fascinating,

but she needs a psychiatrist, not me.

What she needs is a man to dominate her.

To make love to her enough

to make her love him.

A man like you.

You overestimate me, Draco.

She's very attractive,

but what you ask is not for me.

Mm.

Listen to me. On the day you marry her,

I'll give you a personal dowry

of one million pounds

in gold.

That's quite an inducement.

- But I don't need a million pounds.

- Stupido!

And I've a bachelor's taste for freedom.

Please, just see her some more.

Who knows what will come of it?

I'm sorry, Draco,

but in my profession, I can't...

- What?

- You have connections not open to me.

Where is Ernst Stavro Blofeld?

Blofeld?

Some of my men

have recently defected to him.

- I don't know where he is.

- Can you find out?

If I could, I wouldn't tell

Her Majesty's Secret Service.

But I might tell my future son-in-law.

Go on.

Next week is my birthday.

For that,

Teresa always comes back to me.

- You understand?

- Let's say I'll sleep on the idea.

You do that.

- James! Where have you been?

- Much too far from you, darling.

Oh, same old James!

Ooh! Only more so.

Heartless brute! Letting me pine away
without even a postcard.

Pine no more.

Cocktails at my place,
eightish, just the two of us.

Oh, I'd adore that!

If only I could trust myself.

Same old Money Penny.

Britain's last line of defence.

You'd better go in.

He's running a very tight ship today.

I'm relieving you

from Operation Bedlam, 007.

But, sir, Blofeld's

something of a must with me.

You've had two years to run him down.

- Have you lost confidence in me?

- I'm well aware of your talents, 007.

But a licence to kill is useless,
unless one can set up the target.

- Sir...

- I'll find you a more suitable assignment.

- Under the circumstances...

- That's all!

That was a quick conference.

- How can a girl keep herself alluring...

- Take a memo, please, Money Penny.

Ready, James.

Sir, I have the honour to request
if you'll accept my resignation
effective forthwith.

- Resignation from what?

- Her Majesty's Secret Service.

And kindly present it
to that monument in there.

Underneath de mango tree

Me honey and me
come watch for de moon...
Sorry, ma'am.
- 007... James Bond here.
- He wants you, James.
Request granted.
Request granted. Not even with regret.
What did you expect? A knighthood?
Why don't you read it?
Two weeks' leave!
Well, you didn't really
want to resign, did you?
Money Penny,
what would I do without you?
My problem is that
you never do anything with me.
It's a date. The moment I get back.
- Where are you off to?
- Oh, just some place to laze about.
Beachcombing.
What would I do without you,
Miss Money Penny? Thank you.
Bonjour, Miguel.
Teresa!
It's so long since we see you!
- Yes, very well.
- There's Tracy.
- Huh?
- Tracy.
Where is she? Ah, there she is!
- Teresa!
- Happy birthday, Papa.
You make it so by being here.
You look marvellous.
There's someone I want you to meet.
- Salut, Olympe. How are you?
- It's good to have you back.
- You look wonderful!
- Thanks.
Bom dia. Bonjour.
Mr Bond, may I introduce
my daughter? Teresa.
Contessa.
- We've already met.

- But each time is a renewed pleasure.

Madame always makes one feel
so welcome!

She likes you, I can see it.

You must give me

the name of your oculist.

Brilliant.

I didn't know Mr Bond knew Papa.

There are many things

about Mr Bond one does not know.

It would be interesting

to attend night school perhaps.

Papa is up to something, I'm sure of it.

Your father loves you very much, Tracy.

Whatever he may arrange,

I know it's for your happiness.

What has Papa arranged?

Ah! Mr Bond.

Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Many happy returns.

The best years

are still to come, let's hope.

Oh, allow me.

What are you doing here?

Yes, wasn't it kind

of your father to invite me?

Mr Bond and I are discussing business.

- Really?

- Mm-hm.

No woman would waste excellent

champagne discussing business.

Unless, of course, she happened

to be part of the arrangement.

Olympe, what have you said?

Don't blame Olympe.

I'm not your daughter for nothing.

I detect a certain family resemblance.

I suggest you revise the terms

of your contract, Mr Bond.

- You'll find your liability too expensive.

- There you're mistaken.

- Papa.

- Yes?

- Mr Bond wants information.
- What are you talking about?
You always taught me
a good host supplies his guest's needs.
- Uh-huh.
- And without obligation.
- And then?
- I'm not sure obligation is the right word.
Tell him, Papa.
Tell him what he wants to know.
- Now!
- Please, please, Teresa.
It's only a possibility, nothing definite.
Tell him, Papa,
or you'll never see me again.
All right.
There may be a connection between
that man Blofeld and the lawyer
with offices in Bern, Switzerland.
- Named Gumbold.
- Gumbold?
- Bern, Switzerland?
- Yes, Gumbold.
So, now Mr Bond need have
no further interest in me.
Another mistake.
She always was a headstrong child.
I'm sorry...
Where has he gone?
Tracy!
Tracy.
I was always taught
that mistakes should be remedied.
Especially between friends.
Or lovers.
We have all the time
In the world
Time enough for life to unfold
All the precious things love has in store
We have all the love
In the world
If that's all we have
You will find
We need nothing more

Every step of the way
Will find us
With the cares of the world
Far behind us
We have all the time
In the world
Just for love
Nothing more
Nothing less
Only love
I'll see to this appointment,
then catch up with you.

- The story of our life, James?
- Just keep my martini cool.
- I will be back in an hour.
- Bon apptit, monsieur.

Ich hab noch ein paar Sachen zu kaufen.
Such things should be left to a girl's
father, who knows what is best for her.
But what can be better than being in love?
Mr Bond, he's... He's in love with you?
That may come too some day.
Life's too short for "some day", Teresa.
Tomorrow I will speak to him alone,
man to man.

- No, Papa.
- Why not?

No talk. Whatever happens,
there'll be no regrets.
Please.

Mm.

Good afternoon, James.

- Afternoon. Is the Admiral in?
- Certainly.

Hm?

Excuse me. Commander Bond to see you.

- Right, show him in.
- Aye aye, sir.
- If you please, sir.
- Thank you.

Unusually small
for a *Nymphalis polychloris*.
I wasn't aware that your expertise
included lepidoptery.

Anyway, what are you doing here?
Genealogy, sir. Fascinating subject.
Came across a letter from Gebrder
Gumbold, solicitors in Switzerland
to a certain
Count Balthazar de Bleuchamp.
- De Bleuchamp?
- French form of "Blofeld".
You've been relieved from
Operation Bedlam, 007. Remember?
I assumed you'd reassign me, sir.
This is a Photostat copy of a letter
to our College of Arms
in the City of London
with the request they try to establish
de Bleuchamp's claim to the title,
and Sir Hilary Bray
has replied to Gumbold
suggesting that he should meet
de Bleuchamp in person.
I've taken the liberty, sir,
of working with the college on this,
using an examination
of my own family tree as cover.
I've also been reading up
on the technical side of heraldry.
Sir Hilary Bray, please. Commander Bond.
Ah, yes, sir.
So that, should he consent to meet, I can
act as a representative of the college.
Come.
- Good afternoon.
- Good afternoon, Sir Hilary.
Have a look at this: Arms of Sir Thomas
Bond. Baronet of Peckham. Died 1734.
Argent on a chevron sable.
Three bezants.
Good motto, eh?
"The world is not enough."
- You're doing a splendid job.
- Thank you, Mr Sable Basilisk.
We've traced your line
back to Sir Otho le Bon.
Held the manor of Wickhambreux by a

knight's fee from the Earl of Thanet, 1387.

We're in luck.

Gumbold's telephoned from Bern
to say his client has consented to see me.

- You mean me?

- Yes, you.

But, Commander Bond, I am only able
to countenance this deception
if the matter is of national importance.

I haven't exaggerated.

We appreciate your help.

All right, then. I've arranged to lose myself
amongst the churches of Brittany.

I want to do brass rubbings there anyway.

- Where do I go for this meeting?

- Well, they want a description of myself.

- Tactfully adjusted to favour me.

- Yes.

They will send the time and place
from where I am to be

"collected", as they put it.

It's not our sort of thing,
but under the circumstances...

- Sounds as if they're suspicious.

- No, no, no, not suspicious. Just discreet.

There was no objection to my fee
of a thousand guineas.

- Could their claim be genuine?

- Hard to say. Our methods are exacting.

We never speak until we're absolutely
certain there's no error on our side or

- forgery on anybody else's.

- I hope I live up to your high standards.

One helpful physical point may be that the
real de Bleuchamps are without ear lobes.

It's not the sort of thing we rely on,
but it could help.

- No ear lobes.

- Invite him to Augsburg.

The de Bleuchamps have been
coming from there for generations.

Yes, I'd like to get him
away from Switzerland.

- Sir Hilary Bray, Baronet?

- The same, dear lady.

I'm Frulein Irma Bunt,
personal secretary to the Count.

- Have you had a good journey?

- No, intolerable. I'm not a good traveller.

I'm sorry.

- Grunther will take your luggage.

- I can manage.

- I take it.

- Oh, very well.

You know Switzerland?

- I'm afraid not, Frulein...

- Bunt.

Bunt. Interesting name for a genealogist.

Are you from a naval family?

Naval?

It's a nautical term, you see, meaning
the baggy or swollen parts of a sail.

- Nothing personal, of course.

- Interesting.

- You speak German?

- I'm afraid not.

- French?

- A little. Where are we off to?

You will not be disappointed. Please?

Like the bugs in the rug, yes?

- You are comfortable?

- Yes, indeed, Frulein.

- Your kindness is quite overwhelming.

- Good.

Hup! Komm!

Komm. Komm. Hop!

So, we are halfway.

Now we will have a little flight.

- I've never been in one of these before.

- You must your pipe knock off.

Knock out, you mean?

I hope.

- Mind your head, Sir Hilary.

- Please fasten your safety belt.

Now up into the Alps.

That is avalanche damage.

You enjoy the skiing

or the bobsleigh perhaps?

I'm not a sporting man, Frulein.
Even when I'm at my best.
Do you feel the airsickness?
Up to there is for the public, and
from here upwards it is strictly private.
No one, no one at all
may come through
without permission from the Count.
There is the Bleuchamp Institute
for allergy research.
- What kind of allergies?
- All of them.
Like the hay fever,
or the sickness caused by the oysters,
or inability to eat meat.
The Count is a specialist in this field.
- I'll be glad to get my feet on the ground.
- Not ground. Ice.
Frulein, I should warn you,
guns make me very nervous.
They're to keep away the spies
from the chemical companies.
Many times already
they have tried to steal our discoveries.
Yes, we live in a world
of avarice and deceit.
- Here, at least, there's no avarice.
- Really?
The Bleuchamp Institute
is not for profit, Sir Hilary.
The Count does his work
for the sake of mankind.
Mm, I'm very happy to hear it.
He wants to leave his mark
on the entire world.
- Characteristic ambition.
- Characteristic?
- Of a true humanitarian.
- Ah!
Formerly it was a sports club,
open to the public.
Now it belongs to the Count,
who has given it to scientific research.
Josef, Sir Hilary Bray

will take number four.

I will show you there after Grunther has taken you for a medical examination.

- I'm quite all right now.

- You are our honoured guest, Sir Hilary.

And after your experience in the helicopter,

we must make sure

that you are well again.

- Grunther, take Sir Hilary to Dr von Sant.

- Ja, Frulein.

Direktor, bitte.

- Yes?

- Der Englnder ist gekommen.

- Provide him with the usual comforts.

- Ja.

You have ten minutes.

- And then take them to number four.

- Ja.

If you wish anything for your comfort, you must ring this.

- And the attendant will come.

- Very considerate. Thank you.

You must also ring for him to open the door

- when you wish to leave.

- A complicated arrangement.

To stop patients leaving their rooms and disturbing each other when they should be resting.

The Count believes very strongly in undisturbed rest.

Prudent fellow. When can I see him?

We have a lot to discuss.

He will send for you, Sir Hilary, when he's ready.

Meanwhile, I should like you to join me in the Alpine room before dinner.

- Alpine room?

- Yes.

Grunther will come for you.

Shall we say seven?

Thank you.

Frulein Bunt will receive you.

Tomato juice with lots of lemon.

Hm-hm!

Ah, Sir Hilary!

Please, come to meet our patients.

Ladies, this is Sir Hilary Bray, Baronet.

- How do you do?

- He's a famous genealogist.

- You will have a drink, yes?

- Please, come and sit down.

How do you do?

Thank you.

- What is a baronet?

- It's a kind of inferior baron.

- Oh, how disappointing.

- Well, er...

Oh, I don't mean you're inferior,

I mean the title is.

Yes, but what's a gynae... genealogist?

What is that?

- Pommy word for an old people's doctor.

- Ah! So he's here to cure Frulein Bunt.

Watch out. She has ears like an elephant.

- What will you drink, sir?

- Malt whisky and branch water, please.

I'm sorry I was so rude

about what a baronet is.

You gave a very accurate description.

- Sir.

- Thank you.

It's a treat having a man here for once.

- Er, you mean there aren't any others?

- Only the staff, and you can't count them.

We will not discuss affairs of the clinic.

But what is a genealogist?

Will nobody tell me?

- It would be a pleasure to tell you.

- Well?

Genealogy is all about
ancestors and families.

I mean, it could easily be
that any one of you here
is related to a royal house.

If only we could go back
far enough to find out.

If you tell me your names...

We do not use surnames here.

It is a rule of the clinic.

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know that.

Come, it's time for dinner.

Our schedule is rather strict.

So is our diet.

Sir Hilary, if you would sit there,
between Helen and Ruby.

I'm afraid I've never had
much to do with young ladies.

I have ordered you a steak "Piz Gloria".

- I hope you enjoy it.

- Thank you. I'm sure I will.

- Are you here for Christmas, Sir Hilary?

- Er, well, I might be.

- Oh, good! Then we can have a party.

- That sort of thing's not quite in my line.

Delicious!

I used to hate chicken.

Used to make me break out.

It was all over.

You'd be surprised where.

- Potatoes did it to me. Now I adore them.

- No medical histories, please.

Girls, I'm sure Sir Hilary would like to tell
us about the College of Arms in London.

Go on, Sir Hilary, please tell us.

- If you'd really enjoy that.

- Please. Yes!

Would you?

- Fascinating!

- Tell us all about it.

The Herald's College,

or College of Arms,

consists of 13 members

of the royal household,

appointed by the sovereign

to run armorial, genealogical,

- ceremonial and other matters.

- Mm-hm.

The 13 members

are divided into three categories:

Kings, heralds and pursuivants.

Their titles and offices
are of great antiquity.

...when I tell you the first Clarenceux,
King-of-Arms, was created in 1334
and the first Somerset herald in 1448.
Now, when we authorise a coat of arms,
it can include all sorts of funny things.
Crescent moons, portcullises,
beasts couchant and rampant,
bars, bezants...

Please, what is bezant?

Gold balls.

I brought a book on the subject. There's
a picture of my own coat of arms,
which includes four of them,
If you'd care to see them.

I'd love to. I'm in room...

No, no! He will give the book to me.

I will pass it to everyone in turn.

- It is fairer like that, yes?

- Of course. If you think so, Frulein.

Is anything the matter, Sir Hilary?

Just a slight stiffness coming on
in the shoulder.

Due to the altitude, no doubt.

Der Graf will ihn jetzt sprechen.

The Count will see you now.

Thank you. Please excuse me, ladies.

May all your allergies be swiftly cured.

What a nice man!

Sweet!

Of course, I know what he's allergic to.

Bezants.

Antisepsis.

Please wait here.

- Good evening, Sir Hilary.

- Good evening.

Balthazar, Count de Bleuchamp.

If you'll forgive me,
that's what I'm here to find out.

To confirm, Sir Hilary.

There can be no doubt of the truth.

Please, sit down.

If there were no doubt,

the college would not have sent me.
Well, since you are here,
I'll make everything very plain to you.
To begin with,
I was born without ear lobes.
A well-known congenital
distinction of Bleuchamp ancestry.
Like the Hapsburg lip,
or the hawknose of the Medicis.
Granted, but the fact
you're of de Bleuchamp ancestry
doesn't make you the reigning count.
I feel it in my blood and in my bones.
The college will require
more concrete proofs.
And it shall have them.
I have all the relevant documents:
Title deeds, certificates of birth and death.
They'll be sent to your room
for authentication.
And you've only to ask Frulein Bunt
for anything at all you may require.
- Are you comfortable here?
- Yes, but puzzled by your clinic.
Well, the methods of the great pioneers
have often puzzled conventional minds.
I have devised a cure for allergies
which depends on holding
an unusual and rather delicate
psychological balance.
So, you see, I must impose
special conditions on my patients.
And, erm, your laboratories?
The cure is not entirely
psychological, Sir Hilary.
There are vaccines to be prepared.
Vaccines which must be modified
to suit each individual case.
So, you see, I'm a very busy man.
I might not be able to spare you
as much time as I might wish.
If you wish to be confirmed as the Count,
you must give me some of your time.
I need details of living relatives,

your parents and grandparents.

- The documents you will see...
- Can answer many questions, but not all.

Oh, one more thing.

- Could you accompany me to Augsburg?
- Augsburg?

The ancestral home
of the de Bleuchamp family.

There are notable Bleuchamp tombs, and
important records in the city archives.

If you yourself were there to assist...

That may not be convenient
for some time.

But I'm determined
my title shall be recognised.

- Proceed with your preliminary research.
- I'll be happy to start straightaway.

Thank you, Herr Grunther.

... alle eingeschlossen
sind. Der Gast darf nicht gestört werden.

Du hast zwar nichts gefunden,
aber bleib wachsam.

- Sir Hilary!
- Shh...

I've brought you the book.

- The illustrated book?
- No, don't turn it on.
- I want to see the pictures.
- But you're a picture yourself.

And twice as lovely in the firelight.

You are funny
at pretending not to like girls.

Well, I don't usually, but you're not usual.

That lipstick was an inspiration.

So are you.

Oh, Sir Hilary!

Call me Hilly.

Hilly.

- What's your name?
- Ruby Bartlett, from Lancashire.
- Morecambe Bay actually.
- How did you get here?

Do we have to talk about that now?

Ooh!

It's true!

How did you get here?

I had this awful allergy about chickens.

My family's got a chicken farm and every time I did something on it, I nearly died.

The specialist said there was a wonderful Swiss clinic where they cured you free because they were researching.

Go on.

- No, about the clinic, I mean.

- Oh!

Well, the specialist had me meet Frulein Bunt in London and she said I had a very interesting case.

How right she was.

Oh, Hilly!

Oh, bother!

No, Hilly.

It's part of the cure.

Cassette number seven.

Number eight.

Do you remember

when you first came here,

how you hated chickens?

How you were sick

when you even saw one?

But all that is over now,

for I have shown you how foolish it was.

And your cure is nearly done.

I have taught you to love chickens.

To love their flesh, their voice.

Yes, your cure is nearly done.

- And soon you will go home

- Ruby!

- To look after the chickens,

- Ruby, wake up!

Which you love so much.

You do love me just a little,

don't you, Hilly?

Ruby?

I must teach you

how to give them special care.

I will tell you what to do.

- Ruby, wake up!
- I will tell you when.
I will tell you how.
And after you've done what I teach you,
you will forget it for ever.
For ever.
Hilly, you old devil.
It is me, yes?
Quite undeniably, yes.
How did you get out?
With a fingernail file.
It's so easy!
Mm, I wouldn't know.
I come to see the book.
The pictures, yes?
Oh, jolly good idea.
Now, where did I put it?
Mm, I had it a few moments ago.
- Perhaps if we turn on the light.
- No!
You're a picture yourself.
And twice as lovely in the firelight.
- But, Sir Hilary...
- Hilly.
But I think you do not like girls, Hilly.
Usually I don't, but you're not usual.
Coming here like this
was an inspiration, and so are you.
Mmm!
- You'll need to be.
- What you say?
I said a miracle our meeting like this.
I don't even know your name.
I tell you all about myself later.
In the morning.
Hey!
What about a lift to the top?
It is not permitted. All is private.
Surely there's a restaurant, a sports club
up there. I've seen them advertised.
- It's all closed down.
- Since when? I've seen them advertised.
You are mistaken, sir.
For many weeks now they are finished.

I'd still like to get to the top.

From here upwards now is forbidden!

Private! Closed!

All right.

Hey!

It's my go now.

Let go!

- Sir Hilary!

- Good morning.

Good morning, Sir Hilary.

Your stiffness of last night, it is all gone?

- For the time being.

- Then come and do curling with us.

- Won't it be frightfully energetic?

- No.

- We will show you.

- You can teach me.

Come on, Sir Hilary.

We expect great things of you.

- We're leaving very soon. I must see you.

- Eight o'clock tonight.

And the man was alone?

- Ah! Good morning, ladies.

- Morning!

Good morning, Sir Hilary,

and how's your research?

Riveting. And very promising too.

I've never heard

anything so ridiculous.

Since when is climbing

a criminal offence?

- Excuse me. Piz Gloria's private property.

- The whole bloody Alp?! Ridiculous!

There are many signs,

and my servant warned you at the station.

Your throw, I think it is.

No, Frulein! I had my throw.

Made a mess of it, I'm afraid.

That didn't count. You can throw again.

- Yes! Go on!

- Very civil of you.

That doesn't entitle you to shoot at me.

- Who the hell are you, anyway?

- I am the director of this institute.

Oh!

You'll be sent down by cable car
and you will not trouble us again.

What about my clobber? My belongings?

- They'll be sent down later.

- But they're mine!

We have certain rules
which must be observed.

- The authorities'll hear about this.

- Good day, sir.

- Director, or Count, as I think I can say.

- Yes?

I'd like the afternoon off,
so if the cable car's going down...

But you've already had the morning off.

I must have some fresh air.

Your ancestors are very hard work.

And the College of Arms
is being very well paid.

- Well, if you put it like that...

- I do put it like that.

Let me show you what I've achieved,
then we can go to Augsburg.

Not over Christmas.

The archives will be closed, no?

Come, girls. Time for our massage.

Girls, that is
enough curling for today.

- I must see you tonight.

- Nine o'clock?

Ten?

Well, back to work.

You've no idea how it's piling up.

Ruby? It's me.

Hilly.

Hilly's so sad that Ruby's leaving.

Has that old cow told you...

Fancy meeting you here, Frulein!

Merry Christmas, 007.

- I'm Sir Hilary Bray.

- Oh, no, no, no, Mr Bond.

Respectable baronets from colleges
do not seduce female patients in clinics.
On the other hand, they do get

their professional details right.
The Bleuchamp tombs
are not in the Augsburg Cathedral,
but in the St Anna Kirche.
Sir Hilary Bray would have known.
A small slip.
Takes more than a few props
to turn 007 into a herald.
It'll take more than cutting off
your ear lobes to turn you into a count.
I may yet surprise you, but I'm afraid
that you have no surprises left for me.
I know all about your mission, Mr Bond.

Your colleague:

Such a keen climber, such a brilliant
conversationalist. Before he left us.
- He reported where I am.
- I doubt that.
In any case,
no one's coming to your rescue.
In a few hours, the United Nations
will receive our yuletide greetings.
The information that I now possess
the scientific means to control,
or to destroy, the economy
of the whole world.
People will have more important things
to think of than you.
If they believe your threat.
Oh, they will. In any case,
I have prepared a demonstration.
Remember that disagreeable outbreak
of foot-and-mouth disease
in England last summer?
I shall instruct them, in very convincing
terms, exactly how I arranged that.
And my capacity has improved since.
Allergy vaccines?
Bacteria.
- Bacteriological warfare.
- With a difference.
Our great breakthrough
since last summer

has been the confection
of a certain virus omega.

- Infertility.
- Total infertility. In plants and animals.

Not just disease in a few herds, Mr Bond,
or the loss of a single crop.
But the destruction of a whole strain
for ever, throughout an entire continent.
If my demands are not met,
I'll proceed with the extinction
of whole species of cereals
and livestock all over the world.
Including, I suppose, the human race.
I don't think, do you, Mr Bond,
the UN will let it come to that.
Not after their scientists analyse a sample
of virus omega they have received.
Epidemics of sterility.
Nothing is born.
No seed even begins to sprout.

- They'll find an antidote.
- Of course!

If I give them enough time.
They'll have time. Once they're warned,
you'll have problems dispensing the stuff.
That problem has already been solved.
I have been training
my own special "angels of death".

- Those girls?
- Those girls. And many others like them.

But exactly how?
That will remain my secret.
And how many millions do you
want for your services this time?
This time?
This time the price is different. You'll be
more amused when you know what.
Meanwhile, I will
keep you here as my guest.
You'll be useful in helping
to convince the authorities
that I mean what I say
and I'll do what I claim.
Come, let me show you

to your new quarters.
You're likely to be with us
for some time, Mr Bond.
So first,
a little therapy
to soothe your restless nature.
Oh,
poor fellow. He was restless, too.
You perverse British,
how you love your exercise.
Every year, dozens of amateur climbers,
they wind up in the same predicament.
A kind of waxwork show
for morbid tourists.
Dear, dear me.
Now, now, now, now, Mr Bond,
you must learn to be absolutely calm
before we can accept you back
into polite society.
Presents!
These are for us!
Going-away presents.
From the Count himself,
in appreciation.
- I want to open mine now!
- Oh, no!
It is more fun
to open them all together, yes?
Please sit down.
We will wait for the others.
Look, pressies!
Eggnog on Christmas Eve, just like home!
It is a treat for the going-away party.
- Your very good health, my dears.
- Cheers.
It has been so nice to cure you.
It has something special in it
for the holy night celebration.
... and now you're going
on a journey. A journey home.
But first you must rest for a while.
Rest.
I will tell you when.
And I will tell you how.

But it must be our secret.
Yours and mine. Our secret.
After you've done what I teach you,
will you forget it?
For ever.
And now you may open your eyes again.
Each of you has been given a present.
Such a prettily wrapped present.
Now is the time to open them. Open them.
You see?
They're beautiful and
you're longing to know what is inside.
You may use anything but the atomiser,
which you must never touch, never,
until I tell you how and where to use it.
Open the compact.
Adjust the volume control.
Every night
at exactly 12 o'clock you must be alone
so that you can switch on that receiver
and listen for my voice.
I'll tell you what to do,
I will tell you when
and I will tell you how.
After you've heard what I say, push the
mirror back to conceal the receiver again.
Push it back now.
Then close the case.
Now rest again. Rest.
In a few minutes you will wake up.
You will not remember
what I've just told you
until you return home.
Hilfe!
Ah! Argh!
Please, girls, we are in a hurry.
Merry Christmas!
Maybe you should have been
gift-wrapped.
Schnell! Der Englnder ist abgehauen!
Der Englnder ist verschwunden.
Flare.
- He's making for the village.
- Head him off at the precipice.

Idiot!

Argh!

Argh!

Goodbye, girls.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Frohliche Weihnachten.

- Auf wiedersehen!

- Auf wiedersehen!

Bye!

- Der Englander ist ins Dorf geflchtet.

- Er ist ausgerckt?

Der Englander. Quick!

Wir mssen ihn umzingeln.

Ooh!

Oh!

Goodbye.

So was von Idiot!

Come on.

They need sunshine and raindrops

Friendship and kindness

And most of all

They need love

Do you know how Santa gets around?

He needs snowflakes, snowflakes...

He needs reindeer

Reindeer, even though they try,

they need other things

Once a year they have to fly

And they don't have wings

Do you know how Santa gets around?

He needs snowflakes and reindeer

Sunshine and raindrops

Friendship and kindness

And most of all

He needs love

James!

- Darling, you're in trouble. What is it?

- There's people after me.

- Can I help?

- Have you got a car?

Outside.

Let's get out of here.

Stay close to me.

Not far now.

Nearside door.

Maybe he didn't see me.

- I wouldn't go banco on that.
- Giving up bad habits, eh?
- James, where are we heading?
- Nearest post office to contact London.

I know. Feldkirch.

- Why are they looking for you?
- I suspect they're trying to kill me.

Drive on!

- No sign of them yet.
- Or of someone saying thank you.

Thank you, Tracy.

You've got sharp eyes and beautiful ear lobes. What were you doing so near Piz Gloria?

Now I have a new interest in life.

- Winter sports? Very wholesome.
- Just one winter sportsman.

And Papa told me where to find him.

Just keep my mind on your driving!

Oh, there it is, James. Hurry.

James!

Shoot at them!

Good girl.

Turn left. A crowd may discourage them.

Stehen bleiben!

Looks like we've hit the rush hour.

Stop him!

How do we get out?

Knock him out of the way!

I hope my big end will stand up to this.

James! How do we get out?

- We can get out there.
- If you say so.

Bremsen Sie doch!

We didn't even stop for the prize!

I said a crowd would discourage them.

Oh, that's all we need now!

Pull in there.

Keep moving. I'll open the doors.

Sorry about the accommodation,

Contessa.

We should have rung ahead and booked.
If only I'd got through to London.
- You'll get another chance.
- But when?
Let's get some rest.
We'll push on as soon as we can.
At least it's dry.
What really went on up there, James?
Mm-mm. Her Majesty's Secret Service
is still my job.
But there's nothing you can do
about your job at the moment, is there?
Then why are you thinking about it now?
I'm not.
I'm thinking about us.
Tracy, an agent shouldn't be concerned
with anything but himself.
I understand.
- We'll just have to go on the way we are.
- No.
I'll have to find something else to do.
Are you sure, James?
I love you.
I know I'll never find another girl like you.
Will you marry me?
D'you mean it?
I mean it.
Mr and Mrs James Bond.
Of Acacia Avenue, Tunbridge Wells.
Mm. How about Belgrave Square?
Or the Via Veneto, Rome?
Paris. Convenient for Le Touquet.
Monaco. Handy for the Rainiers.
I wonder how much
they're asking for this place.
The proper time for this
is our wedding night.
And that's my New Year's resolution.
- Whatever you say, darling.
- And that is yours.
Good night, Tracy.
Good night, James.
- Oh!
- It's not New Year yet!

- James!
- Keep going!
- Simple!
- Good girl!

Argh!

He had lots of guts!

You three, keep going.

Let's head for the trees!

- James!

- Keep going!

Tracy, cling on to me!

A grave deep enough, I think,
to prevent even 007 from walking.

Get the girl.

United Nations, sir.

Red scrambler.

M here.

Yes, we're standing by as instructed.

I understand.

Thank you, sir.

No decision has been announced yet.

Of course, there's a total news blackout,
but my informant was very plain.

- How plain, sir?

- They're going to buy Blofeld off.

Sit down.

- And the price?

- Amnesty.

A full pardon for all past crimes.

Official recognition of his title
when he retires into private life
as Count de Bleuchamp.

He seems to set a great store by that.

A very curious thing, snobbery.

When will they conclude the deal?

Blofeld wants a decision
by midnight the day after tomorrow.

Sir, that gives us time
to get to Piz Gloria first -in force.

No, 007. My instructions are clear.

Sir, destroy the institute
and Blofeld's virus with it.

It's been rejected as too risky.

Those girls.

God knows how many, let alone where.
Sir, if we destroy the centre of
communication that controls the girls,
the girls can do nothing.
I have my orders, 007.
You have yours. Forget it.
And the girl who helped me.
We just leave her?
This department is not concerned
with your personal problems.
This department owes her a debt.
- She saved my life.
- Operation Bedlam is dead.
- Do you understand?
- Yes, sir.
I understand.
Your call to Marc Ange Draco,
Head of Draco Construction.
- Hello, Draco.
- Who is it?
- Bond. James Bond.
- Thank God, James.
I'd like to interest you in a deal requiring
certain aerial activity to install equipment.
Are you sure we're going to find Teresa
when we get up there?
I'm pretty certain.
There's a good reason for going anyway.
So you've explained. Quite a crusade.
It is a time for celebration.
Perhaps.
- If they agree.
- They can do nothing else. You know it.
And they know it.
I shall be able to offer you
anything your heart could wish for.
Paid for with how many lives?
Oh, come now, Tracy,
don't be so proud.
Your own father's profession
is not entirely within the law.
His brotherhood also have exotic ways
to keep it a close shot.
Basle Approach calling

unidentified aircraft over Basle.
You're flying in controlled airspace.
We have no flight plan filed on you.
I think some people
don't know we are crusaders.
Now, if you're very, very nice to me,
I could make you my countess.
But I'm already a countess.
Whereas if you displease me,
I can promise you a very different estate.
- Excuse me, sir.
- Yes?
There is something on the radio
you should hear.
- Excuse me.
- This is Zrich Information
calling unidentified aircraft, over.
I repeat. This is Zrich Information
calling unidentified aircraft...
That helicopter is one of three.
None have answered air control.
- And?
- There are suspect aircraft in the vicinity.
Pilot's name and destination, over.
Zrich, this is Foxtrot Golf Sierra,
leading Red Cross helicopter flight.
Carrying Red Cross medical supplies
to Italy. What's the trouble? Over.
We have no record of your flight plan
or registration, over.
I repeat, we have no record
of your flight plan or registration, over.
Then your registrations
must be out of date, over.
Foxtrot Golf Sierra, this is Zrich
Information. Land at Zrich and report.
I say again,
land at Zrich and report, over.
Do you wish to commit murder?
I told you, this is a mercy flight
carrying blood plasma
and emergency equipment
for the victims
of the Italian flood disaster at Rovigo.

I repeat, mercy flight!
D'you understand me?
- Golf Sierra?
- Yes?
Zrich. Very well, you may proceed, out.
You see, it is nothing.
That's settled it.
In case one of us is delayed on the way
home, it's better to have a rendezvous.
Before we start getting sentimental,
I think we're being followed.
I've been thinking
about your proposition.
Please tell me more.
This is military air control.
There is no record of your mission.
Alter course to Zrich and land.
Fighters have been dispatched
to intercept you.
I suggest you check your records again.
Carefully. Over.
I repeat, return to Zrich and land, over.
Check with Geneva.
Check with the Red Cross in Geneva.
Meanwhile, call off your air force.
It is making my passengers sick.
Foxtrot Golf Sierra,
you are carrying passengers?
Of course I am.
Distinguished representatives
of the world press.
They've had enough
of your nonsense. So have I.
Over and out.
There's a lot more to tell,
but there'll be plenty of time later.
- Take me to the Alpine room.
- Oh?
Are you unhappy here?
Oh, I want to see the dawn.
Ah, so poetic a pleasure.
What were all the world's charms
to mighty Paris
when he found that first dawn

in the arms of his Helen?
And when do you expect the signal
accepting your terms?
Any time before midnight tonight.
"Thy dawn, O Master of the World,
thy dawn.
"For thee the sunlight
creeps across the lawn.
"For thee the ships
are drawn down to the waves.
"For thee the markets throng
with myriad slaves.
"For thee the hammer on the anvil rings.
"For thee
"the poet of beguilement sings."
- Helicopters!
- Get our positions covered!
Argh!
Look to the girl!
Ah...
Urgh!
- Tracy! Darling!
- Thank God, Teresa.
James, wait!
- Guns make me nervous.
- You've done your share.
Get her to safety!
Come on, let's go!
You,
get the circuits set up now. Let's go!
Argh!
- All points covered?
- Yes, sir.
- All set to blow?
- Fuse is set for exactly
five minutes, ten seconds.
The place will be sealed off for ever.
Will that give the Englishman
time to get out?
He knows the schedule.
- Where are you going?
- Where's James?
He'll join us soon.
- We can't leave him!

- He doesn't need you.
- I will not go without him!
- You'll have to.
Spare the rod and spoil the child, eh?
Five, four, three,
two, one.
Now!
Ah!
He's branched off!
Ah! Oh!
Never mind that!
Go and get the brandy, huh?
Five-star Hennessy, of course.
Your Royal Highnesses,
my lords, ladies and gentlemen,
the toast is the bride and bridegroom,
Mr and Mrs James Bond.
Mr and Mrs James Bond!
- Good luck, Teresa.
- Thank you.
Anyway, it is a pleasure
to meet the man who cost me
three of my best operators.
Yes. November '64-the bullion job.
You even got away with
quite a chunk of the haul.
Tell me, I've always...
Congratulations, 007. I must confess
I've sometimes thought you a little, erm...
- Irresponsible?
- Exactly! That's the word. Thank you!
- This time, my boy, I can't complain.
- Nor can I.
- Teresa.
- Yes, Papa?
Look, James, I know that
we haven't always exactly seen...
Well, don't forget,
if there's anything you need...
Thank you, but this time I have
the gadgets and I know how to use them.
Au revoir.
Remember, obey your husband
in all things. You promise me?

But of course I will.
As I always obeyed you.
Of course.
Well, James, I wish you luck.
For the first and last time, remember?
An old proverb.
"Her price is far above rubies",
or even your million pounds.
Teresa, just because you're Mrs Bond,
don't forget my birthday next year.
- Have I ever?
- Both of you, or maybe all of you!
Come on, James!
Very happy. Be happy, my darling.
Come on.
On your way.
- Au revoir.
- Goodbye!
Drive carefully.
Miss Money Penny,
what would you do without me?
I always cry at weddings.
007 never had any respect
for government property.
I haven't given you a wedding present yet.
I had an idea about that.
Three girls, three boys.
- Pleased?
- Mm, not bad for a start.
But, darling,
now we have all the time in the world.
Say it with flowers!
He's got a point, we do
look like an ad for a flower shop!
And that reminds me,
I didn't even send you flowers.
Anyway, you have given me
a wedding present.
The best I could have.
A future.
Mrs Bond, shut...
...up!
And don't eat it all at once.
- He loves me.

- Instinctively.
- Infuriatingly.
- Intensely.

In...

- In...
- In? In?
- In.
- Indubitably.

First a boy, then a girl.

It's Blofeld!

It's Blofeld.

It's all right.

It's quite all right, really.

She's having a rest.

We'll be going on soon.

There's no hurry, you see?

We have all the time in the world.

English - US