



Scripts.com

# Skyfall

By Neal Purvis

(DOOR OPENING)

Ronson's down.

He needs medical evac.

M (OVER EARPIECE): Where is it?

Is it there?

Hard drive's gone.

**M:**

It's gone. Give me a minute.

They must have it.

Get after them.

I'm stabilizing Ronson.

We don't have the time.

I have to stop the bleeding!

Leave him!

(CAR HORNS HONKING)

(HORN HONKS)

**? BOND:**

He's in the black Audi.

What about Ronson?

He's been hit.

We're sending an emergency  
evacuation squad.

They'll be too bloody late!

(TIRES SCREECHING)

He's seen us.

Medical evac for Ronson  
five minutes away.

(TIRES SCREECHING)

That's all right. You  
weren't using it.

I wasn't using

that one, either.

(MOTORCYCLE ENGINES START)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

(CAR HORNS BLARING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(MAN SHOUTS ANGRILY)

Keep your head down.

(GUNFIRE BLASTING)

(GUN CLICKS)

(SIRENS WAILING)

) (MOTORCYCLE ENGINE REVVING

Just get clear!  
Tanner, which way?  
Keep going. I can  
direct you from here.  
You both know what's  
at stake here.  
We can't afford to  
lose that list.  
Yes, ma'am.  
(HORN HONKING)

**EVE:**

They appear to be on the  
rooftops of the Grand Bazaar.  
(PEOPLE GASPING)  
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
Take a left. There's a bridge.  
You can cut him off.  
(CAR HORN BLARING)  
(CAR HORNS HONKING)  
(TRUCK HORN BLARING)  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
Down, sir!  
(TRAIN HORN BLARING)  
(ENGINE REVVING)  
(GRUNTING)  
What happened? They're  
on the train, ma'am.  
What do you mean on the train?  
I mean, they're on  
top of a train.  
Well, get after them,  
for God's sake!  
She's going out of range.  
We've lost tracking.  
We're blind here.  
What's going on? I'm  
still with them.  
Get me CCTV,  
satellite, anything!  
(BULLETS RICOCHETING)  
(GRUNTS)

**M:**

VW Beetles.

I think.

(GUNFIRE CONTINUES)

Bond! He's

uncoupling the cars.

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

**M:**

Just changing carriages.

What's going on? Report!

It's rather hard

to explain, ma'am.

(ELECTRICITY BUZZING)

(TRAIN HORN BLARING)

(GRUNTING)

(TRAIN HORN BLARING)

(BOTH GRUNTING)

Looks like there isn't  
much more road.

I don't think I can  
go any further.

I may have a shot.

It's not clean.

Repeat, I do not  
have a clean shot.

(TRAIN HORN BLARING)

There's a tunnel ahead.

I'm gonna lose them.

Can you get into a  
better position?

Negative. There's no time.

Take the shot.

I said take the shot.

I can't! I may hit Bond.

Take the bloody shot!

(GUNSHOT)

(TRAIN HORN BLARING)

Agent down.

(WATER RUSHING)

(WATER ROARING)

This is the end

Hold your breath  
and count to ten

Feel the earth move and then  
in Hear my heart burst aga  
For this is the end  
I've drowned and  
dreamt this moment  
So overdue, I owe them  
Swept away, I'm stolen  
Let the sky fall  
When it crumbles  
We will stand tall  
And face it all together  
At Skyfall  
Skyfall is where we sta rt  
A thousand miles  
and poles apart  
Where worlds collide  
and days are dark  
You may have my number  
You can take my name  
But you'll never  
have my heart  
Let the sky fall  
When it crumbles  
We will stand tall  
And face it all together  
Let the sky fall  
When it crumbles  
We will stand tall  
And face it all  
together At Skyfall  
Where you go I go  
What you see I see  
I know I'd never be  
me without the security  
Of your loving arms  
keeping me from harm  
Put your hand in my  
hand and we'll stand  
Let the sky fall  
When it crumbles  
We will stand tall  
And face it all together  
Let the sky fall  
When it crumbles

We will stand tall  
And face it all together  
At Skyfall  
Let the sky fall  
We will stand tall  
At Skyfall  
(THUNDER RUMBLING)  
(TYPING)  
(BELL TOLLING)  
(BELL CONTINUES TOLLING)  
It's like being summoned  
to the headmaster's study.  
It's a new Chairman.  
Just standard procedure.  
Bloody waste of my time  
is what I call it.  
I'm sorry to have  
to deal with such  
a delicate subject at  
our first encounter.  
But, um...  
I have to be frank with you.  
I think that would  
be a good idea.  
The Prime Minister's  
concerned.  
Well, you can tell him my operatives  
are pursuing every avenue.  
? Have you considered  
pulling out the agents  
I've considered every option.  
Forgive me, that sounds  
like an evasion.  
Forgive me, but why am I here?  
Three months ago, you lost the  
computer drive containing the identity  
of almost every NATO  
agent embedded in  
terrorist organization  
s across the globe.  
A list which, in the eyes of  
our allies, never existed.  
So if you'll forgive me, I think  
you know why you're here.

Are we to call this  
"civilian oversight"?  
" No, we're to call this  
"retirement planning.  
Your country has only the  
highest respect for you  
and your many  
years of service.  
When your current  
posting is completed,  
you'll be awarded GCMG  
with full honors.  
Congratulations.  
You're firing me.  
No, ma'am, I'm here to oversee  
the transition period  
leading to your voluntary  
retirement in two months' time.  
Your successor has yet to be  
appointed, so we'll be asking you...  
I'm not an idiot, Mallory.  
I know I can't do  
this job forever  
but I'll be damned if I'm  
going to leave the department  
in worse shape  
than I found it.  
M, you've had a great run.  
You should leave with dignity.  
Oh, to hell with dignity. I'll  
leave when the job's done.  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
Yes?  
Now?  
Ma'am, alert from Q-Branch. Someone's  
trying to decrypt the stolen hard drive.  
We're tracing the  
encryption signal.  
Localizing now.  
Centering in the UK.  
London.  
Get us back to base  
as soon as possible.  
(SIREN WAILING)

It's coming from MI6.

What?

The data packet is  
linking to our network.

Correction. This is  
behind our firewall.

We should shut down.

No, track it.

We have to know where  
it's coming from.

Strip the headers.

Trace the source.

How the hell did they  
get into our system?

. Getting trace back now.

It appears...

It appears to be your  
computer, ma'am.

Shut it down.

(TAUNTING MUSIC PLAYS)

(MOCKING LAUGHTER)

What is this?

(SIREN BLARING)

(SIGHS)

For God's sake!

Just get out of the way!

Don't you recognize the car?

Madam.

(EXPLOSION THUNDERS)

(WAVES CRASHING)

(PILLS RATTLING)

(RHYTHMIC MUSIC PLAYING

IN THE DISTANCE)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

(CHATTER DIES DOWN)

CROWD (BUILDING IN

**VOLUME ) :**

(EXCITED CHATTER)

(CHEERING)

(SHOUTING IN TURKISH)

(CHEERING)

(WAVES SPLASHING GENTLY)

(MAN SPEAKS TURKISH)



(BOND GRUNTS)

ANNOUNCER (OVER TV): This  
is CNN Breaking News.  
Emergency crews are still  
attempting to assess  
the damage as investigators  
hunt for leads  
in what now appears  
to be a major  
terrorist attack in  
the heart of London.  
No-one has yet claimed responsibility  
for what sources are calling  
a possible "cyber-terrorist assault"  
on the British Secret Service.

Early reports from  
the scene indicate  
at least six dead,  
many more injured,  
with victims being evacuated  
to local hospitals  
within minutes of  
the explosion.

It's time to go, ma'am.  
I'm going to find  
whoever did this.

(GLASS CLINKING)

(GASPS)

Where the hell have you been?

Enjoying death.

Why didn't you call?

You didn't get the postcard?

You should try it some time.

Get away from it all.

It really lends perspective.

Ran out of drink where  
you were, did they?

What was it you said?

"Take the bloody shot."

. I made a judgment call.

You should have trusted  
me to finish the job.

It was the possibility  
of losing you

or the certainty of losing  
all those other agents.  
I made the only decision  
I could and you know it.  
I think you lost your nerve.  
What do you expect,  
a bloody apology?  
You know the rules  
of the game.  
. You've been playing  
it long enough.  
We both have.  
Maybe too long.  
Speak for yourself.  
Ronson didn't make it, did he?  
No.  
So this is it.  
We're both played out.  
Well, if you believe that,  
why did you come back?  
Good question.  
. Because we're under attack.  
And you know we need you.  
(SIGHS)  
Well, I'm here.  
You'll have to be debriefed and  
declared fit for active service.  
You can only return to duty  
when you've passed the tests,  
. so take them seriously.  
And a shower might  
be in order.  
I'll go home and change.  
Oh, we've sold your flat, put  
your things into storage.  
Standard procedure on the death  
of an unmarried employee  
with no next of kin.  
. You should have called  
I'll find a hotel.  
. Well, you're bloody  
well not sleeping here.

**TANNER:**

the environmental control system,  
locked out the  
safety protocols  
and turned on the gas, all of which  
should have been impossible.

On top of that, they  
hacked into her files.

They knew her appointments, knew  
she'd be out of the building.

They weren't targeting her.

They wanted her to see it.

Where are we, Tanner?

New digs.

The old building was declared  
"strategically vulnerable".

That's putting it mildly.

He was able to breach the most  
secure computer system in Britain.

So we're on war footing now.

. This was part of

Churchill's bunker

s We're still discovering tunnel  
dating back to the

Quite fascinating, if  
it wasn't for the rats.

When do I see M?

Tomorrow you'll see M and

Mallory, too, if you're lucky.

Who's Mallory?

. The new Chairman of the  
Intelligence and Security Committee.

Charming man. I

think you and he

are really going

to hit it off.

. Welcome to the new MI6

(BEEPING)

We've attempted to trace  
the computer message, but

it was sent by an asymmetrical  
security algorithm,

which bounced the signal

all over the globe

through over a thousand

different servers.  
And now that they've  
accessed M's codes,  
it's only a matter of time before  
they're able to decrypt the list.  
Q-Branch have been analyzing the  
picture but so far nothing.  
The general feeling is it's  
probably someone from her past.  
Perhaps when she was running  
things in Hong Kong.  
She's no idea what  
it all means.  
You believe that?  
The truth is, we don't have  
a clue who took the list  
(GRUNTING)  
or what they plan  
to do with it.  
We can always do this later.  
You know what? Let's.  
(DOOR BANGS SHUT)  
(PANTING)  
(SIGHS)  
I'd like to start with some  
simple word associations.  
Just tell me the first word  
that pops into your head.  
For example, I might say  
"Day" and you might say...  
Wasted.  
All right.  
Gun.  
Shot. Agent.  
Provocateur.  
Woman.  
Provocatrix.  
Heart.  
Target.  
Bird.  
Sky.  
M.  
Bitch.

**MAN:**

Swim.

Moonlight. Dance.

. Murder.

Employment.

Country. England.

Skyfall.

Skyfall.

Done.

Well, this is going well.

(GROANS IN PAIN)

(GRUNTS)

(GROANS SOFTLY)

Get these analyzed.

For her eyes only.

She's ready for you.

I'm sorry, have we met before?

I'm the one who

should say "sorry".

It was only four ribs.

Some of the less vital organs.

Nothing major.

? Not enough

excitement in Istanbul

I've been reassigned.

Temporary suspension

from field work.

Really? Mmm.

Something to do

with killing 007.

Well, you gave it

your best shot.

That was hardly my best shot.

I'm not sure I could

survive your best.

I doubt you'll get the chance.

Well, do me a favor, will you? If

they do ever let you back out there,

warn me first.

I'm assisting Gareth

Mallory in the transition,

and then I'll be

back in the field.

That's what you want?

Yes, of course.  
It's not for everyone.  
Ah, 007. It's this way.  
. In your defense, a moving  
target is much harder to hit.  
Then you better keep moving.  
The whole office  
goes up in smoke  
and that bloody  
thing survives.  
Your interior decorating tips have  
always been appreciated, 007.  
I hope I haven't  
missed anything.  
The PM does prattle  
on in a crisis.  
Bond.  
Mallory.  
I've just been reviewing  
Bond's tests.  
It seems you've passed...  
by the skin of your teeth.  
You're back on active service.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you.  
I'll, um...  
I'll be outside.  
I only have one question.  
Why not stay dead?  
You have the perfect way out.  
Go and live quietly somewhere.  
Not many field agents get  
to leave this cleanly.  
Do you get out in  
the field much?  
. You don't need to be an  
operative to see the obvious.  
It's a young man's game.  
Look, you've been  
seriously injured.  
There's no shame in saying  
you've lost a step.  
The only shame would be not  
admitting it until it's too late.

Hire me or fire me. It's  
entirely up to you.  
If he says he's  
ready, he's ready.  
Perhaps you can't see  
it, or maybe you won't.  
What exactly are you implying?  
You're sentimental about him.  
As long as I'm head of this department,  
I'll choose my own operatives.  
Fair enough.  
Good luck, 007.  
Don't cock it up.  
. We've analyzed the  
shrapnel fragments  
t You're lucky it  
wasn't a direct hi  
or it would have  
cut you in half.  
It's a depleted uranium shell.  
Military grade.  
Hard to get,  
extremely expensive,  
and only used by a select few.  
Recognize anyone?  
Him.

**TANNER:**

He's a ghost. No known residence  
or country of origin.  
So how do we find him?  
Well, luckily, we still have one  
or two friends left in the CIA.  
They're after him for the  
Yemeni ambassador' s murder,  
and they're getting close.  
Intel is he's going  
to be in Shanghai  
in two days time,  
probably on a job.  
You're to go there and await  
further instructions.  
If he turns up, he's yours.  
Find out who he works for

and who has the list.

Then terminate

him, for Ronson.

With pleasure.

Is there anything else

you want to tell me?

No.

Report to the new Quartermaster

for your documentation.

He hasn't set up shop

yet, but Tanner will

put you two together.

Good luck.

Thank you.

You are ready for this?

Yes, ma'am.

I didn't know Bond

passed the tests.

He didn't.

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

Always makes me feel

a little melancholy.

A grand old warship being

ignominiously hauled away for scrap.

(SIGHS)

The inevitability of

time, don't you think?

What do you see?

A bloody big ship.

Excuse me.

I'm your new Quartermaster.

. You must be joking.

Why, because I'm not

wearing a lab coat?

Because you still have spots.

My complexion is

hardly relevant.

Well, your competence is.

Age is no guarantee

of efficiency.

And youth is no guarantee

of innovation.

I'll hazard I can

do more damage



on my laptop sitting  
in my pajamas  
before my first  
cup of Earl Grey  
than you can do in a  
year in the field.  
Oh, so why do you need me?  
Every now and then a  
trigger has to be pulled.  
Or not pulled.  
It's hard to know which  
in your pajamas.  
Q.  
. Ticket to Shanghai.  
Documentation and passport.  
Thank you.  
And this.  
Walther PPK/S 9mm short.  
There's a micro-dermal  
sensor in the grip.  
It's been coded to your palm  
print so only you can fire it.  
Less of a random killing machine,  
more of a personal statement.  
And this?  
Standard issue  
radio transmitter.  
Activate it and it  
broadcasts your location.  
Distress signal.  
And that's it.  
A gun...  
and a radio.  
Not exactly Christmas, is it?  
Were you expecting  
an exploding pen?  
We don't really go  
in for that anymore.  
. Good luck out  
there in the field.  
And please return the  
equipment in one piece.  
Brave new world.  
(PANTING)

(BEEPS)  
) (JET ENGINES WHOOSHING  
(INDISTINC ANNOUNCEMENT OVER PA)  
(BEEPS)  
(SILENCED GUNSHOT)  
(GRUNTS)  
(WHIRRING)  
(WHIRRING CONTINUES)  
(WHIRRING STOPS)  
(WIND WHISTLING)  
(GUNFIRE)  
(GRUNTING)  
Who's got the list?  
Tell me! Who are  
you working for?  
(SCREAMS)  
Tanner... He's posted  
the first five names.  
Their cover's blown. They're in danger.  
Get them out now.  
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)  
(KNOCKING)

**WOMAN:**

I didn't order anything.  
Not even you.  
I've got some new information.  
Aren't you a little overqualified  
to be delivering messages?  
It's all part of the  
learning curve.  
And Q's afraid of flying.  
Of course he is.  
So whoever stole the list  
has already decrypted it.  
They posted the first  
five names on the web.  
Well, it was only  
a matter of time.  
Well, that's just the start.  
They're posting five more next  
week, and the week after.  
It's some kind of  
sadistic game.

Cut-throat razor.  
How very traditional.  
Well, I like to do some  
things the old-fashioned way.  
Sometimes the old  
ways are the best.  
Are you putting your  
life in my hands again?  
M's...  
already briefed  
me on the list.  
Raising the  
tantalizing question  
of what you're  
really doing here.  
My official directive  
was to help...  
"in any way I can."  
Like spying for Mallory.  
You know, Mallory's not  
as bad as you think.  
He's a bureaucrat.  
You should do your homework.  
Gareth Mallory was a  
Lieutenant Colonel...  
Lieutenant Colonel in Northern  
Ireland, Hereford Regiment.  
Spent three months at  
the hands of the IRA.  
(CHUCKLES)  
. So there's more to  
him than meets the eye  
(INHALES DEEPLY)  
We'll see.  
Keep still.  
This is the tricky part.  
Now that's better.  
You look the part now.  
Mm-hmm. Mmm.  
And what part's that?  
Old dog,  
new tricks.  
Good evening.

**EVE:**

Don't touch your ear.  
I've got three exits,  
lots of blind spots.

**. EVE:**

You look beautiful  
in that dress.  
. You don't scrub  
up so bad yourself.  
It's amazing what one can do  
with an extra pair of hands.  
You're telling me.  
Do you gamble?  
I like a little  
flutter now and then.  
Who doesn't like  
to take chances?  
? Good evening, sir.  
How may I help you  
I'd like to cash  
this in, please.  
One moment, sir.  
Good fortune tonight, sir.  
Let's hope so.  
With compliments of the house.  
Thank you.  
Now you can afford  
to buy me a drink.  
Maybe I'll even  
stretch to two.  
I'm guessing I've got four  
million euros in here.  
Not bad. I like this game.  
Why don't we play another?  
. I don't gamble  
I'm not very lucky.  
. A little like our  
friend in Shanghai  
I've been waiting to see  
who would redeem the chip.  
You made such a bold entrance  
into our little drama.  
Did I over-complicate

the plot?

Who doesn't appreciate the occasional twist, Mr...?

Bond.

James Bond.

Severine.

So, Mr. Bond, shall we discuss your next performance over that drink?

I'd like that.

Will your friends be joining us?

That, I'm afraid, is inevitable.

**EVE:**

Now, now.

If you like that sort of thing.

(WHISPERING) I'll keep you posted.

(CLINKS)

(ICE RATTLING)

Perfect.

Would you mind if I asked you a business question?

Depends on the question.

It has to do with death.

A subject in which you're well-versed.

And how would you know that?

Only a certain kind of woman wears a backless dress

with a Beretta 70

strapped to her thigh.

One can never be

too careful when

. handsome men in

tuxedos carry Walthers

I am correct in assuming

you killed Patrice?

Yes.

Might I ask why?

I want to meet your employer.

Be careful what you wish for.

You're scared.  
Thank you for the drink,  
Mr. Bond.  
You put on a good show.  
But ever since we sat  
down, you haven't stopped  
looking at your bodyguards.  
Now, three of them  
is a bit excessive.  
They're controlling you.  
They're not protecting you.  
The tattoo on your wrist  
is Macau sex trade.  
You belonged to one of the houses.  
What were you? 12? 13?  
I'm guessing he  
was your way out.  
Perhaps you thought  
you were in love.  
But that was a long time ago.  
You know nothing about it.  
I know when a woman is afraid  
and pretending not to be.  
How much do you  
know about fear?  
All there is.  
Not like this.  
Not like him.  
I can help you.  
I don't think so.  
Let me try.  
How?  
Bring me to him.  
Can you kill him?  
Yes.  
Will you?  
Someone usually dies.  
(LAUGHS)  
Perhaps you can.  
When I leave, they're  
going to kill you.  
If you survive, I'm on the Chimera.  
North harbor.  
Berth seven.

. We cast off in an hour.

Very nice to have  
met you, Mr. Bond.

Good luck.

(MAN YELLS)

(GROWLING)

(GRUNTING)

(GROANS)

(CHUCKLES)

Good luck with that.

(GUN CLICKING)

(GRUNTS)

(SCREAMING)

(HISSING)

Thank you.

Put it all on red.

(MAN CONTINUES SCREAMING)

It's the circle of life.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Yes!

It's time to cast off.

All right.

I like you better

without your Beretta.

I feel naked without it.

ANCHORMAN (OVER

**TV):**

The controversy surrounding the  
Ministry of Defence has escalated today  
as images of the Husein assassination  
continue to circulate.

We should warn  
you, some viewers  
might find these  
images disturbing.

Captain Husein, an MI6 operative  
embedded in the Middle East,  
was one of the five  
agents exposed  
in what is now  
being considered  
the greatest internal security  
breach in modern British history.

The Prime Minister continues to  
express public support for MI6  
while the opposition has  
taken the position...  
Has taken the position we're a  
bunch of antiquated bloody idiots  
fighting a war we don't understand  
and can't possibly win.  
Look, three of my agents  
are dead already.  
Don't embroil me  
in politics now.  
The Prime Minister's ordered an inquiry.  
You'll have to appear.  
Oh, standing in the stocks at midday?  
Who's antiquated now?  
For Christ's sake, listen to yourself.  
We're a democracy,  
accountable to the people  
we're trying to defend.  
We can't keep working in the shadows.  
There are no more shadows.  
? You don't get this, do you.  
Whoever's behind this, whoever's  
doing it, he knows us.  
He's one of us. He comes  
from the same place as Bond.  
The place you say  
doesn't exist.  
The shadows.  
(CLICKS)  
It's not too late. We  
could turn back now.  
(GUNS COCKING)  
I wouldn't be so sure.  
They abandoned it  
almost overnight.  
He made them think there was a  
leak at the chemical plant.  
It's amazing the panic you can  
cause with a single computer.  
He wanted the island,  
so he took it.  
Does he always get



what he wants?

More than you know.

(MAN SPEAKS NATIVE LANGUAGE)

I'm sorry.

(ELEVATOR CLANKING)

Hello, James. Welcome.

? Do you like the island

(CHUCKLES SOFTLY)

My grandmother had an island.

Nothing to boast of. You could

walk around it in an hour.

But still, it was, it

was a paradise for us.

T One summer, we went for a visi

and discovered the place had

been infeste d with rats!

They'd come on a fishing boat and

gorged themselves on coconut.

So how do you get rats

off an island? Hmm?

My grandmother showed me.

We buried an oil drum

and hinged the lid,

. then wired coconut

to the lid as bait.

. And the rats would come

for the coconut and..

(MAKES CLINKING NOISE)

they would fall into the drum.

And after a month, you

have trapped all the rats.

But what do you do then?

Throw the drum into the ocean?

Burn it? No.

You just leave it.

And they begin to get hungry.

And one by one...

(MAKES GNAWING NOISE)

they start eating each other

until there are only two left.

The two survivors.

And then what? Do you kill them?

No.

You take them and release

them into the trees.  
But now they don't  
eat coconut anymore.  
Now they only eat rat.  
You have changed their nature.  
The two survivors,  
this is what she made us.  
I made my own choices.  
(CHUCKLES) You think you did.  
That's her genius.  
Station H. Am I right?  
Hong Kong.  
Mm-hmm.  
'86 to '97.  
Back then, I was her favorite.  
And you're not nearly the agent  
I was, I can tell you that.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Just look at you, barely held together  
by your pills and your drink.  
Don't forget my pathetic  
love of country.  
(LAUGHS)  
You're still clinging to your  
faith in that old woman.  
When all she does is lie to you.  
She never lied to me.  
No? No.  
What did you score in your  
marksmanship evaluation?  
(LAUGHS)  
Did she tell you the psychologist  
cleared you for duty?  
Yes. No. No.  
(SIGHS)  
Medical evaluation: Fail.  
Physical evaluation: Failed.  
Psychological

**evaluation:**

"and substance  
addiction indicated."  
"Pathological rejection  
of authority"

"based on unresolved  
childhood trauma."

"Subject is not approved  
for field duty"

"and immediate suspension  
from service advised."

What is this if not betrayal?

She sent you after me knowing you're  
not ready, knowing you'll likely die.

Mommy was very bad!

Hmm?

Ooh.

? See what she's done to you.

Well, she never  
tied me to a chair.

Her loss.

Are you sure this is about M?

. It's about her.

And you, and me.

You see, we are the  
last two rats.

We can either eat  
each other...

Hmm?

Or eat everyone else.

How you're trying to  
remember your training now.

What's the regulation  
to cover this?

Well, first time for everything.

Yes?

What makes you think  
this is my first time?

Oh, Mr. Bond!

All that physical stuff...

So dull, so dull.

Chasing spies...

(LAUGHS) so old-fashioned!

Your knees must  
be killing you.

England.

The Empire! MI6!

You're living in  
a ruin as well,

. you just don't know it yet.  
At least here there are no old ladies  
giving orders and no little...  
Bip!  
Gadgets from those  
fools in Q-Branch.  
If you wanted, you could pick your  
own secret missions. As I do.  
Name it.  
Name it.  
Destabilize a multinational  
by manipulating stocks...  
Bip. Easy.  
. Interrupt transmission s from  
a spy satellite over Kabul..  
(POPS) Done.  
Hmm. Rig an election in Uganda.  
All to the highest bidder.  
Or a gas explosion in London.  
Just point and click.  
Well, everybody needs a hobby.  
So what's yours?  
Resurrection.  
Let me show you something.  
(DOOR CREAKS)  
(MAN SINGING IN FRENCH,  
PLAYING OVER SPEAKERS)  
Tells a story, doesn't it?  
They left the  
island so quickly,  
they couldn't decide  
what to take,  
what to leave, what  
was important.  
And seeing this every day reminds  
me to focus on the essentials.  
There's nothing... nothing  
superfluous in my life.  
When a thing is redundant,  
it is eliminated.  
A particular favorite  
of yours, I understand.  
So, what's the toast?  
"To the women we love"?

Hmm.  
Darling.  
Darling, your lovers are here.  
No, no, no, no.  
Stand up straight. Keep still.  
And whatever you do,  
don't lose your head.  
Don't lose...  
your head.  
Don't lose your head.  
Time to redeem your  
marksmanship scores.  
Let's see.  
Who can be the first to knock  
the glass from her head?  
And just to be sporting,  
I'll let you go first.  
(COCKS GUN)  
Let's see who ends up on top.  
. (SIGHS) Oh, I can't believe it  
I can't believe it! Did  
you really die that day?  
Is there any, any of  
the old 007 left?  
My turn.  
I win. What do  
you say to that?  
(SIGHS) It's a waste  
of good Scotch.  
What are you going to do now? Take  
me back to her? All on your own?  
? Who says I'm on my own  
(HELICOPTERS APPROACHING)  
It's the latest thing  
from Q-Branch.  
It's called a radio.  
All right, time to say hello.  
(KEYPAD BEEPS)  
You're smaller  
than I remember!  
Whereas I barely  
remember you at all.  
Strange. For me, it feels  
just like yesterday.

Are you surprised?  
Not particularly. But then you  
always were a slippery one.  
Maybe that's why you  
liked me so much.  
You flatter yourself.  
No remorse.  
(SIGHS)  
Just as I had imagined.  
Regret is unprofessional.  
(LAUGHS)  
"Regret is unprofessional."  
They kept me for five months in a  
room with no air. They tortured me.  
And I protected your secrets.  
I protected you.  
But they made me suffer.  
And suffer.  
And suffer.  
Until I realized...  
it was you who betrayed me.  
You betrayed me.  
So, I had only one thing left.  
My cyanide capsule in  
my back left molar.  
You remember, right?  
So I broke the tooth and...  
bit into the capsule.  
And it...  
It burned all my insides.  
But I didn't die.  
Life clung to me  
like a disease.  
And then...  
I understood why  
I had survived.  
I needed to look in your  
eyes one last time.  
Well, I hope it was worth it.  
Mr. Silva, you're going to be  
transferred to Belmarsh Prison  
where you'll be  
remanded in custody  
until the Crown

Prosecution Service

deem you fit to

stand trial for...

Say my name. Say it.

My real name.

. I know you remember it.

Your name is on

the memorial wall

of the very building

you attacked.

I will have it struck off.

Soon your past will be as

nonexistent as your future.

I'll never see you again.

Do you know what

it does to you?

Hydrogen cyanide?

Look upon your work,

Mother.

(CHUCKLING SOFTLY)

(LAUGHING)

Let me know what you

recover from his computer.

Has he transmitted the lists? If so, to whom?

I want this resolved.

Yes, ma'am.

His name is Tiago Rodriguez.

He was a brilliant agent.

But he started operating beyond

his brief, hacking the Chinese.

The handover was coming up and they

were onto him, so I gave him up.

I got six agents in return

and a peaceful transition.

We should go, ma'am. Board of

Inquiry begins in 30 minutes.

I want to know what's

on that computer.

Now, looking at

Silva's computer,

it seems to me he's done a number

of slightly unusual things.

He's established failsafe

protocols to wipe the memory

if there's any attempt  
to access certain files.  
Only six people in the world could  
program safeguards like that.

Of course there are.

Can you get past them?

I invented them.

Right, then.

Let's see what you've  
got for us, Mr. Silva.

We're in.

(EXHALES)

Sir, what do you make of this?

It's his Omega site.

Most encrypted level he has.

Looks like obfuscated code  
to conceal its true purpose.

Security through obscurity.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
if I might have order?

I'd like to begin  
the proceedings.

We're gathered today to  
address important issues  
concerning the future of  
our national security.

(GROANS LOUDLY)

Going somewhere?

So you believe your stewardship  
of MI6 during the recent crisis  
has been up to scratch?

Well, I believe we have  
apprehended the responsible party  
and are taking all  
necessary steps  
to ensure that the sensitive  
information is contained.

Oh,  
so it's a job well done.

. I'm not saying it's  
gone perfectly, but..

You'll forgive me for not  
putting up the bunting.

I find it rather difficult



to overlook monumental  
security breaches  
and dead operatives  
for which you are almost  
single-handedly responsible.  
He's using a polymorphic  
engine to mutate the code.  
Whenever I try to gain  
access, it changes.  
It's like solving a Rubik's  
cube that's fighting back.  
Stop.  
Go in on that.  
Granborough.  
Granborough Road. It's an old Tube  
station on the Metropolitan Line.  
Been closed for years.  
Use that as a key.  
Oh, look, it's a map!  
It's London.  
Subterranean London.  
What's going on? Why  
are the doors open?  
(COMPUTER BEEPING)  
Oh, no.  
Can someone tell me how the  
hell he got into our system?  
Oh, shit.  
Oh, shit, shit, shit.  
He hacked us.  
(ALARM BLARING)  
Oh, no.  
Q.  
He's gone.  
I'm in a stairwell  
below isolation.  
Do you read me, Q?  
I can hear you. I'm  
looking for you.  
Got you. Tracking  
your location.  
Just keep moving forward.  
Enter the next service  
door on your right.

If you're through that door,  
you should be in the Tube.  
I'm in the Tube.  
Bond, this isn't an escape.  
This was years in the planning.  
He wanted us to capture him, he  
wanted us to access his computer.  
It was all planned.  
Blowing up HQ. Knowing  
the emergency protocols.  
Knowing we'd  
retreat down here.  
I've got all that. It's what he's  
got planned next that worries me.  
District Line is the closest. There's  
a service door on your left.  
Got it.  
It won't open.  
It will. Put your  
back into it.  
Why don't you come down here  
and put your back into it?  
(GRUNTING)  
No, it's stuck.  
Oh, good. There's  
a train coming.  
Hmm. That's vexing.  
I'm through.  
Told you.  
We alerted security.  
Police are on their way.  
Where are you now?  
Temple Tube station.  
Along with half of London.  
Oh, I see you. There you are.  
I know where I am, Q.  
Where's he?  
Give us a second. I'm  
looking for him.

**ANNOUNCER:**

**BOND:**

I can't see him.

Welcome to rush  
hour on the Tube.  
Not something you'd  
know much about.  
Mind the gap.  
The train's leaving.  
Do I get on the train?  
Don't get on. I'm not sure he's on it.  
Give us a minute.  
Do I get on the train?  
Bond.  
What? Get on the train.  
He's keen to get home.  
Will you open the  
door, please?  
Open the door.  
Health and Safety. Carry on.

**Q:**

Take a wild guess, Q.  
He's in disguise,  
dressed as a policeman.  
Of course he is.  
Where's he going?  
Where's he going?  
He's going for M. Tell Tanner.  
Get her out of there.  
You've overlooked, or chosen  
to ignore, hard evidence  
and consistently,  
almost obstinately...  
Silva's escaped.  
Bond's in pursuit.  
We need to get you to a  
secure location immediately.  
I'll be damned if I'm  
gonna show her my back.  
Are we straining  
your attention?  
No. Please, Minister, proceed.  
Excuse me.  
Move! Move!  
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)  
(CHUCKLES)

(LAUGHING)

It's as if you  
insist on pretending  
we still live in a  
golden age of espionage  
where human intelligence was  
the only resource available.  
Well, I find this rather  
old-fashioned belief  
demonstrates a reckless  
disregard for...

Excuse me, Minister, I  
don't mean to interrupt,  
but just for the  
sake of variety,  
might we actually hear  
from the witness?

Of course.

Thank you.

Oh!

I won't miss next  
time, Mr. Silva.

Not bad. Not bad, James,  
for a physical wreck.

Oi. Thank you.

You caught me.

(SIGHS)

Now, here's your prize.  
The latest thing from  
my local toy store.  
It's called radio.

Whew!

I do hope that wasn't for me.

(LAUGHS) No.

But that is.

(TRAIN APPROACHING)

(SIRENS WAILING)

**M:**

Today I've  
repeatedly heard how  
irrelevant my  
department has become.  
Why do we need agents?

The Double-O section?  
Isn't it all rather quaint?  
Well, I suppose I see a  
different world than you do.  
And the truth is that  
what I see frightens me.  
I'm frightened because our enemies  
are no longer known to us.  
They do not exist on a map.  
They're not nations.  
They are individuals.  
Look around you.  
Who do you fear?  
Can you see a face? A uniform?  
A flag? No.  
Our world is not more  
transparent now.  
It's more opaque.  
It's in the shadows.  
That's where we  
must do battle.  
So, before you declare us  
irrelevant, ask yourselves,  
how safe do you feel?  
I've just one more  
thing to say.  
My late husband was a  
great lover of poetry.  
And, um...  
I suppose some of it sunk in,  
despite my best intentions.  
And here today I remember  
this, I think from Tennyson:  
"We are not now that strength,  
"which in old days Moved  
earth and heaven;  
; "That which we are, we are.  
"One equal temper  
of heroic hearts,  
"Made weak by time"  
"and fate,"  
"but strong in will."  
"To strive, to seek,"  
"to find"

"and not to yield."

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

Go, go, go, go!

Move!

Move! Go! Move!

(SIRENS WAILING IN DISTANCE)

Are you kidnapping me?

That would be one way  
of looking at it.

Too many people are  
dying because of me.

If he wants you, he'll  
have to come and get you.

We've been one step behind  
Silva from the start.

It's time to get out in  
front, change the game.

And I'm to be the bait?

All right. But just us.

No one else.

Q? I need help.

I'm tracking the car.

Where are you going?

I've got M. We're  
about to disappear.

What?

I need you to lay a trail of  
breadcrumbs impossible to follow  
for anyone except Silva.

Think you can do it?

I'm guessing this isn't  
strictly official.

Not even remotely.

So much for my promising  
career in espionage.

I'm not hiding in there, if  
that's your brilliant plan.

We're changing vehicles.

Trouble with company cars  
is they have trackers.

Oh, and I suppose that's  
completely inconspicuous.

Get in.

(TIRES SCREECHING)

It's not very  
comfortable, is it?  
? Are you gonna  
complain the whole way.  
Oh, go on then, eject me.  
See if I care.  
Where are we going?  
Back in time.  
Somewhere we'll  
have the advantage.  
It's a fine line.  
Make the breadcrumb too  
small and he might miss it.  
Too big and Silva  
will smell a rat.  
But do you think even Silv a  
will be able to spot that?  
He's the only one who could.  
Sir.  
Oh.  
What are you doing?  
We're just... monitoring.  
Creating a false tracking  
signal for Silva to follow.  
Well, sir, um... Well, no.  
Excellent thinking.  
Get him isolated.  
Send him on the A9.  
It's the direct route.  
You can monitor his  
progress more accurately  
and confirm it with  
the traffic cameras.  
But what if the PM finds out?  
Then we're all bugged.  
Carry on.  
(BIRDS CHIRPING)  
(SIGHS)  
Is this where you grew up?  
Mm.  
How old were you  
when they died?  
You know the answer to that.  
You know the whole story.

(SIGHS)

Orphans always make  
the best recruits.

Storm's coming.

Christ.

Mm-hmm.

No wonder you never came back.

) (FLOORBOARD CREAKS

James.

James Bond.

**BOND:**

Are you still alive?

It's nice to see you, too.

M, this is Kincade.

Gamekeeper here

since I was a boy.

Pleased to meet you, Emma.

Mr. Kincade.

, You're a tad late.

They've sold the place

when they thought

you were dead.

It seems they were wrong.

What are you doing here?

Some men are

coming to kill us.

But we're gonna

kill them first.

. Then we'd better get ready.

Do we still have a gun room?

Ah.

They sold the lot to a collector

from Idaho or some such place.

They were shipped

out weeks ago.

There's just...

your father's old

hunting rifle.

We couldn't let that go.

And this is what we've got.

There might be a couple of sticks

of dynamite from the quarry.

But if all else fails,



sometimes the old  
ways are the best.  
So who is it we're  
supposed to be fighting?  
No "we" in it, Kincade.  
This is not your fight.  
Try and stop me, you  
jumped-up little shit.  
(COCKS GUN)  
Now, remember what I taught you.  
Don't let it pull to the left.  
I'll do my best.  
What did you say you  
did for a living?  
Emma!  
I brought you some things.  
The nights get cold here.  
. Thank you, Mr. Kincade.  
It's a beautiful old house.  
She is.  
And like all great ladies, she  
still has her secret ways.  
Let me show you this.  
Priest's hole?  
Yeah, from Reformation times.  
The tunnel leads  
under the moor.  
If you get in danger, this  
is the place to come.  
The night I told him his parents had  
died, he hid in here for two days.  
When he did come out...  
he wasn't a boy anymore.  
Eh. Must get on.  
I fucked this up, didn't I?  
No.  
You did your job.  
I read your obituary of me.  
And?  
Appalling.  
Yeah, I knew you'd hate it.  
I did call you "an exemplar  
of British fortitude".  
. That bit was all right

(DOGS BARKING IN DISTANCE)

You ready?

I was ready before  
you were born, son.

) (DOGS CONTINUE BARKING

(BEEPING RAPIDLY)

(BULLETS RICOCHETING)

Welcome to Scotland.

(PANTING)

(RIFLE BLASTING)

(BURST OF GUNFIRE)

You dropped something.

You hurt?

Only my pride. I never  
was a good shot.

He's not here.

He's not here.

(HELICOPTER APPROACHING)

) (ROCK MUSIC PLAYING LOUDLY

(MUSIC CONTINUES LOUDLY)

Always got to  
make an entrance.

You two, go to the kitchen.

Now.

Get behind the arch!

Go to the chapel.

Use the tunnel.

Everyone, listen to me! Don't  
you dare touch her. She's mine.

Can your friend come  
out and say hello?

(FLAMES CRACKLING)

(GROANS)

Come on. This way.

I always hated this place.

Are you getting warm?

Just make sure Bond's dead!

Now it's me and her.

(COUGHING)

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

(GROANS)

(ICE CRACKLING)

(GUNFIRE)

You see what comes of all this  
running around, Mr. Bond?  
All this jumping and fighting.  
It's exhausting!  
Relax.  
(EXHALES)  
You need to relax.  
Ah, well... Mother's calling.  
I'll give her a  
goodbye kiss for you.  
Oh, my God.  
(SIGHS)  
(CHUCKLES)  
(SIGHS)  
Of course.  
It had to be here.  
It had to be this way.  
Thank you.  
I can't find it no... Don't.  
Please. Don't.  
You're hurt. You're hurt.  
What have they done to you?  
What have they done to you?  
(GRUNTING)  
(M WHIMPERS)  
(PANTING)  
Free both of us.  
Free both of us...  
with the same bullet.  
Do it.  
Do it.  
Only you can do it.  
Do it.  
(THUD) (GROANING)  
(GROANS)  
(WHEEZES)  
Ah!  
(PAINED EXHALE)  
Last rat standing.  
? 007. What took you so long.  
Well, I got into  
some deep water.  
(M GROANING)  
Oh!

I suppose it's...  
too late to make a run for it?  
Well, I'm game if you are.  
I did get one thing right.  
Wow.  
I didn't even know you  
could come up here.  
Hate to waste a view.  
I can see why.  
I thought you were going  
back out on active service.  
I declined.  
You said it yourself,  
fieldwork's not for everyone.  
. If it helps, I  
feel a lot safer.  
Her will was read today.  
She left you this.  
Maybe it was her way of telling  
you to take a desk job.  
Just the opposite.  
Thank you.  
) (DISTANT SIREN WAILING  
You know, we've never  
formally been introduced.  
Well, my name's Eve.  
Eve Money Penny.  
Well, I look forward to our  
time together, Miss Money Penny.  
Me, too. I'm sure we'll have  
one or two close shaves.  
Morning, 007.  
Good morning, Tanner.  
He'll see you now.  
? How's the arm, sir.  
What? Oh, it's fine.  
It'll get better.  
All pretty shocking for  
someone unused to fieldwork.  
So, 007... Lots to be done.  
Are you ready to  
get back to work?  
With pleasure, M.  
With pleasure.