Where are you going?
I won't be long.
Welcome, Signor Sciarra.
I trust you had a pleasant journey.
Do you have it?
Yes. It's over there.
When do we blow the stadium?
This evening at six.
And the flight out of here?
All arranged.
And then what?
Then I visit The Pale King.
A toast, my friend.
To Death!
Bottoms up.
Meet me in the square!
I've been here before
But always hit the floor
I've spent a lifetime running
And I always get away
But with you
I'm feeling something
That makes me want to stay
If I risk it all
Could you break my fall?
How do I live?
How do I breathe?
When you're not here
I'm suffocating
I want to feel love
run through my blood
Tell me is this
where I give it all up?
For you I have to risk it all
'Cause the writing's on the wall
A million shards of glass
That haunt me from my past
As the stars begin to gather
And the light begins to fade
When all hope begins to shatter
Know that I won't be afraid
If I risk it all
Could you break my fall?
How do I live?
How do I breathe?
When you're not here
I'm suffocating
I want to feel love
run through my blood
Tell me is this
where I give it all up?
For you I have to risk it all
'Cause the writing's on the wall
The writing's on the wall
How do I live?
How do I breathe?
When you're not here
I'm suffocating
I want to feel love
run through my blood
Tell me is this
where I give it all up?
For you I have to risk it all
'Cause the writing's on the wall
The wall
Start anywhere you like.
Take your time, 007,
but in five minutes
the head of
the Joint Security Service
is going to walk
through that door,
and I've got to explain to him
how one of our agents decided to
potter off to Mexico, all on his own,
and cause
an international incident.
With all due respect, sir,
it could've been worse.
Worse? You blew up
half a bloody block.
Well, better half a block than
a whole stadium full of people.
You had no authority.
None.
As you know,
we're in the middle of the biggest shakeup
in the history of
British intelligence. 
The ink's barely dry 
on this merger with MI5 
and already they're itching 
for a chance to scrap 
the double-0 program forever. 
And you've just given them one. 
You're right, sir. 
You have got a tricky day ahead. 
This is an official question. 
Mexico City. 
What were you doing there? 
It was just a coincidence. 
I was taking some overdue holiday. 
Okay. Fine. 
As of this morning, 
you are officially grounded. 
I'm standing you down from 
all operations indefinitely. 
Very good, sir. 
007? 
Sir? 
I don't know what 
you're playing at, 
but whatever it is, 
it has to stop. 
Now. 
So sorry. Am I interrupting? 
Not remotely. 
007, I'd like you 
to meet Max Denbigh, 
head of the Joint 
Security Service. 
It's a pleasure to finally meet you, 007. 
I've heard a lot about you. 
Most of it good. 
Congratulations 
on your new appointment. 
Thank you. 
I suppose we should 
call you C now. 
No, I think I'll call you C, C.
As you wish.
Well, my door is always open, 007, for my employees.
This merger's gonna be a whole new chapter for us.
We're going to bring British intelligence out of the Dark Ages into the light.
That all sounds lovely.
That'll be all, 007. Report to Q tomorrow for medical, thank you.
Very good, sir.
James?
Moneypenny.
So? How was the meeting?
Very good, thank you.
Here.
Forensics finally released this.
What is it?
It's personal effects they recovered from Skyfall.
Perfect. You can bring it to me later.
What do you mean?

My place, 9:
Evening.
Come in.
Have you just moved in?
No.
Well,
I like what you've done with the place.
Your delivery.
Thank you.
Would you like a drink?
No, thanks.
I'm not staying.
That's a shame.
What's going on, James?
There's not one person at MI6 who isn't talking about it.
Talking about what, exactly?
That what you did in Mexico
was one step too far.
That you're finished.
And what do you think?
I think you're just
getting started.
I don't know what you mean.
All right.
I think you've got a secret.
And it's something
you won't tell anyone.
Because you don't trust anyone.
If anything happens to me, 007,
I need you to do something.
Find a man called Marco Sciarra.
Kill him.
And don't miss the funeral.
Jesus.
Where did you get it?
In my mailbox
just after she died.
Well, she was never
short of surprises.
She wasn't gonna let death
get in the way of her job.
I've been tracking
Sciarra ever since.
And what have you found?
Nothing significant yet.
When's the funeral?
Three days. In Rome.
If you think M's signing off on that,
you're insane.
He won't let you
out of his sight.
Yes, it's a bit of a problem.
Listen.
Could you do a little
quiet digging for me?
I heard a name in Mexico.
"The Pale King."
You want me to be your mole.
Yes.
And what makes you think
you can trust me?
Instinct.
Poor old girl.
Rigged for demolition in a week.
Cheaper to knock her down
than to rebuild.
Still.
Time waits for no man
and all that.
Anyway, all the money's
been spent on this,
the New Centre for
National Security.
So that's C's new digs.
You've met him, have you?
Yesterday.
What do we know about him?
Classic Whitehall mandarin.
Wrote a dossier last year
on how the double-0 program
was obsolete,
how drones could do
all our dirty work abroad.
Went to school with
the Home Secretary.
Of course, he did.
This merger's
just the start of it.
In three days,
there's a security conference in Tokyo
to decide the New World Order.
If C gets his way,
he'll have unlimited access
to the combined intelligence
streams of nine countries.
Including us.
Quite.
Well, a lot's happened
while you were away.
A train bombing in Hamburg and an
industrial explosion in Tunisia.
It's not great timing for us.
It's all rather
playing into C's hands.
M, well, let's say...
he's feeling the pressure.
Yeah, I've noticed.
Now, this way, 007.
Be careful.
It's a trifle slippery.
Q wasn't exactly feeling
at home in Whitehall,
what with the new merger,
so he set up shop here,
away from prying eyes, as it were.
I hear he's got something
rather special planned for you.
I can hardly wait.
Ah, 007.
- Q.
- Please excuse the mess.
Everything's a little
bit up in the air,
what with the changes and all.
Couple of things to get through.
Shall we get started?
Just relax.
That's it. Lovely.
Now, you may feel a small...
Christ!
...prick.
What is it?
Cutting-edge
nanotechnology.
Smart Blood.
Microchips in your bloodstream.
Allows us to track
your movements in the field.
You see those readouts?
We can monitor your vital signs
from anywhere on the planet.
Well, that sounds marvelous.
Call it a post-Mexico
insurance policy.
By direct order of M.
I completely understand.
Good.
Right. Well, I've just, um,
got one last thing for you
and you can be on your way.
Magnificent, isn't she?
Zero to 60 in
three point two seconds.
Fully bulletproof.
A few little tricks up her sleeve.
It's a shame, really.
She was meant for you,
but she's been
reassigned to 009.
But you can have this.
Does it do anything?
It tells the time.
Might help with your
punctuality issues.
M's idea?
Precisely.
Oh, one word of warning.
The alarm is rather loud.
If you know what I mean.
I think I do.
Oh, yes. That old thing is
taking quite a bit of time.
Mind you, there wasn't
much left to work on.
Only a steering wheel.
I believe I said, "Bring it back in one
piece," not, "Bring back one piece."
Anyway, enjoy
your downtime, 007.
- Q?
- Yes?
Well, now you know exactly
where I am all of the time.
Will you do something for me?
What do you have
in mind, exactly?
Make me disappear.
May I remind you that
I answer directly to M.
I also have a mortgage.
And two cats to feed.
Well, then I suggest
you trust me,
for the sake of the cats.
Well, it's lovely to
see you, 007. Lovely.
Um, now, I meant to tell you,
the Smart Blood program is obviously
still in its developmental phase.
So we may experience the odd drop in
coverage during the first 24 hours...
48 hours after administration,
but after that it
should work perfectly.
I'll send you a postcard.
Please, don't.
Morning.
What's that?
Oh, it's just something from an admirer.
It's not your birthday, is it?
No, sir.
That was last week.
Morning.
009 has arrived to pick up the DB10, sir.
He's waiting upstairs.
Oh, good.
Yes, fine.
Oh, shit.
I'm sorry for your loss.
You knew my husband?
All too briefly.
What do you do?
Life insurance.
A little late for that.
For your husband, yes.
But what about you?
Me?
I hear the life expectancy of
some widows can be very short.
How can you talk like this?
Can't you see I'm grieving?
No.
What a lovely view.
You're wasting your time.
There are 100 more
that will come after me.
All you buy me is five minutes.
Excellent.
Time for a drink.
You killed him,
didn't you?
My husband.
He was an assassin.
Trust me, he won't
take it personally.
You signed my death warrant.
I was respected.
Loyal to a man you hated.
He trusted my silence.
With him gone, I'm a dead woman.
I can trust nobody.
I know the feeling well.
Well, I can tell you
that I don't trust you.
Well, then you have
impeccable instincts.
If you don't leave now,
we'll die together.
I can think of worse ways to go.
Then you're
obviously crazy, Mister...
Bond.
James Bond.
These people,
if you just knew
what they could do.
The power they have.
Did your husband ever mention
"The Pale King?"
No.
The organization,
they hardly ever meet.
But because of what
happened to my husband,
they meet tonight.
Why?
To choose a replacement.
Where?
The Palazzo Cardenza.
Midnight.
Sounds like fun.
I might drop by.
He was obsessed.
He spent more time
with them than with me.
Then the man was a fool.
Leaving your number?
I've called an American friend of mine.
Felix.
He'll contact his embassy
and get you out of here.
You'll be safe.
Don't go, James.
If you go there,
you're crossing over to a
place where there is no mercy.
I have to go.
Identify yourself, asshole.
Who are you?
I'm Mickey Mouse. Who are you?
...pharmacy sites
has provided
an excellent new sales platform.
We have adapted many of them into
clearinghouses for unapproved drugs.
In addition to which,
the latest figures show
that we presently control
70% of antimalarial vaccines,
34% of H.I.V.,
and 40% of all oncological drugs
across Sub-Saharan Africa.
But we face challenges
from the WHO
in their campaign against our
counterfeit pharmaceuticals.
We have now identified the
key individuals to target.
We expect the same
success as we had
against the Council
on Human Trafficking.
Since the board's resignation...
..we have placed 160,000 migrated females
into the leisure sector.
The impending completion of the Global Surveillance initiative... will mean our capability is second to none... and now is the moment for aggressive expansion. The news is only good... Don't let me interrupt you. The news is only good... Our increased surveillance capability... means government intelligence agencies... are easily counteracted. We are winning. Thank you, Doctor. Now, on to the matter at hand. After the success of our attacks in Hamburg and Tunisia, the aborted attack in Mexico City and the death of our valued colleague, Marco Sciarra, leaves one of his duties outstanding. Signor Guerra, The Pale King must be terminated. Will you make the journey to Altaussee? Of course. My loyalty to this organization is total. I will protect it with my last breath. There will be no more... amateurs. No more shows of weakness. Does anyone challenge Signor Guerra for this position? Welcome. State your credentials for succeeding Signor Sciarra. It's funny. All that excitement in Mexico City rang a distant bell. And now, suddenly, this evening,
it makes perfect sense.
Welcome, James.
It's been a long time.
But, finally, here we are.
What took you so long?
Cuckoo.
Ciao, Mickey Mouse.
Oh, you've got to be kidding me.
No.
Moneypenny.
Bond?
Listen, Moneypenny.
Hamburg, Tunisia,
Mexico City, they're all linked.
It's one organization
coordinating multiple attacks.
So, she was right.
Of course, she was.
- I ran that check.
- Who is it?
Oh, my boss had his
credit card stolen.
It's nothing.
Why don't you go back to sleep.
Don't be long.
- Who was that?
- No one.
No, it wasn't.
It's just a friend.
At this time of night?
It's called life, James.
You should try it sometime.
The Pale King. It looks like
you've had dealings with him before.
Quantum.
Of course.
Mr. White!
That's him.
Last unconfirmed sighting,
Altaussee in Austria, four months ago.
Hold that thought.
You still there?
Yeah.
Run another name, will you?
Okay. Go.
A man called
Franz Oberhauser. He's...
And check his files
before and after his death.
After his death?
What are you talking about?
Please, just do it.
Okay, Q, give me something.
That's more like it.
Here goes nothing.
Good evening.
Do not let them tell you
we need less surveillance.
We need more. Much more.
I say again, the Nine Eyes
committee would have full access
to the combined intelligence
streams of all member states.
More data, more analysis,
less likelihood of
a terrorist attack.
Ladies and gentlemen,
it's time for the security
services of the world to unite.
Alone, we are weak.
Together, we're a global power.
An unelected one.
Thank you.
Thank you.
We will now vote
on the resolution.
Ladies and gentlemen,
please cast your vote.
The vote is eight
to one in favor.
However, as you know,
we cannot proceed
unless by unanimous vote.
The Nine Eyes motion
is therefore not passed.
Democracy.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
This evening's session is adjourned.
Yes, sir.
Please, tell me 007
is in London.
Oh, yes.
Um, I'll just take
a look now, sir.
Because if he isn't,
you're in deep shit.
You've got precisely 10 seconds.
I have him, sir.
He appears to be in Chelsea.
Well, I want eyes on him
when I get back, understood?
I completely understand,
sir.
Do me a favor.
Make it quick.
Upstairs, Mr. White.
I always knew death would
wear a familiar face,
but not yours.
To what do I owe
this pleasure, Mr. Bond?
I was at a meeting recently
and your name came up.
I'm flattered London is
still talking about me.
It wasn't MI6.
It was Rome.
Your team, not mine.
Ah.
Last month,
I found thallium in my cell phone.
It's done its job.
I have a few weeks. Maybe less.
So, here we are, Mr. Bond,
two dead men
enjoying the evening.
What did you do?
I disobeyed him.
I followed him
as far as I could.
He changed.
Oh, I see.
You grew a conscience.
Our game is our game.
But this?
Women, children...
Well, the thallium would suggest
that he doesn't like you
very much anymore.
And clearly
the feeling is mutual.
So why don't you tell me
how to find him again?
Oh, come on.
Tell me where he is.
He's everywhere.
Everywhere!
He's sitting at your desk,
he's kissing your lover,
he's eating supper with your family!
You're protecting someone.
Your wife.
She left long ago.
Your son?
Your daughter.
You won't find her.
She's clever.
She's smarter than me.
She knows how to hide.
I can protect her if
you tell me where he is.
I can keep her alive.
Yeah.
You have my word.
Your word?
The word of an assassin!
That's my word.
L'Amricain.
You save her,
she can lead you to L'Amricain.
She knows L'Amricain.
Try the Hoffler Klinik.
You're a kite dancing in a hurricane,
Mr. Bond.
So long.
I can't deny I'm impressed you
got H.M.G. to cough up for all this. Good God, the government couldn't afford this kind of facility. No, it was benefactors mostly, from the private sector. When it goes online, this building will be the most sophisticated data gathering system in history. The world's digital ghost, available 24/7. George Orwell's worst nightmare. I'm glad you like it. My commiserations on losing the Nine Eyes vote. Must have been a blow. Not really. Only a matter of time before the South Africans see the light. And you know what they say, Rome wasn't built in a day. Day and a half maybe. Look, Max, I know surveillance is a fact of life. It's how you use the information that concerns me, and who is using it. This is what we need to do to keep the people safe. Double-0 program is prehistoric. Come on, M. You can't really tell me that one man in the field can compete with all of this, running around out there with his license to kill. Have you ever had to kill a man, Max? Have you? To pull that trigger, you have to be sure. Yes, you investigate,
analyze, assess, target.
And then you have
to look him in the eye.
And you make the call.
And all the drones, bugs,
cameras, transcripts,
all the surveillance
in the world
can't tell you what to do next.
A license to kill
is also a license not to kill.
I didn't want to
have to do this,
but it looks like you still
can't control your agents.
Bond? I ran that check.
Looks like you've had dealings
with him before. Quantum.
Of course. Mr. White!
Last unconfirmed sighting,
Altaussee in Austria.
Run another name, will you?
So maybe there's
something to be said
for total surveillance
after all.
You watch MI6 agents?
We watch everyone.
Please, take a seat.
I'll be with you
in just a moment.
Please excuse me,
Mr. Bond.
My name is
Dr. Madeleine Swann.
Our job today is to
analyze your needs,
both psychological and physical.
Hmm, sounds pretty
straightforward.
I hope you don't mind.
The view can be distracting.
I hadn't noticed.
I see you filled out
most of the paperwork.
Just a few questions to complete
your evaluation, if I may.
Do you exercise?
When I have to.
Do you consider your employment
to be psychologically stressful?
Sometimes.
How much alcohol do you consume?
Too much.
Some broader questions.
As a child, would you say you
were close to your parents?
My parents died
when I was young.
Really? How old?
Old enough to remember.
How, if I may ask?
It was a climbing accident.
So who brought you up?
Someone else.
Humor me.
How does one train at Oxford and
the Sorbonne become a consultant,
spend two years with
Médecins Sans Frontières
and end up here?
Forgive me,
but anyone might think
you were hiding from something.
You're paying a lot of money to be here,
Mr. Bond.
Who's asking the questions,
you or me?
Of course. Carry on.
I see you left this
final question blank.
What is your occupation?
Well, that's not the sort of
thing that looks good on a form.
And why is that?
I kill people.
Small world?
Where is he?
Your father's dead.
Two days ago.
How do you know?
Because I was there.
Did you kill him?
I didn't have to.
He did it himself.
And you came all the way
just to tell me this?
That my father's dead?
I came to tell you that your life
is in danger and I need your help.
Why?
I made a deal with him to protect you.
You're lying.
Why would he trust you?
Because he knew that I
needed something in return.
And what was that?
To find L'Americain.
This interview is over.
Dr. Swann...
You have 10 minutes to leave the building.
Then I'm calling security.
Thank you,
Dr. Swann.
Can I get you something, sir?
Vodka martini.
Shaken, not stirred.
I'm sorry,
we don't serve alcohol.
I'm really starting
to love this place.
He'll have the prolytic
digestive enzyme shake.
Certainly.
If you've come for the car,
I parked it
at the bottom of the Tiber.
Well, not to worry, 007.
It was only a 3,000,000 prototype.
Why are you here, Q?
Oh, I just fancied a break,
to be honest.
I've been a tad stressed at work recently. What with C's people crawling all over us and the fact that M wants my balls for Christmas decorations. Get to the point. The point, 007, is that Franz Oberhauser is dead. Dead and buried. And unless you come back with me right now, my career and Moneypenny's will go the same way. Do you understand? All hell is breaking loose out there and... I saw him. You thought you saw him. We've been through the records. He died in an avalanche with his father 20 years ago. Yes. I know that. But I saw him. He's not someone I'll ever forget. So you have a lead? I have a name. L'Amricain. Well, that narrows it down. Look, I'm sorry, 007, but time's up. My whole career is on the line here. Either you come back in and do this through proper channels, or I go directly to M. Do one more thing for me. Then you're out. Find out what you can from this. I really, really hate you right now. Thank you, Q. Monsieur?
Now? Please?
Where are you staying?
The Pevsner. Room 12.
One hour.
Here you are, sir.
One prolytic digestive enzyme shake.
Do me a favor, will you?
Throw that down the toilet.
Cut out the middleman.
No! Stay.
What do you want?
What are you doing?
Can't any of you speak?
Come on!
Argh, don't touch me!
Hey!
You need to take a breath and calm down.
You're in shock.
Get away from me!
Just get away!
Did it cross your mind
that you led them to me?
I haven't got time for this.
You need to tell me everything
you know about L'Amricain.
Go to hell!
I gave your father my word!
And why should I trust you?
Because my father did?
Because right now,
Dr. Swann,
I'm your best chance
of staying alive.
Dr. Swann, Q.
Q, Dr. Swann.
Hello.
Enchanted.
Bond, we need
to talk. Alone.
She knows.
But, Bond...
She knows.
What have you got?
I owe you an apology, 007.
You are onto something.
Oberhauser is still alive.
The ring proves it.
And it seems they were
all part of one organization.
Le Chiffre, Quantum, Sciarra,
your friend Mr. Silva.
And do you know
who links them all?
Him.
Exactly.
This organization,
do you know what it's called?
- No.
- Spectre.
Its name is Spectre.
How does she know that?
Because my father
was part of it.
Then I think that
you ought to see this.
You're looking at pictures
from South Africa right now
of what appears to be
a huge explosion.
Q, go back to London.
M's gonna need your help.
And keep tracking me.
I will.
And, Bond, you have
to find L'Amricain.
He's our only link
to Oberhauser.
It's not a person.
It's a place.
Thank you.
This is where they spent
their wedding night.
They came back every year.
Then they brought me
with them, too.
He kept coming back,
even after the divorce.
Well, then I'm sorry.
What for?
Ah-ha!
What is it?
It's your inheritance.
Want some?
No, thank you.
You don't know
what you're missing.
This can't be it.
Well, here's to your father.
I promised myself I would never
be hurt by that man again.
I cut off all contact.
I didn't want anything to do
with him or his sick life.
And then, with his dying breath
he sends me you.
Ironic, no?
You shouldn't be so hard on him.
The man I just met should
have been dead weeks ago.
The only reason his heart
was still beating was you.
I'll mourn my father
in my own time, Mr. Bond.
And, now, I'm going to bed.
Oh.
Don't think for one moment this
is where I fall into your arms,
seeking solace
for my dead daddy.
You sit there.
Keep watch.
That's what you're good at.
Come anywhere near me
and I'll kill you.
I don't doubt it.
Look. There are two of you.
Two Jameses.
Lucky me.
What am I doing here?
To liars...
...and killers.
To liars...
...and killers...
...everywhere.
Who sent you?
Who are you working for?
Now, where did you go?
Of course.
What is it?
Nothing.
What's this?
It's coordinates.
Your father was scanning for a particular satellite phone.
He was looking for someone.
He was looking for him.
And he sent me here to finish the job.
I'm coming with you.
No, you're not.
I like you alive.
I can look after myself.
That's beside the point.
I might not be coming back.
I know.
But I want to understand what happened to my father.
So, where was he going?
Nowhere.
Thank you so much. Thanks.
All the very best.
What's going on?
The meeting was brought forward.
Did you not get the message?
No, we didn't.
Shortest meeting I can remember.
South Africans on board,
I take it?
Yeah, well, who can blame them?
Nine Eyes is now officially sanctioned.
The new system goes live in less than 72 hours.
It's a major step forward.
Global intelligence cooperation changes everything.
As you said before.
Look.
They've asked me
to head the new committee.
Yes? And?
And I should tell you I've
spoken with the Home Secretary.
And in light of the new
information I've given him,
he's decided to close down the double-0
program with immediate effect.
You don't know
what you're doing.
It's not personal.
It's the future.
And...
You're not.
You're a cocky little bastard,
aren't you?
I'll take that as a compliment.
I wouldn't.
This isn't over yet.
Would you press this for me?
Thank you. Yes, sir.
Pick it up.
I hate guns.
I promised him I'd protect you.
The first thing to do is to teach
you how to protect yourself.
What if I shoot you by mistake?
Wouldn't be the first time.
Pick it up.
I said, I hate guns.
SIG 226.
Front sight.
Rear sight. Hammer.
You just point it.
You squeeze the trigger.
You try not to close your eyes.
Please, try it.
I don't have to
teach you anything, do I?
A man once came to our house
to kill my father.
He didn't know I was upstairs playing in my bedroom.
Or that Papa kept a Beretta Nine-millimeter under the sink with the bleach.
That's why I hate guns.
I think we'll skip hand-to-hand combat.
Good evening, sir.
Sorry to interrupt your supper, but we have some news.
Evening, sir.
Using the Smart Blood, I've tracked Bond to a point here in North Africa.
See, every known map registers it as empty desert.
Exactly. But if you look at the satellite blowup, you can clearly see this.
We can't help him.
But, sir, we know where he's heading.
C is watching everything we do.
We're only handing them more information.
Sir, we can't just desert Bond. We have to.
We only make him weaker.
But, sir, we know exactly where he is.
Yes, I know, but if we can track him, so can others.
Delete all the Smart Blood files.
Everything.
He's on his own.
You shouldn't stare.
Well, you shouldn't look like that.
May I get you an aperitif?
I'm not sure.
It gets me into trouble.
Makes me do crazy things.
Well, we can't have that.
So, I'll have
a vodka martini, dirty.
Make that two.
I have a question.
Well, what's that?
Why, given every
other possible option,
does a man choose the
life of a paid assassin?
Well, it was that
or the priesthood.
I'm serious.
Is this really what you want?
Living in the shadows?
Hunting? Being hunted?
Always looking behind you?
Always alone?
But I'm not alone.
Answer the question.
I'm not sure I ever
had a choice.
Anyway, I don't stop
to think about it.
What would happen if you did?
Stop?
Yes.
I don't know.
Your drinks, sir.
Could you leave
them there, please.
You know, I think you're wrong.
I am?
We always have a choice.
I'll drink to that.
Shit.
What do we do now?
This might be a long wait.
Are you having second thoughts?
Too late now.
What's that?
That is a 1948 Rolls-Royce
Silver Wraith.
Please.
I'm scared, James.
Good afternoon,
Mr. Bond, Dr. Swann.
I want you to know just how excited we all are to finally meet you.
Well,
it's a pleasure to be here.
Your host invites you both to rest, relax, and join him for drinks at 4:
- Tell our host we won't be late.
- Wonderful.
Before we show you to your rooms, just one more thing.
Oh.
You be careful with that.
It's loaded.
Thank you.
This is a very special place.
He has requested you enter it alone.
Of course.
Champagne?
Maybe later.
Certainly.
I think we're meant to be impressed.
Touch it.
You can touch it if you want.
Do you know what it is?
It's a meteorite.
Yes, exactly.
The Kartenhoff.
The oldest in human possession.
The very meteorite which made this crater.
Think about it.
So many years up there, alone, silent, building momentum until it chose to make its mark on Earth.
A huge, unstoppable force. Except it did stop, didn't it?
Right here.
I can't tell you how much I've been looking forward to this.
All of us here, together.
A reunion.
I'm so glad you came,
too, dear Madeleine.
You were just a girl
when I saw you first.
I came to your home once
to see your father.
I don't remember that.
But I do.
Shall we?
What is this place?
Information.
Information is all,
is it not?
For example,
you must know by now that the double-0 program is officially dead.
Which leads me to
speculate exactly why you came.
So, James, why did you come?
I came here to kill you.
And I thought you came here to die.
Well, it's all
a matter of perspective.
Speaking of perspective.
Is this live?
Live and direct. 16:20 GMT.
What an uncanny coincidence.
The French have a saying,
"It's the fate of glass to break."
Well, maybe it's the fate
of spies to just disappear.
But with any luck,
we leave something behind.
In the meantime,
I'm sure C will keep you all busy.
Thank you all.
That's touching,
don't you think?
Well, James,
it looks like you're all alone.
Not much more than a voyeur,
are you?
Too scared to join in.
I don't think
you quite understand.
Oh, I think I do.
You set cities on fire and
watch innocent people burn,
so you can convince
governments to join
an intelligence network
you've paid for.
Not that complicated.
I'm guessing our little friend,
C, he's one of your disciples.
You could say that.
And what does he get out of it?
Nothing.
He's a visionary, like me.
Visionaries.
Psychiatric wards
are full of them.
Whereas you couldn't see
what's right in front of you.
You came across me so many
times and yet you never saw me.
Le Chiffre, Greene, Silva.
All dead.
Yeah, that's right.
A nice pattern developed.
You interfered in my world,
I destroyed yours.
Or did you think
it was coincidence
that all the women in
your life ended up dead?
Vesper Lynd, for example.
She was the big one.
Has he told you about her?
And then, of course,
your beloved M.
Gone forever.
Me.
It was all me, James.
It's always been me.
The author of all your pain.
You're a brave woman, my dear.
Now I understand why
my father lost his mind.
He didn't lose his mind,
he was just weak.
But at least he understood
what he was up against.
You see,
they failed to comprehend the crucial fact,
that a terrible event can
lead to something wonderful.
Since you mention your father,
I'll show you.
She's clever.
She's smarter than me.
She knows how to hide.
I can protect her if you
tell me where he is.
I can keep her alive.
Yeah.
You have my word.
No, no, no. Turn this off.
Your word?
The word of an assassin!
Turn this off.
This is important.
I said turn it off!
I want you to
understand something.
That's my word.
Madeleine?
Look at me.
Don't look at him,
Madeleine. Look at me.
L'Amricain.
You save her,
she can lead you to L'Amricain.
She knows L'Amricain.
Try the Hoffler Klinik.
You're a kite dancing in a hurricane,
Mr. Bond.
So long.
The things that
bring people together.
Out of horror, beauty.
Torture is easy,
on a superficial level.
A man can watch himself
being disemboweled
and derive great horror
from the experience,
but it's still
going on at a distance.
It isn't taking
place where he is.
As you know all too well, dear Madeleine,
a man lives inside his head.
That's where
the seat of his soul is.
Now, James and I were
both present recently
when a man was
deprived of his eyes.
And the most
astonishing thing happened.
Didn't you notice?
He wasn't there anymore.
He'd gone even though
he was still alive.
So in this brief moment
between life and death,
there was nobody
inside his skull.
Most odd.
So, James.
I'm going to penetrate
to where you are.
To the inside of your head.
Now, the first probe
will play with your sight,
your hearing
and your balance,
just with the subtlest
of manipulations.
Well, get on with it then.
Nothing can be as painful
as listening to you talk.
All right.
Let's begin.
Why are you doing this?
You probably know
that James here
lost his parents
when he was young.
But did you know
that it was my father
who helped him through
this difficult time?
Over the course of two winters
he taught him to ski,
and climb, and hunt.
He soothed the wounds of the
poor little blue-eyed orphan.
Asked me to treat
him as a brother.
My little brother.
They formed quite an attachment.
So,
you killed him.
Yes, I did.
You know what happens
when a cuckoo
hatches inside
another bird's nest?
Yes.
It forces the other eggs out.
Yes.
Well, this cuckoo made me realize
my father's life had to end.
In a way, he's responsible
for the path I took.
- So, thank you.
- Cuckoo.
Do you know any other
birdcalls, Franz?
Hello, pussy.
Franz Oberhauser died
20 years ago, James.
In an avalanche,
alongside his father.
The man you are talking to now,
the man inside your head,
is Ernst Stavro Blofeld.
Catchy name.
My mother's bloodline.
If the needle finds the correct
spot in the fusiform gyrus,
you'll recognize no one.
Of course,
the faces of your women
are interchangeable,
aren't they, James?
You won't know who she is.
Just another passing face
on your way to the grave.
He dies not knowing who you are.
The daughter of an assassin.
The only one who could
have understood him.
Shame.
I love you.
Do those blue eyes
still recognize you?
I'd recognize you anywhere.
The watch.
One minute.
One minute.
Did he say something?
Tempus fugit.
- What?
- Tempus fugit.
I can't hear you, James.
I said,
doesn't time fly?
In there!
Let's go home.
It's not over yet.
I've never even
heard of Hildebrand.
That is the general
idea with safe houses.
Exactly how safe is this, sir?
We're about to find out.
It's safe.
Better wait here.
I'm M.
Madeleine Swann.
Pleased to meet you.
So, what do you
have for me, 007?
The recently deceased head of Spectre,
Ernst Stavro Blofeld,
and his chief of intelligence,
your new best friend, C.
About to take control of his very
own global surveillance system
that he built right
here under our noses.
Then we'd better move.
The system goes online at midnight.
If that happens,
Spectre will have control of everything.
So, you and I will
have a quiet word with C
while Q hacks into the system
and stops it going online.
It won't be easy.
He'll find a way.
He always does.
It's good to have you back, 007.
Sir.
James, I can't.
I'll come back for you
when it's all over.
No, I can't.
No, you can't
stay here, or you...
I can't go back to this life.
And I'm not going to ask you to change.
This is who you are.
You're saying good-bye.
Yes.
Take care.
You're a good man, James.
Are you in yet, Q?
A few layers of impenetrable
security still to go,
but I think
I'm getting somewhere.
They've seen us! Reverse!
Go!
Get him in the building!
Move. Move!
Go back and find M, now!
We need them both.
Not a good feeling
being watched, is it?
Don't tell me you're
responsible for this.
No, but my Quartermaster is.
And he's extremely talented.
Well, bravo.
But in case you hadn't realized it,
you two are out of a job.
So you're trespassing.
I'm afraid you've got the
wrong end of the stick, Max.
We're going to stop this
system going online.
And then I'm going
to bring you in.
On what grounds exactly?
Poor taste in friends.
Take a look at the world.
Chaos.
Because people like you,
paper-pushers
and politicians,
are too spineless to do
what needs to be done.
So I made an alliance to put
the power where it should be.
And now you want to throw it away
for the sake of "democracy."
Whatever the hell that is.
How predictably moronic.
But then isn't that
what M stands for?
"Moron."
And now we know
what C stands for.  
"Careless."

Come on.  
No, no, no!  
You're a hard man to kill, Blofeld.  
Ouch.  
I do hope that doesn't hurt too much.  
My wounds will heal.  
What about yours?  
Look around you, James. Look.  
This is what's left of your world.  
Everything you ever stood for, everything you believed in, a ruin.  
Why are we here? Did you miss me?  
No.  
But I know someone who does.  
Where is she?  
That's for you to find out.  
In three minutes, this building will be demolished.  
I can get out easily.  
Now, you have a choice. Die trying to save her or save yourself and live with the pain. You're bluffing.  
Am I?  
I've really put you through it, haven't I?  
That's brothers for you.  
They always know which buttons to press.  
Madeleine!  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Yes!  
Let's go.  
After you. Why can't you just face it, M?
You don't matter anymore.
Maybe I don't.
But something has to.
Dead.
- Any word on Bond?
- No.
But I can hazard a guess.
Madeleine!
Madeleine!
Do you trust me?
Do I have a choice?
Not anymore.
Come on!
Good-bye, James Bond.
Brace, brace, brace!
Sir, this is a terrorist alert.
Mallory, double-0 section.
Stand them down.
Echo team, hold fire.
Stand down.
Finish it.
Finish it.
Out of bullets.
And besides,
I've got something better to do.
Under the Special
Measures Act of 2001,
I am detaining you on behalf
of Her Majesty's Government.
Bond?
What are you doing here?
Good morning, Q.
I thought you'd gone.
I have.
There's just one thing I need.