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A View to a Kill

By Richard Maibaum

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(speaks Russian)

(shouts from below)

(beeping)

(beeping intensifies)

(distant shouting)

(cocks gun)

Aaaii! (rants)

(distant shouts)

(California Girls by the Beach Boys)

Aauughh!

(panicked cries)

(muffled cries)

I thought you'd never get back.

There was a heck of a crowd on the piste.

So I see.

- Mission accomplished?

- Best Beluga.

Vodka - rather shaken - and one microchip.

Good. I'll make a signal to M.

Be a good girl, would you,

and put her on automatic.

And we could do with a couple of glasses.

They're in the overhead rack.

(engine roars)

Commander Bond!

Call me James. It's five days to Alaska.

Meeting you

With a view to a kill

Face to face in secret places

Feel the chill

Nightfall covers me

But you know the plans I'm making

Still oversee

Could it be the whole earth opening wide?

A sacred why

A mystery gaping inside

The weekends why

Until we dance into the fire

That fatal kiss is all we need

Dance into the fire

To fatal sounds of broken dreams

Dance into the fire

That fatal kiss is all we need

Dance into the fire
Choice for you
Is the view to a kill
Between the shades
Assassination standing still
First crystal tears
Fall as snowflakes on your body
First time in years
To drench your skin with lovers' rosy stain
A chance to find a phoenix for the flame
A chance to die
But can we dance into the fire?
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
To fatal sounds of broken dreams
Dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
When all we see
Is the view to a kill

- Thank goodness you're here, James.

- That's very nice, Money Penny.

A little over the top for the office?

I've been trying to reach you all morning.

What have you been up to?

Rest and recreation, my darling.

The trip back from Siberia

took a lot out of me.

Your dedication when you're on the job

is most commendable, James.

Omit the customary pleasantries,

Miss Money Penny. We're pressed for time.

I'll... fill you in later, Money Penny.

Aahh!

- Minister.

- Commander.

Good morning, sir.

A new pet, Q?

If, 007, you'd ever bothered to read
any memos sent from my department,
you would realise this is a prototype
of a sophisticated surveillance machine.

Now we're all here

you can get on with the briefing, Q.

Very good, sir.

Gentlemen...

A silicon integrated circuit:

The essential part of all modern computers.

No lecture, Q.

We're all aware of the microchip.

Until recently, all microchips
were susceptible to damage
from the intense magnetic pulse
of a nuclear explosion.

- Magnetic pulse?

- Yes, Minister.

One burst in outer space over the UK
and everything with a microchip in it,
from the modern toaster to sophisticated
computers and our defence systems,
would be rendered useless.

We'd be paralysed - at the Russians' mercy.

That is why a private defence
contractor came up with this:

A chip totally impervious
to magnetic pulse damage.

Now - if I place it on the micro-comparator
and compare it with
the chip Bond recovered
from the body of 003 in Siberia...

- When I bring the two images together...

- They're identical.

The KGB must have a pipeline
into that research company.

It would appear so.

Six months ago that company was
acquired by an Anglo-French combine:

Zorin Industries.

There has been a security
check of the plant?

A very extensive one. But we have no leads.

What about Zorin himself?

Max Zorin? Impossible.

He's a leading French industrialist.

A staunch anti-communist with
influential friends in the government.

With due respect, Minister,
the leak did occur

after Zorin bought the company.
Precisely why I've initiated an investigation.
All right, but let's be discreet about it.
But of course, Minister.
You have exactly 35 minutes
to get properly dressed, 007.
(race commentator) They round the turn.
Just under a mile to race from this point.
Come on, Fluke! Move your ar...
- Who is number one? The grey with him?
- Oh, that's Pegasus. Zorin's horse.
With the cane. Max Zorin?
Yes. Born in Dresden.
Fled from East Germany in the sixties.
French passport.
Speaks at least five languages, no accent.
Now the talk of the City and the Bourse.
- The old rags-to-riches story.
- Made his first fortune in oil and gas.
Now a second in electronics and hi-tech.
Who's that with him under the hat?
With the red dress. A girlfriend?
Oh.
We're not sure about her.
American. She's never far from him.
Name's May Day.
(Bond) And dressed for the occasion.
(Money Penny) Come on, Fluke!
Get a wiggle on!
(commentator) Pegasus has come from
nowhere, and as they go for the line
it's Pegasus who storms clear
off Fluke and Cooper Girl.
(announcer) First, number one; second,
number two; and third, number five.
First number one, Pegasus;
second number two, Fluke;
and third number five, Cooper Girl.
Unbelievable! In all my years as a trainer
I've never seen a horse
run such a fast last furlong.
Sir Godfrey Tibbett. Our department.
- Many congratulations.
- Thank you.

- Lucky man, Zorin.
- Could be more than luck, Admiral.
- Fixed?
- Your guess is as good as mine.
The French Jockey Club have hired
a detective, Aubergine, to look into it.
(May Day) Easy, Pegasus.
Calm down, Pegasus.
Easy. Steady, steady.
She must take a lot of vitamins.
Perhaps Pegasus does too.
I think I should meet with
this detective friend of yours.
Yes. Might have some interesting
information for us. Set it up, David.
Right you are.
Money penny - be a darling, would you,
and collect that for me.
- I'll buy you dinner when we get back.
- Pegasus!
Bollinger, '75.
I see you are a connoisseur, Monsieur Bond.
- Ensuite, Lafite Rothschild '59.
- Another excellent choice.
I'm pleased you approve -
since you're paying the bill.
- Cheers.
- Sant, Monsieur Aubergine.
The Sret has no information on Zorin
before he came over from East Germany?
Through a personal connection
I saw his dossier myself.
But even Sret records
are sometimes incomplete!
(Flamenco guitar intro)
Et voici maintenant the fabulous
Dominique and the enchanted papillons!
(Dominique whistles bittersweet tune)
Perhaps we should add this
butterfly to our collection, no?
Tell me, why do Zorin's horses
beat others with superior bloodlines?
This is a mystery.
- Could he be using drugs?

- Nothing showed up in the tests.
Later this month, Zorin will hold his
annual sales at his stud near Paris.
Security is formidable
but the key to this mystery is there.
And I, Achille Aubergine, intend to find it.
Uunnhh!

(woman screams)

- Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?

- There's a fly in his soup.

Pardonnez-moi, monsieur.

(engine whirs)

- Taxi!

- Je ne suis pas en service.

- Follow that parachute.

- Crazy English!

Out.

My car!

My car! Ohh!

(sounds horn)

Sens unique, fada!

(band plays jazz number)

- Congratulations.

- (outraged cries)

So?

This operation was to be
conducted discreetly.

It took six million francs
in damages and penalties
for violating most of the Napoleonic Code.

Under the circumstances it was
more important to identify the assassin.

What did you learn from Aubergine
before his demise?

Only that Zorin is having a thoroughbred
sale at his stud not far from here.

I should be there.

- Can you help me, Sir Godfrey?

- I may be able to arrange an invitation.

It's a bit short notice...

but I might just be able to squeeze you in.

Thank you.

Sir Godfrey, your hat.

Mr St John Smith?

SIN-jun Smythe, my dear.

- My name is Scarpine. Head of security.

- How do you do.

- We have a room for you at the chateau.

- Oh, splendid.

By the way, the preview is in progress
at the main stables.

- Is that it?

- No, no, those are the servants' quarters.

The stables are over here.

Let me escort you there.

(auctioneer describes horses on Tannoy)

- Catalogue of the sales.

- Thank you.

Tell me - the Ithacus colt. Is it here?

- You mean the full brother of Pegasus?

- Yes.

He's the outstanding horse of the sales.

He'll be shown last. We expect him
to fetch over three million dollars.

Sounds quite reasonable.

If you need any further assistance
please call me.

Thank you.

Steady! Steady, Pegasus, steady.

Keep him on a tight rein!

- (neighs)

- Steady now, Pegasus. Steady.

- (groom #1) J'arrive dans un instant.

- (groom #2) Dpche-toi.

(auctioneer) We are now very proud to
present the full brother of Pegasus.

This colt is born in the purple.

Monsieur Smythe.

Monsieur Zorin has been detained.

He's anxious to meet you at the
reception in the chateau gardens later.

I look forward to it.

- I wish you wouldn't keep wandering off.

- I'm sorry, sir.

Your driver may stay

in the servants' quarters.

I'm sure that'll be more than adequate.

What do you say, Tibbett?

Ahem!

- Welcome, sir. I'm Jenny Flex.
- Of course you are.
- I'll call a porter.
- Oh, no need. My man'll take care of it.
- Let me show you to your room.
- Thank you.

When you're ready, Tibbett.

Well, my dear, I take it you spend a lot of time in the saddle.

- Yes, I love an early morning ride.
- I'm an early riser myself.

Come along, Tibbett. Stop wheezing.

Whew!

Don't stand there panting, Tibbett.

Start unpacking.

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

- The reception is at six.
- Thank you, my dear.

Well, you heard what Miss Jenny Flex

said:

- Yes, sir.
- So I need a white jacket and a black tie.

Yes, sir. (bleeping)

- And if possible, a clean shirt.
- Yes, sir.

Oh, my Lord, Tibbett!

Look at the state of my clothes.

- How on earth do you pack my bags?
- Sorry, sir.

Mr Faras told his trainer

he'll go to a million for the Ithacus colt.

- Good. Anything from St John Smythe?
- Nothing about the sale, sir.
- But I'd hate to be his valet.
- You'll have to buck up your ideas.
- I'm sorry, sir.
- Don't be so damned obsequious.

(bleeping intensifies)

Oh, my Lord.

What the devil's wrong with these shoes?

- Were they wiped over with an oily rag?
- Terribly sorry, sir.

You blasted well should be.

I don't know how long
you expect to remain in my employ...

- Well done, my good man.

- Must we keep this up when we're alone?

A successful cover becomes
almost second nature.

What's all this about Pegasus disappearing?

One minute he's in his stall -
the next, neither hide nor hair of him.

- We should look into it.

- (chopper)

Well, don't you concern yourself with that.

There's the man I saw at the Pegasus stable.

- Another wealthy owner?

- Who knows?

- But she'd bear closer inspection.

- We're on a mission.

Sir Godfrey, on a mission

I am expected to sacrifice myself.

Lovely party.

Enjoying our little party,

Monsieur... St John Smythe?

Immensely, immensely. SIN-jun Smythe.

Looks as though you'll have
a good turnout for the sale tomorrow.

May I introduce Miss Sutton?

Sheikh Farouk.

- Welcome.

- Mr Zorin. Main Strike all set?

We'll know after the 22nd.

- Thank you.

- Enjoy yourself.

You were looking for something?

Yes, I... I was looking for the bar.

Come. I will show you.

Oh, by the way, the name is

St John Smythe. James St John Smythe.

Dr Carl Mortner. At your service.

- Hiya, doc!

- Good afternoon, Mr Conley.

Mr Conley, Mr Smythe.

Bob Conley.

- Are you a trainer?

- Horses? Hell, I can't even ride.
- I'm in the oil business.
- Oh. Texas? (shutter clicks)
Frisco. I handle Mr Zorin's
oil interests there.
Would you excuse us? Come on, honey.
Are you a doctor of medicine?
Oh, no, no.
I am Mr Zorin's breeding consultant.
Oh, really?
Then you can let me into a little secret.
How is it you succeed with breeding
bloodlines other experts think inferior?
Selective breeding is important.
But more important
is conditioning and a desire, ja?
Are you talking about
people or horses? (shutter clicks)
My principles apply equally
to human beings.
Mr St John Smythe.
Allow me to introduce myself.
Mr Zorin, it's a great pleasure.
- A groom asked if you'd go to the stables.
- Of course.
You will excuse me?
I must congratulate you, Mr Zorin.
Your stables are magnificent.
Built in the 16th century by a duke who
believed he'd be reincarnated as a horse.
Have thoroughbreds interested you long?
Oh, no. As a matter of fact I had a dotty
old aunt die and leave me some stables.
So I thought it might be rather fun
to breed and raise horses.
- I take it you ride?
- I'm happiest in the saddle.
A fellow-sportsman.
What about fishing?
Fly casting?
I'm neglecting my other guests. You'll find
the young ladies stimulating company.
I'm sure they are.
Hello. I thought you might

like to join the party.
By the way, the name is
James St John Smythe. I'm English.
Hmm. I never would have guessed.
Really?
Monsieur.
Well, are you buying or selling?
- Selling?
- Horses.
Oh.
No, I'm not interested in horses.
Well, you came to the wrong place,
didn't you?
May Day.
Get her away from him.
I'm sure I've seen him somewhere before.
Have Security keep a good eye on him.
You didn't say what part
of the States you come from, Miss...
No. I didn't.
I suppose you... travel a lot?
Your helicopter leaves in 20 minutes.
You're not staying the night? I was hoping
we'd spend the evening together.
Now I shall be all alone.
I doubt that.
- Well, let me walk you to the chopper.
- That won't be necessary.
- Someone will take care of you.
- You'll see to that personally, will you?
- (muffled cry)
- Shhh!
Are you looking for this?
Quite a letdown.
- St John Smythe?
- Sleeping like a baby.
(snoring)
That's a boy.
There we are.
It's interesting. He's had surgery.
Surgery? That is how Zorin won the race.
Mortner implanted one of
these microchips into Pegasus.
You see, these microchips are

programmed to control an injection
of additional natural horse steroids.
- To overcome fatigue during the race.
- How?

The injection itself, with that small needle,
is triggered by a remote-control transmitter
small enough to fit into
the tip of a jockey's whip
or a cane.

The lights!

There's a world surplus of microchips
and Zorin is hoarding them!

(whir of machinery)

- Dis donc, on va voir ce qui se passe?

- D'accord.

(whirring)

- I'm afraid I wasn't much help.

- Don't worry. It's all wrapped up.

Keep your guard up higher.

And retain your balance.

(muffled shouts)

- Aiiii!

- Oof!

- What now?

- We'd better get back.

The tape ran out five minutes ago.

(phone rings)

I told you not to disturb us.

(Scarpine) It's important.

There's been intruders in the warehouse.

Put Security on full alert.

Let's see where Mr St John Smythe is.

He was the man at the Eiffel Tower.

- We must find him.

- I'll get dressed.

(Bond) May Day, where have you been?

I've been waiting for you.

To take care of me personally.

I see you're a woman of very few words.

What's there to say?

- Is everything here?

- Ja, ja.

Except this.

It is in the wrong place.

Bring St John Smythe to my study
first thing in the morning.

- (Bond) Good morning.

- Good morning.

I understand you wish to see me.

- You slept well?

- A little restless, but I got off eventually.

I have the Progeny Index on the computer:

A compilation of
thoroughbred bloodlines.

Might be helpful to you in selecting
your purchase this afternoon.

As I see it, you need a stallion. For breeding.

A stallion sounds right to me.

I find a computer indispensable.

I have a stallion.

Descended from that horse there.

Misty.

We have several horses
that might interest you.

Would you be interested
primarily in stamina?

- Or speed?

- Well, a little of both would be ideal.

I think I have just the horse for you.

(clock chimes)

It's time for my morning ride.

- Why don't you try him out?

- That sounds a very good idea.

- I shall get into some riding clothes.

- Good.

Half an hour, then. Scarpine will collect you.

Thank you.

(hums)

Tibbett, get into town, call M
and ask him to put a trace on this cheque.

Be quick. If those guards we laid out
identify us we'll have to move fast.

What shall I say if they ask where I'm going?

Just tell them

you have to get the car washed.

Just going to town to get the car washed.

- Your mount, Mr St John Smythe.

- A beautiful beast.

A little spirited. What's his name?

Inferno.

(neighs)

Merci.

- Friends of yours?

- Exercise boys.

Jumping together is more realistic training.

Frankly, I prefer cross-country

to steeplechase.

As one sportsman to another,

I'll make you a proposition.

You can have that Ithacus colt gratis

if you stay this course.

- And if I'm thrown?

- Then you lose.

You leave me little choice.

Splendid. Scarpine will start us.

(neighs)

Steady!

Keep going! Keep going!

Sir Godfrey. Let's get...

You lost, 007.

- Killing Tibbett was a mistake.

- I'm about to make the same one twice.

My department know I'm here.

They'll retaliate.

If you're the best they have,

they'll more likely try

to cover up your incompetence.

Don't count on it, Zorin.

- You amuse me, Mr Bond.

- Well, it's not mutual.

Other side.

Open up.

- Good morning, Comrade Zorin.

- General Gogol.

- This meeting is ill-advised.

- A calculated risk.

But necessary,

as you refuse to answer your control.

Come to the point, General.

You disregard procedure.

You did not request approval

before eliminating 007.

- Reprisals might jeopardise operations.

- You jeopardise mine!

Letting the British penetrate
the Siberian research centre.

That was regrettable.

Your racing activities
attract unnecessary attention,
but more disturbing are your
unauthorised commercial ventures.

We cannot tolerate that.

The issue is irrelevant.

I've made new associations.

I no longer consider myself a KGB agent.

We trained you. Financed you. Huh!

What would you be without us?

A biological experiment. A freak.

Enough of this! Control yourselves!

You will come back to us, Comrade.

No one ever leaves the KGB.

Gentlemen.

For centuries alchemists
tried to make gold from base metals.

Today we make microchips
from silicon, which is common sand.

- But far better than gold, hm?

- (laughter)

For several years we've had
a profitable partnership:

You as manufacturers, while I passed on
to you industrial information
that made you competitive, successful.

We are now in the unique position
to form an international cartel
to control not only production
but distribution of these microchips.

There is one obstacle.

Silicon Valley.

Near San Francisco.

Over 250 plants employing
thousands of scientists, technicians.

This is the heartland of electronic
production in the United States,

which accounts for what -

80% of the world microchip market.

I propose to end
the domination of Silicon Valley
- and leave us in control of that market.
- What is it you propose?
Project Main Strike.
For which, each of you will pay me
one hundred million dollars.
A hundred million dollars?
Plus half our net income?
Under an exclusive
marketing agreement with me.
These are outrageous terms!
Perhaps a demonstration
would convince you.
- I want no part of it, thank you.
- As you wish. Hmph!
The rest of our discussion
must of course be confidential.
- Would you wait outside?
- If you'd like me to, yes. Excuse me.
May Day will provide you with a drink.
This way.
Aaagghhh!
So, does anybody else want to drop out?
(voices on intercom)
Wow!
What a view!
To a kill.
Five dollars.
Thank you.
- Looking for something special?
- Yes. Soft-shell crabs.
Might have some in the back.
I'll be a few minutes.
Chuck Lee, CIA.
It's a pleasure working with 007.
- Thanks. Now what about Zorin?
- He's in town. I can have him tailed.
No, not yet.
Conley is a geologist. Runs Zorin's
oil reclamation project in the East Bay.

Last job:
in a South African gold mine.

Left in a hurry
after a cave-in killed 20 miners.
Zorin's kind of man!
What about the girl? And the cheque?
You know how many S Suttons
there are in the US?
We watch Zorin's account.
The cheque hasn't been cashed.
- Mortner?
- Got a real winner here.
His real name is Hans Glaub, a German
pioneer in the development of steroids.
That ties in with the horse injections.
In the war he used steroids on pregnant
women in the concentration camps
in an attempt to enhance intelligence.
- With any success?
- Virtually every mother aborted.
A handful of children
were produced with phenomenal IQs.
But there was a side-effect:
They were psychotics.
Why wasn't this Mortner or Glaub
tried by the War Crimes Commission?
The Russians grabbed him.
Set him up in a laboratory.
He spent years developing steroids for
their athletes, then vanished 15 years ago.
About the same time
Zorin came over to the West.
Could Zorin be one of the steroid kids?
He's definitely the right age,
and he's certainly psychotic.
What about his oil operations?
Mr O'Rourke!
Aye!
- Can you spare a minute?
- Sure thing.
The oil operation looks clean, except
for a problem with the crab fishermen.
Good morning.
Here's that reporter I told you about.
Mr O'Rourke.
I understand you have a problem.

That Zorin oil pumping station ruined
one of the best crab patches in the Bay.

Scared them away?

They didn't go nowhere.

They just disappeared.

Well, I'd like to look at
that oil pumping station.

That'll be tough. It's very heavily guarded.

We'll be testing new equipment shortly.

Keep a sharp lookout.

- I don't want anyone near this dock.

- Very good, sir.

- Valves 5 to 15 are open.

- What's the report from the wells?

(female technician)

Valves open and ready to receive water.

Good. Open valves 16 to 25.

(male technician)

Valve 10 at half capacity, sir.

Give me an update on valve procedure
for the Main Strike programme.

(Conley) We'll have a field crew
check it out in the morning.

(mesh rattles)

- Valves to wells 26 to 30 open, sir.

- Right.

Activate pumping procedure.

50 per cent power.

Increase it.

Maximum.

The new seals are not fully tested.

Main Strike's in three days. Any delays,
I hold you responsible.

Yes, sir.

Bring it up to full. Slowly.

(engine fires up)

- Shut down! The propeller's jammed.

- Fix it.

(alarm sounds)

- You there! Get a man down there!

- (mutters orders urgently)

Let's go, move. Come on, you guys.

Gimme a hand.

- Get the alarms turned off.

- Yes, sir.
(Conley) Hurry up, goddammit!
Clear that pump.
We're behind schedule.
Give it to me.
(May Day) Ha!
Guard!
(men call out in Russian)
(Zorin) Tell Conley to resume pumping.
This is yours, I believe.
Defuse it.
(engines whine)
(cries out)
(desperate cries)
Aaagggghh!
(pants)
Well!
- Pola Ivanova!
- James Bond!
- Check the beach area.
- Let's get out of here.
(traditional Japanese music)
(Pola) That feels wonderful!
Feels even better from where I'm sitting.
- Would you like it harder?
- James, you haven't changed.
Well, you have.
You're even lovelier.
James, that night in London
when I was with the Bolshoi...
What a performance!
In my dressing room later...
Did you know I was an agent
with orders to seduce you?
Why do you think I sent you
three dozen red roses?
Now that was a performance.
Quite a coincidence,
us running into one another!
- Come on, tell me the truth.
- Let's not talk shop.
Let's put on something more...
- inspirational.
- Why not?

(turns off music)
- Ohh!
- (music)
Are you all right?
The bubbles tickle my...
Tchaikovsky!
Dtente can be beautiful.
This is no time to be discussing politics.
(music from Swan Lake)
Pola?
Yes, darling?
You know something? Tomorrow
I shall buy you six dozen red roses.
How lovely, darling. I can't wait.
(car engine starts)
The tape?
(traditional Japanese music)
(Zorin) The Silicon Valley operation
must not be delayed.
(tape rewinds)
Main Strike's in three days.
Any delays, I hold you responsible.
It's essential the remaining pipelines
are open on time.
Our economy needs investors like Mr Zorin.
California welcomes him with open arms.
- May I quote you on that, Mr Howe?
- Certainly.
Is there anything else I can tell
the Financial Times?
Yes. My readers want to know why Zorin
is pumping sea water into his pipeline
instead of pumping oil out.
Sea water is used to test
the integrity of the pipeline.
It's a lot safer than oil.
Just in case there are any leaks.
Well, I... I didn't know that.
Well, thank you, Mr Howe.
That about wraps it up.
Would you come this way, please?
If you'd like any further information
just call me, Mr...
Stock. James Stock. Thank you, Mr Howe.

- Mr Howe!
- Stacey, what do you want?
I have some porosity tests
I want to show you.
- I can only spare a couple of minutes.
- OK.
(man) Ahem!
Sorry.
(presenter reads weather forecast on radio)
(radio programme continues)
(bleeps)
(water running)
(yowls)
(water running)
(cocks gun) Come out real slow.
Just another Zorin stooge, Mr...
whatever your name was.
Actually, it's James Stock.
London Financial Times.
You can, uh... You can tell the police which.
And you can tell them about the \$5
million payoff you received from Zorin.
I saw the cheque.
You cut the line.
Get back.
Sit down.
(gunshot)
- What's this loaded with?
- Rock salt.
Now you tell me.
(Stacey) No!
The vase! No!
Take this.
Oh, hell!
Sorry, Granddad.
Hey, wait for me!
(door shuts)
Thank you.
My pleasure.
All the king's horses and all his men
won't do much with that.
That's all right. It was Granddad's ashes.
But he always loved a good fight.
I'm Stacey. Sutton.

- Yes.

- And... you're a reporter.

- What was it?

- Stock. James Stock.

- Right.

- Yes, I'm researching an article on Zorin.
I used a friend's name
to get an invitation to the chateau.
I can tell you a few things about Zorin.

- I'd like to hear them.

- (cat meows)

I have to feed him. Are you hungry?

- What are you serving? Whiskas?

- I only have leftovers in the fridge.

- I'm a pathetic cook.

- I'll lend a hand.

- You can cook?

- I've been known to dabble.
Et voil! Quiche de cabinet.
Sounds interesting. What is it?
An omelette.

Now, you were telling me
about your grandfather.
He left Sutton Oil to Dad - who expected
me, as the only child, to take it over.

- So at college I studied geology.

- And then what happened?
Zorin. He took over Sutton Oil
in a rigged proxy fight.
I fought him in the courts.
It's taken all I had.
All the cash, the furniture, everything.
So I took this job as state geologist
and I've just managed
to hold on to the house and my shares.
And that's what the \$5 million were for?
Your shares?

Ten times more than they're worth. Just...
Just drop the lawsuit and shut my mouth.
I haven't accepted yet.
So Zorin sent along his gorillas
to help you make up your mind.
They have. (rips up cheque)
I'd sell everything and live in a tent

before I give up.
That was delicious.
And the way you handled those men.
Well, those...
baboons could come back.
I hope not.
Well, then, I'll...
check the windows and doors, and...
- Oh! Reconnect the telephone.
- The box is outside my bedroom window.
I think I should be able to find that.
(rumbling)
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
Oh, I say! Breakfast out of bed.
- What's wrong with them?
- We had an earth tremor.
They're extremely sensitive
to seismic activity.
Let's see what
the Earthquake Center has on it.
Just a minor tremor. Measured 2.5
on the Richter scale. Location...
That's odd.
The epicentre's near Zorin's oil field.
I told Howe yesterday that Zorin
was pumping sea water into his wells.
- Is there a connection?
- Sea water?
Those wells are in the Hayward fault.
- Are you sure?
- I checked it myself.
That's incredibly dangerous.
Howe has to stop Zorin now.
(raised voices)
- What happened?
- I got fired.
- He fire... He fired me.
- All right. Calm down.
This evening we'll meet
a friend of mine from Washington.
Maybe, just maybe,
he'll come up with a few answers.
I wish we could be more specific about

Zorin's intentions before I go to the top.
Flooding a fault
could cause a major earthquake.
But what would Zorin have to gain?
On the tape Zorin mentioned Silicon Valley.
Could that be affected?
No, not severely.
Silicon Valley's too far away.
But if we knew how many wells were
involved... we might get a clearer picture.
That information's available at City Hall.
- I still have my security pass.
- Then let's go to City Hall.
- Let me go and get it.
- I'll tell Washington we need more help.
Don't waste any time. There's only 24 hours.
(car radio comes on with engine)
(faint music from car)
- Good evening, Jeff.
- Evening, ma'am.
- Won't be long.
- OK.
- Main Strike.
- Hey, I know that place.
That's an abandoned silver mine
by the San Andreas fault.
(gasps)
Alive and well, I see.
And still bungling in the dark.
Well, then,
why don't you enlighten me, Zorin?
You're out of your depth.
And you, Sutton. You should have
accepted my more than generous offer.
- You can take your offer and shove it.
- Don't bother, Stacey.
He's a psychopath.
You two have joined forces?
- That simplifies things.
- He's probably armed.
Stacey, I...
Mr Zorin.
Call the police, Mr Howe.
- What's going on?

- Tell them... there's been a break-in.
Ask them to get here as soon as possible.
You're being used, Mr Howe.
Do it.
- Police.
- Hello.
We've had a break-in here.
- City Hall, office 306. Come at once.
- Right away.
- What have they done?
- You discharged her.
So she and her accomplice
came here to kill you.
Then they set fire to the office
to conceal the crime,
but they were trapped in the elevator.
And perished in the flames.
But that means I would have to be...
Dead.
That's rather neat. Don't you think?
Brilliant.
I'm almost speechless with admiration.
Intuitive improvisation
is the secret of genius.
Herr Doktor Mortner
will be proud of his creation.
Please.
Get back.
(Stacey cries out)
- Out.
- Let's go.
Get back!
(fire alarm sounds)
(cables creak)
(creaking)
Hold tight.
Come on, Stacey.
Give me your hand. Stretch!
Stretch!
Don't go away.
James, don't leave me!
James! (coughs)
Help me!
James! (coughs)

Help me! Help me!

James!

I'll be right with you.

Help! Help!

- (woman) It is the City Hall.

- (man) I'll call the fire department.

(sirens and horns)

Try and come this side of the girder.

- Catch this.

- I can't reach it!

Come on. Catch!

- Now... push!

- (screams)

(horn)

- (Stacey pants)

- Go on.

Good girl. You're nearly there.

Go on, stretch!

(Stacey coughs)

(screams)

(sirens)

Get this TV crew outta here, will ya?

Come on. Get outta my way.

(coughs)

(woman) All we know is that there are people trapped inside of City Hall.

(officer) Come on. Back off, will ya?

Let us through, goddammit.

Give her some air.

Comin' through. Out of the way, please.

Stacey. Stacey, you're safe.

Let me through.

Let me through, goddammit.

I wanna talk to you.

Captain. If you can get to

Howe's office you'll find him dead.

We found him - and this gun. This yours?

- Yes, thanks.

- Turn around.

If you check with Chuck Lee of the CIA, he'll inform you who I am.

- We found his body in Chinatown.

- What?

- You're under arrest.

- Wait.

This is James Stock

of the London Financial Times.

Actually I'm with the British Secret Service.

The name is Bond. James Bond.

- Is he?

- Are you?

Yes.

And I'm Dick Tracy

and you're still under arrest.

Get in here.

Hey, where's that guy goin'?

That ladder's unlocked.

Is that true what you said

about the British secret service?

Yes, I'm afraid it is.

My real name is Bond. James Bond.

You must take my word for it.

(siren comes on)

Put your hand on this.

The wheel! Take over. Put your foot on here.

James, where are you going?

(police chief) To all units. Intercept

murder suspect in stolen fire truck.

He may be armed and he's sure dangerous.

- Pull away you idiots.

- I can't. The fenders are locked!

- I told you, they're locked!

- Oh, my God, watch out!

Ohhh!

(horn)

- Jeez!

- Turn!

Not this way. That way!

Shit!

Ohhhh!

- Swing me back!

- Oh, jeez!

Drive on!

- I think I can get him.

- Go for it!

(yells)

That should keep them on the wrong track.

(phone rings)

Hello.
Raise the bridge? Right now?
Yes, sir!
I got him. Oh, jeez, I got him!
(horn)
Keep going, keep going!
(alarm sounds)
(officer) Oh, my God!
Hey, watch out! Get out of the way!
Jesus!
Oh, mother! I... I...
Holy shit!
Move it!
Harris...
Forget about that sergeant promotion.
You'll have to pay for this vehicle.
100 bucks a month out of your paycheck.
(metal buckling)
Oh, no!
Wake up. We're there.
There's a lot of activity
for an abandoned mine.
That truckload of explosives
should last them for months.
Here comes next year's supply.
Get down.
(siren on)
- Where's the fire?
- On your rear end.
Give me a hand.
Hey!
Gerry...
- It's the rules. Hard hat area.
- Thanks.
Follow the signs.
Move it. You're late!
You two, come here.
Give us a hand unloading this.
OK, leave it there.
Get a coffee over at the hut.
Come back in 20 minutes.
It's women's lib.
They're taking over the Teamsters.
OK, get this stuff movin'!

We're an hour late.
I should take a closer look at that mine.
(Stacey) Ahem!
What's stopping you?
That's a good idea of yours.
Pity you couldn't find one that fits.
Why walk when you can ride?
Keep it coming, keep it coming.
OK, let's go.
Will you keep still!
Do you know what I'm sitting on?
I'm trying not to think about it.
(Tannoy) Stand clear. Stand clear.
All personnel not on essential duties,
leave underground area immediately.
Standby crew, we need you up here.
Ready to unload.
OK, stand clear.
Let's go, standby crew.
Break off. Stand clear.
Standby forward. Bring the gag
up here and clear these barriers away.
(Conley) Come on, let's go.
We haven't got all day.
Clear the safety barrier.
(Conley) Come on, move!
Hey, on the crane!
Swing the cradle over here.
Take it off. Take it off.
(ticking)
Bring it over. Bring it over. Easy.
Good, good.
(Conley continues instructions)
- You found anything?
- Yes. I think I have.
Good.
Good. Hold 'em.
OK, get those wedges in there tight!
(foreman) Come on,
lay the head down here. OK?
The San Andreas Lake is right above us.
Lots of seepage. Could flood any minute.
Finish shoring up the roof.
I'll send the lug back.

OK.

Bring up some timber, on the double!

(Stacey) He'll kill millions.

These green lights - they're Zorin's oil wells.

The ones he's been using to pump
sea water into the Hayward fault.

What are these tunnels for
under these lakes?

These lead straight into this section
of the San Andreas fault.

Zorin just has to blast through the
bottom of these lakes to flood the fault.

- And create a... double earthquake?

- Yes. Except...

Except right beneath us
is the key geological lock
that keeps the faults from moving at once.

Hey, let's go!

All those explosives.

Would they be enough to break the lock?

Of course!

If they go off, both faults move at once.

Silicon Valley and everything in it
submerged for ever.

If it happened at the peak of
the spring tide for maximum effect...

That's today at 9.41. In less than an hour!

- We have to go and warn people.

- Wait!

Stand back.

Jump!

(klaxon)

Get him.

- Get 'em back to work.

- You men, get back to work.

It's Bond.

Close up the entrance. Nobody gets out.

Hold it!

In.

Aagghh!

Come on.

- Did you pass anyone back there?

- No. I saw no one.

- Now which way?

- The map.
There's a draught from up there.
- It must be a ventilation shaft.
- Wait!
(Stacey gasps)
That must lead to the fault.
The water from the lakes!
Yes. And it'll be flooding any moment.
Come on.
You two, that way.
Give me your hand.
It's time to flood the fault.
But... May Day. And my men.
Yeah. A convenient coincidence.
Mr Zorin, those men are loyal to you.
(gasps)
Hurry!
- Get help. Quick!
- Get a doctor.
Aauugggh!
(Stacey screams)
(panicked cries)
(worker) Come on, run for your life!
(workers attend Conley)
Give me some spare clips.
Keep climbing!
Keep going!
James!
Good. Right on schedule.
Let's go.
(Zorin chuckles)
And I thought that creep loved me!
You're not the only one he double-crossed.
All outboard valves fully locked, sir.
The water level's dropping.
Pump pressure good.
(May Day gasps) Jenny!
Come on. There's nothing
you can do for them now.
- Up and away!
- (Zorin cackles)
(Zorin) Silicon Valley. Perfect!
Hold position here.
Only minutes more, Carl.

Nothing can stop it now.
The greatest cataclysm in history.
And all attributed to natural causes.
Exactly.
We must hurry.
I have to get down
and defuse that detonator.
You can't. The time has been booby trapped.
If you tamper with it we're going to blow up.
Then we have to bring
the whole thing up. But how?
Get on the rig. I'll lower you down.
Get on!
Keep going!
Come on. Come on.
OK, hold it there.
Take it up!
- Get on!
- It's too heavy. Go!
Get on, dammit!
OK, go!
(winch rattles)
Keep going!
(Bond) That's it.
Swing it over to the truck.
Easy. Gently!
Right, lower it.
Take her up.
We've only seconds before this blows.
If it does, that powder keg goes with it.
The handbrake slipped.
Push! Push!
- Jump!
- I have to hold the brake off.
Jump!
Get Zorin for me!
May Day, jump!
Only seconds to go.
May Day, jump!
May Day!
James.
James!
Stacey, behind you! Get down!
James! (screams)

Come on, get in. Get up here!
The ship's nose is heavy.
He must be on the mooring rope.
Ohhh!
This'll hurt him more than me.
More! More power.
(creaking)
More. Do it!
(creaking)
(engine roars)
Full throttle!
(creaking)
Ohhh!
Right rudder. Do it!
Stop it!
Get her off. Get her off!
- Stop it! Are you crazy?
- Get her off. Get away!
Go get him.
Go!
Stacey, jump!
- Get a foothold!
- (screams)
Max! Max!
Aaagggghh!
James! James!
Stacey, give me your hand.
Get under the pipe.
OK, stay there.
James, look out!
Stacey, hold tight!
(panicked gabbling)
- Stacey, are you there?
- You betcha!
- Are you all right?
- (Stacey) Yes. Yes.
There's never a cab when you want one.
The Order of Lenin, for Comrade Bond.
The first time ever awarded
to a non-Soviet citizen.
I'd have expected the KGB to celebrate
if Silicon Valley had been destroyed.
On the contrary, Admiral.
Where would Russian

research be without it?
Is Commander Bond here?
I'd like to thank him personally.
(M) Sadly he's missing.
We are continuing our search,
but must presume the worst.
(amorous laughter)
(Bond) A bit of soap here...
and a little soap there!
- Oh, drat! I've dropped the soap.
- (Stacey) I'll get it. Whoop!
(Bond) That is not the soap.
(phone rings)
- Hello?
- (M) Grandfather calling Q.
- What's the position?
- 007 alive.
- Where is he? What's he doing?
- Just cleaning up a few details.
(Stacey) Oh, James...
- Mmm!
- (Bond chuckles)

Meeting you
With a view to a kill
Face to face in secret places
Feel the chill
Nightfall covers me
But you know the plans I'm making
Still oversee
Could it be the whole earth opening wide?
A sacred why
A mystery gaping inside
The weekends why
But can we dance into the fire?
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
To fatal sounds of broken dreams
Dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
When all we see
Is the view to a kill
Dance into the fire
When all we see

Is the view to a kill
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