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Dr. No

By Richard Maibaum

Three blind mice in a row #
Three blind mice, there they go #
Marching down the street, single file #
To a calypso beat all the while #
They're looking for the cat #
The cat that swallowed the rat #
the attitude of three blind mice #
Three blind mice, here and there #
Three blind mice, everywhere #
Searching all around for the cat #
All over Kingston town, pit-a-pat #
They got the carving knife #
To cut the pussy cat's life #
The puss will get that knife for trifling #
The three blind mice #
Oh, the mice...

That's it. 100 honours, and 90 below.

Nicely done, Strangways. | I have to give it to you.

I must leave you for a few minutes. | Order a round on my chit, Professor.
Right.

Damn it all! | Must you always break off at this time?

My managing director's a creature of | habit. I get a call every day at this
time.

Hurry back before the cards get cold.

Same again.

Bless you, master.

- Hurry, man! Hurry! | - Get away, quick!

W6N... W6N... W6N.

Calling G7W.

How do you hear me? Over.

Receiving you. Over.

Stand by to transmit.

Wait. Out.

Here.

Hello, W6N. Report my signals.

Report my signals. Over.

Hello, W6N. Over.

Foreman of signals - urgent.

Get me the M16 radio security control.

What is it?

W6N, Jamaica. Broken contact, sir, | during a routine transmission.

Broken or faded?

Broken. | The carrier wave is still established.

- And the emergency frequencies? | - No joy on either. I'm still calling.

Keep trying. | Let me know when they come up.

Hello, W6N? W6N? | Report my signals. Over.

Foreman of signals, sir. | Jamaica's broken off mid-transmission.

No, sir. It's not a technical fault.

Yes, sir.

Will you tell him, sir?

Very good.

- Excuse me, sir. Are you a member? | - No, I'm looking for Mr James Bond.

- What name should I say, sir? | - Just give him my card, will you?

Would you like to leave your coat | over there, sir?

- Suivi.

- Carte.

Sept la banque.

- Banco suivi.

- Carte.

Huit la banque.

- C'est suivi.

- Oui, madame. Changeur, s'il vous plat.

- Carte.

- Neuf la banque. | - I need another thousand.

I admire your courage, Miss... uh...?

Trench. Sylvia Trench.

I admire your luck, Mr...?

Bond.

James Bond.

Mr Bond, I suppose you wouldn't | care to... um... raise the limit?

I have no objections.

Pas possible, madame. Ce n'est pas lgal.

- C'est suivi, monsieur.

Looks like you're out to get me.

It's an idea, at that.

- Huit la banque.

Neuf la banque.

- Excuse me, sir. | - Thank you.

Andr, I must pass the shoe.

I hope you'll forgive me, | but it's most important.

Thank you.

Have those changed, will you?

Too bad you have to go. | Just as things were getting interesting.

Yes.

Tell me, Miss Trench, do you play any | other games? Besides "chemin de fer"?

Hmm. Golf,

amongst other things.

- Tomorrow afternoon, then. | - Tomorrow? Let me see...

And, uh, we could have dinner|afterwards, perhaps?

Sounds tempting.

May I, um,

let you know in the morning?

Splendid.

My number's on the card.

See if he's there, will you?

James, where on earth have you been?|I've been searching London for you!

He'll see you in a minute.

Money penny!

What gives?

Me. Given an ounce of encouragement.

You never take "me" to dinner|looking like this, James.

You never take me to dinner. Period.

I would, you know. Only M|would have me court-martialled for illegal use of government property.

Flattery will get you nowhere.|But don't stop trying.

- Now...|- What's all this to-do about?

Strangways. And it looks serious.

We've been burning the air between|here and Jamaica for three hours.

Oh. In you go.

Don't forget to write.

Good evening, sir.

It happens to be 3am.

When do you sleep, 007?

Never on the firm's time, sir.

Sit down.

Jamaica went off the air tonight,

in the middle of the opening procedure.|We've checked and...

Strangways has disappeared.

So has his secretary.|A new girl. We'd only just sent her out.

Was Strangways on something... special?

He was checking|an enquiry from the Americans.

They complained about interference|with their Cape Canaveral rockets.

They think it comes|from the Jamaica area.

- Does "toppling" mean anything to you?|- A little.

It's throwing the gyroscopic controls|of a guided missile off balance with a...

a radio beam or something.

Five million dollars' worth of missile|aimed at a spot in the South Atlantic,

but finishing up in the Brazilian jungle,|is bad enough.

Now they're gonna try orbiting a rocket|round the moon.

The American CIA sent a man down|to work with Strangways.

- A fellow called Leiter. Do you know him?|- I've heard of him. Never met him.

Has he found out anything important?

Better ask "him". You're booked|on the 7 o'clock plane to Kingston.

That gives you exactly|three hours, 22 minutes.

Armourer.

You'll get a set of background papers|at the airport, in a self-destructor bag.

You can study them during the flight.

I want to know|what's happened to Strangways.

Sir.

Take off your jacket.

Give me your gun.

Yes, I thought so. This damn Beretta|again. I've told you about this before.

You tell him - for the last time.

Nice and light - in a lady's handbag.

No stopping power.

Any comments, 007?

I disagree, sir.

I've used a Beretta for ten years.|I've never missed with it yet.

Maybe not, but it jammed on your last job|and you spent six months in hospital.

A double-0 number means you're|licensed to kill, not get killed.

And another thing.

Since I've been head of M16, there's been|a 40% drop in double-0 casualties.

I want it to stay that way.|You'll carry the Walther.

Unless you'd prefer to go back|to standard intelligence duties?

No, sir. I would not.

Then from now on you carry|a different gun. Show him, armourer.

Walther PPK. 7.65mm with a delivery|like a brick through a plate-glass window.

Takes a Brausch silencer,|with little reduction in muzzle velocity.

The American CIA swear by them.

- Thank you, Major Boothroyd.|- Thank you, sir.

- Any questions, 007?|- No, sir.

All right, then. Best of luck.

Thank you, sir.

- Sir?|- Just leave the Beretta.

repartee. 007's in a hurry.

Ciao.

Good luck.

There! Now you made me miss it.

You don't miss a thing.
How did you get in here?
I decided to accept your invitation.
That was for tomorrow afternoon.
Tell me...|Do you always dress this way for golf?
I changed into something more|comfortable. I hope I did the right thing.
You did the right thing,
but you picked the wrong moment.|I have to leave immediately.
Oh, that's too bad.
Just as things were|getting interesting again.
When did you say you had to leave?
Immediately.
"Almost" immediately.
Hello, New York. Your Pan-Am 323|just landed - Kingston, Jamaica.
please go to terminal four?
Taxi!
All right, then. Go ahead.
Help yourself.
- Taxi!|- Mr... Bond, sir?
Yes?
I'm Mr Jones - chauffeur from|Government House, sent to get you.
Fine. You can drop my luggage|at the hotel on the way.
- Hang on, I want to check my reservation.|- I can do that.
No, no. You just take care of the bags.
- Yes.
- Hold the line, please.
- Who wants him?|- James Bond. Universal Exports.
Welcome to Jamaica, Mr Bond.
Yes, your head office|alerted us this morning.
- Are you free for lunch at one o'clock?|- One o'clock suits me fine.
- No, I didn't think you'd want one.
Quite right. One o'clock, then.
Forgive me if I'm... a few minutes late.
Thank you.
- Where to first, sir?|- Government House, but I'm in no hurry.
Just, uh... take me for a ride.
Do you always drive this fast?|I told you I wasn't in a hurry.
Sorry, sir, but I think there's|some fellow trying to follow us.
Then I suggest you... try and lose them.
Take the next turning on the right.
Now, Mr Jones.
Talk fast,|before your friend doubles back.
Who are you working for?
I... don't know what you're talking about.

- I was just sent to meet you at the airport.|- Ah, but by whom?
By...
- Government House.|- I don't think so.
Both hands on the wheel, Mr Jones.|- I'm a very nervous passenger.
Get out - move!
Keep your hands where I can see them.
Get up!
- Now talk.|- All right.
All right.
Let me have a cigarette.
To hell with you!
Sergeant, make sure he doesn't get away.
Tut-tut-tut. Cyanide in a cigarette?
- Fantastic!|- No less.
Duff, what have you got for us?
The car was stolen and we haven't|been able to identify the driver yet.
But he surely wasn't a Kingston man.
Wherever he was from,|news of my arrival leaked.
- We didn't advertise it, I can assure you.|- Perhaps not.
I got the impression|someone had been selling tickets.
Anything more we can do for you?
I'd like to meet the last people|to see Strangways.
Nobody seems to have seen him|after he left our bridge four.
- Who were the others?|- Professor Dent...
Metallurgist, runs a test laboratory.|- Respected. Clean bill.
- Potter...|- Old general. Been here for ages.
We'll start with those.
- Want them brought in?|- Lord, no! I want to meet them socially.
I can introduce you at the club tonight.
Fine.|- We'll take a look at Strangways' place.
I'll run you up there now.
Go on in.
Yes, that's her blood patch.
- They've grouped it as O Rh positive.|- That's her group all right.
The set was still switched on|when we came round.
We tried to get through,|but it was dead the other end.
And it'll stay dead. All frequencies are|changed immediately security's
broken.
Receipt from Dent Laboratories.
Is geology a hobby of Strangways'?
Not that I know of, no.
Who's the man with Strangways?
One of the local fishermen.
- He drove the car that tailed me.|- That gives us something to work on.

I'll have him checked.

You do that. I want to change before I meet Pleydell-Smith at the club.
One medium-dry vodka martini - mixed like you said, sir, and not stirred.
- Anything else, sir? - No, that's all.

Curious, old Strangways just vanishing like that. Or is it?

Cherchez la femme. His secretary was very nice indeed.

Did you know her?

I've seen her around, you know?

None of you can throw any light on what happened to him?

In his conversation? Any hint?

I only heard him talk about big game fishing and bridge.

Fishing was the latest craze.

He got the bug three weeks ago. He's been out every day.

It must have cost something.

These fishermen ask the earth to charter, and Quarrel's the most expensive.
Quarrel?

A Cayman Islander. He keeps a boat in the harbour.

I see.

- Excuse me. Where do I find Quarrel? - He him.

Thank you.

Is your name Quarrel?

Maybe.

I'm a friend of...

Commander Strangways.

Now ain't that nice! I like people who's friends of people.

I thought you might be able to tell me what happened to him.

As far as I know, nothing happened.

Unless you know... different, Captain.

Where did you take him in your boat?

You see that, Captain?

That there's the Caribbean.

That's where.

Fishing.

I'm interested in fishing. I'd like to charter your boat.

I'm sorry, Captain. It's not for hire.

It seems I came to the wrong address.

That's all right, Captain. Now, if you'll excuse me, I got business to attend to.

Hey, Pussfeller.

Well, if it ain't my friend what gets addresses mixed!

You got the right one, if you likes good eating.

I do, if the... conversation matches it.

Back at the boat too public.

- In there it different. - Well, after you.

Sure thing.

- Hey, man! See we get a bit of privacy.|- Nothing but, Quarrel. Nothing but.

- Take a seat.|- No, I'm fine.

OK, mister. |Supposing you start the conversation.

Now how's about it?

Ain't no use you struggling. |Pussfeller wrestles alligators.

Right. Up slowly and face that wall.

Hold it.

Gently, bud. Gently.

Let's not get excited.

Frisk him.

Nothing.

Interesting. |Where were you measured for this?

My tailor. Savile Row.

Is that so? Mine's a guy in Washington.

Felix Leiter. Central Intelligence Agency.

You must be James Bond.

- You mean we're fighting the same war?|- Yeah. I spotted you at the airport, but...

when you left with the opposition |I figured I must be wrong.

Quarrel's been helping me.

- No hard feelings, I hope?|- Glad to know you, Mr Bond.

Pussfeller owns the place.

- I hope he cooks better than he fights!|- Nobody died from my cooking - yet!

Down Kingston town, you know, #|# all the people go jump up

Wavin' arms about, leapin' in and out

It's so easy to jump up

Take a pretty girl, take a whirl

And then do it again, again jump up

Hold her very tight, #|# then for all the night

Jump up

Jump up, jump up

Jamaica jump up, jump up

Jamaica jump-up music

Jamaica never want to stop jump-up

Jump up, jump up

Jamaica jump up, jump up

Jamaica jump-up music

Jamaica never want to stop jump-up

Cape Canaveral is screaming. ##

With this moon rocket launch, |they don't want anything to go wrong.

And Strangways didn't think |the interference came from here?

I suppose you cased the joint?

I checked - unofficially.

You Limeys can be touchy|about trespassing.

Strangways and Quarrel|checked the offshore islands.

- You found nothing?|- Not a thing.

- Where did you look?|- Just about most everywhere.

Fire Island, Crab Key, Morgan's Reef.

Checked them all?

All except Crab Key.|We didn't have no right to go there.

- Why not?|- It belongs to a Chinese...

Get her, Quarrel - and the camera.

Evening, missis.

You're hurting!

The Captain wants you|to have a drink with us.

You're hurting me!

You can't mean it.

Good evening.

Why do you want another picture of me?

Because I only got your hat at the airport.

- Tell this ape to let me go!|- Why do you want a picture at all?

Because that's the way I earn my living.

- Who pays you?|- Oh... "The Daily Gleaner"!

Pussfeller! Pussfeller!

- Anything I can do?|- Ever seen this girl before?

She come here sometimes.

She being a nuisance to you?|You want for me to get rid of her?

No. Just ring the "Gleaner". Find out|if they sent a photographer here tonight.

They didn't send me. I work freelance.

Freelance, hm? For whom?

You...!

Tell us and he'll stop.

We don't get nothing out of this gal.|You want for me to break her arm?

Another time.

The second time nothing's come out.|Give her her arm back.

Run along, Freelance.

You'll be sorry.|You'll all be sorry, you rats!

One takes cyanide, another would have|had her arm broken. Neither would talk.

- Who puts that sort of scare into people?|- I think we'd better find out, but fast.

You mentioned Crab Key.|Why can't we go over there?

It belongs to a Chinese character.|He won't allow anyone to land.

Our naval reconnaissance planes|took a look.

They only found a bauxite mine.
Low-scan CH radar setup.
Nothing illegal about that.
That Crab Key scares me plenty.
Friends of mine went out there once|after seashells.
Only trouble, they never came back again.
Local fishermen won't go near it.
Strangways and me slip in at night.
He take samples, we came straight back.
- Don't do to hang about there.|- What kind of samples?
Oh, bits of rock. Sand. Water.
I see. Crab Key begins to interest me.
What else do we know|about this Chinese gentleman?
Nothing much. Except his name.
Doctor No.
- I'd like to see Professor Dent, please.|- Have you an appointment?
James Bond.|We met yesterday at the Queen's Club.
Very well. He's somewhere in the lab.
Is Professor Dent there?
Oh, never mind. Thank you.
Morning, Professor.
Mr Bond. Anything I can do for you?
Yes. I came across this|in Strangways' office.
Your receipt.
Yes, that's right.
Can you tell me anything about it?
Poor old Strangways.|Bit of a bug of his, this amateur geology.
He brought some rock samples in for|testing, convinced they were valuable.
Were they?
No, of course not.|Just low-grade iron pyrites.
Can I see them?
Well, no, I... I threw 'em away.
- Do you know where he found them?|- No, he didn't say.
- Crab Key, perhaps?|- Definitely not.
Why so certain?
- Not geologically possible.|- Thank you, Professor.
It's kind of you to spare me your time.
You're welcome, Mr Bond.
Oh, Professor...
Allow me.
Morning.
- Take me to Crab Key.|- I can't. You know the procedure.
There's no time for procedure.|I'll take responsibility.
Man, I hope you know what you're doing.

- Come on...|- All right.
- I radioed. They're expecting me.|- Go ahead.
Sit down.
my strictest rule and come in daylight?
I had to.
Bond came to see me this morning.
be killed. Why is he still alive?
Our attempts failed.
Your attempts failed.
going to fail me again, Professor.
No. I came to warn you.
Warn me?
Tell you.
Bond discovered Strangways'|rock samples came from Crab Key.
He's not a fool. He's sure to come out here.
If he does, I shall hold you responsible.
I make myself clear?
Yes, quite clear.
Go to the table.
You see what is in the cage?
Pick it up.
Pick it up!
Tonight.
- I'd like to send a cable.|- Yes, of course.
By the way, the car you ordered,|it's been delivered.
It's in number five parking lot.
Thank you. Good night.
Good night, Mr Bond.
- Morning, Pleydell-Smith.|- Morning, Bond.
Sorry to trouble you so early. I need some information.
All you have on Dr No and Crab Key.
Miss Taro, bring me the files on Dr No.
Sit down.
What do you know about this island?
Not much,|except there's a bauxite mine there.
Dr No runs the place|like a concentration camp.
I've heard funny rumours,|but no-one's complained officially.
- Right, Miss Taro. Just leave them here.|- I'm very sorry, but we can't
find them.
- What do you mean? Who had them last?|- Commander Strangways, sir. Both
files.
All right, Miss Taro. All right.
Damn nuisance,|their disappearing like that.
On the contrary.

I'd have been surprised if they hadn't.

By the way, that came for you from London this morning, in the plane, in the diplomatic pouch.

A present from home.

Can I get out that way?

That's a naughty little habit - listening at keyholes.

I wasn't listening. I was looking for those files.

Anything that can't be found, I get the blame.

Oh, forget it. Actually, it's not very important anyhow.

I hate to think of you spending all afternoon looking for them.

No. I have the afternoon off.

There's a coincidence. So have I. Why don't you show me round the island?

What should I say to an invitation from a strange gentleman?

You should say yes.

I should say maybe.

Three o'clock, my hotel, maybe?

Yes, maybe.

Good.

The luminous dial activates it. Here, hold this.

Now, where exactly did Commander Strangways place those samples?

- About where your feet is, sir. - Good.

- Hi, there. - Hi.

- Lose something? - Take a look at this Geiger reading.

Those samples Strangways brought back from Crab Key... were radioactive.

Yet Professor Dent told me they were worthless chunks of iron ore.

- He's either a bad professor or a poor liar. - I intend to find out which.

Quarrel, how soon can you get us over to Crab Key?

Well... it's like this here, Captain.

Commander Strangways, he done take samples of "all" the islands.

- We could check the nearest ones first. - No. I'm interested in Crab Key.

I done take the commander there. We got away without trouble.

It don't do to tempt providence too often.

You see... there's a dragon.

- What? - Native superstition.

Started by Dr No, probably.

We won't force you to do anything.

Leiter and I will go after dark, if you'll give us the navigational directions.

I gets my navigational directions from my nose, my ears, from my instincts.

Anyway, I'll be here about seven.

Fine.

Oh, Mr Bond! There's a telephone message for you.

Johnny, what have you done with it?

It's right here.

Hello?

Oh, Mr Bond!

I was thinking, why don't you collect me at my apartment?

It's lovely up here in the mountains.

Nice and cool.

All right. You leave the Port Royal Road out of Kingston,
then along the Wentworth Road, until you get to the cement factory.
Then you turn left.

Follow the road up the hill,
down the other side,

Magenta Drive 239.

I'll be waiting for you.

How did it happen?

I think they were on their way to a funeral.

Just a minute!

You did invite me here, remember?

Oh, of course. I just didn't expect you here so soon.

Yes, yes, come in.

Uh... I'll just go and put some clothes on.

Don't go to any trouble on my account.

Please!

Forgive me. I thought I was invited up here to admire the view.

I feel one of us should answer it.

Hello?

Yes. Yes, I know. He's here now.

I don't know what happened.

All right. I'll try and keep him here for a couple of hours.

I'll have to go now.

All right. I'll call you later.

You believe in living dangerously. I can see that.

What do you mean?

Sitting around with wet hair, you'll die of pneumonia.

- It's rather beautiful. - Thank you.

Do you always wear it up?

- Don't you like it? - Yes, very much.

With your sort of... face... it's wonderful.

- What's going on behind my back? - Nothing.

Look - no hands.

I'm hungry.

Let's go out and eat.

- I'll make you a Chinese dinner here. - No. I'm feeling Italian and musical.

- Let's go to the Blue Mountain Grill.|- I'd rather stay here.

It's more fun...

alone.

But I don't want you|getting dishpan hands.

- I like cooking.|- Forget it. May I use your phone?

Who are you ringing?

Taxi.

James Bond here. Can I have a car|sent to... 2171 Magenta Drive?

As soon as you can, please. Thank you.

I thought you came by car.

Damn thing wouldn't start. Engine trouble.

That explains...

Explains what?

Why you need a taxi.

Why I need a taxi?

Careful - my nail varnish!

- The lights.|- No, no, I always leave them on.

What's... What's going on?!

Forgive me. Book her, Superintendent,|will you? And, uh...

be careful of her nail varnish.

Underneath the mango tree

come watch for the moon

Underneath the mango tree

Me honey and me make bu-lu-lup soon

Underneath the moonlit sky

Me honey and I come sit hand in hand

Underneath the moonlit sky

Me honey and I come make fairyland

Mango, banana and tangerine

Sugar...

Drop it, Professor! I'm behind you!

I thought you'd turn up sooner or later.

Sit down.

The girl talked?

But of course.

I was suspicious|at the Queen's Club anyhow

when it turned out you were the only one|who'd seen Strangways' new secretary.

Then later, at the lab,

you made no reference to the fact that|Strangways' samples were radioactive.

Very clever, Mr Bond.

But you're up against|more than you know.

Shoot me and you'll end up|like Strangways.

- Then you killed him?|- He was killed, but never mind how.
Who are you working for, Professor?
I'll tell you, as you won't live to use|the information. I'm working for...
It's a Smith & Wesson.
And you've had your six.
Better late than never.
- Everything ready?|- Yeah, for the last two hours.
Everything's going to be fine.
Bottom part of where my belly used to be|tells me different.
For me, Crab Key will be|a gentle relaxation.
From what? Dames?
No, from being a clay pigeon.
This is as far as we can go|with the engine.
Make with paddle and wind|from now on in.
OK.
Let me go with him.
No, we settled that. Anyhow, it's my beat.
But it's my head in the noose|if anything gets unstuck.
Canaveral can only wait 48 hours|for that moonshot.
We'll be back in 12.|If not, then it's your beat.
You'd better bring your Marines with you.
Hey, Quarrel, if you see a dragon,|get in first and breathe on him, you
hear?
With all that rum in you, he'll die happy!
Better drop the sail|in case their radar's on scan.
Hard about, Captain... now!
Cover it up.
We'd better get some sleep|before it gets light.
I'll be down this end.
Underneath the mango tree #
La-la la-la dee #
Come watch for the moon #
La-la-da-da #
Mango tree, me honey and me #
Make bu-lu-lup #
Underneath the mango tree... #
Make bu-lu-lup soon #
La-la-la dee-da-da... me honey and me #
Underneath the mango tree #
My honey and me... #
Who is that? ##
It's all right.|I'm not supposed to be here, either.
I take it you're not. Are you alone?
What are "you" doing here?|Looking for shells?

No. I'm just looking.
Stay where you are.
I promise I won't steal your shells.
I promise you you won't, either.
Stay where you are!
I can assure you, |my intentions are strictly honourable.
What's your name?
Ryder.
Ryder what?
Honey... Ryder.
- What's so funny about it?|- Nothing. It's a very pretty name.
What's your name?
James.
Honey, did you use your sail|all the way up to the reef here?
Of course. I always do.
Then they'll know we're here. |They have radar.
Oh, my boat is too small to be noticed.
And I often come here to get the shells.
At first they used to try to catch me, |but they couldn't.
- Now I don't think they bother any more.|- They will this time.
- Don't bother with those now.|- Don't bother?
Are they valuable?
This one is worth \$50 in Miami.
You promise you won't tell anyone?
I promise.
- Hey! Come and take a look!|- He's with me.
Captain, what do you think of that!
What's the matter?
That's a high-powered boat. |Take some cover! Come on!
They're here all right.
OK, folks! |Come out and you won't get hurt!
Stand up and show yourselves
or I'll be forced to open fire!
Come on out!
We know you're there!
We've been expecting you!
Just walk out with your hands up |and you'll be OK!
This is your last chance!
He's bluffing. Keep down.
All right. You've been warned!
This is it!
Lie still. It won't last long. |They don't know we're here.
Fire!
Are you coming out?

All right, then.

We'll be back.

We'll be back with the dogs!

Full speed ahead!

I told you this place was wrong.

- That was a machine gun, not a dragon.|- There's a dragon here, too.
She's right.

- You've seen it, hm?|- Yes, I have.

He had two glaring eyes,|a short tail and pointed wings.

He was breathing fire.

You don't believe me, do you?

Little gal, I does. |Let's get the hell outta here.

Listen, both of you. |There are no such things as dragons.

What you saw was something that looked|like one. I'm trying to think what
it was.

How do you know there aren't?

What do you know about animals?|Did you ever see a mongoose dance?

A scorpion with sunstroke|sting itself to death?

Or a praying mantis|eat her husband after making love?

- I hate to admit it, but I haven't.|- Well, I have.

She's right.

All right, they've gone. |Honey, you're getting out of here.

I'm getting out when I'm ready. |That's never in daylight.

This time you are, and fast.

Where's your boat?

Fetch my shoes.

Look! Look what they've done!

It's all your fault!

I'm sorry. I'll get you a new boat|when we get back to Kingston.

What are we going to do with her now?

If you like, |I know a good place where we can hide.

That'll do for a start. |Leave the things you don't need.

All right, all right.

- Must we come this way?|- Yes. It throws the dogs off the scent.

- Damn mosquitoes!|- Rub water all over yourself.

It's the salt they're after.

Hey...! Quick! They's coming! |Across there!

Quarrel, cut some of those reeds. |Give me the knife.

Over there.

They're coming closer.

- Aiee!|- Keep quiet.

Something's biting me!

If you disturb the mud, |they'll know we've been here.

- Looks like they're onto something.|- Sh!

Ssh!

Get down, get down!

- Why?|- Because I had to.

That guy sure knew his business,|trailing us after we let the others pass.
Where is this hiding place of yours?

Up there.

Come on.

You smell nicer already.

Oh, thank you.

Mr Bond! Quick!

- What is it now?|- Look at these!

Those are dragon tracks!

Look! That's where he breathed!

Captain, you ought to get some rest|if you wants to.

I stay out here... on watch...

in case he comes a-looking for us.

Right, and I'll take the second watch.

We'll be out of here by midnight.

I never met a detective before.

Are you going to arrest Dr No?

Someone is. We can't have him trying|to kill everyone who comes here.

He doesn't just try.

- Mm?|- I'm pretty sure he killed my father.

What?

You see,|my father was a marine zoologist.

We came to the Caribbean|for him to study seashells.

One day he came to Crab Key...

...and I never saw him again.

They said he must have drowned,

but he was too good a diver|for that to happen to him.

Didn't the police investigate?|And your family?

They investigated for a long time.

Then they said|"Missing, presumed dead".

I haven't got any family.|There was only my father and me.

You're here all alone?

Where did you live before?

All over the world.

The Philippines, Bali, Hawaii.

Anywhere there were shells.

You went to school "somewhere"?

I didn't need to. We had an encyclopedia.

I started at A when I was eight,|and now I've reached T.

I bet I know a lot more things than you do.

Didn't anyone in Kingston help?

Well... there was this man who owned|the place where we were living.
He let me stay on|for a while without paying.
Then one night he came up to my room...
Well, you know.
I scratched his face, and then...
But he was stronger than I was.
What happened after that?
I put a black-widow spider|underneath his mosquito net.
A female, and they're the worst.
It took him a whole week to die.
Did I do wrong?
Well, it wouldn't do to make a habit of it.
Do you have a woman of your own?
Captain, quick! Down here!
Whatever's coming, it's coming this way!
This time I want to see it.
And hurry!|There's less than 12 hours to go!
Stay where you are!
All of you! Stay right where you are!
OK, Captain.|If that ain't a dragon, what is it?
A dragon that runs on diesel.
Forget the spooks, Quarrel. You take the|driver. I'll take the headlights
and tyres.
You keep safe out of sight.
Come on.
I told you to stay there!
- I was frightened.|- Get down!
Come on out!|Hands where we can see 'em!
And the dame! Quick!
Unless you want an extra navel.
Hold it. Drop that gun.
Now kick it away from you.
The girl will stay where she is.|Now walk towards me, hands out in front.
Come on!
Hey, you!|Where do you think you're going!
Sorry we ain't got any flowers.|Come on, let's go.
Come on. Come on, let's go!
Give me that knife.
Leave him alone!
- Leave him alone!|- Get out of the way!
Get inside!
Keep an eye on the man.
And be careful. They've been|in the swamp and they're contaminated.
Check their Geiger reading.

He's reading 95, Chief.

She's 88.

Too much for the monitor. |Scrub them down, but quick!

Do another reading.

- Reading 72.8. | - The mud's soaked into their clothes.

All right, then. Take off all their clothes.

- What's he going to do? | - Do as he says. We're contaminated.

- Do the girl first. | - We give the orders around here.

Fine, but do something about this. |Come here, you. Here.

Use the high-temperature jets. |Full pressure.

- She's reading 47. | - All right. Put the man through.

He's now clocking 40.

Stages three and five.

Reading 38.

- Down to 8. | - Hold the girl.

He's now 18.

He's now at 8.

- She's clear. | - Good. Get the man ready.

He's got a count of four.

- Check his fingernails. | - Put your hands in there.

He's OK.

I will notify reception |they're coming through.

Decontamination here. |They're coming through.

Come in.

Come in!

Come in... you poor dears.

We simply didn't know |when to expect you.

First it was teatime yesterday, |and then dinner.

It was only half an hour ago |we knew you were on your way.

Cigarette? American, English, or Turkish?

I'm Sister Rose. This is Sister Lily. We'll |make your stay as pleasant as possible.

That's most kind of you, but...

Oh, you'll want to see your rooms! |Breakfast is ready,
and then you'll want to sleep.

The doctor left strict orders you're |not to be disturbed until this evening.

He'll be delighted |if you join him for dinner.

- Will you be there? | - Tell him I also will be delighted.

Splendid. I know he'll be pleased.

Here we are.

This will be your room, Mr Bond.

This is your bathroom in here.

And for you, young lady,

this is your room.
You'll find fresh clothes in here.
I hope they fit. | We didn't get your sizes till last night.
Don't hesitate to ring | if there's anything you want.
Such as two air tickets to London?
I'll leave you two dear people in peace.
- Well, let's have some breakfast. | - How can you eat at a time like this?
I'm hungry. We don't know when | we'll get the chance to eat again.
Here, take this.
Careful. The whole place | is probably wired for sound.
Have you...
Have you any idea | what they'll do with us?
No idea.
No door handles or windows, either.
It's a prison, then.
Mink-lined with first-class service.
What's the matter?
I don't feel so good.
I feel so sleepy.
Damn coffee!
How do you feel?
Sleepy.
What made us pass out like that?
The coffee was drugged.
It's time for dinner. | We don't want to keep the doctor waiting.
That would never do. Ready, Honey?
I suppose so.
You're doing fine.
Come on.
Am I properly dressed for the occasion?
- Quite suitable. | - Suitable for what?
This way, please.
I'm glad your hands are sweating, too.
Of course I'm scared, too.
Be natural and leave all the talking to me.
In here, please.
I hope you enjoy your dinner.
Come and look!
Artificial light. We could be | hundreds of feet beneath the sea.
Look at that. Sea tulips.
They do not grow above 200ft.
One million dollars, Mr Bond.
You were wondering what it cost.
As a matter of fact, I was.

Forgive my not shaking hands. | It's awkward with these. A misfortune.
You were admiring my aquarium.
Yes. It's quite impressive.
A unique feat of engineering, | if I may say so. I designed it myself.
The glass is convex, ten inches thick, | which accounts for the magnifying
effect.
Minnows pretending they're whales. | Just like you on this island, Dr No.
It depends, Mr Bond,
on which side of the glass you are.
A medium dry martini, lemon peel, | shaken, not stirred.
- Vodka? | - Of course.
We'll have dinner at once.
There's so much to discuss. So little time.
Well, Dr No, you haven't done badly, | considering.
A handicap is what you make of it.
I was the unwanted child | of a German missionary
and a Chinese girl of good family.
Yet I became treasurer of the most | powerful criminal society in China.
It's rare for the Tongs to trust anyone | who isn't completely Chinese.
I doubt they shall do so again.
I escaped to America | with ten million of their dollars in gold.
That's how you financed this operation.
A good idea to use atomic power. | I'm glad you can handle it properly.
I'd hate to think your decontamination | chamber wasn't effective.
My work has given me | a unique knowledge of radioactivity,
but not without costs, as you see.
Yes.
Your power source had | our organisation puzzled for some time.
They are still puzzled, Mr Bond.
Not any longer. I sent a complete report.
You've not contacted your headquarters | since you requested a Geiger
counter.
But there are so many files | open on you already, Dr No.
Our own, the CIA's...
The one from the Tong society | that you robbed.
When trouble comes, you'll find | this is a small and naked island.
An expendable island.
When my mission is accomplished, | I'll destroy it and move on.
But the habit of enquiry is consistent. | I see you're wondering why, where,
when.
I gratify your curiosity | because you're the one man
capable of appreciating what I've done
and keeping it to himself.
Just a minute. There's no point | in involving the girl at this stage.

Let her go free. She'll promise not to talk.

- No, I'm staying with you.|- I don't want you here.

I agree. This is no place for the girl.

Take her away.

No!

No!

- I'm sure the guards will amuse her.|- Let me go! No!

That's a Dom Prignon '55. |It would be a pity to break it.

I prefer the '53 myself.

Clumsy effort, Mr Bond. |You disappoint me.

I'm not a fool,

so please do not treat me as one. |And that table knife, please put it back.

Well, we can't all be geniuses, can we?

Does the toppling of American missiles |really compensate for having no hands?

Missiles are only the first step |to prove our power.

"Our" power? Your disregard for human life |means you must be working for the East.

East, West - just points of the compass, |each as stupid as the other.

I'm a member of SPECTRE.

- SPECTRE?|- SPECTRE.

Special Executive for Counterintelligence, |Terrorism, Revenge, Extortion.

The four cornerstones of power, headed |by the greatest brains in the world.

Correction. "Criminal" brains.

The successful criminal brain |is always superior. It has to be.

Well, why become criminal?

I'm sure the West would welcome |a scientist of your... calibre.

The Americans are fools. |I offered my services. They refused.

So did the East. |Now they can both pay for their mistake.

World domination. That same old dream.

Our asylums are full of people |who think they're Napoleon... or God.

You persist in trying to provoke me, |Mr Bond.

- I could've had you killed in the swamp.|- And why didn't you?

I thought you less stupid. |Usually, when a man gets in my way...

But you were different. |You cost me time, money,

effort. You damaged my organisation

and my pride.

I was curious to see |what kind of a man you were.

I thought there might be a place |for you with SPECTRE.

I'm flattered.

I'd prefer the revenge department.

My first job would be finding the man |who killed Strangways and Quarrel.

I misjudged you. |You are just a stupid policeman

whose luck has run out.

They're waiting for you|in the control room, Dr No.
No hurry. They won't have started|their countdown check yet.
You won't get away with it, Dr No. The|Americans are prepared for any
trouble.
I never fail, Mr Bond.
What do we do with him?
Soften him up.|I haven't finished with him yet.
Aagh!
Have you got new fuel elements loaded?
All ready, sir.
The roadblock is about 3,000ft away.
No traffic allowed.
The launch area is completely cleared...
at its full weight of 240 tons.
have been put onto the vehicle.
We will run up|to half power for 30 seconds.
Control interlocks free.
Fuel elements 12.5.
Control?
Control rod actuators operating.|Core temperature 113.
Converters?
Converters standing by.|Ignition heaters on.
Radiation?
Counters 121, 141, 109.
- Energy stabilisers?|- Energy steady...
the control centre at Cape Canaveral.
Fuel elements?
- We're just checking...|- Fuel elements! Where's Chang?
Chang! What are you doing there?!|Get on the gantry!
Hurry!
- Shut down.|- Shut down reactor!
Countdown for...
Reactor shutdown,|temperature 227, falling.
- Converters off.|- Converters off.
- Radiation reading.|- Radiation zero.
Shutdown procedure complete.
Reactor safe.
Last fuelling control has been made.
Stand by.
for the countdown.
indicates all systems are go at this time.
and counting.
This is Mercury Control.
tracking crew in case of emergency,

have given us the word go.
Remain on standby. | Approximately two minutes to go.
Control rod actuators standing by.
Converters standing by.
Radio beam synchronised for toppling.
Zeroed on the rocket now.
Mercury Spacecraft Control...
...for the final countdown. | - Stand by.
Run to full power. Fuel elements 21.
Attention all controls.
Going into operation... now.
The umbilical is retracted.
that they are in good condition.
G minus one-nine seconds and counting.
G minus one-five and counting.
Ten...
Nine...
Eight...
Seven...
Six...
- Five... Four... Three... | - Shut down!
Two... One...
Zero!
Lift off!
The tower has been jettisoned.
against that grey sky, and it's green.
The engines are burning.
which still sounds good and true.
It's a very hot rocket.
against the grey of the cumulus.
Up in the sunlight, beginning to gleam.
A very good, steady climb.
All systems go! Go! Go!
Honey! Honey!
Honey!
- Where's the girl I came in with? | - I don't know!
Where's the girl | they brought in with me?
- Number twelve. | - Show me.
We've run out of fuel.
What are we going to do now?
Well, we can swim, or, er...
Or what?
Come here.
Ahoy, Mr Bond! Ahoy, Mr Bond!

Well, well! What's the matter?

Do you need help?

I'm quite sure "you" don't.

Now that you're here,|you'd better give us a tow.

Throw us your line.