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Tomorrow Never Dies

By Bruce Feirstein

FADE IN ON:

EXT. DESOLATE MOUNTAIN RANGE - HIGH ANGLE - DAWN

Super:

We're looking down at what used to be called "The End of the Known World." A landscape that is both beautiful, and forbidding.

In the center of this vista, there is a deep ravine.

Pushing in on the ravine, there appears to be a giant icicle hanging

over a cliff:

AN ICE FALL. A 600 foot waterfall whose face is frozen solid.

Pushing in still closer, there is a tiny black dot inching its way up the ice. A human figure. This is:

JAMES BOND, BRITISH SECRET SERVICE AGENT, 007.

Bond is sweating and straining, four hundred feet in the air. He has an ice-pick tethered to each hand, ice-cleats on his boots. A black backpack. As he climbs, spider-like, pulling himself up, he goes to JAM A CLEAT into the ice, but -

CRACK! A 50 foot stiletto of ice breaks off, CRASHING onto the rocks below. Regaining his foothold, Bond looks down: Certain death. He

looks up:

BOND:

There has to be an easier way to earn a living.

Still, Bond climbs. Huffing, sweating, he goes up, and up, until - ANOTHER ANGLE -

He's 25 feet from the top. He drives a first ice pick in. Gets a toehold. But when he slams the second pick in -

THE ICE WALL SHATTERS, FALLING AWAY IN FRONT OF HIM. IN THE SHOCK - BOND LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE FIRST ICE PICK -

And 007 is now dangling, 575 feet in the air, staring at a torrent of water - hanging only by the leather thread around his wrist, attached to the first ice-pick, still embedded in the wall.

Bond pauses. Thinks. And coolly begins to swing himself back and forth, in widening arcs, like a clock's pendulum.

At the high point of his swing, Bond reaches back to smash his other pick into the ice - BUT MISSES. He looks up at:

THE FIRST ICE PICK, STILL EMBEDDED IN THE WALL -

Beginning to work its way out. The tether, fraying.

RETURN ON BOND -

Cautiously, 007 begins to swing a second time. Once. Twice. And on

the third arc, he swings the ice-pick viciously - but MISSES AGAIN. ANGLE ON THE FIRST ICE PICK, STILL EMBEDDED IN THE WALL - Now jutting downward, barely holding. The tether is almost totally frayed through.

RETURN ON BOND -

One last chance. Bond swings. Once. Twice. He reaches back, hurls himself at the wall, lunging - AND SMASHES THE SECOND PICK INTO THE ICE... Just as the tether finally snaps on the first one. Still, he's all but home: He reaches over, grabs the first pick (barely holding in the ice,) jabs it in, and continues upward.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE WATER FALL -

Exhausted, Bond reaches up, over the edge. He drives a pick down - through the ice, into the hard, flat, ground beneath the waterbed. As he pulls himself up, (his full weight on the first ice-pick,) he smashes a second pick through the ice, into the waterbed, and - THE ENTIRE ICE FALL GIVES WAY -

Breaking off with a groan, tumbling onto the rocks below.

IN THE WATERBED -

A torrent of water crashes over 007. Fighting the oncoming deluge, he crawls - on his belly - through the water - 25 feet inland.

NEW ANGLE - (TOP OF THE WATER FALL, INLAND)

Bond stands, walks out of the riverbed. He looks back at the cliff:

BOND'S POV - THE WATER FALL -

On either side of the water, there are two small RADAR DISHES, angled down, scanning every inch of the area, save for the waterfall itself.

In other words:

RETURN ON BOND -

007 shrugs. From his backpack, he takes out TWO CIGAR-SIZED BLACK CANISTERS, and an ELONGATED BLACK BOX. He presses a button on the side of the box, and - fwap, fwap, fwap - SNOW SKIS unfold.

He presses buttons on the canisters: TELESCOPIC SKI POLES. Bond slaps on the skis, and takes off, through the snow.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - BOND SKIS THROUGH THE PINES -

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF -

Bond hurtles over the side, going airborne, landing 100 feet below, amidst boulders. In perfect Olympic form, he skis out, and down.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -

Bond slaloms down, in and out of trees, to avoid detection. At the bottom, where the snow thins, he comes to:

A ROCK OUTCROPPING.

Hiding behind the rock, Bond takes off his skis, knapsack. He unpacks (and unfolds) a HIGH TECH AUTOMATIC RIFLE. Puts on a HEADSET. He creeps up on the rock, and looks out on:

A SECRET MILITARY BASE/AIR STRIP (BOND'S POV)

50 feet down, 200 yards away: 50 MEN are unloading CARGO from a dozen MILITARY TRANSPORT TRUCKS; there are TWO NORTH KOREAN MiG-29s on the ground (one partially obscured by a truck,) plus FLATBEDS carrying HELICOPTERS and SCUD MISSILES.

Near a QUONSET HUT, a TRUCK-MOUNTED RADAR DISH scans the area, with INFRARED GATLING GUNS mounted on either side.

BOND - AT THE ROCK OUTCROPPING -

Props his rifle on the boulder, and peers through the GUN SIGHT.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT -

He sees a closer (but still wide) telescopic view of men bargaining over weapons, and forklifts loading/unloading crates of munitions.

THE SAME SCENE ON A VIDEO WALL - MI-6 SITUATION ROOM, LONDON.

BOND'S VOICE

(over a speaker)

Seven, in position.

TANNER'S VOICE

Roger, Seven.

Watching this display is M, TANNER, and a handful of MILITARY BRASS, including a RUSSIAN GENERAL, BUKHARIN, and BRITISH ADMIRAL ROEBUCK, an aging sea-lion with no love for M, or MI-6.

M deals with the humorless Admiral by, well, humoring him:

M:

... What were you saying, Admiral?
Something about this 'not being a job
for a wine-sniffing, skirt-chasing
playboy spy?'

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

- I'll be sure to acknowledge 007's
'assistance' in my report to the
Prime Minister. But this is, still,
a naval operation.

M:

What do they say in Russia, General
Bukharin?

(asks questions in
flawless Russian)

The general chuckles. Translates:

GENERAL BUKHARIN

'In a joint operation, someone's nose
always gets put out of joint.'

M turns to Admiral Roebuck:

M:

I'm interested in success, Admiral.
Not who gets credit.

(turning to:

Mr. Tanner:

Tanner points to the video wall with a RED LASER PEN.

TANNER:

(ironically)

A regular terrorist swap meet. Death

at discount:

Scuds, a pair of Soviet A-17 attack
helicopters -

BUKHARIN:

(interrupting)

Stolen -

TANNER:

And the crates look like American M-16
assault rifles, Chilean antipersonnel
mines, six French Exocet missiles, and
75 - no maybe a hundred - kilograms of
Czech made C-4 Semtech explosive.

(beat)

Something for everyone. Fun for the
whole family.

M:

(freezing him with a glance)

What about ID's?

TANNER:

(pushes a button on a console)

One to seven:

THE ROCK OUTCROPPING -

Bond adjusts a knob on the scope.

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM -

On the video-screen, the picture zooms to a CLOSE UP of one of the arms traders. Tanner presses a button, and - almost instantly - the man's bio and vitals appear on another video screen.

TANNER:

Gustav Meinholtz. Neo-Nazi, former East German STASI agent. Ties to the Beider-Meinhoff gang.

(pressing a button)

Aces high, seven. Bid to the east.

Bond shifts his aim, east. (Intercut as necessary) He zeroes in on another face, and the man's stats appear in London.

TANNER:

Vilko Barkoviac. Bosnian war criminal; thought to be operating freelance out of Teheran.

(pressing a button)

Full house, seven. Bid to the North.

Bond complies. Another face, another set of stats:

TANNER:

Sitoshi Isagura. Japanese religious fanatic. Wanted for the Tokyo subway -

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

(impatiently, cutting him off:)

I've seen enough. Let's finish this.

(ordering M:

Tell your man to drop back. We're initiating plan B -

M:

But -

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

- Thank you, M. But this is more than your man can handle.

(to Bukharin)

Are we in agreement?

BUKHARIN:

(hesitant, at first)

- Yes. Yes.

M:

Admiral -

Moving swiftly, the Admiral has picked up a RED PHONE:

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

Command to Nelson: Authorization to
fire.

EXT. A BRITISH WARSHIP - STEAMING IN THE GULF OF OMAN -

INT. WEAPONS CONTROL ROOM - BRITISH WARSHIP -

CAPTAIN:

Weapons authorized. Prepare to fire.

On my count:

EXT. DECK OF THE WARSHIP -

A launcher rotates, and - BOOM - a Cruise missile blasts off.

INT. WARSHIP WEAPONS CONTROL ROOM -

FIRING OFFICER:

Cruise missile away -

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM -

FIRING OFFICER'S VOICE (Cont'd)

Time to target:

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

I appreciate your assistance, M. But
this is now a military operation.

M:

(urgently, to Tanner)

Bring up the tracking satellite. And
get 007 out of there.

Tanner hits a button - and a third video screen appears, displaying a
satellite view of the area, detailing the Cruise's path and progress.

TANNER:

One to seven:

Repeat -

BOND'S VOICE

Seven to one. Negative. Wait.

THE ROCK OUTCROPPING -

Bond has taken his eye from the scope. He's peering at:

THE MIG-29'S - ("MiG-1," AND "MiG-2") -

A FORKLIFT appears from behind the TRUCK blocking the view of "MiG-1"

A TALL BALD MAN is riding the empty fork, with his back to us.

BOND -

Puts his eye back on the scope, shifts the rifle -

MI-6/VIDEO WALL -

Bond's scope view settles on THE BALD MAN. The forklift reaches the back of the truck. HE STEPS OFF as the fork begins rising to unload something. And as the man turns, FACING US to scan the area:

TANNER:

Oh, no.

M:

Who is it?

TANNER:

(calling up his stats)

Kim Dae Yung. North Korean Nuclear specialist.

M:

Meaning there may be nuclear material down there?

Tanner nods. A look passes from M, to Bukharin, to Roebuck.

THE CRUISE MISSILE -

Hugging the surface, crossing from water to land.

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM -

VOICE FROM WARSHIP

Time to target:

(sfx:

Target acquired. Weapon armed.

Tension. Adrenaline. QUIET PANIC. On the SCREEN, the FORK LIFT has pulled a RED BOX from the truck, a SHORT ROUND MAN appearing with it.

M:

Who is that?!? What's in the box??

TANNER:

(punching buttons)

I don't know. He's not in the database -

M:

(to Bukharin)

What's in the box, General?

(he shrugs)

What's in the box???

BUKHARIN:

(sheepishly)

... We usually... Transport...

Weapons grade uranium.

Shock sweeps the room. M turns on Tanner:

M:

Will it go off?

TANNER:

Maybe. Maybe not.

M:

Abort the cruise.

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

It's too late -

M:

GET BOND OUT OF THERE.

TANNER:

One to seven - one to seven -

BOND - SQUINTING THROUGH THE RIFLE AT THE OUTCROPPING -

BOND:

Negative, one. NOT YET.

THE TRUCK/MiG-1, ON THE GROUND/THROUGH THE SCOPE -

THE BALD MAN slaps the back of the truck obscuring MiG-1. THE TRUCK PULLS AWAY, revealing MiG-1's WING. Hanging from the weapons pod: A NUCLEAR BOMB.

BOND - AT THE ROCK OUTCROPPING -

Mutters a curse.

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM -

TANNER:

Soviet SB-9 nuclear torpedo. Yield,
one kiloton.

M:

Will the cruise set it off?

TANNER:

Yes.

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

(to Bukharin)

Jesus. Can't you people keep
anything locked up?

GENERAL BUKHARIN

We didn't know it was missing.

M:

Get me the Prime Minister. Alert
NATO, the CIA, the Pentagon.

(presses a button:)

Seven:

want you out of there. Do you copy?

THE ROCK OUTCROPPING -

Bond's headset lies on top of the rock, along with the telescopic
sight - still broadcasting.

Find Bond, crouching BEHIND the rock. Automatic rifle in one hand,
GRENADE in the other. He pulls the pin, hurls it 40 feet away.

Pauses. Waits, counting down time. Then -

BOND SPRINGS. SHOOTS at one of the CRATES. IT BLOWS UP, just as -
THE GRENADE EXPLODES.

There's PANIC ON THE GROUND. Men running everywhere as THE RADAR/
GATLING GUN spins, and SENDS A HAIL OF FIRE at Bond's diversion.

And with this, BOND is off, SPRINTING INTO THE CHAOS.

THE SAME SCENE - VIDEO SCREEN - MI-6 SITUATION ROOM.

Stoned silence. Disbelief. Tanner whispers:

TANNER:

God help him.

THE CRUISE MISSILE - FLYING THROUGH A MOUNTAIN RAVINE -

God help the rest of us.

THE SECRET AIR BASE -

As various factions shoot at each other (Who's the traitor?) Bond
streaks toward the action. Without breaking stride, he swings his

gun to the right: TWO BURSTS. THREE MEN DIE. Still running, he swings to the left: ANOTHER BURST. TWO MORE DOWN. Ahead, Bond sees the FLIGHT CREWS DASHING for the MiG's. He makes a beeline for MiG-1.

ANGLE ON THE BALD MAN -

Slamming the gate on the RED BOX in a cargo truck. Rushing to the passenger door. Climbing in. The SHORT ROUND MAN floors the accelerator, driving them away.

THE CRUISE MISSILE - STARTING ITS DESCENT DOWN A MOUNTAIN

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM - M, WATCHING HELPLESSLY -

VOICE FROM WARSHIP

Time to target:

WIDE ON MiG-1 -

The pilot climbs the ladder to the cockpit. Running at full tilt, BOND LEAPS, pulls the man down. They fall to the tarmac, FIGHTING. Bond SHOVES A KNIFE in the man's ribs, killing him.

Kneeling, Bond takes the pilot's helmet off. He looks up: A MAN is coming at him with a GUN. In one unbroken move, Bond YANKS THE KNIFE from the pilot's body and THROWS IT - thwack - into the man's heart.

ANGLE ON MIG-2'S PILOT - WATCHING THIS FROM HIS COCKPIT.

RETURN ON BOND - CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT -

Where the COPILOT (having climbed in from the other side,) sees it's not the right guy. As he fumbles for a weapon, BOND BASHES HIM WITH THE HELMET. The copilot collapses into his seat, unconscious.

Bond settles into his seat, fires the engines, closes the double canopy, and begins taxiing out.

THE CRUISE MISSILE - CROSSING OVER THE PERIMETER OF THE AIR BASE

MI-6 SITUATION ROOM - ROEBUCK, TANNER, M, WATCHING, UNABLE TO BREATHE -

HIGH ANGLE - THE RUNWAY -

The CRUISE SKIMS IN DIRECTLY OVER BOND'S PLANE, speeding to takeoff.

(INT. BOND'S MiG) BOND SHOVES THE THROTTLES TO THE FIREBALL AND - THE VIDEO-WALL - MI-6 SITUATION ROOM -

KA-BOOM!!!! The scene on the screen erupts in a GIANT EXPLOSION - then turns to video-snow. Is Bond alive? No one in London knows.

HIGH ANGLE - THE AIR BASE -

The FIREBALL grows and grows, a raging hell. And just when it seems no one could possibly survive: BOND'S MiG ROCKETS OUT OF THE FLAMES!!

INT. BOND'S MiG -

Bond thinks he's safe. Sound. Until -

MiG-2 FLIES OUT OF THE FIREBALL -

Cannons blazing at 007. A hail of metal and tracers.

INT./EXT. BOND'S MIG -

Bond goes into evasive maneuvers - jinks right, jinks left - when,

suddenly, THE COPILOT REVIVES, and starts trying to STRANGLE Bond with a METAL LANYARD. Struggling, Bond HEARS a THIN HIGH-PITCHED TONE -

INT./EXT. MIG-2

The pilot has locked onto Bond's MiG. Boom! TWO HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES roar away.

INT./EXT. BOND'S MIG -

Fighting the garrote, Bond KICKS THE THROTTLES forward and PULLS BACK ON THE YOKE. The MiG goes into a spine crushing climb as - THE TWO HEAT SEEKING MISSILES FOLLOW HIM, LOOPING UPWARD.

INT. MIG-2 -

Bond's MiG has disappeared from the pilot's view: Not in front. Not on the left. Not on the right. Where did he go? The pilot looks up: BOND'S MIG APPEARS, FLYING INVERTED, COCKPIT DOWN, 10 FEET ABOVE MIG-2. THE PILOT OF MIG-2 IS STUNNED.

INT./EXT. BOND'S MIG -

Fighting against the garrote, Bond strains to reach a RED BUTTON on

the panel:

Bond finally taps it, and - THE BACK HALF OF THE CANOPY BLOWS OFF! The COPILOT BLASTS OUT OF THE PLANE, DOWNWARD, directly into MIG-2's cockpit. Bond peels off.

For a second, MiG-2 hangs in the air. Until... BOOM!!! The TWO HEAT SEEKING MISSILES BLAST IT TO SMITHEREENS.

Back in MiG-1, Bond fiddles with the radio.

MI-6 - SITUATION ROOM -

BOND'S VOICE

Seven to base. I have a full house. Your bid.

The situation room erupts in cheers.

RETURN ON BOND IN THE MIG -

BOND:

By the way:

his "assistance." Over and out.

EXT. BOND'S MIG -

Goes to AFTERBURNERS. And from the fiery glow of the engine, we

DISSOLVE TO:

THE 007 GUN BARREL. MAIN CREDITS.

After credits, fade in on:

EXT. OXFORD COLLEGE - DAY

All ivy and bricks... And a certain Aston-Martin DB-5, parked.

INT. BOOK LINED OFFICE -

Afterglow:

Bond is in bed with a smart, IRONIC, (and, yes, stunning,) 30-ish Chinese woman, JENNY WU. (NOTE: The Chinese here is Mandarin, spelled phonetically.)

BOND:

(running a finger across her lips)
... And what do you call these?

JENNY WU:

Ja-shwa tsway. These are lips.

BOND:

Indeed they are.
(kisses them, lightly)
Deadly little things.
She laughs. His hand goes beneath the sheets.

BOND:

And what do you call these? The Gang
of Two?

JENNY WU:

(smacking his hand, laughing:)
Stop it!

BOND:

I was just getting to the interesting part!

JENNY WU:

We've already done the interesting
part. Do you forget?

BOND:

Remind me.
He moves to roll on top of her, but she pushes him off, teasing:

JENNY WU:

Sakwa!

BOND:

Is that Mandarin, or Cantonese?

JENNY WU:

Mandarin. You jerk.

(tousling his hair)

I'm late. I have to get dressed.

She hops off the bed, leaving frame. Bond settles back on the headboard, ready to enjoy the view... When his CELL PHONE RINGS.

BOND:

(lightly)

Hello -

(catching himself)

Hello.

INT. M'S ANTEROOM - MI-6.

MONEYPENNY, at her desk.

MONEYPENNY:

Hello, James. I hope I'm interrupting something important.

INT. OFFICE - (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY)

(Jenny has a leg on the bed, pulling on a full Victoria's Secret

outfit:

BOND:

Not at all, Money penny. I was just brushing up on a little Chinese.

(In the background, Jenny insists "I am not little.")

MONEYPENNY:

I'm sure she is, James. But I'm afraid you'll have to 'kiss off' the rest of your lessons this afternoon.

BOND:

(mock chagrin)

Money penny... Here I was, finally getting a feel for a new tongue -

MONEYPENNY:

Four o'clock. M will meet you in the conference room.

Bond watches with amusement as Jenny Wu slips a Graduation-type gown over the lingerie. No dress.

BOND:

4:

to wrap things up here.

MONEYPENNY:

Four o'clock. Don't be late.

BOND:

(hanging up:

Tsi tien, Chien-penny.

ON MONEYPENNY:

MONEYPENNY:

Ah, James. You always were a cunning linguist... Au revoir, mon cher.

Money penny hangs up, looks up, and blanches: M is standing there.

MONEYPENNY:

Don't ask.

M:

Don't tell.

(walking away)

I don't want to know.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JENNY'S OFFICE - OXFORD -

Bond and Jenny Wu emerge from the office. (She's still in the gown.)

They pass a flock of young students:

STUDENT:

Good afternoon, Professor Wu.

JENNY WU:

Good afternoon.

(then to Bond)

Are you sure you can't stay for the lecture?

BOND:

I can't. But I did enjoy the dress rehearsal.

She gives him a wry glance, opens a door to a lecture hall.

JENNY WU:

Tsi tien, Mr. Bond.

BOND:

Tsi tien, Professor Wu.

She exits; Bond walks off, passing underneath a WALL MOUNTED TV SET. ON THE TV SET - The HNN Globe Logo - The Harmsway News Network - spins into view, followed by:

HNN ANCHOR:

You're watching HNN, the Harmsway 24 hour news network. Coming up:

(mortise shot of:)

Valentin Zukofsky's stunning victory in the Ukrainian Presidential elections...

(mortise shot of:)

Live coverage of the latest HNN communications satellite launch from Xichang (shi-chung) China... And -

(mortise shot of:)

A special report on the situation in Hong Kong, since the Chinese take-over from Great Britain.

EXT. MI-6 LONDON - DAY

The DB-5 drives past the guard.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Debriefing:

DOMINIQUE EVERHART, (early 30's, Belgian,) refers to video clips from the Khyber Pass sequence:

COL. DOMINIQUE EVERHART

To sum up:

inflation of the fork-lift in the MI-6 video tape, NATO believes the "red box contains approximately eighty kilograms of U235 weapons grade uranium - an incredibly hard, incredibly heavy, incredibly lethal substance.

M:

And that's enough enriched uranium to produce how many nuclear devices?

COL. DOMINIQUE EVERHART

Depending on the builder's sophistication - one crude bomb that could devastate London, Paris, New York, Berlin - or all four if they have the latest technology. There's a pregnant pause in the room.

M:

And the participants?

COL. DOMINIQUE EVERHART

(pointing at the screen)

Kim Dae Yung. Moscow-trained North Korean nuclear weapons specialist; apparently fell out of favor with the current North Korean regime after a botched attempt to steal fissionable material from a British light-water reactor in South Africa - an accident that left him entirely hairless...

Another face appears on the screen:

COL. DOMINIQUE EVERHART (cont'd)

And Rendra Sikrahm, also known as Richard Stamper. Freelance mercenary, Laos and Cambodia. His father was from Nepal - a Gurkha warrior - conscripted by the British government to fight in China during World War II - after which the family settled in Hong Kong, where the young Stamper was undoubtedly treated like a second class citizen by both the Hong Kong Chinese, and local British.

(beat, aside:

We've all read about the signs at the British swimming pools in Hong Kong that said "No Gurkha's allowed."

BOND:

Nothing like a little imperialism to promote loyalty among the faithful.

COL. DOMINIQUE EVERHART

(stifles a smile, then:)

In conclusion:

vendetta against the world. They are nuclear armed, and dangerous. And having failed to get the UZ35 through the old opium route - the Khyber Pass - it's NATO's belief that their next attempt will be through Bulgaria - where the NATO Nuclear Strike Force will be there to stop them.

M:

Thank you Colonel Everhart.

(stands, turns to:)

007, I'd like to see you in my office. Why don't you and the Colonel exchange numbers if you need more information?

BOND:

Yes, M.

M exits. Bond approaches Dominique. She smiles, warmly. There's a mutual attraction - but there's something else going on, unspoken.

BOND:

Interesting presentation.

DOMINIQUE:

Interesting video tape.

BOND:

They point, I shoot.

DOMINIQUE:

(feels her pockets)

Do you have a pen? I just got promoted and don't have my new cards yet.

BOND:

Of course.

Bond hands her a PEN. She regards it cautiously.

DOMINIQUE:

... Does this do anything?

BOND:

Depends what number you write.

She gives him a wry look; starts to write. He notes her WEDDING BAND.

BOND:

Married?

DOMINIQUE:

Happily.

BOND:

... Kids?

DOMINIQUE:

Three. You? Married?

BOND:

No.

DOMINIQUE:

(smiles)

I didn't think so.

For an instant, something crosses Bond's face: Bittersweetness? Remorse? Either way, she's scored a subtle victory.

DOMINIQUE:

Here. I gave you my assistant's phone number. If it's urgent, she knows where to reach me.

BOND:

Thanks.

(beat, holding her gaze)

Take care -

DOMINIQUE:

You too.

With a Sphinx-like smile, she watches Bond leave.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Bond encounters MONEYPENNY, also walking to M's office.

BOND:

Moneypenny! We've got to stop meeting

like this. They may be on to us.

MONEYPENNY:

Hello, James. Enjoy your meeting?

BOND:

In the darkest moments, it's what I live for. Especially since I've heard how much you like to watch... On the hidden camera.

Money Penny cuts Bond a look - and, in the background, sees Dominique leave the conference room, and walk down the hall, away from them.

MONEYPENNY:

By the way, James: Ordinarily I would never ask, but... Weren't you and that Colonel once stranded on a raft for two weeks in the Sargasso Sea?

BOND:

Money Penny! How indiscreet! Have you ever known me to kiss and tell? They've come to a security door. She punches in a code -

MONEYPENNY:

Actually, I've never known you to do either... But -

BOND:

- We all want what we can't have?

MONEYPENNY:

Not all of us, 007.

The door opens. They go into:

INT. M'S ANTEROOM (MONEYPENNY'S AREA) - CONTINUOUS

BOND:

What - no lust for adventure?

MONEYPENNY:

No, 007. It's just that I've learned from personal experience - that when we get what we want -
(beat)

Somehow the reality is never as...

Satisfying as the fantasy.

Bond scowls. Moneypenny smiles wryly, points to the inner door:

MONEYPENNY:

Don't keep M waiting.

INT. M'S OFFICE - DAY

M is behind her desk; MINISTER PETER JOHNSTONE sits across - a high-handed Teflon-coated politician, with the survival instincts of plutonium. They've been arguing.

M:

Come in, 007. You know the Minister?

BOND:

Of course.

(nods to)

Minister Johnstone.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

007.

Bond sits in an armchair. M presses a button, and a video/bio of ELIOT HARMSWAY appears on the wall behind her. Mid-50's, regal.

M:

Tell me, 007, what do you know about Elliot Harmsway?

BOND:

(quipping)

Only what I read in the newspapers.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(disdainfully)

His newspapers?

BOND:

(glancing sideways)

Occasionally, yes.

(directly to M)

British media mogul. Born in Hong Kong; controls newspapers, TV, radio, cable, satellites; books, magazines, movies, computer software. Theme parks.

M:

(holding up a copy of:)

- Along with Tomorrow - the first world-wide newspaper. Circulation 27 million. Daily. -

BOND:

'Able to topple governments with a single story' - as he says in his press.

JOHNSTONE:

(hurrumph)

Exactly.

Bond looks at Johnstone quizzically. Then a very tight-lipped M. He senses he's about to enter a minefield:

BOND:

... What's Harmsway done?

M:

It seems, 007, we've received a tip
MINISTER JOHNSTONE

A rumor - from an anonymous source -

M:

- that Sir Elliot may be involved with Stamper and Yung, and the missing Uranium.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

Hearsay. Idle chatter from a source you can't identify - who insists on talking only to 007. Nothing but loose talk and innuendo.

M:

That may be the case at present, Minister Johnstone... But our own sources suspect that Mr. Harmsway used his considerable Russian media - holdings to elect Valentin Zukofsky President of the Ukraine - in trade for the uranium.

(M has punched a button, and Valentin's video bio has appeared.)

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

More scurrilous, unsubstantiated gossip.

BOND:

Perhaps. But it does explain how an ex-KGB agent turned illegal-arms dealer is suddenly portrayed as a long-time friend of the people.

(beat)

If you believe what you read in the papers.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(annoyed)

Need I remind the two of you that Elliot Harmsway - Sir Elliot Harmsway - is directly descended from the Earl of Aberdeen? That his Scottish ancestors practically invented Hong Kong - and out of sheer gratitude, Queen Victoria herself named the port "Aberdeen Harbor" in their honor?

M:

(long pause, then:)

... No more than I need remind you, Minister, that merely being a member of the lucky sperm club - does not preclude one from a life of criminal activity.

Johnstone is reeling. M continues, to Bond, with aplomb:

M:

The reason I invited the Minister here, 007, was to reassure him that this investigation will be handled with the utmost discretion.

BOND:

Of course.

M:

Which is also why I've withheld this information from NATO and our allies.

BOND:

(nods, then, recalling)

... Didn't we once investigate Harmsway?

M:

Yes. 1988. He was furious at the British plan to return Hong Kong, and supposedly started his own negotiations with the Chinese Government. The inquiry went nowhere - but it did earn MI-6 a rather powerful enemy -

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

Not to mention the chaos it caused at Whitehall when his newspapers began screaming for the recall of the sitting government.

M:

(a beat, then:

I'm sending you to Venice, 007. You're to check out the source, determine whether Elliot Harmsway is involved with the enriched uranium, and, if so, stop him.

BOND:

How will I meet the informant?
She hands Bond a CARNIVAL MASK:

M:

You're to wear this mask at the Venice Carnival, and wait to be contacted.

BOND:

I understand.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(standing, to leave)

There is one last thing, 007: Elliot Harmsway is vital to the economic interests of this nation. He's also a major contributor to the party. I expect him to be given every consideration.

BOND:

Political considerations?

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

To the best of my recollection, Mr.

Bond, I suggested no such thing.

(beat, at the door)

In fact, I was never here.

And he exits. M, frowning, hits a button on her intercom:

M:

Would you send in the new man from
equipment branch?

MONEYPENNY (O.S.)

Right away.

BOND:

.... I hate to ask, but... Did you
ever think you'd miss Communism?

M:

We serve the interests of the British
people, 007. No matter who we may be
foolish enough to elect.

Bond is silent, chastised. M looks away, then looks back:

M:

But if Elliot Harmsway is involved
with that uranium, I want him
prosecuted to the ends of the earth.

BOND:

Hopefully, it won't get that far.

M looks up:

a

mummy - plaster casts on his left leg, left arm; neck-brace, crutch.

M:

Come in, Saunders.

SAUNDERS:

M. 007.

BOND:

Okay, Saunders. What is it this
time? Rocket in the leg? Machine
pistol in the arm?

SAUNDERS:

Q's retirement party. I'd just put
the knife into the cake, and -

BOND:

Come on. I know better than that -
Bond thwacks the crutch against the leg. Saunders GRIMACES IN PAIN.

BOND:

It must do something.

SAUNDERS:

Well... If you insist.
Saunders flexes his broken arm; ARMORED SPIKES pop out of the it.

BOND:

The die is cast.
Saunders exchanges a beleaguered glance with M. He takes off the cast
and neck-brace, and places a BRIEFCASE on M's desk.

SAUNDERS:

Now pay attention, 007. We haven't much
time to demonstrate your new Q toys.

BOND:

How is old Q?

SAUNDERS:

Gone fishing.

BOND:

Fishing?

SAUNDERS:

Big game fishing.
(beat)
Sonar torpedoes. Retirement gift
from his friends at the CIA.
Saunders has opened the briefcase. Bond tries to look inside, but
Saunders repositions it. Saunders continues:

SAUNDERS:

In the meantime, perhaps this will

spark your interest.

(takes out a disposable lighter)

Cigarette lighter. Thumb here, press here -

A small flame appears. Bond, unimpressed, reaches for it -

BOND:

Saunders, I've lit cigarettes -

SAUNDERS:

Not from forty feet.

Saunders flips the lighter sideways and - WHOOSH! A burst of flame shoots across the room.

SAUNDERS:

The disposable lighter also contains a small self-detonation charge

(beat)

Depending on who - or what - you wish to dispose of.

Bond takes the lighter, begins to play with it...

SAUNDERS:

Stop fidgeting, 007. Next -

He takes out a pair of SHOELACES.

BOND:

... Shoelaces?

SAUNDERS:

Plastique explosive shoelaces.

(holding them out at length)

Cut them to regulate the size of the blast; totally harmless until you attach the detonator hidden in the heel of your shoe.

BOND:

(examining them curiously)

Perfect way to tie up a... 'Knotty' problem?

SAUNDERS:

(frowns)

Moving along -

(he produces:

A typical plastic security card.

Name here, magnetic information
stripe here -

(pointing to)

And a code breaking microprocessor
here. Swipe it through any card
reader - anywhere - you're in.

BOND:

Does it work on cash machines?

Saunders is suddenly stricken. Flustered. He blurts out:

SAUNDERS:

It was an authorized test. I returned the money.

BOND:

(amused)

I see...

SAUNDERS:

(ignoring this)

Finally, your new watch: Blue laser
here for signaling or burning
through locks; press this button, the
sweep hand becomes a Geiger counter.

BOND:

(needling him)

If you can't do the time, don't do
the crime?

SAUNDERS:

(smirks at Bond, pauses, then)

Oh. I almost forgot. There is one last

thing:

I give you one other protective device.
He hands Bond a WEDDING BAND.

BOND:

A wedding band??? What am I supposed
to be able to do with this?

SAUNDERS:

I believe Q's exact words were:

(imitating Q, emphatically:)

"Hopefully, nothing."

Bond turns from Saunder's devious grin to an amused M. Smiles:

BOND:

...I'll give you a ring from Venice.

M:

Good luck on your mission, 007.

He snaps the ring down on her desk.

BOND:

Till death do us part.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE HARBOR/GRAND CANAL - NIGHT

A GLEAMING WHITE YACHT - with two on-board helicopters, and a huge tarped hold - dominates the harbor. (Harmsway's SEA DOLPHIN II.)

Tonight, however, we find a GONDOLA, gliding through the water...

Arriving at a festively-lit dock, crowded with gaily costumed partygoers and musicians in medieval garb.

Wearing the mask from M's office, (and a bright blue cape,) Bond alights the gondola, and plunges into the crowd.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO - NIGHT

A swirl of colors, noise and music. Pushing his way into the chaotic celebration, Bond scans the crowd, looking for a face:

NOTHING BUT A SEA OF MASKS. White. Yellow. Red. Blue.

Caught up in the tumult, he turns left, he strains to turn right, anxiously looking for the contact. Who is it?

THREE MASKED WOMEN appear in front of Bond. They curtsy, and giggle.

WOMAN:

Buona sera, signore -

He's spun by a MASKED MAN with a bottle.

MAN:

Vino?

Bond waves him off - and is jostled in the other direction, by a group of celebrants carrying a long banner.

Suddenly, the CROWD SURGES FORWARD: A PROCESSION, carrying the EFFIGY OF CARNIVAL is making its way through the square.

Locked shoulder to shoulder in the crowd, Bond struggles to look forward - left, right - when he FEELS A TUG at his cape from behind. He can only crane his neck to see/hear -

MASKED WOMAN:

I may have been followed. Meet me at the Church in five minutes!

With an effort, Bond turns to look at her - but sees nothing, save the wisp of a satin costume, disappearing as the crowd closes ranks behind him.

SAN GIACOMO SQUARE - NIGHT

Five minutes later. Almost deserted. A few stray couples. The MASKED WOMAN appears, walking tentatively between the shadows and the moonlight, looking for Bond. Suddenly - Whomp! - an arm reaches out, and yanks her into an alcove.

BOND:

Looking for someone?

Recovering her breath (it was a violent yank,) the woman - PARIS removes her mask. She shines a sexy, 1000-watt smile at 007:

PARIS:

Hello, James.

Bond reacts. He is not happy to see her.

BOND:

Paris?!? What are you doing here?

PARIS:

Is that any way to say hello?

BOND:

I thought your specialty was good-bye.

Paris smiles coyly. She LIFTS A HAND to tousle his hair -

PARIS:

Oh, James. I've missed you -

BOND:

(grabbing her by the wrist)

Is this another one of your games?

PARIS:

Stop it! You're hurting me! Can't

you just be nice?

BOND:

I've got half the British government breathing down my neck. I don't have time for your nonsense. She's surprised - and hurt - by his coldness.

PARIS:

Don't you even miss me? Didn't I mean anything to you?

BOND:

Nothing. She turns away from him, fighting back tears. Bond doesn't care:

BOND:

What about Elliot Harmsway? Or is this just another one of your stunts?

PARIS:

(anguished)
No! He's crazy - he's insane. He hates everybody. He's got these plans -
(facing Bond, becoming hysterical:)
You've got to help me, James. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything. I know I was wrong - but you've got to protect me. I know you still love -
BOND SLAPS HER. She's stunned. He waits. She's angered:

PARIS:

Do you feel better now?

BOND:

(not giving an inch)
Do you?
She turns away. Bond feels remorse for hitting her. Softens:

BOND:

What about the uranium?

PARIS:

It's on the boat. He's holding a
press conference tomorrow.

Bond reaches out to touch her. She falls into his arms, burying her
face in his shoulder.

PARIS:

I'm so sorry, James. I promise, I'll
never leave you again.

BOND:

(patting her head)
Shhhhh...

PARIS:

Just hold me.
Bond thinks for a moment, then gently pushes her away, a foot
backwards, to look in her eyes:

BOND:

How do you know Harmsway?
Paris' eyes flicker at something over Bond's shoulder. She swoons:

PARIS:

Kiss me.
She pulls Bond to her, kissing him - then HAULS OFF, BELTING him
across the mouth.

PARIS:

Bastard! Leave me alone!
She shoves him off, darts away. Bond is bleeding from his mouth -
and not altogether surprised at her behavior. He turns to see -
ANOTHER ANGLE - SAN GIACOMO SQUARE - (BOND'S POV) -
Paris running to FOUR MEN dressed alike in three-corner hats,
enveloped from head-to-foot in BLACK CAPES. Their faces are
completely concealed behind flat, bone-white masks covering all but
their chins. They look like messengers of death.
CLOSER ON PARIS AND THE MEN -
The leader is STAMPER; the others are locals, THUG #1, #2, #3. (THUG
#1 is built like a bank vault.) Stamper looks steadily at Bond

STAMPER:

Who is he?

PARIS:

Nobody. Just some drunk. Leave him
alone -

STAMPER:

(to Thug #3)

Take her to the boat.

RETURN ON BOND -

He sees STAMPER and the TWO HENCHMEN approaching. He turns and walks
quickly toward -

EXT. RIALTO BRIDGE - FIRST (UP) STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Pushing past carnival-goers, Bond rushes up the central staircase of
the bridge. At the top, looking onto the main span, he sees -
THE EFFIGY OF CARNIVAL PROCESSION, approaching like a tidal wave.
BOND throws a look over his shoulder, and SEES THE THREE MEN, rushing
up the stairs, knocking people out of the way like bowling pins -
completely unaware of the oncoming parade at the top.

BOND turns to face the men... And suddenly THROWS HIS CAPE UP,
dramatically, like Batman - blocking their view of the procession.
STAMPER AND THE TWO THUGS hesitate for a moment -

And BOND PULLS THE CAPE TO HIS BODY, just as the PROCESSION SURGES
PAST HIM, and spills down the stairs, overwhelming Stamper & Co.

BOND:

(to himself, flexing the cape)

So that's how he does it.

Bond disappears into the oncoming crowd.

Stamper and Thug #2 are pushed to the bottom of the staircase - but
Thug #1 bulls his way up, shouldering through the crowd.

RIALTO BRIDGE - SECOND (DOWN) STAIRCASE - NIGHT

As Bond nears the bottom of the staircase, he looks back up:
THUG #1 is coming down the stairs like an infernal machine, tossing
carnival-goers aside like rag-dolls. Spotting Bond, he charges -
But gets caught between TWO MEN CARRYING A SATIN BANNER. He goes
right through it - ripping the material apart with his bare hands,
pulling the men down, after him.

BASE OF THE RIALTO BRIDGE - CANAL SIDESTREET - NIGHT

Bond turns past the wall at the bottom of the colonnade. He sees:
A GROUP OF TOURISTS, posing for a photo by the bridge -
and just beyond this -

A STREET SELLER hawking souvenirs from a PUSH CART.

BOND approaches the TOURIST with the camera, offering to take the
picture for him.

BOND:

Prego, prego. Permissio.

TOURIST:

Grazie.

Bond takes the camera. The tourists pose. And with perfect timing, Bond turns, and - POP! - sets off the FLASHBULB in THUG #1's face just as he comes around the corner.

Bond flips the camera back to the tourist -

BOND:

Grazie -

And heads for the PUSHCART. Wheeling it around, he SHOVES IT at the thug, who is still stumbling, blinded by the flashbulb.

The CART SLAMS INTO THE MAN, knocking him on his back. The cart stops on top of him, pinning him down.

BOND takes off, threading through the crowd toward a SIDESTREET.

Meanwhile, THE STREET SELLER rushes to his wrecked cart. It ERUPTS in the air as Thug #1 jumps to his feet. He's getting really pissed off. He looks around for Bond - just catching a glimpse of him, as - 007 disappears down the sidestreet.

Thug #1 makes a bee-line for Bond - but finds his path blocked by TWO MOTORCYCLISTS, chatting away. Barely stopping, Thug #1 lifts one of the motorcycles - with the driver still in the seat - and THROWS IT INTO THE CANAL.

RETURN ON THE BASE OF THE BRIDGE -

Stamper and Thug #2 arrive at the wrecked cart - in time to see Thug #1 disappear onto the side Street.

Stamper motions for Thug #2 to come with him on a parallel course along the canals toward -

THE PLAZA SAN SALVATORE - NIGHT

Bond enters the deserted plaza from the side-street. Sticking close to the buildings, he ducks into an alleyway.

ALLEYWAY - OFF THE PLAZA SAN SALVATORE -

Shrinking back into the shadows, Bond peers out into the Plaza.

BOND'S POV - THE PLAZA

Stamper and Thug 2 charge in. Bond watches as they split up and start looking for him.

RETURN ON BOND - IN THE SHADOWS -

Suddenly, a huge hand grabs 007's shoulder, spinning him around: THUG #1 has Bond in his grasp, with murder his eyes. In one fast move, Bond side-steps, ducks, and twists out of the cloak, throwing it over the Thug's head. And as the Thug struggles to get out from under it, Bond slams him head-first into a wall, knocking him out. (He's left sitting upright, slumped against the wall.)

NEW ANGLE -

Bond heads off down the alleyway, away from the Plaza, toward the courtyard of Il Bovolo.

RETURN ON ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE -

Thug #2 enters, spots the figure in Bond's cloak. Very quietly, he pulls out his gun, kneels... And as he brings the gun up to the cloaked figure's head, chambering a round -

The cloak erupts, with Thug #1 viciously biting Thug #2's gun-hand, hurling him against the opposite wall.

With a frustrated fury, Thug #1 rips off the cloak, and stands.

THUG #2

Marco - I didn't know -

THUG #1

After him!

They charge off.

IL BOVOLO - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Bond enters from the alley, scans the courtyard: Three walls. No way out... Save for a SPIRAL STAIRCASE that leads up to the FOURTH FLOOR INTERIOR BALCONY, overlooking the courtyard.

THE SPIRAL STAIRS -

Bond takes the marble steps, two at a time.

RETURN ON THE COURTYARD -

The two Thugs enter the square. Motioning for quiet, they HEAR BOND'S FOOTFALLS on the steps, and race up after him.

THE BALCONY -

Coming off the staircase, Bond tries the doors to the interior of the

building:

courtyard, and HEARS THE THUGS' FOOTSTEPS running up the stairs.

Bond glances up to the roof, just above his head: The only escape.

Pocketing his mask, Bond hops on the BANISTER, REACHES for the GUTTER. He pulls himself up, throws a leg over - onto the roof, and disappears from sight...

Just as the Thugs enter the balcony from the staircase.

FIRST ROOFTOP -

Bond scurries along the steeply pitched terra-cotta roof. There are SHEER DROPS on three sides - but the fourth side is a one-story drop to an adjoining building. Bond jumps.

SECOND (LOWER) ROOFTOP -

007 lands on another steeply pitched roof; unable to get a foothold on the tiles, he slides down, rolling to the edge. He looks down:

The adjoining building is one story lower, with a skylight roof.

As Bond struggles to climb back to the peak of the second roof -

RETURN ON THE BALCONY -

Thug #1 holsters his gun, and climbs on the banister. He's too heavy to climb onto the roof by himself - so Thug #2 shoves him from below.

FIRST ROOFTOP -

Thug #1 searches for Bond. He HEARS BOND moving, below him, on the next building. He makes a running leap.

SECOND (LOWER) ROOFTOP -

Bond has hauled himself up to a crouch as Thug #1 lands. They grapple. The Thug sends Bond sliding down toward the edge of the roof, then loses his balance, and slides down after Bond.

AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, Bond is about to slide off, onto the skylight below, but GRABS THE COPPER GUTTER at the last moment.

007 is now hanging, fifteen feet above a glass skylight... As Thug #1 tumbles off the edge of the roof, and saves himself by GRABBING ONTO BOND'S LEGS.

They sway in the air for a second. The GUTTER bends, breaks, and the two of them fall -

CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS SKYLIGHT, INTO: -

VENICE MEDIEVAL ARMOR MUSEUM - NIGHT.

They land in a shower of glass on the grand banquet table in the Great Hall. Bond is winded. Thug #1, unfazed. He grabs Bond by the collar, hauling him up on his feet.

Thug #1 shoves the nose of his gun under Bond's chin, forcing 007 up on his toes. Snarling, he thrusts his face menacingly close to Bond:
THUG #1

I owe you some pain.

With lightning speed, Bond: 1) Grasps the Thug's elbow and yanks his gun arm forward, as, 2) Bond pitches his head back. Bond's chin just clears the barrel as THE GUN FIRES INTO THE CEILING.

The flash momentarily blinds Thug #1. Bond snatches a CANDELABRA, and smashes it against the Thug's arm, knocking the gun away.

As BOND DRAWS HIS WALTHER, the Thug grabs Bond's wrist, and brutally (yet effortlessly) SQUEEZES THE GUN from 007's hand, ONTO THE FLOOR. With a sick smile, the Thug tosses Bond into a corner of the room. He's having fun.

AS BOND STAGGERS, PICKING HIMSELF UP FROM THE CORNER -

THUG #1 tosses aside a massive table and chairs to get at Bond.

BOND shoves a SUIT OF ARMOR (on wheels) at Thug #1 - who bats it out of the way, like a gnat.

Concerned this might be getting serious, BOND grabs an OAK LEG from the shattered table. He wields it like a bat, to ward off the Thug.

Unimpressed, the THUG SMASHES HIS FIST INTO a GLASS DISPLAY TABLE, and plucks out a CLAYMORE - a two-handed "King Arthur" type sword.

With one roundhouse blow, THUG #1 SLICES BOND'S TABLE LEG IN TWO.

The Thug swings the Claymore a second time, forcing Bond back to:

A DISPLAY WALL -

filled with pole weapons. Bond snatches a lethal-looking HALBERD.

(Ax, fluke and spike on a staff.) Thug #1 stops in his tracks.

Drops the Claymore. Grabs a pole-ax.

THE TWO MEN face off in a short, furious battle, which ends with Thug #1 shattering Bond's Halberd with the pole-ax.

NEW ANGLE -

Gripping the pole-ax horizontally in both hands, Thug #1 forces Bond backward, to a SECOND DISPLAY WALL that features AN IRON MAIDEN.

(Something like a hinged sarcophagus, lined with spikes.)

Thug #1 tries to push 007 into the case, but Bond side-steps at the last minute. Thug #1 lurches forward, and is only stopped from killing himself by the pole-ax hitting the sides of the iron maiden.

As Thug #1 steps back, Bond grabs a MORNING-STAR from the wall. (A studded iron ball on a chain attached to a club)

Bond swings the Morning-Star down, SNAPPING THUG #1'S POLE-AX IN TWO... But loses the weapon in the process.

Now, Thug #1 lunges for Bond's throat. Grappling, they slam into the wall next to the IRON MAIDEN - which is STARTING TO COME LOOSE FROM THE LEATHER STRAPS holding it upright. -

In a near death-grip, Bond manages to push/kick/smash Thug #1 backwards, down onto the floor.

AND AS BOND REACHES UP FOR ANOTHER WEAPON - A HAND-AX -

THUG #1 LUNGES FOR BOND'S GUN ON THE FLOOR.

BOND CAN'T GET THE HAND-AX OFF THE WALL. HE TURNS TO SEE:

THUG #1 ABOUT TO SHOOT HIM.

And at the very last second, BOND DISLODGES THE HAND-AX, SLASHES THE IRON MAIDEN'S LEATHER RETAINING STRAPS and -

NEW ANGLE - FROM INSIDE THE IRON MAIDEN'S POV -

The iron maiden falls forward, impaling Thug #1 on the wooden floor.

RETURN TO SCENE -

The Iron Maiden covers all of Thug #1, except for his arm, still clutching Bond's gun. Bond bends down and retrieves it.

BOND:

He fought hard...

(holstering the gun)

But the case was terminal.

And on this note, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE HARBOR - THE NEXT DAY -

Under a beautiful blue sky, the gleaming white SEA DOLPHIN II sits at dock, festooned with pennants and banners. There's a crowd onboard.

At the same time, however, 500 feet away...

INT. DOCKSIDE CAFE -

Bond meets with Signore DiGIACOMO, a middle-aged Italian Intelligence official in shirtsleeves. Two underlings hover in the background.

BOND:

You've confirmed all the legal details with M?

DiGIACOMO

Si. Bueno. She's very...

'Competent.' ...For a woman.

BOND:

Let's go over this one more time.

DiGIACOMO

You will investigate the boat.

You'll signal us if you find the enriched uranium. And then -

(distracted)

Pardon.

He looks at a WOMAN who has appeared with a baby in her arms.

ITALIAN WOMAN W/BABY

Don Franco. I just want to say we're voting for you in the election.

DiGIACOMO

(teasing, re:

Both of you?

ITALIAN WOMAN W/BABY

(laughs)

Of course.

DiGIACOMO

Grazie, grazie. Ciao.

She leaves. He turns back Bond:

DiGIACOMO

So. You'll signal us if you find the uranium -

BOND:

And you'll wait until after the press conference - and everyone is gone - before you board the boat and arrest him.

DiGIACOMO

Perfecto. Then we turn him over to you,
and the English government puts him on a
military transport back to London.

Bond nods, looks over at the Sea Dolphin II.

DiGIACOMO

Do not worry, my friend. I only want
what is best. For both of us.

Bond stands to leave. DiGiacomo smiles after 007 - as if he's
savoring some private secret. He snaps his fingers to an underling:

DiGIACOMO

Rocco! Un Cappuccino!

THE SEA DOLPHIN II -

As Bond makes his way up the gangplank -

ELLIOT HARMSWAY is holding a press conference near the bow, surround-
ed by dignitaries. He is a man with an EVIL EUPHORIA - showing off
all the charm and charisma that's made him one of the world's most
powerful media tycoons.

HARMSWAY:

...And so, it's somewhat fitting that
we are here today... To christen this
environmental research boat in Venice -
- 'Venezia' - the port where Marco
Polo sailed forth to explore the
world's great uncharted oceans...

(beat)

That 2/3 of the earth's surface where
the sharks are not working members of
the press.

Laughter. Bond studies the man. Harmsway continues, pointing to a
LARGE DRILL/BORING OBJECT, the size of a jet engine, attached to a
long flexible hose/tube.

HARMSWAY:

With our six custom designed sea-bed
coring drills, we will probe the
long-term effects of pollution; our
sonars, radars, and research labs
will study the wind, the water, and
the sea life that so dearly feeds us.

Bond moves through the crowd. He spots a bulkhead, with a door.

HARMSWAY:

And so, in the spirit of international

cooperation - thanking my good friend,
Valentin Zukofsky - the newly elected
President of the Ukraine for all his
assistance -
He motions to Zukofsky, who nods to the audience...

HARMSWAY:

I give this boat to mankind - selflessly
- in pure charity asking nothing for
myself... But the cable TV rights.
Big laugh from the assemblage. Harmsway turns to a BEAUTY QUEEN:

HARMSWAY:

Miss Venice? If you'll do the honors -
SMASH! She cracks a champagne bottle on the tip of the bow. CHEERS!

HARMSWAY:

Now I'll take some questions from the
press - even the few of you who
aren't on my payroll.
Laughter. Harmsway points to a reporter:
REPORTER #1

Mr. Harmsway:

boat the Sea Dolphin II?

HARMSWAY:

Actually, my first choice was 'No
Comment.' So if someone asked where
I was, I could truthfully respond 'No
Comment.'

(laughter; he points)

Over there.

REPORTER #2

Sir Elliot:

negotiations to move your offices
from Hong Kong to Kuala Lumpur?

HARMSWAY:

(impishly)

No comment.

Amidst more laughter, Bond disappears into the bulkhead door.

INT. SEA DOLPHIN II - BELOW DECKS -

Bond moves cautiously down a STAIRCASE...

And peers along a CORRIDOR. He sees a GUARD, checking doors, making sure they're locked. Bond withdraws for a moment, looks back: The guard is at the far end of the hall. He lifts a WALKIE-TALKIE:

GUARD:

Level one, secure.

The guard exits, down another staircase. Bond moves stealthily down the corridor, glancing at signs on various doors: FISH HATCHERY, WEATHER STATION, CREW'S MESS, etc... Until he comes to: METALLURGY LAB. There's a CARD READER by the door. Bond slips out his Q-toy, swipes it. Click. He goes inside.

INT. METALLURGY LAB - SEA DOLPHIN II - CONTINUOUS

Bond clocks the lab: Power tools, test benches, a SECOND ENTRY DOOR... And in the middle of the room -
THE RED BOX.

Quickly, (as the echoes of Harmsway's press conference can be heard through the portholes,) Bond examines the edges of the box, looking for tamper-proof seals. Finds none. Gingerly, he opens it:

URANIUM SLUGS. They look like black tennis ball canisters.

BOND presses a button on his watch: THE GEIGER COUNTER CLICKS WILDLY

Bond pauses. Wants to make sure. He spots ANOTHER GEIGER COUNTER on a bench; he moves its probe over the uranium slugs: Same result.

Bond closes the box. He decides to check out the rest of the room - examining gadgets, tools, chemicals. HE OPENS A SHALLOW DRAWER -

And finds a set of BLACK ROTARY CUTTING SAWS, WITH ELONGATED TEETH.

(They look almost like a series of sharks' jaws - one oval set inside another)

Bond lifts one - surprised at its extreme weight. He wonders what it is used for. Just then -

THERE'S A CLICK AT THE SECOND DOOR. Bond quickly replaces the cutting saw, moves to the first door -

And as the SECOND DOOR OPENS, Bond slips out the first, into the CORRIDOR, down the hall, heading for the stairs.

BACK IN THE METALLURGY LAB -

YUNG enters, his hairless head shining under the lights. He looks around, sensing something is wrong. Glances: Not the red box. Not the Geiger counter. But then he notices it:

THE DRAWER is sticking out, maybe a sixteenth of an inch.

Yung picks up a telephone.

SEA DOLPHIN II - TOPSIDE -

Bond emerges from the bulkhead door. The press conference wrapping up. As Bond makes his way to the RAIL, looking out on the cafe -

HARMSWAY:

The maiden voyage begins tonight. I have some business in London - but the ship will sail down the Nile, across the South China Sea, stopping in Australia, winding up in San Francisco.

Bond stands at the rail, AIMS HIS WATCH at the cafe -
HARMSWAY (cont'd)

But having said that - let's get to the real business - the only thing that attracts newsmen faster than a breaking story the free food and beverage.

INT. CAFE -

DiGiacomo sees the BLUE LASER. Motions his men to action.

RETURN ON THE SEA DOLPHIN II - TOPSIDE -

Bond has sauntered to one of the hospitality bars, trying to remain as inconspicuous as possible. A hand clasps his shoulder:

VALENTIN'S VOICE

Mr. James Bond!

Bond spins to see Valentin, surrounded by the usual assortment of cheaply dressed goons.

BOND:

Valentin. What an unpleasant surprise.

VALENTIN:

What is it that brings you to Venezia, Mr. Bond? Business - (sly glance to the thugs)

Or somebody else's business?

The goons chortle. Bond isn't happy with this attention. He clocks a VIDEO SURVEILLANCE CAMERA ON ONE OF THE MASTS, scanning the deck. A WOMAN'S SHRILL WHINING VOICE - brings Bond back to Valentin. She is very colorfully dressed - dripping in high-ticket logos.

SOFIA:

Dimitri!!! You promised I could go shopping!!

VALENTIN:

(sotto, to Bond)

New mistress.

(to her, impatiently)

So? Go!

SOFIA:

I need money.

Valentin gives a beleaguered shrug, and pulls out a HUGE WAD OF CASH.

VALENTIN:

Here. Take an inch.

Shaking his head, Valentin turns back to Bond:

VALENTIN:

Come. Let me buy you a drink. It's
free.

With Bond keeping an eye on the surveillance camera, they move
several steps to the bar.

VALENTIN:

(to the bartender)

Two vodka martini's. Shaken. Not stirred.

(to Bond)

And you?

Bond would rather not drink - but knows that any change from his
regular behavior might arouse suspicion.

BOND:

One.

As the bartender pours:

BOND:

I must say, Valentin, capitalism
seems to be treating you well.

VALENTIN:

(belting one back)

I used to sell weapons; now I buy votes.

(then)

Off the record.

BOND:

Of course. If you can't beat the
government, you might as well own it.

Valentin spots someone off-camera.

VALENTIN:

Wait - I want you to meet a friend of mine.

(calling out)

Elliot! Elliot! Come here.

Harmsway appears. Ebullient as ever.

VALENTIN:

Elliot Harmsway, I want to introduce you to an old friend -

BOND:

(putting out a hand to shake)

The name is Bond. James Bond.

Harmsway greets Bond with a warm smile. Yet his words are ambiguous:

HARMSWAY:

Always nice to meet one of her Majesty's fellow subjects...

(a nod to Valentin)

Especially one with such distinguished friends.

BOND:

You might say I've always been one of Mr. Valentin's biggest followers.

VALENTIN:

(chortling)

'Biggest followers?' He's practically made a career' of it!!

He laughs. Bond decides to pull Harmsway's chain.

BOND:

It's a beautiful boat, Sir Elliot.

Practically glows in the dark.

HARMSWAY:

(smiles)

I can tell you're a man with an eye for exquisite possessions, Mr. Bond.

(signaling off camera)

Darling! Come here.

(beat)

I want you to meet my wife.

A woman appears in frame, her face obscured by a large sun hat. As she reveals her face to the camera - and Bond -

HARMSWAY:

Paris Harmsway, allow me to introduce you to James Bond.

There is a terrified look on her face. Harmsway continues, beaming his most insinuating smile:

HARMSWAY:

But then... I believe you two have already met.

There is a beat - an uncomfortable moment when nobody speaks. Then - POLICE WHISTLES BLOW! SIRENS! SOUND OF TIRES SCREECHING TO A HALT!

The entire party turns to see DiGIACOMO barging his way up the gangplank - wearing a ludicrous military uniform, trailed by UZI-TOTING CARBINIERI, along with his own VIDEO AND STILL CREWS.

DiGIACOMO

Elliot Harmsway:

of the Italian government, I, Franco DiGiacomo -

(pauses; smiles at a camera;

POP! A flash goes off)

Am arresting you for the illegal possession of weapons grade enriched uranium.

(to his underlings)

Seize the boat!

A set of frozen glances goes from Bond, to Paris, to Harmsway.

VALENTIN:

I think I suddenly remembered an urgent meeting in Moscow.

To everyone's surprise, Harmsway guffaws.

HARMSWAY:

My friends, there's been a terrible mistake.

(putting his arm around DiGiacomo)

Come. Let me show you.

And he leads the procession off, through the bulkhead door. Bond is left with Paris. She is white with fear. Bond moves to console her:

BOND:

Paris -

PARIS:

Leave me alone! He's going to kill me!!

BOND:

Why didn't you tell me? Why wasn't
it in our files?

PARIS:

(anguished)

He didn't want anyone to know. He
kept it out of the papers. He said a
third wife was bad for his image.

(beat)

You've got to protect me!

Bond wants to help her - and follow Harmsway. He pulls out a key:

BOND:

Go to my hotel room. I'll be there
in twenty minutes.

Paris looks up at him like a hurt child. She wants some contact; she
wants to hear him say 'I love you.'

PARIS:

Just - say it. Say it just once.

BOND:

(pauses, discomfited)

One thing at a time. I'll see you
in twenty minutes. Go.

She exits; he goes to the bulkhead door... And we pan up to see the
SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, following him.

INT. METALLURGY LAB - SEA DOLPHIN II -

Harmsway holds court near the red box. Bond squeezes in.

HARMSWAY:

I believe this is what you're looking
for, Colonel.

He opens the red box. Hoists out a canister.

HARMSWAY:

Is it uranium? Absolutely. But watch -

(runs the Geiger counter over it)
It's depleted uranium! Completely
safe! A child could sleep on it.
Bond can't believe what he's seeing. DiGiacomo is mortified.

HARMSWAY:

I received it from the Russian
government - a by-product of their
nuclear arms program - in the hopes
that I could create tools for
oceanographic research.

(beat)

It's what I was talking about:
'Swords into plowshares'! The Spirit
of International Cooperation!

DiGIACOMO

Signore Harmsway. A thousand apologies.

(snaps his fingers to a lackey:)

Give him the video tape.

HARMSWAY:

Please. No harm done, Don Franco. Go
upstairs, and enjoy the reception.

As the room empties, he calls -

HARMSWAY:

Oh - Mr. Bond. One minute.

Bond approaches him. They're the only people in the room.

HARMSWAY:

I hope you've enjoyed this little charade.

BOND:

Which part? The Colonel's? Or yours?

HARMSWAY:

(icily)

A piece of advice, Mr. Bond: Don't
screw with a man who buys ink by the
ton.

(beat)

It's deadlier than uranium.

BOND:

(staring him down)

We'll see about that.

Harmsway glances at his watch. Smiles coldly.

HARMSWAY:

Aren't you late for a meeting?

EXT. THE SEA DOLPHIN II/HARBOR - DAY

Bond rushes down the gangplank, along the dock. Jumps in a gondola.

BOND:

The Danielli. Presto!

RETURN ON THE METALLURGY LAB -

Harmsway closes the door. Yung is there.

YUNG:

That was too close.

HARMSWAY:

Don't worry. Mr. Bond will get the message. So will his boss.

Harmsway presses a button - and suddenly the red box lifts, and a second red box appears underneath it, like shuffling a deck of cards.

HARMSWAY:

I'm going to the plane. Tell the captain to set sail at once.

EXT. THE DANIELLI HOTEL - DAY

Bond jumps out of the gondola, sprints into the lobby.

FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR -

Bond appears, rushing up a staircase. He comes to his doorway. It's closed, but unlocked.

INT. BOND'S HOTEL ROOM -

Bond enters the room. Looks around, calling out -

BOND:

Paris? Paris?

He sees the French doors open onto the canal. The curtains billowing outward. Bond rushes to the window and looks down:

EXT. GRAND CANAL - BOND'S POV

Paris Harmsway is dead, floating in the water.

RETURN ON BOND -

Crushed. Devastated. And to make matters worse:

DiGIACOMO'S VOICE

Signore Bond?

Bond turns. A flashbulb goes off, capturing Bond and DiGiacomo.

DiGIACOMO

You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

THE SOUTH CHINA SEA - DUSK

The HMS INDOMITABLE - a 3,300 ton British frigate, surges through the water, heading toward the setting sun.

CLOSER -

BATTLE-DRESSED ROYAL MARINES patrol the deck; GUNNERY CREWS man the weapons. Whatever is going on here, it's not business as usual.'

INT. BRIDGE - DUSK

Close on A VERTICAL GLASS MAP. An electronic panel display with a BLINKING YELLOW DOT indicates -

NAVIGATOR:

We've cleared Hong Kong harbor, sir.

THE CAPTAIN nods. Turns to the GPS OFFICER:

CAPTAIN:

Position?

The GPS officer enters keyboard commands on console marked "GLOBAL POSITIONING SATELLITE." He reads out the data:

GPS OFFICER:

Two-two, zed-three, one-five north; a hundred fourteen degrees, five minutes, ten seconds east.

CAPTAIN:

Mark.

GPS OFFICER:

Locked on satellite, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Set course, two-ten degrees, south south east.

NAVIGATOR:

Coming about, sir.

The Captain is all business - clipped, sober terse. Turns to his FIRST OFFICER, hands him a SLIP OF PAPER:

CAPTAIN:

Orders from London: For the next ninety-six hours, we're to run on full radio silence. Double watches, full alert.

(beat)

We're to send one encrypted positioning burst to London every six hours - otherwise, zero electronic emissions. The first officer nods.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Inform the men, then run a surprise inspection. If someone paints us, I don't want this ship showing up on their radar screen like some god-damned Harrod's Christmas tree.

FIRST OFFICER:

Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN:

I'll be in my cabin until oh-six-hundred hours.
The Captain heads for the door.

SECOND OFFICER:

Captain leaving the bridge.
The officers salute as he exits. With a shrug, the FIRST OFFICER picks up the INTERCOM MICROPHONE:

FIRST OFFICER:

Attention all hands. Now hear this...
INT. CREW'S MESS -
Crowded with CREW MEMBERS eating, waiting on line for food.
FIRST OFFICER (INTERCOM)
We will rig immediately for electronic silence. All electronic gear is to be shut down...
CLOSE ON COOK - KITCHEN -
At microwave. His finger hovers over button, then stops. He opens the door of the microwave and takes out a bowl. Dumps the contents on the stove.
INT. SHIP'S HEAD -
CREW MEMBER with an ELECTRIC SHAVER.

FIRST OFFICER (INTERCOM)

All personal radios, video devices
and computers will be stowed at once.

He stops shaving.

INT. ENGINE ROOM -

The ENGINEER shouts to his crew, over NOISE OF DIESEL ENGINES:

ENGINEER:

Check the engine baffles; rig the
generators for shielded operation.

RETURN ON THE BRIDGE -

The First Officer stands next to the Communications Officer.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Communications set to receive only, sir.

The First Officer looks over the shoulder of RATING at radar screen.

RATING:

Radar switched to passive mode; sonar
re-set to low-power operation.

(beat)

You couldn't find our signature with
a magnifying glass.

FIRST OFFICER:

Let's hope so.

The First Officer joins the Second Officer at the windows, scanning
the horizon with binoculars.

SECOND OFFICER:

Looks like we're in for a long,
uncomfortable trip.

FIRST OFFICER:

We'll all breathe a lot easier when
we get this cargo back to London.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - THE COAST OF SCOTLAND - DAY

THE BAGPIPE AND DRUM CORPS of the Royal Highland Regiment (aka the
"Black Watch") is playing a FUNERAL DIRGE outside a vast stone house,
with a HARMSWAY NEWS HELICOPTER on the lawn, and LIMOUSINES, A HEARSE
and a FLOWER CAR in the driveway.

SIX MEN IN FORMAL MOURNING ATTIRE are entering the house.

INT. GRAND ROOM - SCOTTISH MANOR HOUSE -

A SINGLE WHITE ROSE is added to a pile of white roses in PARIS HARMSWAY'S OPEN CASKET.

REVEAL:

outside) place roses in the casket...

Then turn, nodding sorrowfully to ELLIOT HARMSWAY (sitting in the front row of a room that's been turned into a makeshift chapel)...

And follow hand signals of STAMPER, who motions them THROUGH A DOOR, to an unseen room.

After the last man has paid his respects, HARMSWAY stands, walks to the bier, and - wiping away a tear - places a single RED ROSE in his dead wife's casket.

INT. HARMSWAY'S INNER SANCTUM - SCOTTISH MANOR HOUSE - DAY

We're in a room that looks as if it could only exist in, well, a James Bond movie: Slick, stark, sterile. Steel, glass, chrome.

The SIX men are seated around a giant conference table, looking absurdly out of place in their formal mourning attire.

Elliot Harmsway enters, (passing what appears to be the Liechtenstein that hangs in the lobby of CAA,) walks to the head of the table, takes off his gray mourning gloves, slaps them down, and:

HARMSWAY:

Good morning, Gentlemen. I'm sorry to bring you here under these circumstances, but

(beat)

Considering our meeting was already scheduled, this was a happy coincidence.

The men nod. Harmsway sits, dims the lights from a control panel.

HARMSWAY (cont'd)

Number One, your report?

A gap-toothed Californian with bland features stands.

NUMBER ONE:

Sir Elliot:

is releasing three new animated children's movies this year.

(pause)

By the time we're finished promoting them on our TV, radio, cable, newspaper, and magazine outlets -

(pause)

There won't be a parent in the universe

who won't feel guilty if they don't take their children to our stores and theme parks to buy the toys, books, video-games and clothing featuring our 'lovable little creatures.'

(pause)

We anticipate revenues of 3.1 billion dollars.

HARMSWAY:

Excellent, Number One. Build a better rat-trap, and the world truly will beat a path to your theme park.

(turns to)

Number Two?

A young guy with glasses gets up, looking remarkably like Bill Gates.

NUMBER TWO:

As you're aware, Sir Elliot, our software division has introduced a new computer operating system, Gates '99.

(beat)

It's deliberately filled with bugs - so people will be forced to buy our upgrades over the next five years.

(beat)

The window on revenues is 2.8 billion.

HARMSWAY:

Outstanding, Number Two.

(beat, remembering:)

By the way - Number Five - ?

(a man looks up)

Who's ahead in the American elections?

NUMBER FIVE:

The Democrat, sir. By nine points.

HARMSWAY:

Maybe it's time to publish that story about his sex life. Even things up.

A close race is always better for our TV ratings.

NUMBER FIVE:

Consider him slimed, sir.

HARMSWAY:

Splendid. Next...

(with noticeable reserve)

Number Three. Your report?

A SHORT MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN stands. Nervous.

NUMBER THREE:

I regret to inform you, sir, that Saddam Hussein is still demanding a bonus for his role in the Gulf War.

HARMSWAY:

...Haven't we already paid him for his services?

NUMBER THREE:

Yes, sir. But he still feels his people should share in the increased profits of our news division. He has proposed an additional 500 million dollar payment.

A pause. The other men in the room shift uncomfortably.

HARMSWAY:

... And there's no truth that 10% of that money will go into your Swiss bank account?

NUMBER THREE:

No sir! I swear! This is not true!!

HARMSWAY:

You disappoint me, Number Three.

Harmsway presses a button. Stamper enters. Number Three assumes this means death. He BEGS FOR HIS LIFE:

NUMBER THREE:

Please sir. Please -

HARMSWAY:

...But because I am a just man, I've decided to give Mr. Hussein what he

deserves.

Number Three is confused. Does this mean he's going to live?

HARMSWAY:

Mr. Stamper will escort you to the plane.

NUMBER THREE:

(overwhelmed with gratitude)

Thank you sir! Thank you!

Harmsway nods, watching him leave:

HARMSWAY:

Good-bye, Mr. Azziz.

And the man is gone. Harmsway turns his attention back to the room:

HARMSWAY:

Let's proceed with new business.

Harmsway presses another button. The room darkens. The CENTER OF THE TABLE OPENS, and a 3-D MAP OF MALAYSIA rises into view.

HARMSWAY:

Gentlemen:

are going to initiate phase one of the world's most perfect crime: The biggest theft in the history of mankind.

(beat, pointing with a laser)

Right here. In the Strait of Malacca.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Stamper holds the back door open for Number Three. He gets in.

INT. LIMOUSINE -

He seems relieved, until the doors lock, ominously. They drive off.

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLAND ROADWAY - (INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING) DAY

Number Three fidgets in the back... And notices Stamper smiling at him in the REARVIEW MIRROR. He sees Stamper reach INTO HIS JACKET - and PANICS! Is he going to get shot? Is it over? He winces, as - STAMPER'S HAND SUDDENLY THRUSTS BACKWARD THROUGH THE PARTITION.

STAMPER:

Gum?

Shaking his head, he pulls out a HANDKERCHIEF to mop the flop sweat.

RETURN ON THE MANOR HOUSE - FAVORING THE HNN HELICOPTER -

Amidst ad-libbed 'good-bye's" from the gang of six (now five,)

Harmsway gets in the waiting HNN chopper. It powers up, takes off.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - SCOTLAND -

Stamper's limousine parks near a Gulfstream jet. He opens the back door for Number Three. At last, the man believes he is safe.

NUMBER THREE:

Thank you! Thank you so much. You must thank Sir Elliot for me.

STAMPER:

(producing a NEWSPAPER)

Here. Something to read on the plane.

Stamper TUCKS THE PAPER FIRMLY UNDER #3'S ARM - and gives him a friendly pat on the back, sending him up the stairs.

At the doorway, Number Three looks back. Stamper smiles, waving:

STAMPER:

Bye-bye.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - DAY

Number Three settles into his seat. The door closes; the engines wind up for take-off. He sighs: He's safe. He casually picks up the newspaper, snaps open the front page:

INSERT FRONT PAGE OF HARMSWAY'S 'TOMORROW' NEWSPAPER:

Screaming headline: ISRAELI AGENT REVEALED. There's a FULL COLOR PHOTO OF NUMBER THREE underneath.

Number Three lowers the paper, white as a ghost, and - TWO ARABIAN GENTLEMEN (in full burnoose) sit down on either side of him. They smile. And on NUMBER THREE'S BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, we

CUT TO:

THE H.M.S. INDOMITABLE -

Moving through FOG in the STRAIT OF MALACCA, night.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The room is bathed in blue light as the crew monitors the Indomitable's command and control systems.

At the VERTICAL GLASS MAP, the ship's course has been charted from Hong Kong, south, down around Singapore, then north, where the YELLOW BLINKING dot indicates it's currently in the Strait of Malacca.

Standing in front of the map, however, THE NAVIGATION OFFICER seems perplexed. He's comparing what's on the screen to a piece of paper in his hand. Something is wrong.

NAVIGATION OFFICER

... This doesn't make sense. What's our heading now?

THE HELMSMAN looks down at his compass/auto-pilot.

INSERT COMPASS/AUTO-PILOT - moving from West to North - then holding on a North position.

HELMSMAN:

Zero one three. Due north.

The two officers share a look. Something is odd, but -

HELMSMAN:

We're on course again.

Just then, the FIRST OFFICER ENTERS from the exterior bridge.

FIRST OFFICER:

Can't see a damn thing in this fog.

(calling out)

Rating:

He joins the RATING and COMMUNICATION'S OFFICERS at their scopes.

RATING:

A passenger ferry and two freighters
broadcasting on low-band -

COMMUNICATIONS:

And two small fishing boats about 30k
north. No radar, but we've
identified their engine signatures.

As the First Officer takes this in:

HELMSMAN (O.S.)

Damn. It's doing it again.

FIRST OFFICER:

(joining him)

What's wrong?

HELMSMAN:

About every ninety seconds, the auto-
pilot jogs us to the west.

He points down to the compass/auto-pilot, SWINGING WEST...

HELMSMAN:

Then re-sets us to the north.

The compass reaches dead west - then starts to swing back NORTH.

HELMSMAN (cont'd)

The Captain wants us on the East side

of the channel. ...Cross current?

FIRST OFFICER:

Not in the Strait.

(to the Navigator)

How's our position?

NAVIGATING OFFICER

According to the satellite, we're exactly on course.

FIRST OFFICER:

Did you check the auto-pilot?

HELMSMAN:

The back-up does the same thing.

FIRST OFFICER:

Check it again. What about the global positioning satellite? Could there be something wrong with the signal?

GPS OFFICER:

Two words:

EXT. SPACE -

As the earth turns below, a TINY SILVER DOT appears in the distance: A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE, spinning slowly on its axis.

It comes closer and closer to camera, until it FILLS THE SCREEN, and the LOGO on its body ROTATES INTO VIEW:

HNN. THE HARMSWAY NEWS NETWORK.

RETURN ON BRIDGE - INT. H.M.S. INDOMITABLE - NIGHT

THE HELMSMAN finishes fiddling with the auto-pilot.

FIRST OFFICER:

How is it now?

HELMSMAN:

Seems to be back to normal, sir.

The First Officer nods... Then HEARS a SHRILL WARNING BEEP.

SONAR OPERATOR:

I have something off the port bow!

The First Officer rushes to join him at the screen.

SONAR OPERATOR (cont'd)

100 meters out, just below the surface.

(adjusts the controls)

A meter in diameter; ten - twelve meters long. ...Floating vertically?

FIRST OFFICER:

A dead head.

(off the others' quizzical looks)

Water logged timber. Floats straight up. You sometimes see them on the east side of the channel - from the logging camps on Sumatra - but they don't usually float this far west.

(calling out)

Muncy! Engines to half!

HELMSMAN:

Aye-aye sir. Engines to half.

FIRST OFFICER:

(explaining)

Chew up a log like that in the propeller, you end up with enough paperwork to go from here to London. Twice.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The ship is moving towards a DARK VERTICAL SHAPE - Harmsway's SEA-BED CORE BORING DRILL (shorthand "THE WORM",) attached to a long flexible dredging pipe.

CLOSER - THE HEAD OF THE WORM -

Motionless, hanging in the water. Then the monster awakes: A metal sphere retracts, revealing a wide angle CAMERA LENS.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Communications Officer reacts to his monitor with ALARM:

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

I'm getting an electrical emission, sir! Extremely close. Bearing 240 -

The First Officer is surprised. All hell is about to break loose:-

FIRST OFFICER:

Punch up the radar -

RADAR OPERATOR:

I've got it, sir. A large craft - XX,000 tons. Range -

(disbelief)

200 yards? It's anchored in a cove!

FIRST OFFICER:

That's impossible! We're in the middle of the channel!

A Junior officer bursts in from the exterior bridge:

JUNIOR OFFICER:

Breakers off the port bow! We're heading for shore!

SONAR OFFICER:

Sir -

FIRST OFFICER:

(reacting to the Jr. Officer)

Full stop!!! Call the captain!

SONAR OFFICER:

Sir!

FIRST OFFICER:

(annoyed)

What?!?!

SONAR OPERATOR:

The log is moving!

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Propelled by water-jets in its head, THE WORM STREAKS TOWARD THE INDOMITABLE, emitting a HIGH PITCHED whine as its drill bit revs up to speed. The drill's BLACK TEETH glisten in the water.

THE WORM'S POV - (UNDERWATER, NIGHT)

Closing in on the hull like a torpedo. It gets closer, picking up speed, until - on IMPACT -

INT. ENGINE ROOM -

A TORRENT OF WATER engulfs the Engineer and Crewmen when The Worm bursts/drills through the hull. As they scream, drowning -

A CREWMAN ON THE GANTRY scrambles up, one step ahead of the water, through a bulkhead, into -

GENERATOR ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Where the CREWMAN and TWO OPERATORS struggle to CLOSE THE DOOR AGAINST THE WATER.

SENIOR OPERATOR:

(on the intercom)

We've been hit! We're taking water!

THE BRIDGE -

Alarms sound! Red lights flash!

DAMAGE CONTROL:

Flooding in the engine room!

FIRST OFFICER:

Get me damage reports! Start the pumps!

SECOND OFFICER:

(holding out a ship's phone)

It's the Captain -

PASSAGEWAY #1 -

On a phone, outside the ship's GYM, deep in the hull:

THE CAPTAIN:

What the hell is going on?!?

FIRST OFFICER:

(intercut if necessary)

I think we've been holed, sir!

THE CAPTAIN:

On my way!

He speeds along the passageway, going through a water-tight door, slamming it behind him. Meanwhile, on -

THE BRIDGE -

HELMSMAN:

The engines are gone!

DAMAGE CONTROL:

Flooding on D deck!

FIRST OFFICER:

Sound the general alarm! Seal all compartments!

As the Second Officer grabs the intercom -

SECOND OFFICER (into intercom)

Attention all hands -

CREW'S MESS -

The crew members look up from their meals -

SECOND OFFICER (continuing)

Proceed to emergency stations -

GENERATOR ROOM -

The men have closed the door, but... HEAR A HIGH-PITCHED WHINING, GRINDING SOUND from the other side. They exchange a quizzical look; they don't know what to make of it, when:

BANG! The door explodes inward - and a high-pressured stream of water blasts in, blowing them back against the walls.

BRIDGE -

The lights go out! Everyone is scrambling:

SYSTEMS OFFICER:

We've lost power!

FIRST OFFICER:

Go to back up generators!

SECOND OFFICER (into intercom)

Repeat:

CREW'S MESS -

In the dim lighting -

SECOND OFFICER (on intercom)

Proceed to emergency stations at once!

The men start to move, but halt at A HUMMING SOUND. They look

around:

Suddenly a THREE FOOT SECTION OF THE DECK EXPLODES IN A FOUNTAIN OF WATER. The men are swept off their feet.

PASSAGEWAY/GANTRY #2 -

As the Captain rushes up the steps, he turns around, reacting to a GRINDING NOISE -

CAPTAIN'S POV - THE CLOSED WATER-TIGHT DOOR -

BOOM! Water blasts through, like 1000 fire hydrants turned on full. With terror in his eyes, THE CAPTAIN sprints up the rest of the stairs, through a water-tight door, into:

PASSAGEWAY #3 -

Where the Captain secures the door behind him, and rushes away.

THE BRIDGE -

A desperate battle continues:

DAMAGE CONTROL:

Flooding on C-Deck!

FIRST OFFICER:

Where the hell are those generators?

SYSTEMS ENGINEER

Coming up, sir!

FIRST OFFICER:

Get those pumps working!

BATTERY ROOM -

A CREWMAN hurriedly flips switches. The lights flicker... And just as they come to life, brightly -

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, and a wall of water and debris blows in, destroying everything in its wake.

THE BRIDGE -

Lights out! A sense of helplessness is beginning to fill the room:

SYSTEMS CONTROL:

The back-up is gone!

DAMAGE OFFICER:

Flooding up to B-Deck!

HELMSMAN:

We can't hold out much longer, sir!

All eyes are on the First Officer. Will he save them?

FIRST OFFICER:

Where the hell is the Captain?!?!

THE CAPTAIN (PASSAGEWAY #3) -

Running, the Captain is about to reach the exit door. Hearing the relentless grinding behind him, he throws a look over his shoulder:

BAM! The entrance door EXPLODES in a thunderball of water.

The Captain clammers through the exit door to:

PASSAGEWAY #4 -

A short hall:

looks back again:

BAM! The door blasts open - and the torrent of water continues the chase, as if it's got a personal vendetta against him. He exits to:

PASSAGEWAY #5 -

Slamming the door behind him, the Captain looks ahead, and up:

STAIRS. AN OPEN DOOR AT THE TOP.

He throws a look back:

THE ENTRANCE DOOR IS BEGINNING TO HUM AND VIBRATE.

Sprinting for his life, the Captain rushes up the stairs, two at a

time. The humming behind him grows louder. He glances back:
THE DOOR BLASTS OPEN. WATER SHOOTS IN.
He rushes up the last four steps, just as -
CA-CHUNK! THE EXIT DOOR SLAMS CLOSED IN FRONT OF HIM!
With PANIC IN HIS EYES, the Captain turns to face the oncoming
tsunami! We cut to:
THE WORM'S POV - (UNDERWATER, INT. PASSAGEWAY #5)
Moving like a shark... Toward THE CAPTAIN'S LEGS, DEAD AHEAD IN THE
WATER. As it closes in for the kill -
THE BRIDGE -
Shifts, suddenly, to the stern. A confusion of anxious voices:

HELMSMAN:

Slipping to stern!

DAMAGE OFFICER:

All major compartments flooded!
With all hands still awaiting orders -
THE ROOM LURCHES AS THE BOW RISES! Papers fly! Men slide! The
First Officer has no choice:

FIRST OFFICER:

Abandon ship! Break radio silence!
Send our position!
INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN -
The Communications Officer types: "Top Secret. Indian Ocean Naval
Command. H.M.S. Indomitable Sinking."
COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
(calling out)
What's our position?

GPS OFFICER:

(reading off his screen)
One hundred degrees, thirty-one
minutes, and seven seconds East, by
two degrees, twenty-nine minutes, ten
seconds, North.
As he types, the room lurches again, tilting more to the stern.
THE CAPTAIN - (STAIRCASE, PASSAGEWAY #5)
As the passageway shifts, tilting to the stern, the Captain screams
and WHOOSH! - is sucked down into the water - the worm's vortex -
like meat being fed into a Cuisinart: A churning, spinning death.
EXT. THE H.M.S. INDOMITABLE - FOG - NIGHT
Bow rises completely out of the water as the stern goes under.

EXT. DECK -

TWO CREWMAN manage to get a LIFEBOAT away. TWO OTHERS scramble up from below and leap into the water.

WIDER:

The bow is at a forty-five degree angle... And the H.M.S. Indomitable pauses - for just a moment - before SLIPPING UNDER, STERN FIRST, throwing up a series of great waves.

EXT. LIFEBOAT -

Rocked by waves from the sinking ship. The Cook, a Marine, and Three Crewmen hear a splash along side. Two of the Crew pull the SONAR OFFICER aboard. He takes a minute to catch his breath, then:

SONAR OPERATOR:

Six. That's it? Only six of us?

COOK:

Most of the crew never made it to their life jackets. The Captain?

SONAR OFFICER:

(shrugs, then:

The First officer stayed on the bridge.

One of the CREWMAN SPOTS SOMETHING IN THE DISTANCE:

CREWMAN:

Hey - look! Over there!

NEW ANGLE - (ROCK OUTCROPPING - STRAIT OF MALACCA - NIGHT)

The SEA DOLPHIN II emerges from a cove, looking like a ghostly white apparition in the fog.

RETURN ON THE LIFEBOAT -

The men yell and wave and whistle, hoping to be saved.

CLOSER ON THE SEA DOLPHIN II - DECK -

Elliot Harmsway removes a pair of binoculars from his face. Turns to YUNG, standing next to him at the rail:

HARMSWAY:

Lovely night for a shipwreck, isn't it?

Yung looks at Harmsway like he's crazy. Oblivious, Harmsway looks at his WATCH, then looks through the BINOCULARS again - and begins to WHISTLE the opening notes of My Fair Lady's "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY." ("All I want is a room somewhere, far away from the cold night air")

THE LIFEBOAT -

As the men cry for help, the Sonar Operator spots something just below the surface, moving toward the lifeboat at great speed. He hears the hum. His eyes follow the churning water... And suddenly - out of nowhere - the Worm hits the lifeboat from below, smashing it to bits, hurtling the pieces in the air.

THE SEA DOLPHIN II -
Harmsway lowers the binoculars' smiling. Stamper appears, hands Harmsway a piece of paper.

STAMPER:

We've decoded their last transmission.
Harmsway studies it for a moment - smiles.

HARMSWAY:

Perfect. They'll be searching miles from here.
(then)
Time for phase two. You can get the men in the water.
And with this, Harmsway turns, and walks off, jauntily whistling "Wouldn't It Be Lovely."
Stamper looks at Yung, re: Harmsway's glee.

YUNG:

You heard him. Get the men in the water!

NEW ANGLE - SIDE OF THE SEA DOLPHIN II - NIGHT -
In the water next to the ship, FOUR DIVERS drop the last of their equipment in a DIVE BOAT. They cast off, motoring into the fog.

EXT. LONDON - RESTAURANT BIBENDUM - NIGHT
The classic Michelin building on Fulham road.

INT. RESTAURANT BIBENDUM -
A YOUNG WOMAN is yammering away at Bond; he's trying to put a good face on what is obviously a dreadful fix-up first date.

WOMAN:

I can't believe it took us so long to finally get together! What exactly do you do for the government?

BOND:

(after a beat)
You might say... 'Public relations.'

WOMAN:

How fascinating! I bet you meet all

the most fabulous people.

Before Bond can answer, the MAITRE D' interrupts.

MAITRE D'

Excuse me - Mr. Bond? You have a call.

Bond excuses himself.

NEW ANGLE - BOND AT PHONE -

007 picks up the receiver, without saying hello:

BOND:

Moneyppenny! You're early. You weren't supposed to call until -
(he stiffens)

Yes. I understand. Twenty minutes.

EXT. THE BANK OF LONDON - NIGHT

Passing a NEWSPAPER DELIVERY TRUCK with an ad for "TOMORROW" ("The Paper that Never Lies,") Bond's DB-5 roars past the guard.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK OF LONDON - NIGHT

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK glares as MINISTER JOHNSTONE enters to address M, TANNER, A TREASURY OFFICIAL, and various UNIFORMS and SUITS.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

Good evening. I've just spoken with the Prime Minister at the economic summit in Tokyo; he's expecting a full update within the hour.

(beat)

For those of you still unaware, some forty minutes ago -

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

(interrupting)

Excuse me, but -

(all turn to him:)

I must formally protest this meeting. Given the nature of what's occurred - and the need for secrecy - I see no reason to involve the air force, the army, or MI-6.

(beat, as M and Tanner exchange a look)

This is an internal affair that should be handled strictly by the officers of her Majesty's Royal Navy.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(furious)

Admiral, are you suggesting -

He's distracted by the CLICK OF A DOOR OPENING. All turn to SEE BOND entering, wearing a FULL NAVAL UNIFORM. M stifles a smile.

BOND:

Sorry I'm late -

M:

Actually, you're just in time.
(she turns to)

Admiral Roebuck:

Bond, don't you?

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

(deflated)
Yes. Of course.

BOND:

I've looked forward to meeting you.
Bond sits. M glances at Johnstone as if to say "proceed."
MINISTER JOHNSTONE

As I was saying:

five minutes ago, we received an abandon
ship signal from the H.M.S. Indomitable.
(flicks on a map display)
Looking at these infrared satellite
images - provided by Mr. Tanner of
MI-6 -the ship is presumed lost here,
just south of Kuala Lumpur, where she
broadcast her last position.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAIT OF MALACCA - FOG - NIGHT
Foreground, empty diving boat. Background, Sea Dolphin II, with the
"flexible hose" hanging over the rail, down into the water.
INT. BRIDGE - SEA DOLPHIN II - NIGHT
Stamper works "worm" master control with a video joystick.

STAMPER:

Divers approaching the hull.
Harmsway and Yung look over his shoulder at:
INSERT - VIDEO SCREEN -
Through the worm's UNDERWATER camera, FOUR DIVERS with TORCHES and

WELDING TOOLS are about to enter the HOLE in the Indomitable's hull.
(The video screen also contains lots of digital information about the divers and the worm's functions.)

NEUTRAL POV - UNDERWATER - EXT. INDOMITABLE

The worm follows the Divers into the hull.

WORM POV - INT. ENGINE ROOM -

It trails the Divers past debris and bodies of crewman.

SAME SHOT - VIDEO SCREEN - WORM POV -

HARMSWAY (O.S.)

(into microphone)

To the right, towards the stern.

The Divers react, and the worm follows them into...

PASSAGEWAY - UNDERWATER - NEUTRAL POV - INT. INDOMITABLE -

The Divers and worm travel to a HATCH COVERED WITH METAL BARS.

Lighting the welding torches, they try to cut through the metal bars... Unsuccessfully.

VIDEO SCREEN - WORM POV -

One of the Divers turns to the worm's camera. He SPEAKS into his diving helmet's microphone:

DIVER:

(through speaker)

It's titanium. we can't cut through.

INT. SEA DOLPHIN BRIDGE -

Stamper turns to Harmsway:

STAMPER:

I'll do it.

HARMSWAY (into microphone)

Divers, stand aside.

NEUTRAL POV - UNDERWATER - PASSAGEWAY -

The worm moves into position to grind through the hatch. A protective cover slides over the lens, and the grinder whorls into life.

CLOSER ON THE WORM - The grinder stalls for an instant as it encounters the titanium bars.

STILL CLOSER - One of the URANIUM GRINDING TEETH SNAPS OFF as it hits the titanium, and starts to grind through.

NEW ANGLE:

Once past the bars, the grinder cuts easily through the steel door. Trapped air bursts out from inside the compartment. The Divers push the worm to one side; two of them enter the hold with lights. The worm follows. The two other divers remain behind to feed the worm's flexible tubing through the door.

INT. BILGE HOLD - UNDERWATER -

The Divers' lights illuminate the hold: STACKS OF GOLD BARS, as far as the eye can see.

INT. BRIDGE - SEA DOLPHIN II -

Harmsway looks at the video screen.

HARMSWAY:

Gentlemen:

gold... Four minutes ahead of schedule.

INT. BILGE HOLD - UNDERWATER -

The worm closes its "eye", revs up its grinders, and attacks the first pile of gold Bars. It runs through them like butter.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK OF ENGLAND - NIGHT

The bloodletting and recriminations have begun. This plays fast:

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(incredulous)

One-third of the British gold reserves?!?

(beat)

What kind of idiot loses -

(looks to the treasury officer)

What is it? The equivalent of ten billion US dollars???

TREASURY OFFICIAL

(sheepishly)

Give or take. Depending on today's currency rates -

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(ignoring him)

What the hell was the gold doing on that boat?

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

We were bringing it back from Hong Kong. Under orders from the Treasury.

TREASURY OFFICIAL

During the cold war, we stored a third in America, and another third in Hong Kong - in case of a nuclear attack. And with the turn-over of Hong Kong to the Chinese -

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

Why wasn't the ship protected?!?!

Why was it sailing without radar?

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

I resent your tone, sir. I have men
who are missing -

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

And I have the entire British economy
to worry about.

BOND:

(breaking in)

Minister -

(all turn to him)

Obviously, MI-6 was not involved in
this operation. But I have to defend
the Admiral.

Roebuck looks at Bond with great surprise. Bond continues:

BOND (cont'd)

Electronic silence was the safest way
to move that gold. Otherwise, any
country - or individual - with the
crudest missile could just lock onto
our signals, and take out the boat.

(beat)

That's what happened to the Sheffield
in the Falklands.

(beat)

Since then, it's standard operating
procedure for any sensitive shipment.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

(frowns)

At least we know where the gold is.

When are the recovery ships due?

ADMIRAL ROEBUCK:

36 hours. They've already sailed
from the Persian gulf.

MINISTER JOHNSTONE

I expect to have that gold recovered
in 36 hours. Until then, I'm
imposing my own electronic silence:

For the sake of the economy, not a
word to NATO, the press, the CIA.

(beat, looking at:)

...And so long as Commander Bond here

seems to be such an expert on these matters, I want him to go along as an observer. Are we agreed?

ROEBUCK:

Yes.

BOND:

Yes.

M:

As you wish.

EXT. SEA DOLPHIN II - NIGHT

Harmsway walks along the side of the ship, observing the operation: The WORM'S DREDGING PUMP sucks up the ground-up GOLD AND WATER SLURRY, (through the TUBE hanging over the side,) and dumps it into a SERIES OF SLUICES. At each stage the gold nuggets fall to the bottom of the sluice, and excess water flows off the side of the ship.

AT THE STERN HOLD -

where all the water has been drained off, leaving a cascade of gold nuggets pouring into the ship's hold -

HARMSWAY reaches into the shimmering cascade, and takes a hand-full of gold. He sees Stamper approaching.

HARMSWAY:

Remember the golden rule, Mr.

Stamper:

He drops the gold back in the hold.

HARMSWAY:

Is the helicopter ready?

STAMPER:

Fueled and waiting.

HARMSWAY:

Good. We have an appointment in Hong Kong.

INT. HALLWAY - BANK OF LONDON - NIGHT -

M and Bond, striding down a hallway to exit the building.

M:

...You're turning into quite the politician, 007.

BOND:

I have an excellent teacher.
(sideways glance)
'Make sure you wear the uniform'?

M:

(ignoring his jibe)
What do you make of all this?

BOND:

It doesn't quite add up.
They've come to a door. Pause as he opens it. He explains:

BOND:

The infrared satellite images. No
heat, no flame, no explosion. If
that boat went down where they said
it did, there should have been some
residual heat reading on the surface.

M:

Sabotage?

BOND:

A three-thousand ton frigate doesn't
just vanish into thin air.
She nods and pushes through the door. He follows.
EXT. BANK OF LONDON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS -

M:

I've already contacted our station in
Kuala Lumpur. They're lining up a
local contact.
(beat)
I want you to find that gold, and
secure it.
They've arrived at her car. The door is already open.

BOND:

... Didn't Elliot Harmsway just move
his headquarters to Kuala Lumpur?
She turns, freezes Bond with a look:

M:

Contrary to what you may believe,
007, the world is not filled with
mad-men who can hollow out volcanoes,
stock them with big-breasted women,
and threaten the world with nuclear
annihilation.

Bond reacts to the comeuppance. She continues:

M (cont'd)

The case is closed. The Italian
authorities ruled the girl a suicide.
We had enough trouble keeping your
name out of the media. For
everyone's sake -

(beat)

Your job is to find the gold. Not
settle some personal score with
Elliot Harmsway.

EXT. 'HARMSWAY BUILDING' (HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK) - HONG KONG - DUSK

Super:

tinker-toy-styled building in the Central district.

INT. PENTHOUSE BOARDROOM - DUSK

A CHINESE CHOP comes down firmly on a legal document. GENERAL LI (of
the People's Revolutionary Army) is seated with a squad of lawyers:

GENERAL LI:

And that is the fifth document. With
your counter-signature, the sale will
be complete.

The document is passed across to HARMSWAY, sitting with his own legal
counsel. One of the men is WHISPERING TO HIM, INTENSELY:

YOUNG CHINESE LAWYER

Are you sure? If we waited -

Harmsway waves the lawyer off, silencing him. Addresses the General:

HARMSWAY:

General Li:

has just informed me that if I waited
a year, I could perhaps receive a
higher price for this building.

(beat, wryly)

He has great faith in Hong Kong. As did

my ancestors. With obvious results.

Nervous chuckles around the table, but the General is reserved.

HARMSWAY (cont'd)

Yet to sell this building for more money - to profiteer - would run counter to the Chinese sprit of guanchi - mutual trust and obligation; it would violate the ancient principles of feng shui -

(beat)

- the reason we sign five documents instead of an unlucky four, and why this building has a fifth, non-functioning ventilation shaft on its roof.

(beat)

Wind and water, fire and rain, earth and sky - feng shui. All things - at one, in balance, with nature.

GENERAL LI:

...Most eloquently put, Sir Elliot.

HARMSWAY:

Thank you, General Li. Now I'll just sign this last document -

He puts the pen to the paper, and BREAKS THE PEN. Alarmed looks.

HARMSWAY (cont'd)

Terribly sorry. Mr. Stamper?

From behind, Stamper hands him a pen. Harmsway innocently starts to sign in RED INK -

GENERAL LI:

Sir Elliot! Red ink -

HARMSWAY:

Of course! How foolish. More bad luck. I'll just borrow yours -

He takes General Li's pen, and signs his name with a flourish.

EXT. ROOF OF 'HARMSWAY BUILDING' -

Under the whirring blades of the chopper, Harmsway bids farewell to General Li. He and Stamper get in helicopter.

CLOSE ON THE HELICOPTER -

As Harmsway waves good-bye from the window, the helicopter rises, REVEALING a METAL CABLE attached to the LANDING SKID.

WIDER -

The cable leads to a spool, which runs to the FIFTH METAL VENTILATION SHAFT Harmsway referred to in the last scene.

INT. HELICOPTER - AIRBORNE -

Harmsway pops open a bottle of champagne.

HARMSWAY:

An old Chinese toast to our friends...

RETURN ON ROOFTOP HELIPAD -

The General SEES THE CABLE GROW TAUT AROUND THE VENTILATION SHAFT.

He reacts with horror.

INT. HELICOPTER/HARMSWAY ROOFTOP POV -

Harmsway glances down to watch the VENTILATION SHAFT TOPPLE onto the General and his aides, scattering them like rats.

In the chopper, the pilot cuts the cable, and Harmsway lifts a

champagne glass:

HARMSWAY:

Confusion to the enemy. In 48 hours, that building - and all of Hong Kong around it - will cease to exist.

AERIAL - SKIES ABOVE STRAIT OF MALACCA - DAY -

A BRITISH MILITARY C-130 airship is dropping sono-buoys into the water from a low altitude. The plane veers off, revealing A BRITISH SEA KING command and control helicopter, hovering above.

INT. SEA KING HELICOPTER - AIRBORNE - DAY

Bond holds a map of the channel. He's standing over several CREWMAN seated at radar, sonar, and navigation consoles.

CREWMAN 1

Sounding:

CREWMAN 2

Nothing. Negative bounce.

BOND:

We should be right over it.

They hear a SHARP DINGING SOUND -

OPERATOR 2

Wait - I'm getting something.

BOND:

Where? What is it?

The man points at one of the screens, where Bond sees a COMPUTER GENERATED MAP OF THE SEA FLOOR, with the FAINT OUTLINE of a WARSHIP.

OPERATOR 2

Not sure yet -

He types in some commands on a keyboard, and a 3-D rendering of a boat appears on another computer screen. Lots of data:

OPERATOR 2

The Shinjuku. Japanese troop carrier. World War II.

BOND:

Let's make another pass.

CO-PILOT

(calling out)

We have traffic on the deck -

They look down and see an HNN (Harmsway News Network) boat.

BOND:

Get rid of them.

NEW ANGLE - EXT. SEA RING CHOPPER & HNN BOAT -

The chopper hovers above the HNN boat -

PILOT (on pa speaker)

Please leave the area. please leave the area.

EXT. HNN WORLD HEADQUARTERS (PETRONAS TOWERS)- KUALA LUMPUR - DAY

We're looking up at the world's tallest building: The 1500' twin Petronas Towers. (They look like an architectural collaboration between Friz Lang and H.G. Wells.) At the 50th floor, there's a sky bridge connecting the buildings, where -

INT. SKY BRIDGE - (HNN HEADQUARTERS) - DAY

Elliot Harmsway strides out of an elevator (in Tower 1,) into a group of waiting assistants. Without breaking stride -

YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT 1

Good morning Sir Elliot! Welcome to Kuala Lumpur -

HARMSWAY:

Morning, morning all. What have we got?

His EXECUTIVE SECRETARY rushes to keep up, reading from a pad, as they cross the sky bridge to HNN's main reception area, in Tower 2:

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The Canadian Prime Minister wants to set a lunch -

HARMSWAY:

Pencil it in for the next trip -

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The American presidential candidate called
to complain about that sex story -

HARMSWAY:

Send him a \$10,000 campaign contribution,
and explain I have no control over
what my journalists write -

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Your bankers want an answer about the
Brazilian TV stations

HARMSWAY:

No -

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The Queen invited you to dinner -

HARMSWAY:

Yes -

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

And the 9:

HARMSWAY:

Excellent.

They've passed from the bridge, through reception, into:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HNN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A glass conference room, whose PARTIALLY CLOSED BLINDS obscure the
view of the MAMMOTH HNN NEWS CENTER. (We'll see this, in full,
later.) Meanwhile, a DOZEN RAMBUNCTIOUS EDITORS react to:

HARMSWAY:

Morning, all my golden retrievers.

What kind of havoc shall we create in
the world today?

NEWS EDITOR 1

- A ferry sank and burned in
Pakistan; 457 dead.

HARMSWAY:

Good.

NEWS EDITOR 2

American jetliner down in Omaha -

HARMSWAY:

Better.

NEWS EDITOR 3

Economic summit ends in Tokyo -

HARMSWAY:

Boring -

NEWS EDITOR 1

Riots broke out at the World Cup soccer finals -

HARMSWAY:

Dog bites man.

(explains)

Man bites dog is a news story. Riots at the World Cup soccer finals is a social announcement. Next?

NEWS EDITOR 4

This just came in: There's something up with the British Navy in the Strait. Rescue planes, helicopters; two ships supposedly sailing from the Persian gulf. They just chased away one of our news boats.

HARMSWAY:

(feigning complete innocence)

Is that so?

NEWS EDITOR 4

Yeah. Sounds like a plane went down or something... Either way, they're calling it - all together now:

ALL AT TABLE:

"A routine training exercise."

HARMSWAY:

I'm shocked!! Issue the usual vehement

protest:

right to know... Lather it up with a lot of righteous indignation.

(off their laughter)

Next?

INT. SEA KING HELICOPTER - AIRBORNE - DAY

Frowning, Bond peers at the Sonar Operator's screen.

BOND:

Still nothing?

The operator shakes his head. The pilot calls back from the cockpit:

CO-PILOT

Commander Bond:

the crewman's bodies!

EXT. COASTAL INLET - MARSHLAND - STRAIT OF MALACCA - DAY

The Sea King comes in above several police cars and boats. Bond jumps the last ten feet, and the chopper peels off.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yo! Jimbo!

Bond turns to look: It's JACK WADE.

BOND:

Wade, what the hell are you doing here?

WADE:

I am not here, ol' buddy. The CIA has absolutely no knowledge of the missing ship, the missing gold, where it was going, or when it left Hong Kong.

BOND:

That's reassuring.

WADE:

Hey - the world is my office.

BOND:

Let's take a look at the body.

As Bond moves off, WADE SNIFFS THE AIR, savoring the aroma:

WADE:

Smells like... Coffee plants.

NEW ANGLE -

A POLICEMEN pulls a white sheet from the body. (We don't see it.)

Bond and Wade look down at something gruesome:

WADE:

Colorful... Shark attack?
Bond shakes his head grimly.

BOND:

I don't think so. The veins are
cauterized - as if they were sealed
by heat...

(beat, confounded)

But there are no burn marks on the
flesh. It doesn't make sense.

(to the policeman)

Who found the body?

POLICE OFFICER:

(points to)

Dato. Local fisherman. Says it came
in with the tide early this morning.

BOND:

Ask him if it could have washed in
from the west side of the Strait.

The POLICEMAN has an animated conversation with FISHERMAN. Then:

POLICEMAN:

No. He says it's not possible. The
current could have only brought the
body in from the east.

BOND:

(to Wade)

You have a boat?

WADE:

I don't know if you'd call it a boat...

BOND:

Something with an engine? Not oars?

WADE:

Step into my office.

EXT. 'THE RUNNING DOG' CIGARETTE BOAT - STRAIT OF MALACCA - DAY -
Smashing through the water at breakneck speed. Wade and Bond yell
over the engines.

WADE:

What do you want with the Harbor Master?

BOND:

Tide and current charts. Work backward from the body - find where the ship sank.

(Wade nods appreciatively)

Where did you get the boat?

WADE:

Seized it from a guy smuggling computer chips out of Bangkok.

(beat)

Should have seen his rose garden:

Blooms the size of hand grenades.

Bond looks at Wade: The man remains, forever deranged.

EXT. PORT KLANG - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Harbor Master's tower overlooks a small armada of yachts, fishing boats, etc. A series of long dockways jut out into the harbor.

CIGARETTE BOAT - (PORT KLANG - WATERWAY) - DAY

Wade's boat is moving slowly along the waterway at the end of the docks. Looking off, Bond spots the Harbor Master's Tower:

BOND:

Over there.

Wade turns the boat down one of the dock channels.

NEW ANGLE - WADE/BOND'S POV - DOCKWAY CHANNEL -

A SLEEK LAUNCH is ROARING TOWARDS them, on a dead collision course.

A WOMAN in a baseball cap is at the wheel.

WADE pulls his boat to the right; the LAUNCH ROARS AROUND THEM, rocking the cigarette boat with its wake.

BOTH BOND and WADE clock the woman - who we will later learn is SIDNEY WINCH. Wade stares after her:

WADE:

I think I've just seen my next future ex-wife.

BOND:

(seeing they're about to crash)

Not if you kill us first - unless that's how you plan to leave Muffy.

Wade scowls, setting the boat back on course.

DOCKSIDE - PORT KLANG - DAY -

Bond hops off the boat, securing the lines. Wade joins him.

WADE:

By the way, Jimbo - whatever happened
to that girl - in Cuba - ?

Finished tying the boat, they walk toward the Harbor Master's office.

BOND:

Natalya?

WADE:

Yeah. Russian Minister of Transportation.

BOND:

She married a hockey player.

WADE:

I envy your 'undercover' assignments.

BOND:

(a look, then)

We work in the dark. We do what we can.

INT. HARBOR MASTER OFFICE - PORT KLANG - DAY

The local Malay harbor master puts a stack of charts on the counter.

HARBOR MASTER:

Wind, tide, currents... You're the
second person today asked for a full
set of charts.

(holds out a clipboard)

If you'd just sign here -

Bond takes the clipboard -

INSERT CLIPBOARD - read signature: SIDNEY WINCH.

Bond returns the clipboard:

BOND:

Thanks.

(apparent afterthought)

By the way - was there anything
strange the night before last? Odd
weather, lost boats - ??

HARBOR MASTER:

No... Unless you're talking about the bus problem.

BOND:

...Bus problem?

HARBOR MASTER:

Captain Cheong's ferry was late. He runs the line across the Strait between here and Sumatra. The lumber mill workers coming back for the weekend missed the last bus. Slept on the docks. Hundreds of them.

BOND:

Thanks.

EXT. HARBOR MASTER'S TOWER - DAY

Bond emerges, carrying the charts, along with Wade.

BOND:

I have to get these to London. Do you know this Captain Cheong?

WADE:

Spends his nights at the Kuala Lumpur yacht club.

BOND:

Can you arrange a meeting?

WADE:

Hell. The CIA built that club.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

Palm trees, torch lights, and Rolls Royces.

INT. KUALA LUMPUR YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

A local band plays on the verandah. We find Wade at a POKER TABLE with five local Malay Chinese. He CUTS THE CARDS, exuberantly:

WADE:

Okay gentlemen. The name of the game is 7-card Cambodian stud. Everything is wild!

And then - moving through a beaded glass curtain - we find Bond, in a white dinner jacket, sitting with CAPTAIN CHEONG. The Captain is

elegant, mid-50's, eye patch. (To be put into local dialect.)

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

In the Strait of Malacca, when a boat is even five minutes late, one begins to worry, Mr. Bond.

BOND:

I know. Pirates from Sumatra want the cargo; smugglers from Thailand and Burma want the ships.

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

Sometimes kill the crew; other times - (points to his eye)
Torture them.

BOND:

I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

The Kuala Lumpur ferry was 35 miles off-course that night. Captain blamed the auto-pilot; I suspected he was drunk - until the Sumatra ferry captain had same problem.

BOND:

Did you test the auto-pilots? The satellite positioning receiver?

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

Next morning. Both boats. Nothing wrong. (chuckles)
My 90 year old grandfather thinks 'Ghost in the computer - Silicon Dragon.'

BOND:

(smiles, standing to leave)
I appreciate your time -

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

Maybe you should talk to Sidney Winch.

Owens a marine salvage company. Nobody knows more about the Strait.

BOND:

Where can I find him?

CAPTAIN CHEONG:

Him? He, is a she -

(points)

at the bar.

NEW ANGLE - THE BAR -

SIDNEY WINCH, about 32, tough, smart, and (here's a surprise,) beautiful, is ordering a drink when Bond appears:

SIDNEY:

Bourbon. Neat.

BOND:

I wonder if you handle your liquor more carefully than you handle your boat.

Very slowly, Sidney turns to Bond. She looks him up and down - as if deciding whether this specimen is worth her time. Her conclusion: A definite - though skeptical - maybe. She gives him a sultry smile:

SIDNEY:

Sometimes, you just have to plunge into things. Be reckless.

BOND:

- And I bet you always leave turmoil in your wake.

SIDNEY:

(thinking, 'not bad')

Have we met?

BOND:

This afternoon. Our boats practically kissed in the harbor.

(holds out his hand to shake)

James Bond.

SIDNEY:

Sidney Winch.

The BARTENDER APPEARS.

BOND:

Vodka martini, shaken not stirred.

(to Sidney)

And another for you?

SIDNEY:

No. But you can buy a drink for my friend, Taro.

She steps back REVEALING a huge SAMOAN, TARO, wearing a dark suit and tie, sitting on a stool. Taro smiles menacingly at Bond.

BOND:

Boyfriend?

SIDNEY:

Chaperone. I'm waiting for my dinner date.

BOND:

Pity.

(to Bartender)

Bring him whatever he wants.

SIDNEY:

So what brings you to Kuala Lumpur,

Mr. Bond?

(beat)

Wait - don't tell me: Unhappy marriage?

Running from some poor little girl

with two kids and a Chanel pocketbook in -

London?

Bond analyzes the situation: 1) She's with a thug. 2) She's in marine salvage. 3) She went to the Harbor Master's office for the charts.

4) She's a smart-ass. He decides to see if he can rattle her:

BOND:

Actually, I'm here on business. You might say it was a... Golden opportunity.

SIDNEY:

(a chill in her voice)

And exactly what business are you in,

Mr. Bond?

BOND:

Insurance. Lloyds of London.

SIDNEY:

(daggers in her voice)

The Strait can be a very dangerous place, Mr. Bond. A few words scribbled on a piece of paper in London doesn't carry a lot of value out here. Including life insurance.

BOND:

I'll keep that in mind.

SIDNEY:

(looking off)

I see my date is here.

(to Taro)

And I think Mr. Bond is ready to leave.

BOND:

Nice to run into you again.

SIDNEY:

Let's not make it a habit.

She exits. Turning his back on Taro, Bond watches her cross the room. Taro places a huge hand on Bond's shoulder -

TARO:

I think you should go -

BOND:

Not quite yet, Taro -

And from BOND'S POV - Sidney greets HARMSWAY with a big hug.

SIDNEY:

Uncle Elliot!!

Watching this, Bond seethes with memory of Paris and his hatred of Harmsway. Taro tightens his grip -

TARO:

I said you should -

But before he finishes, Bond spins, and: 1) slams Taro's head on the

bar, 2) snatches the ice-pick from the bartender, 3) yanks Taro backward by his collar, 4) slams the ice-pick through Taro's tie into the wooden bar, and 5) kicks the stool out from under the goon. Taro is now hanging by his tie, from the bar, choking. Bond takes a moment to straighten his own bow-tie. Wade appears, jubilant, with a wad of cash:

WADE:

Yo! Jimbo! I won five hundred -
(seeing Taro)
What happened?

BOND:

He tied one on.

EXT. A DESERTED MARINA - MORNING -

Bond walks down a long dock towards a lone boat, moored at the end.

EXT./INT. BOAT AT MARINA - MORNING -

Bond looks around furtively, before climbing aboard the sleek ocean-going craft. On the aft-deck, there's a large covered object.

As Bond reaches for the CABIN DOOR, it opens by itself - and a succession of THREE YOUNG ENGLISH WOMEN in STRING BIKINIS emerge.

GIRL ONE:

Good morning!

GIRL TWO:

Good morning.

GIRL THREE:

(calling back into the cabin)

He's arrived.

Bond turns from the door to watch the women. He hears:

Q'S VOICE

You're late 007. I've been expecting you.

Q emerges from the cabin in a blazer and an ascot. He's irritated:

BOND:

Q! How are you?

Q:

Retired. I'm not getting paid to help you save the world anymore.

BOND:

I'm sorry. It was a national emergency -

Q:

That hardly makes up for the imposition.

(beat)

Now, for what I hope will be the very last time - pay attention, 007.

(he unfurls a map:)

First, computer generated retrograde analysis map. Body here, meteorological influences here, likely vectoring of the ship's coordinates here.

BOND:

Do you have any idea of what any of that means? In English?

Q:

Not a clue. I didn't lose the ship.

(reaches for a Filofax sized device)

Next, your new personal communicator.

(flips it open)

Picture-phone, fax, beeper.

BOND:

(taking it)

Do I have to dial '9' to get out?

Q:

I don't care who you dial, so long as it's not me. Next -

Q walks to the large object on the aft-deck. Pulls off a tarp:

Q:

Your new car. (Insert name)

BOND:

(interrupting)

- Four wheel drive?

Q:

Yes. And do try to keep all four of them on the road.

(continuing)

All the usual refinements: Smoke,
missiles, machine guns -

(shows him a key fob)

Fully operational remote control.

Drives forward, reverse -

(Bond presses a button,
opening a window)

Stop that!

(grabbing it away)

Plus infrared thermal imaging radar,
heads up instrumentation, and 17
beverage cup holders.

BOND:

... 17 Beverage cup holders?

Q:

Standard equipment. The world's
automobile manufacturers seem to be
in some kind of mad war to see who
can provide the most beverage cup
holders.

Bond nods, and LOOKS AT a distraction from the GIRLS IN BIKINIS.

BOND:

I must say, Q, you seem to be doing
rather well in your retirement.

Q:

Don't even think about it. 007.

They're my granddaughters.

STRAIT OF MALACCA - DAY -

Clear skies and blue water. The only vessel in sight is a thirty-
five foot SPORT FISHING BOAT underway at full throttle.

EXT. SPORT FISHING BOAT, FLYING BRIDGE - DAY -

Wade at the helm; Bond next to him, near sonar, holding Q's map.

BOND:

Slow down. We're close.

Wade pulls back on the throttle.

AERIAL - (SPORT FISHING BOAT/STRAIT OF MALACCA) - DAY -

The boat starts a wide turn -

NEW ANGLE - (SPORT FISHING BOAT/ROCK OUTCROPPING/STRAIT) - DAY -

And we're back at the outcropping where the Indomitable sank. The SPORT FISHING BOAT is trolling against a background of sandy beaches and the lush green hills of Sumatra.

FLYING BRIDGE -

Wade scans the shore; Bond studies the sonar display.

WADE:

I dunno, Jimbo. It can't be out here. How could they get this far off course?

BOND:

(concentrating on the sonar)

Who knows? Fog, night...

WADE:

They'd never sail this close to the shore.

BOND:

Wait a minute -

(beat, pointing to the screen)

I've got it. There! Off the port bow!

INSERT SONAR SCREEN -

The murky electronic outline of a ship.

BACK TO SCENE -

Bond watches the sonar screen. Wade slows engines, consults charts.

BOND:

Cut the engines! It's about two-hundred fifty feet down.

JUMP CUT TO:

AN ANCHOR BEING PITCHED INTO THE WATER - (BOW OF SPORT FISHING BOAT) -
By Wade. Bond is strapping on his scuba tank.

WADE:

Two-fifty's pretty deep for air. You should really be using mixed gases.
Bond glances at the air gauge on his tanks.

BOND:

I'll make a bounce dive. If I can keep my bottom time short, I'll be

all right.

Bond gathers up FLARES, and sits on the gunwale.

BOND:

(only half teasing)

Keep your eye out for pirates.

Wade pulls back his shirt to reveal TWO SIX-SHOOTERS.

WADE:

I got you covered.

BOND:

That's reassuring.

Bond rolls backward into the water and disappears.

UNDERWATER -

Bond swims to the anchor line, and begins pulling himself downward, handover-hand, deeper and deeper into a monochromatic gloom.

UNDERWATER BOTTOM -

Bond touches down by the anchor; his fins kick up the sandy bottom. Checking his wrist compass, he sets off through a rocky channel.

EXT. INDOMITABLE - UNDERWATER -

Ahead, in the dimness, a huge gray shape looms out of the sand.

Bond lights a FLARE, and the scene is suddenly alive with color.

From Bond's position, the hull seems to go on forever before being lost beyond range of his flare. Bond checks his air gauge.

INSERT GAUGES -

Depth:

BACK TO SCENE -

Bond swims to the hole in the side of the Indomitable. He pauses to study the damage. Then enters.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - UNDERWATER -

Bond sees the damage on the passageway door. Swims through it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - UNDER WATER -

The flare throws eerie shadows along the corridor; Bond swims to the busted bilge-hold hatch. Again, he pauses to examine the marks made by the worm. He drops into the hold.

INT. CARGO HOLD - UNDER WATER -

The gold is gone. Bond swims a few yards in: Nothing. A vast empty space. Bond's flare sputters and dies. He drops it, lights another. As he turns to exit, SOMETHING GLINTS on the deck below the hatch. He moves toward it.

NEW ANGLE - CLOSER -

A half-chewed GOLD BAR is wedged between a brace and the bulkhead.

Bond reaches for it, feeling the worm's drill marks on the gold. Just as he yanks the bar out, a MORAY EEL lashes out from behind the brace, baring its teeth.

Still clutching the gold bar, Bond jumps back, and shoots up, into: PASSAGE WAY -(INT. INDOMITABLE) - UNDER WATER -

where he collides with something floating just below the ceiling.

Dropping the flare on the impact, Bond twists around to see:

THE FACE OF A FLOATING DEAD SAILOR.

BACK TO SCENE -

Throwing wildly gyrating shadows, the flare drops to the deck, rolling under some debris. Regaining his composure, Bond SLIPS THE GOLD BAR INTO A WEBBED SACK ON HIS BELT, then moves to retrieve the flare.

CLOSE ON HATCH/DECK -

Bond reaches for the flare, under a section of the torn hatch cover.

He notices the BROKEN URANIUM GRINDING TOOTH. He picks it up, stuffs it into his sack, and swims off.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER BOTTOM - ANCHOR -

Bond swims to the anchor line, grabs hold, and starts up. On the way, he glances at his gauges:

INSERT GAUGES -

Depth:

light level on the gauges suddenly DARKENS.

BOND LOOKS UP TO THE SURFACE -

HIS POV -

A black HULL has blotted out the light... And SOMETHING LARGE AND HEAVY IS FALLING straight at 007.

BOND -

kicks away from the anchor-line just as a 1000 POUND ANCHOR streaks by. He looks up again:

THREE DIVERS ARE IN THE WATER.

One carries a strange-looking HARPOON-TYPE GUN; another trails a CABLE. The divers have fanned out, looking for 007.

BOND -

Realizes his best chance is to take one of the men hostage.

Flashing his KNIFE, Bond cuts the cord to his gold/uranium sack, STUFFS THE SACK INTO HIS BAGGY SWIM TRUNKS.

Bond rockets up, SLAMMING INTO DIVER #1. A confusion of bubbles.

And just as Bond overcomes the man - spinning him around, holding the knife to the diver's throat -

DIVER #2 SHOOTS the HARPOON-TYPE GUN, and A DOLPHIN NET explodes out, ENVELOPING BOND AND THE DIVER in a mesh. (Note: This is a real,

'fish friendly' research tool.)

Diver #3 HOOKS THE CABLE he's been trailing onto the net, and -
EXT. SEA -

The net erupts through the surface, is hauled up into the air, and deposited on -

THE DECK OF A SELF-PROPELLED SALVAGE BARGE.

(An old scow, with a large crane, two-story deck-house, and a crew whose idea of 'cruise-wear' runs to tattoos and grotesque scars.

BOND'S POV - THROUGH HIS DIVING MASK -

As the water drains from his mask, Bond sees the mesh being pulled away, and FIVE GOONS come into focus, training AUTOMATIC WEAPONS on him. (Bond still has the diver from behind, knife to his throat.)

One of the goons reaches forward, ripping off Bond's mask. 007 sees:

TARO - (EXT. SALVAGE BARGE, DECK) -

Brandishing an UZI at Bond, with a malevolent smile:

TARO:

Uzi beats knife.

BOND:

...Interesting point.

Bond sticks the knife into the deck, and releases the hostage.

TARO:

Get him up. Take his belt.

(motioning to Wade)

Take the two of them to the Captain.

The men grab Bond roughly, and shove him next to Wade.

TARO:

By the way. I almost forgot.

(smashing Bond)

I owed you one.

Bond and Wade are frog-marched to the bridge, passing under the gaze of various cutthroat crew members. Wade is completely unfazed.

WADE:

(sniffs the air)

Smell that Jimmy? Sea Kelp.

Bond gives Wade a look.

WADE:

Hey - it could be worse. At least they speak English.

Bond glances up at a crew member, SHARPENING A MACHETE, smiling.

BOND:

...Somehow, that's not reassuring.

INT. BRIDGE - SALVAGE BARGE - DAY

We're back in Bond-land: A high-tech control room, with lots of monitors and white-suited TECHNICIANS. Bond and Wade are pushed through the-door, followed by Taro and the two goons.

TARO:

Here they are, Captain.

The "Captain" turns from a monitor: IT'S SIDNEY.

SIDNEY:

Just give me one good reason - Mister Bond, from Lloyds of London - why I shouldn't kill both of you, burn your boat, and use your bodies for shark bait.

WADE:

(chirping up)

So you two know each other!?! Small world, ain't it? What happened? Commitment problems?

SIDNEY:

Who is he?

BOND:

Sidney Winch, meet -

WADE:

Jack Wade. Citibank. Commercial loan division. If you're ever lookin' for a sweet refinance on the boat -

SIDNEY:

- Shut up!

BOND:

(to Wade)

You have to excuse Miss Winch: She thinks she's on a 'seduce and destroy' mission through life...

(pauses)

...But she won't kill us.

SIDNEY:

No?

BOND:

No. First, because I don't think it's in your nature. And second, because there's no gold down there.

SIDNEY:

So charming! So suave!

(beat)

Don't insult me. I'm not one of your 'little London girls' who falls for the lies.

WADE:

So it was commitment!

SIDNEY:

Every wharf-rat from here to Hong Kong knows what's on that boat and I'm claiming it. One-third of that gold is mine.

BOND:

That's fine, but - even a little London girl knows that one third of nothing is still nothing.

There's a flicker of doubt in her eyes. She turns to Taro:

SIDNEY:

Was he carrying anything?

Taro holds up the BOND'S DIVING BELT, indicating 'nothing'. Angrily:

SIDNEY:

Search him.

The men look at Bond - wearing only swim trunks. Nobody moves.

SIDNEY:

Do I have to do everything around here?

BOND:

I hope so.

Frowning, Sidney moves to Bond. As she REACHES INTO HIS TRUNKS, we cut to THEIR FACES. THEIR EYES ARE LOCKED ON EACH OTHER:

BOND:

I hope you'll be gentle.

SIDNEY:

Think about mom.

BOND WINCES. She's goosed him.

BOND:

... Unusual technique.

Returning to the WIDE SHOT, she opens the sack. SHOWS THE GOLD:

SIDNEY:

And what do you call this?

BOND:

- The family jewels?

She scowls, takes out the URANIUM TOOTH. Looks at it, blankly, and holds it out to a TECHNICIAN, who examines it.

SIDNEY:

What is this?

TECHNICIAN:

...I don't know. I'm not sure -

Just then, a CREWMAN BURSTS IN:

CREWMAN:

Boss! We got company - comin' up off the starboard bow!

SIDNEY:

(exiting, to Taro)

Bring them.

Taro motions with his Uzi for Bond and Wade to follow...

But BOND hesitates, LOOKING BACK AT THE TECHNICIAN with the URANIUM.

007 wants to get it, but Taro nudges him out with the gun muzzle.

EXT. MALACCA STRAIT - DAY

A BRITISH NAVAL CUTTER is pulling alongside the barge - SEA SIREN WAILING, crew members in battle gear, FORWARD GATLING GUN manned.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(on bullhorn)

Attention sea barge: Lay down your weapons, and prepare to be boarded.

ON THE BARGE - Sidney and Co. stand, weapons ready.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Repeat:

prepare to be boarded.

Bond turns to Sidney, who's grabbed a bullhorn of her own.

BOND:

If I were you -

SIDNEY:

- You're not.

BOND:

(as she hoists the bullhorn)

Just remember:

billion dollars in gold down there.

SIDNEY:

Thank you.

(clicks it on, and:)

"Now hear this: Drop dead."

Bond and Wade exchange an amused/helpless glance - as if they both know what's coming next. There's a pause, then -

THE CRUISER'S GATLING GUN ERUPTS WITH AN EARDRUM-SHATTERING SALVO.

It's only a warning shot, but -

EVERYONE ON THE BARGE DIVES FOR THE DECK... Except for Bond and Wade, who might as well be having tea. Bond looks down at Taro, cowering on the boards.

BOND:

Gatling gun beats Uzi.

NEW ANGLE - (CUTTER/BARGE) - DAY

An ARMED BOARDING PARTY is coming across an aluminum bridge that has extended from the Cutter onto the barge.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(a tiny popinjay)
Who's in charge here?

SIDNEY:

I am. What do you want?

CAPTAIN MORTON:

You have precisely one minute to pull
up your anchor and be under way.

SIDNEY:

Forget it. No way. I got here first.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(ignoring her)
Who's Wade?

WADE:

That would be me -

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(snidely)
Thanks for your message.
(turns to)
And you're Bond?

BOND:

Yes -

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Guard! Arrest these men! Escort
them to the cutter!
Bond and Wade are stunned. The Marines move in. Bond struggles -

BOND:

Wait a minute -

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Get them out of here. If he says one
word, shoot him.
As TWO MARINES with automatic rifles take Bond and Wade across the
folding bridge -

SIDNEY:

(demanding)

What's your name?

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Captain Morton.

Pause. She expects him to ask "And yours?" but he doesn't.

SIDNEY:

My name is Sidney Winch, and -

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Good for you, Miss Winch. You now have exactly 30 seconds to get this rust bucket out of here.

SIDNEY:

(furiously)

I know my rights. These are international waters. The British Navy abandoned that boat, and I'm claiming it. Under international law, I have the right to salvage what's on that wreck.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Fifteen seconds. Perhaps you should consider hiring an attorney.

SIDNEY:

I was an attorney!

CAPTAIN MORTON:

Hmmm. I suppose this is a step above that profession.

(beat)

Ten seconds. Are you leaving?

SIDNEY:

No.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

You leave me no alternative.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(upholstering a walkie-talkie)

Cut her anchor.

As Sidney yells "NO!" - THE FORWARD GATLING GUN erupts to life. One short, bone rattling burst CUTS THE CHAIN.

SIDNEY:

You won't get away with this!

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(stepping onto the bridge)

Good-day, Miss Winch. I advise you to get some steam up - before you run aground.

As she floats away, Sidney calls out to the Captain, Bond and Wade:

SIDNEY:

You bastards! Believe me - you haven't heard the last of me!
EXT. DECK - THE CUTTER - DAY -
Bond, Wade and the Captain.

WADE:

- Nice trick with the arrest. Very convincing.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

It's no trick, Mr. Wade. I've got half a mind to throw both of you in the brig.

BOND:

Don't you think you're overreacting?

CAPTAIN MORTON:

(with great sarcasm)

Yes. The famous James Bond. I've heard all about you, sir. You were under direct orders to act as an observer - and yet you had to go off, on your own, like some half-assed CIA cowboy -
(Wade reacts)

Endangering the gold, attracting that lunatic woman, and then putting in a distress call for us to save your bloody hide.

BOND:

(Calmly)

...That's all well and good, Captain,
save for one thing:

(beat)

There's no gold down there.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

What are you talking about? We went
through all this and the ship isn't
even down there?

BOND:

Yes, the ship is down there. But the
gold is gone.

CAPTAIN MORTON:

That's absurd! It took two squads of
forty men fifteen days to load that
gold.

BOND:

I know what I saw -

CAPTAIN:

I don't care what you think you saw.
You're a damned amateur.

(beat)

Just get off my ship. Go back to
your trench-coats and your code names
- and leave the job to professionals.

BOND:

(exchanges a glance with Wade, then)

Aye-aye, Captain.

EXT. SPORT FISHING BOAT - STRAIT OF MALACCA - DAY -

As Bond and Wade push away from the Naval Cutter:

WADE:

Where to now, Jimbo?

BOND:

(thinking)

I'm not certain... But I think there's someone I want to press for some answers in Kuala Lumpur.

EXT. COASTAL ROADWAY - MALAYSIA - (BOND CAR) - DAY -
Bond'- car travels through the tropical landscape, turning at a sign for Kuala Lumpur.

INT. BOND'S CAR - MOVING - COASTAL ROADWAY - DAY -
As Bond downshifts in anticipation of an upcoming hill, his CAR PHONE RINGS. Before answering it, he looks down at:

INSERT - DASHBOARD - DIGITAL DISPLAY PANEL -
Displayed on separate lines:, "INCOMING CALL." "ORIGIN: (the display runs through numbers until it hits on) 763-4733." "NAME: (blinking) UNKNOWN. "STATUS: (blinking) SECURE."

RETURN ON BOND -
Reacting - the information is curious. Bond picks up the phone.

BOND:

Bond.

HARMSWAY'S VOICE

Hello, Mister Bond.

BOND:

(with an edge)

Who is this?

INT. HARMSWAY'S OUTER OFFICE -
Harmsway is perched on a desk. In the background, THROUGH HIS OPEN OFFICE DOOR, we can see Harmsway's EXECUTIVE SECRETARY serving someone coffee from a SILVER TRAY - but we can't see who it is.

HARMSWAY:

Elliot Harmsway! I heard you were in K.L. and thought we might get together for a chat...

RETURN ON BOND - (INT. BOND'S CAR - MOVING) -

HARMSWAY (Cont'd, O.S.)

We seemed to get off on the wrong foot back there in Venice.

BOND:

How did you get this number?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

HARMSWAY:

Oh, please, Mr. Bond. We live in the

information age! Information is
currency - and with the right currency,
you can have any piece of information.

(Bond reacts, sourly)

Besides I own the phone company. What
do you say? Twenty minutes?

BOND:

I'm on my way.

Bond hangs up, and drives with renewed determination.

INT. HARMSWAY'S OUTER OFFICE -

Harmsway hangs up; STAMPER is standing nearby. Harmsway throws a
concerned glance at his office, then turns to Stamper:

HARMSWAY:

Let's find out exactly what he knows.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR - ROADWAY -(BOND CAR) - LATE AFTERNOON -

Bond's car approaches the camera, passes it, and heads for HARMSWAY
TOWERS, looming over Kuala Lumpur in the distance.

EXT. HARMSWAY TOWERS - STREET LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON -

Bond's car passes the front of the building, and drives down a ramp
into an underground car park.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - (HARMSWAY TOWERS) -

Passing NEWSPAPER LOADING DOCKS (with trucks displaying both the
"TOMORROW" and "HNN" logos, and HUM-VEES used by building security,)

Bond pulls into the VALET AREA -

Where a cheerful YOUNG PR WOMAN and VALET wait. Both wear the
colorful BLAZER used by all Harmsway Building service personnel.

BOND:

(from inside the car)

James Bond to see Elliot Harmsway.

PR WOMAN:

Yes. I'm to bring you right up. The
valet will take your car -

BOND:

I'd prefer to park it myself.

(off her questioning look)

Temperamental. Practically has a
mind of its own.

PR WOMAN:

Don't they all?

She points to a spot near the loading docks. Bond drives off.

INT. BOND'S CAR -

Bond backs into the space, thinking about the (inevitable) quick getaway. He looks through the windshield, surveying the area.

BOND'S POV - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK -

TWO BURLY SECURITY GUARDS (in Harmsway Blazers,) stand behind a bulletproof security desk. There's a METAL DETECTOR by the door.

BACK TO SCENE (INT. BOND'S CAR) -

Reaching inside his jacket, Bond REMOVES HIS GUN, and HIDES IT in a compartment under the dashboard.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK -

The PR WOMAN joins Bond as he locks the car with the REMOTE CONTROL.

PR WOMAN:

Right this way.

Following her through the metal detector, Bond scans the security devices at the guard's desk: Lots of cameras, sensors, and alarms.

EXT. PRESSROOM OBSERVATION ARCADE -

Bond and the PR Woman step off an escalator onto an open arcade with GLASS WINDOWS looking down into a mammoth NEWSPAPER PRINTING PLANT.

PR WOMAN:

(moving to a door)

Mr. Harmsway is checking the afternoon editions. If you'll just follow me -

INT. PRESSROOM BALCONY -

The NOISE FROM THE PRINTING PRESSES is deafening. Bond and the PR WOMAN walk down a METAL STAIRCASE to the pressroom floor, where - Harmsway (wearing a printer's smock and newsprint cap,) is joking with SEVERAL PRESSMEN - a fresh issue of "Tomorrow" outstretched in his hands.

HARMSWAY:

(spotting Bond, yelling:)

Mr. Bond! Nice to see you.

BOND:

Sir Elliot.

HARMSWAY:

Come. Let's get out of the noise.

(escorting Bond off)

- I'll give you a tour of the

building, then we'll talk.

INT. DRESSING ALCOVE - OFF THE PRESSROOM -

Harmsway is hanging up his smock in the short hallway that leads from the press room to an elevator. There's a SINK in the room.

HARMSWAY:

It's funny, Mr. Bond. Of all the things I own, nothing gives me as much enjoyment as my newspapers.

He moves to the sink to wash his hands. Turns on the faucets:

HARMSWAY (cont'd)

Ironic, isn't it? In the age of TV, I still can't get the ink out of my veins.

Bond SMILES WRYLY, looking at Harmsway hunched over the sink:

BOND:

Yes... A man with ink in his veins, and blood on his hands.

Harmsway smiles to himself, acknowledging the jibe... But decides to ignore it. He turns off the faucet, dries his hands -

HARMSWAY:

We print 31 newspapers here; another two-hundred-and-seventy at satellite plants around the world.

He pulls on his £2000 Saville Row suit-jacket.

BOND:

... And how many of those newspapers carried Paris Harmsway's obituary?

Harmsway turns, and presses the ELEVATOR BUTTON. The doors open, instantly. HE SMILES:

HARMSWAY:

All of them, Mister Bond...

(motioning inside)

After you?

INT. ELEVATOR -

The doors close. Bond clocks the security camera in the ceiling.

Harmsway is about to take great delight in making Bond squirm:

HARMSWAY:

Before I became involved with Paris, she was always involved with the most

inappropriate' men...

(beat)

Playboys. Thrill seekers. Middle aged Peter Pans who only brought out the worst in her.

BOND:

I see.

HARMSWAY:

I tried to save her. But she remained a manic depressive: Fits, inappropriate behavior... Delusions of grandeur.

BOND:

I wonder if it runs in the family.

HARMSWAY:

(bursts out in a laugh)

The only difference between a psychopath and a genius, Mr. Bond, is the degree of success.

He looks up at the digital readout, going from 40 to 50.

HARMSWAY:

Still, I do miss her. I only wish she could have lived to see all this.

BOND:

I can feel your pain.

The doors open:

HARMSWAY:

By the way - what is it that brings you to Kuala Lumpur, Mister Bond?

BOND:

Sightseeing.

Harmsway motions for Bond to exit. They step out into:

INT. ELEGANT HALLWAY ("ROGUES GALLERY") - LATE AFTERNOON

A short hallway lined with OIL PORTRAITS of Harmsway's ancestors.

Double doors at both ends. (People passing through.) As they walk -

HARMSWAY:

I call this the Rogue's gallery.

BOND:

Yes. I can see:

rest of your relatives.

HARMSWAY:

(pointing to the first portrait)

My third great Uncle - the Earl of Aberdeen - negotiated the purchase of Hong Kong from the Chinese.

(moving to)

His son-in-law - George Harmsway - made the first family fortune, running opium into Shanghai...

(moving to)

His son, Thomas, who lost it, smoking the opium...

And my grandfather Henry, who opened the first telegraph station, and published the colony's first English newspaper.

(pausing, wistfully)

It was a city of unlimited possibility.

BOND:

So why did you leave?

HARMSWAY:

Because it's a dying city. Since the Chinese take-over, who knows what can happen tomorrow?

(moving to the last two portraits)

In any case, this is my father, Charles: A royal bastard who started the first radio and television stations. Said I'd never amount to anything, but...

(passing his own portrait)

I turned it into this

He pushes through a door, into:

INT. HNN NEWS CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON -

A cavernous THREE STORY ROOM bristling with activity. At the center is the main HNN ANCHOR DESK, (where a news broadcast is in progress,)

surrounded by scores of reporter's desks a la CNN.
Around the perimeter of the room are VARIOUS TV STUDIOS looking out on Kuala Lumpur. All are broadcasting: A Larry King-type chat show; MTV; SPORTS; a KITCHEN where a chef is preparing something flambeed. With its walls of monitors, equipment, and control rooms, the effect is overwhelming. Harmsway will walk Bond around the perimeter:

HARMSWAY:

Welcome to the new world order, Mr. Bond.

(starting to walk)

Churchill had his armies; Caesar had his legions; I have my divisions:

(pointing)

News, sports, business, entertainment.

And these are my foot soldiers:

(a wave of his hand)

2000 people working on 14 floors to feed 300 newspapers, 4 cable news networks, 87 magazines, and 29 different cable TV channels - in 35 languages.

BOND:

And still not a thing to watch.

He glances at the SATELLITE CONTROL ROOM, with a NASA-type WORLD MAP.

BOND:

...Although it must be fun to have all those satellites.

HARMSWAY:

They're merely tools to disseminate information.

BOND:

(wryly)

Or disinformation... If you wanted to, say, beam down a signal to send a ship off course? Maybe one degree a minute?

HARMSWAY:

(guffaws)

Fantastic idea Mr. Bond! Perhaps I should buy it for a book! It's totally preposterous, but -

(off Bond's reaction)

You amuse me. ...And now perhaps I
can amuse you.

He stops at a VIDEO TERMINAL. Begins to type.

HARMSWAY:

Let's see... First we have this
James Bond... I believe he's a field
adjuster for Lloyd's of London...

INSERT VIDEO SCREEN - BOND'S MI-6 COVER -

HARMSWAY:

Then we have this James Bond.

INSERT VIDEO SCREEN - BOND'S KGB FILE -

HARMSWAY:

(reading from the screen)

... Licensed to Kill...

(aside)

Not a bad title for that book...

(then)

Or perhaps you'd prefer this James Bond -

INSERT VIDEO SCREEN - BOND'S CHINESE FILE -

HARMSWAY:

Who I believe they call "007."

Bond is not amused. Harmsway is enjoying himself:

HARMSWAY:

You see, Mr. Bond, you and I are both

men of action. But your era is passing.

Words are the new weapons; satellites the
new artillery. And make no mistake about

it:

deadly as your Walther PPK.

BOND:

...Words to live by?

HARMSWAY:

Your choice.

(glancing at his watch)

Look at the time! Come. There's

someone I want you meet - about a story I'm thinking of publishing.

As they leave, Bond is frustrated by Harmsway's "I don't care what you think you know - I can crush you" attitude... And now, Harmsway plans (and the operative word here is plans,) to use Bond, to tie off the one other loose thread in his perfect crime:

INT. HARMSWAY'S OFFICE -

The DOOR opens and Harmsway enters, followed by Bond. He calls to someone we don't see:

HARMSWAY:

Hello, dear. I'm sorry I took so long -

REVEAL:

SIDNEY:

That's okay, Uncle Ell -

She freezes in mid-sentence, seeing Bond. Bond is equally surprised.

SIDNEY:

What is HE doing here?

HARMSWAY:

I see you two have met.

BOND:

Briefly.

HARMSWAY:

(crossing to his desk)

Don't pout, Sidney. I invited him here hoping he might shed some light on your story. He's from 'Lloyd's of London.'

(sly glance to Bond)

...Aren't you, Mr. Bond?

SIDNEY:

He's not going to tell the truth! He was diving for the gold!

Harmsway sits, and addresses Bond, matter-of-factly:

HARMSWAY:

It seems - Mr. Bond - that Miss Winch

has told me the most incredible story: A sunken British warship filled with gold; a British cutter firing on her; billions of dollars in bullion lying on the bottom of the Strait.

Bond isn't enjoying this charade.

HARMSWAY:

Obviously, the British government denies all of this -

SIDNEY:

- I told you! He was there! -

HARMSWAY:

- But as I've explained to Sidney, without proof, there's just no story.

Don't you agree Mr. Bond?

Before Bond can answer -

SIDNEY:

But I have proof! You ran out of here so fast, I didn't get to show you.

Bond and Harmsway react - with entirely different concerns: Harmsway wasn't expecting her to have proof; Bond knows that if she shows him the gold, (or worse, the uranium tooth,) Harmsway will probably kill both of them to destroy the evidence, and witnesses.

HARMSWAY:

(forcing a smile)

...And what's that, my dear?

BOND:

Sidney, perhaps we should leave this to -

Sidney cuts Bond off, DROPPING THE GOLD BAR on Harmsway's desk.

SIDNEY:

He brought that up from the wreck.

HARMSWAY:

...I see.

Alarmed, Bond wants to stop Sidney from reaching into her bag again -

BOND:

Sidney, I wouldn't -
Too late. She drops the uranium tooth on his desk.

SIDNEY:

And what about this? Any idea what this is?
Silence. Harmsway and Bond exchange a sober look. Then:

HARMSWAY:

... I believe it's a depleted uranium
drill bit, my dear.
HE PRESSES AN ALARM UNDER HIS DESK. Bond reaches for the DRILL TOOTH.

BOND:

Why don't we just take these -

SIDNEY:

(blocking him)
No. I want Sir Elliot to keep them.
Harmsway stands, comes around the desk:

HARMSWAY:

...Well! I do believe this requires
further investigation!

SIDNEY:

Thank you, Uncle Elliot.

HARMSWAY:

No matter what the British government
says, I won't kill this story.
(his secretary appears in the doorway)
Miss Oxford will show both of you to
the elevator... And one of my people
will definitely be in touch sooner
than later.

BOND:

I'm sure they will.

HARMSWAY:

Good-bye, Mister Bond.
He reaches to kiss Sidney - and looks in her eyes a second too long.

HARMSWAY:

Good-bye, darling.

Watching them exit, his smile turns hard and bitter.

INT. ELEVATOR HALLWAY - DAY -

As the Executive Secretary escorts them to the elevator, Bond glances out the PICTURE WINDOW, with its view of the other tower.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Thank you both for coming in...

BOND'S POV - EXT. HARMSWAY TOWERS -

Five floors directly down is the GLASS-ENCLOSED SKY BRIDGE; just above him, he sees TWO WINDOW WASHERS being pulled up on a TWO MAN SCAFFOLD.

BACK TO SCENE -

A CHIME SOUNDS; the elevator doors open. Bond and Sidney ad-lib good-byes to the secretary and get in.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Sidney presses the button for "1". Bond glances at the FLOOR INDICATOR with reads "55" - clocks the SECURITY CAMERA - and starts looking for an ESCAPE PANEL. Sidney watches out of the corner of her eye, thinking he's nuts.

BOND:

(glancing at the security camera)

... Do you have a gun?

SIDNEY:

What?

BOND:

(yanking it down)

You heard me. A gun?

(disabling it)

I left mine in the car.

SIDNEY:

That's funny:

of man who always carries protection.

BOND:

Listen to me! I'm a British secret service agent. And we have about two minutes before Harmsway kills both of us.

He glances up at the escape panel at the rear of the car.

SIDNEY:

Has anyone ever suggested that you're
a paranoid psychotic?

Bond ignores the insult, explaining as he moves under the panel:

BOND:

Harmsway sank that ship and stole the
gold. It's on the Sea Dolphin II.

(boosting himself up)

And thanks to your little show and tell -

(straining to open the panel)

- giving him the evidence -

(popping it open)

We're the only ones who can tie him
to the crime.

SIDNEY:

Elliot Harmsway is my Uncle!

BOND:

Blood or Dutch?

SIDNEY:

He was my father's best friend!

BOND:

He's killed closer.

SIDNEY:

You are seriously deranged.

BOND:

Maybe. But why are we going up
instead of down?

He nods to the FLOOR INDICATOR. She looks: 60, 65, 70. IT STOPS.

Bond reaches down to her -

BOND:

Sidney, come with me -

THE DOORS OPEN. She looks at his outstretched hand with disdain:

SIDNEY:

Not if my life depended on it.

INT. 70TH FLOOR -- DAY

Sidney comes out onto a floor still under construction. The elevator doors CLOSE behind her. To the right, she sees STAMPER and a Harmsway-blazered GUARD, with MACHINE PISTOLS.

SIDNEY:

Thank God! He's crazy!

STAMPER:

Does he have a gun?

SIDNEY:

No.

On Stamper's reply -

STAMPER:

Good -

He lunges for her, grabs her, spins her around, overwhelming her. She struggles, yelling:

SIDNEY:

This is a mistake!

STAMPER:

(gun against her skull)

Shut up!

Using Sidney as a HUMAN SHIELD, Stamper marches her in front of the closed elevator doors. The guard follows. THEY POSITION THEMSELVES FOR A MASSACRE. Reaching around Sidney, Stamper pulls out his RADIO: STAMPER (into radio)

Open 14.

A beat. It opens. The men unleash a HAIL OF BULLETS, then realize - NEW ANGLE - (INT. ELEVATOR) -

The car is empty. Stamper perplexed. Pushing Sidney in front of him, he enters the elevator, cautiously... When, suddenly:

BOND SWINGS DOWN OUT OF THE ESCAPE PANEL (like an athlete on a high-bar) FEET FIRST - barely clearing Sidney's head as he KICKS Stamper and the Guard in their faces. They go flying backwards.

Bond jumps down, grabs Sidney -

BOND:

Need a lift?

And boosts her into the escape panel, following her up.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ABOVE THE ELEVATOR - (CONTINUOUS) -

Bond and Sidney rush forward to the front wall as -

STAMPER AND THE GUARD -

Recover, grab their guns, move to the threshold, and START RAKING THE CEILING WITH GUNFIRE.

ELEVATOR SHAFT -

Bond presses his body against Sidney, on the front wall, trying to SHIELD HER as BULLETS RIP UP THE FLOOR behind them. With his free hand, Bond reaches up for the LATCH to open the door above them.

INT. ELEVATOR -

Stamper stops shooting. Moves to the rear of the cab, under the escape panel. Peers up. Sees nothing. Turns to the Guard:

STAMPER:

Help me up.

ELEVATOR SHAFT -

Stamper's head pokes up through the hole just as Bond and Sidney have disappeared into -

INT. HALLWAY - (ELEVATOR BANK) - 71ST FLOOR.

Squeezing out from between the elevator doors, (which immediately close behind them,) Bond and Sidney encounter a group of STUNNED OFFICE WORKERS, waiting for the elevator.

BOND:

(to the office workers)

... I'd try the stairs.

As Bond and Sidney scamper off -

RETURN ON STAMPER - IN THE ELEVATOR -

STAMPER:

(rushing out)

The stairs!

(barking into his RADIO)

Attention all units! They're on the 71st floor!

INT. ELEGANT HALLWAY - ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING -

Harmsway is striding towards the SECURITY CENTER, RADIO in hand:

HARMSWAY:

Stamper! They're not to leave this building alive!

BOND AND SIDNEY - (INT. HALLWAY) -

Moving cautiously toward a CORNER of ANOTHER HALLWAY.

SIDNEY:

This has got to be a mistake.

BOND:

The only mistake is that they didn't
kill us in the elevator.

At the corner, Bond STOPS, SEEING A GUARD, farther down the hall (his
back to them) CHECKING DOORS.

BOND:

Wait here.

SIDNEY:

No. I'm going with you.

Bond frowns, but doesn't have the time to argue. They start doing a
"DUCK AND COVER" in and out of doorways TO SNEAK UP ON HIM.

INT. SECURITY CENTER -

Harmsway bursts in on GUARDS watching a WALL OF SECURITY MONITORS.

HARMSWAY:

Where are they?

GUARD #1

I don't see them -

(scanning the monitors)

There!

INSERT VIDEO MONITOR - (SURVEILLANCE SHOT OF HALLWAY) -

Bond and Sidney have just come into frame, sneaking up on the GUARD.

HARMSWAY (OVER)

Warn him!

CLOSE ON THE GUARD - (INT. HALLWAY) -

VOICE ON RADIO:

Porter! They're behind you -

GUARD:

(lifting the radio to reply)

Roger! Over and -

BAM. BOND DECKS HIM.

BOND:

Out.

Bond kneels, grabs the GUARD'S MACHINE PISTOL, and CLIPS, just as -

SIDNEY:

JAMES!

TWO GUARDS have entered from a STAIRCASE DOOR, hoisting MAC-10's. In

an instant:

diving for cover in the staircase door. (3) Bond rolls, (4) Pushes Sidney into an open DOORWAY, and (5) returns A BURST, from -
INT. SMALL KITCHEN/COPIER ROOM -
Sidney is shaken. As Bond stands in the doorway, guarding them -

SIDNEY:

Okay. So it wasn't a mistake.

(Bond lets go a blast)

What do we do now? Offer them
dinner?!?!)

Bond glances back at the KITCHEN SUPPLIES. GETS AN IDEA. He suddenly TWISTS, SMASHING the BUTT OF HIS GUN down on some GLASSWARE on the counter, then TWISTS BACK, returning a BURST OF GUNFIRE.

BOND:

Come here. You shoot. I'll cook.

She thinks he's nuts, but squeezes next to him. Handing her the gun:

BOND:

Aim that way.

Sidney scowls - as Bond moves off-camera - when suddenly, BULLET HITS RIP UP THE DOOR FRAME. She jumps, TERRIFIED.

Bond looks at her from the PHOTO-COPYING MACHINE, where he is YANKING OUT the TONER CARTRIDGE. He offers a simple piece of advice:

BOND:

Shoot back!

Sidney frowns... Turns... And as she LETS THE GUN RIP, we cut to:

INT. STAIRWELL - (ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING) -

Stamper, running up steps with the guard. They exit into:

A SHORT SERVICE HALLWAY - 71ST. FLOOR -

They rush through it, bursting through a door into:

THE ELEVATOR BANK HALLWAY -

Stamper and the Guard start hunting Bond.

RETURN ON SIDNEY (HALLWAY/KITCHEN) -

As she continues to exchange fire with the guards...

BOND, (having broken the toner cartridge open,) is DUMPING THE TONER in a coffee can. He reaches for a BOX of sugar

BOND:

One second -

And (with GUNFIRE SFX over,) Bond sweeps the BROKEN DISH into the

can, and drops his Q LIGHTER in the mix.
He moves to Sidney, in the doorway. Kneels. In-between shots:

BOND:

... How did you get into marine
salvage?

SIDNEY:

(gun burst, then)
My father left me the business.
Bond glances at his watch, timing the bomb. The guards shoot; she
shoots back, then explains:

SIDNEY:

I used to be a divorce lawyer in New
York City.
Bond nods, continuing to look at his watch. Glances at her:

BOND:

Not a lot of difference.

SIDNEY:

What do you mean?
Bond reaches forward to toss the coffee can -

BOND:

Either way, you're taking the goods
from dead hulks.
He tosses the can, and PULLS HER BACKWARDS, covering her.
NEW ANGLE - THE HALLWAY -
The GUARDS spring from the door, rushing forward to storm Bond's
position - just as the COFFEE CAN rolls towards them, and EXPLODES.
RETURN ON BOND AND SIDNEY IN THE KITCHEN -

BOND:

Let's go -
Taking the gun, the two of them start for the door when -
NEW ANGLE - OPPOSITE END OF THE HALLWAY - CORNER -
Stamper and the GUARD have arrived at the corner, BLASTING.
RETURN ON BOND AND SIDNEY IN THE KITCHEN -

BOND:

Damn!
Swiftly, Bond grabs a JUG of CLEANER from under the sink, moves to

the door, and ROLLS IT DOWN THE HALL in Stamper's direction.

STAMPER AND THE GUARD - (HALLWAY CORNER) -

Anticipate a bomb. They move back.

BOND AND SIDNEY (INT. KITCHEN) -

SIDNEY:

What the hell does that do?

BOND:

Cleans dirt. Let's go.

INT. HALLWAY -

Bond and Sidney BREAK for the STAIRCASE DOOR. (Where the first Guards were shooting at them from.) TWISTING AROUND, Bond lets a BURST go in Stamper's direction, as he stoops to scoop up one of the dead guards' MAC-10's.

INSERT - BOND'S BULLETS RIP UP THE JUG OF CLEANER.

BOND AND SIDNEY ESCAPE FROM THE HALLWAY -

STAMPER -

Cowers, waiting for the jug to blow up... Then realizes:

STAMPER:

It's a trick! After him.

(into his radio, on the run)

They're in the south stairwell!

HARMSWAY, IN THE SECURITY CENTER -

HARMSWAY:

Get more men up there!

INT. STAIRWELL - LANDING -

SIDNEY:

Down?

Bond leans over the railing. Sees GUARDS coming UP. SHOOTS.

BOND:

Up.

They go up about three stairs, and Sidney sees GUARDS descending.

SIDNEY:

Down?

BOND:

(shoots, then)

Up.

Bond and Sidney bound up the stairs through a METAL DOOR, just as -
INT. HALLWAY -

Stamper and the Guard bound down the hallway, heading for the door.

INT. SECURITY CENTER -

Harmsway smiles, watching Bond on a monitor:

HARMSWAY:

... And so much for that.

(into radio)

They're on the 72nd floor set-back.

(explains to the guards)

Nowhere to go.

EXT. 72ND FLOOR - TERRACE SETBACK - TWILIGHT -

It's magic hour as Bond and Sidney rush out onto the setback. Bond sees a WINDOW WASHER'S RIG. And although Sidney asks -

SIDNEY:

Now what?

Bond's first concern is to make sure Stamper can't get them. Amidst a pile of CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT, he spots a PNEUMATIC NAIL GUN. He grabs it, and -

BANG. BANG. BANG. He fires 3 NAILS through the door into the frame.

BOND:

That should buy us some time.

Now, Bond moves to the WINDOW WASHER'S RIG - a two-man bucket-like scaffold ON TRACKS, with TWO LEATHER SAFETY HARNESSSES inside, and a LARGE CABLE SPOOL/MOTOR that stays on the roof.

Approaching it, Bond looks over the side:

BOND'S POV - LOOKING DOWN FROM 72ND FLOOR -

Twenty stories below is the sky bridge. 50 stories below that, the ground. It's a long, long, way down.

RETURN ON BOND - AT THE WINDOW WASHER'S RIG - TERRACE SET-BACK -

BOND:

Help me move this.

INT. STAIRWELL -

Darting up the few steps, Stamper and Guards arrive at the door. He tries to open it. Won't budge.

GUARD:

I'll call for a battering ram -

STAMPER:

No. Get the fire ax.

One of the guards grabs it from inside a FIRE CABINET. He hands the AX to Stamper, who takes the first SWING AT THE DOOR.

RETURN ON BOND - TERRACE SET-BACK - EXT. 72ND FLOOR - TWILIGHT -
Bond is positioning the window washer rig. He explains:

BOND:

We'll go down close to the sky bridge.

We may be able to swing over and use it
for cover.

As Bond climbs into the bucket, Sidney peers over the side.

SIDNEY:

No way. I sail. I do not fly.

BANG! Behind them, Stamper's AX HAS JUST PENETRATED THE DOOR.

BOND:

... Sometimes, you just have to take
the plunge.

Bond yanks her in, flips switches on the control pod, and starts
down, as fast as they can go.

EXT. HARMSWAY TOWERS - AERIAL -

Bond and Sidney descend. Tiny specs against the sunset.

INT. STAIRCASE -

Stamper gives the last few chops to the door. He kicks it open.

EXT. TERRACE SET-BACK - 72ND FLOOR -

Stamper and the guards rush to the ledge.

BOND AND SIDNEY - DESCENDING ON THE RIG - 60TH FLOOR -

Bond, looking up - for Stamper - and down - to check their progress.

SIDNEY:

All I know is one thing: If we get
out of here alive, that gold is mine.

(beat)

I've earned it.

Looking upward, Bond SEES STAMPER peering over the rail. BOND FIRES.

BOND:

One thing at a time.

EXT. TERRACE SET-BACK - TWILIGHT -

Stamper jumps back from the ledge, enraged. Ax in hand, he moves to
the WINDOW WASHING RIG'S MACHINERY -

And takes a roundhouse swing at the UNSPOOLING CABLE - but instead of
cutting it, the ax BOUNCES OFF, and the RIG SLIDES ON ITS TRACKS.

THE RIG - (STILL DESCENDING) -

Swings! Sidney SCREAMS - almost falling out. Bond grabs her. They are now 5 STORIES DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SKY BRIDGE, swaying like a giant pendulum - although still descending.

RETURN ON STAMPER - TERRACE SET-BACK - 72ND FLOOR - TWILIGHT -

Having failed at the cable, Stamper goes at the PULLEY feeding it. He swings. Swings again. With each blow, the pulley shaft weakens.

BOND AND SIDNEY - (WINDOW WASHER'S RIG) -

Dropping in VIOLENT SPURTS - just trying to stay in the damn bucket.

STAMPER - WIELDING THE AX -

Finally, the pulley shaft SHATTERS. THE CABLE GRINDS TO A HALT.

BOND AND SIDNEY -

are stopped about 20 feet above the sky bridge.

SIDNEY:

(panicked, anxious, fast)

What now? And don't give me some movie cliché like 'trust me.'

BOND:

(what the hell)

Trust me.

And with this, he turns, and SHOOTs OUT the adjacent WINDOW.

BOND:

Let's go -

But as he starts to climb out - SIDNEY SCREAMS! THE CABLE SUDDENLY DROPS THEM 10 FEET LOWER, BELOW THE WINDOW.

THE TERRACE SET-BACK -

Stamper whacks away at the side of the cable drum. It's coming loose from its moorings.

BOND AND SIDNEY -

look down at the curved glass top of the sky bridge - facing what (she thinks) is certain death:

SIDNEY:

We're going to bounce off that thing!

Bond looks up - assuming they have only seconds left before Stamper cuts the cable. HE GRABS HER:

BOND:

Hold on!

TERRACE SET-BACK - 72ND FLOOR - TWILIGHT -

Stamper takes a final swing at the cable drum. With a GREAT CLAT-

TERING SOUND it SNAPS FREE OF THE MOORINGS, smashes into the wall,
and the whole mechanism CAREENS OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.

THE WINDOW WASHER'S RIG -

Bond and Sidney feel the cable give way. They start to free-fall.

BOND - FIRES HIS MACHINE PISTOL at the glass top of the sky bridge.

THE BULLETS SHATTER THE GLASS -

BOND AND SIDNEY CRASH THROUGH, INTO -

INT. 50TH FLOOR SKY BRIDGE -

Landing on the deck of the bridge. Bond rolls to his feet as -

Fifty stories of cable from above is falling onto the deck. Bond
yanks Sidney to the side of the building, just as THE CABLE DRUM,
PULLEY, AND THE REST OF THE MECHANICS CRASH ON THE WALK-WAY.

72ND FLOOR TERRACE SET-BACK -

Looking down, Stamper flips open his radio.

STAMPER:

(over radio)

They're on the bridge. Seal off the
50th floor!

INT. SECURITY CENTER -

HARMSWAY:

(looking at the monitors)

I should have hired this man.

(to his guards)

Get somebody up there!

INT. SKY BRIDGE - TWILIGHT -

Bond is moving to the window washer rig debris.

SIDNEY:

What about the elevators?

He steps to the side of the bridge, and looks at the railings: Four
inch pipe. Bond begins to work feverishly:

BOND:

We tried that already. Remember?

Bond picks up the cable and the leather harnesses.

SIDNEY:

You know, this is as much your fault
as it is mine.

Bond is slipping the cable around the railing pipe. One loop.

BOND:

Sidney, we don't have time for this -
He pulls on the loop to test it. Good enough. Makes a second loop.

SIDNEY:

Sure! Just when I want to talk -
(beat)

Not that I would have believed you -
Bond tests the second loop. He's satisfied. Turns to her:

BOND:

Put your back to the railing. Sit up
on it.

SIDNEY:

(doing it)
Are you listening to me?

BOND:

Put your arms around my neck. Lock
your legs around my waist.

SIDNEY:

... We have time for that?
Just then, GUARDS APPEAR OUT OF FAR ELEVATOR DOOR. Running, THEY
SHOOT. BOND FIRES A BURST BACK as - A NEW ROUND OF BULLET HITS
BEGINS TO RAIN DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE.

BOND LOOKS UP:

rig, and is descending, FIRING AT THEM.
Bond looks at Sidney -

BOND:

Sometimes you just have to -

SIDNEY:

Don't say it.
She locks her arms and legs around him, he snaps the leather harness
around her waist, and they roll over the railing Amidst gunfire.
EXT. HARMSWAY TOWERS - TWILIGHT
Bond and Sidney fall from the bridge - 50 stories up.
They go down,
And down,
And down -

RETURN ON THE RAILING - (INT. SKY BRIDGE) -

The cable looped around the railing is slowing their descent; the PAINT ON THE RAILING IS BURNING OFF, and the STEEL itself is STARTING TO SMOKE from the friction.

BOND AND SIDNEY - DROPPING -

Dropping -

And Dropping.

Looking to the ground, Bond sees the PRESS ROOM OBSERVATION BALCONY coming up fast from below. It looks like they're going to get splattered on the tile floor, when -

RETURN ON THE RAILING - SKY BRIDGE -

The cable comes to the end of its run! It DRAGS THE SPOOL, THE BUCKET, and all the other MECHANICS to the side of the bridge, SMASHING AGAINST THE WALL, JAMMING AGAINST THE RAILING.

EXT. THE PRESS ROOM OBSERVATION BALCONY - TWILIGHT -

Bond and Sidney jerk to a halt. They're swinging about five feet from the balcony. There's a pause...

SIDNEY:

Is this - like - a normal day for you?

BOND:

It's a lousy job, but -

(reaching for the balcony)

The only reason I stay is for the health benefits.

Bond PULLS THEM OVER TO THE BALCONY.

INT. SKY BRIDGE - TWILIGHT -

Stamper lands on bridge. He unbuckles his harness, runs to railing, looks down and sees SIDNEY AND BOND climbing out onto the balcony, going for the PRESS ROOM DOOR.

STAMPER:

(into his radio)

They're heading for the press room.

Stop them!

INT. PRESS ROOM -

Bond and Sidney enter at the top of the metal stairs Bond came down earlier to meet Harmsway.

The Presses are running full blast; the noise is deafening.

At the "start" end of the presses - where the paper is fed in - Bond sees a GIANT ROLL OF NEWSPRINT on a CRANE, about to be loaded.

Directly beyond this is the door to the elevator/wash-up room where Bond and Harmsway exited earlier. -

Coming out of that DOOR, Bond sees THREE GUARDS in Harmsway Blazers

carrying guns.

BOND shoots the HOOK on the CRANE CARRYING THE NEWSPRINT ROLL.

It CRASHES TO THE GROUND, rolling backwards on the guards. As they start scrambling around it -

Bond and Sidney race down the stairs, turning in the opposite direction (toward the finishing end of the press, near the garage...)

They encounter a GORILLA-SIZED PRESSMAN, with an oversized crowbar.

Bond and the Pressman square off. Bond tries to get around him. The man lifts his crowbar to smash Bond with it. Bond tries to block the descending crowbar with his gun - but the crowbar snaps it in half. Bond and the Pressman engage in a short, furious fight - throwing each other against the side of the press...

Which ends when Bond finally gets the upper hand for a second, and pushes the man back, into a pile of INK DRUMS. Momentarily stunned, Bond forces the man's head into an OPEN INK DRUM -

And as he comes up, COVERED WITH INK, gasping for air, Sidney bops him on the head with the crowbar.

Now, Bond and Sidney take off, toward the garage/exit -

But one of the Guards (from the crashing roll of newsprint) darts out from between the banks of the printing press, tripping Bond.

Bond stumbles, face down - then spins over, kicking up at the Guard as he comes to finish Bond off.

The Guard stumbles backward -

Crashing against a NEWSPAPER BALING MACHINE. (A large machine that wraps steel or plastic bands around bundles of papers for delivery.)

Rushing the man, Bond struggles with him - and manages to FLIP the BALING SWITCH - literally tying the man up. The only problem is that as Bond turns -

The LAST GUARD has Sidney in a choke-hold; he's aiming a gun at Bond.

Seemingly at once, (1) Sidney bites the Guard's forearm, (2) Bond ducks, (3) the Guard shoots wildly, (4) the gun drops, and (5) -

Bond rushes the man, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARDS INTO THE PRINTING PRESS, pulling Sidney away at the last moment.

The Guard is sucked up in the press rollers, and...

The pages running through the newsprint web suddenly turn BRIGHT RED.

BOND:

He was bad news.

Spotting more Guards coming down the far staircase, Bond grabs Sidney and the gun, and runs to the NEWSPAPER DELIVERY CHUTE.

BOND:

Down there!

They jump into it, sliding down, and around an ALUMINUM CHUTE into:

INT. GARAGE - HARMSWAY TOWERS.

Bond and Sidney come out near a TROLLEY stacked with newspapers. Hearts pounding - having left the pressroom's deafening noise - they're ready for almost anything, except what they HEAR: The SOUND OF ONE MAN APPLAUDING. A polite, almost bored clapping. HARMSWAY (O.S.)

Vert, very, good Mr. Bond. Outstanding performance.

Harmsway is standing with TEN GUARDS, shoulder to shoulder, in a straight line, all HOLDING WEAPONS on Sidney and Bond.

HARMSWAY (continuing)

I'm the certain the British taxpayers would be impressed by your efforts.

Don't you agree?

BOND:

I think they'd rather know who stole their gold.

Harmsway can't help his ego:

HARMSWAY:

(chuckles)

Why, I did, of course. It's on the Sea Dolphin II, twenty miles outside of Hong Kong... Not that it will do either of you any good to know.

(beat)

Now both of you:

the gun out, Mr. Bond.

Bond SLIDES THE GUN several feet in front of him... And THROWS A LOOK TO HIS CAR, noting THE GUARDS ARE LINED UP DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH. Bond begins to scheme.

SIDNEY:

Uncle Elliot:

to me?

Bond sneaks his hand in his pocket.

HARMSWAY:

Oh, please, Sidney. There's a hundred billion dollars at stake.

(beat)

Besides, I never really liked your father that much. He cheated at cards. Bond has removed the CAR REMOTE CONTROL. He palms it.

BOND:

Are your guards really going to kill a helpless girl?

HARMSWAY:

My guards are from South Africa, Mr. Bond. This is their chance to get even with the formerly 'Great' Britain.

(beat)

Now both of you. Put your hands on your heads, and step forward.

Holding the remote control, Bond puts his hands on his head. He's manipulating the control into the right position to use it.

BOND:

(trying to buy time)

What did you do, Harmsway? Make some deal with the Chinese government for the gold?.. Was the radioactive uranium I found in Venice part of it? He finally has the remote control in the right position.

HARMSWAY:

Questions, questions, Mr. Bond... Which I'm afraid I've neither the time, nor the inclination to answer. (to the guards)

Take them out to the jungle and -

Suddenly, BOND'S CAR ENGINE STARTS WITH A ROAR. The GUARDS TURN, in shock TOWARDS THE CAR, as:

BOND retrieves the gun he slid out, and pulls Sidney behind the newspaper trolley, while -

THE CAR BEGINS TO MOVE, sending the guards scrambling.

BOND takes his position with Sidney.

BOND:

I forgot to mention: The job comes with a car.

007 begins shooting, as -

HARMSWAY:

Kill it! Shoot the damn thing -

THE GUARDS START BLASTING THE EMPTY MOVING CAR. They manage to shoot out the headlights, while -

BOND is having trouble coordinating driving and shooting at the same time. As bullets rip up the newspapers in front of them -

BOND:

Here. You shoot. I'll drive.

SIDNEY:

...You know, that's another reason you're probably not in a successful relationship.

BOND:

Another reason??? Did I miss something???

SIDNEY:

(taking the gun)

You insist on calling all the shots.

(beat)

And by the way:

Bond eyes her for one split second. Points at the guards:

BOND:

Aim that way.

Sidney starts to shoot as -

THE GUARDS continue to blast away at the car... But:

THE WINDOWS DON'T SHATTER.

THE ARMOR-PLATED SIDE-PANELS ONLY DENT WITH BULLET HITS...

THE TIRES DON'T GO FLAT.

There's chaos; a cacophony of voices and wild gunfire as BOND STEERS THE CAR TO THEIR POSITION, where the door opens automatically.

BOND:

Ready? Now!

The two of them make a break for the car, DIVING INSIDE.

INT. BOND'S CAR - MOVING - GARAGE -

- Bond guns the engine, slams the transmission into gear. Burning rubber, GUARDS bounce off the front fenders.

THE GUARDS -

Continue to shoot at the car.

OTHER GUARDS -

Run for the HUM-VEES. Hop in and chase.

INT. BOND'S CAR - (MOVING) -

Bond flips open a hidden control panel. Flips a switch.

EXT. BACK OF BOND'S CAR - (MOVING) -

The TAIL-LIGHTS DROP DOWN and MACHINE GUNS start to fire.

INT. BOND'S CAR - (MOVING) -

Bond glances at the REARVIEW MIRROR. Sees the HUM-VEES. Presses another switch -

CLOSE ON BOND'S EXHAUST PIPE -

Whoosh! A MISSILE blasts out, trailing smoke as it hones in on -
THE FIRST HUM-VEE.

BOOM! It's decimated.

ANGLE ON HARMSWAY - ON HIS RADIO -

HARMSWAY:

Seal the garage! Cut the power!

He's got no headlamps!

INT. GARAGE - FIRST TURN -

As the car screeches around a corner, the overhead lights go out.

INT. BOND'S CAR -

Bond flips down the visor: A THERMAL IMAGING DISPLAY drops down.

INSERT "HEADS UP" IMAGING DISPLAY -

It looks just like the jet fighter videos from the Gulf War.

INT. GARAGE - SECOND TURN - UP RAMP -

Bond's car roars around a second turn, with sparks flying as it scrapes the walls. AHEAD, a MASSIVE ONE-PIECE DOOR is FOLDING DOWN FROM THE CEILING. A city street beyond.

INT. BOND'S CAR - MOVING -

SIDNEY:

We're not going to make it!

Bond flips down a control panel from the RADIO. A DIGITAL DISPLAY begins to run through a set of numbers. Bond explains:

BOND:

If it's radio controlled, it'll break the code.

SIDNEY:

If not?

BOND:

(pointing to a button)

We blast through.

THE CAR APPROACHES THE CLOSING DOOR AT HIGH SPEED -

BOND SEES THEY'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT. HE PUNCHES THE MISSILE BUTTON.

TWO MISSILES ROAR OUT FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAR -

THEY EXPLODE AGAINST THE CLOSING DOOR - TO NO EFFECT.

BOND'S CAR GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER -

SIDNEY SCREAMS! BOND BRACES, AND -

BOOM! CRASH! SILENCE. BLACK. After a moment, we HEAR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT.

INT. GARAGE -

The lights come on. The car is a twisted wreck, smashed against the wall. Bond and Sidney are slumped forward, unconscious.

Harmsway KNOCKS TWICE ON THE GARAGE DOOR, to demonstrate:

HARMSWAY:

- Built to withstand a nuclear blast.

(to Stamper, checking

Bond's pulse)

Are they alive?

STAMPER:

Yes. Shall we kill them?

HARMSWAY:

No. I have a better idea. In fact, Mr. Bond may have actually improved my original plan.

(beat)

Bring them both to Hong Kong. And

Make sure he has nothing else up his sleeve.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABERDEEN HARBOR - HONG KONG - MORNING -

It is early morning in this strange harbor - a place where floating restaurant rise out of the fog; where an old Chinese man wearing an LA Laker's jersey practices tai-chi on the bow of an ancient junk; where sampans cut through the chop filled with ducks, computer boxes and women dressed in Chanel 1996, and Beijing 1256... While the captains of these small water-taxis chatter away on cell-phones.

At the end of the harbor, dominating this scene, the CAMERA FINDS:

THE FIVE SMOKESTACKS OF THE ABERDEEN HARBOR NUCLEAR POWER PLANT.

Panning down this massive dockside facility, the image changes to:

THE SAME SCENE ON A 5" PORTABLE VIDEO MONITOR -

With one important difference: There's an HNN logo in lower corner.

ASIAN MALE NEWS REPORTER (VO)

As part of our continuing report on terrorism, we're outside Hong Kong's Aberdeen Harbor nuclear power plant...

NEW ANGLE (EXT. POWER PLANT, FRONT ENTRANCE, WATERSIDE) -

Two VIDEO CAMERAMEN are shooting an ASIAN HNN REPORTER interviewing a middle-aged CHINESE MAN. We don't see the reporter's face; from the "over the shoulder" news angle, he's WEARING A HAT.

(There's also HNN BELL JETRANGER HELICOPTER on the ground, and a seemingly empty HNN BOAT moored to a nearby pier.)

ASIAN MALE NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)

- Interviewing Mr. David Chin, senior engineer in charge of security.

(beat)

Tell me, Mr. Chin: How safe is this plant from a terrorist attack?

He holds out a MICROPHONE to Chin.

CHIN:

Totally secure. Without codes, you'd need a missile to blast through the front door; you normally can't even get this close (to the plant) without a full security clearance.

ASIAN MALE NEWS REPORTER

...Could you say that a little closer to the microphone?

He pushes the microphone closer to Chin's face:

CHIN:

Of course. You'd need -

Suddenly, A PUFF OF WHITE SMOKE EMERGES FROM THE MICROPHONE... And CHIN COLLAPSES. The HNN reporter TAKES OFF HIS HAT: IT'S YUNG.

YUNG:

(to the guards)

Now!

At once, the two cameramen turn: One AIMS his shoulder-mounted video camera at a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA; the other aims at the FRONT DOOR.

BOOM! ROCKETS shoot out from their lenses, destroying both.

YUNG:

Let's go!

As Yung and the cameramen rush forward -

ANGLE ON THE HNN BOAT -

Harmsway emerges from the boat accompanied by two men carrying a box of equipment. He calls back to TWO MEN who have appeared on deck:

HARMSWAY:

Get the machine in the water!

They begin using a hoist to lift one of the "worms" from a hold. (This one looks like an open-mouthed torpedo, with an antenna on top, and no flexible tubing attached.)

INT. HALLWAY/RECEPTION - POWER PLANT -

Yung and the cameramen turn a corner to the reception/security area:

POWER PLANT GUARD

What happened out there?

YUNG:

A generator blew. Nothing to worry about.

(beat)

But I need one last shot of you. Why don't you stand by the alarm?

POWER PLANT GUARD

No problem.

The guard stands, and smiles, posing for the video camera... And Yung pulls a pistol from his pocket and shoots him.

YUNG:

(to the cameramen)

Up the stairs!

They follow Yung up a set of stairs leading to the reactor control room. Meanwhile, back at the HNN boat:

INT. CABIN - HNN BOAT

Bond is at the porthole, wearing only shorts, trying to figure a way out. He hears the door click open, and -

A Guard enters carrying a pile of Bond's clothing with his shoes on top. Stamper is behind him, holding a gun on Sidney.

STAMPER:

Put on your clothes.

(to the guard)

Cuff him.

The guard cuffs Bond's hands (in the front,) and we cut back to:

INT. POWER PLANT CONTROL ROOM -

Yung and the Cameramen sweep into the control room: Lots of consoles, with a window overlooking the REACTOR CORE, and its

surrounding blue COOLING POOL.

YUNG:

(to the half-dozen engineers)

I'm sorry to interrupt again. But we need one more picture for the story.

The engineers ad-lib replies: "Sure." "Okay." Yung smiles:

YUNG (CONT'D)

Why don't you line up against the wall? Let's make it a group shot.

The engineers line up against a wall. The cameramen take positions for a massacre. And at the first sound of gunfire, we cut to:

EXT. ENTRANCEWAY -

Stamper is marching Bond and Sidney through the door in handcuffs.

BOND:

Sleep well?

SIDNEY:

Next time, I do the driving.

Bond gives her a look.

RETURN ON THE CONTROL ROOM -

Harmsway and Yung are locking down at the VIDEO SCREEN of a portable version of the "worm" controller we saw on the SEA DOLPHIN II.

YUNG:

The drill is in the water;
approaching the intake tunnel.

HARMSWAY:

Excellent.

Harmsway looks up, hearing:

BOND:

I see you're in your natural element,

Harmsway:

power...

(beat)

...With a toxic core at its center.

Harmsway smiles at Bond and Sidney, who have entered (handcuffed, at gun point,) with Stamper and a guard. Harmsway is charming as ever:

HARMSWAY:

Do come in Mr. Bond, Sidney...

You're just in time for a nuclear
meltdown!

Coming closer, Sidney struggles against her cuffs, swinging at him -

SIDNEY:

You bastard -

Stamper restrains her, while Bond scans the room for an advantage.
He sees a MACHINE PISTOL on the console.

HARMSWAY:

Please, Sidney. I'd like to remember
you fondly.

YUNG:

(calling from the console)
Approaching the first gate.

HARMSWAY:

Start the grinders.

UNDERWATER - POWER PLANT INTAKE TUNNEL -

The "worm" is nearing an iron sluice gate; the eye closes, the
grinders rev, and it starts to eat through the bars.

RETURN ON CONTROL ROOM -

BOND:

...So that's what the weapons grade
uranium was for.

HARMSWAY:

Precisely, Mr. Bond. In a matter of
minutes, the boring device will
arrive at the core of the reactor...

(beat)

And when the radioactive blades cut
into the plutonium -

BOND:

- Instant melt-down.

HARMSWAY:

Chernobyl will look like a campfire.

Young calls out again, with a hint of urgency. Bond decides to try
rattling Harmsway - so he can move Closer to the gun, unnoticed.

YUNG:

We're through the first gate.
Approaching the second -

BOND:

(demanding)
Why, Harmsway? Wasn't stealing the
gold enough?

HARMSWAY:

(to Yung)
Bore through.
(to Bond, chuckling)
...They used to say living well was
the best revenge, Mr. Bond.
(beat)
They're wrong.
(beat)
Revenge is the best revenge.

YUNG:

Entering the main tunnel - ten
minutes to target -

BOND:

(fiercely)
What could you possibly have to be
vengeful for, Harmsway? Still trying
to prove yourself to daddy?
This infuriates Harmsway. Bond moves closer to the gun.

HARMSWAY:

Hong Kong, Mr. Bond!

YUNG:

You have to leave -

HARMSWAY:

(enraged, ignoring Yung)
A hundred and fifty years ago, my
ancestors took this island - a
barren, lifeless rock - and turned it
into the greatest city known to

modern civilization.

(beat)

And now that I'm being forced to give it back, I intend to return it in exactly the same condition: A barren, lifeless rock.

(beat)

The gold is merely reparations - payment from the spineless British government who wouldn't listen.

BOND:

(to Sidney, glancing at the gun)
... I think Uncle Elliot is having his own melt-down.

YUNG:

Approaching the third gate -

HARMSWAY:

Smash through it!

(then)

Laugh all you'd like, Mr. Bond - but you fit perfectly in to my plans.

(he reaches for a newspaper)

Here. This just in. Newsflash.

Read all about it.

He thrusts an issue of TOMORROW at Bond, holding the top half out as Bond reads THE HEADLINES, sourly:

BOND:

... Hong Kong destroyed by nuclear meltdown... British agent found in reactor suspected of sabotage; Harmsway calls for British government to resign. Harmsway smiles at Bond:

HARMSWAY:

...As the advertising says: Tomorrow never lies.

BOND:

What about the gold?

YUNG:

You must go. Now. Otherwise the
boat won't be out of range -
Stamper and the guard appear nervous, itching to leave -

HARMSWAY:

Thirty seconds.
(then, to Bond)
That's the most brilliant part of the

plan, Mr. Bond:

I'll let the new British government -
my British government - announce that
the gold was irradiated in Hong Kong
- where no one will be able to touch
it for a hundred years.

(beat)

And just by coincidence:

He turns the paper over and reads/reveals a smaller headline:

HARMSWAY:

...Gold mine opens in Vietnam.
(turns to Stamper)
Let's go. Put them in the airlock.
Stamper moves towards Bond and Sidney. Bond edges closer to the gun.

BOND:

You'll never get away with it,
Harmsway. Too many people know.
Bond tenses, ready to spring -

HARMSWAY:

Who, Mr. Bond? The kooks - the
crazies - the conspiracy theorists?
The Oliver Stones of the world?
(pausing, then, with great scorn:)
I'll publish their books, I'll make
their movies, I'll put them on my TV
shows!
(beat)
They're my bellboys. They carry my
luggage.
Bond moves, but - the guard picks up the gun!!! Bond frowns.

HARMSWAY:

Now. Get them in the airlock.

Fortunately, Bond has a back-up plan. As Stamper hustles them off -

BOND:

One problem, Harmsway: The girl. And the handcuffs. They'll give it away.

Harmsway considers this for a second. Sidney takes Bond's arm.

SIDNEY:

No. I want to stay with him.

Bond looks at her. He's surprised: In the blink of an eye, he realizes he's developed feelings for her. He knows that if he could hold her, he'd kiss her, and whisper "You're a hell of a girl"...

But at the same instant - throwing a glance at Yung - he knows he's running out of time against the worm, and is better off alone.

HARMSWAY:

(breaking the moment, cynically)

How sweet.

SIDNEY:

(sotto, to Bond)

My timing always was lousy.

BOND:

(cold and hard)

I'd rather die alone.

HARMSWAY:

Take the girl. Leave the handcuffs.

We'll drown her at sea.

SIDNEY:

(to Bond, sarcastically)

Enjoy the rest of your life.

As Stamper pushes Bond into the reactor room airlock, he hears:

HARMSWAY:

I'll meet you on the boat, south of Lantau Island.

INT. AIRLOCK -

The door closes. Bond looks out the small window at:

HARMSWAY AND YUNG IN THE CONTROL ROOM -

YUNG:

Take the men. I can finish alone.

HARMSWAY:

(to the technicians and cameramen)

You come with me -

(to the guard who handcuffed Bond)

You stay here.

As they exit -

INT. AIRLOCK -

Bond has yanked his shoes off. He pulls out the PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE SHOELACES and opens the SECRET COMPARTMENT IN HIS HEEL, revealing a DETONATOR, and EAR PLUGS.

Moving quickly, Bond BITES OFF a 2-inch piece of shoelace, and wraps it around the chain-link connecting his handcuffs, while...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -

Yung sits down at the worm control and explains to the guard:

YUNG:

We'll cut through the last gate, then set it on auto-pilot.

He starts to maneuver the joystick, and -

UNDERWATER - INTAKE TUNNEL -

The worm turns a corner. We see -

THE WORM'S POV - (INT. INTAKE TUNNEL MOVING) -

100 feet ahead:

reactor cooling pool... And beyond that... THE REACTOR CORE, a shimmering silver target.

Meanwhile, back outside, at -

THE DOCK -

Water sprays violently as the HNN boat thunders out of Aberdeen harbor with Harmsway at the helm. Junks and sampans are tossed in his wake, as

INT. AIRLOCK -

Bond finishes pressing the SHOELACES AROUND THE DOOR LOCK... Then TURNS UP HIS SHIRT COLLAR TO PULL OUT A WIRE that's been hidden inside.

He connects it between the explosive on the handcuff chain and the detonator, then steals a glance out the window at:

YUNG -

still guiding the worm with the joy stick. His eyes are focused on: THE CONTROL PANEL (INCLUDING VIDEO SCREEN, SHOWING WORM'S POV) -

Where Yung sees the gate looming ahead on the video screen. He presses a nearby button marked "START GRINDERS"... And the video goes black, replaced by the words "GRINDERS ENGAGED."

UNDERWATER -(INTAKE TUNNEL) -

The worm bares its lethal teeth; and revs up to speed. Meanwhile -
BOND -

Closes his eyes, presses the detonator, and -

YUNG -

HEARS a small BOOM from inside the airlock.

YUNG:

(to the guard)

Check it out. Be careful.

The guard picks up his machine pistol, starts to the door.

INSIDE THE AIRLOCK -

Bond (with his hands now free) is quickly rewiring the detonator to the plastique explosive around the door handle.

YUNG MANEUVERS THE JOY-STICK, AS -

UNDERWATER (INTAKE TUNNEL)

The worm's teeth are beginning to cut into the steel bars.

THE GUARD APPROACHES THE DOOR.

BOND BRACES HIMSELF INSIDE THE AIRLOCK.

THE GUARD PEERS INTO THE WINDOW -

And suddenly... BOOM! The door blows open with a shattering blast!

NEW ANGLE - THE CONTROL ROOM -

The guard is blasted backward, dead. Bond rolls out, scrambling for the weapon. Yung slams his hand on a button marked "AUTO-PILOT." A caption appears on the video screen "TARGET LOCKED," and -

As Bond grabs the gun, bringing it up to shoot, Yung dives on top of him. They struggle, and the gun skitters across the floor towards the window overlooking the blue cooling pool.

Breaking free, Bond moves around a console for the gun. Yung takes a shortcut - leaping on, and then over the console, as -

THE WORM (UNDERWATER - INTAKE TUNNEL) -

Chews through the last of the iron bars, and glides through the hole toward THE SILVERY REACTOR CORE, 35 feet ahead.

BOND AND YUNG -

have squared off in a short, brutal MARTIAL ARTS battle.

(The fight takes place in the space between the consoles and the reactor core window; the gun, lies on the ground between them.)

They trade punch after punch - and although Bond is holding his own, Yung is every bit his equal.

Backing off, Bond spins into a crescent kick -

But Yung catches Bond's foot, and shoves Bond backwards, crashing

against a wall near a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Meanwhile, all through this...

THE WORM IS GETTING CLOSER TO THE CORE.

RETURN ON BOND AND YUNG -

As Yung reaches down for the gun, Bond grabs the fire extinguisher from the wall. He rushes Yung, blasting him with CO2.

In the white smoke, Yung drops the gun... Then CHARGES at Bond, headbutting him, twisting, and turning 007... SMASHING BOND BACKWARDS AGAINST THE GLASS WINDOW.

THE WINDOW SHATTERS. Bond is winded. And as he struggles to stop himself from falling backwards into the reactor room...

Yung does a FLYING, FEET FIRST KICK to finish the job -

But at the last second, BOND DUCKS, reaches up, and uses Yung's momentum to send him flying over Bond's head into - THE REACTOR ROOM.

He sails through the air, heading for the cooling pool 20' below, as - THE WORM CLOSES IN ON THE SILVER REACTOR CORE.

SCREAMING, YUNG HITS THE WATER FEET FIRST, AND - UNDERWATER (REACTOR CORE) -

THE WORM BURROWS IN ON HIM.

RETURN ON THE CONTROL ROOM -

Bond races to hit the "EMERGENCY REACTOR SHUT DOWN" button. He pulls a FIRE ALARM, disconnects the worm, and sets off an "EMERGENCY DECONTAMINATION" system, spraying the room with a mist of water.

Finally, Bond retrieves the gun, and pauses to look down at:

THE REACTOR POOL (BOND'S POV) -

There's a cloud of RED in the middle of the blue water.

RETURN TO SCENE -

Bond goes to the dead guard. Gets the key, removes his handcuff bracelets, then hoists the dead guard over his shoulder, and exits.

EXT. HELICOPTER - (EXT. ABERDEEN HARBOR POWER PLANT) - DAY

With the sound of fire engines approaching in the background, Bond straps the dead guard into the passenger seat, and takes off.

EXT. THE SEA DOLPHIN II - (AERIAL - SOUTH CHINA SEA) - DAY

The HNN boat has pulled alongside the Sea Dolphin II. The gang from the nuke plant is boarding the larger boat.

(Note:

covered by a steel hatch, and the biggest worm is stored in the open, hanging from a steel boom.)

THE DECK -

Coming up the ladder first, Harmsway is greeted by the Captain.

HARMSWAY:

Any news?

THE CAPTAIN:

The call just went out on the Hong Kong police radio: Fire at the power plant.

HARMSWAY:

(ironically)

Alert the media!

Stamper and Sidney have climbed onto the deck.

STAMPER:

What do you want me to do with her?

SIDNEY:

- Can't we make a deal? I won't say anything -

HARMSWAY:

(touching her cheek)

You're so cute, my dear.

(beat)

But I'm afraid not.

(to one of the cameramen)

Put her in the storage room.

The cameraman takes her away. Harmsway turns to the captain:

HARMSWAY (CONT'D)

We'll get rid of her when we're in International waters.

(then)

Set sail, full speed, due south.

I'll be in my cabin. Let me know when Mr. Yung arrives. We'll break out the champagne.

INT. LOWER PASSAGEWAY/STORAGE ROOM - SEA DOLPHIN II -

Near the engine room (indicating we're near the bottom of the boat,) the cameraman opens a door to a small, cramped room with a bench, and SCUBA EQUIPMENT. He pushes Sidney inside.

CAMERAMAN:

Don't get any ideas.

Then locks the door on her.

EXT. BOND'S HNN HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Several hundred feet in the air, the helicopter is heading for an island in the distance.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING -

Bond checks the compass, and adjusts his course. The COMPASS SWINGS DUE SOUTH.

BOND'S POV -

The helicopter clears the island: Bright blue sea ahead. Bond sees then passes over - the HNN boat, bobbing empty in the water...

Then, further ahead, he spots the stern of Sea Dolphin II, shimmering in the instance.

REAR DECK - SEA DOLPHIN II -

Looking north, off the back of the boat Stamper and a crewman see the helicopter - a tiny speck in the air.

STAMPER:

There it is.

Stamper lifts a pair of BINOCULARS for confirmation.

STAMPER'S POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -

He sees two figures in the cockpit.

RETURN TO SCENE -

Stamper picks up his radio:

STAMPER:

It's him. They both made it.

THE BRIDGE -

The Captain replies:

THE CAPTAIN:

I'll tell Sir Elliot.

HARMSWAY'S CABIN -

Harmsway is working at a computer. A chime sounds.

HARMSWAY:

Yes?

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

He's approaching from the north, sir.

CREWMAN:

Fantastic. Invite the crew on deck to celebrate, and I'll be up in a few minutes.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY -

Bond is about two miles out from the stern of the Sea Dolphin II. Maybe 500' in the air.

Taking the machine pistol from the dead guard's lap, he opens the small pilot's window, and balances it on his knees. Ahead, he sees:

BOND'S POV - DECK - SEA DOLPHIN II -

The crewmen are lining up on either side of the landing pad, near the ship's railings.

RETURN ON BOND -

Ready for war. He pushes the cyclic pitch lever forward, and the Bell Jetranger goes into a screaming descent.

THE DECK/HELICOPTER LANDING PAD

Champagne bottles pop. Stamper is with a crewman, who looks up at the chopper, about 1000' off the stern:

CREWMAN:

He seems to be coming in awfully fast.

Stamper picks up his binoculars.

STAMPER'S POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -

He sees Bond.

RETURN TO SCENE -

STAMPER:

Get the guns! It's not him! It's Bond!!!

He might have also added "It's too late," as -

NEW ANGLE - REAR DECK OF THE BOAT/HELICOPTER -

Bond SWOOPS IN LOW on the port side of the boat, FIRING HIS GUN from the pilot's window, and using the CHOPPER'S BLADES to threaten the men on deck.

About half of them DIVE INTO THE WATER FOR SAFETY, only to be quickly left behind.

Flying up the port side toward the front of the boat, Bond passes - INT. HARMSWAY'S CABIN -

The windows rattle as Bond's chopper thunders by. Perplexed, Harmsway stands, opens the porthole curtains. He cranes his neck, but sees nothing. He presses an intercom button:

HARMSWAY:

What the hell is going on?

INT. BRIDGE -

THE CAPTAIN:

(on a phone)

I don't know sir -

The helicopter suddenly appears in front of him. Shooting from the pilot's window, Bond shatters the glass windows -

And the Captain slumps forward on the wheel, spinning it as he slides to the deck.

INT. HARMSWAY'S CABIN -

The boat pitches wildly; Harmsway loses his balance, crashing into a wall.

INT. STORAGE CABIN -

Sidney is thrown from her bench, slamming against scuba tanks.

EXT. MID-SHIP - DECK -

Stamper bounces himself, handing out AUTOMATIC WEAPONS from an arms cache hidden inside a DINGHY.

The two cameramen take their M-16's and rush forward, jumping up on some machinery to climb onto -

THE ROOF OF THE BRIDGE -

They rush forward, and assume positions shooting at Bond.

ANGLE ON THE HELICOPTER -

Taking hits. Bond pivots and turns the chopper, heading straight for them.

BOND'S POV - (INT. HELICOPTER) -

The men turn, and start to run as the chopper chases them -

CLOSE ON THE CHOPPER'S LANDING SKIDS -

BOND HOOKS BOTH OF THEM WITH THE SKIDS, BY THE BACK OF THEIR UNTUCKED SHIRTS!!!! The men are flailing like crazy as -

BOND PULLS BACK ON THE CYCLIC PITCH LEVER -

THE HELICOPTER REARS BACKWARDS, AND UP -

And the men burst through their shirt buttons, FALLING, SHIRTLESS, into the sea.

INT. HELICOPTER -

Bond pushes the cyclic sideways to bank down, and in, on the boat. But he doesn't see -

WIDE - (BOAT/HELICOPTER)

A SMALL ROCKET STREAKING UPWARD from the boat. Stamper is holding a shoulder mounted launcher.

THE HELICOPTER -

BOOM! It hits the engine.

INT. HELICOPTER -

The gauges go crazy; the alarms go berserk. The entire cockpit is chattering as Bond struggles to remain in control.

EXT. LADDER LEADING TO THE BRIDGE -

HARMSWAY is trying to make his way up the ladder as the boat continues to veer out of control. He pauses to look up at:

THE HELICOPTER, GYRATING WILDLY -

INT. HELICOPTER -

Bond forces the cyclic forward. The helicopter pitches forward -

BOND'S POV - (INT. HELICOPTER)

He's heading straight for the hatch covering the gold hold. Whoever is left alive is diving off the ship to get out of the way.

INT. BRIDGE -

Struggling with the wheel, Harmsway picks up the radio:

HARMSWAY:

What the hell is going on?

STAMPER (O. S.)

It's Bond!

HARMSWAY:

Kill him! Finish it!

ANGLE ON STAMPER (EXT. MID-SHIP) -

With the worm dangling from a boom in the background, he watches:

EXT. HELICOPTER/SHIP

With the chopper about 15 feet above the gold hold - just barely under control - Bond opens the door.

He leaps out onto the hatch, and rolls off, disappearing as -

THE CHOPPER CRASHES onto the gold hold, in a GIANT BALL OF FLAME and twisted metal.

INT. STORAGE COMPARTMENT -

Sidney looks up, hearing and feeling the explosion.

INT. BRIDGE -

Harmsway regains control of the boat; he TAKES A GUN from the dead captain, and pushes the body out.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY -

With FLAMING DEBRIS still falling around him, Bond is stealthily moving down a passageway toward the front of the ship.

(Bond has two goals in mind at this point: First, to neutralize any threats, and second, to save Sidney if she's still alive.)

Arriving at a BULKHEAD DOOR, Bond checks both directions down the passageway, then pokes his head inside -

And is SUDDENLY YANKED BACKWARDS, OUT INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, thrown against a railing.

Bond looks up:

STAMPER stands with a smile on his face. One arm is raised above his head, grasping the WORM on the swinging boom. The worm is attached to the boom by a thin metal cable.

STAMPER:

You're mine now.

Bond rushes at Stamper, slamming into him. The man doesn't flinch. With his free hand, he grabs Bond by his shirt, and throws him

against a steel wall. Bond crashes to the deck.

As Bond recovers, Stamper (still smiling) presses a RED BUTTON on a wall, and THE WORM comes to life.

Stamper closes in on Bond with the worm.

Bond tries to stand, but Stamper flings him back down, pinning Bond against the wall with his free hand as he -

MANEUVERS THE WORM TOWARDS BOND'S HEAD.

With the cutting blades whirring inches away from Bond's nose -

STAMPER:

I'm going to do this slowly -

Bond executes a scissor kick to Stamper's ankles. Stamper tumbles sideways. Bond rolls away from the worm -

But by the time Bond gets to his feet, Stamper has recovered, and is rushing at Bond full force, with the worm.

Stamper thrusts the worm at Bond once. Bond ducks. The worm chews into the wall.

Pulling the device back, Stamper thrusts a second time - (same action,) then a third (same action) - still missing Bond.

INSERT - CLOSE ON THE CABLE SPOOL/CABLE -

With all the yanking and pulling, a loop of slack has developed in the cable, on the ground.

RETURN TO SCENE -

Stamper is about to attack Bond a fourth time when Bond kicks him in the groin. Stamper doubles over in pain -

And the worm FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND, swinging on the boom OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

UNDERWATER -

The grinders propel the worm forward, into the hull.

SIDNEY - (INT. STORAGE ROOM) -

Hears a strange vibrating sound from the wall.

HARMSWAY - (INT. BRIDGE) -

HARMSWAY:

(barking into the radio)

Stamper! Report in!

EXT. DECK/PASSAGEWAY -

As Stamper straightens up, winded from the groin kick -

HARMSWAY'S VOICE

(continuing, on Stamper's radio)

Report to the bridge!

BOND rushes to A SMALL PILE OF SLACK CABLE, which is rapidly growing taught as the worm wends its way underwater.

Stamper rushes Bond -

And in one lightening fast move, Bond wraps the cable twice around Stamper's neck.

Suddenly THE CABLE TIGHTENS, and -

STAMPER soars 15 in the air, HANGING BY HIS NECK, as -

INT. STORAGE CABIN -

THE WORM BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL! A torrent of water floods in, pushing Sidney off to one side.

WORM'S POV - INT. STORAGE CABIN -

It's zooming at the door!

INT. PASSAGEWAY -

The door bursts open, sending tons of water into the passageway.

INT. BRIDGE -

The boat shudders violently, sending Harmsway crashing against a wall, cutting his head.

EXT. THE DECK -

As the boat rocks, Bond steadies himself, then starts for the bridge, using the same route as the cameramen lifted by the chopper:

First climbing up on some machinery, then up onto the bridge roof.

INT. STORAGE ROOM -

Sidney is thrashing for air, with only a few inches left between the rising water and the ceiling.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -

3/4 filled with water. Rising fast.

THE WORM'S POV - (UNDERWATER, INT. PASSAGEWAY)

The worm is heading for a door. We see the door disintegrate in front of us, as the worm bursts into -

THE ENGINE ROOM.

With the water cascading over the camera, (as if we were riding inside an ocean wave,) the worm heads for a tank marked "FUEL."

EXT. THE SEA DOLPHIN II -

The boat is sinking. Bond is running across the bridge roof, when:

THE BOAT SUDDENLY LISTS TO THE STARBOARD SIDE.

INT. BRIDGE -

Harmsway is thrown backwards. Gun in hand, he makes his way up the incline, to the port-side door.

Just when he thinks he's made it -

Bang. Bond appears in the doorway, having jumped down from the roof on the small exterior walkway. He's seething with rage.

Harmsway looks up at him. Blinks in disbelief.

BOND:

I never believe what I read in the newspapers.

Harmsway slowly brings up the gun.

HARMSWAY:

Pity you'll miss your obituary.

Bond smacks the gun out of his hand with contempt. Moves closer.

BOND:

Where is she, Harmsway?

BOOM! The fuel tanks explode in the distance. The bridge rocks violently; the room tilts to a greater angle.

HARMSWAY:

You want to kill me, Bond? Go ahead.

With both arms, Bond pushes Harmsway backwards, flinging him downward against the starboard wall. The water is rising on the bridge.

BOND:

(moving in on him)

Where is she Harmsway? -

He grabs Harmsway by the lapels, and throws him against the front wall, crashing onto the instrument panel head first.

Harmsway laughs maniacally, face down on the gauges:

HARMSWAY:

What is it, Bond? You haven't the guts?

Boom! There's another explosion in the background! The front of the boat tilts upward! The water is rushing in!

Bond grabs Harmsway by the shoulder -

BOND:

You spineless paper tiger -

And yanks him off the instrument panel, flinging him backwards against the rear wall of the bridge.

BOND:

Where is she, Harmsway?!? Or did you kill her like Paris?

Suddenly, THE BOAT GROANS. The BRIDGE RISES OUT OF THE WATER! AND BOND loses his balance, FALLING ONTO HARMSWAY -

HARMSWAY:

(glaring, insanely:)

We all go down together!!!

Harmsway lunges for Bond's throat -

AND THE BRIDGE SLIPS UNDERWATER -

Where Bond breaks Harmsway's grasp in a violent struggle - then punches him. Air bubbles break from Harmsway's mouth. He frantically tries to break free for the surface - But Bond pulls him back down, and holds him down, pushing down on Harmsway's shoulders.

Harmsway is thrashing about, flailing in all directions, pounding at Bond in a haze of bubbles...

Then falls still.

With his lungs aching, bursting with fire, Bond rockets up -

UNDERWATER - (BOND/BOAT) -

through the bridge windows, up to -

THE SURFACE.

He breaks through the water, gasping for air... And then, almost instantly, dives down again.

UNDERWATER - (BOND/BOAT) -

Bond dives for the boat - down, and down, chasing it, as if he could just grab it, and stop it from sinking.

He goes deeper, and deeper, as it sinks further and further away, just beyond his reach.

And just when it seems impossible for him to survive - to hold his breath a second longer -

A FIGURE IN SCUBA GEAR (mask and tank) GRABS HIM.

Bond turns in disbelief. Stares into the mask: IT'S SIDNEY. She puts her regulator in Bond's mouth...

And they share the air as they rise from the depths.

THE SURFACE -

They break through the water. Sidney yanks off her mask. Teases:

SIDNEY:

What do you mean, you'd rather die alone?

BOND:

I didn't say when I want to die -

She splashes him. Turning away, Bond spots Stamper's 'arms cache' dinghy floating nearby.

NEW ANGLE - THE DINGHY -

Bond climbs into it, then helps Sidney get in. They collapse in the bottom of the boat, resting their heads against the gunwale.

After a beat, SIDNEY CLEARS HER THROAT. Bond is already amused:

BOND:

... Yes???

SIDNEY:

Before we go any further here, Mr. Bond, from Lloyds of London, I just want to get two things straight.

BOND:

... Yes?

SIDNEY:

First, that boat is in international waters. I'm claiming it for salvage. One-third of that gold is mine.

BOND:

And number two?

SIDNEY:

If you think we're going to have some kind of 'life affirming' romance here just because we cheated death, let me

be clear:

(pause)

We're going to have it where I want, and when I want.

BOND:

And when might that be?

SIDNEY:

Now.

He laughs. She falls into his arms. They kiss, and we cut to:

TWO PAIRS OF BINOCULARS -

With the dinghy reflected in the glass. In unison, they are both lowered, revealing Q and Wade.

Q:

... As usual, I see the situation is in 007's very capable hands.

WADE:

Life is not fair.

Q:

(emphatically)

You're right.

A British naval officer appears.

OFFICER:

Excuse me, Major Boothroyd - the message went to London.

Q:

Thank you.

Q and Wade throw a glance back to the sea, then turn, waking off:

WADE:

Tell me, Q-ster. You do ever do any gardening?

Q:

...The only thing I ever planted was bugs.

CLOSE ON A PICTURE OF HARMSWAY ON A VIDEO SCREEN -

On the wall behind M's DESK. It's night. Moneypenny sits across from M, with a steno pad.

M:

Moneypenny, take the following release:

(beat)

The body of Sir Elliot Harmsway was found floating in the South China Sea this morning, at 08:00 hours local Hong Kong time.

(pauses)

At present, local authorities believe the media mogul committed suicide.

RETURN ON THE DINGHY -

Bond and Sidney break off a kiss. She lies nestled in his arms.

SIDNEY:

James... Is this really what a typical day is like for you?

Bond replies with a wry smile:

BOND:

Yes...

(pause)

But some days... Are longer than
others.

And with this, he reaches up over his head, and pulls a tarp over the
two of them...

And the camera pulls back, and up, rising into the air to reveal:
The entire British Navy closing in on them from all points of the
compass.

THE END:

(save for one last line:)

James Bond will return.