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James Bond

In

DeadCentre

By

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1. EXT. THE EMBANKMENT, LONDON. DAY.

HOMMAGE TO 60s British TV series 'THE PRISONER'

Bond is driving a Caterham 620R along the Embankment, The Houses of Parliament in the background. He drives fast.

Ahead is a powerful motorcycle. Bond is struggling not to lose him. They skid into narrow side roads and down alleyways which other cars would have difficulty negotiating.

They hurtle along the narrow, congested streets of South London, zig-zagging round cars and buses and scattering pedestrians.

Bond tries to force the motorbike off the road but the driver is too skilled and the motorcycle too nimble.

Reaching the outskirts of London they race down a slip road onto a motorway.

They drive at outrageous speeds along the motorway.

They set off a speed camera and a police car starts to chase after them but they disappear into the distance. The co-driver of the police car radios for support.

Bond tries to overtake, force the motorcycle off the road even though it would certainly be fatal.

At the last second the motorcycle swerves off the motorway making BOND skid perilously and they continue the chase along narrow country lanes, through picture-postcard Kentish villages of thatched cottages and village ponds.

2. EXT. A VILLAGE GREEN. MINUTES LATER.

The motorbike can't quite make a tight corner and with

Bond following, ploughs across a pretty village green on which a cricket match is being played. The two vehicles race straight across the pitch. The umpire holds a finger up to stop play, waits disapprovingly till the vehicles have departed, nods and the match continues as if nothing has happened.

3. EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROADS. MINUTES LATER.

They continue hurtling along the narrow lanes overtaking with split-second precision and a little luck, narrowly avoided oncoming traffic.

4. EXT. CHANNEL TUNNEL TERMINUS A LITTLE LATER.

They arrive at the channel tunnel terminus at Folkestone where all the roads, ramps and barriers become the arena for their increasingly frantic game of cat and mouse.

They tear down a ramp next to 'le shuttle'. The doors are open and cars are driving in. The motorbike skids round a car and into the train.

5. INT. 'THE SHUTTLE'. MINUTES LATER.

Bond has no choice but to squeeze in behind a queueing car. The cars move into the train, frustratingly slowly. BOND sees the helmet of the motorcyclist a few cars ahead.

Watching his quarry slipping away Bond revs his engine and slides over to the left side of the carriage. His wheels engage with the curve at the bottom of the wall.

The car's off-side wheels go up the wall until it is almost vertically sideways. Bond puts his foot down and the car goes up the wall like a motorcycle 'wall of death'. He goes past two cars but has to come down again. The stationary car drivers look on, speechless with disbelief.

Bond sees the motorcyclist just a couple of vehicles ahead. He too is squeezing past cars but here, the powerful bike is large and unwieldy and the spaces

narrow.

Bond floors the accelerator and mounts the wall again, this time doing a 360° loop and landing back on his wheels just behind the motorcycle.

The motorcyclist looks behind and sees BOND gaining on him. He desperately tries to get past a car. Bond is now directly behind the motorbike, starting to unbuckle his seatbelt, ready to continue the pursuit on foot.

The rider frantically squeezes past the car, scratching a big gouge in the paintwork.

The large train door is open and the motorbike revs, opens the throttle and shoots out.

Bond prepares to follow but just as the motorcycle exits, a massive lorry passes and runs straight over the motorcycle and its driver.

OPENING CREDITS

6. INT. A MILITARY CHAPEL. DAY.

The pews are full, with a few people standing at the back. The congregation includes middle-aged couples and a few children, but the majority are men in their thirties and forties. Among the few women is the 00 agent, Phoenix.

The mood is sombre. Some of those gathered wipe away tears.

Bond sits near the front next to Moneypenny. Others who will later turn out to be 00 agents sit close. M stands at a lectern at the front of the chapel.

M

This is a tragic day for all of us. A day I hoped I'd never see. Lieutenant-Colonel Isabel Crieves and Commander Johnny Laing were among the most courageous people with whom I've ever had the privilege to work. Having served valiantly in numerous fields of conflict I count myself fortunate to have had them as part of my little team. A team in which they devoted themselves tirelessly and selflessly to the protection of our country and its people. They were

irreplaceable as colleagues  
and as friends.

7. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL. A LITTLE LATER.

A slight drizzle accentuates the feeling of gloom as Bond and M walk slowly across the traditional exterior of the old churchyard, a little detached from the departing mourners.

M

(discretely)

This is an unprecedented  
disaster Bond. Three agents  
and an attempt on you.

(Bond looks enquiringly at M)

M (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Well two definite, but we  
have to assume...

(looks down)

It's been nearly a week now  
and not a word.

They take a few steps in silence.

BOND

You know there've been  
rumours.

M

(angrily)

Yes! All bloody nonsense.  
Birlington w...

(a breath)

...is. The most resourceful,  
and one of the most  
experienced of all the double  
Os.

BOND

Nonetheless.

(reluctantly)  
 The identity and whereabouts  
 of Issy and Jonny weren't  
 exactly common knowledge.  
 It's what? A dozen people who  
 knew? And I'd bet my life on  
 any of them.

M  
 (thoughtful)  
 We live in troubled times  
 James: Riots, wars and  
 threats or more, and some  
 pretty nasty characters  
 taking control. Double 0  
 agents have never been needed  
 more. We've got to do  
 something, and quickly.

Money Penny walks over, dressed, of course, in simple and  
 elegant black. They wordlessly acknowledge one another.

M  
 Money Penny, what was  
 Burlington's last known  
 whereabouts.

MONEYPENNY  
 Pakistan, the north. We lost  
 his signal on the Karakoram  
 Pass.

M  
 (to Bond)  
 Sorted out a bit of trouble  
 up there. He was on his way  
 home - no reason to expect  
 any problems.

The trio reach a wooden gate to the car park. Among the  
 cars is Bond's Aston Martin parked next to the Caterham.

BOND  
 Who have we got out there?

MONEYPENNY

Hajira Zubair. Knows everyone  
and everything. If anyone  
knows what's happened to  
Birlington...

The three look at each other. Nothing is said. They reach  
the cars. BOND presses the button on his keyfob and the  
indicators of his Aston flash. Moneypenney manually opens  
the door of the Caterham.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

(getting into her car)  
I'll make the arrangements.

8. INT. BENEZIR BHUTTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, ISLAMABAD.  
MORNING.

Bond emerges into the arrivals lounge. He travels light,  
just an old-fashioned Duffel bag over his shoulder. It is  
hot, oppressive. The monsoon is threatening.

As Bond walks through the lounge he is approached by  
HAJIRA ZUBAIR a beautiful woman in her early 30s dressed  
in fashionable Pakistani clothes. She smiles and holds  
out her hand.

HAJIRA ZUBAIR

Mr Bond. Hajira. Pleased to  
meet you. How was the flight?

BOND

(smiles resignedly)  
Long.

9. EXT. IN FRONT OF THE AIRPORT. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

They exit the airport and start walking across to a  
Jaguar XE sports car.

HAJIRA

Well I'm afraid there's still  
a bit more travelling to do.

Bond gets into the passenger seat.

10. INT. HAJIRA'S CAR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Hajira starts driving through the streets of Islamabad, a modern, cosmopolitan city.

HAJIRA (CONT'D)

(turns to Bond)

We're going to a temple up in the mountains. I think we may have found your Mr Birlington.

BOND

(with interest)

Really? Are you sure? Is he ok?

HAJIRA

There's a man up there who fits Birlington's description. He's being looked after by the monks. In answer to your second question I'm afraid it sounds like he's in rather a poor way.

11. EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO A HINDU TEMPLE. LATER THAT MORNING.

The car draws up outside a simple temple. All around is lush vegetation. Rivers cut through forests of pine trees and in the distance, snow sparkles on the mountaintops.

Bond and Hajira walk toward a small simple Hindu temple outside which sits cross-legged, an ancient SADHU - long, matted hair, orange robes, turban. His forehead is painted in bright colours.

Hajira Indicates to Bond to stay back. She walks towards the Sadhu, they speak. Hajira turns and looks at Bond. The Sadhu stands. Bond approaches.

12. INT. THE TEMPLE. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

A corridor, unpainted walls, doors either side. Bond, Hajira and the Sadhu walk towards a door at the end of the corridor. The Sadhu is old and walks slowly. They reach the door and the Sadhu nods to Bond who pauses before pushing open the door.

Inside the spartan room, a single cot-bed and sitting on the bed is Birlington, leaning forward, elbows on knees, staring blankly at the floor. He looks pale and haunted, unshaven with hair unkempt but appears uninjured.

BOND

Stephen?

Bond walks over and stands in front of BIRLINGTON.

BOND

Stephen? It's me, James.

There is no response from Birlington. Bond crouches down. Birlington slowly raises his head and looks at Bond but without even a glimmer of recognition.

BOND

Steve. We've been looking for you. We've been worried. Are you all right?

Birlington appears to be thinking, memories slowly creeping back.

BIRLINGTON

I won't tell you.

BOND

Tell me what?

BIRLINGTON

(a hint of panic)  
I won't tell you anything.  
(shakes his head, definite

panic now)  
You can't make me.

Birlington seems suddenly frantic to get away from Bond. In desperation he scrambles onto the bed, and squeezes himself into the corner.

BIRLINGTON (CONT'D)  
(screaming now)  
I won't tell you. PLEASE!  
PLEASE!

Birlington starts to hit his head against the wall. Bond tries to stop him but is powerless to help. The Sadhu walks over and moves Bond gently out of the way. He takes Birlington's hands and with soothing sounds, pulls him until he is again sitting on the edge of the bed. The Sadhu holds Birlington's hands together as if in prayer. Bond and Hajira look sorrowfully at each other and wordlessly turn and leave the room.

Bond and Hajira are thoughtful as they walk out of the temple towards the car.

BOND  
We need to take a look at  
where Steve was staying.  
Let's go back to his hotel.

HAJIRA  
Oh no James, he wasn't  
staying at a hotel. His uncle  
has a house up in a hill  
station. I think you'll like  
it.  
(gets phone out)  
Very old school.

13. EXT. A HILL STATION IN THE MOUNTAINS. LATER THE SAME DAY.

Hajira's car draws up outside a modest but once beautiful colonial bungalow nestling at the foot of a massive granite cliff. All around the scenery is breathtaking.

Bond and Hajira walk toward the house's wide veranda upon which an elderly couple sit on wicker armchairs behind a small table.

The man stands as BOND and Hajira approach. Tall, patrician COLONEL ROBIN BIRLINGTON, like the house, has seen better days. His wife, ALICE, small and with traces of her former elegance, struggles to her feet. The colonel walks forward, holding out his hand.

COLONEL BIRLINGTON

Miss Zubair, Mr Bond. You've seen Stephen? How is he? What did he tell you?

ALICE BIRLINGTON

(interrupts)

Robin! The nice people haven't even had a cup of tea yet.

(turns and shouts)

Kashif!

KASHIF appears from around the side of the house. There is more than a touch of rodent about him. Bond instinctively senses that he is not to be trusted.

ALICE BIRLINGTON

(CONT'D)

(with slightly unconvincing authority)

Tea for our guests please.

KASHIF gives a none-too-friendly gold-toothed smile, bows offhandedly and walks away. The four watch while he walks back round the side of the building. Alice leans forward and beckons urgently to Bond AND Hajira.

ALICE BIRLINGTON

(whispers)

Mr Bond I have something to tell you, something important.

COLONEL BIRLINGTON

Alice, we...

ALICE BIRLINGTON

(dismissively)

Oh Shush Robin.

(back to Bond)

Stephen was looking for something. Something dangerous. It was here, here in the Karakorum.

BOND

Did he say what it was?

ALICE BIRLINGTON

I don't think he knew. But he had booked a ticket to Hong Kong. I think...

Kashif emerges silently from around the corner with a two-tiered china cake stand complete with small, dainty cakes. Alice immediately stops talking and tries, unsuccessfully, to appear nonchalant.

HAJIRA

Could we have a quick look at Steven's room Mrs Birlington?

ALICE BIRLINGTON

Of course. The tea will be a couple of minutes.

14. INT. A BEDROOM. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Bond and Hajira look around the small, old-fashioned bedroom, quickly opening draws and cupboards. Bond unzips a small suitcase laying on the bed and riffles through clothes, toiletries, until, at the bottom he finds a small story torn from a newspaper.

TSAOCORP TECH GENIUS BACK AFTER MYSTERY DISAPPEARANCE.

'GEORGE CHENG, the brilliant inventor behind HONG KONG

technology giant, Tsaocorp's greatest innovations, has returned to work after his week-long mystery disappearance led to a global manhunt...' Bond has only read the first line when he hears two loud pops. He and Hajira look at each other and they both turn and run out of the room.

15. EXT. THE VERANDA OF THE BUNGALOW. SECONDS LATER.

Colonel Birlington and Alice Birlington are both in their chairs, Robin slumped sideways, Alice laying back. They both have small bullet holes in their foreheads. Bond hears a noise from around the corner and runs to investigate.

16. EXT. BEHIND THE BUNGALOW. SECONDS LATER.

In the distance Kashif is running away across a rocky plateau towards a looming rock face. He is dressed for climbing: a harness with carabiners and ropes, and wearing flexible hi-tech climbing shoes.

Bond puts his hand inside his jacket revealing a holster. He withdraws his Walther P99 and runs after Kashif. Kashif hears him and turns. He also has a gun and starts shooting. Bond dives for cover while Kashif runs off towards the towering rock face.

Bond shoots but Kashif is too far away and weaving between rocks. He reaches the base of the cliff where he stops and shoots again but his aim is wild.

Bond fires another couple of shots which ricochet off the rock next to Kashif's head. Kashif starts to climb with amazing skill and technique, almost scurrying up the near-vertical face, finding tiny hand and footholds invisible to anyone else.

Bond is about to fire again when Kashif moves into a chimney where he can barely be seen and continues to climb. Bond aims but can't get a good sight of Kashif.

He ejects the magazine - only one round left. He can't afford to waste it. From a distance BOND hears the low

throb of a helicopter.

Bond looks around and sees the helicopter approaching. Reluctantly he attempts to climb but he knows that his clothes, the casual business suit he has worn for travelling, are completely unsuitable.

His first step onto the rock and his leather shoes immediately slip. He tries again but knows it is useless. The helicopter comes down gently at an incline on top of the cliff, it's rotors idling just enough to keep it upright.

Kashif is nearing the top of the cliff where it starts to level out into a gentle slope. Bond stands back and surveys the scene. Scattered all over the top part of the cliff are thousands of boulders, mostly small but some large.

Bond gets a fountain pen out of his inside jacket pocket, unscrews the nib and barrel revealing a single round of ammunition. In a quick, single movement Bond ejects the magazine, inserts the new cartridge and slides the magazine back into place.

He runs back a few paces to get a better look. Kashif has almost reached the helicopter. Bond raises the pistol and takes careful aim. A large boulder sits precariously on a mound behind the helicopter.

Bond squeezes the trigger and the bullet hits the bottom of the rock with a loud explosion...nothing happens. BOND waits. Kashif reaches the helicopter, the rotors increase in speed.

Bond dejectedly turns and takes a step back toward the bungalow when he hears the beginnings of a dull, low rumble.

He turns and sees rocks starting to move, slowly at first, just a few but each of them take another with them and then another. The large boulder starts to slip.

Kashif is in the helicopter now and shouts at the pilot

to move.

KASHIF  
(gesticulating wildly)  
MOVE! MOVE!

The pilot sees the boulder and starts to panic. The rocks underneath the helicopter start to move and the helicopter starts slipping sideways.

The pilot increases the rotor speed but the helicopter jolts sideways and the rotors hit a rock, snapping one in half.

The rocks all around are now moving. Thousands are tumbling down, at first just small ones, but now some of the massive rocks are starting to roll as well.

The pilot attempts to take off but with half a rotor missing the machine jerks erratically. It gets a couple of feet into the air and looks like it might make it when the huge boulder hits one of the landing skids and knocks it off balance.

Bond watches the helicopter smash into the ground and, now appreciating the scale of the avalanche, starts to sprint back to the bungalow. As he runs he shouts to Hajira.

BOND  
DRIVE!

Hajira runs round the side of the car and gets in the driver's seat, leans over, opens the door and turns the engine on in one fluid movement.

Just then a tsunami of rocks crashes over the top of the cliff and flies through the air towards them. An enormous boulder smashes straight through the bungalow, completely demolishing it.

Hajira floors the accelerator with the rocks almost hitting the back of the car. From nowhere the helicopter smashes into the ground and explodes making a huge crater

where the car had been just a second before.

The rocks are now so close that some hit the car. They career round tight corners still with the wall of rocks hurtling along behind them. In an exposed part of the road a rock the size of the car is tumbling headlong over a grassy embankment straight toward them.

Hajira puts her foot down and the rock misses them by a few inches. The rocks are still gaining on the steep incline of the roads. One large rock gives a glancing blow to the back wing of the car, making it lose its grip and swerve.

In the distance Bond sees a dark hole in the bank by the side of the road, not deep enough to be a cave but perhaps enough to get the car in.

BOND

Look!

HAJIRA

Do you think we can get in?

BOND

Not at this speed, we need to slow down. Try to put some distance between us and the rocks.

Hajira accelerates. She looks scared but determined. With a few yards between the car and the rocks, they are now doing 80mph along a road barely designed for 20. Bond twists in his seat to get a good rear view.

BOND

Ready...

Hajira moves her hands to the ten-to-two position on the steering wheel. Bond glances quickly between the cave and the Avalanche.

BOND

OKAY!

Hajira jams on the brakes to slow the car down enough for a handbrake turn. BOND grabs hold of the handbrake.

Rocks start to smash into the back of the car destabilising it but Hajira is able to control it. Bond and Hajira look at each other as more rocks smash into the back of the car. The car is just a few metres from the opening.

BOND

NOW!

Hajira wrenches the steering wheel full-lock at the same time as Bond pulls hard on the handbrake, almost standing in his seat to get enough traction.

The car swerves precisely into a gap only slightly longer than the car and just deep enough for the avalanche to hurtle by destroying everything in its path.

17. INT. CLOSE-UP. BEDSIDE TABLE. MORNING.

A hand holds a the same fountain pen previously seen at the Birlington's bungalow. On headed notepaper for the Royal Garden Hotel, Hong Kong the hand writes:

Gone to see George Cheng at TsaoCorp. Lunch at Felice?  
1.00? James.

PAN BACK TO SEE:

Bond signs with a flourish, leans over and kisses Hajira on the forehead. She is laying face-down, naked. She stirs but doesn't wake. Bond walks to the door, opens it and with a brief look back at Hajira, leaves the room.

18. INT. HONG KONG. AN OFFICE. LATER THAT MORNING.

Bond sits in a large, minimalist reception of a modern office block as a Hong Kong Chinese man of diminished stature, in his 40s, dressed casually, approaches, hand outstretched.

GEORGE CHENG  
Mr Bond. Welcome to TsaoCorp.  
Please, this way.

Bond and Cheng walk along the corridor.

GEORGE CHENG (CONT'D)  
I hope you haven't made a  
wasted journey Mr Bond.  
There's really not much of a  
story.

At the end of the corridor is a plain white door which Cheng pushes open to reveal a big, open creative space - a mix between a workshop, laboratory, teenagers den and childrens' playroom.

19. THE OFFICE AT TSAOCORP. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

A couple of dozen people of various nationalities sit at workstations or mill about purposefully.

Cheng leads Bond to a semi-circular desk near a window with a panoramic view of the super-dense, highly coloured apartment blocks in Hong Kong's Shek Kip Mei Estate.

Managed disorder is the style of the desktop: computers, tablets - some R&D 'concepts' - models, printed circuits... Cheng drags a chair in front of the desk and walks round to his Herman Miller chair, raised to its highest to compensate for his height.

CHENG  
(taking his seat)  
As I said on the phone  
There's really nothing  
sinister about my so-called  
disappearance. I had a bit of  
a...  
(considers)  
an episode. I needed a short  
break that's all.

BOND

Your reputation is one of  
exemplary conscientiousness  
Mr Cheng. Disappearing  
without notice, without any  
contact, well that was bound  
to raise eyebrows.

CHENG

(a little nervous, tugs at  
the collar of his mohair  
sweater)

It was just a week Mr Bond. I  
was owed some leave and I  
decided to forego the  
formalities. It's hardly a  
crime.

Bond stands and walks to the window behind Cheng. He  
turns and surveys the room.

BOND

No but TsaoCorp is the  
leading tech company in the  
world. Thousands of patents  
every year. Vast profits,  
Some of the world's most  
significant technological  
innovations - and not just  
toys, things that change  
lives...save lives. And most  
of it down to you George.  
There's a lot of interest in  
you - from all sorts of  
directions.

CHENG

(a hint of panic now)  
But I just come up with ideas  
Mr Bond. I'm a nerd, a geek.  
(with a slightly pleading  
tone)  
Why would anyone want to...?

Most of those in the room continue to concentrate on  
their work but one or two heads are raised. A young Hong

Kong man near the middle of the room seems to feign interest in his computer, head cocked to one side.

BOND

(leaning close to Cheng)

You've got what they want  
George...you are what they  
want. They're not your  
friends.

Bond continues to survey the room - especially the young man in the centre, and maybe a girl near the door. The young man wears a one-piece black suit, relatively conventional and inconspicuous but with zips extending from each cuff, down each side and ending at the waist.

BOND (CONT'D)

(almost whispering)

We're worried for you George.  
The British government whom I  
represent, are worried and we  
want to help.

CHENG

I...I...need

The girl near the door stands and makes fleeting eye contact with the young man. Bond sees and reaches inside his jacket. Still bending forward he puts his hand on the lever that adjusts the chair's height.

The young man reaches under his workstation as the girl puts her hand behind and under her jacket. Simultaneously both their right hands emerge with semi-automatic pistols.

The young man, keeping low, pivots lightly on his feet, aims and fires at Cheng. Bond pulls the lever under Cheng's chair. The chair drops by a foot just as the young man fires.

The bullet skims just over Cheng's head and hits the massive window shattering it outward into a million fragments.

BOND whips his gun out just as the girl athletically launches herself horizontally into the air, gun aimed at Cheng. Bond raises his gun and shoots her in mid-air before reaching over the desk after the young man, scattering small huddles of shocked workers, swerving between workstations, sofas, a one-armed bandit, in the direction the young man went.

Just as he has passed a wide pillar the young man emerges, his suit transformed with web-like airfoils under the arms and between the legs.

He runs back to the still-dazed Cheng, grabs him by the lapels and still holding him, drags the two of them out of the window. Gasps and muted screams fill the room.

Bond turns and momentarily freezes in shock and astonishment. He runs over to the window and looks down. Far below in the busy street lies the small, broken body of Cheng, a crowd already beginning to surround him, cars and trucks stopped haphazardly in the road.

Bond scans the street and the surrounding buildings for Cheng's Killer. At first nothing. Bond scrutinises the buildings a little higher up, squinting at the shadows, looking for anything out of place in the confusion of shapes and colours that make up the front elevation of the huge apartment block opposite.

His eyes stop at what could be an oddly-shaped shadow. He squints and is about to move on when there appears to be a slight movement. BOND looks again. Definite movement. A shape materialises against a lighter section of wall. The shape is of a man but with the bat-like profile of a wing suit.

Bond considers briefly and with a determined look turns to sprint out of the building only to stop dead at Cheng's computer monitor. In the middle of the blank touchscreen is the single hand-written word 'DeadCentre'.

20. EXT. DAY. THE STREET OUTSIDE TSAOCORP'S HEADQUARTERS. A FEW MSECONDS LATER.

Bond barges through the office's revolving doors into the

busy street. In the distance the wailing of ambulance sirens rise above the noise of the growing crowd around Cheng's broken body.

Traffic has ground to a standstill. Bond scans the edifice opposite, searching for a dark figure against the building's irregularly patterned shadows. A fleeting movement. The vague silhouette of a man scrambles from an air conditioning duct and through an open window into the building.

Bond quickly counts horizontally and vertically to pinpoint the apartment before dashing over the road, darting between stationary cars and through the front doors into the building.

#### 21. INSIDE THE APARTMENT BLOCK. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

The building is one of many of its type in Hong Kong. Like a giant children's construction set. Huge, monotonously repeated geometric blocks of primary colours, masses of apartments jammed together, their small balconies squeezed next to and above one another, washing hanging limply, air conditioning inverters, drainage and central heating pipes seemingly randomly attached to the outside walls next to precariously attached satellite dishes.

Bond bounds up flight after flight of stairs to get to the floor on which he had seen CHeng's killer. He runs to the end of a long, slightly grubby corridor, past rows of identical apartment doors, to a large floor-to-ceiling window.

From the window can be seen an enormous open space between four identical buildings joined to form a square.

Two staircases lead from each corridor. Bond reaches the nearest one when he notices movement in the distance - someone is emerging from an apartment at the far end.

Squinting to see in the dim light he makes out the distinctive winged shape against the light of the far window and starts to spring towards the assassin. Hearing the sound of running echoing along the corridor, Cheng's

killer turns and sees BOND.

HE is at a disadvantage indoors in his wingsuit, he knows he must get outside. Looking around, slightly panicked, he runs to the window but it is sealed. He tries a door - locked, then another, the same.

Each one he tries is locked and Bond is getting closer. He hears the sound of a television. He turns his head to gauge the position before running to a door and turning the handle.

A man in a vest, watching TV in the tiny flat, freezes in shock at the sight of the strange, winged intruder. Cheng's killer leaps clumsily over him and crashes through the glass door onto the balcony just as Bond swerves into the room only to see the assassin leap, arms stretched, from the balcony.

Bond races to the window - his adversary only managed to reach the next balcony a few feet away. Bond stands on the balcony railings and dives off, grabbing the adjacent railings and hauling himself up.

They are in the angle where two giant slabs of the building meet. The wingsuited assassin again leaps off the balcony diagonally onto another and then straight off, swinging on a satellite dish from where he can haul himself up a floor to another balcony.

Without a wingsuit this is far more dangerous for Bond but he steels himself and leaps after the killer. Bond grabs the satellite dish but his weight sheers a bolt off the wall and he swings dangerously.

He uses the momentum from the fulcrum of the satellite's single remaining bolt to swing himself up, grabbing the bottom of the balcony railings.

Looking up from the ground far below, Bond can be seen vaulting over the railings just as the killer leaps, arms outstretched, onto another balcony, but this time too distant for Bond to reach.

He crashes through the door into an empty apartment, runs straight through and out into the corridor. Around the corner and four doors down he uses his shoulder to break down the flimsy door to another apartment.

The killer is on the balcony. He hears a sound and turns to see Bond rushing towards him. He struggles to get onto the railings, restricted by his suit. Bond is quicker. He kicks the door open and just as the killer is about to jump he grabs him and pulls him back onto the balcony.

The killer turns and punches Bond in the face knocking him backwards. Momentarily disorientated, Bond regains his balance and hurls himself at the killer. Bond punches him on the jaw, knocking him backwards. The killer struggles to get up in his suit and Bond quickly sits on his chest and punches him hard in the face.

BOND

(positioning himself for  
another punch)

OK. Now you're going to  
answer the following  
questions. One: who are you,  
though to be honest I don't  
really care.

A collection of mainly dead plants in pots of various sizes are crammed haphazardly into the corner of the balcony. The killer's fingers creep towards the nearest one.

BOND (CONT'D)

Two: who are you working for.  
And Three:

(BOND delivers another punch  
to the killer's jaw)  
what is DeadCentre.

The killer gets his fingers round a small flower pot and smashes it into the side of Bond's head, knocking him backwards.

The killer grabs the railings and pulls himself up. He quickly gives the prone Bond a couple of vicious kicks

before hauling himself onto the railings and launching himself into the air.

Bond gets up in obvious pain and again reluctantly positions himself to leap after the killer, now on the next-door balcony one floor below. Bond leaps after him, barely catching the railings and swinging painfully before pulling himself up just the killer's feet disappear upwards.

The killer is now on the balcony above. Bond stands on the railings and reaches up to grab onto the base of the balcony but looks up just as the killer is about to drop another flowerpot onto him. BOND leaps back onto the balcony just as the pot plummets to the ground below.

Thinking better of leaping off of too many balconies Bond, again, kicks the door in and runs straight through the apartment and out into the corridor. The killer is positioning himself for a mighty leap when the door smashes open. Almost losing his balance he struggles to right himself, losing vital seconds.

Bond is about to barge through the balcony door when he notices, on the apartment wall, a samurai sword. Grabbing the sword he hurls himself at the door just as the killer leaps off into the void.

Bond launches himself horizontally over the railings, grabbing hold of the top railing with one hand and swinging out over the void. At full stretch he swings the sword in a mighty arc between the killer's legs, slicing the fabric apart.

Without the stabilising effect of the 'tail', the aerodynamic properties of the wingsuit disappear and the panicked killer plunges to the ground 100 feet below. BOND looks over the balcony and sees, like CHeng before, a crumpled body on the ground far below. He turns and is about to walk back out through the apartment when he stops, momentarily frozen in puzzlement. hajira is standing on the next balcony a few feet away.

BOND  
Hajira. What are you...

HAJIRA  
I'm sorry James.

Bond frowns in bewilderment.

HARIRA (CONT'D)  
You don't know what it's  
like. You think you won't  
talk, that you won't tell  
them and then...

Hajira moves the couple of feet to the railings. She turns and hoists herself up to sit precariously on the railings. Bond looks panicked.

BOND  
HAJIRA. No!

HAJIRA  
Goodbye James.

Hajira leans back and topples backwards off of the balcony. Bond holds his arms out pointlessly.

BOND  
(shouts)  
HAJIRA!

BOND closes his eyes and slowly bows his head.

22. INT. M'S OFFICE. DAY.

A large, traditional wood-paneled room with a big, oak desk behind which sits M. On the other side of the desk sits Bond and Moneypenny. Q stands at the back of the room.

M  
Four agents now dead. And  
what have we got? Nothing. We  
don't know who's doing it. We  
don't know why.

(shakes his head)  
Industrialists, politicians,  
scientists, even terrorists  
and gangsters, have gone  
missing only to turn up dead  
or insane but what's the  
connection? And what on earth  
is DeadCentre? Moneypenny, do  
we have anything at all?

MONEYPENNY

Very little sir. We have a  
possible location - well, a  
very loose one.

Moneypenny turns and nods towards Q who presses the  
screen on his tablet. A large panel behind M's desk has 2  
pictures on - the Queen and M's predecessor. The panel  
slides downwards revealing a massive touchscreen  
computer. With a few quick presses of the tablet Q gets  
up a map of The Karakoram mountains between Pakistan,  
India and China.

MONEYPENNY

This seems to be a link to  
all the missing people. The  
Karakoram mountains. However,  
The Karakoram is a mountain  
system of over 200,000 square  
kilometers.

BOND

And some of the most  
inhospitable terrain in the  
world.

Moneypenny walks over to the screen.

MONEYPENNY

True but we think we can  
narrow it down a bit.  
Everyone that's gone missing,  
that we know about, have  
either disappeared whilst in  
Pakistan or went through

Beneziir Bhuto International  
Airport.

M

So we're talking about the  
Pakistan administered area  
only?

MONEYPENNY

That looks likely. Also this  
area has the greatest  
concentration of peaks over  
8,000 metres in the world and  
the largest glaciers outside  
the polar regions.

BOND

If we can discount those  
areas, that must make it a  
lot more manageable.

Money penny goes over to the touchscreen and uses her  
fingers to expand the map to show a specific area.

M

Yes but it's still a massive  
area.

Q joins Money penny at the screen and starts deftly  
tapping at his tablet.

Q

We may have had a bit of luck  
though.

A satellite picture comes up with a distant and grainy  
image of a convoy of lorries.

Q (CONT'D)

These satellite images are  
from a couple of years ago in  
the Hunza valley. An awful  
lot of building equipment and

materials going along the Karakoram pass, enough for a really substantial building project.

BOND

And then?.

Q

Well that's the thing Bond. It disappears, at least from the satellite.

MONEYPENNY

There's a massive network of largely unexplored caves in this area. It's the only place they could have gone.

Q

Luckily an international caving team is preparing for a major study of the system. We thought perhaps Bond and another 00 agent might join the expedition?

M

Speleology an interest of your's BOND.

BOND

Looks like it is now sir.

23. INT. A LANDROVER. DAY.

Inside a long-wheelbase Landrover four young men and one young woman sit uncomfortably amid piles of caving equipment. They hang on as the vehicle negotiates the craters and rocks of a barely made-up mountain road. Through the windows can be seen the snowy peaks and verdant slopes of the Himalayas. Among the five are Bond and the young female 00 agent, Phoenix, previously seen among the mourners at the funeral. She wears a singlet which reveals heavily tattooed arms and back. They sit

together though their body language suggests a frostiness. They speak under their breath though the vehicle's mechanical noise makes it impossible for anyone else to hear.

BOND

Fully recovered from Berlin?

Not something that PHOENIX plainly wants to be reminded of.

PHOENIX

Yes thank you James.

BOND

Lucky I was around to get you out.

PHOENIX

I had put a plan into operation. I would have been out in a few hours anyway. As you're well aware.

BOND

Didn't look like it.

PHOENIX

(snaps)

You can't let it rest can you James? I'd saved your life at least twice before but I had the good grace not to bring it up at every opportunity.

(turns away, arms folded, then turns back).

I beat you in every test, physical and mental and you've never forgiven me, that's...

Bond and Phoenix are almost thrown off of their seats as the Landrover skids to a halt.

24. EXT. HUNZA VALLEY, PAKISTANI HIMALAYAS. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Three long wheelbase Landrovers park on a rocky plateau in the searing mid-day sun. All around are mountains, most blindingly white with snow. On the lower slopes are green terraces fed by snowmelt from the glaciers. Carpets of bright orange apricots dry in the sun.

Equipment: collapsible ladders, pulleys, round backpacks, hammers, karabiners etc. are being unloaded from the Landrovers by local porters.

The members of the international expedition - twelve men and three women, dressed in brightly coloured one piece suits, some wearing helmets, some, including Bond carrying theirs - huddle round their leader, German caver CLAUD VOSS.

VOSS

OK, listen up. I don't need to remind you, what we're doing here is very dangerous.

As Voss talks we pan slowly across the fifteen faces of the expedition members, concentrating, nervous, excited and impatient. Two of the party are local guides.

VOSS (CONT'D)

We're all experienced cavers, we know the rules. Always stay in sight of at least two others, keep in radio contact, check your equipment constantly. These caves are unknown territory, we don't know what we'll find. Let's all come out in one piece - be careful.

The group acknowledge the advice with nods and murmurs. Each member, weighed down with equipment, turns and walks over the small ridge and descends the other side. The

camera rises to see them moving towards a massive hole in the ground, inside, nothing but dense, intense black. Just as they are about to enter:

PHOENIX

(quietly to Bond)

Remember, I am the experienced caver here. You do what I say.

BOND

(a little smile)

Ay, ay Cap'n.

25. INT. INSIDE THE CAVE. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The bright sunshine is replaced by impenetrable black. We look up at the bright blue sky through the entrance to the cave high above. Around the lip of the entrance stand some of the cavers. Three are making the long descent into the cave using ropes and self-breaking descenders.

The last of the cavers drops to the cave floor, the lamps on their helmets light the walls of the cave, grey with streaks of red and yellow. As they land each caver unhooks and stows their equipment.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) The team walk through a massive cavern. Huge stalactites descend from the black, distant cavern roof and rising from the floor are giant, golden limestone columns. At times the team members have to duck their heads but they can usually walk upright between small lakes of crystal clear water.
- B) Another cavern, smaller but with brilliant white stalactites.
- C) A further short descent, climbing, but with ropes attached, down a narrow chimney with pinpoints of light illuminating diamond-like crystals in the yellow walls.

D) The expedition appear like ants walking across the bottom of a thunderous waterfall as it descends from the distant roof of another huge cavern.

E) An ice cave - brilliant, sparkling white.

26. INT. A PIT CAVE. SOME TIME LATER.

Bond and Phoenix are making a rope descent into a wide, vertical 'pit' cave. From above the cave floor disappears into the black distance. They use their self-breaking descenders but are also using crevices in the rock walls for hand and footholds.

Phoenix is a little above Bond. She sees a good handhold and swings out to reach it. As she does her rope gives way and she screams as she falls past Bond.

Lightning fast, Bond grabs the rope and twists it round his right arm at the same time as thrusting his left hand in a crevice. Phoenix's weight jolts Bond's arm almost out of its socket and he grunts in pain but, with gritted teeth, manages to hold her weight.

Phoenix scrabbles for a good hand and foothold before looking up at Bond and giving a very reluctant nod of thanks. Bond slides the rope through his hands until he holds the frayed end.

PHOENIX

I checked all the equipment -  
the rope was good.

They both look up to see, in the distance, a silhouette - standing at the lip of the chimney, too indistinct to have any idea who it could be. Other silhouettes gather round the lip of the chimney.

VOSS

(shouts)  
Are you OK?

PHOENIX

Yeah. Fine. Equipment  
failure.

BOND and PHOENIX exchange a look. Phoenix quickly and expertly slips a wedge-shaped nut into a crevice, threads her rope through and ties a knot before she and Bond continue the descent.

27. INT. FURTHER INTO THE CAVE SYSTEM. A LITTLE LATER.

Three inflatable boats, two each with six members of the expedition, one with three and most of the equipment, glide slowly along a perfectly still, crystal clear underground river. Water dripping from the roof into the water is the only sound.

28. INT. A LARGE CAVERN. A LITTLE LATER.

The fifteen members of the expedition gather together. As the team leader speaks we pan across the faces of the other team members.

VOSS

OK. This is as far as anyone has ever been in this cave system. Our local guides won't be going any further - beyond this cavern we're on our own. No-one knows how far these caves go - this may be all there is. There are five possible routes we can take. We split into teams of three and do initial reconnaissance. Remember, if you swim through a cave, three tugs on the rope and you get pulled back. Don't go far, keep safe.

The teams stand up, and get their equipment together.

29. INT. THE SAME CAVERN. A LITTLE LATER.

Bond is with Phoenix and a large, well-built Pakistani caver, Jat. He is dressed like the other cavers: red overalls, gloves, boots, helmet. They stand looking at a hole at the base of the cave wall. The gap is around two feet across and 18 inches high. Behind them a perfectly clear lake glistens - icy water from the lake is flowing into the black hole. Inside the light disappears almost immediately.

PHOENIX

James, I should really go in.  
I've got more experience than  
you and I'm smaller.

BOND

(squeezing into a full-body  
wetsuit)

No. If the tunnel gets narrow  
I may have to jettison the  
oxygen tanks and I've got  
freediving experience.

PHOENIX

How long can you hold your  
breath?

BOND

What?

PHOENIX

(Phoenix also starts to put  
on her wetsuit).  
The freediving. How long.

BOND

Twelve minutes.

PHOENIX

Fourteen. and heart rate?

BOND

Look Phoenix, I know you're

fit.

PHOENIX

(putting on her goggles).  
Heart rate - how low can you  
get it?

BOND

(getting flippers out of his  
backpack)  
Low thirties.

PHOENIX

Twenty Seven.

In the background Jat is noisily struggling to get a piece of breathing equipment to work. Phoenix ignores it for as long as she can but he looks over at her so pathetically that, exasperated, she goes over to help. Bond takes the opportunity to run over to the tunnel entrance. He crouches down and, twisting his shoulders to squeeze through the tiny entrance, disappears head first into the hole. Phoenix sees too late and can't hide her anger.

30. INT. THE TUNNEL. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Just wide enough for Bond to wriggle through, the tunnel descends steeply before leveling out. Steadily flowing water soon fills the tunnel. To go any further Bond will have to go under water into a tunnel which no-one has ever entered, not knowing how long the tunnel will be or whether it is all submerged? Bond looks around, makes sure his rope isn't snagged, checks his headlamp and takes a deep breath.

Bond swims awkwardly through the narrow tunnel, his headlamp illuminating only the water a few feet ahead of him. He swims through the clear, ice-cold water as the tunnel twists and turns, rises and falls. Tiny white shrimps and centipedes swim by.

The tunnel narrows and Bond goes to squeeze through the gap but his gas cylinders are too wide. He peers through the hole - is that a faint light ahead? He turns his

headlamp off.

In the distance a light glows dimly. Bond turns the light back on. He wants to investigate further on but can't go deeper into the tunnel with the oxygen tanks.

BOND takes a deep breath before removing his mouthpiece, undoing the harness and removing the tanks, propping them upright against the wall. He squeezes through the hole and swims further on to where the tunnel narrows and turns. Swimming through the hole he can see further. The light is quite distinct now, something worth investigating.

BOND tries to turn in the tight space but is unable to and has to push himself backwards towards where he left his breathing equipment. Reaching the oxygen tanks, he goes to put them on but sees the meter is in the red - he tries the mouthpiece but the tank is empty. BOND goes to give three tugs on the rope but the tension is gone and the rope lies loose in his hands. Panicking slightly Bond resumes his awkward backwards journey.

After a few metres he realises he is going to need air. Using the torch he inspects the tunnel ceiling for any tiny air pocket where he could gasp for a breath.

A narrow crack in the ceiling. Maybe just big enough? He pushes his face against the roof. There's just enough space for him to squeeze his nose and mouth in. He takes in great gulps of air.

After a few moments he is able to take a deep breath and continue to push himself backwards. The tunnel widens a little and Bond struggles before managing to turn himself round, getting stuck in the small space before freeing himself.

Now facing forward he can move faster. He swims quickly through the tunnel towards the light of the tunnel entrance.

31. INT. THE CAVERN. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Bond's head and shoulders burst out from the tunnel entrance. He takes a mighty gulp of air and collapses half out of the tunnel entrance. He lays there preparing to pull himself out when he hears a noise - a soft keening sound.

Bond looks around and sees Phoenix being held down by the local guide, Jat. He has a cut on his forehead and a split lip but is sitting astride Phoenix with one hand round her throat. At first it looks like he is still wearing gloves but then Bond realises that both his hands are prosthetic: black, with silver knuckle and finger joints. On the back of the hand is a led power switch.

Phoenix tries to prise his fingers apart but her considerable strength has no effect. Jat places the finger and thumb of his other hand either side of her temples and starts to squeeze.

Bond tries to get out of the narrow tunnel entrance quickly but he is wearing a step-through harness loaded with ropes and other equipment which gets snagged on the rocks. Jat hears Bond and glances over, momentarily losing concentration.

Despite her excruciating pain Phoenix manages to knee Jat between his legs and almost unseats him. He loses his grip on her throat but he stays astride her and punches her hard in the jaw.

Bond desperately struggles to free himself but his harness is strong and hard to free. He twists his body and with a mighty effort pulls himself over the lip of the tunnel, a rope unravels from his harness.

Bond struggles to his feet. He sprints towards Jat who looks down at Phoenix, out cold under underneath him. He decides it's safe to leave her and jumps up to face Bond. He picks up a fist-sized rock and holds his hands out in front of him.

BOND

Prosthetic hands.

(shakes head)

This is getting tiresome. You  
won't be the first person  
I've...

Jat holds up one finger as a 'wait' signal. Still holding the rock he swings an equipment bag from his back, reaches inside and pulls out another, identical-looking hand.

He presses a button on the back of his left hand and it automatically unclicks. He removes the hand and replaces it with the new one. He smiles and nods in satisfaction before effortlessly crushing the rock to dust with his new hand.

Undaunted, Bond takes a flying leap at the huge guide who neatly sidesteps him and delivers a crunching blow to the side of his head. He runs over to the prone Bond, grabs his jacket, lifts him, and throws him against the cave wall.

While Bond lays on his back, dazed, Jat pulls his arm back to deliver what would be a catastrophic blow to Bond's head. At the last moment Bond shakes himself into consciousness and jerks his head sideways - the fist smashes against the ground millimeters from his head smashing the rock into fragments.

BOND takes advantage of Jat momentum, grabs his jacket and throws him over his head so that he lands upside down against the wall. Bond jumps up and aims a kick at Jat's solar plexus but he grabs Bond's foot, twists it and tips him face down into the freezing water of the lake.

Jat gets on top of Bond and, grasping the collar of his jacket, holds his head under the water. Bond struggles to get up but Jat has the advantage of strength and a better position.

Bond struggles some more, tries to twist out of the way but Jat puts a hand either side of Bond's head and holds his face underwater. Bond is running out of air.

Suddenly a rock hits Jat in the side of the head. Phoenix is standing next to him. She hits him again and he holds his right hand up to defend himself. Phoenix smashes the rock hard against his prosthetic hand. She hits the hand again in quick succession and the blue LED flickers.

He brings his left hand up to ward off the blows allowing Bond to take a gasping breath. Phoenix smashes the rock against the left hand, three times. The blue light goes out completely. He puts his right hand on the ground to lever himself up and Phoenix stamps on it with her heavy climbing boots.

Once standing, Jat tries the hands. Only two fingers on one hand and one on the other now works. In a rage he tries to grab the collar of Phoenix's suit. His fingers won't grip and she punches him hard in the face. With a roar he swings wildly at her, The blow connects and she flies against the wall, leaving her dazed and winded on the ground.

Now Bond leaps at him again but once more Jat swipes him away. As Bond lays on his back on the ground, Jat runs over and puts his hands round Bond's throat. Jat stands, looming over Bond, exerting all his hands' diminished strength on Bond's throat.

Bond impotently tries to pull Jat's hands away. He can only swing loose and ineffectual punches to the sides of his body. He tries twisting, but all to no avail.

Bond is starting to go blue and almost losing consciousness when he sees, just next to them, a huge stalactite descending metres from the ceiling and finishing just feet from the ground. With an enormous effort he starts to wriggle sideways.

Jat keeps the pressure up, veins throbbing in his neck. His work is almost done. Bond is nearly unconscious.

Phoenix, winded, manages to stand up. She looks over at Bond, almost unconscious, struggling to move sideways and at first, can't understand what he's trying to do but then sees the stalactite.

The rope dislodged from Bond's harness trails a few feet from his body. Phoenix stumbles over and grabs the rope, She is out of reach of Jat who is using all his strength to throttle Bond.

Phoenix pulls on the rope. The weight of the two men is great but they move a little. She puts all her weight behind it and pulls again, this time they slide sideways a foot.

She pulls again, another foot. Annoyed, but not suspicious, Jat keeps his hands around Bond's throat. Another mighty pull from Phoenix and Bond and his assailant end up right underneath the stalactite, just inches above Jat's back.

Bond is close to passing out now. Phoenix shouts at Jat.

PHOENIX

Hey, fat boy, look behind  
you.

Jat, disconcerted, raises himself a few inches. With a last giant effort, Bond jerks his legs up to his chest, positions his feet against Jat's chest and, with an almighty push, heaves the startled guide straight upwards.

Between Bond's feet the stalactite shoots through Jat's chest, blood slowly starts to drip down the stalactite. Jat looks down, baffled before going limp.

32. INT. AN CAVE. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

At the other end of the underground river, a crystal clear stream meanders glasslike between rock formations, stalagmites and stalactites. The thrum of heavy machinery and trucks fills the air. A disturbance ripples the surface of the water and BOND'S head emerges gently above the surface. A quick breath and he sinks again, the water just beneath his eyes.

Next to BOND, PHOENIX'S head silently breaks the surface. Quietly they look around. They are in a floodlit cavern. Trucks full of loose rock drive in and out of a tunnel the other side of the cavern as workers in hard hats direct the operation.

BOND and PHOENIX swim gingerly towards a rocky mound and climb up behind it. They remove their oxygen cylinders before peering over the top of the rock. From here they can see more trucks emerging from another tunnel.

The cavern is man-made, around four storeys high, mainly a passing place for lorries and administering the building work. An huge elaborate wooden trellis-like structure clings to the rock wall. Narrow wooden steps lead from the ground to a steel door at the top. A solitary figure stands guard, machine gun in hand.

BOND  
(whispers)  
This must be a temporary HQ.

PHOENIX  
Looks like DeadCentre must be  
pretty impressive.

BOND and PHOENIX unpack small waterproof backpacks: various bits of unidentified equipment, smartphones, a small automatic machine pistol for PHOENIX and BOND'S Walther.

Silently he gives Phoenix directions before they run, keeping low, in opposite directions. Trucks drive in and out of the cavern, loaded with rocks one way and empty the other. The air is thick with dust.

BOND picks his target. He takes a breath and slips into the dustcloud behind a fully laden truck. Accelerating, BOND runs up next to the truck just behind the cab.

PHOENIX reaches the other tunnel and hides while a lorry goes past. She slips into the mouth of the tunnel and sticks a small square of blue, putty-like substance onto the wall.

BOND reaches up, wrenches open the driver's door, grabs the startled driver by the collar and pulls him out of the truck. Settling into the driver's seat he revs toward the exit tunnel.

PHOENIX squeezes into a crevice in the wall near the opening of the entry tunnel and gets a phone out of her pocket.

BOND speeds towards the exit, where he skids to a halt, pulls a lever and tips his load of rock into the tunnel entrance.

PHOENIX waits for a truck to get clear before pressing the screen on her phone. There is a loud explosion and the mouth of the cave disintegrates in a cloud of dust and rubble.

BOND and PHOENIX, guns in hand, run across the wide expanse of the cavern floor. The other trucks draw to a standstill. One of the drivers jumps down and BOND, with a swift elbow in the side of the head, knocks him out.

PHOENIX jumps up onto the back of an empty lorry, up on top of the cab, turns and grabs the top of the door and swings out, kicking her leg through the open window. A sharp, pained aah! Comes from inside the cab.

High up on steps cut into the rock, a young casually dressed man sees the disturbance, positions his rifle and starts shooting. Bullets reign down at the feet of BOND and PHOENIX but the man is too far away to be accurate and BOND and PHOENIX sprint to the rear of a parked lorry, narrowly avoiding the automatic gunfire reigning down on them.

BOND

Cover me.

PHOENIX jumps out from behind the lorry, firing up at the distant figure with her machine pistol. As the man stops shooting and ducks down, BOND sprints over to the bottom of the steps and starts to run up taking them three steps at a time.

Seeing him coming, the young man goes to stand up to get a good aim but PHOENIX starts firing again and he has to duck down. Instead he lays on the ground in a firing position, waiting. PHOENIX fires off a volley of shots and then sprints over to the steps and starts to run up.

PHOENIX sees BOND further up.

PHOENIX

JAMES!

BOND turns and sees her. She points up to where the young man is hiding. BOND nods. PHOENIX runs up, unfastening a rope from her belt. BOND takes the rope and ties one end to a wooden strut underneath the steps and the other end around his waist.

He starts to maneuver himself underneath the steps when there is a loud explosion from below. The rocks that formed PHOENIX'S collapsed tunnel have been blasted away and drivers and other workers are scrambling over them and out into the cavern. One of the drivers sees PHOENIX and BOND. He points in their direction.

DRIVER

Over there.

A group of men and women, all young and again, not in any sort of uniform, start running towards the bottom of the steps. PHOENIX shoots at them but they zigzag between the trucks and some are already directly below.

BOND signals to PHOENIX and disappears beneath the steps. PHOENIX leans out to get a shot at the men climbing up but a volley from a machine gun makes her recoil. She goes to run up the steps but the young man at the top is now standing, pointing his machine gun directly at her.

Rope tied around his waist, BOND scrambles nimbly down the rickety wooden framework holding up the steps. He has the rope round his waist but the other end is still attached to the top of the steps.

The men down below have now risen to where they can see,

and have a good shot at PHOENIX. There is nothing she can do. There are far too many of them to fight and they are all pointing their guns straight at her. At the top of the steps the door opens and another two more of the men step out, all point their machine guns at PHOENIX.

BOND reaches the ground and, trailing the rope, runs to one of the trucks, pointing directly away from the steps. PHOENIX sees him but, trying not to alert the men to what he is doing, raises her hands in the air.

BOND quickly ties the end of the rope around the rear bumper of the truck. He runs round to the cab, stepping over the prone body of its driver.

With tiny, furtive movements PHOENIX moves back against the rock wall, arms still above her head. The men slowly move towards her, machine guns pointed directly at her. Her fingers search the rock for any, tiny crevice. Her heels explore behind her for a ledge.

BOND leaps into the cab of the truck, turns the ignition on and simultaneously floors the throttle. When PHOENIX hears the truck's engine roar into life she only has one heel precariously balanced on a jutting shard of rock and two fingers in a small fissure above her head.

The men look puzzled at the sound of the engine. They see the truck start to race forward and notice the rope jerking off the ground. Blind panic crosses their faces as they see the rope tightening as it straightens to form a line between the truck's bumper and the other end, tied to a wooden strut near the top of the steps.

Suddenly the structure starts pulling away from the wall. Bolts flying out. The men start to lose their balance. The steps jerk further away from the wall. One of the men falls, screaming to the ground. Other guards start scrabbling at the rockface to find anything to grip onto.

The bottom of the structure starts to collapse, Other men are falling. PHOENIX'S fingers start to slip. She looks around for another crevice and manages to jam her fingers into a small fissure.

With all the young men lying, crumpled on the ground, BOND runs back to where the steps had been. Only a few rickety sections are left precariously attached to the wall. While PHOENIX inches her way across the rock face BOND climbs nimbly up, towards the open door.

33. INT. A TUNNEL-LIKE CORRIDOR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The corridor, hewn roughly out of the rock, is lit by a few bare light bulbs, wires exposed. BOND and PHOENIX, guns in hand, run forward cautiously. They come to a door set in the side wall. BOND puts his hand on the door handle while PHOENIX positions herself. BOND mouths the word:

BOND

OK?

PHOENIX nods. In one swift movement BOND turn the handle, kicks the door open and runs in after PHOENIX, low and fast. The room, like the corridor has a temporary, utilitarian feel. Three young men, Two Pakistani, one American, and a young Pakistani woman sit at computers. They are casually dressed and look like hackers. The room is full of cutting edge computer equipment but plainly temporarily installed. On the wall is a television showing a city in flames above the words 'riots - latest'. BOND gestures with his gun and gives them a command.

BOND

Quick! Go to the door.

They don't move - struck immobile by fear and confusion. BOND yells.

BOND

NOW!

34. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

BOND and PHOENIX hustle their captives along the corridor. They are just about to reach the end when two more young men turn the corner, one with a gun.

He raises the gun but his reactions are much too slow for PHOENIX'S lightning reactions. He slumps to the ground, a bullet to the head. The other young man joins the others.

35. A LARGE, TEMPORARY OFFICE SPACE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

BOND and PHOENIX stand in front of line of twelve people sitting on the floor against a wall. BOND and PHOENIX talk quietly.

PHOENIX

We're not going to be able to  
get them out the way we came  
in.

BOND thinks, Goes over to the window. Outside is a rock ledge and then a steep drop. Opposite around a mile away is another sheer rock face. BOND walks back and, keeping his voice low:

BOND

We can get a chopper in. But  
it'll have to be small. We  
can't take them all.

PHOENIX

How many?

BOND

Apart from us, just two.

BOND and PHOENIX look at the line of prisoners seated on the floor, Three young men and a young woman, early twenties, techy. Two slightly older men in simple Pakistani clothes. One middle aged man and woman in more formal Pakistani clothes - shalwar - loose fitting trousers and sherwani, colourful tunics, the woman also wears a brightly coloured scarf called a dupatta. Also among them is also a woman in a brown coat still carrying a mop. Of the remainder, two wear western suits and the other wears a casual western suit.

BOND (CONT'D)

I'll contact Islamabad.

(scans the assembled  
captives).  
Then we'll have to make a  
decision.

36. INT. MI6'S UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

A large, windowless room in MI6's 'Churchill bunker'. The bare brick walls and arches are the only low-tech aspects of the scene. A giant flat touch-screen 'table' computer dominates the centre of the room but all around are esoteric and arcane pieces of monitoring and surveillance equipment. BOND, M and MONEYPENNY are alone in the room. M talks to BOND reassuringly.

M

Well they're the two I'd have  
chosen. None of the others  
looked at all likely.

BOND

They might not have looked  
likely but it must have been  
one of them. Have they all  
been checked out.

M looks at MONEYPENNY who, with a few quick presses of the computer screen, brings up photos up of all the captives from the cave. She slides the pictures of the traditionally dressed man and one of the men in suits down to the bottom of the screen.

MONEYPENNY

These are the two you brought  
back in the helicopter.  
Logical choices but neither  
of them can be our man.

MONEYPENNY taps the picture of the man in the sherwani - the picture expands to fill the centre of the screen.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

Professor Abdhur Rafi Jarral.  
Taught politics at Aga Khan  
University until his

political opinions became too embarrassing.

BOND

So why not him?

MONEYPENNY

He's been out of the country for nearly two years.

M

So couldn't have been our torturer.

MONEYPENNY

No and...

She also consigns the formally dressed woman to the puff of smoke.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

Sana, his wife and devoted assistant.

MONEYPENNY centres the other picture.

MONEYPENNY

Hammad Jat. Geologist, expert on cave systems. Kidnapped and forced to advise on the building works. Given us a lot of useful information.

She removes his photo and drags down the pictures of the three young men and young woman.

MONEYPENNY

As we thought, these four are just hackers. Very clever and no scruples but they all still live at home with their mums.

These four are also sent to oblivion.

M

And the others?

MONEYPENNY quickly taps them all - they fill the screen.

MONEYPENNY

Three researchers and two  
psychologists - different  
backgrounds, academia,  
military, corporate - all top  
of their profession but we've  
been able to eliminate them  
all.

BOND

So all we've got is a  
cleaner.

With a metallic clunk the extra thick reinforced door  
swings open and Q hurries in, his tablet computer under  
his arm.

Q

How are we doing Moneyppenny?  
Gone through the troglodytes  
I see.

MONEYPENNY

(to M and BOND)

That's what he calls the...

Q

Good, good. Only one left.  
I've put her picture through  
image recognition software.  
Only Beta at the moment but  
seems to work well.

With a few quick presses of his screen the cleaner's  
image comes up on the computer table.

Q (CONT'D)

It scans the entire internet  
plus 30 million newspapers,

magazines, TV reports and  
videos from around the world  
to see if there's a match.

Another quick press of the screen and a name appears  
under her picture. KEILA GUERRE. M peers at the screen.

M

KEILA GUERRE. Rings a bell.  
Small and distant but a  
definite bell.

Q

Reports come up in  
chronological order.

A video appears on the screen. Los Angeles 1984. Olympic  
games. A young participant in the women's 50 metre rifle  
is waiting for the results. When they come on to the  
overhead screen she throws down her rifle and storms off.

COMMENTATOR (US)

Well that's extraordinary.  
The young Argentinian  
sharpshooter KEILA GUERRE  
doesn't like that at all. She  
has silver by one point after  
being given a penalty because  
her trigger was measured as  
too light. If it hadn't been  
for that the gold would have  
been hers for the taking but  
now it has gone to the young  
Chinese girl Chen Zhao  
instead.

Next comes a newspaper article. Q quickly scans through  
it.

Q

1988. Miss GUERRE becomes the  
fifth wife of Dallas oil  
millionaire Aaron Treale.

Another newspaper article.

MONEYPENNY

1989. Dallas oil millionaire and notorious womanizer Aaron Treale killed in freak car accident.

Next a grainy photograph from a magazine article about Mossad - the Israeli secret service. Three men in suits and a woman, bundle a hooded prisoner out of the back of a van.

BOND

Mossad. Is that her?

Q

Hard to tell but the software says it is. The story seems to be about...accusations of torture.

M

That's it! GUERRE. During the military junta, the leading torturer in Argentina was Estaban GUERRE.

MONEYPENNY quickly types in the name.

MONEYPENNY

Estaban GUERRE. Born 1926. Worked for SIDE - the Argentinian secret police. Killed by a mob 1973. One daughter, KEILA.

M

Carry on Q

Q

This is the last one. We jump forward to 1991. Seems now to be working for the Russians - this time in Azerbaijan.

A video from a Russian TV news report. A man, standing on a roof, a little back from the edge so that his lower half is shielded. He holds up a small child, covering his body and head. A reporter speaks.

MONEYPENNY

He's saying that a cowardly terrorist is using a child as a human shield. The man is screaming. It's hard to make out. Don't shoot, I'm not a...

A marksman in black military fatigues, perhaps 100 metres away, takes careful aim and fires. The man drops the child and, screaming, holds his hand to his ear. The shot is distant and grainy but blood can be seen. The camera zooms in on the shooter. KEILA GUERRE turns and looks at the camera, it goes dark.

BOND

Seems a little overqualified for a cleaner.

MONEYPENNY

According to Hammad Jat, the geologist, the workers he was with - all young and all fanatical - never mentioned a KEILA, their leader was called ERIS.

M

Greek goddess of discord, chaos and strife.

A hand-drawn plan comes up on the screen.

MONEYPENNY

This was drawn up by Jat. You were here James.

(points to a section of the plan)

Just a temporary base while they worked on the

operation's headquarters  
here.

(points to a complex system  
of rooms and corridors some  
distance away on the plan)  
called...

BOND

DeadCentre.

After a brief, contemplative pause.

MONEYPENNY

The tunnels have been filled  
in, so DeadCentre can't be  
approached from inside the  
cave system. No sign on  
satellite, and visual  
surveillance drew a blank.  
Deliveries are done by drone.

MONEYPENNY, M and Q look expectantly at BOND.

BOND

Well, if we can't get to Miss  
Guerre, then she'll just have  
to come to us.

37. INT. A HOTEL LOBBY. SORRENTO, ITALY. DAY.

BOND walks through the lobby of a large, nondescript but  
expensive hotel. Guests from around the world and, mainly  
local, employees move purposefully in and out of the  
large marble-floored vestibule. A sign on at the entrance  
of a corridor says:

TORTURE: PSYCHOLOGY, POLITICS and PRAGMATISM.

TODAY 2.00pm. DR HEDDI LAAKKONEN. SURVIVORS OF TORTURE -  
WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM THEM.

38. INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE HOTE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

At the end of a short corridor BOND quietly opens double

wooden doors and slips into a large, conference room. The room is dominated by a stage with a lectern brimming with audio-visual equipment. Row upon row of seats are full of eager delegates. On stage is a very attractive woman in her thirties, dressed in a simple but elegant business suit. BOND enters and slips quietly into a seat at the back of the room. DR LAAKKONEN has a faint but noticeable Nordic accent.

HEDDI

...and so, it is a sad but undeniable fact that in a political and military world bristling with technology, simple, old-fashioned torture is still the quickest and easiest way of obtaining information. All governments do it and, however much we may disapprove, we all benefit from its use. So, we have seen that anyone who wants information can get it by deploying the science of torture - and it is a science ladies and gentlemen - but conversely that also means that anyone with information to protect is equally in danger from it, and if torture is a science, then its resistance must also be a science. That has been the focus of my research, research from which those with secrets to protect will, I hope, soon be able to benefit. Thank you very much.

Applause.

39. THE LOBBY. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

A small but eager group of conference delegates crowd

round DR LAAKKONEN. She has spoken to many of them, answered their questions and, is trying, politely to extricate herself. BOND approaches and speaks to her just loudly enough for those gathered to hear.

BOND

Dr Laakkonen, your guest has arrived.

BOND takes her arm and guides her away.

HEDDI

What...

BOND

You can go back and talk to your fans if you want.

They walk round a corner into an empty corridor.

HEDDI

Well thank you Mr?

BOND

Bond, James Bond.

BOND extends a hand, she hesitates but takes it.

HEDDI

Thank you Mr Bond. Now, if you'll excuse me.

HEDDI starts to walk away but BOND stays with her.

BOND

I'll walk you back to your room.

HEDDI

I assure you I can get back to my room unaided. I really don't need any help thank you.

BOND stops as HEDDI walks on a few paces.

BOND

But you do need an Alpha  
Subject.

HEDDI stops. She hesitates, then turns.

HEDDI

An Alpha Subject. That's you  
is it Mr Bond?

She looks him up and down, appraising him as one would  
when buying a horse, but ready to be dismissive.

HEDDI (CONT'D)

Very high tolerance of pain?  
Ability to withstand extreme  
levels of deprivation? Mental  
and emotional hyper-  
resilience? Complete  
detachment from emotional or  
familial ties. No  
susceptibility to blackmail.  
Total absence of exploitable  
fear or phobia?

BOND

That's what I'd like to find  
out.

HEDDI

But you think you fit those  
criteria. Why?

Footsteps approach from behind HEDDI. She turns and sees  
M.

M

History Miss Laakkonen.

HEDDI

Doctor. And it would  
otherwise be Mrs. My husband

is missing, not dead.

M approaches.

M

Indeed Dr Laakkonen, a remarkable man your husband, and a great investigative journalist, but 6 months is a long time.

BOND

Looking for links between the disappearance of hundreds of influential people and the sharp rise in global instability...and he himself goes missing?

HEDDI

As you say, a remarkable man. But I take it we're not here to discuss our spouses.

By now they have moved close together and talk quietly.

BOND

We have a proposition. One of mutual benefit.

M

We need your expertise Dr Laakkonen. We think Mr Bond is able to withstand the most extreme...

(thinks)  
discomfort. But we need to be sure.

BOND

You are renowned as the World's leading expert on torture, but you have a competitor, someone with a more...hands-on approach. We

have to find them and stop them.

HEDDI thinks.

HEDDI

So it's true then. I'd heard there was someone but I thought it was just rumours, stories. You mentioned mutual benefit?

BOND

If your husband is alive we'll bring him back to you.

HEDDI takes a step backwards and looks at BOND and M, appraising them. She makes a decision.

HEDDI

Are you ready for Hell Mr Bond?

WHAT FOLLOWS ARE DETAILED RE-ENACTMENTS OF SCENES FROM PREVIOUS BOND FILMS. 1. THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH, ELEKTRA KING TORTURE SCENE.

40. INT. A MANSION, BAKU, AZERBAIJAN. DAY

BOND is tied to an antique wooden chair - a torture device. His legs are either side of the long seat, his back against a vertical backrest and a brass hoop around his neck is crushing his windpipe. The hands of oil billionaire ELEKTRA KING tighten a wheel on the back of the chair - like a ship's wheel. A brass, piston-like mechanism tightens the hoop.

ELEKTRA KING (VOICE)

Five more turns and your neck will break.

BOND is choking and struggles to breath. ELEKTRA'S face is inches from BOND'S, the back of her head to the camera.

BOND

Elektra, it's not too late,  
eight million people need not  
die.

ELEKTRA leans in and kisses BOND. BOND'S face is red. He  
sweats and veins throb in his temples.

ELEKTRA

You should have killed me  
when you had the chance. But  
you couldn't. Not me. Not a  
woman you've loved.

BOND struggles to speak.

BOND

You meant nothing to me.

ELEKTRA leans forwards and tightens the wheel. BOND tries  
to hide his agony.

BOND (CONT'D)

One...last..screw.

Gunfire from outside.

HEDDI (V.O.)

(calmly)

James, James. You're coming  
back. Relax...and you're  
back.

41. INT. A RESEARCH INSTITUTE, COPENHAGEN. DAY.

BOND is sitting in a leather armchair in a large  
minimalist office. Opposite him in another chair is  
HEDDI. Behind them, through a picture window we see a  
panorama of the city. BOND is sweating and tugs at his  
collar as he emerges from hypnosis.

BOND

Couldn't you just attach the  
electrodes. I'd much prefer

it to this.

HEDDI

You're right James. That would be our usual procedure. We've developed an extremely rigorous and demanding training regime. For the few who can withstand the psychological and physical challenge...

2. DIE ANOTHER DAY - OPENING CREDITS

42. INT. A DUNGEON.

Looking up from under the water. The face of BOND, unshaven, struggling to save himself from drowning. Bubbles escape from his mouth.

HEDDI (CONT'D) (V.O.)

...it builds up resistance, develops coping strategies, identifies and ameliorates areas of weakness.

A grey dungeon-like room. Manacles on the cracked, concrete walls. Two men force BOND'S head under water in what could be a bath or a trough. A young NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER, female, in uniform, sits on a stool to the left. She is in charge.

HEDDI (CONT'D) (V.O.)

But frankly James, the things we could simulate: beatings, torture, deprivation, emotional trauma - you have been subjected to repeatedly in real life and seem to have emerged, scarred perhaps, but intact.

Close up - BOND'S head crashes, face-down onto a bare, wet, concrete floor.

HEDDI (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Any simulation, however well designed, is only ever a simulation. Regression places you in real situations. Real memories experienced again.

Outstretched arms, manacled to the ceiling. We pan slowly down to BOND. The NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER, head close to his, strokes his face with her left hand then holds up a live scorpion with her right.

43. INT. HEDDI'S OFFICE. DAY.

BOND, sits in his armchair, covered in sweat, eyes closed. Head to one side, he strains to avoid the sting of the scorpion that only he can see. HEDDI sits opposite him, calm but watching intently.

HEDDI

OK James. I think that's enough for today. It would appear that simple torture holds no power over you. Tomorrow we'll try pain.

BOND

(downbeat)

Oh good!

44. EXT. OUTSIDE HEDDI'S INSTITUTE. DAY.

HEDDI enters the building - more like a contemporary office block than a research facility. BOND sits in a chair, waiting. As HEDDI approaches BOND stands. They smile warily. HEDDI waves her ID at the receptionist and they continue towards a lift.

HEDDI (CONT'D)

Ready for a hard day at the office James?

BOND  
That's what's worrying me.

45. HEDDI'S OFFICE2. A LITTLE LATER.

HEDDI sits at her desk, using her computer. BOND stands at the window. They are drinking coffee from white china cups. HEDDI stands.

HEDDI  
Right James, How are you  
feeling? Are you ready for  
this?

BOND  
(ironically)  
Can't wait.

They sit in the armchairs, facing one another.

HEDDI  
ok, relax. Breathe deeply.

BOND leans back in the chair. HEDDI lays her fingers lightly over BOND'S eyes.

3. Casino Royale

46. INT. DUNGEON.

BOND is tied, naked, to a chair - sitting in the frame, seat cut out. LE CHIFFRE swings a thick, knotted rope under the chair. BOND is suffering injury and in great pain. He struggles to speak.

BOND  
I've got a little itch.  
(nods downward)  
Down there.

Le Chiffre walks round BOND and swings the rope, hard, under the seat. BOND screams in pain.

When, finally, BOND recovers, he looks at LECHIFFRE and laughs.

LE CHIFFRE

You're not going to tell me  
are you?

HEDDI (V.O.)

Not subtle, but surprisingly  
effective - usually. Perhaps  
a more high-tech approach.

4. SKYFALL.

47. INT. BLOFELD'S HQ, MOROCCO. DAY.

A room, very white, very clean. Super high-tech and entirely functional. We are indoors but the sun streaming through the windows bleaches the room. BOND is in a chair, secured hand and foot by stainless steel manacles and with a steel band round his head. We hear muffled and indistinguishable talking. BLOFELD, at his computer workstation, presses a few buttons and BOND'S chair tilts back. Sitting on a white office chair is psychologist DR MADELEINE SWANN.

BOND

Get on with it then. Nothing  
can be as painful as  
listening to you talk.

BLOFELD

(smiling, matter-of-fact).  
All right. Let's begin.

From the seat behind BOND'S head, an apparatus materializes and unfolds itself: clinical, efficient, cold. A thin drill bit whirrs as it slowly advances towards the right hand side of BOND'S head. It breaks the skin. BOND is in agony as the bit drills into his skull. The drill withdraws. A drop of blood drips off the end.

BOND groans in agony but under his chair he fiddles with his watch. The apparatus moves round the other side. BOND knows what is to come as the drill starts and advances,

this time penetrating just below the jawline.

Behind the chair BOND clutches and almost drops his watch. The drill stops. MADELEINE, unable to bear seeing BOND being tortured, runs over to him. Deadly pale and with eyes close, BOND looks almost dead. MADELEINE holds his head.

MADELEINE

I love you.

BOND opens his eyes.

BOND

(whispers)

The watch.

BOND presses the watch's crown. The hands wind to 12 o'clock and the figures on the dial turn red. MADELEINE leans in to kiss BOND. Her hand slips down behind his back. BOND passes her the watch.

BOND (CONT'D)

(whispers)

One minute.

MADELEINE goes back to her seat.

BOND (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Tempus fugit.

MADELEINE stands up, bends and slides the watch across the floor. The watch explodes.

48. HEDDI'S OFFICE. DUSK

HEDDI brings BOND a glass of water. He sits in the chair, covered in sweat, head bowed. HEDDI places her hand on his forehead and eases it back before gently putting the glass to his lips.

HEDDI  
Here, drink this.

BOND looks more like he has just lived through the torture rather than relived it. He takes a sip.

HEDDI (CONT'D)  
OK. That's enough for today.  
Tomorrow it's fear and  
phobias.

BOND  
Nothing can be as bad as what  
we did today.

HEDDI  
Oh I don't know, we haven't  
done love yet.

BOND  
(a resigned smile)  
OK but I think I deserve a  
bit of R&R - how about  
dinner?

HEDDI  
Now James, that would be  
unprofessional of me.

49. EXT. COPENHAGEN. EVENING.

BOND and HEDDI walk along the bank of a canal, busy with tourists, past big, old industrial-looking buildings. They enter a large warehouse, restored and now a restaurant.

50. INT. THE RESTAURANT. A LITTLE LATER.

Inside, concrete and chrome. JONAS, a chef cum waiter/receptionist sees BOND.

JONAS  
Hey James! I didn't know you  
were in Copenhagen.

BOND

Flying visit Jonas. Sorry I  
didn't book. Have you got...

JONAS

We'll find you somewhere,  
don't worry.

51. INT. A TABLE IN THE RESTAURANT. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

HEDDI and BOND sit at a table by a window. Outside, boats bob up and down on the canal. The alcove is draped in the shadowy half-light of dusk.

What follows is reminiscent of the chess scene from the Thomas Crown Affair (1969), with roles reversed - BOND taking the Faye Dunaway part!

The food - plate after plate of tiny, jewel-like dishes: mosses, foam, petals, unidentified brightly coloured smudges and stacks.

The food is very sensual. Nothing is easily identifiable as food. It has to be savoured: tasted, smelt, inspected. Each dish must be eaten in its own way: some are soft, some need to be bitten, chewed. They are not always what they seem, their taste needs to be considered.

HEDDI

Your work seems ridiculously  
dangerous James.

BOND

It has its compensations.

He takes a bite out of something round and red. He expects it to be soft but it crunches. He is surprised and a little amused.

HEDDI

Such as saving the World I  
suppose?

BOND

I'm just a humble public  
servant.

He digs his fork into something solid looking - knife ready for cutting - only to find that it is a foam. He scoops up a little on his fork and sniffs it cautiously, then tastes it, considers the taste. It's good.

HEDDI scrapes something out of a razor shell, tastes it, frowns before nodding approvingly.

HEDDI

I'm worried for you James. My  
husband is missing, presumed  
dead. I don't want to lose  
another man I...admire.

A glass jar is brought to the table filled with ice. BOND stares - did something move? - four small grey Fjord shrimps. He stares at them.

BOND

We prepare as well as it's  
possible to prepare. But in  
the end you just have to take  
a chance. Step into the  
unknown.

He pops a shrimp into his mouth and chews. More dishes are brought to the table: little balls with whole fish stuck through them. HEDDI stabs one with her fork and looks at it uncertainly.

BOND (CONT'D)

Some new things can be a bit  
scary. But you have to try  
them or you'll never know  
what you missed.

HEDDI

So you think I'm afraid to  
try new things?

HEDDI impales the little ball on her fork and puts the whole thing in her mouth. BOND smiles.

Next, plates on which are a single oyster, in its shell, on a bed of wet rocks.

BOND

He was a bold man that first  
ate an oyster.

HEDDI

Jonathon Swift I believe.

She picks up the shell and swallows the oyster whole.

The waiter brings plates on which are small, off-white rings filled with a brown substance.

WAITER

Bone marrow caramels.

He smiles and walks away. BOND looks at her, anticipating her reaction.

HEDDI

Oh well. What is it you  
Brit's say? In for a penny?

HEDDI takes a bite and smiles.

52. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

HEDDI and BOND walk slowly. It's not a cold night but it is Copenhagen so they wear coats. HEDDI seems nervous - she talks fast.

HEDDI

I know it may seem that the  
hard part is over: the  
torture, the pain. But  
tomorrow may not be as easy  
as you think. Phobias are  
primal so they're very useful

tools for the extraction of information, insects, snakes, heights, flying. We need to make sure we cover all bases. And then there's emotional exploitation. Family, friends, love. You were married once. Briefly. And there are the other...

BOND takes hold of HEDDI'S arm. He stops and she turns. He pulls her into him. She looks down but then slowly lifts her head up. They kiss.

BOND  
Do you know how the saying ends? In for a penny?

HEDDI looks away, thinking. When she turns back she seems resolved.

HEDDI  
In for a pound.

They kiss again.

6. DR NO.

53. INT. A HOTEL ROOM. JAMAICA. NIGHT.

We pan down from Venetian blinds, across a carpet to a bed. A white sheet. BOND lays there, restless. Suddenly he feels something. Something is crawling under the sheet. He looks down. Whatever it is is crawling up his leg. He is sweating.

A massive spider - a tarantula - is moving slowly up his arm. It continues up his shoulder. Bond tries to stay perfectly still. The spider inches towards his face. It moves onto the pillow - as soon as it does BOND leaps out of bed scrambles round the other side and smashes his shoe repeatedly onto the spider.

HEDDI

You're coming back James.  
Back to me. And you're back.

BOND is in the chair, HEDDI sitting in front of him. He is sweating.

HEDDI

Honestly James. A little  
creepy crawly.

BOND

I'll have you know there are  
some highly venomous spiders  
in Jamaica.

HEDDI

(laughing)  
And probably some little  
scurrying mice as well.

7 A VIEW TO A KILL.

54. EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. DAY.

BOND is on his back on one of the main tubular steel suspension cables high above the traffic on the Golden Gate Bridge. Across his throat is an axe held by MAX ZORIN.

HEDDI (V.O.)

You've had run-ins with  
crocodiles, snakes...and  
you're still here. Heights  
could be an area of  
vulnerability to be taken  
advantage of - especially in  
the Himalayas.

BOND punches ZORIN and they scramble to their feet, balanced precariously on the wide steel cable. They fight as a container ship cruises by underneath. ZORIN kicks BOND'S legs from under him. BOND slips and grabs a steel wire cable to stop himself from falling. ZORIN swings the

axe at BOND but BOND grabs it and ZORIN slips. He hangs on to the main suspension but it is too wide - he can't get a grip. He slips and plummets into the water 200 metres below.

HEDDI (V.O.)

James. James. Gently, come on, you're back.

55. INT. HEDDI'S OFFICE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

BOND opens his eyes, looks around, a little disorientated, and then down at his chair. He feels the solidity of it and gives a sigh of relief.

HEDDI (CONT'D)

OK James. Phobias are not perhaps your strong suit but there's nothing catastrophic. They might try and use them to their advantage if you're already weakened but I think you'll be fine. Let's break for coffee.

BOND

No. Let's carry on. We're nearly done and I'd like to get the next bit over with.

HEDDI

Well OK. If you're sure.

8. CASINO ROYALE

56. INT. VENICE. DAY.

VESPER LYND is trapped in a lift in a building collapsing into a Venetian canal. BOND runs to her along a corridor. He tries to break a padlock on the door of the lift. VESPER has betrayed BOND, she is tearful and has a cut lip.

VESPER  
I'm sorry James.

BOND looks at her, appreciating what she has done. She turns a key in the lock and walks backwards. BOND is still desperate to save her and works frantically at the lock.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. DAY.

A cable snaps. A crane topples over and the ancient Venetian canalside house slowly collapses into the water.

INSIDE THE BUILDING. THE SAME TIME.

BOND watches impotently as the lift plummets down the liftshaft, crashing into the water. He dives in after it and swims underwater towards the lift and tries to force the doors open. VESPER looks at him, sadly but with defiance. She takes his hand and kisses it before moving to the back of the lift.

VESPER  
(silently with subtitles)  
I love you.

BOND continues to furiously shake the doors but to no avail - VESPER closes her eyes and floats lifelessly. BOND manages to prize the doors a little apart. He squeezes his shoulder through but can't reach VESPER.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

The building has collapsed leaving a scene of total destruction with debris strewn about the canal.

57. EXT. A VENETIAN LAGOON A FEW SECONDS LATER.

BOND sits on the edge of a wooden motorboat, keying

something into a laptop. He holds a mobile phone to his ear.

M (JUDI DENCH - V.O.)

You don't trust anyone do you James?

BOND

No.

M

Then you've learnt your lesson. Get back as soon as you can. We need you.

BOND

Will do.

M

If you need more time...

BOND

Why should I need more time. Job's done. The bitch is dead.

HEDDI (V.O.)

OK James. A not entirely healthy reaction but useful for our purposes. You weren't always so detached, so cold, though were you?

9. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

58. EXT. SETUBAL, PORTUGAL. DAY.

BOND has parked on a quiet mountain road to remove garlands of flowers from his Aston Martin DBX Vantage. Inside the car is the newly married TRACY BOND. As he leans in to kiss her through the window, a Mercedes Benz 600 goes past. A spray of bullets from a machine gun rakes the car. BOND races round to the driver's side and gets in.

BOND  
(angrily)  
It's Blofeld!

Bond turns to look at Tracy in the passenger seat and does a double take. Through the bullet-ridden windscreen we see the blurred image of Tracy, head back, blood running down from her forehead. He pulls her forward and she slumps down onto his lap. He lifts her up and nestles his head on hers. The sound of an (unseen) police motorbike arrives next to the car. BOND looks out of his window at the policeman.

BOND  
(voice almost breaking)  
It's all right. It's quite  
all right really. She's  
having a rest. We'll be going  
on soon. There's no hurry you  
see. We have all the time in  
the world.

He kisses the wedding ring on her finger and buries his face in Tracy's hair and white headscarf. We hear gentle sobbing.

59. INT. COPENHAGEN AIRPORT. NIGHT.

BOND is in the departure lounge waiting for his flight to be called. HEDDI stands close to him.

HEDDI  
Be careful James. Please.  
You're as well prepared as  
anyone could be, but I  
thought that about my husband  
and...

BOND leans in and kisses her.

BOND  
I'll be careful. Duty is very  
important to me, but I also  
have a very high regard for

my own life...

BOND stops talking as an announcement comes over the PA.

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

Good morning ladies and gentlemen, this is a boarding call for flight 784.

The announcement continues as BOND speaks

BOND

Don't worry, I'll take care.

HEDDI tries to wipe away a tear without BOND noticing.

BOND (CONT'D)

Hey. Enough of that. I'll see you again in no time. And I'll have news of your husband.

They kiss again. BOND wipes a tear from HEDDI'S eye, turns and walks away.

60. EXT. COPENHAGEN AIRPORT. A LITTLE LATER.

An Airbus A380 roars along the runway, its nose lifts and it thunders into the sky.

61. INT. INSIDE THE AIROPLANE. A LITTLE LATER.

BOND is in first class. His seat is one in from the window, next to the aisle. He reads a magazine. At six seats across there is plenty of room in the huge aircraft. A stewardess walks over and leans down:

STEWARDESS

Can I get you anything Mr Drake? There's a window seat available if you'd like.

BOND

Thank you but no. I'll just  
have a rest.

The stewardess gives a big, warm smile.

STEWARDESS

Well if you change your  
mind...

BOND

(smiling back)  
I'll know who to call.

A few rows back across the aisle, a man looks up at BOND then down again at his laptop: Black, African: MR OCHS. He taps a few commands, the screen shows the seating plan of an A380, all the seats are marked in red - occupied, but a small number are blue. He turns and nods to another man.

A tall, elegant white man: MR BROWN, stands up, walks over to MR OCHS and leans discretely down. The other man points. Six private cabins are marked at the rear of the plane. Five in red, one in blue. MR BROWN returns to his seat, pulls a shoulder bag, not too large, from the overhead locker and moves towards the rear of the plane.

He gets in an elevator, One floor down he looks around before walking along the aisle, past duty free and rows of economy seats, until he reaches a row of doors - the plane's private cabins.

The passengers in economy are all sleeping, watching films or on hand-held devices.

MR BROWN goes up to the third cabin from the rear, tries the handle but it is, as he suspected, locked. Out of his jacket pocket he retrieves a car key fob.

Quickly making sure the passengers are all otherwise engaged, he squats down to check the lock, stands up and gets a what looks like a phone charger from his pocket,

except that it opens, revealing a set of different types of keys minus the bow - the part you hold.

He chooses one and, checking again that he's not being observed, he puts the key in the lock and presses the button on the side. With a quiet click the door opens.

62. INT. BOND'S SEAT. THE SAME TIME.

BOND stands up and moves towards the front of the plane.

63. INT. INSIDE THE PRIVATE CABIN. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Safely inside the cabin MR BROWN puts his bag on the seat, moves a jug of water on the swing-out table on the seat's armrest and starts to assemble a collection of objects.

From his wallet he gets three credit cards, snaps one in half and, using ready-made slots, creates a cuboid shape. From his bag he gets a tube of toothpaste, inserts his thumbs in the side, near the cap, and pulls it apart. A small compartment at the top contains toothpaste but the main tube contains a blue, plastic tube. Reaching down he twists the heel of his shoe and retrieves a box-like construction, also of blue plastic.

64. INT. THE BAR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

BOND walks down the stairs and over to the bar. Half-a-dozen lone men and a couple sit in chairs or prop up bar stools. A barman stands in readiness.

BOND  
Dry Martini please.

The barman goes to make it in a glass.

BOND (CONT'D)

In the shaker.

BARMAN.

Certainly sir.

The man smiles and picks up the cocktail shaker.

65. INT. THE PRIVATE CABIN. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

MR BROWN now has an array of seemingly unconnected and uncoordinated pieces of blue plastic spread out on the small table. On the seat are a discarded and dismembered phone, toothbrush, deodorant, moisturizer, headphones, USB battery pack, sunglasses and a camera.

Lastly he retrieves a bag of sweets from the shoulder bag. He takes one out and pops it into his mouth before emptying them onto the seat. Carefully he picks out two black sweets and lays them on the table - bullets. He begins assembling the gun.

66. INT. THE BAR. THE SAME TIME.

MR OCHS walks down the stairs and up to the bar.

MR OCHS

Lager, bottle, small.

The barman opens a bottle and pours it into a glass. BOND acknowledges the man but doesn't appear particularly interested. MR OCHS sits at a small table to the left of the stairs, with a good view of BOND, and reads a magazine.

MR BROWN comes down the stairs and sits next to BOND at the bar. Again BOND registers him but without any reaction. In close up, BOND takes a sip of his martini, savouring the taste, when suddenly he freezes. MR BROWN has an aristocratic English accent.

MR BROWN

I think I need hardly say  
'don't move' Mr Bond.

BOND

I'm not sure why I shouldn't  
- unless you have a  
particularly lethal banana.

MR BROWN

Oh I see. Very amusing. No Mr  
Bond, you assume that I  
couldn't get a gun past the  
x-rays and airport security,  
but I do have a gun. (he  
looks around to make sure no-  
one is taking any notice).  
Look to your right.

He does as instructed. MR BROWN'S hand rests on the bar.  
In it is a blue plastic gun pointing straight at BOND'S  
head.

MR BROWN

Ok, It's no match for your  
Walther P99 but high tensile,  
polycarbonate is surprisingly  
effective material for a gun  
- and let's face it, in our  
present situation it hasn't  
exactly got the hardest job  
in the world.

BOND

OK, you've got a gun. So what  
now.

MR BROWN

Look on us as a courier  
service. My colleague, Mr  
Ochs,  
(indicating the other man)  
and I have been asked to

deliver a package, that's you Mr Bond. The recipient would prefer it if the package were to arrive undamaged, but, is aware of the risks.

BOND

And when we get out of the plane? Keeping a gun concealed through a busy airport is going to be a something of a challenge.

MR BROWN

Don't worry, you'll be quite compliant.

(he gets a plastic fitness monitor-style bracelet out of his pocket)

Put this on.

BOND takes it but keeps it in his hand. He feels the barrel of the gun jab prod at his back and slips the bracelet on his wrist. MR BROWN gets his mobile phone out and presses the screen. BOND gives an involuntary grunt of pain.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)

That was level one. It goes up to sixteen though no-one's ever survived above fourteen.

(adjusts the app on the screen)

There - four. That should do it. We don't want you screaming the place down do we?. Now stand up slowly and move towards the stairs.

BOND and MR BROWN get off their barstools and take a couple of steps forward. MR OCHS starts to stand just as BOND, in front, gets level. Like a cobra, BOND'S left arm shoots out, landing a single punch to the bridge of MR OCHS'S nose. He slumps backwards into his chair in just the same position as he was previously sitting. It's all

over almost before it began and no-one in the bar takes any notice. BOND looks over his shoulder at MR BROWN who seems more annoyed than shocked.

BOND  
Two's company.

BOND starts to walk up the stairs, out of sight of the occupants of the bar. Suddenly he makes a strangled cry of pain and collapses, convulsing in agony. He goes still and MR BROWN puts his face right next to BOND'S.

MR BROWN  
I'm going to put it up to six  
now.

67. INT. ALONG THE AISLE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

BOND moves forward, MR BROWN behind occasionally prodding him in the back when no-one is paying attention. They go past their seats, down another staircase (avoiding the elevator), through duty free and past the rows of passengers watching television, reading or sleeping in economy.

They arrive at a series of doors to the private cabins. BOND is still in front.

MR BROWN  
Open the door.

BOND stands there without moving. MR BROWN moves to one side so that BOND can see him and places his thumb above the red button on the screen of his phone. BOND opens the door and enters the room.

68. INT. THE CABIN. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

What ensues is over in a few seconds. BOND instantaneously scans the room while taking off his bracelet before reaching behind, grabbing MR BROWN'S jacket and pulling him in. MR BROWN yells and goes to press the screen of his phone. While MR BROWN'S mouth is open BOND takes off his bracelet and stuffs it in MR

BROWN'S mouth, grabs his phone, slides the numbers up with a quick flick of his thumb, reaches over for the jug of water, throws it in MR BROWNS face and presses the red button on the phone. MR BROWN convulses wildly before collapsing on the floor. BOND removes the bracelet and puts it on MR BROWN'S wrist before leaving the room.

69. DAY. EXT. A PUBLIC GARDEN, DUBAI.

BOND, MONEYPENNY and Q are taking a leisurely stroll through the Miracle Gardens in Dubai. The huge dayglo gardens are populated with an endless variety of flowerbeds, arches, pyramids, garlanded maypoles and quite substantial structures, all made of a vast array of unrealistically colourful plants.

Q

We didn't think they'd come after you quite as quickly as they did.

MONEYPENNY

We were going to suggest not making it too easy for them. We should have known that was unnecessary advice.

BOND

Force of habit I'm afraid.

Q

They'll take you a little more seriously next time.

MONEYPENNY

And next time we'll have to let them succeed.

Moneypenny stops and the others follow suit. She looks concerned.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're going to be alright James? She's killed three of our best agents. I would have trusted any of them with my life but all of them gave up secrets.

BOND

But they went in blind. They didn't know who she was and what she could do. It'll be different this time. I'm prepared. It's cat and mouse and she thinks she's the cat.

Q

I'm afraid there's little help I can give you Bond. You'll be on her territory so there's no clever technology we can hide on you, no matter how small. Even a subcutaneous implanted transmitter would be easily detected.

BOND

Thanks for the thought but I don't think gyrocopters or invisible cars will be of much use up in the Himalayas.

MONEYPENNY

Maybe not, but it would be nice to keep in touch...have some feedback.

BOND

I'll write you a letter.

Q

No, I don't think that will be possible.

MONEYPENNY

I think he was being  
sarcastic.

Q gives BOND a disapproving look.

Q

Mmm. Well actually there is a  
way we can communicate, or at  
least get some feedback -  
biofeedback in this case.

Q holds up a capsule.

BOND

(beat)  
A pill.

Q

An ingestible nano-sensor. It  
monitors your physiological  
system and wirelessly  
transmits the information via  
any nearby smartphone or  
computer. It uses diagnostic  
imaging, activated by the  
body's electrolytes to  
determine behavioural  
metrics: heart rate, blood  
pressure, hormone and  
chemical balance.

MONEYPENNY

And, with a bit of luck it's  
also a locating device.

BOND

A bit of luck?

Q

The satellite won't be able  
to pick up the signal inside  
the cave system. You'll have  
to try to get outside. Even

for a few minutes.

MONEYPENNY

But the clever thing, James,  
is that the nano-sensor is  
bi-directional: We can  
influence your body to  
increase production of  
certain chemicals.

Q

In theory.

BOND gives a wry smile and pockets the pill.

70. EXT. DAY. DUBAI. HOMAGE TO THE PRISONER #2

BOND is in a taxi on the way to his hotel. A few  
cars behind is a hearse. BOND arrives at the  
hotel.

71. INT. A FEW MINUTES LATER. A HOTEL ROOM

BOND is unpacking.

72. EXT. THE SAME TIME. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL

The hearse pulls up outside the hotel lobby.

73. INT. A FEW MINUTES LATER. THE HOTEL ROOM

BOND continues unpacking when he hears a noise behind him  
- the white-noise fizz of gas. He looks round. A thin  
cloud or gas is coming in under the door and at the  
sides.

He hurries over to the window but it is shut and won't  
open. He tries the bathroom door but again it is sealed.

The gas is starting to have an effect and he falls against the wardrobe before righting himself.

He pulls the sheets off the bed and bundles them along the bottom of the door but the gas comes in faster at the sides.

He rubs his eyes before staggering to the bed retrieving the pill from his pocket. On the bedside table is a jug of water and a glass. He quickly pours some water into the glass and takes the pill. Turning his face to the window, the jagged Dubai skyline of steel and glass spins drunkenly. He collapses onto the bed.

#### 74. INT. DAY. DEADCENTRE

BOND slowly stirs himself awake. He is alone in a room that could be a suite of an exclusive hotel, tasteful but bland compared to the incredible view of the Himalayas from the wide picture window.

Still suffering from the effects of the gas, BOND sits on the edge of the bed shaking his head before surveying the room.

Carefully getting to his feet, he walks over to the door - unsurprisingly locked. Beside it is a small black screen at eye height which BOND recognises as an iris reader. After a quick look inside the windowless en-suite he investigates the window - sealed and non-opening - before seemingly for the first time, noticing the view.

He looks down at the craggy grey rock, falling away precipitously beneath the window to a narrow gorge below. They are spectacularly high up in the side of a mountain. In the distance are the snowy peaks of the Himalayas but directly opposite, about a mile away, is another massive, vertical slab of mountainside. He hears a faint hum and cranes his neck to see, far below and to one side, four large drones lifting a heavy crate strung between them. The drones climb slowly up the vertical mountainside before moving beyond the view of the window.

Looking round, BOND notices, in the centre of the room a coffee table on which is a glass of fresh orange juice and a salad. He drinks the orange juice and notices a copy of the Daily Telegraph, open at the crossword page along with a fountain pen.

Resigned to waiting for someone to get him, BOND settles down on a low chair and starts the crossword. He quickly reads the first clue and fills in 1 across and then starts on the next clue.

#### 75. BOND'S ROOM - LATER

BOND paces, stops, then, frowning, walks back to the crossword. He picks it up and looks at it before tossing it disdainfully back on the coffee table. BOND is not used to not being able to do the Telegraph crossword - he can always do it! He walks back and sits down again. He picks up the paper but this time starts on the 'Diabolical' Sudoku.

Outside it is getting dark. The Sudoku lays, half-finished on the table. BOND looks puzzled and slightly annoyed as he stands and walks over to the bed. A light knock and the door opens. A small man SHAHR, lined and weather-beaten so of indeterminate age, dressed in a simple white tunic and trousers, enters the room. He speaks basic English with a Pakistani accent.

SHAHR

Mr Bond. Come. Eris expecting you.

SHAHR walks to the door, turns and sees BOND still sitting.

SHAHR

Come, Come!

#### 76. INT. DAY. A SHOOTING RANGE

Inside is a huge 300 metre, shooting range: pristine

white walls, floor and ceiling, and in the distance, a row of paper targets on motorised ceiling runners: traditional concentric circles, human figures - some with guns, one with a hostage - birds, rabbits. Some of the lanes are being used for rifle and pistol practise. Again, those taking part are young, casually dressed and look serious.

KEILA GUERRE - ERIS - stands at one of the shooting position. She wears a slim, one-piece, 60s style catsuit and holds a super high tech air rifle. She turns when BOND enters.

ERIS  
(a slight accent but very  
good English)  
Mr Bond, James. I'm so  
pleased you could accept my  
invitation.

Bond walks in the room, The doors close. The others in the room notice and make a tactful withdrawal.

BOND  
How could I refuse.  
(looking around)  
Impressive, but not the sort  
of place to encourage casual  
visitors.

ERIS  
We have important work to do.  
We'd rather we weren't  
disturbed.

BOND  
Ah yes, your work: Blackmail,  
extortion,  
espionage...murder.  
(indicating his surroundings)  
Still it seems to be  
lucrative.

ERIS  
(not angry but serious -

suggesting a lack of humour)  
 You don't honestly think  
 that's what this is all about  
 do you. Money?

(a dismissive little laugh -  
 then suddenly changes the  
 subject)

I hear you used to shoot  
 James. Schoolboy champion.

(indicating a long rack of  
 state-of-the-art competition  
 rifles and handguns)

Take your pick.

BOND

That was a long time ago.

ERIS

But you must keep it up - a  
 professional obligation,  
 surely?

BOND looks at the guns hesitantly.

ERIS (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. You take  
 any gun you want - a sniper  
 rifle perhaps, and I'll use  
 your trusty old Walther.

(ERIS holds up the gun - BOND  
 glances at it disapprovingly)  
 And we'll make it just 50  
 metres.

ERIS picks up a remote control and two conventional,  
 circular targets silently slide back towards them.  
 Accepting the inevitable, BOND walks over to the rack and  
 chooses a modern lightweight high-velocity air rifle.

ERIS

Have a couple of practice  
 shots.

BOND rests the skeleton-like stock against his shoulder,  
 shifts a little to get comfortable and takes a steadying

breath. The target's three inner circles are black with an unnumbered bullseye and the other circles numbered outward from nine downwards. BOND hits eight. He shifts a little then hits a seven followed by a nine.

ERIS (CONT'D)

Not bad for an unfamiliar  
weapon. Six shots,  
alternating?

BOND

Ladies first.

ERIS raises the pistol and with a minimum of preparation, hits the bullseye. BOND takes careful aim, breathes slowly, steadies himself and fires. A nine. Again ERIS raises the pistol with a single, fluid movement and fires. Bullseye again. BOND this time matches her with another bullseye but his next shot hits only the seven. ERIS'S final shot sees all six of her shots grouped in the bullseye. BOND, again with care and concentration only manages a nine.

ERIS

Sorry James, that was unfair,  
you're obviously out of  
practice.

As if telepathically, the doors open and SHAHR appears.

ERIS (CONT'D)

SHAHR, escort Mr Bond back to  
his room.

SHAHR

Come Mr Bond. Come.

BOND turns and goes to say something to ERIS but she has disappeared.

77. EVENING. INT. MI6'S UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS

M, Moneyppenny and Q crowd round the large touchscreen

computer in the windowless 'Churchill' bunker.

Q

(analysing the arcane graphs  
and tables on the screen)  
Serotonin, Epinephrine,  
testosterone - all a little  
low. Cortisol slightly high.

M

Epinephrine is adrenaline  
isn't it?

MONEYPENNY

Yes. Epinephrine and  
serotonin are  
neurotransmitters. If they're  
low, especially combined with  
the other chemical changes,  
well that's sometimes  
associated with low self-  
esteem and depression.

M

Depression. That doesn't  
sound like BOND.

Q

Certainly not in the field.  
You'd expect adrenaline;  
testosterone, to be high.

M

(looking worried)  
Something's not right.  
Moneypenny, could you see if  
Dr Laakkonen could get over  
here? She might be able to  
work out what's going on.

78. INT. LATE AFTERNOON. BOND'S ROOM

BOND paces up and down. The sun is getting low in the  
sky. He walks over to the window, looks around the frame  
to check the thickness of the glass, which is

substantial, and feels around the seal - solid.

He investigates the door which is wooden but reinforced and with no visible lock. He pulls back the rugs to reveal a floor carved from the mountain's rock. The walls and ceiling are flat and unbroken.

The en-suite is the same, no windows just a toilet, a washbasin and a shower. All the pipes are hidden behind the walls and the bolts securing the toilet bowl are sunk under the floor.

The washbasin is a modern square, wall-hung type with no exposed pipes. There is, however, what looks like a faint outline of a square plate two feet or so across behind the washbasin.

Bond feels around and scratches out the outline of the plate. He tries to shift the washbasin by gripping a tap and putting his weight behind it but there is no movement.

BOND goes into the bedroom and pulls the mattress off the bed and drags it into the bathroom. He sets it up against the side of the wash basin, takes a couple of steps back and launches himself at it, shoulder first.

He surveys the damage. A large crack has appeared between the washbasin and the wall. He tries again. A run up and this time the wash basin comes away from the wall completely, hanging by its pipes. A ragged hole appears where the basin was.

BOND feels behind and gives a couple of kicks to the tiles. A substantial, metal-clad duct is revealed, perhaps big enough to crawl through. Electric cables, plumbing and air conditioning pipes run along the walls.

#### 79. INT. DAY. IN THE DUCT

BOND starts to wriggle uncomfortably through the narrow duct. After a few metres, with light fading, he brushes against a large pipe and recoils, rubbing his burnt shoulder. He is sweating now.

The duct starts to descend and with little light left BOND starts crawling down. The gradient increases until, oriented face downward he finds it difficult to keep his grip.

As he slides uncontrollably downwards sees, rushing towards him, a grill. He twists round to try to create some friction against the walls but tumbles head over heels down the chute.

He has slowed himself a little and hits the grill a little slower than he would have done but the grill gives way and BOND shoots through.

#### 80. SECONDS LATER. A BEDROOM IN DEADCENTRE

He lands in a small, windowless room, managing to stay on his feet but keeping low. As he lands there is a cry of alarm from the room's single resident. BOND backs quickly against the wall for safety from where he can survey the room. Apart from a quiet electronic background noise the only sound is the whimpering of the room's occupant - Mexican drug lord HECTOR CASTENADA.

HECTOR  
(pathetically)  
Ahh. Madre de Dios.

The room is small, white and clinical. More hospital than hotel, a single bed and a plain chest of drawers the only conventional furniture. There is also an elaborately adjustable dentist's-style chair, and on the walls a lot of computer monitoring equipment: screens dark but with flickering LEDs. Curled into a ball against the wall is the cowering figure of HECTOR, his face swollen and bruised, his foot bandaged and three fingers in splints. Satisfied that they are alone and that HECTOR poses no threat, BOND walks around the room, examining everything he sees, trying the doors, windows, investigating the simple en suite, looking for cameras, As he walks he speaks.

BOND

The name's Bond. James Bond.  
I don't work for Eris, quite  
the opposite in fact.

BOND goes over to HECTOR and holds out his hand.  
Reluctantly the Mexican takes it and BOND pulls him up.  
He hobbles over to the bed and sits, in obvious pain.

BOND (CONT'D)

I take it you're not here for  
the mountain air?

HECTOR

(looking confused)  
Que?

BOND

(in Spanish - subtitled)  
What's your name?

HECTOR

Hector. Hector Castaneda.

BOND continues to investigate the room: the computer  
equipment, the heating and ventilation, all the time  
thinking.

BOND

Hector Castaneda. Mexican.  
Founder of the Sangre Negro -  
one of the most feared of all  
the drug cartels.

HECTOR

The most feared.

BOND

Perhaps so, but going  
legitimate, so they say. Or  
is that just for the  
newspapers?

HECTOR doesn't speak.

BOND (CONT'D)

Oh I see. You think this is a trick. A clever setup to get you to talk. It's good to be cautious, except that, unless I'm mistaken. You've already talked. Told them everything they wanted to know, and more. Isn't that so Hector?

HECTOR sighs deeply and bows his head.

HECTOR

We were going legitimate. Respectable businessmen. It was to be agreed next week. But now. After what I've told them. It'll be all out war.

BOND looks down at HECTOR'S bandaged foot and lifts his hand, fingers in splints.

BOND

So much for Eris's mastery of psychology. She's obviously not above a bit of old fashioned torture.

HECTOR

Who?

BOND

Eri... Who did this to you?

HECTOR

His name is Balthus. I never thought I'd talk, but they find ways. He makes me listen to the others: to their screams.

BOND

(to himself - in English)  
So she's trained people.

(to Hector - in Spanish)  
Who are the others? How many?

HECTOR  
I don't know. They're all  
along this corridor. I think  
I recognised a politician.  
African maybe, and a  
Journalist.

BOND  
Finnish?

HECTOR  
Could be.

HECTOR is interrupted by a click from the door.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
It's him. Hide

BOND quickly looks around. He'd have to cross in front of the door to reach the bathroom, he'd never make it. Behind the door is the only option. He gets there just as it opens.

The figure that enters the room - BALTHUS - is tall and cadaverously thin. HECTOR can't hide his fear and shrinks at his approach. BALTHUS walks over to the chair - back to the unseen BOND - and puts an old-fashioned leather, top-opening doctor's bag on the small table attached to the arm.

He starts to carefully and methodically extract Victorian medical and dental paraphernalia from his bag, few of which have obviously discernible uses but all of which look worryingly unpleasant.

He seems lost in thought as he carefully lays out the tools of his trade when he suddenly stops and looks up. He sniffs the air and frowns. He selects a big, old-style syringe and a small, brown bottle on which is written: Tincture of Opium. He puts the needle through a small hole in the cork bung and fills the syringe before laying

it down.

He then chooses a long, stiletto-thin blade with a corkscrew-style wooden handle which he grips so that the blade protrudes between his left-hand fingers. He puts two fingers of his right hand through the holes either side of the syringe's body and inserts his thumb into the plunger-ring at the back.

With a look of intense concentration he bends his legs slightly and readies himself. When the strike comes it is sudden and skilful. He swings round with fantastic speed and launches himself at BOND, the syringe's thick needle aimed straight at his throat. BOND manages to move his head just enough that the needle hits the wall but sustains a the side of his neck.

He delivers a glancing blow to BALTHUS who steps back and the two men circle one another. BALTHUS lunges with the blade which BOND parries with his arm. BALTHUS swings round with the syringe. Again BOND manages to sidestep the needle but BALTHUS swings with the blade, ripping BOND'S shirtsleeve and drawing blood.

BOND rushes BALTHUS, grabbing the syringe arm but leaving his left side unprotected and getting another glancing cut, this time to his shoulder. Again they face each other, BALTHUS jabbing at BOND who moves warily, ready to react instantly.

Suddenly BALTHUS lunges at BOND who, swivelling sideways, grabs his wrist, turns and pulls it under his arm. He lifts his knee and slams BALTHUS'S wrist against it twice, hard, knocking the syringe out of his hand.

Despite the pain, BALTHUS uses the opportunity to stab at BOND'S leg with the knife. BOND leaps away in pain and once again they face each other. BOND backs towards the syringe but BALTHUS swipes at his arm making him turn away.

Again BOND tries to manoeuvre himself towards the syringe but BALTHUS swings his knife like a sabre. As they face each other BALTHUS uses the blade to move BOND away from the syringe and slowly backs up until he's standing over

it.

He glances down and BOND goes for a strike with his right hand. BALTHUS wards him off with his knife but knows he can't look down. Swinging the knife in front of him he slowly lowers himself into a crouch, feeling with his right hand as he watches BOND.

BALTHUS can't feel the syringe so he looks down and sees that it is just behind his hand. In that fraction of a second BOND steps smartly to the side, stretches over with his foot and steps on the ring of the syringe, angling it upward. BALTHUS reacts slowly. He is still trying to grab the syringe.

He makes a grab for it but the raised needle goes straight into his hand. He yells and looks down as BOND bends down and pushes the back of BALTHUS'S hand onto the needle. BALTHUS to looks up in shock.

BOND steps back. All he needs to do is wait. BALTHUS stands and tries to continue the fight. He knows that he has little time but can he feel the effects of the opium already?

He jabs the knife in BOND'S direction but his opponent knows that he can play for time and sidesteps BALTHUS'S every move. BOND can see from the way BALTHUS moves that he is starting to feel the effect of the opium: his eyes lack focus, he swings more wildly, he shakes his head - trying to clear it. Eventually BALTHUS stops swinging the knife and lowers his head. BOND carefully takes the knife off him without a fight and leads him to the chair.

BOND

(to Hector)

Does he have a phone?

BALTHUS stares uncomprehending at BOND. His head drops.

HECTOR

Yes, I think so. In the bag.

BALTHUS is slumped in the chair. BOND starts to pull out

some of the accoutrements of Victorian quackery.  
Eventually he comes across a new-model mobile phone.

BOND (CONT'D)  
(to Hector)  
Keep his eyes open.

HECTOR hobbles over and, using two fingers, pulls BALTHUS'S eyelids up. BOND takes a close-up picture of BALTHUS'S eye before putting the phone in his pocket. He then puts BALTHUS'S arm round his shoulder.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Help me.

HECTOR, though in pain, positions himself under BALTHUS'S other arm and they lift him over to the door. BOND puts him in front of the iris scanner and, propped up by HECTOR lifts his eyelid. The door clicks open.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Look after yourself Hector -  
I may need you.

HECTOR  
Good luck James.

81. INT. A FEW SECONDS LATER. A CORRIDOR

BOND is starting to look dishevelled. His face is bruised and his shirt torn and bloody. He needs to make himself less noticeable.

Further along the corridor he comes to a glass door to a large, super-modern tech office with around fifty people, mainly, but not entirely, young men, sitting in rows at pod-like computer workstations. Hearing a noise he moves away from the window. A tiny electric car glides silently past.

There are further doors along the corridor. Picking one at random he uses the image of BALTHUS'S eye on the mobile phone to get into a small office, thankfully

empty. There is a printer and, BOND notices, a £D printer. BOND gets the picture of BALTHUS'S eye on the screen and presses print.

82. MINUTES LATER. THE CORRIDOR

A little further along the corridor is a wide window. A gym - large, modern and well-appointed with the latest exercise equipment. Half a dozen people, four men and two women, all young, are on the exercise bikes, running and rowing machines or lifting weights and punching bags.

Dominating the far side of the room is a full width window. Outside it is approaching dusk. More drones are flying up and down, some singly and some in groups carrying larger objects. If the drones are making deliveries there must be a route to the outside.

BOND takes off his shirt.

83. A FEW SECONDS LATER. THE GYM

BOND slips unobtrusively through the door and straight to the nearest running machine. His injuries are noticeable but less so without a jacket or shirt. The door opens behind him and the young man and woman enter, turn right and approach a door which opens automatically.

84. EXT. THE SAME TIME. INSIDE A HELICOPTER

PHOENIX sits at the rear of a military helicopter along with eleven members of the Pakistani Special Services, Group (SSG), all dressed in camouflage fatigues. The sun is setting.

PHOENIX'S parachute is stowed at her feet and a camouflaged helmet is perched on her knees. They are all attached by straps an overhead rail - the door at the side of the helicopter is open and they all peer out, fixated on the massive, jagged grey peaks spread out for mile after mile before them. Suddenly there is a glint of sunlight reflected in the distance.

PHOENIX

What was that?

(shouts to the pilot) Flight!

The Pakistani pilot - a Flight Lieutenant - looks back over his shoulder. PHOENIX points to where she saw the light glinting. The pilot nods and the helicopter turns.

85. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE GYM

Suddenly an alarm sounds and outside, a screen the full width of the window, slowly starts to descend.

86. EXT. A FEW SECONDS LATER. THE MOUNTAIN

In the solid monolithic wall of grey rock is the wide window to the gym. Inside, figures can be made out, using the equipment as what appears to be a solid piece of rock slides gently down from above the window, covering and disguising it in a few seconds. Eventually the window disappears and a vast, unbroken escarpment takes its place.

87. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE GYM

The lights come on but everyone carries on as though nothing has happened.

BOND continues to run but his curiosity is noticed by a young Japanese man, HOSHI, on a nearby rowing machine.

HOSHI

Don't worry. Probably just a  
helicopter got a bit close.  
They'll open up again soon.  
You new here?

BOND stops his running machine and goes over to the young man.

BOND

Drake, John Drake. Arrived yesterday. Still finding my way around.

HOSHI

You'll get used to it once you start work. Our struggle will be rewarded. ERIS won't let us down.

BOND

A clever woman.

HOSHI

(laughs)

You're a master of understatement, brilliant. She's going to be the saviour of the human race and you describe her as a clever woman.

BOND joins in the laughter.

88. EXT. THE SAME TIME. INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

PHOENIX and he colleagues peer out at the stark, grey mountains. They fly past where the window was - a cliff projecting from beneath a massive peak - and see nothing to indicate anything unusual. It is now getting dark.

PHOENIX

No. Nothing. Sorry guys.  
Let's go back.

89. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE GYM

HOSHI (CONT'D)

So what's your speciality John?

BOND

Oh! You know. Research.

HOSHI looks interested. BOND needs to elaborate.

BOND (CONT'D)

Mainly just academia,  
algorhythms, you know, geeky  
stuff.

HOSHI

Not to me. I find all that  
really fascinating. Who did  
you work for?

BOND

MIT, Oxford, some military  
research. What about you?

HOSHI

Economics. Corporate work.  
Just the usual soul-  
destroying treadmill:  
produce, consume die. After  
that, being here, working for  
ERIS, for the common good, is  
like...

BOND

Removing a blindfold.

HOSHI

EXACTLY! Everything is clear  
now. I can - we can all  
reject self-obsession and  
become part of something  
bigger.

BOND

And we must do what we have  
to do - it is our duty.

HOSHI'S increasing excitability attracts the attention of  
the others and they move closer.

HOSHI

That's what I've seen. What ERIS has made me understand. The peace we have endured for the last 50 years has made us fat and lazy. We are by nature warlike. Aggression is innate, our instinct is to attack.

BOND

And the politicians, business leaders, drug barons, terrorists, crime lords. All those people whose information we extract and utilise, what they tell us will help...

A young black woman breaks in to the conversation. Again quite excited and intense.

YOUNG BLACK WOMAN

...help to ferment mistrust, discord and disorder.

The pair from the corridor have come out of the changing room wearing shorts and singlets under track suit tops. They heard the last part of the conversation and the young man, VIKTOR, speaks. He is white, very tall and well-built and has a Russian accent.

VIKTOR

And after the desolation of the resulting global conflict, the collective trauma will bring about the next step in the evolution of the human race.

They are interrupted by another alarm sound, this time the all-clear. The massive external shutter slowly starts to rise and the mood is broken. A drone rises past the

window. BOND needs to get to the outside so that the satellite can lock on to his location sensor. If drones are doing the deliveries then they must be getting in somewhere.

BOND

It's been great meeting you all. Very inspiring. I feel I'm truly part of something.

HOSHI

You are. Something great.

BOND heads to the changing room.

YOUNG BLACK WOMAN

Hey! Maybe we'll see you later. In the coffee bar?

BOND

Great. Looking forward to it.

#### 90. INT. NIGHT. THE CHANGING ROOM

Once through the door, it divides into the men's changing room to the left and the women's to the right. Again, modern and minimalist but otherwise typical: lockers, benches, toilets and showers at the far end.

BOND quickly checks the lockers but none of those with clothes in are unlocked and disappointingly they have keypads rather than traditional locks. He puts his ear to one of the locker doors and presses a few numbers but makes no impression on the lock.

He stands back, looks left and right, and gives one of the eye-level lockers a hefty kickboxing style kick. He inspects it - a slight dent next to the lock but nothing more. Again he stands back, delivers another kick but this time VIKTOR enters a fraction of a second after. He heard rather than saw the kick but frowns with confusion and the beginnings of suspicion.

VIKTOR

You OK?

BOND

Yeah! No problem.

VIKTOR doesn't move, just stares at BOND and then at the slightly dented locker. BOND turns towards the rear of the changing rooms.

BOND

Showers this way?

VIKTOR

Yes, but won't you need a towel?

BOND

(laughs)

I'm afraid I've forgotten my number.

VIKTOR starts to walk slowly towards BOND.

VIKTOR

Forgotten your date of birth?

VIKTOR stops just in front of BOND. HE is the taller and heavier of the two.

BOND

Oh yes, date of birth, silly of me.

Just as he says this he launches a lightning-fast, preemptive strike: a punch to the solar plexus, a stamp with his heel onto the top of VIKTOR'S foot and karate chops to the sides of his neck.

The big Russian doesn't drop as BOND had hoped but staggers backwards shaking his head. Regaining his composure he roars with anger and runs at BOND who neatly sidesteps and pulls VIKTOR off balance.

As he falls VIKTOR manages to grab BOND'S arm and they both go down together, BOND colliding with the bench and receiving a cut above his eye. While he is still dazed VIKTOR grabs him by the hair and hauls him upright before picking him up and throwing him at the wall of lockers.

91. INT. THE SAME TIME. THE GYM

The girl that VIKTOR came in with - small, young, Italian - pedals fast on a rowing machine, head down in concentration. Suddenly she looks up over towards the changing rooms, listening intently as she thinks she hears a noise. She looks around the gym but the others are all wearing earbuds and deep into their exercise regimes.

92. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE CHANGING ROOM

VIKTOR stands behind BOND with his arm around his throat. BOND'S feet are off the floor and he fights for breath. He tries shaking himself free but VIKTOR squeezes even tighter. He lifts his feet up and tries to reach the wall but he is too far away to push himself away.

BOND is turning from red to blue. Summoning his remaining strength, he tucks his feet up as tight as they'll go underneath him and kicks backwards as hard as he can straight into VIKTOR'S knees. VIKTOR screams in agony and collapses onto the floor, rolling in pain and letting go of BOND.

93. INT. THE SAME TIME. THE GYM

The Italian girl, concentrating on her cycling, suddenly lifts her head - this time she definitely heard something. She gets off her machine and hurries over to HOSHI, now on a 'lat' pull-down machine, who stops and listens intently.

94. INT. THE SAME TIME. THE CHANGING ROOM

BOND drags VIKTOR backwards into a toilet, emerging a few seconds later with his tracksuit top on.

## 95. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE GYM

BOND walks out of the changing room hiding his cut forehead and walks as casually as he can towards the gym's exit before slipping quietly out. HOSHI rushes over to the changing rooms. A few seconds later he runs back into the gym and shouts to the others, running around to get their attention. They pull out their earbuds.

HOSHI

Hey, quick. That guy. He's a traitor. We've got to get him.

The others get off their machines and race after HOSHI as he goes after BOND.

## 96. INT. A FEW SECONDS LATER. A CORRIDOR. DEADCENTRE

BOND hurries along the corridor, stopping at each corner to make sure no-one is coming, always moving towards what he thinks must be the direction of the mountain's rock face and the route to the outside.

He sees a young woman coming but bluffs it out with a smile and a nodded greeting. At the end of a long corridor he hasn't seen any stairs but comes to an elevator and presses the single button.

## 97. INT. SECONDS LATER. THE ELEVATOR

After a couple of seconds the door silently slides open. BOND cautiously enters and looks around.

Again BOND gets the phone out of his pocket and uses BALTHUS'S phone on the iris reader.

## 98. INT. SECONDS LATER. A CAVE WITH AN OPEN ENTRANCE

The doors slide open onto a large, bare rock chamber, a natural cave with a wide entrance opening onto the cold,

black, Himalayan night.

A group of three large drones rises to the entrance carrying, between them, a palette onto which assorted boxes are tied. A young man, dressed for the chill air, holds a tablet computer and guides the drones to a loading bay where a small electric truck awaits.

Another young man guides a single drone into the entrance while a young woman works at a computer terminal. The drones and other machinery are noisy and no-one notices BOND as he slips out of the elevator and melts into the deep shadows of the natural cavern walls. Close by, a roughly hewn tunnel disappears into the cave system's interior.

Suddenly HOSHI and his colleagues from the gym burst in from the other side of the cavern.

HOSHI runs over and talks animatedly to the drone operators, still directing deliveries from far below. BOND notices a second small window-like cave opening in the shadows close to where the drones are coming in.

BOND shrinks back against the wall as another electric truck comes out of the tunnel but thinking quickly he runs up behind the truck and, keeping low, slips into a blind spot by the rear the left-hand rear wheel.

The noise of the trucks and the drones is still enough to cover his footsteps and he manages to get to the smaller entrance without being seen. The fork-lift truck goes right and BOND peels off to hide behind a protruding rock wall.

BOND looks out of the small cave entrance into the cold, inky night. Down the sheer rock face is a bottomless black void. Upwards and to either side, craggy granite cliffs but he needs to get out onto the exposed rock so that the satellite can pinpoint his position.

99. EXT. NIGHT - SECONDS LATER. THE MOUNTAINSIDE

Shielded from the others he climbs up onto the ledge of

the rock entrance. The sheer rock face all around wouldn't be a problem for an experienced and professionally equipped mountaineer - plenty of foot-and-handholds, but for the casually-dressed BOND it is a worrying prospect.

Facing the mountain, BOND extends his leg onto a narrow ledge. He feels around for a handhold and finding one, pulls himself fully onto the ledge.

HE slowly inches his way up the mountainside, tentatively feeling for hand-and-footholds until he stands on a wider piece of ledge and is able to turn round.

BOND looks out into the fantastically clear, starry night above the jagged silhouettes of the surrounding peaks. Bracing himself against a gust of wind he shivers and looks up into the sky.

BOND  
Come on satellite. I'm  
here...

Another gust of wind makes him almost lose his footing.

BOND (CONT'D)  
...but not for long.

100. INT. THE SAME TIME. THE CAVE

The drone operators and those from the gym huddle round.

HOSHI  
Let's split up in pairs. He  
has to be in here somewhere.

A small drone drops down and hovers just above their heads. The young Italian woman - SOFIA - sitting at the computer, speaks.

SOFIA

Or we could use this.

They look up at the drone - a small camera with a red light swivels downwards. HOSHI looks up at the drone then over at the computer which shows all their faces looking upwards. He laughs and the others turn to the computer screen and smile.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The group gather round the screen looking at shots along the walls of the cave.

The drone flies along, hovers and the camera swivels. It investigates a fork lift truck, flying around and over it.

As the group peer at the computer screen, one of their number operates the tablet controlling the drone.

HOSHI

Can you go underneath.

The drone swoops down and the camera scans the underneath of the truck before continuing along the walls.

One of the group points up to the cavern's high ceiling.

The drone flies up to check around the stalactites and fissures of the cavern's dome.

The group still huddle round the camera but start to look frustrated.

HOSHI

He came up in the elevator  
and didn't pass us so he's  
here somewhere.

The drone goes over to the cave opening that BOND used to get outside. HOSHI and SOFIA look at each other.

HOSHI/SOFIA

Outside!

Outside, BOND is about to succumb to the cold and return to the cave when he hears a noise, looks down and sees the drone. As he watches, it flies a few metres from the cave entrance where it hovers, the camera slowly swivelling upwards to take in the rock face. BOND stays as still as possible, hoping to blend in to his surroundings.

Inside the cave, drones are still coming in through the cave entrance so a few of the workers are busy guiding and unpacking them but the rest of the group huddle round SOFIA thinks she sees something.

SOFIA

There. Look.

HOSHI

Zoom in!

Outside, the drone hovers, facing BOND and whirrs as the camera zooms in.

BOND looks at the camera and the camera looks back. He isn't sure quite what this means but he knows it isn't good. He also knows that he can't go back in the way he came. He scans the barren rock face for an alternate route, knowing that such a thing is unlikely to exist.

The drone moves forward until it is just out of reach, camera still pointing directly at him - a deadly staring competition.

101. EVENING. INT. MI6'S CHURCHILL BUNKER

M, MONEYPENNY and Q have been joined by HEDDI LAAKKONEN. M reaches out to shake her hand.

M

Thanks for getting over here

so quickly Miss Laakkonen.

HEDDI

Heddi please...but I'm not sure what help I can be.

M

Well we're getting some strange biofeedback from BOND which we're hoping you can throw some light on.

A heavy steel door slides silently open and MONEYPENNY walks over to a young man in a dark suit. They talk briefly and MONEYPENNY walks back with a piece of paper.

M

What is it Money penny?

MONEYPENNY

We have the location sir.

She reaches over and, with a few quick taps on the touchscreen, gets up a map of the Pakistani administered Himalayas.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

We've found DeadCentre.

102. EXT. NIGHT. THE MOUNTAINSIDE

The small drone hovers menacingly in front of Bond. Still working out which way to go, he hears another noise and he knows just what it is. Out of the cave entrance come three more drones, not big but larger than the first one.

Bond goes to move along the ledge but one of the drones shoots up to block his path. He extends his hand underneath the drone to grab it without getting in the

way of the spinning rotors.

Instantaneously the drone flips itself downwards so that the rotors tear at Bond's sleeve. He snatches his hand away quickly.

Despite the cold Bond knows he has only Viktor's track suit top to use as a weapon. Aware that he has more than one drone to protect himself from he takes the jacket off and uses his strength to pull the arms off. A few drones are still flying up to the cave, some carrying small items and some, in groups with heavy shipments.

As BOND works on the track suit top the closest drone hovers right by his head and he has to duck out of the way to protect himself from the rotors. He puts the armless top back on to try to keep warm and pulls the sleeves over his arms leaving them covering his hands for protection.

Now prepared he swivels round, grabs the drone and smashes it against the rock. Turning, he sees another drone has arrived. He reaches underneath it, grabs the body and flings it against the small camera drone, knocking them both out of the sky.

103. INT. THE SAME TIME, THE CAVE ENTRANCE

The computer screen goes blank.

HOSHI

We've lost it. We need a...

SOFIEA

Don't worry. Plenty more  
where that came from.

From an area concealed in the far depths of the cavern, drones start to appear. One, two then half-a-dozen. Other operators guide more drones from recesses in the rock: some small with cameras, some large enough to lift a man. They hover expectantly in the dome-like space above their

heads. hoshi smiles.

SOFIA

What shall we do with him?

ROWING MAN moves to one side to address all those in the room.

HOSHI

This man is an enemy of the revolution, come to frustrate ERIS'S great work - our work and our dream. He sees our vision of the world we must build, that can only arise from the ruins of this one, and he wants to trample on the first shoots of our great new civilization. This is our test. It is a test we must not fail.

He looks around. Those assembled, young, multinational, stare at HOSHI with reverence and devotion.

HOSHI (CONT'D)

Send them out.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

OUTSIDE. The camera drone flies out and resumes its predecessor's position. The camera swivels to take in the entire rockface but there is no sign of BOND.

INSIDE. They crowd around the computer monitor.

SOFIA

Where is he?

HOSHI

Go higher.

SOFIA uses a touchpad to guide the drone higher.

OUTSIDE. BOND is wedged tightly in a dark crevasse. He hardly dares breathe.

INSIDE. They scrutinize the camera feed.

HOSHI

Go in closer.

OUTSIDE. BOND hears a drone approaching and squeezes back even further into his hiding place but it is only a passing courier drone carrying long metal conduit tubes.

Thinking quickly BOND wedges the fingers of his left hand in a small rock fissure, leans out and grabs one of the tubes. The drone swings around wildly while BOND shakes the tube free before smashing the drone against the rock and sending it hurtling down into the abyss.

There was little chance that this wouldn't attract the attention of other drones and, sure enough, a small camera drone suddenly appears. BOND smashes it out of the sky.

Another camera drone comes up but this time just out of range. Larger drones follow - the first two BOND dispatches easily.

Another drone hovers just above his head and while he tries to hit it a bigger one comes in at waist height. The higher one drops down a little and as BOND reaches up the other drone flies into him, ripping his jacket and almost knocking him off balance.

As he regains his equilibrium a tiny drone flies straight at his face whilst a larger one targets his legs. BOND ducks out of the way of the small drone but gets hit by the larger one making him grimace with pain.

He is fast and skillful with the metal tube but the drones are lining up to attack him. Eventually, as he swings out at two drones, another tears into his lower legs and he loses balance and slips off the ledge,

dropping the metal tube.

He manages to grip onto the ledge with his fingers and would be able to hoist himself up if it weren't for a sinister-looking black drone which hovers just above his fingers. The drone's front two rotors swivel downward so they are vertical and inch towards his fingers.

BOND looks around and sees a possible handhold. Just as the drone is about to saw at his fingers he swings across and wedges his fingers in the small crevasse. The drone moves quickly to his other hand and the rotors start to rip at his fingers.

BOND yells in pain and snatches his hand away, swinging around on one hand and facing outwards from the rock.

INSIDE. The figure of BOND, hanging by one hand on the rock, fills the screen. SOFIA looks at HOSHI and smiles before making some deft movements on her trackpad.

OUTSIDE. BOND is in obvious pain and just managing to hang on when a big courier drone flies straight at him. He jerks his head sideways and downwards to get out of the way but the heavy drone still grazes his face and smashes into his shoulder. He grimaces and his grip weakens - only two fingers now.

He attempts to swing round and grab the rock with his other hand but as he looks up he sees the small black drone within inches of his fingers, front rotors vertical.

He looks around, searching frantically for another handhold, foothold, anything. And then he feels the pain and he can't hold on any longer. His torn and bloody fingers unable to support his weight, he slips into the abyss.

INSIDE. They crowd round the computer monitor and watch BOND fall. SOFIA high-fives HOSHI. Others applaud.

OUTSIDE. Bond plummets to his certain death through the moonlit night, falling beside the vertical rock. It is

just a matter of what will kill him: the ground or a protruding rock overhang.

Then, just below, he sees lights. It's moving. Moving upwards. And then the sound. A group of four large courier drones are slowly ascending but they are at least two metres away. He'll never reach them. Without thinking he twists round in mid-air and kicks out, hoping that he may just possibly connect with something.

His ankles take a jarring jolt as they hit an outcrop from the sheer cliff face. The momentum propels him outwards just as the drone flies level. BOND stretches out further than he thinks possible. His fingers scrape down something hard but it is no use, he can't get traction. But then his fingers slip behind the tensioned nylon poly strap fastening the package together.

BOND winces in pain as the ascending drones jerk to an lopsided standstill as they take BOND'S extra weight. Programmed to carry unstable loads, they slowly right themselves before resuming their ascent.

Exhausted and battered, BOND hangs on for dear life for the long ride to the cave loading bay. Above he can see the light of the entrance fast approaching. The drones approach what appears to be a flat area of rock, maybe deep enough to land on.

BOND knows that if he goes back in through the loading bay he'll simply be captured. There is no time for deliberation - he takes a couple of swings to gain momentum and leaps.

He is all ready to grab on to the narrow ledge but instead he tumbles over a rock wall onto a flat concrete floor three or four feet below. Scrambling, disorientated to his feet he looks over the wall and realizes that this is a balcony, man-made to look from the outside like natural rock and you don't get a balcony without a door or window.

BOND remembers that the shutter to the gym window came downwards so in the dark he feels along the bottom and, sure enough, finds a narrow gap just big enough to wedge

his fingers in. He tries to lift it but there is no movement. He gets in a weightlifting position and uses all his strength, but still nothing.

He stands back to consider what to do next before approaching the wall and rapping it with his knuckles - hollow. He looks round for a rock suitable to test the wall's strength. There's none on the floor but he manages to dislodge a fist-sized piece of the rock face next to the balcony.

Gripping it in his hand he hits the wall sharply and hears a satisfying crack. Looking close he sees he's done some damage and stands back before taking a bigger swing. A hand-sized hole appears and a piece of the fake wall falls onto the balcony floor.

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

A hole, large enough to squeeze through has emerged from BOND'S efforts. Sticking his upper body in he feels inside. The back is flat. He raps it with his knuckles. It is made of the same lightweight material as the front. He breaks some more of the front away to give himself room and takes hard swing at the rear wall. His hand goes straight through. A couple more hard knocks and he is able to see what is beyond. A small, darkened and empty office.

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Bond climbs through and manages to stand between the front and back of the camouflage screen. He feels all around the window but it is well sealed. He needs to find a way to get in.

Metal cross-beams are used to brace and strengthen the inner wall of the screen. With a few sharp kicks it comes away.

With a little maneuvering Bond manages to wedge it under the window. Then, standing back he uses the bottom of the hole he has made in the wall as a pivot and wedges it into an uneven section of the wall. Bond looks at the opening at the bottom of the window - only an inch or so

but maybe enough to weaken the structure.

Above the hole he has made in the inner wall is another metal brace. He hooks his fingers over it, pulls himself up and swings, feet-first at the bottom window frame. He grips the batten and swings again, and again. He sees that the edge of the window frame is starting to come away from the wall. He redoubles his efforts until he feels the window being pushed in. Maybe just room enough to get through.

He squeezes himself head first into the gap at the bottom of the window. It's too tight. He's afraid he'll get stuck. With a monumental effort he manages to wriggle through and lands in a heap on the floor. Bond is in quite a state: cuts and bruises, torn clothes, and now he realizes how cold he is, but at least he's indoors.

#### 104. INT. NIGHT. A CORRIDOR

Another super-modern corridor. White, no sharp edges, doors and walls perfectly flush. The only illumination, a subtle but eerie glow from lights concealed along the bottom of the walls. Bond stumbles along the corridor. If he meets anyone now, no amount of bluffing would convince anyone that he was just a fellow worker.

Walking as fast as he can, he tries doors as he moves along. Some are open: offices, a server room, a large, toy filled crèche. At a T junction he goes right although the monochrome sameness of the corridors doesn't give any clues where he is.

He passes the window to the gym but it is in darkness. Another T junction. Another corridor but this one is so long that it has a traveller running along it in both directions with a low barrier in between. All along either side railings open to the floor below. He looks down as another electric car glides silently past.

Along the corridor all the other doors are locked. He looks around, unable to think where he could go. He tries one more door. It opens. The room is in darkness.

He takes a step forward and the light comes on

automatically. He is back in his room. On the bed a blue suit - his suit - is laid out. On it is a note.

WELCOME BACK JAMES. WE'LL TALK TOMORROW. ERIS.

Bond looks around. The door to the bathroom is ajar. He walks over and pushes it open. The bathroom is completely intact with no sign of the damage he inflicted. He walks slowly back to the bed. Sits down, head bowed, looking completely dejected.

105. INT. MI6'S CHURCHILL BUNKER. EARLY MORNING.

M, Q, Money Penny and Heddi are still in MI6's spartan, windowless underground facility. M and Q's ties are loosened. They have all been there all night. Q is peering at the computer screen.

Q

(shaking his head)

Still going down. Not much, and it's slow but there's no doubt. Bond is showing the classic signs of depression.

M

But how can that be? What on earth can she be doing to him? Bond is brilliant in that sort of situation - the best there is. He sailed through all the tests.

Q

We know they're using some sort of complex neurodepressant but that can't be all there is. She must know something, something she has over him.

MONEYPENNY

Well we know he has a high threshold of pain. He's not susceptible to blackmail.

M

And he has a fearlessness  
that stops just short of  
foolhardy. I can't think of  
anything he's afraid of.

HEDDI stands a little away from the others, listening,  
thinking.

HEDDI

Except...

They all turn and look expectantly at her.

HEDDI (CONT'D)

Maybe there is something he  
is afraid of...and perhaps  
she's worked it out. I think  
Eris is taking advantage of  
James's one and only fear.

Again M, Q and MONEYPENNY look at HEDDI.

HEDDI (CONT'D)

Failure.

They all frown, deep in thought. Eventually Moneypenny  
speaks.

MONEYPENNY

Failure would be something of  
an alien concept to James. I  
mean, of course there are  
things he can't do, but all  
the things he does, well, he  
always succeeds eventually.

M

So you're saying she's rigged  
things so that he fails, but  
is that really enough? I  
mean, enough to turn him?

HEDDI

He's not going to be blurting out any secrets but if it's done subtly enough and over a prolonged period it could wear him down, weaken his defences.

MONEYPENNY

Maybe she's trying to prove a point - If she can break Bond...

M

We'd better stop her then.

106. INT. A PAKISTANI AIR FORCE BASE. EARLY MORNING.

In a simple, classroom-style space, Phoenix stands next to the Pakistani SSG commander, Captain Khoso. Through the windows can be seen rows of JF-17 jet fighters. nine men and two women sit in a semicircle facing them. The soldiers wear maroon berets with a dagger and lightning bolt insignia.

CAPTAIN KHOSO

This is going to be a very tight operation. We'll have maybe an hour to get in, take Eris out - one way or another - and get Bond and the rest of us to safety. But we need to get a fair distance away. Once the missiles come in the whole area will be rubble.

Captain Khoso looks over at Phoenix who stands up to address the group. Behind her is an interactive whiteboard. A map comes up of an area of the Pakistani Himalayas with a red dot in the middle.

PHOENIX

This is the location of DeadCentre, Eris's mountain

HQ. The air force have sent  
Unmanned Aerial Vehicles -  
UAVs,

(a picture comes up of a uqab  
drone)

to reconnoitre the area.

(a photo of the DeadCentre's  
mountainside exterior with  
labels pointing to well  
concealed windows, air  
conditioning vents and the  
loading bay)

One of the UAVs was shot down  
so they know we're onto them  
and they'll be expecting us.

(a quick succession of covert  
and sometimes grainy pictures  
of young men and women of all  
nationalities stream by)

Eris doesn't seem to have  
guards. There's no boiler-  
suited henchmen in  
DeadCentre. What there are,  
are her followers. They are  
not trained but they're  
young, they're fit they're  
fanatics, and there's a lot  
of them so don't think it'll  
be a walk in the park.

107. INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, DEADCENTRE. MORNING.

Eris's penthouse looks like an expensive, modernist hotel  
suite. Mainly white but with some subtle blues and  
greys. The room is very large with a massive picture  
window. Eris stands near the window reading some loose  
papers. A buzzer sounds. She doesn't move but speaks at  
normal volume where she stands.

ERIS

What is it Shahr?

SHAHR

I've got him. Bond.

ERIS

OK. Send him up.

A few seconds later the door silently opens and in walks Bond dressed in his blue suit. He has had the night to think and he is not happy.

BOND

What have you done to me?

ERIS

Done to you? Why would you think I've done anything to you?

BOND

Last night. I made too many mistakes. My reactions, they were way too slow. You've done something to me, I don't know what but...

ERIS

Or maybe it was just one of those nights James. No-one's infallible. Come. Sit down.

Eris indicates an armchair and Bond after a moment's thought sits down with his back to the window. In front of him is a low table. Eris gestures to a small, white cup and saucer on the table.

ERIS (CONT'D)

Coffee. Just the way you like it.

Bond hesitates before leaning forward to pick up the cup.

ERIS (CONT'D)

I believe you met some of my colleagues last night.

BOND

Is that what you call them?

Other words might be fanatic,  
extremist, zealot.

ERIS

Ah, the enthusiasm of youth.

BOND

What was it they said?  
Aggression is innate, our  
instinct is to attack. Oh,  
and apparently you're going  
to be the saviour of the  
human race.

ERIS

(smiles)

Really? Is that what they  
said? Oh, they're such  
sweeties.

(suddenly serious)

but they're right of course.

BOND

And why exactly would it need  
saving?

Eris walks round behind Bond where she is framed against  
the majestic, snowy peaks of the Himalayas through the  
huge window.

ERIS

What human endeavour do you  
think has led to the greatest  
advances in science and  
technology?

BOND

(grudgingly)

I'm sure you're going to tell  
me.

ERIS

War James. War and conflict.  
It has led to all the most  
important developments in

human history: technology,  
 medical science, air travel,  
 railways, road  
 infrastructure,  
 computerisation. It spurred  
 the great economic growth of  
 the twentieth century. It  
 generated the incredible  
 social changes of the last  
 hundred years. Do you think  
 the equality of sexes and  
 races would be anything like  
 they are now without war? No.  
 Whenever there is a major  
 advance in civilisation,  
 conflict is always at the  
 root of it. And look at us  
 now: indolent, vacuous  
 consumers.

BOND

So millions have to die to  
 get better computers and  
 faster trains?

ERIS

Actually James, despite two  
 World wars the twentieth  
 century was remarkably safe.  
 And of course it's more than  
 just technology. A lot more.  
 We're stuck in a period of  
 developmental stagnation.  
 We're all supposed to be  
 (mocking)  
 kind and nice to one another  
 (shakes her head)  
 If we'd always been like that  
 we'd still be living in  
 caves. What we're taking  
 about is nothing short of the  
 next step in human evolution.

BOND

So kidnapping and torturing  
 politicians, terrorists, drug

lords - this is going to lead  
to us somehow  
becoming...what, superhuman?

Eris walks round and sits directly in front of Bond. She leans forward earnestly.

ERIS

Strife, discord, chaos.  
That's what makes humans  
great. We're not built for  
peace, for harmony. We need  
to weed out the weak and the  
lethargic so that only the  
strong survive.

BOND

(sighs)

I was rather hoping you  
wouldn't be just another  
nutter bent on World  
domination but once again I'm  
disappointed.

ERIS (CONT'D)

Don't dismiss this James. The  
ones that survive. That will  
be people like you and me.  
The idle, the greedy, they'll  
disappear like the dinosaurs  
- but people like us...there  
is no limit to what we can  
achieve.

Bond stands up and surveys the room.

BOND

It'll be a shame but I'm  
going to have to destroy this  
place.

Bond walks across the room and Shahr appears as if from nowhere and stands in front of the door.

SHAHR

No Mr Bond. You stay here.

BOND

Excuse me. I'd like to leave.

Shahr doesn't move. Bond goes to put his hand on Shahr's shoulder to move him gently to one side but Shahr instantly twists his shoulder back and Bond's hand fails to connect. Bond tries again and the same thing happens. He tries the other hand with the same result. Shahr is considerably smaller than Bond and twice his age but he seems to be able to move like lightening.

BOND

I don't want to hurt you.

Still Shahr doesn't move. This time Bond goes to grab the front of Shahr's robe but he steps to one side before Bond's hands could even touch him. Bond realises that, small and old as he is, Shahr is a significant opponent. He tries three fast punches: right, left and upwards, all evaded instantly and with, seemingly, no effort.

Bond stands back to try a kickboxing move. He aims a fast kick to the head. Shahr moves his head almost before Bond has started and the kick lands in mid-air. He tries a sideways kick to the upper body followed by a swift left-footed kick to the head. Neither move connects. Bond stands back, confused but still determined. He tries good, old-fashioned brute force, steaming in with a flurry of punches and kicks. Somehow Shahr manages to contort his body so that he is suddenly standing next to Bond. In the background, Eris sits and watches. Not gloating, almost disinterested.

ERIS

Shahr, take Mr Bond back to his room would you.

Bond turns to Eris, puzzled and confused. This is a new sensation and he can't hide a look of dejection.

ERIS (CONT'D)

Oh, and James. Leave the

phone.

Shahr holds out his hand and BOND, like an automaton, hands it over. Shahr turns to the door - it opens silently and, seemingly without instruction.

SHAHR

Come Mr Bond.

108. INT. MI6'S CHURCHILL BUNKER. THE SAME TIME.

Money Penny, Heddi, M and Q are looking distinctly tired. M's tie is loosened and Q's has been removed. Both Money Penny and Heddi have abandoned their high heeled shoes. Q analyses the screen, shaking his head.

Q

Still going down. Bond is in a bad way.

M

(looks at his watch)  
Phoenix and the SSG commandos will be ready to go in in two hours but they can't do it without someone on the inside - they need Bond and they need him on form. Do you think the neurotransmitters will work Q?

Q

Of course sir, we can't actually give Bond anything, we can only - in theory at least - boost his natural electrolytic chemicals and stimulate their movement. It may be enough to start his body producing the chemicals that are deficient but it's completely untested. If we stimulate the electrolytes too much or in the wrong way. Well, frankly we don't know.

MONEYPENNY

And that's if it works at all.

M considers, but not for long.

M

What choice do we have? Do it.

109. INT. BOND'S ROOM. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Bond sits on the bed, head bowed. He stares blankly at the floor, unmoving and indifferent. Bond has never felt like this before: dispirited, defeated.

110. INT. MORNING. MI6'S CHURCHILL BUNKER

Q manipulates some graphics on the big touchscreen. A graphic of a syringe appears. Money Penny, Heddi, and M look on. M nods. Q slides down the plunger.

111. INT. BOND'S ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Bond hasn't moved. Still looking uncharacteristically detached from his surroundings he sits and stares at the carpet. Then his eyes flicker. They seem to focus and take in the room. He slowly raises his head and frowns, thinking. He looks over at the iris reader by the door. He stands and looks around before removing from his pocket a sheet of paper folded in four - the print of Balthus's eye. He picks up an apple from the fruit bowl and carefully stretches the paper over it. Holding it up to the iris reader then moving it back a little and the door clicks open. He goes back and quickly changes: black trousers and T shirt - the same as many of Eris's followers wear. Outside he seems to know where he should go. His old instincts are coming back.

112. INT AN OFFICE. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Inside the office where Bond did the print of Balthus's eye, a man, 30s, European, sits at a desk. The door opens. Bond enters.

OFFICE MAN

Yes, can I help...

Bond marches straight over. The man, confused and shocked, goes to stand but Bond is already there. He pushes the man back down, puts his left arm round his neck before he can react. He then places his right-hand thumb and fingers each side of the back of his neck and squeezes. The man instantly goes limp. Bond kicks his chair out of the way and walks over to the 3D printer he noticed earlier and switches it on. Sitting down at the desk he gets to work on the computer. He looks in the applications and finds the 3D printer, clicks on search and types in gun. Nothing. He tries again - pistol. Still nothing comes up. He thinks. then types in Mr Brown and a page comes up with the plans for Mr Brown's gun. He presses print - the machine whirrs into action.

113. EXT. A MOUNTAIN PLATEAU. THE SAME TIME.

Phoenix, Kbosso and nine of the commandos stand leaning back on their ropes at the edge of a sheer precipice, equipped for their abseil descent. Khoso looks at his watch.

KHOSO

Five, four, three...

114. EXT. A MOUNTAIN RIDGE. THE SAME TIME.

On the opposite side of the pass, the remaining two commandoes each deploy a Russian-made 'Verba' 9K333 shoulder-mounted anti-aircraft gun. One looks at his watch.

COMMANDO 1

Two, one.

Small missiles shoot out from the barrels of the guns. Locked onto the infrared from inside DeadCentre they shoot across towards the, now exposed, windows.

115. INT. THE GYM. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

In the peaceful monotony of the gym, two young men are using a rowing machine and a woman lifts weights while two men and a woman work out on running machine. They are oblivious to their imminent destruction. The huge window explodes inwards as the 1.5kg modified warhead smashes through and obliterates the back wall, destroying the gym.

116. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

One of the commandos shoulders his weapon while the other finishes reloading. One after the other they fire more missiles.

117. INT. A CAFETERIA. THE SAME TIME.

Young people relax, chatting and laughing in what could be a fashionable café in Milan or Sydney, only the view of the Himalayas giving away it's true location. When the missile hits the gym the sound and vibrations reverberates through the cave system spilling cups of coffee and knocking over a barstool. No-one moves for a few seconds. They stand, look around. One or two have started toward the door when the warhead arrives, vapourising the window and hitting the far wall with cataclysmic effect.

118. EXT. A MOUNTAIN PLATEAU. THE SAME TIME.

Phoenix, Khoso and the nine commandos abseil fast and skilfully. Nearing the shattered windows they kick against the wall and the momentum propels them into DeadCentre.

119. INT. A CORRIDOR. THE SAME TIME.

Bond runs along carrying the blue pistol. He gets to a junction just as the first explosion happens. Two men, one fair-haired and European, the other Korean, on their way to investigate the explosions, run straight into the path of Bond who aims and fires.

Stepping over their bodies he continues along the corridor, loading two more blue bullets into the gun. Rounding another corner he comes to the corridor where Hector's room was. He's trying to figure out how to get through the doors when a young British woman walks round the corner carrying a small child. Bond points his gun at her and she freezes.

BOND

Come here.

She obediently walks over.

BOND (CONT'D)

Open the door.

She looks at the gun and without hesitation approaches the iris reader and opens the door.

BRITISH WOMAN

Please. This is a mistake. I shouldn't be here.

BOND

Do as you're told and you'll be ok.

(gesticulating along the corridor)

Now open all the other doors.

Bond sticks his head round the door.

BOND (CONT'D)

Hector. Out!

He hurries to the next door. Inside is Miikka Laakkonen, a good-looking blond man around forty, laying on the bed, his hands and feet in bandages. He looks at Bond warily

BOND (CONT'D)

We're getting everyone out.  
Can you walk?

The man swivels and sits on the side of the bed.

MIIKKA

I really don't know.

BOND registers who he is.

BOND

Are you Miikka Laakkonen?

MIIKKA

Yes?

BOND

Your wife's waiting for you.

Miikka struggles defiantly to his feet and hobbles to the door.

120. INT. A CORRIDOR. THE SAME TIME.

Khoso and two commandos run along the corridor beneath the traveller. The commandos carry MP5 sub machine guns. A shot rings out and one of the commandos falls. Khoso reacts quickly, sees the sniper moving along above him and fires. The sniper tumbles over the rail to the ground below.

121. INT. A CORRIDER. THE SAME TIME.

In the background is the constant sound of gunfire and explosions.

Bond stands outside a lift. The door opens. Inside are two armed young men, dispatched with alacrity. He enters.

122. INT. AN OFFICE. MINUTES LATER.

The door opens and a group of around twenty, hands on heads, enters the large, modernist office space. Phoenix and two commandos follow, guns aimed at them. One of the prisoners turns and runs as he gets level with the door. He is summarily shot by one of the ccommandos. The rest join the thirty or so already in there. Some are crying and pleading to be let go. Phoenix speaks to a guard but

in hearing of the room.

PHOENIX

Stay outside the room. If  
anyone tries to leave, shoot  
them.

123. INT. A CORRIDOR. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Bond arrives at Eris's apartment. The door is open. He  
steps into the room - empty except for Shahr.

BOND

Where is she?  
(Shahr remains silent and  
impassive).  
Don't worry I can guess.

Bond is about to leave but reconsiders. He turns and  
walks towards shahr. Shahr attempts one of his feints but  
Bond blocks his path. He backs up a little before trying  
again but once more Bond stops him from escaping, making  
Shahr move further backwards. Bond doesn't attempt any  
offensive movement but simply crowds him out, blocking  
every attempt to slip away until eventually Shahr is in  
the corner with Bond bearing down on him. Shahr makes one  
last attempt to slip out from his captivity but Bond  
gives him a mere tap to the bridge of the nose and Shahr  
drops like a stone.

124. INT. THE SHOOTING RANGE. MINUTES LATER.

ERIS wears a thermal base layer and thick insulated  
boots. She hurriedly packs guns: sniper rifles, pistols,  
assault rifles, into a Beretta B1 rifle bag.

She tries to fit a semo-automatic machine gun in but  
can't zip it up. She slings the machine gun away, zips  
the bag up and puts it over her shoulder before walking  
toward the door when she hears the click. She grabs a  
machine pistol off the wall just as Bond enters carrying  
the blue gun.

ERIS

I must admit to  
underestimating you James.  
You've been a great deal more  
resourceful than I gave you  
credit for, but even so...  
you and a toy gun against me  
and...

(holds up the machine gun)  
this. Now why don't you drop  
the gun?

Bond doesn't move, his gun still pointed at Eris.

ERIS (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You don't actually fancy your  
chances do you?

(shrugs)

OK go for it.

Bond thinks again but rather than placing the gun on the  
floor he just removes the bullets, drops them and keeps  
the gun in his hand. Explosions can be heard in the  
background.

125. EXT. AN AIROFRCE BASE. THE SAME TIME.

A set of cruise missiles swivel slowly on their  
launchers.

BOND (V.O.)

Hear that? Cruise missiles  
are on their way. They'll  
turn this whole mountain into  
rubble. You don't actually  
fancy your chances do you?

126. THE SHOOTING RANGE.

ERIS looks a little calculating, and more than a little  
annoyed.

ERIS

I think that's unlikely but  
If it is true then I haven't  
got much time to have some  
fun. Go over to the targets.

Eris walks over to the iris reader by the door. She looks into the reader and says:

EIRS (CONT'D)

Lock

There is a click from the door lock. Bond looks over at the long aisles where the bullseyes and commando cutouts are suspended on their motorised rails. Eris gestures with her machine gun and he slowly walks over to the first of the targets. As he passes the firing position he picks up a pair of ear defenders.

ERIS

You won't be needing those.

BOND

It'll spare me having to  
listen to any more of your  
insane sermonising.

Eris is about to say something when there is a loud explosion, closer than before. She's starting to look a little rattled.

ERIS

Further back. Stand behind  
the oval one.

Bond goes and stands behind a target roughly the shape and size of his chest. It is a little high and Eris uses a controller to adjust it so that it entirely covers Bond's chest. She goes over to the rack of guns on the wall. As she momentarily turns away Bond pulls a wire supporting one of the cups of the headphones and quickly wedges it in the cardboard backing of the target just where he assumes, and hopes, Eris would aim: his heart. He then slips the gun in the breast pocket of his jacket.

Eris chooses a rather traditional looking rifle.

ERIS

Now this takes me back. My  
trusty old Winchester M70.  
Won the World championships  
with this - and did a lot of  
professional work.

127. INT. THE TRAVELATOR. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Phoenix and a commando run along the traveller. She  
looks down and sees Khoso with two more commandos.

PHOENIX

Captain!  
(Khoso looks up)  
We've got two big groups. A  
lot are having a change of  
heart. I think we should take  
them with us - any real  
fanatics can stay and take  
their chances.

KHOSO

Ok. But we need to be quick.  
The missiles have just  
launched.

A group of four of Eris's followers emerge around a  
corner, screaming and firing their pistols wildly.  
Phoenix and the commando drop to one knee, aim and fire  
their automatic weapons. The four spin backwards and  
collapse in a heap.

128. THE SHOOTING RANGE. THE SAME TIME

Another explosion, even closer this time, and the sound  
of machine guns.

ERIS (CONT'D)

That'll be my lovely boys and  
girls. Fighting to defend the  
very future of mankind.

BOND  
(shakes his head)  
Oh shoot me now.

ERIS  
Very well.

More gunfire. It sounds like it's right outside the door. Eris looks around as if expecting the door to burst open. When it doesn't, she raises the gun and aims.

BOND  
It's over Eris. Can't you  
see? Why don't you just...

Eris fires.

129. INT. CLOSE-UP. THE BULLET

The bullet tunnels through the air in slow motion, spinning perfectly, shock waves rippling the air around it. As Bond guessed, she has gone for heart shot. The bullet pierces the black oval shaped target above and to the right of the bullseye.

It goes straight through and hits one of the ear defender's earcups and slides along a wire giving it a slight wobble before hitting the other cup. Now marginally slower and less stable it hits the barrel of the gun in Bond's breast pocket.

The force of the impact knocks Bond off his feet and he flies backwards through the air and lands on his back, crumpled and lifeless. Sounds of fighting are now right outside the door. Eris runs over, quickly puts on a red Arctic parka, slips a rucksack over her shoulder and picks up the gun bag. She walks quickly to the iris reader by the door.

ERIS  
Shutter.

The outside wall of the windowless room slowly slides back revealing a door-sized exit onto the mountain

outside. She steps through onto a ledge and the shutter closes behind her.

130. INT. OUTSIDE THE SHOOTING RANGE. THE SAME TIME.

PHOENIX places plastic explosive on the door and runs to join two colleagues around a corner, stepping over two bodies sprawled on the floor. The explosion takes the door off. Phoenix stands next to the door, a two-handed grip on her gun, before running in followed by the commandos.

PHOENIX  
(shouts)  
ON THE FLOOR. NOW!

At first she thinks no-one is in the room - then, through the smoke, she sees Bond and runs over.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)  
James! James!

She kneels beside him. Obviously concerned.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)  
It's me, Phoenix.  
(upset)  
Oh James, please!

She rests her head on his chest to hear if his heart is beating, causing Bond considerable pain.

BOND  
(through gritted teeth).  
Aarh.

Bond grimaces in pain and struggles to sit up, placing his hand gently on his chest.

BOND (CONT'D)  
I'm touched by your concern.

PHOENIX  
(embarrassed at her show of  
emotion)  
Where is she? Where's Eris?

BOND  
Short lived as it was.

Bond stands up slowly and carefully but is still clearly  
in pain.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Eris got away.  
(points to the outer wall)  
Over there. We won't be able  
to open it - it needs the  
iris reader.

PHOENIX  
We haven't got time anyway.  
The missiles have been fired.  
We're getting everybody out.

131. EXT. THE GROUND BELOW DEADCENTRE. THE SAME TIME.

Four large, camouflaged, covered military trucks idle in  
readiness to move. A hundred or so of Eris's former  
followers, some with crying children, wait impatiently to  
board, looking now like refugees. Others are joining  
them. Khoso and his men herd some of them onto the  
trucks.

132. INT. THE TRAVELLATOR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Bond and Phoenix lead Eris's - now armed - prisoners:  
some hobbling, some helping others, along the  
travellator. He knows they can't go fast but tries to  
hurry them along. At the end of the corridor a group of  
young men and women emerge suddenly from round a corner,  
shooting indiscriminately. One of Eris's prisoners drops  
to the floor and a commando topples over the railings  
before Bond, Phoenix and the armed prisoners manage to

dispatch all their attackers. As they glide past one of DeadCentre's massive picture windows. Phoenix stops and has to walk backwards to look out.

PHOENIX

James. Is that...

A tiny red dot can just about be made out on a narrow mountain path on the other side of the gorge.

133. EXT. A MOUNTAIN PATH. THE SAME TIME.

Eris trudges purposefully along the path, heavily clothed and carrying two bags but walking briskly and with growing confidence.

134. INT. THE TRAVELLATOR. SECONDS LATER.

Bond stares at the tiny red dot in the far distance before turning to the commandos.

BOND

Get everyone down. Quick as you can.

135. INT. THE SHOOTING RANGE. MINUTES LATER.

With a look of single-minded resolve, Bond scans the rack of guns, mainly competition pistols and rifles but with the odd specialised weapon. He goes over to a large and complicated-looking firearm - an Accuracy International AX50 sniper rifle, and lifts it off the rack.

PHOENIX

You'll never get her, even with that. She's too far away...

BOND starts walking away.

PHOENIX (CONT)

...and you're injured. Not to mention that the whole

mountain is going to be blown  
up any minute.

BOND  
(still walking purposefully)  
You go back. I'll be as quick  
as I can.

Phoenix reluctantly starts to walk away, but then stops,  
turns and runs after Bond.

PHOENIX  
(exasperated)  
God! I suppose I've got to  
save your neck again!

136. EXT. THE GROUND BELOW DEADCENTRE. THE SAME TIME.

A truck, laden with Eris's now contrite followers  
accelerates away from the other trucks along the rough,  
mountain road. Others including some of Eris's torture  
victims are embarking on the other trucks or queueing  
impatiently.

137. EXT. BETWEEN THE AIRFORCE BASE AND DEADCENTRE. THE SAME  
TIME.

Six cruise missiles cut through the cold, cloudless blue  
sky over jagged mountain peaks.

138. INT. THE CAFETERIA. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The wind whistles through the barely recognisable remains  
of the cafeteria. The whole of one side of the large room  
is open to the freezing Himalayan air. Legs and arms  
stick out from beneath the debris. Bond walks over to  
what was the outside wall and looks around for something  
level to rest the gun on. Finding a small area with no  
remaining wall he unfolds the two legs of the rifle and  
rests them on the ground. Phoenix looks on.

139. EXT. THE GROUND BELOW DEADCENTRE. SAME TIME.

The third of the four trucks pulls away.

140. INT. THE CURCHILL BUNKER. THE SAME TIME.

M, Moneypenny, q and Heddi are still in the room. An exhausted M slumps on a simple wooden chair, Heddi sits further away while Moneypenny and Q are hunched over the computer screen. Q straightens up and speaks with tired resignation.

Q

We've done all we can. It's up to Bond now.

MONEYPENNY

Whatever drugs Eris gave him should be wearing off by now but he's got very little time. The missiles are close. Bond and Phoenix need to get out of DeadCentre now.

141. INT. THE CAFETERIA. THE SAME TIME.

Bond settles down on the ground and looks through the gun's sight, carefully scanning the distant mountain.

PHOENIX

There!

Bond looks at Phoenix and adjusts the angle of the gun.

PHONEIX (CONT'D)

Wind's easterly. Straight down the pass. It must be nearly two kilometres so...

BOND

Aim high and to the right.

Bond looks through the sight, finger resting on the trigger. He shifts position slightly.

142. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN PATH. THE SAME TIME.

Eris moves slowly along the path. Superimposed on her is the crosshairs and rangefinding lines of the reticle on Bond's gunsight. The sight moves high and to the right but is a little unstable, occasionally swinging away from its target.

143. INT. THE CAFETERIA. SECONDS LATER.

Bond moves his eye from the sight. He needs to centre himself: lower his breathing and heartrate. Phoenix knows not to say anything. Bond closes his eyes, breathes slowly. When he opens his eyes his expression is fixed and resolute. He brings the sight again to his eye, shifts a little, his finger resting lightly on the trigger.

144. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN PATH. THE SAME TIME.

ERIS is at the bottom left of the screen. The reticle top right. Her gait is decisive but unhurried - she is in no hurry.

145. INT. CLOSE UP. THE SAME TIME.

Bond's finger slowly squeezes the trigger.

146. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN PATH. A SECOND LATER.

Eris walks with an easy, steady rhythm.

147. INT. THE CAFETERIA. THE SAME TIME.

The crack of the gun firing as Bond pulls the trigger gets whipped away by the wind.

148. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN PATH. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Eris stops suddenly. She frowns, confused. Something is wrong. She reaches her gloved hand inside the padded collar of her Arctic parka. Her hand comes away bloody. She turns her head towards the distant mountain before

her legs give way and she collapses to her knees and then slowly topples sideways into the cavern deep beneath her.

149. INT. THE CAFETERIA. A SECOND LATER.

Bond is still looking through the gun's sight.

PHOENIX

James. Now! We've got to go.

150. INT. THE DRONE LOADING CAVE. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Bond and Phoenix run into the open cave and Bond goes straight to one of the little electric trucks.

BOND

Grab another one.

Bond points to the tunnel further into the mountain.

BOND (CONT'D)

Down there. I don't know how far it goes but it's our only chance.

Phoenix jumps into a truck and accelerates into the tunnel followed by Bond. The trucks are fast in the narrow cave system. They race along and screech round a corner and then another when the first missile strikes. The whole mountain shakes violently as if in an earthquake. Bond almost loses control of his truck and Phoenix slides sideways.

They accelerate away and are racing through another tunnel when the second explosion comes. This time it's nearer and some of the cave ceiling gives way just behind them. They swerve round a corner into a wider cavern and Phoenix ploughs straight into a pile of rocks from the collapsed roof catapulting her over the front of the vehicle to lie crumpled on the rocks. Her vehicle is damaged beyond use. Bond races up next to her.

BOND

Phoenix - you OK?.

PHOENIX  
(getting up in pain)  
Sure. I'm fine.

BOND  
Well get in then.

Ignoring whatever injuries she has, Phoenix runs over and throws herself into the back of Bond's truck. They are just about to race off when there is an enormous, deafening explosion just behind them, followed in quick succession by another. The truck is blown over by the blast and rocks hurtle past them as they lay crumpled behind it. They look back but can't see anything through the thick cloud of dust. As the dust settles they see that they are no longer deep in the mountain. The front part of the mountain has simply disappeared. They are just a couple of feet from the open Himalayan air and the edge of a sheer precipice. There is a loud creak and they turn round. A wide fissure starts to open up in the tunnel floor.

BOND  
That doesn't look promising.

PHOENIX  
(turning back)  
Neither does that!

Through the open cave entrance they see, coming out of the clear, blue sky, two missiles, heading straight for them. In just seconds and seemingly almost telepathically synchronized, they right the vehicle, get in, start it up and race off. The crack is about a foot across but it looks as though they can jump it until, just as they are almost there, their part of mountain starts to slip. They screech to a halt and get out.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)  
We can lift it over.

The rock slips further.

BOND  
Not now we can't.

They look at each other, turn and sprint to the fissure. They both take a mighty leap upwards to grab hold of the top ledge of the other side of the crack. Just as they do the entire rock face slides away behind them leaving them hanging by their fingers high up on a vertical precipice.

151. EXT. DISTANT SHOT, THE MOUNTAIN. THE SAME TIME.

Dust rises from the avalanche below as, from behind, we see the rear of the two missiles streak towards the mountain. One heading for the side of the newly created precipice and the other flying straight towards the cave entrance. The explosion as the first missile hits is cataclysmic as one side of the mountain disappears in a ball of flame. The other missile shoots straight over the tiny figures of Bond and Phoenix, suspended above the canyon, and disappears into the deep, black tunnel.

152. EXT. CLOSE SHOT. THE SAME TIME.

The two agents hang on, waiting, but Phoenix looks like she can't hold on much longer. Bond looks down to see if there are any footholds.

BOND

Right foot. To me, six inches.

She feels with her foot and has just found the ledge when the explosion comes.

153. EXT. DISTANT SHOT. THE SAME TIME.

The whole mountain shakes violently as enormous rocks shoot out of the tunnel entrance over Bond and Phoenix's heads. A great cloud of rocks and dust billows out from the cave.

154. EXT. CLOSE SHOT. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Bond clammers onto the rock and pulls Phoenix up. They stand there, dust settling around them, looking out onto the newly created and pristine mountain landscape. Phoenix turns to Bond and smiles.

## PHOENIX

That's it. They fired six  
missiles so...we've done it.  
We're safe.

They are just starting to accept that it's over - they've won, when they hear a light creak behind them. Slowly they turn round. Another fissure is opening up. They look at each other before suddenly diving into the cave, over the widening crack. As they run the stratified rock of the mountain, bent almost vertical over millions of years, slips away beneath them, layer by layer.

They run further into the cave but more layers of rock slide away just inches behind where they are running. Still going flat-out they are barely able to keep ahead of the slipping rock seams - just managing to bound over one when another opens up.

A wide chasm appears immediately before them but they have too much momentum so must take a flying leap at it. Phoenix slips just as she jumps and doesn't look like she'll make it. Bond sees and, in mid-air, reaches out to grab her, swings her onto the ledge where she uses her weight to pull him in behind her.

Layers of rock pressed into thick sheets over eons continue to slip away by the second and they barely manage to keep in front of them. Ahead they focus on the dim interior of the cave but they are suddenly aware that it is coming to an end - there is a solid wall ahead of them.

The rocks beneath their feet are still disappearing into the canyon below but now there is nowhere to go - all they can do is carry on to the sheer cave wall in front of them, surrounded on all sides by sheer rock.

They are just yards from the end and they have run as far as they can. The whole mountain is still crumbling under them so they can't slow down but they have no alternative but to run towards the sheer escarpment at the end of their path. They crash into the cave wall, turn round, gasping for air, and wait for whatever fate holds in store for them.

The rock continues to slip until they are standing on a ledge, no cave, just an indentation in the side of the vertical cliff stretching far above and below them. The thunderous roar of the collapsing mountain muffled by the distance to the bottom of the mountain.

Slowly the noise abates. The sound of the wind overtakes the boom of crashing rock. The rock is still slowly moving but it's no longer crashing into the depths below but slowly settling. They try to keep their balance as what was the vertical back wall of the cave slides down to become an almost horizontal floor.

Is the mountain still falling away or just adapting to its new shape? Sinking into the position it will hold for the next few million years. They wait, hardly daring to breathe. Bond looks up at the grey rock towering above them.

BOND

This is not something you see every day. A new mountain being born.

They hear a helicopter and look up.

155. EXT. THE SKY ABOVE DEADCENTRE. THE SAME TIME.

Approaching is a French SA3160 helicopter of the Pakistani army. At the open door is Captain Khoso.

156. EXT. THE MOUNTAINSIDE. SECONDS LATER.

PHOENIX

Probably look better from a distance.

They look at each other and smile in obvious relief as the sound of the helicopter gets closer.

157. EXT. DAY. THE OVAL. LONDON. SOME DAYS LATER.

M sits alone watching a cricket match - England v Pakistan - at the Oval cricket ground. There is a

sizeable crowd but no-one sits close to M in one of the rear rows of seats. He speaks on a mobile phone.

M

Ah Bond. How's the vacation?

158. EXT. CLOSE UP. SAME TIME.

BOND is holding his phone. He wears sunglasses. The top of his shoulders can be seen. He isn't wearing a shirt.

BOND

Very relaxing thank you sir.  
Not a mountain or cave in  
sight.

159. EXT. A BOAT AT SEA. SAME TIME.

BOND sits at the rear of a sports fishing yacht - not huge but impressive. He wears trunks and between his legs is a deck-mounted sea-fishing rod. Next to him is another seat and rod - unattended.

M (VOICE OF)

We can't get hold of Phoenix.  
You haven't heard anything  
from her have you?

Phoenix emerges from inside the yacht wearing a bikini and carrying two cocktail glasses. Her tattoos are impressive and extravagant. She hands a glass to Bond.

BOND

Oh I'm sure she'll turn up.

M

Well it was nice to see the  
two of you working together  
harmoniously for a change.

PHOENIX sits down ready for fishing. She looks over at BOND and smiles. BOND smiles back and raises the glass.

BOND

Well sir. Sometimes you just  
have to make sacrifices for  
Queen and country.

THE END