

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH

by

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and

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

GUN BARREL LOGO OPENS ON

GENEVA SWITZERLAND, an unnaturally clean city that melds old Europe with new money of both dubious and legitimate source.

INT. HALLWAY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An engraved brass plaque announcing the name of the "private banking institute" within.

INT. PENTHOUSE BANK OFFICE - GENEVA - DAY

JAMES BOND, dressed impeccably as ever, is being FRISKED by three THUGS in Armani suits. They remove A GUN from inside his jacket, a well-concealed knife, a metal case, laying them on the desk that separates Bond and...

LACHAISE...an extremely well-groomed gentleman. Behind him, three floor-to-ceiling windows lead out to a rooftop garden.

LACHAISE

Not the usual Swiss procedure, Mr. Bond, but you understand, a man in my position..

BOND

Which is neutral, no doubt.

Lachaise takes the joke a little tight-lipped. Gestures for Bond to sit.

A GIRL ENTERS, a gorgeous Swiss bombshell in a pin-striped suit. She pushes a cart. On it are a BRIEFCASE and a box of EXPENSIVE CIGARS, which she offers to Lachaise and Bond.

LACHAISE

It wasn't easy, but I retrieved the money. No doubt Sir Robert will be pleased to see it again.

The efficient Cigar Girl brings the briefcase to Bond, setting it in his lap and opening it up...inside is a good deal of CASH in pound sterling.

LACHAISE

In the current exchange rate, minus the fees, of course, and certain unforeseeable expenses. Here is the receipt...

The CIGAR GIRL offers Bond a RECEIPT...

CIGAR GIRL

Would you like to check my figures?

BOND
Perhaps later.

She steps back. Bond reaches for the metal case on the desk...the THUGS TENSE...

BOND
My glasses.

Lachaise nods. Bond can have his glasses.

He puts them on, gives a cursory look at the receipt...an odd number in pound sterling, calculated down to the penny:
3,030,303.03.

LACHAISE
It's all there.

Bond folds the receipt, slips it into his WALLET...then, he removes the glasses, slowly, deliberately, eyeing Lachaise.

BOND
I didn't come for the money. The report you sold him was stolen from an MI-6 agent, who was killed for it.

He takes a photo from his jacket and lays it on the desk.

LACHAISE
I did not get the report from an MI-6 agent.

BOND
Who did you get it from?

LACHAISE
I am just a middle man. I am doing the honourable thing and returning the money to its rightful owner...

BOND
And we know how difficult that can be for the Swiss.

LACHAISE
(controlled fury)
Your last chance. Take the money.

BOND
Your last chance. Give me the name.

LACHAISE
Stripped of all your weaponry, you
still threaten me?

He nods. An Armani thug steps up and takes out a gun...

BOND
Perhaps you failed to take into
account my...hidden assets.

Bond's mouth edges into a smile. A flicker of doubt on Lachaise's face -- as Bond's finger finds a protrusion on the tiny arm of his glasses and...

KABOOM! The pistol on the table FLASHES...blinding those around, they cover their eyes, stagger back...it is a brief effect, just enough to disorient the thugs and give Bond his opening...

He KARATE-CHOPS HENCHMAN #1 unconscious, taking his gun. Kicks HENCHMEN #2 in the face and throws #3 OUT THE WINDOW just as they're getting their bearings. Now he nestles the barrel of his borrowed hand gun into the hollow of Lachaise's cheek.

BOND
The name?

LACHAISE
I can't tell you...
(Bond cocks the gun)
Alright, alright! But you must protect
me!

And he freezes. The handle of a THROWING KNIFE is sticking out of his neck. Bond looks up, catches sight of the CIGAR GIRL as she vaults out the broken window and onto THE ROOF.

Bond rushes to the window...

EXT. VERANDAH - ROOFS - GENEVA - DAY

She swings on a WIRE across to another roof, quickly disappearing into shadows.

Bond can hear sirens approaching. He returns to...

THE OFFICE...he grabs the money and moves fast for the door, casually slipping that cigar into his pocket...

Except Henchman #1 has recovered, blocks his way, gun in hand. He starts to squeeze the trigger -- when a RED DOT appears on his chest...another window SHATTERS as a bullet zings through and pierces the henchman in the heart.

Bond looks back once at the shattered window, then heads out.

INT. BANK - GENEVA - DAY

Bond appears on the top floor of the grand old building, by the elevator. Looks over the balcony, sees figures on the stairs. Hears the elevator cage start from below.

Thinking fast, he wrenches open the steel gate, leans into the lift shaft, watches the elevator COUNTERWEIGHT as it comes down. Almost nonchalant, he steps out...

INT. STAIRWELL/ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

As the cageful of police rises, Bond is now standing on the counterweight, DESCENDING.

EXT. STREET - GENEVA

Lunchtime. Faceless business crowds heading for their brief moment of freedom, among them we spot BOND...one of them, with a briefcase and a suit and tie...HOLD on his face, troubled.

INT. HOTEL - GENEVA - DAY

The Cigar Girl enters a huge, high-ceilinged room. Edgy, she approaches a BIG MAN standing on a balcony overlooking the city. Propped against the doorframe, an assassin's RIFLE with LASER-SIGHT attached. BINOCULARS are on a tripod, trained on the rooftop below where we can see cops examining the shattered office windows.

The man turns. Powerful, deadly, with a military haircut. There is a raised, red scar of an ENTRY WOUND at his temple. It throbs and shifts with the slightest facial expression, like an insect living just beneath his skin. One EYE seems slightly drooping, deadened. The other eye is sharp and black as anthracite. It is a frightening face. This is RENARD.

RENARD

What's his name? Our friend from MI-6?

CIGAR GIRL

James Bond.

RENARD

One of M's more accomplished tin soldiers.

CIGAR GIRL

He could identify me.

RENARD

If it concerns you...kill him.

He touches her cheek and moves into the room, pouring two glasses of wine.

RENARD

Let's toast this James Bond. We're in his hands now...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER THAMES - LONDON - DAY

A SEAPLANE swoops over the Millennium Dome, banks along the snaking river.

EXT. MI-6 - LONDON - DAY

Tate Gallery in background, the seaplane moors beneath the vast stepped cake that is MI-6. Bond exits with the suitcase.

INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - DAY

CAMERA MOVES with Bond as he enters this secret, hi-tech world. He passes through countless security procedures, watched by an attentive staff.

Bond scoops the money out of the suitcase. Three million sterling in tightly bundled hundreds makes quite a sight. He flicks his finger through the last wad, tosses it down wistfully. A blue light scans it on three axis.

The money is bundled into a clear plastic bag, put on a tray and wheeled through a series of barred enclosures into the SECURE ROOM. Bond hands the suitcase to a STAFF MEMBER.

BOND

Have this checked, see what you can get off it.

INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6 - DAY

Bond appears, hiding something behind his back. Moneypenny brightens.

MONEYPENNY

James. Brought me a souvenir from Geneva?

He produces the cigar, now in a large phallic TUBE. Stands it end up on the desk.

BOND

Thought you might want one of these.

MONEYPENNY
(beat, deadpan)
I gave up a long time ago.
(nods to M's door)
She's in with Sir Robert.

INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6 - DAY

Bond enters. SIR ROBERT KING is perched on the edge of M's desk. Two glasses, a bottle of scotch open.

M
Sir Robert King, James Bond.

King moves toward Bond with an easy, patrician smile. Bond notes a TINY BADGE in his lapel -- like the glass eye of a stuffed snake.

SIR ROBERT
Thanks for getting my money back --
never expected to see it again.
You're the kind of man I could use.
Though I won't offend certain parties
by asking you to join King Industries.

King looks to M, smiling.

BOND
Construction's not exactly my line.

M
Quite the opposite, in fact.

She couldn't resist. King smiles at Bond. As he goes, he gives M a respectful kiss on the cheek. The door closes. M turns.

BOND
Old friend?

M
Since Oxford. I knew him when he had
nothing but a brilliant mind and
enough guts to conquer the world.
He's a man of great integrity.

BOND
Who buys classified reports for three
million pounds.

M picks up the report from her desk. Bond notices it is in Russian, with a SEAL from a Russian military agency in the corner: MIRATOM.

M
It's a report on weapons security in the former Soviet Union, which, as you know, is shaky at best. He's had several instances of sabotage at the pipeline, and he's understandably concerned. He called me the moment he realized its sensitive nature.

She pours a scotch for Bond. He drops some ice in, thoughtful.

BOND
Someone was watching over me in Geneva. A guardian angel with a laser sight.

He stops, rubs his thumb and forefinger together -- a strange SIZZLING where he touched the ice. Realization sinks in.

BOND
King.

M sees the seriousness in his eyes -- stabs at the intercom:

INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Moneypenny's eyes shoot to the intercom console:

M
(filtered)
Moneypenny, stop King leaving.

MONEYPENNY
(flicking switch)
Security --

INT. CORRIDORS, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Sir Robert King and an MI-6 AIDE walk toward SECURITY.

INT. Q DIVISION, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Q and his men are working on a strange half-built BOAT suspended over a water tank.

Q
..the hydro boat can operate in three inches of water...

He looks up as Bond runs through...

INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

THE MONEY lies on the tray, wrapped in plastic.

Sir Robert approaches, two rows of security bars between him and the cash. An official produces a bag and moves toward it:

SIR ROBERT
Thanks, but I'll count it myself.
(apologetic, smiles)
Lifetime habit. I'm Scottish.

INT. LOWER CORRIDORS/SECURITY AREA, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Bond shoots around the corner just in time to see Sir Robert disappearing past the THICK STEEL DOOR of the secure room.

BOND
Stop! King!

INT. SECURITY, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

The shout is muffled, Sir Robert's more interested in the money.

He continues toward camera, that PIN on his lapel emits a serene HUM and we

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE METAL STRIP IN ONE NOTE AS IT CRACKLES AND --
KABOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

INT. LOWER CORRIDORS/SECURITY AREA, MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

MAYHEM. FIRE blasts out of the open doorway just as Bond reaches it. The STEEL DOOR flies toward him. He dives --

EXT. MI-6/RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The building rocks. SMOKE is pouring from a HOLE that's appeared in a lower tier. A wall and a section of roof gone.

EXT. MI-6/RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A figure staggers out, shaken. Catching his breath. BOND.

CUT TO:

ECU CIGAR GIRL
Lining up Bond with her infra-red
telescopic sight.

ANGLE ON BOND

In the swirling dust and smoke, he suddenly sees a wand of red light, pointing at his chest.

All instinct, he dives for cover. Powerful, high velocity bullet hits blanket the area. Bond prepares to return fire, scanning around for the source. Through the debris he spots an unusual, hi-tech BOAT on the river -- long and narrow and low. A figure on board. THE CIGAR GIRL.

ANGLE ON CIGAR GIRL

She FIRES OFF A ROUND OF SHOTS, forcing Bond back into cover. Then she guns the engines and SPEEDS OFF down the Thames.

EXT. MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Determined, Bond races back into the wreckage...

INT. MI-6 - CONTINUOUS

Bond races through the chaos that is MI-6 and into...

Q DIVISION
Where he leaps into the prototype
BOAT. Q protests...

Q
It's not finished!

Bond looks at the mystifying number of buttons and gadgets ...presses something red and...THE BOAT LEAPS OUT, ENGINE ROARING...

EXT. SLIPWAY - RIVER - DAY

THE 007 THEME KICKS IN AS:

JAMES BOND, in the Q boat, SHOOTs OUT of the MI-6 rubble and onto the Thames.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

Bond can see the Cigar Girl up ahead...he is closing the distance. She catches sight of him in pursuit...

EXT. CIGAR GIRL - BOAT - DAY

She pushes the boat to its limit, it roars to a new level of speed...the chase is on.

EXT. THAMES - DAY

Police speedboats, alerted by the commotion, trail Bond.

ON THE EMBANKMENT

Police cars scream alongside, sirens wailing.

ON THE THAMES

Bond is losing ground as he and the Cigar Girl weave through traffic on the Thames. In a gutsy bid to keep pace, he corrals the Q boat into a hair-raising SHORT-CUT, shooting off...

UNDERNEATH A PIER

He maneuvers the boat under the low pier and emerges EVEN CLOSER to his prey...

EXT. CIGAR GIRL - BOAT - DAY

The Cigar Girl stops her boat, moving to the back, manning her large, rear-mountain MACHINE GUN and taking aim at Bond...

EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

Bond continues at full speed, fearless in the hail of bullets ricocheting off the vessel.

THE CIGAR GIRL Remains calm and cool, shooting with precision.

BOND closes in...

CIGAR GIRL'S eyes widen as...

BOND STEERS HIS BOAT RIGHT OVER THE MACHINE GUN AND TURRET...

Cigar Girl dives out of the way, as her boat becomes a RAMP, LAUNCHING the Q boat INTO THE AIR before it dives, nose-first, into the Thames.

EXT. - CIGAR GIRL BOAT - CONTINUOUS

CIGAR GIRL gets up from the deck and sees BOND, turning his boat to close in for the kill...

She scrambles to the helm and SPEEDS OFF, seeing ahead of her...

TOWER BRIDGE

Just beginning to open, to allow for passage of a small tanker.

EXT. CIGAR GIRL BOAT

She streaks toward the bridge, Bond lagging behind...

ON BOND

As he looses her boat in the distance, he makes a DESPERATE MOVE...he cranks the wheel of his boat and veers off, UP A SLIPWAY and into...

EXT. FISH MARKET

Where the boat hydroplanes on masses of surface water and propels him into

EXT. LONDON STREET

The hurtling boat causes mayhem and panic as he wrestles with the controls, jetting off the street and straight toward...

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT

Bond's boat crashes right through it, sending diners LEAPING in every direction. The Q boat SHOOTs OUT over the balcony and splashes down once more into...

EXT. THAMES - DAY

Cigar Girl is now clearly in his sights. She is amazed to see that Bond has managed to overtake her.

The racing boats dice through an armada of lazy, over-loaded BARGES, nearly crashing into the much larger vessels.

AT EVEN PACE NOW...Cigar Girl attempts to force her way past him, but Bond, punching buttons on the console of the Q-boat, releases a set of catapulting FLAME CANNISTERS which create a massive WALL OF FIRE ahead of them...

CIGAR GIRL is forced toward the very edge of the river...the jig is almost up, and then...

HER P.O.V. She spots the launching of a HOT AIR BALLOON from the base of the massive MILLENNIUM DOME.

She skids her vessel to a stop at a nearby pier and quickly scrambles out of her boat.

EXT. MILLENNIUM DOME - DAY

...A crowd around a RICHARD BRANSON-like figure about to climb into his HOT AIR BALLOON.

The Cigar Girl, brandishing her gun, forces her way through the crowd and LEAPS INTO THE BALLOON CARRIAGE, just ready to lift off. She cranks open the gas nozzles and the balloon rises with surprising speed.

EXT. BOND'S BOAT - DAY

Bond steers his craft toward a slipway adjacent to the pier and SHOOTs UP INTO THE AIR...

EXT. MILLENNIUM DOME

An amazing sight...Bond's boat sailing through the air just beneath the balloon. With split second precision he reaches up and GRABS ONE OF THE ROPES dangling down from the balloon.

Bond finds himself being CARRIED THROUGH THE AIR as his boat falls away from him, hitting the ground and ERUPTING into a ball of flame.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON - CONTINUOUS

As Bond is carried higher and higher, the Cigar Girl begins FIRING AT HIM over the edge of the carriage.

Bond, with ONE HAND, returns fire.

CIGAR GIRL then leans over the edge of the carriage and begins to SLICE THE ROPE that Bond is hanging from.

The fibers split and fray away from each other as...

BOND FALLS, heading straight toward...

THE MILLENNIUM DOME, which the balloon has drifted over.

AS HE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD...Bond, never surrendering, still FIRES HIS WEAPON up at the balloon. A bullet hits the gas tank...

EXT. BALLOON - DAY

The BALLOON EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL taking the Cigar Girl with it...

EXT. MILLENNIUM DOME - DAY

Bond lands with a spectacular thudding bounce, the roof of the Millennium Dome breaking his fall.

EXT. MILLENNIUM DOME ROOF - DAY

He slides uncontrollably down the slope of the Dome as scraps of burning balloon rain down all around, before he FALLS OFF THE EDGE of the Dome and lands with a THUD ON...

THE GROUND BELOW

He struggles up, wincing in SEARING PAIN as his hand goes to his INJURED SHOULDER. He hold it, and looks up, into the sky as we zero in on the iris of...

HIS EYE

reflecting the massive smoke cloud from the explosion as the screen transforms into...

THE MAIN TITLES

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE, LOCH LOMOND - DAY

BAGPIPES. A chapel atop a green slope overlooking the waters of Loch Lomond.

A long line of mourners files out at the end of a memorial service. They mill about on the lawn, among them, M, grim-faced, BILL TANNER, CHIEF OF STAFF and JAMES BOND, his arm in a black sling.

Bond, ever vigilant, scans the crowd...

HIS P.O.V. It's like a state funeral. Rich and powerful people, government ministers, chief executives from around the world...and then...

FAR OFF, on a DISTANT RISE, he sees a BIG MAN, not one of the mourners but an isolated observer, standing alone, wearing sunglasses and a military haircut.

The man seems to see Bond looking at him...

M
Bond, we'll meet you inside.

Bond looks at her for a brief second...when he turns back, the man is gone, like an APPARITION.

Bond walks off, up the grassy slope, toward the rise.

CUT TO:

THE VIEW ACROSS THE VALLEY

Bond stands on the hill, looking below. He sees nothing but a green carpet, not a tree to hide behind.

He hears a crunch of leaves...turns...

HIS P.O.V. A WOMAN, in mourning black, coming up the hill. Her china doll face is both fragile and proud.

WOMAN
Beautiful, isn't it?

BOND

Yes.

She steps up to the ridge with him. A breeze blows her hair. They stare out. The sun's rays have broken the clouds and strafe the valley.

WOMAN

Today, of all days, the sun decides to shine.

BOND

Perhaps Sir Robert had a word with the Man Upstairs.

WOMAN

A word? I'm sure by now he's engineered a hostile takeover.

BOND

You knew him well?

The sun glints off her bejewelled earlobe.

WOMAN

He was my father.

BOND

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

He died before he could complete his lifelong dream.

(beat)

I intend to finish it for him.

A voice interrupts them, calling from the estate...

OLDER MAN

Elektra!

ELEKTRA

Excuse me.

She walks away, the wind pressing her dress against her delicate figure. She looks brave and vulnerable as she walks back toward her father's grand house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - TRAVELING - DAY

M, Bond and Tanner in the rear of a limousine. The vehicle swoops through the epic countryside of the Scottish Highlands.

M
Elektra? Running King Industries?
(she broods)
I've known that girl all her life.
I'm not sure she knows what she's
walking into.

BOND
She's not a girl anymore.

M looks at Bond. Eyes his sling.

M
I've scheduled a medical for you.

BOND
It's barely a scratch. The Dome broke
my fall.

M
Well, at least it turned out to have
some purpose.

Bond gives her a look.

M
No-one goes into the field on this
unless they're 100%. Dr. Greatrex
is waiting.

EXT. CASTLE THANE - HIGHLANDS - DAY

The limousine swoops under the portcullis, into a courtyard.

ADJUST ANGLE to reveal huge antennae and satellite dishes
within.

SUPER: MI-6 REMOTE OPERATIONS CENTRE, SCOTLAND

EXT. CORRIDOR - CASTLE THANE - CONTINUOUS

Bond walks through the corridors. Just before he enters the
medical room, he removes his sling and casually drapes it on
a suit of armor.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - CASTLE THANE - DAY

Bond sits on the couch, shirt off, awaits the results of his
medical.

The very attractive DOCTOR GREATREX looks at her notes.

DOCTOR GREATREX
Dislocated collar bone. If any more
tendons snap...

DOCTOR GREATREX

(looks up)
It won't just be two weeks out of
action.

BOND

I need you to pass me fit now, Molly.

She moves to him, touches the scarred and bruised bone.

BOND

It's just a scratch.

DOCTOR GREATREX

James. It wouldn't really be...

His hand comes up, rests on her waist.

BOND

Ethical? Can't we just skirt the
issue?

And he pulls down the zip on her skirt. Flicks the clasp
and it drops to the floor. She shakes her head -- as he
starts undoing the buttons on her shirt. She's very business-
like, despite what's happening.

DOCTOR GREATREX

...if you showed
sufficient...willpower. Promised to
slow down. Cut out running,
jumping...shooting. All kinds of...

And he pulls her toward him, they kiss.

BOND

Strenuous activity?

Her shirt drops to the floor. She pushes him back, lies on
him. Just wearing knickers now. Between kisses:

DOCTOR GREATREX

Then maybe I'd be... open to that.

BOND

(smiles)
Perhaps after this ... test?

DOCTOR GREATREX

...yes?...

BOND

I could come for a second opinion?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ)- LATER

A huge chandelier dominates the vast stone room. SEVERAL AGENTS listen to the debriefing. ROBINSON and M watch TANNER explain things; he holds a FIFTY POUND NOTE and KING'S LAPEL PIN (now blackened, fused, melted to expose electronics beneath).

TANNER

...The money was dipped in urea, dried, and packed tight. In one note the metal strip had been replaced with a combustible magnesium circuit -- in effect a tiny detonator. King always wore a pin in his lapel, an heirloom called 'the Eye of the Glens'; but someone switched it for a copy, a ceramic micro-circuit emitting an electronic signature.

ANGLE

on BOND as he enters the room. He hangs back in the shadows, watches Tanner mime the pin moving to the note:

TANNER

When he came within range of the money -- boom. Ingenious.

M steps forward. Her fury controlled.

M

We've been pawns in someone's game. They tricked us into bringing the money to King. Not just elaborate. Cock-sure.

TANNER

And expensive. Cost three million plus.

Suddenly the chandelier darkens, the floor brightens into a VAST SCREEN, showing a satellite image of Central Asia and the Mediterranean. M and Robinson walk onto the screen.

M

Cheap, if it achieves your aim of de-stabilizing the Western World.

She causes the desired stir. Bond steps forward from the shadows to get a better view. M sees the sling has gone.

M

007. What do you know of the Caspian Sea?

BOND

Caviar capital of the world. Matchless
beluga. Firm, yet subtle.

(M looks askance)

Largest landlocked body of water on
Earth. Oil-rich. Hitler wanted it.
Stalin beat him to it.

M

And now it's up for grabs, a goldrush.
Far more oil than anyone thought.

ROBINSON

Latest estimates, six trillion
dollars. It'll make the Gulf look
like a puddle, see us right through
the new century. The problem is
getting the oil out of there.

M

There are four pipelines in the works.
Three to the Black Sea, shipping out
through the Bosphorus. All vulnerable
to unstable governments or Russian
blockade.

BOND

So Sir Robert's goes through Turkey,
direct to the Med...?

ROBINSON

A huge project. The most expensive
of the pipelines, but the one
supported by every Western leader.
None of the American oil companies
were willing to take it on. But
King has connections to the region.
He married into the Vavra family,
rich local industrialists. He used
those connections to hold it all
together.

BOND

Kill the man, kill the pipeline.

M

Not necessarily. Not with Elektra
taking over.

Tanner notices a RED LIGHT start pulsing. He moves to M:

TANNER

Your call to the PM.

M nods grimly. As Robinson distributes sealed envelopes:

M
Our credibility has been hit hard.
We have to hit back harder. Your
assignments.

They open their envelopes, but Bond received nothing.

M
(to Bond)
I'm waiting for the report on your
medical.

She leaves. Bond is brooding.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - NIGHT

An ancient nook chock full of hi-tech equipment. Bond concentrates on a screen displaying PHOTOGRAPHS, NEWSPAPER AND TELEVISION CLIPS -- all to do with King's life and times.

Bond touches the screen on a photo of...ELEKTRA.

INT. SCREEN

One story dominates -- the KIDNAPPING OF ELEKTRA KING. A Polaroid of Elektra savagely beaten, ear bandaged, holding a newspaper: beneath the photo is scrawled "\$5,000,000."

NEWSCASTER
...somehow managed to shoot two of
her captors and escape...

POLICE VIDEO: Elektra interviewed; bruised, emotional.

VOICE
... the leader, the one who escaped.
Can you describe him?

ELEKTRA
He shouted. He shouted all the time --

Bond touches Elektra's face, freezing her tears.

His eyes wander to the photo with the ransom demand: \$5,000,000. A thought forms. He takes out his wallet, opening it and removing:

THE RECEIPT FROM LACHAISE.

E.C.U. The strange figure, in pounds: 3,030,303.03.

Bond taps some keys. The words EXCHANGE RATE appear on the screen...pounds to dollars.

He enters '3,030,303.03 POUNDS STERLING' and through multiplication by the exchange rate this becomes:

'5,000,000 US DOLLARS.' He stares at it.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - DUSK

Bond paces the flagstones, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - CONTINUOUS

Bond opens the door on M who stands alone by the window, looking out at the long shadows on the moors.

BOND

Tell me about the kidnapping of
Elektra King.

She turns, her brow furrowing.

M

Who told you to look at Elektra's
files?

BOND

I took the initiative.

M

You haven't been given an assignment
in this case.

BOND

I was the one who brought that money
in...

M

I'm well aware of your stake in this,
007. If you have a point, get to
it.

BOND

The amount of money that killed Robert
King is the same amount as the ransom
demand for Elektra.

He hands her a slip of paper.

BOND

Whoever kidnapped Elektra is the
same man who killed her father.

M looks at the paper, a long time.

M
It's a message. He wants us to know
he's back.

BOND
Who?

M
Claude Serrault. A.K.A...

BOND
(this is serious)
Renard.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ)- NIGHT

A HUGE, TRANSPARENT 3-D IMAGE OF RENARD'S SKULL floats in
the centre of the room. Other images of him on wall screens.

M
Sir Robert tried to deal with the
kidnapping with his own...resources,
at first. When Elektra's ear was
delivered to him in the post, he
came to me.
(measured)
I advised against paying the ransom.
I knew it was Renard. I played it
out as long as possible to get a fix
on him.

BOND
Sacrifice the girl to take out the
terrorist?

M
How many deaths is he responsible
for? How many innocent people? You
may only get one shot at a man like
Renard. Same circumstances, I'd do
the same again.

She turns to the hologram.

M
We sent 009 down to kill him. Before
he could, Elektra escaped. A week
later our man caught up with the
target. Put a bullet in his head.
(beat)
That bullet is still there.

Bond moves toward the ghostly Renard. We now see THE BULLET INSIDE HIS SKULL.

BOND

He survived?

M

The doctor who saved him couldn't get it out, so Renard killed him. When Interpol found the x-rays, there was mild jubilation. Effectively, he's a dead man.

She presses a button, the hologram turns...

M

The bullet is moving through the medulla oblongata, killing off his sense of touch. He feels no pain. He can push himself harder, longer than any normal man.

BOND

'That which does not kill me makes me stronger.'

M

Now Robert is dead. He got his revenge.

BOND

He's not through yet. Renard doesn't blow up five million dollars unless he knows there's more coming in. He's working for someone. Someone who wants to stop the pipeline. And they hired the perfect killer. One with a vendetta against King...and you.

MONEYPENNY ENTERS with a file, which she hands to M.

M looks over the file: his medical report.

M

I see the good doctor gave you glowing testimonials. 'Exceptional stamina'...

MONEYPENNY

He's always been good at oral exams.

Money Penny disappears out the door. M is all business.

M

Get out to the pipeline. Find the insider who switched the pin. If your instincts are right, Renard will be back. He hasn't completed the job. The pipeline is still going forward, and we have Elektra to thank for that.

BOND

The worm on the hook again.

They exchange a look. A look of recognition between two professionals, who know the terrible price of what they do.

INT. Q'S LAB - NIGHT

A Scot in a kilt plays the bagpipes -- badly. He spins round, drops the pipe from his mouth, simultaneously fires bullets from one pipe and a jet of flame from another. The target is a realistic dummy -- now a molten, bullet-ridden mess.

We're in Q's laboratory. He's walking Bond through.

BOND

Scottish heavy metal, Q?

Q

Oh pipe down, 007.
(irritated, hands
over a WATCH)
Your 29th. Try not to lose this one.
It has dual lasers and a miniature
grappling hook with fifty feet of
high-tensile micro-filament, able to
support 800 pounds.

In the background, we see a man in a sleek black jacket. The man PULLS A STRING...the jacket becomes AN AIRBAG...it envelopes him, he gets impossibly tangled in it.

Q ignores it, handing Bond a new pair of GLASSES.

Q

New refinement. Sort of X-ray vision.
For checking concealed weapons.

BOND

And other uses, no doubt.

Q

Abuses in your case. You destroyed
my hydro-boat in less than seven
minutes, as no doubt will be the
case with this...

He presses a button and a section of ceiling lowers to reveal a BMW Z7. A MAN in a white coat is loading A MISSILE into one of the headlamps, then steps off the platform. Q gestures to him.

Q
007, my Deputy Assistant. I'm grooming him to follow me.

BOND
(to Man)
That would make you..."R"?

R
Ahh, the rampant 007 wit. I, of course, am laughing inside. But I dare say you've met your match in this machine.
(touring the car)
The absolute latest in intercepts, surveillance and countermeasures. Titanium plating and armor, a multi-tasking heads-up display. Completely indestructible. All in all, rather stocked.

Q
'Fully loaded' I think is the term.
"R" pats the fender, he's pretty damned fond of his machine.

R
Do take good care of her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

A hot day. CAMERA soars over tall trees. We can just make out the sleek muscular car, beetle-black and far below, bouncing over rough terrain. Bond "taking care" of his new BMW Z7.

INT. BOND'S CAR - NR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

We join Bond at the wheel, driving hard, loving it, pushing up extreme inclines, smashing through overhanging limbs.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE, CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

Bond reaches a PERIMETER FENCE, manned by a GUARD. The guard examines Bond's PASS and waves him through.

EXT. AIRSTRIP AREA NEAR CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

As Bond drives on he passes an area where HELICOPTERS trailing GIANT SAWS are trimming back trees. Felled trees are being dragged away, being replaced by huge metal sheets. An incredibly fast and well-oiled operation -- but why?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

Bond pulls up at the CONSTRUCTION SITE, teeming with ultra-modern robotic construction machines and vehicles.

He gets out, and is immediately surrounded by men with guns. A man in a suit steps forward. DAVIDOV is tall, blonde, with a dangerous charm Bond instantly recognizes as ex-KGB.

He turns Bond around, hands on the car. Pats him down. Pulls out an ID, checks it:

DAVIDOV
(excellent English)
Bond. A government man. I'm afraid
since you English got the boss killed
we've been a little...jumpy.

Bond stares ahead, watches a PRIVATE JET swoops past...

EXT. AIRSTRIP AREA NEAR CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

The jet lands on a runway of the metal sheets Bond saw being laid as he passed...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, NEAR CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

Davidov pulls out Bond's gun.

BOND
(re: gun)
I'd rather you didn't play with that.

Davidov ignores him, looking the gun over.

DAVIDOV
Nice.

BOND
Quite stunning.

Bond turns to watch a LIFTING HELICOPTER swoop in and drop down an air-conditioned office. Military precision.

Davidov's radio crackles out a message and he tosses the gun back to Bond. They start walking:

DAVIDOV
(pleasant)
Sorry about all that, comrade. Old
habits die hard. I am Head of
Security. Davidov.

Bond eyes him, but is distracted by a jet coming to a halt
ahead of them.

Stairs swing down and out steps ELEKTRA KING. Beautiful,
elegant. So out of place in this world of men. She surveys
the worksite.

Impressed, Bond takes his ID back from Davidov.

INT. OFFICE, CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Bond and Davidov step into a fully functioning office.
Everything Elektra requires is here. Computer, phones, drinks
cabinet. She is in the middle of a group of workmen and
secretaries, looking at plans, talking, pouring herself a
cup of coffee.

ELEKTRA
(to Foreman)
...they should have been in place
two days ago. That is the target my
father set.

FOREMAN
We've had some trouble with the
villagers at Ruan. Some sacred burial
plot...

DAVIDOV
Miss King...James Bond here to see
you.

She looks up...a brief moment of RECOGNITION...then back to
business.

ELEKTRA
Find me the research on the limestone
deposits, go ahead and place these
orders, and get the jeep ready. I
will go to Ruan myself...

DAVIDOV
Miss King, I wouldn't recommend...

ELEKTRA
I said, I will go.

She signs some documents and the men file out. She gets up,
turning her back to Bond, hands on her hips.

ELEKTRA
Would you excuse us, Davidov?

Davidov nods and leaves. Elektra still keeps her back turned, but he can see her physically change, her shoulders sag, her arms cross in front of her. When she finds her voice, it has a gravelly sound of emotion.

ELEKTRA
I met you at my father's funeral.

BOND
Yes.

ELEKTRA
I haven't been able to recall a single moment of that day...until now.

BOND
Funerals aren't exactly memorable.

ELEKTRA
God no. All those horrible loved ones and relatives. I don't want to talk to those people. I just want to...talk to my father.
(beat)
I loved him. I'm not sure he knew that.

BOND
Is that why you want to finish the pipeline?

ELEKTRA
Partially, yes.

Her muscleman BODY GUARD appears, says briefly:

GABOR
The jeep is ready, Ma'am. Will I be driving with you?

ELEKTRA
No, Gabor. We have a guest.

Gabor glares at Bond before he leaves.

BOND
Who is he?

ELEKTRA
My bodyguard. He follows me everywhere. He's decisive, vigilant. And he makes an excellent omelette.

BOND
How long has he been with you?

ELEKTRA
Since the kidnapping. Why do you ask?

Bond takes something out of his pocket, he opens his palm, shows it to her.

BOND
Does this look familiar to you?

ELEKTRA
It's my father's pin. He wore it everyday of his life.

She swallows back emotion. Looks in his eyes, with a sad half-smile that unsettles him.

ELEKTRA
Are you trying to break my heart? Or is it just your way with women?

BOND
It's not the pin your father wore. It's an exact duplicate. Inside is a tiny electrical detonator. We have reason to believe the assassin had an inside accomplice, someone who worked at this company.

ELEKTRA
If you've come here to look after me, Mr. Bond, thank you, but no thank you. I have two bodyguards, I don't need a third...

She starts to walk out. He follows her...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

BOND
The killer doesn't want to see this pipeline continue, doesn't want to see you take over...

ELEKTRA
That's every man within a five mile radius. Including you.
(off his look)
That's why you're here, isn't it? You think I can't do it. You think I'm going to screw up. Or get myself killed.

BOND

I think running this pipeline would
be a difficult job for anyone.
Especially King's daughter.

ELEKTRA

You are wrong, Mr. Bond. In fact, I
am the only person who can do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEEP, TRAVELING - OILFIELDS - DAY

Elektra drives the all-terrain jeep with casual assurance.
Bond is beside her, cold-weather gear in the back. They're
following a huge pipeline, passing a blighted petrified forest
of twisted iron: derelict oil derricks.

Elektra gestures at the oil fields they're now leaving behind.
Receding into the distance, a DELTA OF ROADWAYS perched on
rusting stilts juts out into the sea.

ELEKTRA

My mother's people discovered oil
here ninety years ago. The Bolsheviks
slaughtered them for it.

(beat)

Some say oil is in my family's blood.
I say our blood is in the oil. This
is the very heart of the planet. Up
here in the hills was Eden, literally.
Look what the Russians did to it.
Now we have a second chance and this
time we'll do it right. When the
other wells have all dried up, she'll
still be pumping her lifeblood to
the world. And this

(proudly, of pipeline)

Will be one of the main arteries...

EXT. POV FROM HELICOPTER - DAY

Bond and Elektra travel beside the vast pipe through dramatic,
beautiful, scenery...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Davidov and Gabor, in the helicopter, watch the jeep below.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CAMP, FOOTHILLS OF THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS
(CAPPADOCIA, THE VILLAGE OF ZELVE) - DAY

The jeep reaches a break in the pipe: a SURVEY CAMP, flags,
strings. The SURVEY CREW cower behind a 4WD, local tribesman
are stoning them from a village carved into the rock.

A lot of SHOUTING.

Before Bond can stop her, Elektra gets out, moves toward the tribesmen. The stoning ceases. They know who she is. She begins to speak quietly -- in their own tongue.

INT. CHAPEL, ZELVE - DAY

A stunning pre-Byzantine chapel hewn from the rock. Flames illuminate beautiful mosaics and paintings on the cavern wall. A COPTIC PRIEST proudly shows Elektra about, jabbering in his mother tongue. She answers in his language.

Bond watches her, impressed.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CAMP - DISTORTED ELECTRONIC POV, FROM ABOVE:

We hear the click of high-powered electronic binoculars, zeroing in on Bond and Elektra as they return to the survey team. This can't be Davidov's view, as the helicopter has settled down below.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CAMP, FOOTHILLS OF MOUNTAINS - DAY

Bond is edgy. Someone is out there. He's sure of it. He sees Davidov and Gabor scanning the area as well. Elektra speaks to the foreman.

ELEKTRA
Send the pipe around.

FOREMAN
It will take weeks, cost millions.
Your father approved this route.

ELEKTRA
Then my father was wrong.

The first time Elektra has asserted her own authority. The foreman is surprised, angry. But he doesn't question her.

She moves toward the helicopter, says to Bond:

ELEKTRA
I have to check the upper lines.
Gabor will drive you back.

BOND
Always wanted to see the upper lines.

ELEKTRA
You don't take no for an answer, do you?

BOND

No.

She shrugs, mischief in her eyes.

ELEKTRA

Alright then. Do you ski?

Bond just smiles.

BOND

I've been known to.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The chopper swoops over SNOWY WASTES. It reaches a mountain peak, hovers. The wind is strong, buffeting.

Elektra and Bond are both now in ski suits, Bond wearing a sleek black jacket.

PILOT

Can't land. Wind's too strong!

ELEKTRA

Just hold her steady.

(to Bond)

You wanted to see it.

She steps into her skis, opens the door. Wind rushes in.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Without a moment's hesitation, Elektra leaps out of the chopper and falls fifteen feet, landing on the move.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Unbelieving, Bond quickly dons skis and leaps after her.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Below him on the mountain, she is already a way ahead. Her skiing is fearless. Bond likes a challenge...

They wind down the slope, competitive, testing one another, enjoying it.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

After an exhilarating run, she stops on the edge of a huge drop. Bond joins her. They look down at the snowy valley below. A line of survey FLAGS visible through the middle.

ELEKTRA
We're building from both ends. This
is where they'll meet. Fifteen
hundred miles from the Caspian to
the Mediterranean.

Bond and Elektra stand on the mountainside, feeling like the only two people in the world, when they hear: THE DISTANT HUM OF A PLANE.

EXT. SKY - DAY

They see FOUR OBJECTS falling out the back of the aircraft. As the objects plummet silently toward the earth, they POP PARACHUTES, their fall slows and then, as Bond and Elektra watch in disbelief...

GUNFIRE echoes out from the black shapes, now visible as PARASKIS, low-flying, sleek, deadly snow vehicles.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Bond turns to Elektra, he has to yell over the sound of the approaching machines.

BOND
Head for that gully, I'll lure them
into the trees!

He points her off to one side, where a shallow gully offers cover...she skis off to shelter and he skis OUT...INTO THE OPEN...where the paraskis trail after him...

He streaks toward the trees as the vehicles gain on him, firing...

EXT. FOREST

He makes it to the woods, finding cover in the trees, whipping in and out of sight as PARASKI #1 tries to follow, sinking lower and lower until...

HIS SKIDS catch on some over hanging branches...the Paraski is CATAPULTED into a tree and EXPLODES...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Coming in to pick up the pursuit of Bond is Paraski #2, firing down at Bond, dropping bombs which explode just behind him in the snow. The other two paraskis LAND and eject their chutes, now RACING THROUGH THE WOODS on the ground.

Bond looks behind him, sees them gaining...he zigzags through the trees and suckers Paraski #3 to glance off one tree, hit another and wipe out behind.

But the remaining predator on the ground, Paraski #4, is gaining on him...Bond bursts out of the trees and finds himself heading toward...

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE...

He cranks himself right, narrowly avoiding a tumble over the edge. Paraski #4 isn't so lucky and SAILS OFF THE CLIFF to a hundred and fifty foot drop.

BOND
(smiling)
Should have stuck to snowboarding.

But the smile is wiped off his face as...AN EMERGENCY PARACHUTE deploys from the back...

The Paraski does a climbing turn and heads straight back for him...

Bond skis for his life, away from Paraski #4 when PARASKI #2 appears in front of him...guns blazing...

One ahead and one behind, Bond turns back...he has nowhere to go but...

OVER THE EDGE

He sails through the air and lands on the Paraski #4, slashing the parachute with his ski pole before bouncing off and doing an amazing tumbling hundred foot fall to the snow, where he lands on his skis... Paraski four, the chute tangling in the rotors of its propeller, struggles to maintain control, his vehicle inexorably hurtling toward PARASKI #2: both of them having set their course for Bond, they are now on a collision course with EACH OTHER...

IN THE GULLY BELOW

Bond meets up with Elektra as above them...

The two Paraskis collide, crashing into the snowy hill above and tumbling down, end over end.

Bond and Elektra huddle together as shards and debris rain down on them.

Then...silence. An eerie silence.

ELEKTRA
Are they gone? All of them?

Bond nods, ripping from his pole a PIECE OF THE PARACHUTE he slashed and wiping his face with it...he looks at the piece of fabric in his hand. He sees:

CYRILLIC LETTERS...undecipherable to us...but there is a look on his face, a look of recognition as...

AN EARTH RATTLING RUMBLE grows above them.

Bond stuffs the parachute fragment in his ski-suit as he turns...

The exploding Paraskis have triggered AN AVALANCHE on the slope above.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/AVALANCHE AREA - DAY

They try to outrun it -- riding the sliding hill -- but they haven't a hope... the rest of the snow is catching them, they're going to get swallowed.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/AVALANCHE AREA - DAY

The ground shudders, the THUNDER CLOSING... Their ankles are soon covered, Elektra falls. Bond stops, pulls her up. They're about to die. He pulls her to him.

BOND

Hold on to me.

She's confused and frightened but does as she's told.

They hold one another tight as -- here it comes -- the white fury hurtles over them, burying them... At the last moment, just as their heads vanish from view...

CLOSE ON BOND PULLING THE Q GADGET ON THE JACKET.

The AIRBAG slams open. The snow covers it and them. More and more snow slides over...

CUT TO:

INT. SNOW HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness. The RUMBLING CEASES...

Light emanates from Bond's watch. In the shadows he pulls a knife, punctures the air bag. It deflates, leaving them cocooned in an icy tomb. Elektra looks around, staring, unbelieving.

ELEKTRA

Oh my God...we're buried alive...

BOND

We're alright.

But her breath is coming in short, irregular bursts.

ELEKTRA
I can't stay here.

BOND
You're not going to.

Bond takes a knife from a sheath around his ankle. Flicks open the small blade. He starts to cut a hole in the snow above their heads. She stops him.

ELEKTRA
No! It will cave in!

BOND
It's the only way out...

The snow CREAKS eerily, she gasps, terror mounting.

ELEKTRA
I can't breathe, I can't breathe...

Bond grabs her, holds her tight. She resists, bucks.

BOND
Elektra, look at me, look in my eyes!
(she does)
You're alright. Everything will be
alright. Trust me.

Finally, arrested by the strength in his eyes, she calms...

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

A beautiful expanse of smooth virgin snow. All is quiet. CLOSER Bond's fist PUNCHES through the white. He pulls the snow away, climbs out. Leans in, lifts Elektra out.

Bond and Elektra stand, lone figures in the perfect white. They hear a sound...HELICOPTER ROTORS. Rescue on its way.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEKTRA'S VILLA - DAY

An establishing shot of Bond's BMW parked outside the ornate villa on the shore of the golden Caspian.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, ELEKTRA'S VILLA - DAY

Palatial. Hallway dominated by a LARGE PAINTING of a bearded man in traditional Turkish garb, sitting proudly on a horse.

Davidov, Gabor, waiting, pacing.

Bond is sits in a chair, ON EDGE, writing something over and over on a small pad of paper...THE CYRILLIC LETTERS on the parachute fragment.

A DOCTOR comes down the grand staircase. The men stand.

DOCTOR
She's fine. Contusions. A slight
strain to her ankle, but otherwise,
fine.
(to Bond)
She wants to see you.

INT. ELEKTRA'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Bond enters. Elektra is standing by the window watching the golden ball of the sun sink into the sea. She wears nothing but a silk embroidered robe; the sun shows through it, outlining her naked body in soft, shadowy curves.

ELEKTRA
Are you alright?

He nods. He is wound tight, she senses it.

BOND
I can't stay.

ELEKTRA
I know.

A moment.

ELEKTRA
I need to ask you something. And I
need you to tell me the truth.

He waits.

ELEKTRA
Who is it? Who is trying to kill me?

Bond looks at her; vulnerable, fragile, trying to be strong. He cannot tell her the truth.

BOND
I don't know. But I will find him.

She stares at him, sensing he is withholding something. She turns back to the window.

He approaches behind her.

ELEKTRA

After the kidnapping...I was afraid
to go outside, to be alone, to be in
a crowd, to do anything at all, until
I realized...

(pause)

There's no point in living if you
can't...feel alive.

She looks out at the fading sun.

ELEKTRA

I can't huddle in the shadows. I
can't let fear run my life. I won't.

She turns to him.

ELEKTRA

The way I acted, in the snow...you
must think I'm a coward.

BOND

I think you're one of the bravest
people I've ever met.

She looks up at him, into his eyes; they are so close. All
she has to do is tilt her mouth upward...she kisses him.
His hands come up across her back, pressing her toward him,
her body melting into his, and then...

He pulls back. Has to physically step away from her.

ELEKTRA

What is it?

BOND

...you should rest.

That was exactly the wrong thing to say. He sees the rebellion
flair in her eyes.

ELEKTRA

James...

BOND

I have to go.

ELEKTRA

Then take me with you.

BOND

No. You'll be safe here.

ELEKTRA

I don't want to be safe!

BOND
I have to go to work.

He starts toward the door.

ELEKTRA
Now who's the coward?

He stops, his back up...then heads out the door.

IN THE HALLWAY

He passes Gabor, standing faithfully outside.

CUT TO:

EST. SHOT - EXT. CASINO NOIR D'OR, BAKU - NIGHT

Elegant, mysterious. A modern day Casablanca.

INT. CASINO NOIR D'OR, BAKU - NIGHT

Bond in evening dress in the sumptuous casino. He takes out the Q glasses, slips them on, surveys the room --

HIS X-RAY POV

He can see all the WEAPONS carried by the players. All sizes of pistol, even the odd grenade. The obvious side-effect of this view -- he can see through clothes.

His eyes alight on two girls walking away from him. One of them turns to look back, unaware that she is on display. She returns Bond's smile. Her friend turns to look. Bond's smile grows: she has a small pistol concealed over one breast.

INT. CASINO NOIR D'OR, BAKU - NIGHT

He looks over the lenses -- and spies someone on the fringes. His old adversary, ex-KGB, VALENTIN ZUKOVSKY, talking to some suspicious types. Zukovsky looks across. Bond walks toward him.

BOND
Valentin Zukovsky.

ZUKOVSKY
BondJamesBond. What brings you here?

BOND
You, of course. I need some information.

ZUKOVSKY

Bond, I'm a civilian. This is my place. Used to be the royal family's, now it's mine. I run my little business, I stay out of trouble...

BOND

(looking about)

Mafia warlords, Diplomats and spies, consortiums from every country in the world. A nice little rat's nest.

ZUKOVSKY

(offering hors
d'oeuvres)

Have some of the rat's nest caviar. From my own fishery. They buy my caviar, drink my champagne, lose to my House.

He turns to a suspicious-looking Heavy.

ZUKOVSKY

Let me introduce you to a former colleague of mine at the KGB. Dmitri Palov, you may know him as...the Boa.

The Boa is completely bald, muscular; huge, deadly hands.

BOA

The great 007. For years I have dreamed of closing my hands around your neck.

BOND

Boa. Have you had any therapy since Perestroika?

ZUKOVSKY

Why am I suddenly worried I'm not carrying enough insurance?

The Boa leaves, glaring all the while.

ZUKOVSKY

See? You're upsetting my customers. What do you want?

BOND

How does a terrorist like Renard supply his men with state-of-the-art Russian Army weapons?

ZUKOVSKY

What? This is not possible.

Bond takes from his pocket the fragment of the PARACHUTE.
Zukovsky examines the letters.

BOND

If I remember my Cyrillic that says
101st airborne division.

ZUKOVSKY

Where did you get this?

BOND

Off a high-powered Paraski that was
trying to kill me.

Zukovsky shakes his head. Sighs.

ZUKOVSKY

The Russian Army, they spend millions
on flying skis, but they cannot afford
to pay the soldiers. The men, they
do what they have to do to feed their
families. In this country, for the
right price and a pack of cigarettes,
you can get anything you want.

He notices Bond watching THE HOSTESS BAR...a dark alcove of
the casino, where slinky HOOKERS flatter the guests.

ZUKOVSKY

That too. Everyone does what they
can to survive.

BOND

How high up does this...arms dealing
go?

ZUKOVSKY

Bond. If someone wants you dead, it
is Renard. Our government has nothing
to gain by killing you.

BOND

But you would have something to gain
by killing Robert King. And stopping
his pipeline.

This hits Zukovsky. He closes down. A chill between them.

ZUKOVSKY

Poor Bond. The cold war is over.
What have you got left? Economic
espionage. Murder in the boardroom.

ZUKOVSKY

So dull.

Bond's eyes catch something, someone entering the casino.

HIS POV: ELEKTRA...more vibrant than we have ever seen her, living up to her name. She is impossibly glamorous in a sparkling dress that fits like second skin. Her hair is full and tumbling, her eyes are fiery and wild.

BOND

Oh, you'd be surprised.

Bond starts toward her, but she tosses her head, defiant, and turns away, making her way to the Roulette tables.

Bond follows her across the casino. They are like two cats, moving through this neon jungle, their energy dangerous and sexy, all eyes on them. He takes note as she passes...MINIMUM \$100, then \$500, \$1000...

She finally stops at the 'No limit' table. Crowded with the nastiest and richest of the high rollers, Armenians, Turks, South Americans, a computer nerd American and a Russian industrialist's wife, heavy with jewelry and drink.

ZUKOVSKY is suddenly there, pulling out a seat for her in the center.

ZUKOVSKY

We've kept your father's chair free.

ELEKTRA

And his account?

ZUKOVSKY

You have a credit line of a million and a half.

He gestures to the Dealer, who pushes ten towering stacks of CHIPS toward her. A WAITRESS is right there to take her order.

ELEKTRA

Vodka martini.

BOND

Two. Shaken not stirred.

He leans in, smiling his charming smile as he says:

BOND

What the hell are you doing here?

ELEKTRA
 (smiling right back)
 Someone wants to kill me, I'd rather
 die looking him straight in the eye.
 (lightly)
 What are you doing here? Looking
 for a woman a little more your type?
 How about that one?

She points to a SHOW GIRL in a feather headdress and pasties.

BOND
 If this little show is for my benefit,
 I'll take you home right now.

ELEKTRA
 You had your chance, James. Now I'm
 looking for a bigger thrill.

She pushes half her chips back onto the table, letting them stand on her bet. The whole table exhales. Then, it starts: bets are placed, gamblers energized by her arrival.

Bond scans the room, vigilant, nervous...

HIS P.O.V. He zeroes in on Davidov, sidling off, away from the table, trying to look nonchalant, his eyes shifting this way and that...he looks suspicious as hell.

Bond watches, his blood running, and then...

Davidov slips into the HOSTESS BAR. A HOOKER is soon wrapping herself around him. After a few words, she leads him off toward the back.

Bond returns to the game, shaking his head. He watches as THE DEALER DEALS FROM THE SHOE.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON PRIVÉ - NIGHT

A small room. Lit by sconces that sport LIVE FLAMES. Tacky-luxurious, a refracted Eastern reflection on an old west whore house.

Davidov undresses in the little bathroom alcove. He faces a small ornate mirror over the sink, in which he can see THE HOOKER behind him, on the bed.

HOOKER
 You want to be...on top, or not on top?

DAVIDOV

On top.

She slowly pulls a pair of SILK ROPES out from her bra and DANGLES THEM.

HOOKER

Tied up, or not tied up?

Davidov smiles, struggling with his belt. He looks down, gets it, looks up...his heart stops...it is not the hooker in the mirror but...

RENARD'S FRIGHTENING FACE.

Davidov spins.

HIS P.O.V. Renard's henchman stands by the door, an automatic rifle cocked at Davidov.

RENARD

Dead, or not dead?

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - THE BLACK JACK TABLE

Elektra with black king showing. A seven beneath.

BOND

I understand it's normally good practice to get the feel of the cards before going off the deep end.

ELEKTRA

Really?

And with a smile she scratches her cards on the table for a hit. The Dealer gives her an eight. She reveals her cards.

DEALER

Bust.

He rakes in her chips. But Elektra is undeterred. She pushes another pile forward as the next deal commences.

ELEKTRA

I like the deep end, James.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON PRIVE

The HENCHMAN holds Davidov against the wall with his huge fist around his neck.

Near his head, the live flame of a SCONCE hisses, burning blue and yellow, drawing their fuel from the glass basin of hot oil attached beneath it.

The HOOKER, obviously one of Renard's gang, has finished donning her khaki pants and combat boots and straps a gun onto her shoulder.

Renard looks distastefully at the room.

RENARD
Is this how you spend the money I
pay you? And with the rest you hire
fools who shoot like blind men?

DAVIDOV
(croaks out)
Bond...

RENARD
Should be dead as well. Your failure
today is astonishing. It is a
disgrace.

He approaches close to him, stopping at the flaming SCONCE near his head.

RENARD
Do you know why the color is blue at
the wick?

Davidov starts to sweat.

RENARD
Because that is where the flame is
the hottest.

Renard touches the glass well of oil.

RENARD
The temperature is close to five
hundred degrees.

Renard uses his knife and POPS the seal from the lamp, removing the well of oil...a DROP of the hot oil FALLS ON HIS HAND and SINGES IT BLACK in an instant...

Renard does not even flinch. Davidov starts talking, trying to placate...

DAVIDOV
The plane...it's all been arranged...

RENARD
Then you are completely unnecessary...

Renard raises the container of oil over Davidov's head:

DAVIDOV
I have the documents, the landing
authorizations, the security passes...

Renard stops, the oil tilted, just ready to pour...

His dead eye...has it drooped further since we last saw
him?...seems to glitter in the light...

RENARD
Bond is suspicious. We are moving
sooner, tonight. We understand each
other?

DAVIDOV
Yes...yes...

Renard lets a TRICKLE OF OIL drop onto Davidov's head...

HE SCREAMS as his hair smokes and singes...

Renard makes a motion, the THUG releases Davidov, who falls
to the floor, clutching his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - THE BLACK JACK TABLE

Another deal. ZUKOVSKY and others watch, as Elektra stakes
even more. People move closer for a view. The Dealer shows
a five. Elektra shows Bond her cards.

Elektra is holding two eights. Dealer's up-card is a six.

BOND
Stand or split them.

She smiles. He holds her gaze.

ELEKTRA
Surely you believe in living
dangerously.

BOND
Not at that price. Time to surrender.

They eye one another a long while -- sex firmly in the air.
She smiles. She moves ALL HER CHIPS forward.

Bond catches a look between the Dealer and Zukovsky:

DEALER
The House has no limit.

General kerfuffle. Bond looks back toward THE HOSTESS BAR...no sign of Davidov's return...

ELEKTRA
(to Dealer)
Hit me.

The Dealer scoops a card from the shoe. Tension. Everyone holds their breath...as he turns over... -- a six. Bust. The audience inhale as one AS THE DEALER TAKES ALL HER CHIPS AWAY.

Elektra stands. She has dignity in defeat. She turns to Bond, holding out a hand.

ELEKTRA
Time to surrender.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Bond, Elektra, Gabor outside, Davidov soon joining them, trying to look like he hasn't been through hell. Bond notices the burn on his head. Davidov touches it self- consciously.

DAVIDOV
A little accident.

BOND
A night of burning passion?

Davidov scowls at him. Bond leads Elektra away...

CUT TO:

A DISTANT P.O.V. FROM HIGH ABOVE.

Someone watches Bond and Elektra move toward his BMW.

HENCHMAN (V.O.)
What about Bond?

EXT. CASINO ROOF

RENARD and his henchmen, watching. Renard seems mesmerized by the sight of Bond's HAND on the small of Elektra's back, their easy sensuality as they both get into the car.

HENCHMAN
Sir? Sir?

RENARD
(seething)
I will take care of Mister Bond.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEKTRA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Bond and Elektra emerge from the BMW. Behind them, Gabor and Davidov get out of her car. Bond watches as Davidov slams his door and marches off, angry, toward the SECURITY QUARTERS at the side of the house.

Bond and Elektra walk to the front door, anticipation thick in the air. Gabor opens the door. Elektra sweeps through...

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, ELEKTRA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Bond pauses just inside the open doorway.

HIS P.O.V. Two figures in the cavernous entrance hall, Elektra having a brief word with Gabor, before he turns and exits, leaving only...

ELEKTRA AND BOND.

She starts upstairs, Bond's eyes locked on her body, and then:

SHE LOOKS BACK...just once. But it says everything. She continues upward.

Bond taps the front door closed with his foot.

INT. BEDROOM, ELEKTRA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Half-light. They're entwined between the sheets. This is something slow, languorous, not to be rushed. We can't make out the mechanics, but they're beaded with sweat.

Her fingers trace the contours of his torso. Linger on his bruised collar-bone.

ELEKTRA

You knew when you first saw me. You knew it would be like this.

BOND

Shush.

Her hand dips in an ice bucket beside the bed. She rubs a slither of ice down her chest, shudders with pleasure. It's a move Bond hasn't seen before.

Now she brings the ice to his shoulder.

ELEKTRA

Poor shoulder. Looks painful...

She kisses his purple flesh. Licks.

BOND
...needs constant attention...

She slides her tongue back and fore along the groove above the tendon. And he pulls the ice from her hand:

BOND
Enough ice for one day.

Tosses it across the room as passion takes over...

INT. BEDROOM, ELEKTRA'S VILLA - LATER

A puddle of water where the ice fell.

Post-sex on the bed. He traces a hand down her naked back. The sweat glistens off the curve of her spine. She turns. The light glints off her jewelled earlobe...he touches it.

BOND
You never take this off?

Elektra looks at him.

ELEKTRA
Why do men always want to undress
the one part of a woman's body she
doesn't want to reveal?

She reaches to the large, diamond-encrusted earring and gently plucks it away. Pulls her lush hair back...

The lower half of her ear is gone, reduced to a misshapen clump of scar tissue. It is the only mark on her perfect body. A physical reminder of her ordeal. It breaks his heart.

BOND
How did you survive?

ELEKTRA
I used my body on the guards. It
gave me control. I got to a gun and
I took my chance.
(beat)
I've never told anyone that.

They are looking at each other, both suddenly feeling something dangerously close to real connection. It is not what Bond expected.

ELEKTRA
Do you ever stop, James? Do you
ever think about...another kind of
life?

He holds her gaze for a long time before he looks away.

BOND
I can't afford to.

She frowns, slightly. Settles into his chest.

ELEKTRA
Don't worry. I know who you are.

He holds her, eyes full of conflict, staring into the dark.

EXT. VILLA - NIGHT - LATER

The lights of a car pulling up at the security office by the perimeter wall of the property.

EXT. SECURITY QUARTERS - SAME

Bond's car, several of Elektra's vehicles, all parked around the security office. They have been joined by:

A WHITE ECONOMY CAR, a Russian make, with a familiar SEAL painted on the door...we've seen it before, the seal on top of the stolen report at the beginning...Miratom.

Out of the driver's seat steps...DAVIDOV. He carries a briefcase from the car to the front door of the security office. He looks around furtively before he disappears inside.

The parking area is dark and silent and then:

JAMES BOND sits up in the driver's seat of his BMW.

INT. BMW - SAME

Bond sticks his key in the ignition and activates the car's various systems.

HIS P.O.V. Davidov is a shadow in the office window.

Bond flicks a switch. A NEEDLE-THIN BEAM is directed from the BMW to the window of the office. He can HEAR a synthesis of Davidov's voice...

DAVIDOV (V.O.)
I'm running late...no, no, I'll make
it...how will they know I'm your
man?...romashka...romashka...alright.

Bond hears the click of a phone hanging up. He flicks another switch in his car, an infra-red tracking system activates in his WINDSCREEN...

He can now see Davidov perfectly as he comes out of the security quarters, carrying a briefcase and a large DUFFLE BAG which he carries to the car and loads into the TRUNK.

He goes back inside.

BOND gets out of the BMW. He moves stealthily to the Russian vehicle and, using the laser beam on his watch, opens the lock on the trunk. It pops open.

Bond sees the briefcase, and the dufflebag, and...SOMETHING ELSE...something beneath them...he moves the objects aside:

A MAN is folded into the back of the trunk, his head slumped forward, dark hair on the back of his head slightly wet ...blood? Bond tips the head back, revealing GLASSY DEAD EYES.

Bond leans in and plucks a BADGE from his white shirt pocket.

It has a photo of the dead man and reads, in English and Cyrillic: LEONID TASHKA - FIELD INSPECTOR. On the corner of the badge...THE RUSSIAN SEAL...Miratom. The one from the report. Bond touches it with his thumb, recognizing it.

AT THE OFFICE

Davidov is coming out...

Bond LOWERS THE TRUNK DOOR and crouches behind the car.

AT THE OFFICE ENTRANCE

Davidov pauses to lock the door. He walks toward the Russian car...he is actually WHISTLING a happy tune and then...

HE STOPS. He has heard something. He draws his gun. He walks AROUND the entire car. When he gets to the rear...

THE TRUNK IS CLOSED. Bond is not there. No evidence he ever was.

Davidov gets in the driver's seat and starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR STRIP - NIGHT

The Russian car drives onto the grounds of a small, deserted AIRPORT consisting of one outbuilding and a crudely cleared airstrip.

INT. CAR

Davidov pulls off the road and parks his car in a wooded area.

EXT. CAR

Davidov's feet crunch in the dirt as he walks to the back and opens the trunk.

He removes the briefcase. Then the duffle bag. He looks down at the dead body, head slumped forward, as before...but something is different, the clothes not quite right and then:

THE DEAD BODY MOVES, the head turns, Davidov gasps...

It IS JAMES BOND.

BOND
Problem, comrade?

Davidov pulls his HAND GUN from inside his coat, but Bond is quicker. With a silenced pistol he shoots Davidov in the head. One little red hole forms in his forehead as his eyes go wide and he crumbles, dead.

Bond climbs out of the trunk. Crouches to examine Davidov.

BOND
Old habits die hard.

He straightens. Picks up the briefcase. It is locked. He searches Davidov and finds a set of keys in his pocket. He opens the lock.

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE: FOUR STACKS OF MONEY. Documents headed with the official crest of Miratom. A new security tag, it looks just like the dead guy's, but has Davidov's name and picture...some hologrammed (blank) security tags -- and a polaroid-type camera.

He picks up a blank security tag and inserts it in the camera. Points at himself, takes a shot. Punches in 'Davidov' on the KEYPAD. Out comes a brand new pass.

Bond goes to look in the dufflebag but...

A PLANE is approaching...HE LOOKS UP.

HIS P.O.V. A Russian military jet appears over the trees, flying low, its red landing lights blinking.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

A door opens on the sinister-looking plane. A hydraulic step unit folds out of it. A BIG SOLDIER with a machine gun waits in the doorway.

BOND, standing at the edge of the runway, clips on his badge and picks up the briefcase. He has NO IDEA what he's walking into.

BOND
Here goes nothing.

He hoists the dufflebag over his shoulder and walks out to the plane. He starts up the steps:

THE SOLDIER POINTS HIS GUN DOWN AT HIM. Says something to him IN RUSSIAN.

Bond pauses. And then, thinking, says:

BOND
Romashka.

The soldier looks at him, then lowers his weapon.

INT. PLANE

Four soldiers. The first guy and a moustachioed PILOT and two young men, a nasty-looking private, cadaverously thin, and a big, thick-necked tough.

They all look at Bond, expectantly, waiting for him to say or do...what? He decides to take the lead. He opens the briefcase and hands over the STACKS OF MONEY.

The Pilot passes it out. But that isn't the end. They still stare at him. The Pilot says something IN RUSSIAN that sounds like..."where's the rest?" Bond swallows. Thinks, without showing it. He decides to OPEN THE DUFFLE BAG. He looks inside. Pauses, then reaches in and takes out...A BOX OF NIKE SHOES.

The thin soldier smiles. That's the ticket. Bond hands out shoes to the rest of the guys.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEST FACILITY - KAZAKHSTAN - DAWN

A red dawn. Dominating the landscape, a valley of weirdly-shaped rocks. To one side, an airstrip. The plane approaching.

INT. PLANE - LANDING

The three soldiers wear their new shoes and smoke and chat amongst themselves.

Bond sits in the rear of the plane, which is dominated by heavily buffered receptacles, clearly awaiting some deadly cargo. There is Russian writing everywhere, and one symbol he clearly recognizes: DANGER - RADIOACTIVE.

Bond looks out of the window. Beneath a huge MESA, a huddle of low buildings.

They come to a stop near the end of the runway. A SMALL JEEP is driving out to them.

One of the soldiers throws something to Bond. An ORANGE JUMPSUIT that says Miratom on the breast. He catches it.

PILOT
(subtitles)
You have fifteen minutes.

EXT. AIRSTRIP/VALLEY/TEST FACILITY - KAZAKHSTAN - DAWN

Bond, in the orange overalls and wearing his ID tag, is driving with a Russian soldier through the weird rock valley -- KABOOM!

A cloud of dust from a detonation rises up on the other side of the hill.

EXT. TEST FACILITY - KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

They turn the corner and see trucks marked IDA, several Kazakhstan army personal carriers, soldiers dotted around, IDA (International Decommissioning Agency) scientists and personnel quietly going about their business. A vast protective 'bubble' is inflated at the front of the building.

INT. 'BUBBLE' - TEST FACILITY - KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

(CHRISTMAS JONES') POV:

The sound of breathing LOUD, we're looking from inside the visor of a protective suit. It's hard to tell what's going on, but our hands are removing a sphere of cobalt blue plutonium from inside a corroding WARHEAD...

EXT. FACILITY - SAME

An officer eyes Bond's pass.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH
(subtitles)
You are late. The transport documents?

Bond shows him the case. Akakievich examines the documents.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH
(subtitles)
They are waiting for you below. It
should be ready. Check with the IDA
physicist.

He points toward the "bubble." Inside the transparent bubble, a protective-suited FIGURE finishes placing a blue PLUTONIUM CORE into a box.

As Bond and the Colonel walks toward the bubble, the FIGURE steps out, still enveloped in the white protective suit.

Moving fast, off comes the helmet to reveal a BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN GIRL. CHRISTMAS JONES is mid-twenties, shortish hair, hot right now. In one movement she unzips and steps out of the suit, revealing a khaki sports bra, cut-off shorts, heavy duty boots. A nasty-looking hunting knife strapped around her hips. She has a deep tan and an incredible figure.

She grabs a bottle of water, guzzles.

Bond tosses an arched brow to Akakievich, who nods bitterly, also unable to take his eyes off her. He spits on the floor and speaks in ENGLISH, so Christmas can hear.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH
Not interested in men. Take my word
for it.

Akakievich isn't exactly what you'd call a looker. Bond offers a disappointed tut as Akakievich walks away.

Christmas approaches. He notices her IDA tag -- and an incongruous PEACE TATTOO just above her hip. She's checking him out as well.

CHRISTMAS
You new?

BOND
(Russian accent)
Yes. Viktor Davidov, Miss...?

CHRISTMAS
Doctor. Jones. Christmas Jones. No
jokes, I've heard them all.

BOND

Don't know any doctor jokes.

She is wary. It's been a long time since a man this attractive stepped onto her beat. They walk toward the building.

CHRISTMAS

What happened to Len Tashka?

BOND

Couldn't make it. Splitting headache.

CHRISTMAS

The soldiers may give you a hard time. Whatever. If we weren't around, they'd have their whole nuclear arsenal lying by the roadsides, rotting in the sun.

Bond looks at the ominous radiation WARNING SIGNS.

BOND

Will I need protection?

She squints at him, taken aback.

CHRISTMAS

There's no radiation danger down there.

Bond turns to go, knowing he misstepped. Christmas then speaks to him, asking a question, IN RUSSIAN.

CHRISTMAS

(subtitles)

Where is this stockpile going?

Bond turns, answers IN PERFECT RUSSIAN.

BOND

(subtitles)

To the nuclear facility at Penza 19.

She nods. Watches him disappear into the building.

INT. TEST CHAMBER MAIN ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bond descends, going down deep.

INT. TEST CHAMBER ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - LATER

The elevator creaks to a halt. He slides the elevator doors OPEN revealing...

TWO SOLDIERS waiting for the elevator. Bond shows them his ID.

SOLDIER
(subtitles)
See the corporal, at the end of the chamber.

The soldiers get into the elevator and disappear, leaving Bond completely ALONE.

Dead silence in the shadows. Bond's in his element, that alert glint in his eye as he takes in his surroundings.

HIS P.O.V. A long, dark corridor...leading off to a more open circle in the distance, lights and an ominous humming there.

Bond starts down the passageway.

INT. TEST CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ahead of Bond, like a deadly spider at the centre of a web, a NUCLEAR BOMB suspended over a pit.

Blast openings range around to channel its fury to measuring equipment.

Bond is alone with the bomb. An eerie moment. Then, he comes to notice a figure, across the expanse of the pit, on the opposite side of the catwalk, a man, with his back to him, in Russian Army fatigues.

BOND
Corporal?

The man turns...

It is RENARD.

He smiles.

RENARD
I see my friend Davidov ran into some difficulty.

BOND
Indeed.

Renard starts toward him. Bond draws his gun.

BOND
Don't come any closer.

MAN

You can't kill me. I'm already dead.

He and Bond face off, the malevolent bomb between them, a ROBOT DEVICE beginning to lower it into the pit.

RENARD

Go ahead. Shoot. My men will still steal the bomb, and the shot will bring them directly to you.

Renard gestures into the pit.

BOND'S P.O.V. TWO OF RENARD'S MEN in the pit, unaware of what is happening above, working directly with the bomb. One of them is using a manual...IT IS JUST LIKE THE STOLEN REPORT, the Miratom seal in the corner.

Bond aims his gun at Renard's head.

BOND

Who's paying you to destroy the pipeline?

Renard resumes walking, around the catwalk at the edge of the pit, toward Bond, slowly, surely, totally fearless.

RENARD

To die by a man who can't even grasp what he's caught up in...

Bond, out of the corner of his eye, sees Renard's man remove a SMALL DEVICE from inside the bomb. It is the size and shape of a credit card, black, with shiny transistors on it...the man slips it into his pocket.

BOND

Revenge isn't so hard to fathom. What's clever is getting someone else to pay for it.

RENARD

Not many people in this world have that kind of fortune.

Bond cocks the pistol.

BOND

Who is it?

RENARD

You think I fear death? I welcome it. I get on my knees and pray for it. You, on the other hand, you have something to live for, no?

RENARD
(closer now)
She's beautiful isn't she? You should
have seen her before. Flawless, and
still so innocent, not such a whore
in bed...

Bond's eyes flare in fury. He shoves Renard into the wall
and presses the gun to his temple.

BOND
You will never touch her. You will
never get near her.

RENARD
Have you forgotten who saved your
life in Geneva?

BOND
Consider me ungrateful.

RENARD
It's I who should thank you -- for
taking that money back to MI-6. So
distressing for M. An explosion
inside her lair.

BOND
She'll get over it.

RENARD
You even brought the plane for us.
We really couldn't have done it
without you.

Bond strikes him across the temple with his pistol. Renard
drops to his knees. He touches his temple, looks at the
blood curiously, feeling no pain.

RENARD
A man tires of being executed.

As Bond screws a silencer onto the muzzle of his gun:

RENARD
But then again...There is no point
in living if you can't...feel alive.

Bond knows that, he's heard it somewhere before...IT FREEZES
HIM, just a beat, but it is enough...

SUDDENLY, the noise of footsteps -- CHRISTMAS JONES, with
COLONEL AKAKIEVICH and two armed soldiers.

We're with them as they turn the corner of the passageway and see Bond with silenced pistol aimed at the kneeling Renard -- classic execution stance:

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH
(to Bond)
Drop your gun.

BOND
Keep away, Colonel.

The soldiers' guns are trained on Bond.

CHRISTMAS
He is an impostor.
(clutching a printout)
There's no Davidov at Miratom.

BOND
Here's your imposter. He's paid off the men on the plane outside. They're not taking the bomb to any Russian facility, they're flying it wherever he tells them.

Christmas is listening, but Akakievich cocks his rifle.

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH
(to Bond)
I said drop it.

And he means business. Bond delays ... but has no choice. He pulls the clip from his gun, tosses it down.

RENARD
(to Christmas)
Well done -- he would have killed us all. I suppose you
(to Akakievich)
were you the one who allowed him down?

Colonel Akakievich looks suitably stung. But Renard is looking past him now, as with a quiet WHIRR, the BOMB raises into view on a trolley. Renard's team is ready to move.

RENARD
(to Akakievich)
Take him away, I don't want him around as we move the bomb.
(whispered, to Bond)
You had me. I knew you couldn't shoulder the responsibility...

And Renard jams his hand onto Bond's shoulder, squeezing his collar-bone hard... Pain jolts through Bond, he drops to his knees in agony. He shoves Bond down. Bond's hand goes to his shoulder, his mind now racing -- how did he know to hurt him there?

Renard's men start to maneuver the bomb toward the curving passageway. It's all too much for Colonel Akakievich:

COLONEL AKAKIEVICH

No -- the bomb does not go anywhere
until I am satisfied. All of you to
the surface, now...

Renard stops and turns. Bond sees him nod to two of his men: one quietly slopes off down the tunnel. The other innocently opens a container...

INT. CONTAINER

Camera shows the INSIDE of the container's lid; the man releases a false lining to reveal several MACHINE GUNS...

INT. TEST CHAMBER - DAY

RENARD

(urgent now)
Very well, Colonel. We will all go
up.

One of Colonel Akakievich's men gestures with his gun that Bond should get up. Knowing it's now or never, Bond PUSHES him away, yanks a PISTOL from his holster, GRABS Christmas, LEAPS down into the bomb PIT just as RENARD'S MEN open fire... Akakievich dies straight away. So do two of his men. The gunfire RICOCHETS around the chamber and ceases.

Renard hangs back. His radio crackles a message:

RENARD

(nods, into radio)
Shut them.

THE GUY ON THE OTHER END OF THE RADIO

Right next to the ELEVATOR. He turns a switch that activates two sets of red buttons and two sets of green.

He punches one green button...

INSIDE TEST CHAMBER

Heavy doors close all exits but that to the tunnel.

INT. THE PIT

Bond and Christmas know they are being sealed in.

CHRISTMAS
Melt-down doors. If he gets them
closed, they won't be opened again
for forty- eight years.

Bond peers over the edge -- sees Renard and his men working
the nuclear device into THE PASSAGEWAY.

INT. THE PIT

If Bond doesn't get through now, they're trapped forever.
He points his wrist watch toward the cat walk above and
presses a button...THE TINY GRAPPLING HOOK shoots out, Q's
super filament wire that can hold up to 800 pounds is
attached...Bond uses the rope to RAPPEL UP THE SIDES OF THE
PIT and into

INT. TEST CHAMBER

Where he LEAPS ON TOP OF Renard's last man. They fall THROUGH
THE IRIS, it SHUTS behind them. The man swings his machine
gun at Bond -- it hits the wall next to him, breaks apart.
Bond grabs a broken section and kills him with one strike.

He pauses at his dead body and reaches into his jacket,
retrieving...THE CARD-LIKE DEVICE.

INT. PIT

Christmas looks around, desperate to help. Using Bond's
wire, she climbs up to the CLOSED IRIS DOOR. She pries open
a panel next to it and reveals complex WIRING...

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Up ahead of Bond, the bomb disappears down the passageway.
He can see it is attached to A PULLEY above, helping the men
to move quickly, Renard, pulling, the two men pushing Renard
signals one of them to drop back to cut off Bond...

Machine-gun fire turns the wall next to Bond to dust -- Bond
dives to a recess. An overhead LIGHT SHATTERS. His section
of the tunnel darkens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - BOND'S END

Bond looks up at the broken LIGHT. Takes careful aim at the
next one along. BLAM. It disintegrates. Again...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - RENARD'S END

The other guy answers with another spray of bullets. Watches uneasily as Bond takes out light after light. A funnel of darkness coming to swallow him -- concealing Bond's approach. Nervous, he fires, muzzle flash and sparks illuminating the void. To keep it lit, he keeps firing...

INT. PASSAGEWAY

WITH BOND as the bullets cease with a loud CLICK... What Bond was waiting for. He moves. The gunman frozen in the light, grappling to fit another clip --

BLAM! He goes down. Bond not wasting bullets.

INT. OTHER END OF PASSAGEWAY

Renard is loading the bomb it into the ELEVATOR. He flicks a switch on the panel by the elevator. The IRIS starts closing on Bond...

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Bond rushes for the door -- but he's shocked as the man he shot lunges. Clings to him.

Bond hits him away, he LEAPS for the cart blocking his way and SHOVES IT INTO THE IRIS DOOR just as it almost closes...

Bond squeezes through...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF IRIS

Renard is getting in the ELEVATOR. Sees Bond made it, fires. Bond rolls into a corner.

RENARD

We have our fireworks. Now you can have yours.

And he machine-guns some barrels. Rocket fuel spills out. He digs a finger into one of the holes, effortlessly rips the metal so more fuel cascades out.

CUT TO:

INT. CATWALK ABOVE PIT

Christmas cuts some wires together and with a hum, her IRIS DOOR OPENS...

AT THE ELEVATOR

Bond fires at Renard, hitting his shin...

WITH RENARD

looking down at his shin, noticing the blood. Inconvenienced but not in pain. He shuts the cage doors. Pauses only to fire off half a clip at the SWITCH PANEL. Shreds it.

Bond leaps to his feet, racing forward, firing -- gets to the elevator as Renard disappears upwards with a smile. He POINTS DOWN...underneath him...

Bond looks down.

HIS P.O.V. BENEATH THE ELEVATOR...A makeshift explosive device...sticks of dynamite wrapped around a detonator, set to explode.

Eyes wide, Bond looks back to the doors -- then to the switch panel -- now just a chaos of sparking wires.

INT. LIFT SHAFT

The pipe bomb ticking...

INT. PASSAGEWAY BY ELEVATOR

Bond is trapped. He looks up...

THE PULLEY HOOK HANGS DOWN...

He jumps up, grabbing it, just as...

KABOOM!

The bomb ignites the spilled oil, A FIREBALL shoots along, scorching after Bond, who is SAILING THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAY, the force of the blast sending him hurling down the passageway ON THE PULLEY...heading straight for:

A CLOSED IRIS DOOR which miraculously begins to OPEN as he SHOOTs THROUGH...

Ahead, the next door is OPEN as well. He sees CHRISTMAS on the other side...

HER P.O.V. Bond hurtling toward her, ahead of a MASSIVE FIREBALL...

BOND

Close the door! Close the door!

But before she can, two of the FUEL BARRELS HURTLE through the closing iris, clattering into the pit, starting a fire below.

Flames licking up the sides of the pit toward them.

Bond looks up, sees the ARM OF THE ROBOT LIFTER, stretching upward toward an old SHAFT to the top of the ceiling...

He and Christmas scramble up the robot arm, walk along the spider-like web that supported the bomb and find...

AN OLD ELEVATOR...powered by a hydraulic system...

They get in...hear the rumbling of the fire below...the old elevator moves slowly...the rumbling grows louder...

BOND
Shame you had to spot I wasn't the
real thing.

CHRISTMAS
So who are you?

BOND
Bond --

Bond FIRES HIS GUN at the hissing hydraulic pulleys and...

THE ELEVATOR shoots through the shaft at breakneck speed as
BELOW THEM...THE PIT EXPLODES...

INT. ELEVATOR

Fire shoots up. Bond lunges to cover Christmas. As the smoke clears:

BOND
(finishing)
James Bond.

CUT TO:

EXT. MESA - TEST FACILITY - KAZAKHSTAN - CONTINUOUS

Christmas and Bond climb out of the duct. Through a cloud of dust he can see people running about, panicked. There's been some shooting -- fresh corpses litter the ground.

Bond looks past them to a plane coming this way. The plane. It roars past, level with them. He follows it with his eyes, helpless as it gets smaller and smaller...

CHRISTMAS
They won't get far. Every warhead
has a locator card. A Miratom device.
Emits a high-pitched signal on Russian
emergency frequencies. We can track
the bomb.

BOND

With this?

Bond removes the locator card from his jacket and shows it to her. It flashes in the sun.

Christmas shakes her head, disgusted.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, CASTLE THANE (MI-6 HQ) - DAY

Busy. Analysts huddle over monitors showing satellite images, trying to track the plane.

M

Do we have the range of Renard's plane?

TANNER

Anywhere in this circle. Iran, Iraq, Pakistan, Syria, Afghanistan...

M

Marvellous.

Moneypenny enters...

MONEYPENNY

Elektra King is calling from Baku.

M is surprised.

MONEYPENNY

It's a video line.

M

Put her on the wide screen.

The face of ELEKTRA materializes on a large WALL MONITOR.

ELEKTRA

I'm sorry. I would never call you except...Bond's disappeared. He...he left my villa, some time in the middle of the night and...

M exchanges a look with Tanner.

ELEKTRA

My head of security has been found near a local airstrip, murdered...

M leans on the console in front of her.

M
I'll send someone out.

ELEKTRA
Could...could you come?

M looks up.

ELEKTRA, on the monitor, looks about as lost as she ever has.

ELEKTRA
I just can't help thinking...I'm next.

M stares at the girl's face, her whole sordid history written there. M turns away from the screen and says to Tanner...

M
Get me out there.

EXT. ELEKTRA'S VILLA, BAKU - STORM APPROACHING

Elektra's villa against blue-black storm clouds, the Caspian choppy, wind blowing.

INT. ELEKTRA'S VILLA - BAKU - DAY

Elektra works in her father's STUDY, illuminated by a halo of light from a single desk lamp. Pictures of her grandfather and father stare down at her from the walls. The wind BLOWS A WINDOW open.

She gets up, crosses the room, shutting the window. She stands there, listening to the silence and then...

SHE HEARS A THUD. A strange, unsettling thud.

She listens, a long time, to the silence.

ELEKTRA
Gabor...?

She goes to the door, opens it...it whines on its hinges. She steps into...

INT. LIBRARY

A big room lined with books. Three french doors lead out to a balcony. She walks a few paces in...

THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HER, she whirls...

GABOR, propped up behind the door, stares, wide-eyed, before he FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

Elektra gasps, she turns again...

A DARK FIGURE LOOMS, a shadow against the windows. He moves forward, his face becoming visible...IT'S BOND.

ELEKTRA

James!

She stares at him, shocked, hesitant.

BOND

You look surprised.

She moves to Gabor, gets down to help him. He stirs, he is alive, but unconscious. Elektra looks up at Bond.

ELEKTRA

What's wrong with you? Are you crazy?

BOND

A little. Does it matter? After all, what's the point of living if you can't feel alive? Isn't that right, Elektra? Isn't that your motto?

ELEKTRA

What are you talking about?

BOND

Or did you steal it from your old friend Renard?

ELEKTRA

...what?

BOND

We had a run-in, he and I. He knew about us, he knew about my shoulder, he knew exactly where to hurt me...

Elektra stands...she begins to tremble.

ELEKTRA

Are you saying...Renard is the man who's trying to kill me?

BOND

You can drop the act, it's over.

ELEKTRA

I don't know what you're talking about!

BOND

I think you do.

He walks toward her, threatening...

BOND

At MI-6 we call it Stockholm Syndrome. It's common in kidnappings. A young impressionable victim. Sheltered, sexually inexperienced. A powerful kidnapper skilled in torture, in manipulation. Something snaps in the victim's mind. The captive falls in love with her captor.

At the word "love," Elektra explodes. She SLAPS an unsuspecting Bond hard across the face.

ELEKTRA

How dare you! How dare you! That animal!? That monster!? He disgusts me! You disgust me! So he knew where to hurt you, is that it? You had a sling on your arm at the funeral! I didn't have to sleep with you to find that out.

BOND

He used your exact words.

ELEKTRA

You knew. You knew all the time, that he was out there, that he was coming for me, and you lied. You used me, you used me as bait. You made love to me -- what, to pass the time as you waited for him to strike?

He has no answer. He can't deny what she says.

The phone rings, cuts through the tension. Bond and Elektra staring at one another. She lets it ring... Then picks up. Listens, looks to Bond.

ELEKTRA

He's struck again.

(beat)

Five men are dead at the pipeline.

He moves toward her.

BOND

I'm coming with you.

ELEKTRA

You do what you have to do, but I've
called in M. She's en route from
London even now.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIPELINE CONTROL CENTER, TURKEY - DAY

The MI-6 chopper lands. We can see M through the window.
Face set hard.

EXT. PIPELINE CONTROL CENTER, TURKEY - MOMENTS LATER

SCIENTIFIC, MILITARY and TURKISH POLICE VEHICLES parked around
a medium-sized industrial plant.

Bond accompanies M and Tanner toward a clutch of offices.
All around, SOLDIERS, IDA personnel, POLICE scour the area.

M

(to Bond)

Glad to see you've turned up.

He is moving fast, talking fast -- a sense of urgency.

BOND

They hit about 90 minutes ago. There's
a scientist here from the
International Decommissioning Agency,
Dr. Jones. She has ten crews combing
the area.

They step out of the bright sunlight and into

EXT.\INT. CONTROL CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

FIVE BODY BAGS are being carried out by soldiers. M surveys
the scene; in an unlit corridor CHRISTMAS JONES and several
men sweep the area with CLICKING Geiger counters.

ELEKTRA is a distance away, listening to a Turkish policeman
explain what's happening. She nods acknowledgement to M.

Tanner senses that Bond wants to talk to M alone:

TANNER

I'll see how they're coming with the
power...

They watch him go. M turns to Bond:

M

You had your hand on the bomb and
you let Renard get away with it.

He draws her away, to a small alcove. Takes something out of his jacket...THE LOCATOR CARD.

BOND

The report King bought. It's a manual. Renard's men used it to remove this radio tracking device from the warhead.

M

Then Robert was right about a Russian connection.

BOND

They're getting their weapons from the Russians, but where are they getting the money to buy the weapons? I can't help thinking...the person close to King, the one who switched that pin...

M

The inside man?

BOND

Is maybe...the inside woman.

NOW THE LIGHTS POWER UP, disrupt the intimacy and intensity of their exchange. The room is lined with MONITORS and a huge SATELLITE MAP of the pipeline's meandering path.

M

A woman?

But before he can speak, ELEKTRA calls out, gesturing to A DIM LIGHT flashing on a console in front of her.

ELEKTRA

That's not right.

A Technician comes over. Tanner too, followed by Bond and M.

TANNER

What is it?

ELEKTRA

It's an observation and repair rig. Travels along the pipe, checks for broken seals. But it's not supposed to be there.

BOND

(thinks)
Stop it.

The Technician flicks two switches. The light continues to flash. Confused, he tries others. No change.

TECHNICIAN
I don't understand...

M
Where is the rig?

Harried, the Technician activates the wall schematic of the pipeline. A pulse of light travels along the line. And with it, a sense of horror descends...

M
The parcel's in the post.

TANNER
It's heading for the oil terminal.

M
Where it can do the most damage.

ELEKTRA
My God.
(to one of her men)
Have the terminal evacuated.

The man gets on the phone...

BOND
(to Tech)
Speed?

TECHNICIAN
Full on. Seventy miles an hour.

He punches buttons. Christmas has come, stands next to Bond.

TECHNICIAN
One hundred and six miles from the terminal.

BOND
(quick)
It'll reach the other end in seventy-eight minutes.
(to Tech)
Any more of these rigs?

The Technician checks his records, looks up, nods.

TECHNICIAN
There's one parked in the passageway ahead of it.

Decisive, Christmas heads for the door, turns to her team:

CHRISTMAS
I'll need some help...

Her IDA colleagues look sheepish. Bond moves to her.

BOND
Come on.

For just a moment, Christmas looks wary:

BOND
Unless you'd like to see my ID first.

She almost smiles.

M nods to Tanner to follow them. Bond doesn't look at Elektra. But she watches him go...

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The MI-6 helicopter swoops along the pipeline...

Tanner is beside the pilot. Bond and Christmas in the back.

They look at one another, the danger ahead melting the frost between them.

INT. PIPELINE - LATER

Bond and Christmas climb through an access hatch down onto the electric RIG. Its lights blaze fifty yards into the tunnel. Then darkness.

Christmas takes the driver's spot, Bond the rear, nearest to the approaching BOMB. Tanner leans in:

TANNER
(sealing them in)
Good luck.

Bond nods, checks his watch. Christmas looks nervously down the pipe.

BOND
Be one along any minute.

And she starts the machine off...

INT. ELECTRIC RIG - PIPELINE (TRAVELLING)

It quickly picks up speed, its lights flooding the seemingly endless pipe before them.

Christmas looks behind, apprehensive. Waiting for the lights of the explosive rig.

It's tense. They travel along, expectant...

BOND

When this is over we should bury the hatchet. Celebrate. A champagne dinner?

CHRISTMAS

When this is over our bodies may be blown to smithereens.

BOND

Alright then, brunch.

His lightness relaxes her, she appreciates it.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - PIPELINE CONTROL CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Elektra, M, and others. The room is crowded with concerned personnel. M watches the two blips on the schematic getting closer together. One of her MEN approaches, a radio in his ear.

RADIO MAN

Tanner reports Bond is headed for the rendezvous.

M

Excellent. Evacuate Miss King and the others.

ELEKTRA

You can evacuate my workers, but I'm not going anywhere.

M looks at her, then nods, impressed by her courage.

INT. PIPELINE (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Bond and Christmas waiting expectantly. Tense silence.

Finally, a WHOOSHING NOISE, GETTING LOUDER. Lights appear behind, reflecting on a bend, then... here it comes, the rig tearing through the pipe.

Bond looks over his shoulder at Christmas' speedometer...she's only at fifty...

BOND

Faster! Get our speed up!

Christmas presses forward...Bond turns, his feet OUT toward the approaching rig...the lights getting closer... closer...

Bond's rig jolts as the other makes contact. He cushions the blow with his feet. Both rigs moving together now, he CLIMBS ONTO THE BOMB RIG...Puts out a hand, helps Christmas across.

The bomb sits there, daunting, deadly.

CHRISTMAS

Tactical fission device. Low yield.

They look at one another, then set straight to work.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - PIPELINE CONTROL CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

The room is quiet, tense. M and her two men, Elektra, Gabor, the King TECHNICIAN and three armed security guards at the doors. They are the only ones left. Going down with the ship...if it goes. M and Elektra watch the two lights now together on the console. A tense silence. Everyone's edgy. Elektra perhaps a little more than the rest. She exchanges a glance with Gabor.

INT. ELECTRIC RIG - PIPELINE (TRAVELLING) - DAY

CLOSE INSIDE THE BOMB: the timer. 1:45 MINUTES.

Bond's face betrays the difficulty of what they're attempting. The digital clock ticks down... 1:30, 1:29...

INT. PIPELINE - DAY

The rigs speed through the tunnel. Nothing to see. But WHOOSH! As the rigs hurtle past...

INT. ELECTRIC RIG - PIPELINE (TRAVELLING) - DAY

The pipe suddenly dips. They cling on as the machine bucks like a rollercoaster. Back on a straight...

Her brow furrows.

CHRISTMAS

The plutonium is missing. They've taken the core!

BOND

Then it's no longer a bomb?

CHRISTMAS
(back to work, urgent)
It's a bomb alright. We're still
dead if the trigger charge goes off...

Bond's mind races in the ghostly light of the tunnel.

He stares at the timer: 0:44, 0:43... Makes a decision.

BOND
Let it blow.

Christmas shoots a look, astonished.

CHRISTMAS
But we can stop it.

Taking her arm...

BOND
Let it blow.

She can't believe what he's saying. His eyes shoot to an
INSPECTION HATCH the lights illuminate up ahead.

BOND
Trust me. Leave it.

He grabs her, wrenches her away from the bomb.

INT. PIPELINE - DAY

The rig zooms past the exit hatch -- Bond leaps off, taking
her with him. They tumble along the pipe. Agile, Bond
springs to his feet, pulls her up. They run like hell for
the hatch, into the darkness...

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

The pipeline. A long beat, then...

KABOOM!! A section of the pipe explodes, debris rocketing
in every direction.

As the smoke clears we see a fifty yard section of pipe has
been destroyed.

INT. PIPELINE CONTROL CENTER - SAME

On the consoles, red concentric circles pulse outward from
the point of impact, emitting one, monotone BEEP....

The watchers are frozen, stunned, shocked. Gabor, a radio
earpiece in his ear, reports information.

GABOR

It wasn't nuclear...the bomb was a dud. The trigger charge blew out a fifty yard section of pipeline...

M

And Bond?

An agonizing beat. The alarm beep sputters and dies.

GABOR

Nothing.

M and Elektra share a look.

ELEKTRA

Do you think he's dead?

M can't answer. She shakes her head.

M

We just have to wait.

M shifts. The hi-tech room is eerily lit by the pulsing red lights on every screen, showing the explosion.

ELEKTRA

(to M)

I have a gift for you. Something that belonged to my father. He would have wanted you to have it.

M feels uneasy.

M

Perhaps this isn't the time...

ELEKTRA

Please.

She hands M a small box. M unties the ribbon.

ELEKTRA

He often spoke of how...compassionately you advised him on the best course of action during my kidnapping.

M opens the box. It is THE EYE OF THE GLENS...the heirloom pin, the original.

ELEKTRA

It's very valuable, you know. I just couldn't let it explode with the rest of him.

LOOKS UP, HORRIFIED, WHEN:

GABOR AND ANOTHER SECURITY MAN SHOOT M'S TWO GUARDS IN THE HEAD...point blank, cold blood. The men fall.

M looks back at Elektra, a blood-curdling glare.

ELEKTRA
(to her men)
Take her to the chopper.

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

From on high we follow the snaking pipeline ... until it disappears in a VAST, SMOULDERING BOMB CRATER. Beyond, the pipeline continues unperturbed.

Two TINY FIGURES on the banks of the crater.

CLOSE ON THEM

Bond and Christmas, very much alive. She's angry.

CHRISTMAS
What the hell were you doing? You
nearly killed us!

BOND
I did kill us. She thinks we're dead.
And she thinks she got away with it.

CHRISTMAS
What the hell are you talking about?

BOND
It's part of some plan. She dresses
it up like a terrorist attack. The
explosion covers up the theft of the
plutonium.

CHRISTMAS
Who's she?

BOND
Elektra King.

CHRISTMAS
Elektra King? Are you insane? This
is her pipeline.

BOND
Makes her look even more innocent.

CHRISTMAS
(skeptical)
What would she want with weapons
grade plutonium?

BOND
I was hoping you could tell me.
Christmas stares at him. Wheels turning.

CHRISTMAS
You steal an old bomb, small by
today's standards, about the size of
the one that destroyed Nagasaki,
take the plutonium core out of it,
intending to use it...
(beat)
To make a bigger, better bomb.

They're both chilled by the thought.

CHRISTMAS
I have to get after that core. This
is my ass.

She starts fiddling with the radio. Suddenly there's a
CRACKLE.

TANNER
Tanner to 007, do you read?
Bond grabs the radio.

BOND
Loud and clear. I have to speak to
M.

TANNER
She's gone.

BOND
What?

TANNER
She's disappeared. And two of our
men have been killed.

It impacts on Bond. His eyes harden.

CHRISTMAS
What is it?

BOND
She just upped the stakes. All her
chips are on the table now.

BOND

And M's life is part of the bet.

He looks out at the long stretch of pipeline, like a deadly snake with the world for its bed.

BOND

I know I promised you champagne, but
would you settle for caviar?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - ISTANBUL - TWILIGHT

A boat puts in at an ancient tower in the middle of a vast body of water (in fact, the Bosphorus).

Renard disembarks with several of his retinue, heavily laden with bags and cases. They enter the tower...

INT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A fantastic space: stained glass windows cast myriad patterns over elaborate tile and marble surfaces. Pillars, iron lattices, velvet drapes and flowers embroider the huge room.

As they enter, Elektra swoops across the floor and into Renard's arms. He holds her. She pushes him away.

ELEKTRA

You're hurting me.

He senses something different between them. She tries to hide it.

ELEKTRA

Brought me something?

He smiles, grabs a case off one of his men, opens it up, pulls out a sphere of cobalt blue metal.

She looks at it with wary fascination.

RENARD

Go on. It's safe. Touch your
destiny.

She traces a finger along the metal. A flicker of wonder:

ELEKTRA

Warm.

RENARD

(pointed)
Is it?

She's sensitive to his buried frustration:

ELEKTRA
I've brought something for you as
well.

INT. ROOM - MAIDEN'S TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Elektra opens a heavy door, she and Renard past through to...

A SMALL ROOM...a window set in the stone on one side. The other side is divided off by a WALL OF BARS, creating a cell which now contains: M The cell is bare, except for a camp bed in the corner. M betrays no fear. A quiet defiance burns in her.

ELEKTRA
Just as I promised.

Renard steps forward. Bars separate him from M.

RENARD
My executioner.

M
Over-praise, I'm afraid. But my
people will finish the job.

ELEKTRA
Your people? Your people will leave
you here to rot just like you left
me. You and my father. He didn't
think my life was worth the chump
change he spent on a day at the stock
market.

M
Your father...

ELEKTRA
Is nothing. His kingdom he stole
from my mother. The kingdom I will
rightly take back.

Elektra leaves. Renard is left alone with M.

M
She's insane. Is that what you did
to her?

RENARD
No. I'm afraid it is what you did.

He crosses close to the bars.

RENARD

When I took her she was...promise
itself. So clever, so vibrant,
so...full of life force. And you
left her there, at the mercy of a
man like me. You ruined her. For
what? To get to me? She is worth
fifty of me.

M

For once, I agree with you.

He shakes his head, amused by her pluck.

M

So she used all that brilliance to
get revenge on her father, on me.

RENARD

No. I wanted you. I wanted you for
myself.

He takes something out of his pocket. A small TRAVEL CLOCK.
He sets it.

RENARD

Since you sent your man to kill me,
I have been watching time tick slowly
away, marching inevitably toward my
own death. Watch these hands, M. At
noon tomorrow, your time is up. And
I guarantee you...I will not miss.
You will die. Along with everyone in
this city and the future of the West.

He places the clock on a tall stool, just out of reach through
her bars. He leaves. We hold on the clock: Eight p.m.

EXT. CITY OF WALKWAYS - BAKU - DUSK (OLD SC. 174)

Valentin Zukovsky in the back of his chauffeured Rolls
Royce... We PULL BACK, to take in an amazing sight: the
car is on a network of raised walkways and platforms that
extends as far as the eye can see. A decaying legacy of the
Soviet years.

EXT. CAVIAR FISHERY - CITY OF WALKWAYS - DUSK (OLD SC.175)

Zukovsky limps purposefully away from his Rolls along a
walkway leading to a Beluga fishery built over the water.

INT. CAVIAR FISHERY - CITY OF WALKWAYS - DUSK (OLD SC.176)

Nailed on the battered old door, the lid of a caviar jar, a label illustrated with a LINE DRAWING OF ZUKOVSKY. Zukovsky opens the door and finds himself...

Staring straight down Bond's pistol. Bond and Christmas are silhouetted by the gold dusk light. At their feet lies one of Zukovsky's workers.

ZUKOVSKY

What are doing, Bond? Trying to impress this innocent thing?

BOND

She's no innocent. This is my nuclear consultant.

ZUKOVSKY

Ah, I see. A purely...plutonic relationship.

Hands held clear of his body, Zukovsky enters, his evening dress decidedly out of place here.

ZUKOVSKY

Really Bond, couldn't you find a nice Russian scientist with hair growing out of his ears?

BOND

What's your business with Elektra King?

ZUKOVSKY

I thought you were the one in her business.

BOND

She dropped a million and half dollars to the House -- your House. And you didn't even bat an eyelid. She was paying you off. What for?

ZUKOVSKY

As ever you are the spy who has to see a plot wherever he looks.

Bond SLAMS Zukovsky hard against a vat of caviar. Wood splits, roe spills onto the floor. Zukovsky is appalled.

ZUKOVSKY

That is 5,000 dollars of Beluga ruined!

BOND

You are out of your league. She's
working with Renard.

Christmas moves in, intense but firm:

CHRISTMAS

They've stolen a nuclear device.

A subtle change in Zukovsky's countenance.

BOND

Tell us what you know, Zukovsky.
Tell us, before its too late.

But it may be already:

The SOUND OF A HELICOPTER. Zukovsky frowns, the SOUND GETTING
LOUDER --

Bond is the first to move as --

INT. CAVIAR FISHERY - NIGHT

-- wood suddenly splinters everywhere -- the wall and roof
tear open behind them - GIANT VERTICALLY-SUSPENDED SAWS RIP
THROUGH, just missing them.

THE SPINNING TEETH

The blades churn through the corrugated roof, spraying CAVIAR
everywhere.

EXT. CAVIAR FISHERY - CITY OF WALKWAYS

Bond BURSTS OUT OF THE BUILDING...Zukovsky and his guards
and even the chauffeur are firing at the chopper...

EXT. RAMP TO LOWER WALKWAY

Bond makes for his BMW, running down a flight of steps, onto
a lower walkway when...THE SECTION AHEAD OF HIM EXPLODES...the
second chopper above hitting its mark with a thrown grenade.
Bond is trapped by the fire and smoke, the only way out is
ALONG THE PIPELINES...he runs along a narrow section of pipe
and then JUMPS DOWN to another walkway. The PIPES are now
above him...the chopper's relentless saws CUT THROUGH THE
PIPE...GAS JETS OUT...Bond HURLS HIMSELF up a stairway.

INT. CAVIAR FISHERY

Zukovsky and Christmas watch in horror as Chopper One blades
away more roof above them.

EXT. LOWER WALKWAY

Bond takes something out of his pocket, a remote control device...he presses some buttons...HIS CAR COMES TO LIFE...lights on, it drives toward him.

He rushes to meet it. Chopper Two follows behind Bond, slicing up the walkway just behind him. Bond gets to the car and JUMPS IN as the chopper veers away.

INT. CAR

Bond activates his missile device as he watches Chopper Two pass behind the factory. Suddenly there's a huge roar behind him as the blades from Chopper One RIP THROUGH THE ROOF, SLICING HIS CAR IN HALF.

But Bond is undeterred. He sets off the missile toward the disappearing Chopper One.

EXT. CHOPPER

A DIRECT HIT. Chopper One explodes and falls onto the walkway setting the scene ablaze.

EXT. WALKWAYS - SAME

Zukovsky and Christmas see the explosion, then see Chopper Two dropped FOUR ARMED MEN onto a nearby walkway. The men make their way toward the factory, firing at the guards. Zukovsky and Christmas are forced inside.

ANGLE ON BOND

Who sees the danger to the others and runs off along the walkways back to the factory. The Chopper follows him, shooting.

Bond outruns it, until, ahead of him A GRENADE EXPLODES, destroying the walkway and hurling Bond into the water.

EXT. FACTORY

The gunfight continues as the armed men take out Zukovsky's guards. Then, two of the assailants follow ZUKOVSKY and CHRISTMAS into...

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The chauffeur is shot and killed. The gunmen then turn their attention to Zukovsky and Christmas, when suddenly BOND APPEARS through a trap door in the floor boards.

Bond shoots one of the gunmen, then fires on the other...

Zukovsky grabs Christmas and they make their escape Bond sees a third gunman firing from the basement and takes him out.

EXT. WALKWAYS - SAME

Zukovsky and Christmas make a dash for Zukovsky's Rolls. They dive in...Zukovsky rams the car into reverse...behind him, A CHOPPER SLICES the walkway to smithereens...Zukovsky can't stop it as the car leaps backward and into THE WATER BELOW....

INT. FACTORY

Bond finishes off the remaining two armed men in a furious gunfight and exits.

EXT. WALKWAYS - SAME

Bond sees Zukovsky and Christmas swimming to safety. The chopper bears down on him. He leaps back to what's left of the building, picks up a flare gun. He jumps down to a walkway at water level and cranks open a rusted GAS JET...he then waits for the Chopper to line up over it as it approaches Bond for the kill....

Bond fires the flare gun...

THE GAS EXPLODES!

The Chopper tries to pull away, but it's too late. The flames engulf it, igniting a fireball.

IN THE WATER

Zukovsky pulls himself back onto a walkway and heads for the factory, but speeding at him are two FREE-FLYING SAW BLADES from the chopper that has just exploded!

EXT. WALKWAY

Zukovsky dives away -- into a CAVIAR PIT. The saws embed in the cabin behind him.

The caviar pit is like sinking sand, deep -- he's going under. Flounders, trying to cling to a crate blown in there by the explosion. Then he looks in horror:

EXT. SIDE OF CAVIAR PIT

POV ZUKOVSKY:

Bond appearing at the edge of the caviar pit, dragging himself up, soaking wet. He's holding another harpoon gun. Points it directly at Zukovsky. This time he really means business.

EXT. CAVIAR PIT/SIDE

Zukovsky, on the point of being swallowed by the caviar, clawing at the crate. Bond, steely eyed, cold:

BOND
Now...where were we?

ZUKOVSKY
A rope!

BOND
No. The truth!
(beat)
She thought I was dead -- those blades
were meant for you. What do you
know that she would kill you for?

Zukovsky is sinking.

ZUKOVSKY
I don't know what you're talking --

Zukovsky sees Christmas appear beside Bond:

ZUKOVSKY
Help me, don't let me drown.

She looks to Bond -- sees he's serious.

BOND
(to Zukovsky)
You're in this thing up to your neck.

Zukovsky sinks alarmingly -- he talks rapidly, staccato:

ZUKOVSKY
Alright, alright! Sometimes I smuggle
machinery for her. Russian stuff.

BOND
And the payoff on the tables?

ZUKOVSKY
A special job. A...a...a submarine.

CHRISTMAS
What?

ZUKOVSKY
To haul some cargo. My nephew, he is
Captain of a sub in the Black Sea
Fleet.

BOND
Where's the sub going?!

ZUKOVSKY
No! Get me out!

BOND
This is too big for even you. Where
is it?

ZUKOVSKY
This is a family matter! If my nephew
is in danger, we do it my way, or
nothing! Now get me out!

But he looks more worried than ever as Bond takes aim with
the harpoon gun -- squeezes the trigger.

ZUKOVSKY
No! Bond!

CHRISTMAS
(alarmed)
Bond!

Bond fires. Zukovsky YELLS as the HARPOON SHOOTS TOWARD
HIM.

It takes him a moment to realize he hasn't been hit -- the
harpoon splintering the crate, just missing him. He clings
to the crate, exhausted, as Bond and Christmas drag him to
safety.

CHRISTMAS
Commander Bond, you are dangerous,
unpredictable, and a hothead.

He just looks at her.

CHRISTMAS
But then again, explosive devices
are my specialty.

Zukovsky scowls, wet, angry, looking from his ruined suit to
the devastation that was once his caviar factory as, behind
him, walkways CREAK, teeter, and CRASH into the sea.

ZUKOVSKY
So. My way. No MI-6, no Interpol.
Just you, me and my people.

BOND
Where?

ZUKOVSKY

Istanbul.

INT/EXT. BALCONY/MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - NIGHT

Beyond iron balustrades we see one of the most fabulous views in the world -- on one side the still waters of the Golden Horn, on the other, the dancing waves of the unsheltered Bosphorus -- and in between, the tumbling roofs, soaring minarets and crouching mosques of the Pera district.

RENARD scans the water with night-vision binoculars.

EXT. BOSPHORUS - NIGHT - HIS GREEN POV:

A SUPERTANKER churns along...

ADJUST ANGLE

The CAMERA SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES, steals through the gloom - - eventually comes upon something sitting just beneath the belly of the tanker. The silhouette of a SUBMARINE, hugging the tanker's shadow, creeping undetected into the Bosphorus...

INT. M'S CELL - NIGHT

M paces her cell. Looks out, at the clock:

It is MIDNIGHT. Twelve hours to go.

She crosses her arms. Returns to pacing. Puts her hands in her coat pockets:

She feels something. Takes it out.

THE LOCATOR CARD. Black and shiny, with two copper terminals on one end.

M taps it on her hand. She looks back out. TO THE CLOCK.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - NIGHT

Renard and Elektra. She is on the bed, Renard stroking her, worshipping her skin.

RENARD

So beautiful. So smooth, so warm.

ELEKTRA

How would you know?

It stings him. Elektra sits up, pulling a robe around her.

RENARD
Why are you like this? Because Bond
is dead? It's what you wanted.

ELEKTRA
(beat)
Of course...

Renard gets up. Paces the floor.

RENARD
He was a...good lover?

ELEKTRA
What do you think?

Renard leans against her desk, closing his eyes, squeezing out the images. After a moment, he SMASHES HIS FIST through the hand-painted wood. Elektra looks up.

HER P.O.V. A huge splinter of wood juts out of Renard's hand.

Renard looks at it, curious, unfazed.

RENARD
Nothing.

Elektra comes to him. Leads him to the bed. Sits. Gently removes the splinter. Then, she takes an icecube from the bucket. Runs it along his wound.

ELEKTRA
What about this?

And she runs the ice down his cheek. He shakes his head. Tormented.

RENARD
Nothing.

Now she runs the ice down her neck...

ELEKTRA
But surely...

...her fingers becoming wet, she runs the ice down between her breasts, leaving a trail. Teasing...

ELEKTRA
...You can feel this?

She's moving the ice lower on herself... We see her lips open, enjoying the sensation. A beat, then his smile slowly grows. As she does something else.

ELEKTRA
(sensual)
Remember ... pleasure?

DISSOLVE:

INT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - DEAD OF NIGHT

Eerily quiet. The calm before the storm, except:

INT. M'S CELL - SAME

M is at the door of her cell. Her arm is stretched out through the bars. She is using her high-heeled shoe to try to HOOK the leg of the stool and drag it toward her. She can only jut tap the leg with the tip of the heel. She swipes out at the little three-legged stool, tapping it, tapping it...

It scoots toward her a little...she taps it again, gets her shoe HOOKED on the leg of the stool and starts to drag it when...

The rickety stool hits a bump on the ancient stone floor and SPILLS OVER...the clock HITS THE GROUND and SKIDS across the stones, coming to rest ACROSS THE ROOM, on the floor near the window.

M leans against the bars. SHE HEARS HER THE OUTER DOOR CLANKING OPEN...

She hurries to her cot and lies down.

GABOR ENTERS...a burly shadow in the light from the hall. He walks in. Looks at M. Picks up the clock and sets it ON THE WINDOW SILL.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him.

M sits up. Looks out to the clock, glowing in the dark.

IT READS TWO A.M.

She drops her head back on the wall. She will not sleep tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL - DAWN

ESTABLISH the vast city astride the Bosphorus.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREETS - SAME

The sun starting to rise. Street vendors are the only people about, moving their carts into place, getting ready to place out their wares. We hold on a BUILDING.

INT. DYE FACTORY - SAME

A multi-levelled, rickety old building full of colourful fabrics drying high overhead; the light shafts through them casting pools of different coloured light.

It is a working factory, bolts of fabric and vats of dye, but it is also:

AN OLD KGB SURVEILLANCE CENTER

Pushed to one end of the large room are stacks of radio equipment, old consoles, audio equipment and radar screens. Once a high-tech surveillance center, it has gone to seed. There are men and women here, smoking, using the equipment, slightly dissolute, very sinister, where the only membership card is an old KGB ID. Zukovsky is here, leaning behind a RADIO OPERATOR.

ZUKOVSKY

Any luck reaching Yevgeny?

OPERATOR

Negative, comrade.

He moves to CHRISTMAS AND BOND, pouring over a large MAP OF ISTANBUL spread out on a table.

CHRISTMAS

(to Zukovsky)

What is this place?

ZUKOVSKY

Former KGB surveillance post. The Dye Factory was just a front; now it turns a good profit.

Bond notices THE BOA in the corner with some others.

BOND

Your old friend Dmitri.

Zukovsky nods to his old friend.

ZUKOVSKY

Today, you are glad to have the Boa on your side.

Zukovsky looks at the map.

ZUKOVSKY

In the good old days, the KGB had three or four spots where our submarines could surface without anyone knowing. But Yevgeny is supposed to be loading cargo.

CHRISTMAS

What class sub does your nephew run?

ZUKOVSKY

C-class.

BOND

Nuclear.

CHRISTMAS

Not just nuclear. Powered by a nuclear reactor.

(the penny drops)

He's not loading any cargo. They want the sub. The sub itself. Put weapons grade plutonium inside the sub's reactor: Instant, catastrophic meltdown.

BOND

Made to look just like an accident.

ZUKOVSKY

Mother of God.

BOND

The right kind of explosion in the right spot -- it would block the Bosphorus, cut off the Black Sea.

CHRISTMAS

But why? Eight million people would die, the land irradiated for a hundred years. A cloud of radiation the size of Europe...

BOND

(chilled)

Because an explosion like that would kill all the other pipelines. There would be only one way to get the oil out of the Caspian and pump it to the world...

CHRISTMAS

The King pipeline.

BOND
Elektra would control it all.

ZUKOVSKY
If what you say it true...it may be
too late for Yevgeny.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET QUAY (MAIDEN'S TOWER) - ISTANBUL - DAY

The ancient arched underbelly of a waterside building.

Something is disturbing a large expanse of water. A black
shadow looms beneath the waves. A SUBMARINE SURFACES.

INT. SECRET QUAY (MAIDEN'S TOWER) - ISTANBUL - DAY

Waiting at the newly excavated quay: Renard and his men.

The submarine's hatch opens. A YOUTHFUL CAPTAIN EMERGES,
vaguely resembling his uncle, Zukovsky.

RENARD
Captain...

YEVGENY
Sir. We are ready to load your cargo.
We only have a few hours before we'll
be missed.

RENARD
You came with a skeleton crew?

YEVGENY
That's all we can afford these days.

RENARD
Of course. We are grateful for your
efforts.

One of his men comes forward with several bottles of brandy
and other food.

RENARD
We have brandy and other refreshments
for your men.

The Captain nods, pleased.

INT. DYE FACTORY

Bond and Christmas and Zukovsky watch as the radio operators
scan the airwaves.

ZUKOVSKY
If we're not in time and something
has happened to him... you must let
me kill them.

Bond stares hard at him. A long beat.

BOND
Whoever gets there first, Zukovsky.
They have M.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE - DAY

Eerie, dark, the lights inside green and sickly.

CLOSE ON

A half-eaten sandwich. An empty glass of brandy on the floor,
just near the hand it fell from...

PULL BACK TO SEE

The dead face of Yevgeny, poisoned. Others of his crew
around, also dead.

Renard and his men tour the grisly scene.

RENARD
Take them up and throw them in the
sea.

As they drag Yevgeny away, his HAT falls on the ground.
Renard picks it up and PUTS IT ON HIS HEAD.

RENARD
We'll be underway in two hours. Use
that time to re-familiarize yourselves
with your stations. Then ponder how
rich you'll be. The re-breathers
for the escape are already on board.

A man appears holding a heavy lead box containing the
plutonium. Renard takes the box as if it weighs nothing.
Stronger than ever.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - MAIDEN'S TOWER - MORNING

Elektra stands at the door looking in at M.

ELEKTRA
Now you know how it feels.

ELEKTRA
To be locked away, to wonder if
they're coming for you, if anyone
will ever come for you.

M
Someone will come.

ELEKTRA
Who? Bond? Bond is dead.

Elektra walks to the window. She looks out.

ELEKTRA
Somehow, I find that strangely
...disappointing.

M watches her, her heart beating.

M
Elektra. What time is it?

Elektra picks up the little clock. Walks over to the cell
bars.

ELEKTRA
Time for you to die.

And she reaches through the bars and HANDS M THE CLOCK.

The two women's eyes meet.

RENARD
The reactor is secured.

She turns, sees RENARD in the doorway. She crosses to him
and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT behind her.

INT. OUTSIDE DOOR - MAIDEN'S TOWER - DAY

Their eyes lock.

RENARD
This is the end.

ELEKTRA
No. It is the beginning. The world
will never be the same.

He lays the Captain's hat down. Tries to mask his sorrow.

RENARD
It will be yours, and yours alone.
Have fun with it.

Forces himself to leave, heads down the stairs.

INT. M'S CELL - SAME

M works quickly. She pops open the back of the clock and takes out the batteries. She pries off the tops with a key and connects the wires to the LOCATOR CARD...

CUT TO:

INT. DYE FACTORY - SAME

The Radio Operator touches his earpiece...

OPERATOR
Comrade, it's faint, but I'm getting something. A signal. Transmitting at...37- 19 degrees north...

He writes the coordinates down. Bond picks them up.

BOND
The locator card. It's M.

He takes the coordinates over to the map and DRAWS A CORRESPONDING LINE across it.

BOND
The rest?

Christmas reads them out as the Operator writes them down

CHRISTMAS
Forty, forty-three degrees East...

Bond draws another line across the map. At the point at which the intersect...a small island in the Bosphorus.

ZUKOVSKY
The Maiden's Tower.

BOND
How appropriate.

ZUKOVSKY
I'd heard there were some renovations there...no one would look for a sub in that place in a million years.

Suddenly Bond's instinct are aroused. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees THE BOA set something on the ground and move slowly UP THE STAIRS.

Bond looks at the pack he left on the ground...

He grabs Christmas and HURLS HER TO THE FLOOR.

KABOOM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips the place apart. In half a second the air is thick with coloured dust and drifting clumps of burning silk.

Bond stands. Christmas is stunned, but okay. He looks around at the others - few dead, all out for the count, among them, Zukovsky.

Bond heads for the door after the Boa.

CHRISTMAS

Zukovsky...

BOND

If I don't get to the Boa before he gets to Maiden's Tower, M is dead.

BOND RUNS OUT, INTO

EXT. STREET - DAY

Teeming with people, his eyes scanning, he spots...THE BOA climbing a ladder alongside a building to A ROOF.

Bond chases after him, clambering up, but when he gets to the top of the roof...

Boa has now been joined by THREE THUGS. One attacks Bond as the Boa and the others move away...

Bond fights with the thug, they stumble across the roof, gripping each other, until Bond gets the upper hand and THROWS HIM DOWN through a thatched roof where he falls...

EXT. BAZAAR

Into the market below.

Christmas, just coming into the square, sees the body falling...she runs to the thug, thinking it might be Bond...

But the thug raises up, smiling at her, blood on his teeth.

She turns and runs...the thug gives chase...

ON THE ROOFS ABOVE

Bond is following Boa and the other two men as they LEAP from roof to roof. He sees them jump off onto the roof of...

EXT. MOVING BUS

Motoring rapidly away from him. He makes a spectacular leap to a wobbly FLAG POLE that swings him toward the bus, dropping him on the roof before it SNAPS BACK, into the overhead TRAM WIRES ABOVE and setting off sparks.

ON THE BUS

Bond barely gets to his feet before Thug #2 is upon him. They grapple, struggling to maintain their footing as the bus speeds through the rickety old streets. He throws the guy over...

The thug desperately CLINGS TO THE SIDE OF THE BUS...

Bond now takes on the third thug, unaware that number two has climbed back on and is about to WHACK HIM ON THE HEAD with his gun when...

THE BUS TURNS onto a new street...THE WIRES AGAIN...Thug Two's gun is caught up in them...he is instantly ELECTROCUTED.

Thug three watches his friend's horrible death, giving Bond time to slug him hard across the face and THROW HIM FROM THE BUS...

EXT. STREET

Thug two's body goes SLAMMING INTO THE WINDSHIELD of a fast moving van...BURSTS OUT through the back doors of said van and tumbles out onto the street where it is HIT BY A CAR.

ON THE BUS

Bond turns back toward...BOA. Now it is just the two of them.

The bus is hissing to a stop.

The Boa leaps on to the bed of a passing truck. Bond rushes forward and leaps on to the top of a passing taxi. The taxi jams on his breaks and Bond rolls across the bonnet and on to the street. He springs to his feet.

Fifty yards ahead the truck carrying the Boa has stopped for traffic. The Boa jumps out and darts into an alley.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ALLEY - DAY

The Alley leads into a small CAFE where PATRONS smoke water pipes and drink coffee. The Boa is nowhere to be seen.

Bond slips out his gun holding it out of sight close to his leg so as not to alarm the civilians. He steps into the cafe.

EXT. ISTANBUL - CAFE - DAY

Bond makes his way through the tables to the doorway in the back. He looks inside - just a few children at play. Bond is suddenly blind-sided by a vicious kidney punch which brings him to his knees. He struggles to bring up his gun - but the Boa knocks it out of his hand.

The Boa locks Bond's head in an unbreakable choke hold from behind. Bond pulls on the massive arms - but to no avail. He glances down to his right - HIS GUN - just out of reach.

Bond reaches out for it - his fingers just graze it. Suddenly the Boa's foot kicks out, knocking the gun across the room. He tightens his grip and speaks in Bond's ear.

BOA

For years I was told I could never
take the great James Bond and his
Walther PPK. What good is your gun
now, Bond?

Bond can't breathe, his eyes start to dim. He slumps forward, his left hand touches something hot. It's the iron basket of coals used to keep the water pipes lite. Bond's fingers touch the wire handle that arches across the top. He grabs it and with his last reserves - Swings it at the back of his head hitting the Boa on the side of the head with the SOUND OF RAW BACON HITTING A HOT SKILLET.

The Boa drops Bond and leaps to his feet holding the side of his face. Bond falls forward fighting for breath and trying to clear his head.

The Boa runs out the back door. Bond finds his gun, holsters it and follows.

EXT. ISTANBUL - SIDE STREET - DAY

Bond comes out into a side street crowded with VENDERS AND SHOPPERS. Bond sees the Boa pushing his way through the crowd to...

EXT. ISTANBUL - FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

RUSSIAN TRAMP STEAMER taking on cargo. Bond enters square in time to see the Boa making a Bee line for the Russian steamer.

As the Boa, much the worse-for-ware, starts up the gangway to the top deck of the steamer, Bond hitches a ride on a cargo net that is being hoisted aboard by the ship's boom.

EXT. RUSSIAN STEAMER - DAY

Boa, breathing hard gets to the deck. He lumbers across it but before he can reach the other side he is tripped up by Bond who has been waiting for him by the side of the deck house. The Boa goes sprawling. As Bond comes for him he scrambles to his feet, grabs a nearby bailing hook, and swings at Bond. But Bond is ready for him. He wards off the blow with a small wooden cover from a shipping crate. He traps the Boa's arm and gives him two quick devastating kicks in the solar plexus. He Boa stages back to the railing. A final kick from Bond sends him over the side...

THE BOA FALLS, LANDING ON HIS BACK ON THE DECK BELOW WITH A SICKENING THUD.

Bond looks down, sees the Boa's body at a horrible angle, his neck broken.

Bond sighs, turns...

GABOR is there. Gun trained on him.

GABOR
Welcome aboard, Mr. Bond.

BOND'S P.O.V. A thug steps into sight below, holding CHRISTMAS hostage as well.

EXT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - DAY

A magnificent ornate tower in the centre of the Bosphorus.

An innocent-looking launch coasts up to it. A tarp is raised and Bond and Christmas are revealed, hands bound. They are helped out, led inside by a number of henchmen.

INT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - DAY

Elektra crosses the hallway as the doors open. Kisses Bond on the cheek as she eyes Christmas.

ELEKTRA
James Bond and his amazing
resurrection. If only you'd kept
away, we might have met again in a
few years, become lovers once more.

Christmas eyes Bond anew as Elektra leads him to an ornately carved chair, covered in silk.

ELEKTRA
(to guards)
Take her to Renard.

Bond and Christmas exchange a look as the guards start her towards some steps.

Elektra indicates for him to sit. Behind him, the whole of Istanbul is visible through a large curved window.

ELEKTRA

Pretty thing. You had her too?

Bond ignores her.

ELEKTRA

I could have given you the world.

BOND

Not interested.

This cuts. She casually reaches behind his neck, flips up a wooden arm to which is attached a metal collar. A GAROTTE.

ELEKTRA

They were digging near here and they found some very pretty vases. They also found this...

(meaning the garotte)

I think we ignore the old ways at our peril, don't you?

Bond recoils as she fastens the collar... She steps back.

BOND

(ignoring her)

Where's M?

ELEKTRA

Soon she'll be everywhere.

Bond keeps his cool:

BOND

All this, because you fell for Renard?

ELEKTRA

Five more turns and your neck will break.

She moves to the back of the chair, twists the screw ONE NOTCH. The effect on Bond is instantaneous as a bolt jolts into the back of his neck, tilts his head back.

ELEKTRA

Since I was a child, I've always had a power over men. When I realized my father wouldn't rescue me from the

ELEKTRA
kidnappers, I knew I had to form a
new alliance.

BOND
(realizing)
You turned Renard.

ELEKTRA
(smiling)
Just like you...only you were even
easier.

She pulls the jewel from her ear, reveals the ugly scar:

ELEKTRA
I told him he had to hurt me, he had
to make it look real. When he refused
I told him I would do it myself.

She turns the screw again.

BOND
So you killed your father.

ELEKTRA
He killed me! He killed me the day
he refused to pay my ransom.

A flicker of emotion. Bond is getting to her.

BOND
Was this all about the oil?

ELEKTRA
It is my oil! Mine and my family's!

Her eyes are shining. She moves toward the view, gazing out
at this spectacular cradle of civilization. Bond works his
wristbinds feverishly.

ELEKTRA
It runs in my veins, thicker than
blood. I'm going to redraw the map.
And when I am through the whole world
will know my name, my grandfather's
name, the glory of my people.

BOND
No-one will believe this melt-down
was an accident.

She eyes him, impressed that he's worked out her plan.
Tightens the screw again. Her confidence amazing.

ELEKTRA
They will believe. They will all
believe.

Tightening the screw again:

ELEKTRA
You understand? Nobody can resist
me.

Now she straddles him. She puts the jewel back on her ear.
All the time, he's working that wristbind.

ELEKTRA
Know what happens when a man is
strangled?

BOND
Elektra, it's not too late. Eight
million people needn't die.

She smiles, twists the screw again. A nasty, grinding sound.
Sweat trickles from his brow. She licks it away.

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

She pushes her hips into his. Turns the screw. The bolt is
jammed right into the back of his neck. His face is angled
upwards. Breathing is difficult. He glares up:

BOND
You meant ... nothing ... to me.

She fingers the bolt. Prepares to turn it the last time...His
hand strains at its binding...

BOND
One... last... screw?

ELEKTRA
(kissing his ear)
Oh James.

She begins to turn the screw...

... when SEVERAL GUNSHOTS are heard outside.

Bond is on the edge of consciousness.

Elektra freezes. Gets off him. Moves to a window.

EXT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - DAY HER POV:

Big, battered and bloody, Valentin Zukovsky is leaving a boat, moving over the rocks toward the entrance with three of his men. Two bodies in his trail. He's on course for Elektra and nothing is going to stop him, even as his henchmen are cut down by ferocious fire.

INT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - DAY

Elektra moves to her gun. Just then, Gabor crashes through a stained glass window, neck broken.

TWO ELEKTRA HENCHMEN appear from below stairs as the doors burst open. Zukovsky stands there. A bloody giant.

They open up with machine guns, but two shots from Zukovsky take them out, though he takes one in the shoulder. Right now, he's unstoppable.

A shocked silence after the shooting. He eyes Bond in the chair. To the room:

ZUKOVSKY
I'm looking for a submarine. It's
big and black, and the driver is a
friend of mine.

Then his eye falls on the HAT Renard had brought up from below. He knows at once what it means.

ZUKOVSKY
Bring it to me.

She picks it up, walks to him (surreptitiously sliding a gun beneath it). She proffers the hat...

ELEKTRA
What a shame. You just missed him.

BLAM BLAM BLAM -- she fires through the hat.

He staggers back. Stares. Slumps down. Lowers his head to the ground.

She walks over, puts her heel on his gun arm, presses down, smiling a half-psychotic smile. The gun is pinned.

Zukovsky is dying.

But he dredges up every last ounce of energy to raise his gun a millimetre off the ground, his outstretched arm already pointing at Bond. Elektra looks surprised, then amused as Zukovsky's finger begins to squeeze the trigger: he's going to shoot Bond!

Bond stares back. Zukovsky's eye narrows -- trying for extreme accuracy...

BLAM! The SHOT hits the binding at Bond's wrist. Splinters the wood there.

ELEKTRA stares at Zukovsky. She didn't see where the bullet went, just that it missed Bond. She watches his head slump further, staring at Bond...

A look passes between the two men. Comrades in arms. The merest of smiles. Then the light fades from his eyes. Dead.

ELEKTRA

turns back to Bond. Smiles.

ELEKTRA

Excuse me.

She picks up a walkie-talkie, speaks into it:

ELEKTRA

Everything's under control up here.
Are you ready?

RENARD

(filtered)
Yes. Au revoir...

Lost for a moment, she breathes heavily. She glances at Zukovsky's corpse. Slightly puzzled, to Bond:

ELEKTRA

Zukovsky really hated you.
(beat)
Time to say goodnight.

And she kisses him -- reaches behind to deliver the killer twist...

ONE SUPER-FAST MOVEMENT:

Bond's hand breaks free, grabs her throat, tight. He holds her, their faces close together, disdain in his eyes -- hurls her backwards, her hand scratching at his face.

Ripping the collar from his neck, he gets to his feet. Moves to Zukovsky, checks his pulse, takes the bloody gun from his fingers.

Turns back, to see Elektra disappearing upstairs. A moment's dilemma: should he race below to the sub -- or up to Elektra?

He takes off after Elektra, grabs the radio handset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBMARINE - SECRET QUAY (MAIDEN'S TOWER) - DAY

The submarine's engines roar to life.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

ELEKTRA rises up one of the triple spiral stairways leading to the various balconies of the minaret tower.

INT. TOWER/M'S CELL - DAY

Bond stalks up after her. THEIR VOICES ECHO through the intertwined stairs:

ELEKTRA
James. You can't kill me. Not in
cold blood.

But Bond isn't wavering. Clutches Zukovsky's bloody wet gun.

He heads up in the semi-darkness -- and suddenly swings to his right, at an unexpected but familiar Voice:

M
Bond --

Bond kicks open a door and enters...

M'S PRISON ROOM

He fires at the lock on her cell door and frees her. Turns to go, heading upward, after Elektra.

M
Go after the submarine, forget the
girl. Bond!

INT. BALCONY/MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - DAY

Elektra has reached a balcony. It affords a spectacular view of Istanbul. Bond appears, has her cornered.

BOND
Call him off.

He holds the walkie-talkie to her mouth.

BOND
I won't ask again. Call him off!

She looks at him seriously. He's giving her a last chance, willing her to save herself and the city.

ELEKTRA
(into walkie-talkie)
Renard.

Bond waits...

ELEKTRA
(to Bond)
You wouldn't kill me. You'd miss
me.

And her face breaks into a perverted grin and --

ELEKTRA
(into walkie-talkie)
Dive! Bond --

BLAM! Bond shoots her.

She staggers back, shocked at her own mortality.

BOND
I never miss.

HE LOOKS OUT:

EXT. BOSPHORUS - DAY

Sees the nose of the sub heading into the Bosphorus, half submerged. The hatch is still open.

INT. BALCONY/MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - DAY

He stares at her dead body a beat. And then, he crouches. He touches her cheek, just once, before he goes.

Behind him, unbeknownst, M has seen it all.

EXT. MAIDEN'S TOWER - BOSPHORUS - DAY

He moves to the ledge. Composes himself -- and DIVES ONE HUNDRED FEET to the water. Amazing.

EXT. SUBMARINE, BOSPHORUS - DAY

He surfaces close to the exiting sub. Grabs a ladder, pulls himself up.

The hatch is closing... He splashes through the water flooding over the sub, appears in front of the amazed sailor shutting the hatch. WHACKS him with the hatch. Gets inside. Closes it.

Milliseconds before the hatch slides under the water.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Bond down below. Renard's crew are spread throughout the sub. He creeps through...

Approaches one man working some levers, smoking. Bond holds his gun to his head.

BOND
How do you want to die?
(re: cigarette)
That?
(re: gun)
Or this?

INT. CABIN, SUBMARINE - MOMENTS LATER

A few SOLID BANGS on the metal of Christmas' door. It opens and Bond lets the now unconscious man hit the deck. That was his head banging.

CHRISTMAS
(stunned)
James!...

He takes her by the hand, they move through the shadows of the sub.

INT. SUBMARINE - MOMENTS LATER

A man is operating the tanks. Through the intercom:

RENARD
(filtered)
Flood tanks 4 and 5...

The man does as told. When he's finished -- Bond knocks him out with the butt of his gun.

INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Several men occupy the central control room, Renard at their centre. Beyond, on the other side, the outer chamber of the reactor.

INT. OTHER END OF CONTROL ROOM - SUBMARINE - DAY

From the other end of the control room, Bond and Christmas, so near and yet so far -- they can't get to the reactor because there are so many men in there.

KEEPING BEHIND COVER:

CHRISTMAS
Is there another way?

BOND
We go down to the torpedo bay.

INT. TANK CONTROLS ROOM, SUBMARINE LOWER DECK - MOMENTS
LATER

Bond and Christmas get attacked. A vicious, silent fight...
Then the radio set sparks into life --

RENARD
Open the tanks.

Bond is throttling the man with the cable. Speaks into the
handset.

BOND
(disguising voice)
Tanks open.

But the man has stretched his hand to a fire alarm:

The KLAXON RESOUNDS.

INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renard looks up.

RENARD
(to self)
Bond...

He flicks a switch;

RENARD
(into mic)
Bond! You have decided to join me on
this historic voyage. Welcome to my
nuclear family.

INTERCUT: BOND ON AN INTERCOM:

His voice fills the control room.

BOND
You're really going to commit suicide
for her?

Renard responds, into the microphone.

RENARD
In case you've forgotten. I'm dead
already.

BOND
Haven't you heard the news? So is
she.

Renard's face screws up in pain more searing than any he
could feel in his skin...he SCREAMS...

INT. SUBMARINE...

The scream, like a wounded animal, echoes throughout the
doomed craft.

BACK ON RENARD, gasping, spent.

RENARD
You will die for this.

He strides through to the

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

Jams shut the hatch behind him. Now moves through to the

INT. CHAMBER BEYOND REACTOR

Where he picks up the PLUTONIUM. Moves back into the

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

Sealing the other door behind him. And now he opens up the
cover of the glaring REACTOR...

INT. TANK CONTROLS ROOM, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Christmas sees a panel light up:

CHRISTMAS
The cover is off the reactor.

Bond reads off more lights...

BOND
He's sealed himself in.

CHRISTMAS
He's going to insert the plutonium.

Thinking fast, Bond moves to some controls. Hits switches.

CHRISTMAS
Do you know what you're doing?

BOND
Like riding a bike.

INT. AIR TANKS, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

The air tanks immediately filling with water.

INT. TANK CONTROLS ROOM, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Christmas and Bond shift to the side. Everything not screwed down starts sliding...

EXT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS - LONG SHOT

The submarine is tilting, further and further, the nose dropping down and down...

Pretty soon we have the strange and incredible sight of a submarine hanging vertically, nose down.

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Renard hangs on, swings, until he can get a footing on the nearest wall.

INT. TANK CONTROLS ROOM, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Bond and Christmas hang on too, get a grip. He helps her up.

CHRISTMAS
What kind of bikes did you ride?

BOND
Just wanted to put him on edge...

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER, SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Renard is disturbed by the sub's position, but only momentarily.

He moves to an intercom:

RENARD
Open the torpedo tubes.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bond hears a creak, turns to see the tubes open -- water gushes up toward them at an incredible rate.

BOND
Climb!

He pulls Christmas up and they ascend to the next level. No chance to seal the chamber though, the water is already through the hatch.

BOND

Keep moving.

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Renard now struggles back up to the reactor, stares into the violet blue heat...

He hits a button. A ROD slowly rises out of the reactor.

INT. LOWER SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Bond and Christmas are ahead of the water. They have reached a level where various systems are operated from.

BOND

There's one chance.

He punches buttons.

EXT. SUBMARINE, BOSPHORUS - CONTINUOUS

High up on the sub, a hatch opens. Water floods into an escape hatch. An inner door stops it getting into the submarine itself.

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Renard slowly inserts the plutonium rod. Immediately the light around him becomes a deeper blue, a horrible luminescence. The staccato click of a distant Geiger counter intensifies.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

As Bond opens the inner door of an ESCAPE HATCH, he points out a cabinet on the wall to Christmas.

BOND

Re-breathers.

She opens the box to find the RE-BREATHERS are ripped to shreds. No-one was ever meant to get off the sub. She shows Bond.

BOND

Never liked those things anyway.

He climbs into the escape chamber.

BOND

Count to twenty. When you get to twenty open the hatch. It can only be opened for a few seconds or we'll sink.

CHRISTMAS

But what if...

BOND

Count to twenty. I'll be there.

She moves over and seals the door, wrenches a lever which immediately floods the chamber with water.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH - CONTINUOUS

Inside the chamber, Bond holds his breath as water seeps in. The most claustrophobic thing you've ever seen.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

A green light comes on and Christmas punches a button...

EXT. SUBMARINE, ESCAPE HATCH - CONTINUOUS

The OUTER DOOR opens... Bond burst out and starts the long swim up the OUTSIDE OF THE SUBMARINE...

INT. SUBMARINE - SAME

Christmas is counting.

CHRISTMAS

One, one thousand, two, one thousand...

EXT. SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER

It's dark out here. It would be very easy for Bond to get disoriented.

He peers around, trying to get his bearings against the vast vertical whale he's swimming up.

Passes the conning tower.

INT. SUBMARINE

CHRISTMAS

Fourteen, one thousand, fifteen, one thousand...

EXT. SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER

Bond is running out of air...

And then he sees it -- the open hatch of the rear escape door.

He gets inside, yanks it closed...

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Christmas, shivering in the rising water.

CHRISTMAS

Twenty.

She presses a button...

INT. CHAMBER BEYOND (NOW ABOVE) REACTOR - CONTINUOUS

The hatch opens and Bond collapses out in a gush of water. The hatch closes.

The whole world is at a crazy angle here. Bond looks down at the sealed door of the reactor chamber, curses.

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Bathed in the horrible light of the over-heating reactor, Renard looks upwards, aware of sounds on the other side of the door...

KER-BLAM! A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT.

The door shoots off its hinge, blasted by Bond.

Bond drops down into the chamber, takes one look at Renard, now a crumpled heap in the corner.

Bond moves down to the next door, opens it:

BOND

Christmas!

And there she is, struggling, the water level way below still rising...

He lowers an arm, pulls her up.

They clamber up to the reactor:

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

BOND'S POV: in the intense glow inside -- the overheating rod, protruding slightly.

CHRISTMAS
We have to get the rod out of the
reactor!

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

Bond looks at the gauges from behind a thick GLASS SHIELD.
Christmas comes up level with him:

CHRISTMAS
Melting down. 4000 degrees, the
Zirconium casings on the rods crack.
5000, the plutonium melts. In ten
minutes, a hydrogen explosion.

THE TEMPERATURE GAUGE READS 4500 AND RISING...

He starts toward the reactor when suddenly

Renard is behind Bond, throttling him.

CHRISTMAS grabs at him, is flung back, nearly falls through
the hatch but manages to grab a pipe, hangs on for dear life.

THE GAUGE HITS

BOND AND RENARD

struggle... Both slamming into switches and buttons.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

THE GAUGE IS PASSING 4900, EDGING TOWARDS THE NO-WAY-BACK
5000 MARK. Meltdown imminent...

He looks down the sub -- more water racing upward...

Back to the pile. Scans the scene, searching for an idea.
Sees a HOSE, compressed air escaping from a fissure. Thinks
fast. Grabs the hose, snaps it free...

RENARD
is recovering, has found a FLARE GUN
near him. Raises it to Bond...

BOND'S POV

in the reflection of the gauge (which is millimeters from
5000), we see Renard approaching from behind us...

BOND jams the hose into the reactor, ducks down -- as the
air blows the rod out - narrowly missing him as it shoots

past -- impales Renard in the heart, just before he could shoot.

Renard stares at Bond in horror. Bond calmly takes the flare gun off him.

BOND
She's waiting for you.

And he lets him fall past Christmas, through consecutive open hatches of the sub, crashing into the rising water.

Christmas looks down at the floating corpse.

Bond watches the gauge -- as it edges DOWN from 5000.

The nuclear disaster looks like it's averted. But suddenly water is gushing in from above, through splits in the sub's shell; it's going to sink.

BOND
We're sinking.

But she won't come. As water courses over them:

CHRISTMAS
Help me. We have to seal it.

She moves to the reactor, closing the cover. Bond uses his strength to push the heavy locking mechanism into place.

Bond climbs upwards, dragging Christmas with him.

BOND
We've got to get out.

CHRISTMAS
We can't.

INT. CHAMBER BEYOND REACTOR - CONTINUOUS

They clamber into the next chamber up...

EXT. SUBMARINE, BOSPHORUS - CONTINUOUS

The submarine is slowly sinking, nose down. Air is escaping from the many seams that are creeping apart. We can hear the metallic GROANS through the water.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM

Bond and Christmas crawl into TORPEDO CHAMBERS...

Bond reaches out, setting a timer to FIRE...

The clock ticks down...

EXT. SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER BOSPHORUS - DAY

The Torpedo doors open and Bond and Christmas are SHOT OUT INTO THE WATER, streaking through, as behind them...

THE SUBMARINE EXPLODES in spectacular fashion.

EXT. SURFACE, BOSPHORUS - DAY

Bond and Christmas reach the surface... Look around them. No boats coming to the rescue. They wave to a tourist boat passing.

The boat heads over to pick them up...

DISSOLVE:

EST. SHOT - MI-6 - NIGHT

The damaged wing is being repaired.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SAME

Tanner overseeing things, and then...

M walks in. Efficient and steely as ever. All eyes turn to her. She looks at everyone...makes the briefest of nods. That is all the sentiment allowed as business resumes.

She scans the machines:

M
Any word from him?

TANNER
Still no contact yet.

EXT. ROOF, ISTANBUL - NIGHT

A magnificent rooftop garden looking out over Istanbul. Christmas and Bond alone with some Bollinger.

FIREWORKS explode above. They clink glasses. He looks out at the cityscape.

BOND
I love Christmas in Turkey.

CHRISTMAS
So isn't it time you unwrapped your present?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Q look at a SATELLITE THERMAL IMAGE OF ISTANBUL.

TANNER
That's strange.

The satellite image zooms in one particular car parked in a side street. We can just make out Bond's ASTON MARTIN.

TANNER
He must be nearby.

M comes over.

The image moves from the car, closes on the garden rooftop. The thermal image is multi-coloured, difficult to decipher.

M
Where?

Q
This picks up body heat. Humans
should be orange.
(searching)
There.

And he points to ONE orange figure lying on the rooftop.

M
(to Tanner)
I thought you said he was with Doctor
Jones?

They all look back to the image. The figure is turning RED, almost glowing.

M
It's getting redder.

Tanner, Q and M realize as one that this is an image of two people, one atop the other. And getting hotter.

M
Bond.

Q switches the screen off, clears his throat.

Q
Could be a premature form of the
Millennium Bug.

EXT. ROOF, ISTANBUL - CONTINUOUS

It's dark, we can't really see them.

CHRISTMAS

You know James... I think Christmas
is coming early this year.

FADE OUT

THE END