

SKYFALL

Screenplay by

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INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

We're moving down a dark corridor.

Then, emerging from the darkness.

Ice blue eyes.

BOND cautiously moves through the tight hallway. Gun ready.

We have no idea where we are. We hear distant city noises outside.

He rounds a corner.

At the end of hall: open door.

Dead body.

Bond picks up his pace. Gets to the door. Nudges it open. Aiming.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bond enters. Eyes take it in.

Scene of carnage. Another dead body. Euros scattered around. Empty metal briefcase. Laptop, backed ripped off, hard drive missing. Signs of struggle.

And a dying MI-6 agent on the floor. Gasping for breath. Eyes pleading up at Bond.

Bond moves to him quickly, checks his pulse:

BOND
(on earpiece)
Ronson's down. He needs a medical
evac.

A voice crackles through the darkness.

It's M:

M (V.O.)
Where is it? Is it there?

Bond looks over to the laptop.

BOND
Hard drive's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M (V.O.)
Are you sure?

BOND
It's gone -- give me a minute.

Bond works urgently to staunch the bleeding.

Ronson looks up at him. Eyes desperate.

M (V.O.)
They must have it -- get after them.

BOND
I'm stabilizing Ronson.

M (V.O.)
We don't have the time.

BOND
I have to stop the bleeding.

M (V.O.)
Leave him.

Ronson hears this too. Their eyes meet.

Bond sets Ronson down. There's another door out. He heads toward it.

One glance back.

The secret agent dying alone.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bond races through a corridor.

Down a dark stairway.

Bursts out to--

EXT. ISTANBUL - DAY

Blaze of color and crowd and noise.

Teeming Istanbul street.

Bond stops for a millisecond, looks around. Then a Land Rover screeches up. Bond jumps in. It takes off.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

EVE is driving. She's a smart and capable MI-6 field agent. They are following an Audi as it maneuvers through the crowded streets:

BOND
Have you got him?

EVE
He's in the black Audi ... What about Ronson?

BOND
He's been hit.

TANNER (V.O.)
We're sending an emergency evacuation squad.

BOND
They'll be too bloody late.

The Audi suddenly zooms ahead, it's picked up the tail--

BOND
He's seen us.

Eve pursues--

She's a superb driver. She screeches around corners at breakneck speed, always just on the verge of losing control but not.

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

M is pacing in her busy office, her redoubtable Chief of Staff BILL TANNER close by.

Her Executive Assistant, VANESSA, and other MI-6 personnel are standing by and manning monitors.

TANNER
Medical evac for Ronson five minutes away.

She nods.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

Bond lurches as Eve takes a corner too tightly -- smash -- the mirror on Bond's side of the car is shorn off.

BOND
It's all right, you weren't
using it.

She swerves the car to the other side and sheers off that mirror as well.

EVE
Wasn't using that one either.

She smiles and floors it, narrowly missing the local traffic.

The pursuit continues. She really is good.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREET - DAY

The cars screech past three Istanbul motorcycle cops -- who take off in pursuit--

EXT. ISTANBUL MARKET SQUARE - DAY

In the market square, Bond sees his chance as the two cars speed towards and into the crowded market square.

Eve jams down on the clutch -- Bond reaches over -- grabs the steering wheel -- the car lurches to the right --

They slam into the Audi--

The Audi skids around -- Eve's car pushes it forward -- for a moment Bond has a close view of his quarry--

Then the Audi hits the steps of a statue in the square -- and flips over dramatically--

--sails through the air right over them--

And then crashes down on top of a stall. Upside down.

Meanwhile, Bond and Eve screech to a stop.

BOND
Keep your head down!

She ducks then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smash!

Bullets shatter the windscreen--

Eve's down -- her seat is shredded -- a man has pulled himself from the wrecked Audi ... This is PATRICE: a saturnine, lethal assassin.

Patrice has a specialized automatic with a machine-gun like magazine attached -- he sprays bullets toward Bond

Just then, the Istanbul motorcycle cops roar into the square.

Patrice fires at them too, taking them down--

CLICK--

Patrice's gun is out of ammunition. He quickly ejects the double magazine. He's about to reload when--

Bond returns fire--

Patrice quickly holsters his weapon, grabs one of the police bikes and speeds off--

Bond exchanges a quick look with Eve.

Bond leaps on a motorcycle and takes off in pursuit of Patrice.

Eve smashes out the remainder of the front windscreen with the heel of her hand, and heads off in pursuit.

Eve screams out the window as she is backing up:

EVE
Just get clear!

EXT. ISTANBUL ALLEYS - DAY

Patrice roars through the insanely congested walkway-- zipping past street bollards, people, animals, markets, tourists, bikes, food stalls--

Bond in close pursuit--

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

Eve follows as best she can, but her car can't make it past the street bollards lined across the walkway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
Tanner, which way?

She catches glimpses of Bond and Patrice, but they are leaving her behind.

She veers off.

INT. MI-6 - DAY

TANNER
Keep going. I can direct you from here.

M and Tanner watch the pursuit on GPS. (Eve's car has a homing transmitter.) Other screens show satellite and CCTV images.

Tanner notes M is unusually tense.

M
You both know what's at stake here
...We cannot afford to lose that list.

BOND (V.O.)
Yes, ma'am.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREETS - DAY

The city zips past.

Bond gets closer. The two bikes only a few feet apart.

Weaving in and out. Like they're linked. Bond won't give an inch.

EXT. GRAND BAZAAR ALLEY/STAIRS/ROOF - DAY

Patrice races through a series of increasingly narrow alleys and into a small square. People leap back and flatten themselves against the walls as the two bikes barrel past--

Patrice slips through a tiny gap between a moving car and the alley wall--

Finally, Patrice shrieks around a corner. There is a car in his way --

Bond, relentless, pursues--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrice realizes he is stuck -- almost.

He jerks the bike and ascends a STAIRWAY -- Bond after him--

They jolt up the stairs, and through an archway... and we discover they are--

ON THE ROOFTOPS OF THE GRAND BAZAAR

-- all of Istanbul beyond them, a breathtaking vista.

The two riders scream off across the rooftops.

BACK AT MI-6:

Tanner is watching the GPS.

EVE (V.O.)
Where are they now?

TANNER
They appear to be on the rooftops of
the Grand Bazaar.

ON THE ROOF:

Patrice and Bond flash over the rooftop.

Patrice glances back -- just can't shake Bond--

In frustration Patrice makes a desperate maneuver, he veers sharply and accelerates--

Bond sees what's coming--

Patrice SMASHES THROUGH A HIGH WINDOW--

Bond braces himself and pursues--

It's a spectacular leap to--

INT. GRAND BAZAAR - DAY

Everyone inside spins and gapes as--

The two motorcycles SMASH through the high window -- arcing dramatically--

They slam down and race on--

Inside the Grand Bazaar now, they roar through a maze of shops and stalls--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mobs of shoppers and tourists jump out of the way as the two bikes zoom past spice markets and food stalls, brass works and wool dying shops--

Finally Patrice cuts back and forth through columns and archways, visible and then not, Bond weaving after him.

INT./EXT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

Eve is on a four-lane highway. There's red traffic lights and an impossible snarl of traffic ahead--

She's going to be trapped in the jam--

INT. MI-6 - DAY

TANNER

Make a left, there's a bridge. You can cut him off.

Eve instantly spins the wheel, reverses -- CRASH -- damaging her vehicle's GPS satellite--

Eve shoots across the median -- and heads the other way--
into the opposing traffic!

Patrice has now pulled ahead. But Bond is making up the difference.

EXT. ISTANBUL BRIDGE - DAY

They are on a four lane highway bridge over a railroad. A train chugs past beneath them.

Suddenly--

Eve heads down the road from the other direction -- against the traffic -- cars beeping wildly--

A big truck screeches to avoid her -- loses control, crashing and tumbling to its side -- spilling construction debris, livestock, fruit, etc, everywhere--

The big truck finally tumbles to a stop -- debris everywhere--

Patrice's way is blocked.

Eve's car spins to a stop -- she's instantly out of the car with her gun steady and aimed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrice stops. Sees Eve. Turns.

Sees Bond screeching up behind him.

They've got him. He's trapped.

Or is he?

Patrice leaps off the motorcycle and he runs --

EVE
(*in Turkish*)
Get out of the way!

Pedestrians take cover. Eve gets off a couple of shots -- but Patrice vaults over the edge of the bridge--

Disappearing into space--

Eve runs and looks-- shoots again --

Patrice has landed safely on top of the train passing below.

Bond looks down, he can see the end of the train nearing.

He's going to need the momentum.

His eyes narrow. He holsters his gun. He revs the bike hard. The back tire spins. Smoke.

He takes off.

Speeds toward the edge of the bridge -- hits the curb -- jerks the handlebars, nose of the bike up--

Bond flies.

Off the bridge.

Sails through the air.

On the bike.

End of the train approaching below.

Bond leaps from the bike -- bike sails away.

He just makes it!

The bike bounces away and is smashed to bits on the track.

Bond falls hard -- scrambles to grab on -- pulls himself up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABOVE:

Eve stares in disbelief.

M IN LONDON:

M
What's happened?

EVE
They're on the train, ma'am.

M
What do you mean "on the train?"

EVE
I mean they're on top of a train.

M
Well get after them, for God sake.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Bond has landed on a flatbed train car with heavy construction machinery and cars chained to it. He scrambles over them, in pursuit of Patrice.

Patrice is on a passenger car, loading a single magazine.

Patrice sees Bond, sprays bullets--

MEANWHILE:

Eve is speeding along a bumpy road. She makes a turn, drives parallel alongside the train. People leap out of the way. They are on the outskirts of the city now --

She has quick glimpses of Bond and Patrice--

AT MI-6:

M is prowling anxiously ... The satellite image flickers--

TANNER
She's going out of range...

The image snaps out. All the monitors are dark now.

M
(to Eve)
We've lost tracking. We're blind here. What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE (V.O.)
I'm still with them.

Meanwhile, Tanner works desperately to get some intel:

TANNER
... get me CCTV, satellites,
anything...!

Bond is out of ammunition. He takes cover, darting into the cab of a huge construction digger.

Thinking quickly, Bond powers up the digger's arm, swings it around.

But Patrice's powerful bullets slice through the steel of the digger's cab--

Bond is hit!

Right shoulder torn apart - his gun arm - he instinctively reaches up to stop the heavy bleeding.

Bond loses control of the digger arm, and it swings into a line of cars on the flatbed, crashing into them and sending two cars flying from the train.

WITH EVE:

A huge CRASH as the cars fall from the train.

She swerves, and narrowly avoids them both, the second car bouncing entirely over the Land Rover.

M (V.O.)
(re: sound of crash)
What was that?!

EVE
VW Beetle, I think.

WITH BOND:

With his good arm, Bond regains control of the digger. He raises the digger's arm to protect himself, like a shield--

Patrice keeps firing -- his bullets ricochet off the digger's giant claw--

BACK WITH BOND:

Patrice is maneuvering into position to get a shot at Bond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Now Bond has an idea. He quickly pulls the gears on the digger and jerks off the break--

The mighty machine lurches forward!

Bond presses the gas hard--

The engine howls -- the digger lurches again -- then snaps the chains holding it and rumbles forward!

The digger smashes and crushes the cars on the flat-bed in front of it -- rolling up and over them!

Patrice continues to fire--

WITH BOND:

Bond continues to rumble and lurch the digger forward -- over the cars -- toward Patrice--

Patrice, on the next train car, fires at the pneumatic release between the two cars--

A blast of compressed air -- the train cars uncouple--

Eve sees the train cars slowly drifting apart--

EVE

Bond - he's uncoupling the cars!

Bond pulls at the levers which control the digger's claw arm--

Eve watches in amazement as the digger's crane arm starts to rear up--

Bond controls it--

Patrice fires --

The digger's arm reaches out -- the claw slams down on back of the next train car--

Patrice has no more ammunition! The gunfire suddenly stops. He tosses the gun aside and backs away.

Bond is already out of the cab--

He climbs onto the claw arm and clambers up and along it dramatically--

Finally he leaps from the claw arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Just as the digger arm rips off a large section of the roof of the passenger carriage!

He lands in the carriage amongst the astonished passengers.

M (V.O.)
007, are you all right?

BOND
Just changing carriages.

M (V.O.)
What's going on? Report!

EVE
... It's rather hard to explain,
ma'am. 007's still in pursuit.

WITH PATRICE:

On top of the train, Patrice thinks Bond has fallen and is satisfied he is dead. He prepares to climb down.

But they are coming to a tunnel. Patrice ducks down. The train zooms into the tunnel.

A moment of blackness.

INSIDE THE TRAIN:

Bond steadies himself. In pain, his wound bloody--

He pushes through the car--

WITH EVE:

Still in pursuit. The train moves out of the tunnel into light.

Bond is now standing right in front of Patrice!

Bond slams him in the face.

Patrice falls, kicks out a leg, tripping Bond--

Bond and Patrice grapple on the roof of the car, rolling and fighting awkwardly -- Bond's wounded shoulder is in agony--

WITH EVE:

She's driving up into the mountains now -- a treacherous, twisting road, the train occasionally visible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WITH BOND:

Bond and Patrice roll across the top of the train car--

Then Bond sees it: hanging around Patrice's neck -- an encasement containing the laptop's hard drive.

Bond grabs the hard drive -- tries to rip it off

They both grab for it and struggle desperately as--

They zoom in to a second tunnel -- sudden darkness -- it's disorienting--

The tunnel is inches above their heads -- they must flatten themselves--

Patrice tries to force Bond's head up to the tunnel roof--

WITH EVE:

Meanwhile, Eve is now driving at speed slightly ahead of the train.

The road snakes along the cliff side parallel to the tracks.

EVE
(to Tanner)
Looks like there isn't much more
road...

BACK AT MI-6:

EVE
(on speakerphone)
...I don't think I can go any
further.

WITH EVE:

And now we see what lies up ahead:

The train is about to cross a very high bridge over a raging river leading to a waterfall.

Up ahead we see that the road dead-ends the other side of the bridge. Eve races to the end of the road.

EXT. OVERPASS- DAY

Eve screeches to a stop. Leaps out of the car with the rifle and scope. Eve moves to the edge of the road and takes aim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The train emerges from the tunnel.

WITH BOND:

Meanwhile, on the roof of the train, Bond and Patrice still exchange savage blows.

The train is getting closer.

A clear view of the train as it snakes over the bridge...

She can see Bond and Patrice grappling on the roof. Everything is happening very fast. She looks through the scope:

EVE

I may have a shot. It's not clean.

AT MI-6:

EVE

(over speaker phone)

Repeat, I do not have a clean shot.

ON THE TRAIN:

Bond and Patrice struggle. Below the train, a treacherous fall to the waterfall and river far below--

Bond can hear Eve and M on his earpiece:

EVE (V.O.)

There's a tunnel ahead... I'm going to lose them...

AT MI-6:

M is isolated.

All the screens are down. Everyone watches M.

M (V.O.)

Can you get into a better position?

ON THE OVERPASS:

Eve's POV through the scope: Bond and Patrice locked together.

EVE

Negative. There's no time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She blinks away sweat. Finger tensing on the trigger.

The train's about to disappear.

ON THE TRAIN:

Bond and Patrice roll across the train roof--

Bond can hear M and Eve on his earpiece--

The train's starting to go into the tunnel!

ON THE OVERPASS:

Eve still has the gun trained on them.

Seconds left now.

AT MI-6-:

It's now or never.

M
Take the shot... I said, take the
shot...

EVE
I can't. I may hit Bond--

M
Take the bloody shot.

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

Eve fires--

Bond and Patrice twist--

Eve's shot slams into Bond!

His whole body recoils violently -- shot in the side and ribs
-- blood sprays -- the impact is huge -- sending him sailing
from the car--

Bond flies through the air--

Off the train--

He falls, past the train, past the tracks--

Down toward the river and waterfall below--

ON THE OVERPASS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Eve watches, horrified--

AND WITH BOND:

As he falls.

And falls.

Cart-wheeling awkwardly through the air.

Dead weight.

Finally slamming into the river.

ON THE BRIDGE:

A final glimpse of Patrice clutching the hard drive, looking back at Eve in victory as the train disappears into the tunnel--

AT MI-6:

M and Tanner wait, breathless.

EVE (V.O.)
... Agent down.

M's face.

Registers this.

AT THE RIVER:

The river rips his body toward a waterfall. And then he's over the edge. Crashing and tumbling down. The rushing water carrying him at incredible speed.

His body contorting like a rag doll.

Then hits the river below.

White water explodes around him.

And then it's silent, dreamlike...

As we descend with him under the water...

Sinking...

Into the deep...

Into black...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

And from black...

CREDITS.

EXT. MI-6 - NIGHT

Sheets of cold rain.

The distinctive MI-6 building on the Thames. Mostly dark this late.

A few lights on in an upper floor.

INT. MI-6 - M'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An ugly old Union Jack bulldog paperweight. A glass of whiskey.

M sits at her computer.

"Commander James Bond, C.M.G., R.N., Obituary..."

The glowing cursor on her screen blinks.

She looks at the words.

A long beat.

She continues typing.

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Grey weather hasn't improved much.

M's staff car drives through Whitehall. Turns a corner.

EXT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY

M's staff car pulls up before an imposing building.

M and Tanner emerge from the car and head up the stairs to the entrance. She's angry.

M
It's like being summoned to the
headmaster's study.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANNER

It's a new Chairman. Just standard procedure.

M

Bloody waste of my time is what I call it.

INT. WHITEHALL - MALLORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Beautiful office. Nice view. All the signs of just moving in. Boxes being unpacked. Files spread about.

GARETH MALLORY.

Impeccably tailored. Trim and controlled. Mallory pours M a glass of brandy.

MALLORY

I'm sorry to have to deal with such a delicate subject at our first encounter... But I have to be frank with you.

M instantly dislikes his slightly plummy accent. There's a bit of the old-school dandy about him ... And something else. Something steely.

M

I think that would be a good idea.

MALLORY

The Prime Minister's concerned.

The powerful understatement is not lost on M. She stiffens.

M

Well you can tell him that my operatives are pursuing every avenue.

MALLORY

Have you considered pulling out the agents?

M

I've considered every option.

MALLORY

Forgive me, that sounds like an evasion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

Forgive me, but why am I here?

Mallory pauses. The eyes chill.

MALLORY

Three months ago you lost the computer drive containing the identity of almost every NATO agent embedded in terrorist organizations across the globe... A list which in the eyes of our allies, never existed. So, if you'll forgive me, I think you know why you're here.

M

Are we to call this "civilian oversight?"

MALLORY

No, we're to call this retirement planning.

This stops M cold.

MALLORY

Your country has only the highest respect for you and your many years of service. When your current posting is completed you'll be awarded GCMG with full honors. Congratulations.

M

You're firing me.

MALLORY

No, ma'am ... I'm here to oversee the transition period leading to your voluntary retirement in two months time ... Your successor has yet to be appointed so we'll be asking you--

She stands.

M

I'm not an idiot, Mallory. I know I can't do this job forever, but I'll be damned if I'm going to leave the department in worse shape than I found it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She starts to go.

MALLORY

M ... You've had a great run. You should leave with dignity.

M

Oh, to hell with dignity ... I'll leave when the job's done.

She goes.

Mallory stares after M, his expression unreadable.

INT./EXT. M'S CAR - DAY

M and Tanner head back to MI-6.

She's pretending to read the Guardian.

He gets urgent news on his cellphone.

TANNER

Yes. Now... Ma'am... An alert from the Q-branch. Someone's trying to decrypt the hard drive.

He turns his computer so she can see it. Images flash past, trying to trace a signal...

TANNER

We're tracing the encryption signal... localizing now...

Geo-map images on Tanner's computer flash past... the globe ... Europe ... England...

TANNER

(surprised)
Centering in the UK...

TANNER

... London ...

M

(to driver)
Get us back to Base as soon as possible.

The driver turns on a siren alarm and floors it. The car speeds through traffic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The images on Tanner's computer localize further ... and he's shocked by what he sees...

TANNER

It's coming from MI-6...

M

What?

TANNER

The data packet is linking to our network...

(stops)

Correction. This is behind our firewall. We should shut down.

M

No. Track it. We have to know where it's coming from.

TANNER

(gives an order)

Strip the headers. Trace the source.

M

How the hell did they get into our system?

TANNER

Getting trace back now...

(stops)

It appears... It appears to be your computer, ma'am.

M

Shut it down!

Tanner's computer is now linked into the monitor in her office, shows the same image.

The pixilated picture becoming clearer.

It's an animated headshot of M ... From about 15 years ago, inserted against a background of the Union Jack.

M

What is this...?

The headshot is replaced by a skull. Animated flames eat the image.

On Tanner's screen, the words appear:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THINK ON YOUR SINS.

They stare. Stunned.

Meanwhile, the car has been stopped at a security checkpoint on Vauxhall Bridge. The MI-6 building in the distance.

M climbs out angrily...

EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE - DAY

... M snaps at the guards:

M
Oh for God's sake just get out of
the way! Don't you recognize the--

GUARD
Ma'am...

Then--

Without warning--

Just down the bridge--

A huge gas explosion tears through MI-6--

The top floor is destroyed -- exploding into the river,
debris flying -- cascading ball of flame--

M is knocked back by the force of the percussion -- she feels
the heat of the blast.

She rights herself and stares.

As the top floor of MI-6 burns.

The ugly black smoke billowing up.

Her face.

Shock and anguish.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN TURKISH COAST - APARTMENT - SUNSET

James Bond is having sex.

Not gently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slams against a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ferociously. She's just as ferocious in response. It's not playful, it's animal.

Her fingernails rake over his flesh. Painful. He doesn't mind.

And his body is a nightmare ... The signs of his recent ordeal are everywhere ... the ugly bullet holes, unprofessionally stitched up ... the shattered right shoulder, the injured ribs ... the scars.

This is not the 007 we know.

A LITTLE LATER:

They're in bed. Bond is finishing off a Heineken.

She reaches out to stroke his chest.

She watches him, saddened.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM AREA - LATER - DUSK

A single naked bulb. Roaches scatter into the corners.

Outside, the view of the sea beyond, the sound of waves.

Bond catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

Christ.

He's unshaven. Eyes bleary. Haunted.

He opens a pill bottle. Swallows a couple.

EXT. TURKISH BEACH - DUSK

Bond walks along a small stretch of beach toward a distant bar. Sex tourists. Girls. Bars. Market stalls.

Even in his current state there's something about Bond. He stands aloof. He's different. Dangerous.

People stay away from him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A scorpion, rising up into frame in close up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bond is balancing the animal on the back of his hand ...
Meanwhile, he lifts a glass to his lips. Does he dare take a
sip?

The sweaty crowd pounds and stomps rhythmically.

The drink and the scorpion get closer and closer. Bond
drinks. The scorpion twitches. Bond doesn't flinch.

Then, cool as anything, he lowers his hand back down to the
bar, flips the empty glass over on top of the scorpion. The
crowd cheer. Money changes hands. Bond holds out his hand to
receive his cut.

DAWN:

Bartender cleans the bar around him.

Bond awake. Bleary. He leans over the bar, helps himself to
another drink.

Hears the sound of a tinny TV:

CNN NEWSCAST

... emergency crews are still
attempting to access the damage as
investigators hunt for leads in what
now appears to be a major terrorist
attack in the heart of London...

Bond glances up ... he's hazy, just emerging ... he sees the
TV reflected in the mirror over the bar...

CNN NEWSCAST

... No one has yet claimed
responsibility for what sources are
calling a possible "cyber-terrorist
assault" on the British Secret
Service... Early reports from the
scene indicate at least six dead,
many more injured, with victims
being evacuated to local hospitals
within minutes of the explosion...

Bond turns, looks at the TV...

CNN is replaying the aftermath of the attack ... news copter
shots of the smoke billowing up from the burning MI-6
building ... emergency equipment and vehicles arriving...

Bond stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MI-6.

Under attack.

We push in.

The ice blue eyes.

Hardening.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Eight coffins. Draped with the Union Jack.

M stands before them.

She's alone in the staging area before the state funerals.

Anger in her eyes.

Tanner enters.

TANNER

It's time to go, ma'am.

M

I'm going to find whoever did this.

EXT. M'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Raining.

We see M's staff car pull up.

She emerges and goes to the front door.

INT. M'S HOUSE - NIGHT

M enters the hallway.

She's exhausted from the funerals. She turns on the light.
Tosses off her coat. Goes into her darkened sitting room.
Moves to get a drink.

Then -- she stops. Senses something.

It's Bond. Standing in the darkness at the other end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

Where the hell have you been?

BOND

Enjoying death.

M turns on the dining room light.

BOND

007 reporting for duty.

If she's shocked by his appearance, she covers it well.

M

Why didn't you call?

BOND

You didn't get the postcard?

BOND

You should try it some time. Get away from it all. It really lends perspective.

M

Ran out of drink where you were, did they?

BOND

What was it you said? "Take the bloody shot."

She doesn't take it.

M

I made a judgement call.

BOND

You should have trusted me to finish the job.

M

It was the possibility of losing you, or the certainty of losing all those other agents. I made the only decision I could and you know it.

BOND

I think you lost your nerve.

M

What do you expect? A bloody apology?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

M (CONT'D)

You know the rules of the game.
You've been playing it long enough.
We both have.

BOND

Maybe too long.

M

Speak for yourself.

BOND

Ronson didn't make it, did he?

M

No.

Beat.

BOND

So this is it? We're both played
out?

M

If you believe that then why did you
come back?

BOND

Good question.

M

Because we're under attack.
(beat)
And you know we need you.

A deep look between them.

BOND

Well, I'm here.

All business again.

M

You'll have to be de-briefed and
declared fit for active service. You
can only return to duty when you've
passed the tests, so take them
seriously ... And a shower might be
in order.

BOND

I'll go home and change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

M

Oh, we've sold your flat. Put your things into storage. Standard procedure on the death of an unmarried employee with no next of kin ...

(off his look)

... You should have called.

BOND

I'll find a hotel.

She heads out, tossing back:

M

Well, you're bloody well not sleeping here.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

Staff car moves through rush hour traffic, heading toward MI-6.

Bond is in the back staring out the window. London seems alien.

The car suddenly diverts down a ramp, heading underground.

INT. RAMP/TUNNELS - MORNING

The car continues underground ... through a series of tunnels, deeper and deeper...

TANNER

The assailant hacked into the environmental control system, locked out the safety protocols and turned on the gas. All of which should have been impossible. On top of that, they hacked into her files. They knew her appointments. They knew she'd be out of the building.

BOND

They weren't targeting her. They wanted her to see it.

The car is slowing down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND
(looking around)
Where are we, Tanner?

TANNER
New digs.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - MORNING

They leave the car and move toward a nondescript metal door...

TANNER
The old building was declared
"strategically vulnerable."

BOND
That's putting it mildly.

TANNER
He was able to breach the most
secure computer system in Britain.
So we're on a war footing now.

Tanner pushes through the metal door...

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - DAY

Bond and Tanner move down the corridor.

TANNER
... This was part of Churchill's
bunker. We're still discovering
tunnels dating back to the 18th
century. Quite fascinating, if it
wasn't for the rats.

BOND
When do I see M?

TANNER
Tomorrow, you'll see M and Mallory
too, if you're lucky.

BOND
Who's Mallory?

TANNER
The New Chairman of the Intelligence
and Security Committee.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANNER (CONT'D)

Charming man. I think you and he are really going to hit it off...

They turn a corner.

TANNER

....Welcome to the new MI-6.

Ahead of him, the floor drops away to reveal a network of tunnels, catacombs and chambers. Serpentine hallways and fine old arched caverns.

A subterranean world beneath London.

Currently it's buzzing with activity as the new headquarters are set up.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - MED LAB - DAY

We are watching the scrolling electronic line of the heart monitor. It is erratic and jagged.

Bond is undergoing his crucial series of examinations. Tanner with him. Two white-coated doctors observe.

Bond's walking on an inclined treadmill, his back loaded down with weights. A web of heart monitoring sensors strapped to him.

It's humiliating and Bond is struggling.

TANNER

... we've attempted to trace the computer message but it was sent by an asymmetrical security algorithm which bounced the signal all over the globe through over a thousand different servers. And now that they've accessed M's codes, it's only a matter of time before they're able to decrypt the list.

LATER: Bond's doing sits-ups now, straining. The doctors continue to monitor.

TANNER

... Q-branch have been analyzing the picture, but so far nothing. General feeling is it's probably someone from her past. Perhaps when she was running things in Hong Kong. She's no idea what it all means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

And you believe that?

LATER: Bond's doing pull-ups now. He's really having trouble. The doctors take notes.

TANNER

The truth is we don't have a clue who took the list or what they plan to do with it.

Bond is gasping for breath.

TANNER

We can always do this later...

BOND

You know what? Let's.

Tanner goes. Bond waits for him to leave and then drops down off the bar, doubles over, gasping for air.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

The Walther PPK ... Bond aims ... His gun hand is shaking.

He fires.

Misses the figure in the target entirely.

A marksmanship supervisor is watching. He raises an eyebrow.

Bond concentrates.

He fires.

Closer, but misses the figure again. Awful shot.

He is angry with himself. He concentrates. A mighty force of will.

He springs to action. Five shots fast. Bam-bam-bam-bam-bam.

Shots are spread out all over the target.

Not great. But better.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - PSYCH LAB - DAY

Bond knows he's being observed. The old-fashioned one-way mirror is obvious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits with DOCTOR HALL, an MI-6 psychologist. A respectable and smart older gentleman.

Bond really doesn't want to be here.

Behind the mirror:

M and Mallory watch.

DOCTOR HALL

I'd like to start with some simple word associations. Just tell me the first word that pops into your head. For example, I might say "day" and you might say--

BOND

Wasted.

Doctor Hall consults a file on his lap. Photos and details about Bond's life and missions.

DOCTOR HALL

All right... Gun.

BOND

Shot.

DOCTOR HALL

Agent.

BOND

Provocateur.

DOCTOR HALL

Woman.

BOND

Provocatrix.

DOCTOR HALL

Heart.

BOND

Target.

DOCTOR HALL

Bird.

BOND

Sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR HALL
M.

BOND
Bitch.

Behind the mirror, M doesn't flinch.

DOCTOR HALL
Sunlight.

BOND
Swim.

DOCTOR HALL
Moonlight.

BOND
Dance.

DOCTOR HALL
Murder.

BOND
... Employment.

DOCTOR HALL
Country.

BOND
England.

DOCTOR HALL
Skyfall.

Bond stops.

His eyes freeze over. He does not respond.

DOCTOR HALL
Skyfall.

BOND
Done.

He stands. And walks out.

Behind the mirror:

MALLORY
This is going well.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Bond is getting dressed after his day of testing.

His body is aching. He flexes and rubs his injured right shoulder.

He stops. Something has occurred to him. He runs his fingers more closely over the skin of Patrice's gunshot wound.

INT. SHOWER ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bond walks to the sink, turns the water on. He takes a pen knife and then, determined, he cuts into his shoulder.

He holds his hand under the water, washes the blood away.

Three small shards of shrapnel. They glisten in the light.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR/TANNER'S OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Bond walks up to Tanner, who sits in an improvised office.

Bond drops an evidence bag in front of him - it contains the three shards of metal.

BOND

Get these analyzed. For her eyes only.

Tanner studies the evidence bag. Holds it up to the light.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - OFFICE - DAY

Bond, in a new suit, pacing. Impatient. He checks his watch.

Then someone enters, a voice:

EVE

She's ready for you.

He glances up. It's Eve.

BOND

I'm sorry. Have we met before?

EVE

I'm the one who should say sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

It was only four ribs and some of
the less vital organs. Nothing
major.

She smiles.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Bond and Eve walk through the main office area. Other agents
watch him. Could that be the famous 007?

BOND

Not enough excitement in Istanbul?

EVE

I've been reassigned. Temporary
suspension from field work.

BOND

Really?

EVE

Something to do with killing 007.

BOND

Well, you gave it your best shot.

EVE

That was hardly my best shot.

BOND

Not sure I can survive your best.

EVE

Doubt you'll get the chance.

He's amused.

BOND

Well do me a favour, will you? If
they do ever let you back out there,
warn me first.

EVE

I'm assisting Gareth Mallory in the
transition ... And then I'll be back
in the field.

BOND

That's what you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
Yes, of course.

BOND
It's not for everyone.

Tanner appears:

TANNER
Ah, 007, it's this way.

Bond heads toward Tanner.

BOND
(back to Eve)
In your defense, a moving target is
much harder to hit.

EVE
Then you better keep moving.

He smiles, not turning.

She watches him go.

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

CLOSE ON the ugly old Union Jack bulldog paperweight on M's desk.

BOND
The whole office goes up in smoke
and that bloody thing survives.

M
Your interior decorating tips have
always been appreciated 007...

The door opens and in walks Mallory.

M
007... Gareth Mallory.

MALLORY
I hope I haven't missed anything,
the PM does prattle on in a crisis.
(nods)
Bond.

BOND
Mallory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

I've just been reviewing Bond's tests.

(to Bond)

Seems you've passed - by the skin of your teeth. You're back on active service.

This comes as a surprise to Tanner.

MALLORY

Congratulations.

BOND

Thank you.

(rising)

I'll... I'll be outside.

MALLORY

I only have one question ... Why not stay dead?

Bond looks at him. Mallory is reasonable:

MALLORY

You have the perfect way out. Go and live quietly somewhere. Not many field agents get to leave this cleanly.

BOND

Do you get out in the field much?

MALLORY

You don't need to be an operative to see the obvious: it's a young man's game ... Look, you've been seriously injured. There's no shame in saying you've lost a step. The only shame would be not admitting it until it's too late.

BOND

Hire me or fire me. It's entirely up to you.

M

If he says he's ready, he's ready.

MALLORY

Perhaps you can't see it. Or, maybe, you won't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

M
What exactly are you implying?

MALLORY
You're sentimental about him.

M
(steel)
As long as I'm head of this
department, I'll choose my
operatives.

Mallory takes this in.

MALLORY
Fair enough.
(to Bond)
Good luck, 007. Don't cock it up.

He goes.

M exhales. Nods to Tanner.

Tanner shows Bond some ballistics on a computer:

TANNER
We've analyzed the shrapnel
fragments. You're lucky it wasn't a
direct hit, would have cut you in
half: it's a depleted uranium shell,
military grade. Hard to get,
extremely expensive - and only used
by a select few ... Recognize
anyone?

Pictures on the computer. One is a grainy shot of Patrice.

BOND
Him.

TANNER
Okay. Name's Patrice. He's a ghost.
No known residence or country of
origin.

BOND
So how do we find him?

TANNER
Well, luckily we still have one or
two friends left in the CIA.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TANNER (CONT'D)

They've been after him for the Yemeni Ambassador's murder - and they're getting close. Intel is he's going to be in Shanghai in two days time. Probably on a job.

M

You're to go there and await further instructions. If he shows up, he's yours. Find out who he works for and who has the list. Then terminate him for Ronson.

BOND

With pleasure.

He stands, looks at M levelly.

BOND

Is there anything else you want to tell me?

Beat.

M

No.

Bond looks back at her. He's not so sure...

M

Report to the new Quartermaster for your documentation. He hasn't set up shop yet, but Tanner will put you two together... Good luck.

BOND

Thank you.

He starts to go. She stops him with:

M

007...

(he turns in the doorway)

...You are ready for this?

BOND

Yes, ma'am.

Bond goes.

TANNER

I didn't know Bond passed the tests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

M
He didn't.

She returns to work.

EXT. NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY

Bond goes up the steps of the National Gallery.

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY

J.M.W. Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire" fills the screen.

This magnificent painting shows a grand old ship being hauled to the scrap yard, an elemental sunset swirling overhead.

Bond is sitting, looking at the painting.

A slender young man in his twenties, moves in next to Bond. Bond has no idea who he is.

Q
Always makes me a little melancholy... The grand old warship being ignominiously hauled away for scrap... The inevitability of time, don't you think? What do you see?

BOND
A bloody big ship... Excuse me.

Q
007 ... I'm your new Quartermaster.

Bond looks at him.

BOND
You must be joking.

Q
Why? Because I'm not wearing a lab coat?

BOND
Because you still have spots.

Q
My complexion is hardly relevant.

BOND
Your competence is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Q
Age is no guarantee of efficiency.

BOND
And youth is no guarantee of
innovation.

Q rivets Bond, impressive in his intensity:

Q
I'll hazard I can do more damage on
my laptop sitting in my pajamas
before my first cup of Earl Grey
than you can do in a year in the
field.

BOND
Oh, so why do you need me?

Q
Every now and then, a trigger has to
be pulled.

BOND
Or not pulled ... It's hard to know
which in your pajamas.

Q acknowledges the point. Bond respects that Q stood up to
him.

Bond offers his hand.

BOND
Q.

Q
(shakes)
007.
(gives him papers)
Ticket to Shanghai. Documentation
and passport ... And this.

He gives Bond a special case. Inside: a new Walther PPK.

Q
Walther PPK/S 9mm short. Those are
micro-dermal sensors in the grip.
It's been coded to your palm print,
so only you can fire it ... Less of
a random killing machine, more of a
personal statement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOND

And this?

Bond points to an empty cavity in the case.

Q gives Bond a small device, size of a stamp. Very low tech.

Q

Standard issue radio transmitter.
Activate it and it broadcasts your
location. Distress signal.

Bond presses a button: a tiny antennae on the device snaps up. He looks at Q.

Q

...And that's it.

Bond looks at his gadgets.

BOND

A gun. And a radio.

He looks at Q.

BOND

Not exactly Christmas is it?

Q

Were you expecting an exploding pen?
We don't really go in for that
anymore.

Bond smiles.

Q

Good luck out there in the field.
And please return the equipment in
one piece.

Q goes.

Bond watches him go. Smiles to himself:

BOND

Brave new world...

EXT. SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Nightscape. Neon. Towers. Helicopters. Dazzling.

Brave New World indeed.

EXT./INT. SHANGHAI HOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

On the top of one of the skyscrapers, a lone figure cuts across a large hotel swimming pool. 70 stories up. It's Bond.

He swims laps methodically, trying to get back in shape.

Helicopter lights blink back-and-forth through the night beyond.

LATER:

Bond sits on the edge of the pool. Slightly out of breath.

INT. SHANGHAI HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Bond is sitting at an elegant bar. City silently pulsing behind him.

Bond's phone blinks. He's getting a text:

EWA flight 226. 9pm.

He looks at it. Takes a moment.

Looks at himself in the mirror over the bar.

Are you ready for this, 007?

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

Peaked cap. Sunglasses. Black uniform.

Bond is dressed as a chauffeur. Alongside a row of other drivers. They all hold signs with their client's names on them.

Disembarking passengers emerge from customs.

Patrice appears and heads off through a multi-tiered atrium.

Bond follows... he stays back, moving effortlessly through the traffic patterns of the crowd... Keeping Patrice in view in his peripheral vision and in reflections...

EXT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bond is driving a limo, following Patrice in a cab.

EXT. SHANGHAI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

They head toward the looming skyscrapers of downtown Shanghai.

EXT. SHANGHAI OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Patrice's taxi arrives at a darkened office tower. Building's still under construction ... A huge construction crane looms over it.

The monolithic office tower soars up ninety floors: one of a ring of skyscrapers near the river.

Patrice steps out of the taxi carrying an aluminum briefcase. In the shadows, we see Bond's car pull up.

Bond watches from outside as Patrice calmly strolls into the building, toward a security desk.

WITH BOND:

Pulling off his glove, Bond activates the Walther.

INSIDE WITH PATRICE:

The security guard looks up...

A silent flash ... The guard falls ... Patrice has shot him with cold, silent efficiency.

INT. SHANGHAI OFFICE TOWER-ATRIUM/ELEVATORS - NIGHT

It's dark, deserted and creepy. The cavernous building echoes.

Bond carefully moves through the lobby, gun ready. He passes the murdered security guard.

Turns a corner. Another dead guard.

He hears a noise. Looks up.

The noise is the sound of elevator doors opening.

Patrice steps to a glass elevator that climbs the interior of the towering atrium.

Patrice enters and presses the button for the 67th floor.

The elevator begins to rise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As it ascends --

Bond bolts across the darkened lobby.

He makes a desperate dive --

Just makes it. He clings to the underside of the elevator.

He hangs there as the elevator slowly rises ... and rises ... and rises.

IT FINALLY STOPS AT THE 67TH FLOOR. STUNNING DROP BELOW BOND.

Bond dangles, sweat dripping, trying to keep his grip, as he waits for Patrice to leave the elevator and his footsteps to disappear completely.

It seems to take forever.

Finally Bond swings his legs up. Hooks one over. Begins to climb up. Forces the door open of the neighboring elevator. Exits into the corridor.

INT. SHANGHAI OFFICE TOWER - 67TH FLOOR - NIGHT

A blaze of colorful light illuminates Bond as he moves across the floor searching for Patrice. Then the light's gone ... Then there's a different blaze of bright light...

Huge LED advertising screens from skyscrapers outside light this dark floor bizarrely.

Chiaroscuro flashes of gigantic images -- a jellyfish, a flower blooming, a woman smiling -- blaze on and off. Glass partitions catch the glowing, fanciful LED lights in strange patterns. As Bond moves, he sees multiple reflections of his own image. The floor is eerily deserted. Under construction.

Bond snakes through the glass partitions. And now he sees Patrice, in a far corner of the room.

WITH PATRICE:

CLICK. He flips a special switch on the aluminum briefcase. The core of the briefcase separates and the rest of it ingeniously unfolds to form a sniper's rifle.

He takes a glass-cutter from the case and places it on the window, cuts a small hole in the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrice's eyes go to the building directly across.

Something's going on over there...

IN THE BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY:

It's like seeing a play acted out. The window frames the scene like a proscenium arch.

And then she enters.

SEVERINE. Beautiful and composed.

Patrice can see Severine crossing the luxurious hotel suite... Her THREE SERIOUS BODYGUARDS in close proximity.

WITH BOND:

He moves closer. One minute the shifting lights revealing Patrice, the next reflecting Bond back at himself, exposing him.

He stops when he sees...

Severine.

Across the way... What's going on here?

Severine checks the champagne. She turns: someone at the door. She goes to welcome her guests.

MEANWHILE:

Bond has manoeuvred his way through the glass partitions, and now approaches Patrice from behind, gun ready.

Patrice assembles his rifle watching the activity across the way. He removes the glass cutter.

High-pitched whine from outside. This high up the air pressure outside is ferocious.

Carefully positions the muzzle of the rifle by the hole.

Bond moves closer. Intrigued.

PATRICE'S POV: Severine has ushered in her guests.

An old Chinese man, clearly a man of great power, and his retinue of bodyguards and women ... Severine treats him with extreme deference.

She ushers him into a special chair she had repositioned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WITH PATRICE AND BOND:

Patrice prepares his shot.

Bond watches the events unfold across the way... The old man sits. A Bodyguard stands beside an easel with a sheet over it...

WITH PATRICE:

Patrice puts his finger on the trigger. Eye to the scope...

Bond gets a little closer, he's in darkness behind Patrice...

As across the way, the Bodyguard pulls off the sheet... we see it's a stolen Modigliani. "Woman with a Fan"... Priceless...

The old man leans forward, pleased, yellow-toothed smile... Giving Patrice a clear shot...

WITH PATRICE AND BOND:

Patrice pulls the trigger.

Thump.

The window shatters dramatically. Before anyone in the room can react, Patrice fires again. Thump.

The old man's head jerks back. Blood. He drops like a stone. His bodyguards rush to him. The women scream.

WITH PATRICE AND BOND:

Then--

The LED lights change -- Patrice can suddenly see Bond reflected in the window ahead of him!

He spins -- rifle ready-- shoots straight at Bond. A glass partition explodes. It wasn't Bond, only his reflection!

Now the real Bond lunges forward, knocks the rifle barrel aside--

Patrice instantly fighting back--

They grapple right by the window, Patrice tries to get his rifle into position, they're locked together--

Then, in the struggle--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The rifle goes off--

Blowing out the window right next to them!

Hurricane roar -- the wind ripping past -- howling air pressure--

Brutal fight-- the disorienting LED lights flashing on and off, illuminating and silhouetting the fight in colorful bursts--

The deadly drop through the window gapes -- they are in constant danger of falling out -- 67 stories down--

Vertiginous struggle at the window--

ACROSS THE WAY:

Aftermath of the hit... The bodyguards are rushing the body out of the room... Severine pretends to be reacting in horror to the murder...

IN THE FIGHT:

Bond has got the advantage--

He gets the leverage--

He flips Patrice out of the window--

But Patrice stabs a hand up -- grabs Bond's hand -- is pulling Bond with him--!

Patrice tries to hold on--

He dangles from Bond's hand--

BOND
Who's got the list?

Patrice is slipping. Bond shouts over the wind:

BOND
Tell me who you're working
for?

Before Patrice can respond--

He slips--

And he falls, gone into the roaring wind--

Bond lurches back from the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He collapses. Gasping for air.

He can't stand. Too much pain. Too tired. He's frustrated and angry with himself. Bond steadies himself--

ACROSS THE WAY:

The LED lights flash on -- Severine has a momentary view of Bond -- then the lights flash out -- when they go on again, Bond is gone--

She stares.

WITH BOND:

He's seen the core of the aluminum briefcase. Looks inside.

The fitted compartments the glass-cutter and the suction cup ... and one other fitted compartment.

He removes a casino chip:

The Floating Dragon.

He turns it over:

Macao.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Night establishing shot.

INT. M'S HOUSE - NIGHT

M is at home. Coffee on the table, TV on in the corner, sound muted.

She is staring at her computer screen-- the blurry picture of herself from Hong Kong. Her focus on the man beside her.

Then-- Her screen blinks.

A fruit machine appears, spins and settles on a row of skulls.

What's going on?

M clicks on the flashing "HERE."

There's a Youtube link.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She clicks on it...

Youtube site comes up...

She gasps.

Five pictures ... Five names ... Details on where they are embedded ... The first five agents on the stolen list.

Their covers blown. In real time. Worldwide.

And she's powerless to stop it.

For a moment, her adamant reserve seems ready to crack. Only for a moment.

She snatches up her phone, presses the emergency button:

M

(on phone)

Tanner, he's posted the first five names. Their cover's blown. They're in danger. Get them out now.

In the middle of the page appears:

FIVE MORE. EVERY WEEK.

Then something new blinks on her screen. She looks. More words appear:

THINK ON YOUR SINS.

The words hover there ominously.

EXT. MACAO - HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

We're looking over the spectacular Macao harbor. A festival of lights this evening, with hundreds of illuminated ships, floating lights.

INT. MACAO - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bond is lathering up, about to shave. There's a knock at the door.

He gets his Walther, keeps it by his body as he carefully moves to the door.

EVE (V.O.)

Room Service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Opens it.

It's Eve.

BOND

I didn't order anything... Not even you.

He goes back to the bathroom, continues preparing to shave.

EVE

I've got some new information.

BOND

Aren't you a little over-qualified to be delivering messages?

EVE

Well, it's all part of the learning curve... and Q's afraid of flying.

BOND

Of course he is.

She stands watching him.

EVE

So whoever stole the list has already decrypted it. They posted the first five names on the web.

BOND

It was only a matter of time.

EVE

That's just the start. They're posting five more next week. And the week after... It's some kind of sadistic game.

He picks up his straight razor, ready to shave. Glances in the mirror. She's in the doorway.

EVE

Cut throat razor. How very traditional.

BOND

Well I like to do some things the old-fashioned way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVE
Sometimes the old ways are
the best.

Deftly flips the razor around, offers the handle to her.

EVE
Are you putting your life in my
hands again?

Her eyes spark. She loves the challenge.

EXT. MACAO HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Bond sits. Eve kneels between his legs. It's intimate and sexy. She takes the razor and carefully begins to shave him.

BOND
M's already briefed me on the list.
Raising the tantalizing question of
what you're *really* doing here.

EVE
My official directive was to help
"in any way I can..."

BOND
Like spying for Mallory.

The razor stops. She smiles.

EVE
You know Mallory's not as bad as you
think.

BOND
He's a bureaucrat.

EVE
You should do your homework. Gareth
Mallory was a Lieutenant Colonel-

BOND
(finishing her sentence)
Lieutenant-Colonel in Northern
Ireland, Hereford Regiment. Spent
three months at the hands of the
IRA...

EVE
...So there's more to him than meets
the eye...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

We'll see...

She dips down.

EVE

Keep still. This is the
tricky part...

She carefully shaves under his chin, rises up again.

They are dangerously close now. He can feel her breath.

First time he's been fully clean-shaven since Istanbul.

EVE

That's better ... You look the part
now.

BOND

And what part's that?

EVE

Old dog, new tricks.

EXT. MACAO HARBOR - NIGHT

Bond stands immaculate in a motor launch as it chugs through
Macao harbor. Fireworks dance in the night sky.

Tuxedo. Shaved. Eyes clear. Focused. Ready.

He looks like himself again.

He looks like James Bond.

It's the Harbor Festival this evening so all the boats are
illuminated with torches, running lights, and Chinese
lanterns. More lights float on the surface of the water.

EXT. MACAO - BAY - NIGHT

The boat emerges at a more secluded bay.

Passing through an enormous dragon's mouth arch.

And his destination awaits:

An enormous floating casino, *The Floating Dragon*.

INT. THE FLOATING DRAGON - COURTYARD - NIGHT

...We move with Bond through this exotic and sinister world. A place of mists and shadows.

He moves over a pagoda bridge that spans an unusual central enclosure below: like a sand pit or arena. He glances down.

A "dragon" hisses back at him, jaws spread wide. It's a real Komodo Dragon, one of three that prowl the hexagonal pit.

A beautiful woman gives Bond the eye as they pass on the bridge.

INT. THE FLOATING DRAGON - NIGHT

The usual roar of a casino is absent. No bright, flashing slot machines. The stakes are too high. The place is too dangerous. The corners too dark.

BOND
Good Evening.

EVE (V.O.)
Evening.

It's Eve. She's wearing a spectacular dress, ravishing.

Bond professionally sizes up the room while he talks on his earpiece.

BOND
Don't touch your ear. I've got three exits and lots of blind spots.

EVE
I've got them covered.

As he makes his way toward the cashier's cages.

BOND
You look beautiful in that dress.

EVE
You don't scrub up so bad yourself.

BOND
It's amazing what one can do with an extra pair of hands.

EVE
You're telling me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND
You gamble?

EVE
I like a little flutter now and
then. Who doesn't like to take
chances?

Without looking, or him at her, Eve now crosses behind Bond.

Bond arrives at a CASHIER:

CASHIER
Good evening, sir. How can I help
you?

BOND
I'd like to cash this in, please.

Presents the single casino chip he got in Shanghai.

She stops. Her eyes flick up to him. The smile returns.

CASHIER
One moment, sir.

She disappears into the back.

Bond's eyes scan the casino.

A woman is standing at the top of the stairs.

Her back to Bond. Backless dress.

He'd recognize her anywhere.

Severine... from the hit.

A bodyguard catches the Bond's look, whispers to her and nods
towards Bond ... She turns.

Looks at Bond.

He smiles back. Charming and confident.

Just as he suspected, the casino FLOOR MANAGER emerges from
the cashier's area. His assistant carries an attache case. He
offers it to Bond. The Floor Manager smiles ingratiatingly.

FLOOR MANAGER
Good fortune tonight, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOND
 (watching Severine
 approach)
 Let's hope so.

Severine slowly begins to head down the stairs, across the casino ... her expression cool and enigmatic.

Her three bodyguards flank her.

Bond quickly opens the case. It's packed with Euros. As he knew it would be. (Patrice's payment for the Shanghai hit.)

The Floor Manager hands Bond some gambling chips.

FLOOR MANAGER
 With compliments of the house.

BOND
 Thank you.

He takes the attache case and heads to the gambling tables.

Severine approaches.

SEVERINE
 Now you can afford to buy me a
 drink.

BOND
 Maybe I'll even stretch to
 two.
 (re: the case)
 I'm guessing I've got four million
 Euros in here.

SEVERINE
 Not bad. I like this game.

BOND
 (indicates the casino
 floor)
 Well why don't we play another.

SEVERINE
 I don't gamble. I'm not very lucky.

BOND
 A little like our friend in
 Shanghai.

Her expression changes for only a millisecond. She's good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SEVERINE

I've been waiting to see who would
redeem the chip. You made such a
bold entrance into our little drama.

BOND

Did I over-complicate the plot?

SEVERINE

Who doesn't appreciate the
occasional twist? Mr...?

BOND

Bond... James Bond.

SEVERINE

Severine... So... Mr. Bond... Shall
we discuss your next performance
over that drink?

BOND

I'd like that.
(re: bodyguards)
Will your friends be joining us?

She glances over her shoulder to the oppressive bodyguards.

SEVERINE

That, I'm afraid, is inevitable.

INT. THE FLOATING DRAGON - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Bond follows Severine across the main floor. Across the
room, Eve watches.

EVE (V.O.)

She's pretty.

BOND

Now now.

As Severine walks ahead, Bond studies her from behind.

EVE (V.O.)

If you like that sort of thing...

BOND

I'll keep you posted.

Eve is sitting at a table, watching Bond and Severine head to
the bar. She's jealous seeing Bond with such a beautiful
woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without breaking stride, Bond removes his ear-piece and drops it into her champagne glass.

INT. THE FLOATING DRAGON - BAR - NIGHT

Bond and Severine, having a drink. Intimate. Bond is watching the bartender prepare a Martini.

Severine's bodyguards are nearby too...

BOND
(re: Martini)
Perfect.

SEVERINE
...Would you mind if I asked you a
business question?

BOND
Depends on the question.

SEVERINE
It has to do with death.

BOND
A subject in which you're well-
versed.

SEVERINE
And how would you know that?

BOND
Only a certain kind of woman wears a
backless dress and a Beretta 70
strapped to her thigh.

SEVERINE
One can never be too careful when
handsome men in tuxedos carry
Walthers ... I am correct in
assuming you killed Patrice?

BOND
Yes.

SEVERINE
Might I ask why?

Bond drops it casually, like a grenade.

BOND
I want to meet your employer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops.

The world has suddenly become more serious.

He just stares at her evenly. No more games.

She covers by smoking her cigarette.... He notes her hand with the cigarette is shaking slightly ... and a tattoo on her wrist.

She exhales. Finally looks at him.

SEVERINE

Be careful what you wish for.

BOND

You're scared.

SEVERINE

Thank you for the drink, Mr. Bond.

She stands to go. He grabs her wrist. The bodyguards tense.

She sits back down. Bond is relentless:

BOND

You put on a good show but ever since we sat down you haven't stopped looking at your bodyguards. Three of them's a bit excessive. They're controlling you, they're not protecting you. The tattoo on your wrist is Macao sex trade. You belonged to one of the houses. What were you? Twelve? Thirteen? I'm guessing he was your way out. Perhaps you thought you were in love, but that was a long time ago.

SEVERINE

You know nothing about it.

BOND

I know when a woman is afraid and pretending not to be.

SEVERINE

(sharply)

How much do you know about fear?

BOND

All there is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEVERINE
Not like this. Not like him.

BOND
I can help you.

SEVERINE
I don't think so.

BOND
Let me try.

SEVERINE
How?

BOND
Bring me to him.

She looks into his eyes deeply.

Judging.

Finally out with it:

SEVERINE
Can you kill him?

BOND
Yes.

SEVERINE
Will you?

BOND
Someone usually dies.

He's deadly serious.

SEVERINE
Perhaps you can...

She nods discretely toward her bodyguards:

SEVERINE
When I leave, they're going to kill
you ... If you survive, I'm on "The
Chimera." North Harbor, Berth Seven.
We cast off in an hour.

She rises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SEVERINE

Very nice to have met you, Mr. Bond
... Good luck.

She goes.

The bodyguards remain. Watching Bond. He finishes his drink.

INT. THE FLOATING DRAGON - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Bond is on his way out, the attache case full of money with him. He strolls over the bridge above the hissing Komodo dragons.

The three bodyguards follow.

Bond stops as the bodyguards spread out strategically around him.

The bodyguards move closer.

Bond strikes quickly -- swings the attache case -- slams into Bodyguard #1, taking him down -- spins low as -- Bodyguard #2 steps forward, Bond drives the attache case into his knees --

BLAM! The Bodyguard #2 crumples.

Bodyguard #3 is fast -- Bond swings the case SMASHING it into his face, swings the case back at the rising Bodyguard #2 -- SLAM into his face. Bodyguard #3 advances swinging punches at Bond. Bond blocks with the attache case.

Bodyguard #1 has come to and starts to rise as Bond retaliates on Bodyguard #3, snap kicks him in the knee and swing drives the case into his stomach. Bodyguard #3 goes down hard just as --

SLAM!

Bodyguard #1, recovered now, throws himself into Bond brutally--

They fly back-- Smash through the railing and fall--

Amongst the Komodo dragons. Bond's Walther has landed on the sand.

Bond battles the bodyguard as the great reptile predators emerge from the darkness and begin to circle them.

They must keep an eye on each other -- and the encroaching dragons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bodyguard #1 eyes the Walther. Bond sees him looking and as the bodyguard lunges for the weapon, Bond goes for it too, sending the gun sliding further across the sand. The bodyguard struggles free and goes to retrieve it.

Bond has been cleverly maneuvering the bodyguard into position.

He sees what the bodyguard does not:

One of the dragons slithering out of the darkness and approaching the bodyguard from behind.

Bodyguard #1 lifts Bond, slams him to the floor. Bond's winded.

Bodyguard #1 grabs Bond's gun -- turns triumphant. Smiles. Prepares to fire.

BOND
(recovering)
Good luck with that.

CLICK... CLICK...

Of course the palm-coded Walther won't fire.

Bond takes advantage of his confusion, smiles dryly.

Bodyguard #1 stares at the gun, bemused, as--

The dragon is advances on him quickly, jaws open. SNAP.

Bond takes a few quick steps -- uses the back of one of the other dragons for a boost -- and jumps up--

Grabbing the edge of the bridge above, pulling himself up as the dragon drags Bodyguard #1 into the darkness--

But Bond finds himself face to face with a gun pointed right at him. One of the Bodyguards.

Suddenly -- a high heel shoe slams down on the Bodyguard's wrist. It's Eve. She slams the Bodyguard with the attache case -- knocking him out.

BOND
Thank you.

Bond climbs out of the pit. She offers him the attache case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOND
Put it all on red.

Bond strolls away, coolly. A scream from the pit behind him.

BOND
Circle of life...

EXT. MACAO HARBOR - YACHT - NIGHT

The Chimera. A beautiful ocean-going yacht near the mouth of the harbor. The festival of lights can be seen in the distance.

The crew prepares to weigh anchor.

INT. YACHT - STATEROOM - NIGHT

Severine is waiting. A knock on the door.

SEVERINE
Yes?

The yacht's CAPTAIN appears in the doorway.

CAPTAIN
It's time to cast off..

SEVERINE
Right.

The Captain leaves. Severine is disappointed. Apparently Bond's not coming.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror ... There's a deep sadness in her eyes.

INT. YACHT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Severine in the shower, lets the water flow over her.

We linger with her for a moment.

Bond steps into the shower. He's nude.

BOND
I like you better without your Beretta.

She turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEVERINE

I feel naked without it.

They kiss as the water cascades over them.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Establishing Whitehall and the Thames at night.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - MALLORY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BBC News intro ... M and Tanner enter. The the BBC Anchor speaks in front of a still image from the released video of a dead agent.

Headline on the screen: MI-6 IN CRISES.

BBC ANCHOR (V.O.)

Good evening. The controversy surrounding the Ministry of Defense has escalated today, as images of the Husein assassination continue to circulate. We should warn you, some viewers might find these images disturbing. Captain Husein, an MI-6 operative embedded in the Middle East, was one of the five agents exposed in what is now being considered the greatest internal security breach in modern British history. The Prime Minister continues to express public support for MI-6, while the opposition has taken the position...

The image snaps out.

Mallory has turned it off. M and Tanner are silent.

MALLORY

... Has taken the position we're a bunch of antiquated bloody idiots fighting a war we don't understand and can't possibly win.

We're beginning to see the military steel in Mallory.

M won't give an inch:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

Look three of my agents are dead already ... Don't embroil me in politics now.

A tense beat. Mallory sits at his desk.

MALLORY

The Prime Minister's ordered an Inquiry. You'll have to appear.

Her blood boils.

M

Standing in the stocks at midday?
... Who's antiquated now?

MALLORY

For Christ's sake, listen to yourself! We're a democracy and we're accountable to the people we're trying to defend... We can't keep trying to work in the shadows. There are no more shadows.

They glare at one another. Impasse.

She looks at him.

M

You don't get this, do you?
Whoever's behind this, whoever's doing it, he knows us. He's one of us. He comes from the same place as Bond. The place you say doesn't exist... the shadows.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The yacht sails by spectacular landscape and various islands as it heads out to open ocean.

EXT. YACHT - ISLAND - DAY

Severine is standing, gazing over the prow.

Bond emerges from below decks. He notes the crew is alert.

Bond reaches down, discreetly takes out the small radio transmitter Q gave him earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Activates it.

He goes to Severine.

She doesn't even look at him. There's fear on her face.

Gradually silhouettes begin to appear through the haze ... and the mist clears to reveal...

An island. Rising dramatically from the sea.

And rising from the island, a city.

An abandoned city.

Tower blocks echoing and decaying. Some crumbling in on themselves. It's haunted ... Like a necropolis.

SEVERINE

It's not too late... We could turn back now.

Bond hears the unmistakable sound of several AK-47s being cocked.

He turns to see the Captain and crew, their guns trained on Bond and Severine.

BOND

I wouldn't be so sure...

EXT. DEAD CITY - STREETS - DAY

Bond and Severine led through the streets of a deserted city by the Captain and crew, at gunpoint. Their hands have been tied.

EXT. DEAD CITY STREET - DAY

Beyond HUGE GATES, ahead of them is an extraordinary sight.

The deserted main street of the city.

Decaying shop fronts... abandoned cars... a ghost town.

As they walk:

SEVERINE

They abandoned it almost overnight. He made them think there was a leak at the chemical plant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEVERINE (CONT'D)

It's amazing the panic you can cause with a single computer ... He wanted the island, so he took it.

BOND

Does he always get what he wants?

SEVERINE

More than you know...

Just then, Severine is led off down a side alley.

CAPTAIN

(re: Bond; *in Serbian*)

Take him in there.

Bond is led off in the opposite direction by four of the armed Heavies. One last look from Severine.

SEVERINE

I'm sorry...

And she's gone.

INT. MAIN HALL/COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Bond sitting. His hands are still tied.

Bond looks up to survey the room: A vast factory-like space, lined with computer terminals. A mad tangle of wires and cables, like the guts of an alien ... sweating old walls, gleaming supercomputers and glowing screens can be glimpsed in the wet, shadowy murk...

At the far end of the room a large elevator.

A noise, and the elevator begins to descend. Bond is wryly amused. This guy knows how to make an entrance...

The elevator doors open to reveal RAOUL SILVA.

He's a physically commanding and a handsome man of Bond's years.

SILVA

Hello James. Welcome. Do you like the island? My grandmother had an island. Nothing to boast of, you could walk around it in an hour. Still, it was a paradise for us...

Silva begins to walk toward Bond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVA (CONT'D)

And one summer we went for a visit and discovered the place had been infested with rats. They'd come on a fishing boat and gorged themselves on coconut ... So, how do you get rats off an island? My grandmother showed me...

He is closer now...

SILVA (CONT'D)

We buried an oil drum and hinged the lid, then we wired coconut to the lid as bait and the rats would come for the coconut. Boing, boing, boing, boing, they would fall into the drum. And after a month, you've trapped all the rats. But what do you do then? Throw the drum into the ocean? Burn it...?

And closer...

SILVA (CONT'D)

No, you just leave it. And they begin to get hungry. And one by one they start eating each other, until there are only two left, the two survivors. And then what? Do you kill them? No. You take them and release them into the trees. And now they don't eat coconut anymore. Now they only eat rat... You have changed their nature.

Now he is toe-to-toe with Bond. Studies Bond's face minutely.

SILVA (CONT'D)

The two survivors ... This is what she made us.

BOND

I made my own choices.

SILVA

You think you did. That's her genius.

Beat.

Bond's put it all together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOND

Station H? Am I right? Hong Kong?

SILVA

'86 to '97.

Silva smiles ruefully.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Back then ..I was her favourite ...
and you're not nearly the agent I
was, I can tell you that. Just look
at you. Barely held together by your
pills and your drink.

BOND

Don't forget my pathetic love of
country.

SILVA

You're still clinging to your faith
in that old woman. When all she does
is lie to you.

BOND

She's never lied to me.

SILVA

(snaps)

No? What did you score on your
marksmanship evaluation?

BOND

70.

SILVA

40 ... Did she tell you the
psychologist cleared you for duty?

BOND

Yes.

SILVA

No... No.

He turns to a nearby desk. Indicates to Bond to look at a
computer screen: the official results of Bond's evaluations.

Bond appears surprised. Silva is relentless:

SILVA (CONT'D)

Medical evaluation. Fail. Physical
evaluation. Fail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SILVA (CONT'D)

Psychological evaluation: "Alcohol and substance addiction indicated. Pathological rejection of authority based on unresolved childhood trauma. Subject is not approved for field duty and immediate suspension from service advised."

Bond appears to be shaken by this, troubled.

SILVA (CONT'D)

What is this if not betrayal? She sent you after me, knowing you're not ready, knowing you would likely die ... Mummy was very bad.

Then...

He reaches out and runs his fingertips across the wounds on Bond's shoulders and chest, pushing the unbuttoned shirt aside.

It's sensual. A provocation.

SILVA (CONT'D)

See what she's done to you.

BOND

Well, she never tied me to a chair.

SILVA

Her loss.

BOND

Are you sure this is about M?

SILVA

It's about her... And you...

Silva leans even closer, as if to kiss Bond.

SILVA (CONT'D)

... And me... You see, we are the last two rats... we can either eat each other, or eat everyone else. How you're trying to remember your training now ... What's the regulation to cover this?

He leans closer still. Whispers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SILVA (CONT'D)

Well, first time for everything,
yes?

BOND

What makes you think this is my
first time?

SILVA

Oh, Mr Bond...

SILVA (CONT'D)

All that physical stuff... so dull.,
so dull...

He unties Bond.

SILVA

Chasing spies, so old-fashioned.
Your knees must be killing you.

SILVA (CONT'D)

England ... The Empire ... MI-6 ...
You're living in a ruin as well. You
just don't know it yet ... At least
here there are no old ladies giving
orders and no little gadgets from
those fools in Q branch.

He gestures to the computers.

SILVA (CONT'D)

If you wanted, you could pick your
own secret missions, as I do ...
Name it... name it... Destabilize a
multinational by manipulating stocks
...easy. Interrupt transmissions
from a spy satellite over Kabul...
done. Rig an election in Uganda...
all to the highest bidder.

BOND

Or a gas explosion in London?

SILVA

Just point and click.

BOND

Well, everybody needs a hobby.

SILVA

So what's yours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOND
Resurrection.

This amuses Silva.

SILVA
(indicating to Bond to
follow)
Let me show you something.

Now they begin to walk back through the room, amongst the computers. Silva's guards follow.

They push through a door to...

EXT. DEAD CITY - COURTYARD - DAY

Blazing sunlight.

Bond blinks.

What he sees almost defies description.

A massive courtyard surrounded by abandoned buildings.

In the heart of the dead city.

Streets and avenues stretch away ... hot breezes blow dust across the pavement ... shattered windows ... weeds and ivy creep up the empty buildings ... a huge toppled statue lies shattered in the middle of the courtyard. A memory of Communism.

They walk. The armed guards keep close.

The ground around them is scattered with the sad results of the island's desperate evacuation...

Strange and sometimes poignant odds and ends ... abandoned old toys ... cooking pots ... luggage ... clothes ... books...

SILVA
Tells a story, doesn't it? They left
the island so quickly they couldn't
decide what to take, what to leave.
What was important.

He steps around an old baby carriage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVA

And seeing this everyday reminds me to focus on the essentials. There's nothing... nothing superfluous in my life. When a thing is redundant, it is eliminated.

They turn a corner...

Bond stops.

For there.

Is Severine.

She's standing fifty yards away, tied to a section of the shattered statue in the hot sun. Again, it's almost sexual. Her head hangs down.

Is she dead?

A table has been set up ... A beautiful wooden box ... A bottle of rare Scotch ... Two shot glasses.

Silva pours two shots. Hands one to Bond.

SILVA

Fifty year old Macallan. A particular favorite of yours I understand ... So, what's the toast? "To the women we love."

Silva walks to Severine, taking his glass with him.

Whispers to her:

SILVA

Darling... darling... Your lovers are here.

Severine moans, raises her head. She's in a bad way.

He kisses her very deeply.

She looks at him, then at Bond.

SILVA

Now now now... stand up straight, keep still ... And whatever you do, don't lose your head... Don't lose your head. Don't lose your head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He balances his full shot glass on her head and returns to Bond.

Silva flips open the wooden box: two elegant target pistols.

Bond understands immediately: William Tell.

SILVA

Time to redeem your marksmanship scores ... Let's see who can be the first to knock the glass from her head.

He hands Bond one of the pistols. He takes the other.

SILVA

And just to be sporting, I'll let you go first.

He leans in, whispers in Bond's ear:

SILVA

Let's see who ends up on top.

One of Silva's guards puts his gun against Bond's head.

Bond looks at him.

So be it.

Bond turns. Raises the pistol.

Points it at Severine...

His gun hand is shaking...

He tries to control his aim, just like he did so unsuccessfully before...

Silva enjoys his struggle...

Severine stares back at him...

Bond feels the muzzle of the guard's gun pressed hard against his head...

Silva is excited by the growing tension...

Severine's eye's implore...

The Scotch inside the shot glass vibrates as she begins to shake...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A bead of sweat trickles down Bond's face...

SILVA
I can't believe it... I can't
believe it. Did you really die that
day? Is there any, any of the old
007 left?

Bond fires.

BAM!

The bullet misses Severine. Hits the broken monument behind her. Silva laughs.

SILVA
My turn.

Silva instantly raises his pistol.

BAM!

Through the heart.

She slumps. Dead. The shot glass topples from her head.

The shots echo bizarrely in the deserted city. Finally echoing to silence.

SILVA
I win ... What do you say to that?

Beat.

Bond finally turns to him.

BOND
It's a waste of a good
Scotch.

Then:

BAM!BAM!BAM!BAM!

-- in a flash Bond has attacked -- pivoting and grabbing the guard's gun hand, twisting it back and firing, killing the guard -- grabbing the gun free, spinning to the other three guards, killing them all--

So fast and brutally efficient it takes our breath away.

Bond at his best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

In the moment's confusion, a panicked Silva takes off--

Bond aims his gun at Silva--

Silva slowly backs away.

SILVA

What are you going to do now? Take me back to her? All on your own?

BOND

Who says I'm on my own?

Then...

Whoomp-whoomp-whoomp-whoomp.

And high above the island...

THREE R.A.F. rescue helicopters appear above Bond.

Silva gapes. Shocked.

Bond pulls out his small radio device again, the antennae deployed, light flashing:

BOND

Latest thing from Q-branch. It's called radio.

EXT. ISLAND - SUNSET

The three helicopters hover dramatically above the island, as the sun sets.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER-CORRIDOR - DAY

Long corridor.

Shoes, striding purposefully.

It's M. Tanner accompanies her.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - OBSERVATION/ISOLATION CHAMBERS - DAY

M and Tanner enter.

The SECURITY GUARD rises. M looks toward a large opaque glass wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

Alright... Time to say hello.

The Security Guard uses a code key and places his palm against a security wall panel. The glass wall turns from opaque to clear... revealing...

A large vaulted Victorian chamber.

In the center of the large, dark room is a glass box: a cell. Brightly illuminated.

Silva sits in the box. He is now dressed in a prison issue boiler suit.

Bond stands nearby.

The door slides open.

M enters and approaches the cell.

Then Silva turns...

M stops dead.

Like she's seeing someone come back from the grave.

Bond and Tanner share a look. M moves closer to the cell.

Bond is watching her like a hawk.

M and Silva look at each other. A beat.

It is deathly quiet.

SILVA

You're smaller than I remember.

When Silva speaks, he is amplified through a small speaker. His disembodied voice echoes in the chamber.

M

Whereas I barely remember you at all.

SILVA

Strange. For me, it feels just like yesterday.

Silva. Involuntary excited smile.

SILVA

Are you surprised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

M

Not particularly. But then, you
always were a slippery one.

SILVA

Maybe that's why you liked me so
much.

M

You flatter yourself.

SILVA

No remorse. Just as I had imagined.

M

Regret is unprofessional.

He lets her words reverberate. Bond watches closely.

SILVA

(laughs)

"Regret is unprofessional.."
They kept me for five months in a
room with no air. They tortured me,
and I protected your secrets, I
protected you. But they made me
suffer... and suffer... and suffer.
Until I realized it was you who
betrayed me. You betrayed me. So, I
had only one thing left: my cyanide
capsule. In my back left molar. You
remember, right?

She doesn't blink.

SILVA

So I broke the tooth and bit into
the capsule. It burned all my
insides. But I didn't die. Life
clung to me. Like a disease... And
then I understood why I had
survived... I needed to look in your
eyes one last time.

M

Well, I hope it was worth it.

M tries not to show any of the emotion she is feeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

M

Mr. Silva, you are going to be transferred to Belmarsh prison where you'll be remanded in custody until the Crown Prosecution Service deem you fit to stand trial for -

SILVA

Say my name.

The sudden emotion surprises M. She looks at him.

SILVA

Say it. My real name. I know you remember it.

M

Your name is on the memorial wall of the very building you attacked. I will have it struck off. Soon, your past will be as nonexistent as your future. I'll never see you again.

She starts to go.

SILVA

Do you know what it does to you?
Hydrogen Cyanide?

Glaring at her, he reaches into his mouth, high up into his palate, and with a hideous

CRACK--

He removes his upper palate -- it's a prosthetic implant -- revealing a horrible row of broken, spiked teeth and burn tissue.

With the tooth and cheek implant gone, one side of his face and one bloodshot eye sag grotesquely.

He grins at M with his shards of teeth.

SILVA

Look upon your work, mother.

M stares in horror, turns on her heel and leaves.

Bond watches, then leaves.

Silva refits his prosthetic upper palate. As it cracks into place, he begins quietly laughing to himself.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor adjoining the observation room.

Bond and Tanner follow M.

M is all business.

M

Let me know what you recover from his computer. Has he transmitted the list? If so, to whom? I want this resolved.

BOND

Yes, Ma'am.

Tanner starts to go. But M stops, turns to Bond--

M

His name is Tiago Rodriguez. He was a brilliant agent. But he started operating beyond his brief, hacking the Chinese. The hand-over was coming up and they were on to him so I gave him up. I got six agents back in return and a peaceful transition.

Beat. There's no more to say.

TANNER

We should go, ma'am. Board of Inquiry begins in thirty minutes.

M

(to Bond)

I want to know what's on that computer.

She heads out.

Bond watches her go. Concerned.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Q's new headquarters is finally up and running.

Q has a whole team working at a series of stations: all trying to hack into Silva's system ... The dozens of monitors flash different images: moving through Silva's files.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Below them, beneath a glass floor, is the mainframe room, accessed by a series of sealed electronic security hatches.

Q

Now, looking at Silva's computer, it seems to me he's done a number of slightly unusual things... He's established fail-safe protocols to wipe the memory if there's any attempt to access certain files. Only about six people in the world could program safeguards like that.

BOND

Of course there are. Can you get past them?

Q

I invented them.

Bond watches as Q carefully attaches cables to Silva's laptop and then plugs it into the MI-6 computer system:

Q

Right then ... Let's see what you've got for us, Mr. Silva...

The computer screen fills with data.

Q

We're in.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - ISOLATION CHAMBER - DAY

Meanwhile...

Silva sits in a meditation pose.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Meanwhile...

One of Q's assistants is getting some images from Silva's computer.

ASSISTANT

Sir, what do you make of this...?

On the screen: a complex network of confusing images. A strange maze of dimensions, lines and arrows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Q

It's his Omega site, most encrypted level he has... Looks like obfuscated code to conceal it's true purpose: security through obscurity.

Bond's eyes seek order in the chaotic images.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

M sits at a table with Tanner. Microphones before her.

Crowded room. High ranking politicians, bureaucrats, security guards, etc. No public or press, but a fixed camera pointed at M.

Mallory sits at a dais facing M, along with the other members of the Intelligence and Security Committee.

Eve is there, alongside the other executive assistants.

M readies the papers before her and then raises her head to face her inquisitors.

The Right Honorable CLAIR DOWAR, MP, mid 40's, the formidable Chairperson, brings the meeting to order:

DOWAR

Ladies and gentlemen, if I might have order. I'd like to begin the proceedings ... We're gathered today to address important issues concerning the future of our national security...

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - ISOLATION CHAMBER - DAY

Meanwhile...

Silva quietly stands, stretches.

One of the Guards looks at him.

GUARD

Going somewhere?

Silva smiles. Straightens his boiler suit.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

M is in the midst of being grilled by the panel.

Mallory says nothing, face set, taking it all in.

INQUIRY BOARD MEMBER 1

.... so you believe your stewardship of MI-6 during the recent crisis has been up to scratch?

M

Well, I believe we have apprehended the responsible party and are taking all necessary steps to ensure the sensitive information is contained.

DOWAR

Oh, so it's a Job Well Done?

M

Well, I'm not saying it's all gone perfectly, but--

DOWAR

(pouncing)

You'll forgive me for not putting up the bunting. I find it rather difficult to overlook the monumental security breaches and dead operatives for which you are almost single-handedly responsible.

Even Mallory is taken aback by the swiftness of Dowar's attack.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Bond and Q are analyzing the pulsing frequencies of Silva's glitchy abstract code. Bond on the big screen. Q on his lap top.

Q

He's using a polymorphic engine to mutate the code... Whenever I try to gain access it changes. It's like solving a Rubik's cube that's fighting back.

Bond stares at the giant screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

Stop.

Q stops probing. In the web of lines and arrows a tiny word is visible to Bond, but it is divided amongst numbers...

BOND

Go in on that.

Q zooms in on the data. Scrolls the lettering. The word reads, *Granborough*.

BOND

Granborough ... Granborough Road.
That's an old tube stop on the
Metropolitan line. Been closed for
years. Use that as a key.

Q taps on the lap top, finally orientating the image. Pulls back. Now other words and symbols become clear.

Q

(realizing)

Oh, look, it's a *map*...

BOND

It's London... subterranean
London...

Then...

Click. Click. Click.

The hatches in the floor that lead to the sealed mainframe room beneath them, unlock and automatically flip open.

Q

What's going on? Why are the doors
open?

Bond's eyes go to the hatches--

And then he bolts from the room without a word--

Q turns back to the giant screen to see a "SYSTEM SECURITY BREACH" warning appear.

Q

Oh, no... Can someone tell me how
the hell he got into our system?

Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Almost before the words are out of his mouth --

On Silva's computer, the all-too-familiar skull appears with the message: "Not such a clever boy."

-- the penny drops!

Q
Oh, shit!

He leaps to Silva's laptop and rips out the cables connecting it to the MI-6 computers.

Q
Shit, shit, shit, shit... He hacked us!

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - CORRIDORS - DAY

Bond races at top speed through the corridor --

Alarm klaxons begin to howl--

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - OBSERVATION/ISOLATION CHAMBERS - DAY

Bond slows at the door to the observation chamber --

BOND
Oh, no.

Both guards down. Necks broken.

Silva is gone. All doors open.

BOND
(into his earpiece)
Q, he's gone.

Bond sees an old Victorian grate in the floor is pulled aside on the far side of the room. Runs to it and starts to climb down--

INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRS - DAY

Bond quickly descends a vast metal staircase. Claustrophobic and dripping.

BOND
I'm in a staircase below isolation.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

BOND (V.O.)
Do you read me, Q?

Q and his team are now displaying multiple maps of the underground world beneath London:

Tube lines, mail train routes, secret military bunkers, access corridors, culverts, sewers, tunnels, ancient passageways, etc.

Q
I can hear you. I'm looking for you.

INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRS - DAY

Bond continues down the stairs. He sees Silva disappearing from view at the base of the stairs.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

The Map: Q lays 5 separate 2-D images on top of each other (tube lines, access tunnels, mail train, sewers, military bunkers) and out of them creates a 3-D map. On the screen, he is able to turn the 3-D image and study it from any angle. So we are able almost to enter the 3-D world.

They superimpose these over Silva's map. Q studies the map on the large screen.

Q
Got you! Tracking your location.

INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRS - BASE - DAY

Bond jumps off the ladder. He's in another tunnel.

Q (V.O.)
Just keep moving forward.

Bond readies his gun.

Q (V.O.)
Enter the next service door on your right.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - DAY

Bond emerges through the door -- and is surprised to find he's in a tube tunnel.

Q (V.O.)
If you're through that door, you
should be in the tube.

BOND
I'm in the Tube.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Q is prowling between other monitors: real time tube displays. Sees the trains moving back and forth. Elaborate tube line maps. Q realizing something. Which chills him.

Q
Bond. This isn't an escape - this
was years in the planning.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - DAY

Bond is moving quickly through the dark tube tunnel.

Q (V.O.)
He wanted us to capture him. He
wanted us to access his computer. It
was all planned.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - INTERCUT - DAY

Q
Blowing up HQ -- all the emergency
protocols, knowing we'd retreat down
here...

WITH BOND:

BOND
...I got all that. It what he's got
planned next that worries me.

WITH Q:

Q

District line is the closest. There should be a service door on your left.

WITH BOND:

BOND

Got it ...
 (pushes at the door)
 ... It won't open.

WITH Q:

Q

Of course it will. Put your back into it.

WITH BOND:

BOND

Why don't you come down here and put your back into it!

He tries again.

BOND

No, it's stuck...

We can hear a train coming.

BOND

Oh good, there's a train coming.

WITH Q:

Q

Hm ... That's vexing... Give it another push.

WITH BOND:

Train sounds much closer. Everything vibrating now. Bond strains -- pushing at the door.

There's the train! Zooming right at Bond!

He whips out his Walther and fires--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blam-blam-blam-blam--

And at the last second--

Throws himself at the door with everything he's got--

It crashes open--

Train thunders past--!

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY

--Bond lands. Pulls himself up. Train zips past behind him.

He's in one of London's subterranean tunnels. Low, sloping brick ceiling.

BOND
I'm through.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Q
Told you ... We've alerted security.
Police are on their way.

INT. TEMPLE TUBE STATION - DAY

Meanwhile, Silva is moving down steps in a tube station. A few pedestrians around him.

TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN head right toward him ... closer and closer ... but...

They don't stop him. Instead they hand him a large package as they pass.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY

Bond's arrived at a metal door. Stops. Strange rumbling noise from the other side.

Bond readies his gun. Silva could be on the other side.

He braces himself, pushes the door open and steps through--

And is suddenly caught up in a surging mob of people.

Bond conceals his gun.

INT. TEMPLE TUBE STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Train just pulling in. Crowd jostling.

Hundreds of people buffet Bond along the crowded tube platform... Rush hour.

Bond moves through the crowd, scanning for Silva.

WITH Q:

Q
Where are you now?

WITH BOND:

BOND
Temple tube station. Along with half
of London.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Q moves from monitor to monitor. He's completely calm. A real professional.

His eyes dart to CCTV security cameras from the platform as they cycle past: mobs of people ... He sees Bond.

Q
Oh, I see you, there you are.

BOND (ON CCTV)
I know where I am, Q. Where's he?

Q (V.O.)
Give us a second, I'm looking for
him.

WITH Q:

Q and his team continue to scan the images.

BOND (V.O.)
There's too many people. I can't see
him.

Q
Welcome to rush hour on the tube.
(Off mic)
Not something you'd know much
about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bond and Q continue searching for Silva.

On the CCTV monitor we see the figure of a policeman calmly getting onto the train.

It's Silva. Dressed as a riot policeman. Flak jacket.

Silva loves the disguise.

INT. TEMPLE TUBE STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Bond continues scouting for Silva. It's mobbed. He's pushed and shoved as people get on and off the train that just pulled in.

BOND
Train's leaving... Do I get on the train?

Q (V.O.)
Don't get on the train. I'm not...

WITH Q:

Q
...sure he's on it. Give us a minute.

He studies the tube display... Trains moving around the system...

WITH BOND:

The tube train is full, it starts to pull out.

Bond waits on the platform, frustrated.

WITH Q:

BOND (V.O.)
Do I get on the train?!

CCTV images from the platform ... Q's eyes move from display to display...

He sees Silva in the police uniform on the CCTV monitor!

Q
Bond?

BOND (V.O.)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the image of Silva.

Q
(calmly)
Get on the train.

WITH BOND:

Train's almost out of the station--

Bond doesn't hesitate--

Sprints--

Jumps--

Just catches the back door at the very end of the train with one hand--

As the train speeds into the tunnel, jerking Bond after it--

Husband and wife on the platform gape.

HUSBAND
He's keen to get home...

EXT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

Bond clings to the rear of the train as it zips through the tunnel.

Inside, a female driver reads the paper--

BOND
(knocking)
Open the door, please.

--Stops when she sees Bond staring at her.

BOND
Open the door!

Stunned she reaches for the door. Bond steps inside.

BOND
Health and safety. Carry on.

He moves on through to the train, leaving her speechless.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

Bond moves through the packed cars.

Searching for Silva.

Q (V.O.)
... Where are you?

BOND
Take a wild guess Q.

Q (V.O.)
He's in disguise now. He's dressed
as a policeman.

BOND
Of course he is.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - ANOTHER CAR - DAY

Silva is moving through the cars. Calmly hiding in plain sight.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - DAY

Q's studies the complex web of tube lines on the monitor.

Q
(under his breath)
Where's he going..? Where's he
going..?

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

Bond's eyes scan the District line tube map on the train wall -- his eyes stop at ... Westminster.

BOND
He's going for M. Tell Tanner. Get
her out of there.

He begins to run -- pushing people aside now, -- desperate to find Silva--

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

M sits, being lectured.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOWAR

You've overlooked or chosen to ignore hard evidence and consistently, almost obstinately, relied on what you call your "gut instinct" when the evidence seems to dictate a more prudent course of action...

Tanner's computer displays an alert window. He glances at it, leans over to M:

TANNER

(whispers)

Silva's escaped. Bond's in pursuit. We need to get you to a secure location immediately, ma'am.

M

(whispers)

But I'm damned if I'm going to show her my back.

DOWAR

Are we straining your attention?

M

No, please Minister, proceed.

Mallory watches M. He senses something is up.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

With Bond now. Pushing past the passengers.

BOND

Excuse me.

Bond sees Silva in the next car.

The train slows, begins to stop at the next station. Silva turns.

Can see Bond in the next car.

Staring at him.

The train doors open.

Silva darts out.

Bond follows.

INT. EMBANKMENT TUBE STATION - CORRIDORS/ESCALATORS - DAY

Silva cuts through the crowd ... Bond close behind.

BOND
Move! Move!

Can't risk a shot. Too crowded.

Silva diverts towards one of the incredibly steep and seemingly endless escalators ... Bond follows, pushes a little closer.

Suddenly--

Silva leaps up to the area between the escalators and lies on his back -- he slides down -- like a treacherous bobsled run--

Flashing down in a matter of seconds--

Bond instantly follows--

Silva hits the ground, falls and recovers--

Runs flat out --

Bond lands close behind--

Now the tube station is filling with uniformed police personnel.

Silva laughs, diverts through an old metal door.

Bond spots the door ajar and follows...

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

Meanwhile, M endures the continued grilling:

DOWAR
...it's as if you insist on pretending we still live in a "golden age" of espionage where human intelligence was the only resource available. Well, I find this rather old-fashioned belief demonstrates a reckless disregard for--

Mallory finally speaks. He interrupts rather sharply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

Excuse me, Minister, I don't mean to interrupt, but just for the sake of variety, might we actually hear from the witness?

He looks to M. She nods.

M

Thank you.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Bond has followed Silva through the door and into a tunnel. The tunnel slopes down. He's lost sight of Silva.

Vast rumbling sounds of the tube trains overhead.

At the end of the tunnel, a vaulted catacomb. Dozens of brick arches. Long corridors of sinister shadows.

Deep and dark.

Bond stops. Listens ... Something's moving ... Gun ready, Bond sees a light switch. He flips it.

INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS - DAY

Banks of lights sizzle on -- cascading away from Bond -- gradually illuminating sections of the eerie chamber including--

Silva -- in the distance.

Darts away. Bond tries to keep him in sight. Brief glimpses down arched corridors and around pillars. It's Escher-like.

Finally, Bond sees Silva in the distance trying to climb an old iron ladder up and out. Bond aims, fires. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Hits the next rung. Sparks fly.

Silva withdraws his hand. Stops.

SILVA

...Wow!

Bond has him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

I won't miss next time, Mr. Silva.

Bond slowly moves closer. Gun carefully raised:

Silva on the ladder.

SILVA

Not bad. Not bad, James. For a physical wreck.

BOND

Why, thank you.

SILVA

You caught me. Now... here's your prize.

Silva reaches for his radio.

He smiles deliciously.

SILVA

The latest thing from my local toy store. It's called radio.

It's an electronic detonator.

Silva presses the button and--

GIGANTIC EXPLOSIONS FROM THE ROOF!

Strategically placed charges go off and--

THE CEILING COLLAPSES

Tons of concrete cascade down. Bond ducks as it crashes down around him. He glimpses Silva through the rubble. Looks around him. He is unscathed!

SILVA

(smiles)

Whoo!!!

BOND

(grimly)

I do hope that wasn't for me..

SILVA

(laughs)

No... But that is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And then Bond hears it. A distant train approaching. Closer and closer.

Bond turns. His face as he realizes what's about to happen.

Tube train sounds louder now. Everything vibrates. Dust floats down from the old ceilings. And then--

A SPEEDING TUBE TRAIN CRASHES DOWN THROUGH THE CEILING--

Bond dives for cover in a fallen archway as the tube train SLAMS DOWN -- the cars twisting and jack-knifing as they power forward -- shrieking metal, breaking glass, clouds of dust--

Silva climbs the ladder and disappears from view as the train crashes through arches and columns--

The train flashes by, as if running on a parallel track. Finally the train grinds to a broken, contorted stop.

Bond rises, takes in the destruction.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EMBANKMENT TUBE STATION - DAY

Emergency sirens can already be heard as Silva emerges.

A police car pulls up. Three of Silva's men inside.

Silva gets into the car and it pulls away as the first police vans and emergency vehicles arrive at the scene.

Silva's car heads toward Whitehall--

M (V.O.)

Chairman, Ministers ... Today I've repeatedly heard how irrelevant my department has become.

One of Silva's men hands him a gun.

London flashes past outside.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

M

Why do we need agents? The Double-O section? ... Isn't it all rather quaint? Well, I suppose I see a different world than you do ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M (CONT'D)
 And the truth is that what I see
 frightens me.

EXT. WHITEHALL/INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The sirens roar as Silva's police car cuts through the
 traffic.

M (V.O.)
 I'm frightened because...

WITH M:

M
 ...our enemies are no longer known
 to us. They do not exist on a map.
 They're not nations. They're
 individuals. Look around you. Who do
 you fear?

Tanner checks his computer.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE DAY - LOBBY - DAY

Sirens and alarms wail. Silva strolls in, flanked by two of
 his men. Bored and surly security guards glance up.

M (V.O.)
 Can you see a face? A uniform? A
 flag? No ... Our world is not more
 transparent now...

Without a word, Silva's men open fire--

Three shots. Three security guards dead.

Silva casually walks through the metal detector.

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

BACK WITH M...

M
 ...It is more opaque. It's in the
 shadows -- and that is where we must
do battle. ...So before you declare
 us irrelevant, ask yourselves: how
 safe do you feel?

Mallory watches. Impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M wasn't intending to go on. But there's something else on her mind.

Emotion creeps into her voice, unbidden and unwelcome.

M

Just one more thing to say... My late husband was a great lover of poetry. And I suppose some of it sunk in despite my best intentions...

MEANWHILE WITH BOND:

Bond emerges from the steps of Westminster Station and begins to sprint down Whitehall... running past all the emergency vehicles screaming in the other direction...

M

...Here, today, I remember this, from Tennyson:

*"We are not now that strength which
in old days
Moved earth and heaven;"*

BACK WITH M:

Mallory looks at her. The trace of emotion in her voice surprises him.

M

"...that which we are, we are;"

WITH BOND:

Running along Whitehall...

M (V.O.)

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,"

WITH M:

M

"Made weak by time and fate,"

WITH BOND:

M (V.O.)

"...but strong in will"

WITH M:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M
"To strive, to seek,"

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Silva walks down the corridor toward the Board of Inquiry room, a gun in each hand...

M (V.O.)
"...to find,"

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

M finishes.

M
"...and not to yield."

And then:

The doors burst open.

Silva is walking down the center aisle, he opens fire--

Silva's men fire -- killing the two guards at the door--

Everyone is frozen in shock, except--

Mallory.

He leaps over the table and races toward M, all his military training coming into play as--

The person sitting behind M bolts -- Silva shoots him -- now he has a clear shot at M but--

Mallory bravely covers M as he pulls her down -- Silva fires--

Mallory is shot in the shoulder -- blood sprays--

EXT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY

MEANWHILE...

Bond sprints towards the steps to Mallory's building...

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - BOARD OF INQUIRY - DAY

By now the security guards at the side doors are taking aim at Silva--

Just as Bond enters--

But he lurches back as--

One of the guards is shot right in front of him -- Bond takes cover in the doorway as bullets are firing everywhere--

Bond sees M on the floor taking cover with Tanner--

One of Silva's men shoots a security guard -- Mallory takes this opportunity to lunge for the dead guard's gun -- he returns fire -- killing Silva's man--

A ferocious barrage now -- Bond, Silva, Mallory, and Silva's last man firing--

Meanwhile, Eve is moving along behind the table, trying to help--

Bond sees her -- slides a gun from one of the dead guards to her -- Eve grabs it and spins, fires, creating a distraction for Bond--

Across the room Bond can see Mallory taking cover in a doorway. Bond aims -- is he going to shoot Mallory? -- no, he shoots the fire extinguisher next to him--

Sudden burst of STEAMING WHITE POWDER obscures part of the room--

Bond sees there's another fire extinguisher near him -- he turns and fires--

EXPLOSION of more white powder--

Bond takes advantage of the powder and crosses to the table where M and Tanner are hiding -- firing for cover as he goes--

Silva can't see M through the clouds of white powder -- starts firing almost randomly -- shooting at the terrified people -- chaos.

The sound of sirens. Still firing, Silva backs out of the room.

Bond gives chase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eve hustles the ministers out--

EVE

Go! Go! Go! Move! Go! Move!

--Tanner bundles M towards a side door. Mallory closes the door behind them.

EXT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY

Silva is emerging from a rear exit - the faux police Discovery vehicle is waiting.

Silva jumps in -- the Discovery speeds off and disappears into London as emergency vehicles start arriving.

Bond arrives in time to see it go.

Bond sees M's staff car waiting there.

EXT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - SECURE EXIT - DAY

M and Tanner emerge from a different exit at the rear of the building.

M climbs into the waiting staff car. As Tanner moves around to the other door -- the car shoots off!

INT. M'S CAR - DAY

M sways in her seat, surprised as they race away from Tanner - then sees that the driver is BOND.

M

007, what the hell are we doing?

Bond doesn't reply.

M

Are you kidnapping me?

BOND

That would be one way of looking at it.

M looks out the window at the chaos. Emergency vehicles scream past in the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M

Too many people are dying because of me.

Bond looks at her in the rearview mirror. Their eyes meet.

BOND

If he wants you, he's going to have to come and get you. We've been one step behind Silva from the start. It's time to get out in front. Change the game.

M

And I'm to be the bait?

Bond nods. She agrees.

M

All right. Just us. No one else.

Then he activates his earpiece again.

BOND

Q...

INT. MI-6 BUNKER-Q BRANCH/INT. M'S CAR - DAY

Q is on his laptop: tracking M's car.

BOND (V.O.)

I need help.

Q

I'm tracking the car, where are you going?

BOND (V.O.)

I've got M. We're about to disappear.

Q

What?

BOND

I need you to lay a trail of bread crumbs impossible to follow for anyone except Silva. Think you can do it?

Q speaks quietly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Q
I'm guessing this isn't strictly official?

BOND (V.O.)
Not even remotely.

Q
So much for my promising career in espionage....

EXT. EAST END STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

A line of lock-ups. M gets out, watching Bond as he fiddles with a door.

M
Well, I'm not hiding in there if that's your brilliant plan.

BOND
We're changing vehicles. Trouble with company cars is they have trackers.

He pulls open the door to reveal...

The classic 1964 Aston Martin DB-5.

M
Oh and I suppose that's completely inconspicuous.

BOND
Get in.

TIME CUT:

The DB-5 roars out of the lock up.

EXT./INT. DB-5 - NIGHT

They're whistling through the dark streets of London.

M settles into the Spartan yet somehow decadent interior.

M
It's not very comfortable, is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bond flips up the cover to the ejector seat button in the shift.

BOND

Are you going to complain the whole way?

M

Oh, go on then, eject me. See if I care.

They drive.

The car heads out of London, into the night.

M

So where are we going?

BOND

Back in time. Somewhere we'll have the advantage.

INT. MI-6 BUNKER - Q BRANCH - LATE NIGHT

Deserted office.

Q's typing on his laptop, totally lost in his work. Laying the digital bread crumbs for Silva in real time. Tanner is next to him.

Q

It's a fine line. Make the breadcrumb too small, and he might miss it. Too big, and Silva will smell a rat.

Tanner points to the screen.

TANNER

Yes, but do you think even Silva will be able to spot that?

Q

He's the only one who could.

Tanner turns. Goes pale.

Mallory is standing in the doorway. He's been watching for a while.

TANNER

Sir...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tanner shoots a look to Q.

He turns. Sees Mallory.

Q
Oh.

Mallory's arm is in a sling from the gunshot wound. He's lost a lot of blood and he's in pain, but bearing it.

MALLORY
What are you doing?

Q and Tanner are busted.

Q
We're just... monitoring...

MALLORY
Creating a false tracking signal for Silva to follow...

TANNER
Well sir,

Q
Well, no...

Mallory comes forward.

MALLORY
Excellent thinking. Get him isolated. Send him on the A9. It's the direct route. You can monitor his progress more accurately and confirm it with the traffic cameras.

Q and Tanner stare at him.

Q
But, Sir... what if the P.M. finds out?

Mallory considers this. Matter of fact:

MALLORY
Then we're all buggered. Carry on.

He goes.

The words have an impact on Q and Tanner. They look at each other. New-found respect in his eyes for the flinty Mallory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Q continues typing on his keyboard. Click-click-click.

EXT. SCOTLAND - ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A long deserted road. Craggs in the distance. Steel grey sky. Wisps of snow.

Scotland at its most austere and beautiful.

Bond stands looking over the landscape.

M wakes to find a tartan blanket spread across her. No Bond in the driver seat. She gets out and joins him.

M

This is where you grew up.

He nods.

M

How old were you when they died?

BOND

You know the answer to that.

A beat.

BOND

You know the whole story.

BOND

Orphans always make the best recruits.

He looks at the darkening sky.

BOND

Storm's coming.

She watches as he banishes the emotion and heads back to the car.

EXT. SCOTLAND ROADS - DAY

The DB5 continues its drive down the spectacular valley.

The road leads into a vast pine forest.

EXT. SKYFALL - DAY

The car emerges from the forest.

Ahead, an imposing stone gate. Old and decaying.

Carved on the gate: SKYFALL.

The DB-5 pulls through the gate...

Down the drive...

Finally revealing...

An old hunting lodge at the head of a long valley that stretches away for miles ... Beyond the lodge is desolate moorland and the cold glimmer of a frozen lake.

The lodge looks lonely and deserted. Everything has fallen into disrepair. More dead than alive.

EXT. SKYFALL - LODGE - DAY

Bond and M climb out. They face the imposing old house.

M
Christ.

BOND
Uh...Mm.

M
No wonder you never came back.

They go to the front door.

INT. LODGE - CENTRAL HALLWAY/GREAT HALL - DAY

The front door creaks open.

For Bond, it's like entering a haunted place.

Light shafts cut through the dusty rooms. It's dark.

Bond moves through the huge and echoing main hall.

Then a sound--

A floor board creaks--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stop. Turn.

And from the darkness, a figure emerges...

An old man holding a shotgun. Handsome, weathered face.
Strong body. Blue eyes, white beard.

He looks at Bond...

KINCADE

James... James Bond.

BOND

Good God. Are you still alive?

Kincade looks at him, stows his shotgun.

KINCADE

Ha!... It's nice to see you too.

Slowly smiles. As does Bond.

Kincade claps his hand warmly.

BOND

M, this is Kincade. Gamekeeper here
since I was a boy.

KINCADE

(misheard)

Pleased to meet you, Emma.

M

Mr. Kincade.

KINCADE

You're a tad late. They've sold the
place when they thought you were
dead. Seems they were wrong.

A steady look to Bond:

KINCADE

What are you doing here?

Bond looks at him. Decides.

BOND

Some men are coming to kill us.
We're going to kill them first.

KINCADE

Then we'd better get ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bond glances to M. Her expression: your call.

Bond looks back to Kincade.

BOND
Do we still have a gun room?

KINCADE
Ah.

INT. LODGE - GUN ROOM - DAY

Impressive gun room ... But the gun cabinets are empty. Notch after notch. Shelf after shelf. Empty.

M stands with Bond and Kincade. Bond looks over the empty shelves, disheartened.

They've put their weapons out on a table. It's not impressive: Bond's Walther and Kincade's shotgun.

KINCADE
They sold the lot to a collector from Idaho or some such place. They were shipped out weeks ago ... There's just your Father's old hunting rifle.

He gets it. A beautiful old rifle, intricately carved.

Bond takes his father's old rifle, looks at it.

KINCADE
We couldn't let that go.

The initials carved into the stock catch Bond's eye. "A.B." His father.

M looks over the paltry collection of arms:

M
And this is what we've got.

Bond sets the old hunting rifle down on the table.

KINCADE
There might be a couple sticks of dynamite from the quarry... But if all else fails...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his hunting knife on the table.

KINCADE
Sometimes the old ways are the best.

EXT. MOOR - DAY

Little Scottish landscapes ... Painted on tea cups.

TEA CUPS are perched on a tree branch.

Bond and Kincade on the moor near the house. Bleak winter colors. Twisted trees. A primaeval landscape.

In the distance we can see the frozen lake ... and on the hill beyond: a chapel and graveyard.

Bond prepares to test the hunting rifle.

KINCADE
So... who is it we're supposed to be fighting?

BOND
No 'we' in it, Kincade. This is not your fight.

Kincade looks at him levelly.

KINCADE
Try and stop me, you jumped up little shit.

Bond smiles. There's no arguing with him.

He turns and aims the gun at the teacups.

KINCADE
Now remember what I taught you. Don't let it pull to the left.

BOND
I'll do my best.

BOOM! BOOM! -- Two teacups disintegrate -- Bond ejects.

Kincade is stunned.

KINCADE
What did you say you did for a living?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bond walks back towards the house.

INT. LODGE - STUDY - DAY - LATER

M is looking out of the window, scanning the horizon. Kincade enters.

He flirts a bit as he brings her a box of clothing, boots - items gathered from around the house.

KINCADE

Emma ... I brought you some things.
The nights get cold here.

He hands her a scarf:

M

Thank you, Mr. Kincade ... It's a beautiful old house.

KINCADE

She is... And like all great ladies, she still has her secret ways. Let me show you this...

Kincade he leads M to the fireplace.

He slides a bolt and kicks a wooden panel by the fireplace. It slowly creaks open. Secret door.

Inside, a cramped chamber and tunnel leading off to darkness.

Kincade flips a switch. Naked light bulbs light the passageway.

M

Priest's hole...

KINCADE

From Reformation times. Tunnel leads under the moor. If you get into danger, this is the place to come.

He takes it in. Powerful memories.

KINCADE

The night I told him his parents had died, he hid in here for two days... When he did come out, he wasn't a boy anymore.

(beat)

Must get on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leaves.

M looks around the sad little hole. She looks deeper down the tunnel.

INT./EXT. SKYFALL - PREPARATION SEQUENCE - DAY

They prepare...

They get the lodge ready for assault...

IN THE ENTRY HALL:

Kincade and Bond pull the dust-sheet off an old mirror, begin to drag it.

IN THE GREAT HALL:

M pulls the dust sheets from the chandeliers...

IN THE DINING ROOM:

M loads bits of scrap metal -- nuts and bolts -- into a bag... then pours powder from a shotgun shell into the bag. She attaches the bags of shrapnel to the exposed filaments from the chandeliers. We see several completed bags lined up on the dining room table.

IN THE HALLWAY

CLOSE-UP: Bond carefully places a single shotgun cartridge under a floorboard.

IN THE STUDY

Bond puts up shutters.

IN THE PARLOUR:

Kincade and Bond put up more shutters.

IN THE SHED:

Bond opens a dusty crate. Searches through the straw bedding. Pulls out two old sticks of dynamite tied together with twine...

IN THE OUT HOUSE:

Kincade completes sawing off the barrels of his prized shotgun, creating a sawed-off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...And BOOM! He blows a huge hole in the wall. Kincade looks on, satisfied.

THE FRONT DRIVEWAY:

Bond's feet crunch on the gravel. He walks back to the house and stands at the front door, takes a last look at the landscape. He goes inside.

The heavy front door slams shut.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LODGE - DUSK

We see the lodge from across the moor.

It's deadly still and the evening mist is just drifting in.

INT. LODGE - DUSK

Silence.

They wait.

Kincade is standing at a window, tense. Peering out. Can't see much.

M sits across the room, head down.

Gun dangling from her hand. It's been a long time since she's held a gun.

Bond watches her for a beat. She sees him.

M
I fucked this up, didn't I?

Bond has been waiting for this.

BOND
No. You did your job.

Beat.

BOND
I read your obituary of me.

M
And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND

Appalling.

M

Yeah, I knew you'd hate it. I did call you "an exemplar of British fortitude."

BOND

That bit was all right.

Then...

The sound of dogs barking in the distance.

Then nothing.

They exchange a look.

BOND

Are you ready?

KINCADE

I was ready before you were born, son.

EXT. LODGE - DUSK

Something's moving out there...

Dark silhouettes approach ... CARS parked at the gateway.

Figures emerge. Heavily armed. Silva's mercenaries.

They approach the lodge slowly, creeping through the fog like wraiths. The only sound is their feet crunching on the moorland.

They communicate through silent hand signals. They're professionals.

TWO MEN split off. They disappear around the side of the house.

The others pass the parked DB5.

And finally make it to the heavy front door. More silent hand signals and two men attach explosives to the door -- getting ready to blow it.

They raise weapons, crouching. Ready to invade the house when the door is blown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But then...

There's movement...

From the parked DB5 ... two machine guns emerge from ports at the front of the car (just like in Goldfinger) and lock into place and...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bond's in the Aston. Blasting away with the front mounted machine guns! Blinding flashes through the darkness--

The attackers are caught totally unaware. FIVE are shredded. The charges on the front door blow! BLAM!

And forces FIVE others back into the house where--

INT. LODGE - ENTRY HALL - DUSK

--They run straight into the mirror Bond and Kincade put there earlier--

In panic they open fire at the reflection of Kincade -- SHATTERING and BLASTING the mirror--

Kincade suddenly appears from where he is actually standing -- the STUDY -- and opens fire with his shotgun: both barrels. BOOM!BOOM! Two men go down--

KINCADE
Welcome to Scotland.

Kincade retreats toward the kitchen.

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - DUSK

Bond takes cover in the DB-5 as two of Silva's men barrage the vehicle with bullets from the corner of the house.

INT. LODGE - ENTRY HALL - DUSK

One of the other men turns and moves towards the study.

BLAM! The cartridge Bond placed under the floorboards blasts him off his feet.

Now the remaining two men inside scatter.

INT. LODGE - GREAT HALL - DUSK TO TWILIGHT

The two men are moving into the Great Hall, guns raised, sweeping through the room--

Now we see that M is just around the corner, in the Dining Room--

She peeks in and sees them. Then she leans back and flips the light switch on the wall next to her and--

BLAM! The improvised light bulb bombs she rigged before explode! Bolts and scrap metal fly like shrapnel. The room is blasted and the two go down as--

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - DUSK

Bond reloads and is instantly out of the car and firing with the hunting rifle -- BLAM! BLAM!

One of Silva's men at the corner of the house goes down.

Bond ejects, reloads and marches toward the house -- fires again -- BLAM! BLAM! -- taking down the other man--

INT. LODGE KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

Kincade reloads, takes cover by an archway leading into the kitchen.

INT. LODGE - ENTRY HALL - TWILIGHT

Bond enters. Framed in the doorway, he tosses the rifle aside and grabs an automatic weapon from one of Silva's dead men.

EXT. LODGE - BOOT ROOM - TWILIGHT

Meanwhile, Silva's remaining TWO MEN that broke off earlier move around the rear of the house. They arrive at the Boot Room door.

WHAM!

They kick the door open.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

Kincade breaks cover--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silva's two men push through the back door of the kitchen --

BOOM! BOOM!

Kincade fires --

He misses!

The two men back off and separate -- one man continues into the kitchen towards Kincade, the second heads into the dining room.

Kincade ducks behind a wall and prepares to reload.

He drops the shotgun shells, they clatter across the floor. He curses, fumbles for more shells...

Silva's Man moves closer... raises his gun --

Just as Bond enters!

Killing the man--

Kincade wide-eyed.

BOND
You drop something?

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM/GREAT HALL - TWILIGHT

In the Great Hall, M has ventured out to see the aftermath of the light-bulb bomb. The two men lie dead.

She has also heard Kincade's gunshots, and is alert ... she senses movement. The other man who came through the back door is in the Dining Room.

She tucks behind a cabinet, and prepares the Walther ...

She peeks around the cabinet through the dusty shambles of the Great Hall -- sees the man -- fires -- BLAM! -- misses--

He gets off a shot--

The bullet shatters the cabinet by M's side -- wood and debris fly -- she's injured--

Just as Bond comes into the room -- firing -- blowing Silva's man off his feet.

BOND
You hurt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M
(covering)
Only my pride. I never was a good
shot.

Bond flips over the final dead body, looking for Silva.

BOND
He's not here.
(moving through the room)
He's not here.

And then they hear it.

An incongruous sound through the silent house...

Approaching from outside...

Whoop-whoop-whoop-whoop...

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

Like a great prehistoric beast, a huge army HELICOPTER sweeps through the valley... flying low over the moorland...

INT./EXT DINING ROOM - TWILIGHT

They move to the Dining Room, towards the sound.

Bond looks out of the window.

Kincade and M enter behind Bond.

Bond stands looking out.

We see his POV of the helicopter approaching the house.

BOND
(to himself)
Always got to make an entrance. You
two, go to the kitchen... now!

Kincade and M move. Bond goes to another window, smashes the shutter and glass with the butt of his rifle, opens fire.

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

The helicopter soars toward the house and then dramatically turns.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - TWILIGHT

Suddenly--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The helicopter has opened fire!

Through the darkness we can see the flashes of a powerful machine gun--

Windows shatter -- walls pierced -- the twilight breaking through --

Bond runs, moving quickly away from the gunfire into the Kitchen.

Bullets rip and ricochet only feet behind him. He yells to M and Kincade.

BOND
(pointing)
Get behind the arch!

M and Kincade take cover behind the archway. Bullets still pierce the walls.

WITH BOND:

He runs through to the gun room, grabs an ammunition clip from Silva's dead man.

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

The helicopter, circling the house -- strafing the walls and windows--

INT. GUN ROOM/CENTRAL HALLWAY - TWILIGHT

Bond takes cover, reloads, runs to the Central Hallway taking cover as bullets strafe the windows of the Great Hall.

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

Outside, the Helicopter continues strafing the house as it moves along the side of the property.

INT. CENTRAL HALLWAY/GREAT HALL - TWILIGHT

Bond glimpses the helicopter through the bullet-ridden shutters.

Runs into The Great Hall returning fire as--

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

The helicopter's machine-gun annihilates the outer walls of the Great Hall.

INT. LODGE - GUN ROOM - TWILIGHT

Bond runs back towards M and Kincade.

BOND

Go to the chapel, use the tunnel.

Kincade leads M to the Study.

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

The helicopter moves towards the front of the house and ceases firing.

INT. STUDY - TWILIGHT

Kincade grabs a flashlight. He and M escape into the priest's hole. Kincade looks to the front window--

Sees the helicopter hover and then drop--

A last look Bond, and then they are gone.

INT. GUN ROOM/CENTRAL HALLWAY - TWILIGHT

Bond moves toward the Central Hallway.

Now he is in the shadows, eyes scanning the house, working out his next move...

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - TWILIGHT

We see Silva walking down the ramp, flanked by his men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He directs them through hand signals. Several break off and move around the house. They are all armed.

INT. CENTRAL HALLWAY - TWILIGHT

Through the blasted front door, Bond can just see Silva and his men.

He checks his clip, prepares to fire.

But just before he can, an incendiary device rolls ominously into the Central Hallway.

Bond spots it just in time, dives for cover into the Great Hall as--

BOOM!

It explodes, sending a sheet of flame through the centre of the house.

EXT. SKYFALL - TWILIGHT

Silva is moving around the outside of the house.

He prepares another incendiary...

INT. LODGE PARLOUR/GREAT HALL - TWILIGHT

Bond picks himself up. Moves to the window, trying to track the progress of the helicopter through the shattered windows.

Then--

Another incendiary device comes through the window of the parlour.

Bond flings himself down.

BOOM!

He recovers, grabs an automatic rifle from a dead man laying close by. He sees the searchlight beam start to rise through the shattered shutters--

EXT. SKYFALL - NIGHT

--The helicopter has taken off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silva continues to walk around the house. His men follow.

SILVA
Everyone listen to me! Don't you
dare touch her. She's mine.

The giant helicopter follows him obediently, like a pet, its searchlight glaring.

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Like lightning this time, Bond is on his feet, looking for a shot at Silva.

Now he sees: silhouetted in the window of the Dining Room -- the vast shadow of Silva, thrown by the helicopter's searchlight:

WITH SILVA:

SILVA
Can your friend come out and say
hello?

Bond fires -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

But Silva's already gone.

A third cannister rolls in--

INSIDE:

BAM! The flames explode again.

Bond recovers... Thinks... Looks around...

Sees some gas canisters in the Boot Room.

He has an idea.

He turns and moves through the smoke toward the kitchen--

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

M and Kincade move down the claustrophobic tunnel. Kincade leads the way.

M leans against a wall. Feels her side. Blood. The injury is worse than she suspected ... She doesn't want to admit it to Kincade, or to herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She follows him.

INT. LODGE - BOOT ROOM - NIGHT

Smoke is spreading through the house.

Bond enters -- looks out of the window.

The searchlight swings onto Bond, blinding him. He turns to the huge gas cannisters locked in a cage -- uses the butt of his weapon to break the lock--

Grabs and drags the canisters out just as--

EXT. SKYFALL - NIGHT

--Silva throws a fourth incendiary straight into the Boot Room window!

INT. KITCHEN/GUN ROOM - NIGHT

The incendiary explodes behind Bond, narrowly missing him as he drags the heavy gas canisters towards the Study -

EXT. SKYFALL - NIGHT

Outside, Silva takes out his gun, prowling the perimeter of the house.

EXT. EDGE OF THE MOOR - NIGHT

Kincade and M emerge from the priest's hole, about fifty yards from the house. They see the smoke and flames.

KINCADE
Come on! This way.

He leads her onto the moor.

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - NIGHT

The whole of Skyfall is burning now. Silva watches it.

He looks to the blazing house, signals to the helicopter pilots, pointing in the direction of the DB-5.

The searchlight swings to Bond's car--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The helicopter machine-gun riddles the car with bullets--

INT. LODGE - STUDY - INTERCUT - NIGHT

In the house, Bond sets the canisters down--

Until--

OUTSIDE:

The DB-5 explodes!

WITH BOND:

He instantly looks out the window, sees the car in flames.

Now he goes to his father's desk in the study. Opens an old cigar box. Retrieves some matches, strikes one.

Bond's match on the fuse. It sparks!

And now we pull back to reveal what the flame is heading towards...

Bond has strapped the two sticks of dynamite to the gas canisters.

One last look around.

BOND
I always hated this place.

And then he's gone--

Into the priest's hole.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Bond runs flat out -- racing down the tunnel--

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - NIGHT

Silva's men in position--

The whole house is surrounded.

Silva calls out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVA
Are you getting warm?

And then...

A HUGE EXPLOSION!

The entire front of the house explodes out--

The hovering helicopter is caught in the blast--

The helicopter is showered by a hailstorm of rock and stone from the old house -- the front window of the machine is shattered -- the pilots are knocked unconscious--

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel shakes -- Bond feels the concussive rumble from the explosion--

EXT. LODGE - FRONT - NIGHT

Slowly, the giant helicopter machine tilts forward, and accelerates... RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE.

Tearing it apart in a MASSIVE EXPLOSION AND CONCUSSION that shakes the land--

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

A WALL OF FLAME--

RIPS down the tunnel toward Bond--

He is running full pelt, approaching an alcove.

Bond leaps into the alcove seconds before the flames reach him.

He slams into the wall of the tunnel, knocking himself unconscious.

The flames rip past him.

EXT. MOOR - NIGHT

M and Kincade stop and look back -- staring at the distant fire in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Burning debris cascades down in the distance.

They keep moving towards the chapel.

EXT. MOOR/LODGE - FRONT - NIGHT

Silva is in the midst of the burning wreckage of the helicopter and the house. He reaches for his gun, gradually pulls himself up... He can barely believe it.

He gets his breath, steadies himself.

He stands up to his full height, the burning house behind him.

He's bloody. Takes an unsure step. Only TWO of his men survive the blast.

Silva scans the moor. Looking for his prey.

Silva's POV: a torch, far away, on the edge of the moor.

He squints, but can't make out the figures.

Silva sees her!

He shoves his two men.

SILVA

Just make sure Bond is dead!

They move off.

Silva begins to walk in the direction of the frozen lake.

SILVA

Now it's me and her...

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Bond coughs and shoves some flaming debris off him--

Pulls himself up--

EXT. MOOR - NIGHT

Silva is hunched and exhausted, getting inexorably nearer.

He stumbles, falls--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets up again.

In the flames from the burning house he's like a creature from the underworld.

He can see M and Kincade moving around the edge of the frozen lake, heading toward the chapel on its far side.

WITH M AND KINCADE:

Kincade helps her along. Silva is visible in the distance.

Kincade takes a nervous glance back at their pursuer.

EXT. EDGE OF THE MOOR - NIGHT

Bond emerges from the tunnel.

Behind him, Skyfall burns, completely destroyed.

He turns from the house, sprints towards the frozen lake--

EXT. MOOR - NIGHT

Bonds runs.

Perhaps never faster than now. The stakes are everything.

He sprints and slaloms -- leaping over logs --

Down hillocks and up again, feet pounding--

He knows the landscape, he played here as a boy, he takes every shortcut he can--

Suddenly--

One of Silva's men appears before him--!

Bond doesn't slow--

He kills the man with brutal efficiency as he passes--

He races on and finally comes to--

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - NIGHT

The chapel's on the other side--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bond can only cut Silva off if he goes straight across the lake --

Bond looks down at the ice, tests it with his foot.

A low cracking noise.

He calculates, and then starts to run across the frozen lake--

He's going to make it, beat Silva to the other side--

But then --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets hit the ice.

Bond slides to a halt.

Silva looms over him, on the edge of the frozen lake, enjoying Bond's helpless predicament.

SILVA

You see what comes of all this running around, Mr. Bond? All this jumping and fighting, it's exhausting.

He breathes deeply.

SILVA

Relax. You need to relax.

Then...

Another gun. It's Silva's other man, who has stepped out of the mists.

Silva smiles. Then turns.

A light in the chapel. The glow of a flashlight moving inside.

Bond and Silva both see it.

SILVA

Ah, well... Mother's calling. I'll give her a goodbye kiss for you.

Silva raises his gun to fire at Bond--

Bond stares down at the ice--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In a flash, he grabs Silva Man's gun, and fires it downwards -
- sending them both down into the water!

Silva fires--

Misses--

The ice splinters and shatters, and Bond and Silva's Man fall
through into the frigid water--

Silva shakes his head in disbelief.

UNDERWATER:

The breath is forced out of Bond's body by the ferocious
shock of the cold water.

The burning house throws a flickering light into the still
water.

Bond and Silva's man fight.

Silva's man has Bond in a head-lock. He is choking the breath
out of him, as they sink down and down...

Bond manages to turn the tables. Spins, breaks the man's
neck.

But now, Bond can't find his way up. He looks up -- his POV:
nothing but ice, high above him.

There's no panic. But there's a flash of resignation. So this
is it.

He starts drifting down ... after Silva's Man ... into the
darkness ... as at the opening of the story...

But then he sees something in the fading light...

On his belt, Silva's man wears a flare gun.

With superhuman effort, Bond inverts in the water and makes
one last lunge for the flare gun as Silva's man slips into
the dark--

Bond gets it! -- pulls the flare gun from the holster, twists
up and--

FIRES--

The magnesium flare blasts up--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH as the underwater world is briefly illuminated -- the light cascading out and reflecting, catching the sparkling ice--

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A graveyard dots the hillside. Tombstones at angles and falling apart. Coated in snow.

Silva makes his way through the graveyard to the chapel.

He notices that only one grave has been kept up. He looks at the tombstone:

Andrew Bond and Monique Delacroix Bond.

Bond's parents.

Silva smiles to himself and then continues toward the chapel...

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Silva enters.

And there she is. Finally.

M stands in the aisle, leaning on the pew.

She turns.

SILVA
(taking in the chapel)
Of course... it had to be here. It
had to be this way. Thank you.

She looks back at him. Steel.

Kincade enters from the back room.

KINCADE
I can't find any--

Silva fires his gun, deliberately missing Kincade.

SILVA
Don't...

Kincade freezes. He's too far to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVA
Please... don't.

Silva slowly approaches M. He sees her wound.

SILVA
You're hurt... You're hurt...
What've they done to you?

They are face to face.

SILVA
What have they done to you?

He slowly raises the gun to her head, then changes his mind -- wraps her hand around the gun, both of their fingers pressing on the trigger.

SILVA
Free both of us... Free both of
us...

He puts the gun to M's temple, places his head next to hers. Heads together.

SILVA
...with the same bullet.

Their fingers on the trigger.

He shuts his eyes.

SILVA
Do it. Do it. Only you can do it...
Do it.

Then he gasps. The gun drops to the floor.

His eyes go wide with fury, disappointment and rage.

Bond's hunting knife. Buried in his back.

Silva turns to see.

Bond.

Standing in the doorway.

Silva staggers toward him. Drops to his knees.

Bond walks over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOND
Last. Rat. Standing.

Silva dies.

Bond looks to M.

M
007, what took you so long?

BOND
Well, I got into some deep water.

Then suddenly she stumbles. Bond grabs her. Looks down. Sees the blood.

Gently lowers her down.

He looks to Kincade.

Kincade's eyes meet his.

Bond knows... she's dying.

He holds her.

M
I suppose it's too late to make a
run for it?

Bond looks in her eyes.

BOND
Well I'm game if you are.

M can't help but smile.

They both know this is it.

Her eyes find his one last time.

M
I did get *one* thing right...

And she's gone.

He holds her.

Kincade watches the tableau.

Silent.

And we fade to....

EXT. WHITEHALL - ROOFTOP - DAY

The rooftops of Whitehall and beyond them London.

Bond stands. Alone with his thoughts.

Eve approaches. She carries a box.

EVE

Wow! I didn't even know you could
come up here...

BOND

Hate to waste a view.

Eve looks out.

EVE

I can see why.

BOND

I thought you were going back out on
active service.

EVE

I declined. You said it yourself.
Field work's not for everyone.

BOND

If it helps, I feel a lot safer.

She smiles.

EVE

...Her will was read today. She left
you this.

Bond takes the box. Curious. A bequest in M's will?

He opens the box...

Inside:

The ugly Union Jack bulldog paperweight from her desk. The
one he always hated.

EVE

Maybe it was her way of telling you
to take a desk job?

BOND

Just the opposite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the ugly old thing.

He smiles.

BOND

Thank you.

Eve leaves. Bond stares out at the city view.

INT. WHITEHALL - EVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bond and Eve enter her office.

We notice it's a little familiar... coat stand in the corner... padded leather door to the inner office...

BOND

You know, we've never been formally introduced.

EVE

Oh. Well, my name's Eve... Eve Moneyppenny.

BOND

I look forward to our time together, Miss Moneyppenny.

EVE

Me too. I'm sure we'll have one or two close shaves.

She smiles playfully. Tanner emerges from the inner office carrying some files:

TANNER

Morning 007.

BOND

Good morning, Tanner.

TANNER

He'll see you now.

He nods for Bond to proceed. Bond goes into the inner office...

INT. WHITEHALL - MALLORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bond walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOND
How's the arm, sir?

Mallory sits behind the desk, his arm in a brace from his injury.

MALLORY
What?

He looks at it as if he hadn't noticed it before.

MALLORY
Oh, it's fine. It'll get better. All pretty shocking for someone unused to field work ... So, 007. Lots to be done.

Mallory places a new Top Secret case file down on his desk.

MALLORY
Are you ready to get back to work?

Bond looks down at the file. Then back up to Mallory.

BOND
With pleasure, M.

Close up on Bond.

Those icy blue eyes.

BOND
With pleasure.

Snap to black.

The End.