

CASINO ROYALE

screenplay
by
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second set of
revisions

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Based on a novel by Ian Fleming

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- CASINO ROYALE -

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MODERN OFFICE BLOCK - PRAGUE -- NIGHT 1

Snow on the ground. It's the middle of the night. A car pulls up outside the ultra-modern building. DRYDEN gets out and moves inside.

2 INT. FOYER - OFFICE BLOCK -- NIGHT 2

Deserted except for the guard at the reception desk. Dryden mutters a greeting and heads for the elevator.

3 EXT. CRICKET GROUND -- DAY 3

We're in LAHORE, PAKISTAN, a game in progress, the Pakistani team fielding, British team batting. The grandstand is crowded. The bowler hurls the ball, the batsman hits it up in the air, arcing it towards the stands. The crowd reach for it, one person catches it, throws it back.

Standing next to the thrower is a dark, well built man, applauding the shot along with everyone else. Call him FISHER. He glances back at a rowdy group of fans and SPOTS a man watching him, his face in silhouette: BOND. Fisher reacts, pushes through the crowd, away from SILHOUETTE.

4 INT. MODERN OFFICE -- NIGHT 4

Sleek surfaces, lit only by the skyline beyond. DRYDEN enters, moving quickly to a hidden safe without bothering to turn on the lights. He stops dead when he sees it ajar. Dryden turns and sees Bond sitting in the shadows.

BOND

M really doesn't mind us making a little money on the side, Dryden. She would just prefer it wasn't by selling secrets.

5 EXT. CRICKET GROUND -- DAY 5

A roar from the crowd: The batsman has been bowled out. Fisher jumps over the edge of the stand, moves down the

TUNNEL

passing the new batsman on his way out. He ducks around a corner into a dark corridor, leans against the wall. The door at the far end of the corridor opens. Fisher spins to see BOND walking toward him. Fisher bolts.

6 INT. MODERN OFFICE -- NIGHT

6

Dryden switches on his desk lamp and sits, as cool as an autumn evening. In that same motion he flicks open a hidden panel in his desk, revealing the butt of a semiautomatic.

DRYDEN

If the theatrics are supposed to scare me you have the wrong man, Bond. If M was so sure I was bent, she'd have sent a Double-O.

(gaining confidence)

Benefits of being Section Chief; I'd know if anyone had been promoted to Double-O status, wouldn't I? Your file shows no kills. And it takes -

BOND

Two.

Dryden tries not to show he is suddenly unnerved.

DRYDEN

("smiles" to cover)

You aren't a Cricket fan by any chance, are you?

7 INT. CRICKET GROUND - CLUB HOUSE -- DAY

7

Fisher races up a narrow staircase, leading to a balcony restaurant. It's a dead end. He pushes through a side door, runs down a long corridor, bursts into a

8 RESTROOM

8

It's empty. He whirls, drawing a gun, pointing it back at the door, waiting for Bond to appear.

9 INT. MODERN OFFICE -- NIGHT

9

Dryden grabs the pistol, levels it -- Bond still hasn't moved.

DRYDEN

Shame, we barely got to know each other.

He pulls the trigger. Click. Bond holds up the magazine.

BOND

(with humor)

I knew where you hid your gun, I suppose that's something.

9 CONTINUED:

9

DRYDEN
 (has to smile)
 True.
 (lays gun down)
 How did he die?

BOND
 Your contact?

10 INT. CRICKET GROUND - CLUB HOUSE -- DAY

10

Fisher backs up to a washbasin, turns on the tap, throws water on his sweating face - his eyes never leave the door. Suddenly, a burst of cheering from outside. Fisher instinctively brings the gun up. A second door, behind him, crashes open. Bond. He spins but James grabs him, knocks the gun out of his hand.

Fisher attacks. The two tumble into the stalls. The fight is chaotic, both men trying to hit each other in a confined space until the stall partitions fold like dominoes. They fall into the shower room. Fisher fights like a madman until finally Bond forces his head into the basin, now overflowing with water. James holds him under until the body stops writhing and kicking. Not a clean kill by any means. He lets the body slide to the floor, steps back, considering the dead man. Hating him for making this feel so much like... killing.

11 INT. MODERN OFFICE -- NIGHT

11

BOND
 Not well.

DRYDEN
 Made you feel it, did he?
 (sees the truth in
 Bond's eyes)
 Well, no worries, the second is--

Bond raises his silenced Walther and fires, cutting off the words before they reach Dryden's lips.

BOND
 Yes. Considerably.

Bond holsters his weapon and heads for the door.

12 INT. CRICKET GROUND - RESTROOM -- DAY

12

Bond heads to retrieve his gun. Senses movement. Glimpses Fisher's reflection, aiming a pistol at Bond's back.

Framed against white tiles, Bond whirls and fires one shot from the Walther. We are looking along the inside of the barrel of Fisher's gun.

12 CONTINUED: 12

Red blood starts to flow down the screen. This is the iconic James Bond logo.

13 MAIN TITLES 13

Photos from Bond's CV, including his stint in the SAS, intercut with a high tech printing press. The sequence ends with crime scene photos of the two killings, Dryden and Fisher. After each killing, Bond's ID badge is stamped with a 0 - until it is laminated as 007. A hand places the ID badge in the folder with the photos and the unseen clerk carries it off into the bowels of MI6.

14 EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - UGANDA -- DAY 14

Superimpose: GULU, UGANDA. Pouring rain. The place is overrun with ragged, battle-scarred troops of a rebel army. A great majority of them are children, disturbingly thin, some as young as ten, everyone of them armed. A few boast carbines, but most carry machetes. Follow one of the youngest carrying two bottles of Coca Cola running through the mud until he disappears into a:

15 DARK SHACK 15

The boy hands the drinks to a man silhouetted against the window. Call him STEVEN OBANNO. He thanks the boy in his native tongue; the boy beams and sits at his feet.

Obanno hands a cola to a man hidden in the shadows, his dark, gold-rimmed glasses glinting. Call him MR. WHITE. Obanno looks out the open window and we see his face and understand why he is the feared leader of the Lord's Resistance Army. He gazes at the Twin Star helicopter in the nearby clearing.

OBANNO

I think the Lord wants me to have
a Twin Star.

MR. WHITE

Take it. It's unguarded.

OBANNO

(laughs)

With only an army to protect me?
I value my life, thank you.

(strokes the boy's
hair)

Last week I told this boy the Lord
was displeased with his parents.
He slit their throats. Now I know
I can trust what he gives me to
drink. How do I trust this man
that I've never met with our money?

15 CONTINUED:

15

MR. WHITE

You asked for the introduction.
That's all I guarantee.

Three SUVs pull up in the distance. Out of the first steps a man we will come to know as LE CHIFFRE. Bodyguards climb out of the rear two and remain by their vehicles.

16 INT. DARK SHACK -- LATER

16

Obanno sits next to his grizzled LIEUTENANT, flanked by some of the fiercest-looking rebels one would ever want to see. The room is dark, the light fighting its way in through the cracks in the boards that cover the windows that run the length of the room. Obanno stares across the long table at Le Chiffre, who doesn't break a sweat.

LE CHIFFRE

Our friend will have told you that I have provided reliable banking services for many other freedom fighters over the years.

OBANNO

Do you believe in God, Mr. Le Chiffre?

LE CHIFFRE

No. I believe in a reasonable rate of return.

Le Chiffre knows this was the wrong answer and clearly doesn't give a damn. Obanno smiles.

OBANNO

I want no risk in the portfolio.

LE CHIFFRE

Agreed.

Obanno nods and three metal boxes are placed on the table. One of the men opens the closest box, displaying the money. Le Chiffre takes a hit from an inhaler.

OBANNO

And I can access it anywhere in the world?

LE CHIFFRE

(hands him a business card)

I have locations at most major airports.

17 EXT. JUNGLE CAMP -- MOMENTS LATER 17

Le Chiffre climbs into his SUV as his bodyguards load the metal boxes into the center one.

18 INT. SUV 18

As they move off VALENKA, Le Chiffre's beautiful Russian bodyguard, dials a satellite phone.

VALENKA

(into phone)

One moment.

She hands the phone to Le Chiffre.

LE CHIFFRE

(into phone)

I have the money. Short another million shares.

19 INT. STOCKBROKER'S OFFICE - LONDON -- DAY 19

A dignified, grey-haired BROKER sits behind a large mahogany desk. We can see St. Paul's Cathedral out the window.

BROKER

Sir, you must know you're betting against the market. No one expects this stock to go anywhere but up.

20 INT. SUV 20

LE CHIFFRE

(hanging up)

Just do it.

21 INT. DARK SHACK 21

Mr. White watches as the SUVs are swallowed up by the jungle.

22 EXT. COMMUNE - MADAGASCAR -- DAY 22

SUPER: MADAGASCAR. We're watching a fight to the death between a cobra and a mongoose. The arena is a derelict empty swimming pool; the audience hundreds of screaming men, urging the animals on. Beyond this, a cluster of crowded shacks and deserted buildings, housing their near starving families. From a second floor we see a man looking down at the spectacle. James Bond, almost unrecognizable, part of scenery. He keeps his eye on a disheveled young man amongst the excited crowd. The youth wears a small backpack and has a white livid burn scar on his right arm. CARTER, Bond's team mate is also in the crowd watching.

22 CONTINUED:

22

CARTER
 (into hidden microphone)
 Looks like our man. He has burn
 scars on his right arm.

BOND
 I wonder if bomb makers are insured
 for things like that?

Two chirps. Bomber flips open his cell phone, reads what
 must be a short text message, then stands and pushes through
 the crowd heading in Carter's direction. Carter's hand
 goes to his earpiece.

CARTER
 He's on the move.

BOND
 Stop touching your ear.

Carter automatically reaches up to touch his earpiece again.

CARTER
 Sorry?

Realizes his mistake too late. Bomber spots at him.
 Spooked, he charges off, leaping into the pool and running.
 Carter races after him, drawing his gun. Bond sees this.

BOND
 Put the bloody gun away! I need
 him alive.

Carter goes to jump in the pool, trips and falls headlong
 onto the bottom. The gun fires wildly in the air, sending
 the crowd into panic, people diving in all directions.
 Bomber is already racing down an alley, through the shacks,
 heading for the jungle beyond. Bond has taken a short cut
 over the roofs, leaps down, is right behind him.

23 EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

23

Bomber leaps over the hulk of a burnt out car, his agility
 amazing. Bond tries to keep up but is losing ground.

24 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

24

Emerging from the foliage, Bomber almost collides with a
 rusty chain link fence. Behind it, a large building under
 construction. He is over the fence in a flash. Bond
 follows, lagging behind; cut off as a digger passes in
 front of him.

Bomber is now through a gate, dropping behind a stack of
 girders. He pulls a gun, looks back. Nothing. Suddenly
 a foreman's hut in front of him disintegrates.

24 CONTINUED:

24

It's Bond driving the digger at full speed, coming straight for Bomber. Bomber shoots, shattering the windshield. But Bond doesn't flinch, a ruthless determination driving him on. Bomber runs for the building, the digger charging over the girders, catching him up.

Behind them, a security vehicle races through the gate, siren screaming. Climbing to the first floor level of the building, Bomber barely makes it as Bond rams the digger's bucket into the concrete floor, tearing it up, right behind Bomber's legs. The digger stalls and Bond leaps through the shattered windshield and climbs the arm. He ducks as bullets ricochet off the metal.

Bomber, having stalled Bond, climbs the building's framework. Two security men run towards him. He shoots one, sending the other diving for cover. Now he climbs the girders, moving incredibly fast, giving an amazing display of "free running".

Bond, realizing he is going to lose him, runs up the arm of a mobile crane, leaps off the end, lands on top of a stairwell, four floors up.

Bomber reaches the fifth floor to find his path blocked by angry workers. One comes at him, swinging a wrench. Bomber kicks him in the chest, crashing him back against an upright. He bounces forward, plunging off the structure, dragging a welding rig with him. His body ricochets off a girder and crashes to the ground. The welding rig lands next to him, the gas cylinders exploding in a ball of flame.

Now Bond is getting near, running across narrow girders, oblivious to the danger. Bomber has climbed to the top floor. He sees more security men charging across the roof. He turns to see Bond, gun in hand, climbing an upright, pulling himself up onto his level. Bomber fires at Bond who ducks behind the upright for protection, dropping his gun as he does so.

With the security men closing in, Bomber leaps through the air, landing on a huge slab of concrete, being lowered into position from a 200 foot crane. Bond hauls himself back up, sees Bomber climbing like a monkey up the wire cable, heading for the top of the crane. Bond makes the precarious leap onto the concrete block.

Crowds of workers are riveted by the spectacle. They watch as Bond goes after Bomber, two small specks hundreds of feet in the air. Bomber is at the top, climbing into the arm. Bond knows he has to get up there fast so he kicks the quick release lever on the side of the pulley mechanism.

The concrete slab drops away, releasing the tension on the cable which rockets upwards, taking Bond with it. When it reaches top, he grabs onto the metal ribs of the arm.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

The concrete slab shatters as it hits the ground. Bomber sees Bond right behind him, climbs out onto the top of the arm. He raises his gun aiming for Bond's head, pulls the trigger. "Click".

BOND

Learn to count.

Bomber hurls the empty gun at Bond, who catches it, throws it straight back, hitting him between the eyes, dropping him. Bond goes for him but is kicked back into the metal struts. They fight like men possessed, neither giving any quarter, two hundred feet up. One slip and they would plunge to their deaths. Bomber finally smashes Bond's head against the ironwork, stunning him. He uses the moment to leap off the crane arm, over a 30 foot gap, onto the arm of a second crane below. If that wasn't enough, he now jumps from there onto the roof of the building, another yawning gap. Bond can hardly believe it. Bomber picks himself up and "free runs" over a series of sloping roofs, putting a barrier between him and pursuing security men.

Now Bond does the jump, barely making it, landing awkwardly onto the second crane. His leap to the roof is even worse, careening off the top of a lift shaft, falling heavily onto the roof. Bomber dives down a set of stairs, swings across the outside of the building, lands on the floor beyond. He pulls up abruptly. Coming at him from the other side is Bond, relentless as ever.

Bomber charges towards an empty elevator shaft, runs down a side wall, kicks off the back and lands on the floor below. Bond leaps down a stairway, cuts him off. This time Bomber has nowhere to go, so he jumps out of the building onto a rising construction elevator four floors below. From there he jumps to the ground and races off. Bond has got onto a scissor lift. Grabbing a wrench he smashes the high pressure hoses, dropping the lift at frightening speed. Before it reaches the ground, he's leapt off, running after Bomber.

25 EXT. BUSY ROAD / SECURITY -- DAY

25

Two trucks are at a security gate waiting to pull into heavy traffic. Bomber runs past them, heading out the gate; Bond emerges behind him. Speeding cars block Bomber's path. In a breathtaking show of agility he jumps the hood of one onto the roof of another, then across to yet another going in the opposite direction, turning up a side road. No such antics for Bond. Vehicles slam on their brakes, swerve wildly as he recklessly navigates the road. Bomber jumps off his car and runs around a corner. Bond sees a van turning the same way, jumps on the back of it.

26 EXT. THE NAMBUTU EMBASSY -- DAY 26

Bomber shows his ID to a security guard at the gate. He's oblivious to the approaching van with Bond clinging on the back. As he passes, Bond sees Bomber heading up the drive towards the embassy building. He curses under his breath; makes a decision. Climbing onto the roof, he launches himself over the concrete wall, lands amongst the shrubbery in the embassy gardens. Rolling onto one knee, looks back at the security gate. All quiet. Glancing up he sees security cameras attached to the building. He moves off.

27 INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE -- DAY 27

A harried conversation in mid flow, in FRENCH with subtitles:

MILITARY ATTACHE

*You don't work for us anymore!
Get out!*

BOMBER

Just hide me!

Bond bursts through the door and heads for the Bomber.

MILITARY ATTACHE

*This is the Nambutu Embassy! You
can't be here.*

BOND

I'm not.

Bond knees Bomber in the stomach, dropping him. The Attache goes for his gun but two lightning blows from Bond stop him. Scooping up the gun he grabs the retching Bomber by the scruff of the neck, hauls him out the door onto a balcony above a courtyard. The Attache hits the alarm button. Klaxons wail.

28 INT. EMBASSY BALCONY / STAIRS -- DAY 28

Dragging Bomber with him, Bond sees guards running into the courtyard below. Embassy employees bolt from their offices.

29 INT. EMBASSY SECURITY ROOM -- DAY 29

Two guards grab their weapons, head for the door. On the CCTV screen we see Bond hauling Bomber.

30 EXT. EMBASSY BALCONY -- DAY 30

Bond turns a corner, sees the guards appear at the far end of the balcony. Between them is some scaffolding, erected over a flight of stairs going down to the courtyard.

30 CONTINUED:

30

Bond throws Bomber to the floor as one of the guards starts firing. Two blasts from Bond's gun and newly installed pipe work next to the shooter's head ruptures. Water explodes, engulfing the hapless men. The soldiers have now reached the top of the stairs on the opposite side. They can't see Bond and Bomber because they're lying below the level of the solid wooden banister that surrounds the balcony. That doesn't stop them. They open up, shattering the wood and glass partitions above the banister. Glass rains down on Bond and Bomber. Bond sees soldiers in the courtyard running to the staircase below him. Grabbing some rope tied off to the scaffolding, he knots it around a bundle of copper piping, kicks it over the edge of the balcony. The weight of the piping tears off the front of the scaffolding, brings it crashing down on top of the soldiers coming up the stairs. Bond, pushing Bomber in front of him, runs through the spraying water and pushes him through a door.

31 INT. ADMIN OFFICE -- DAY

31

A large busy room. Mostly women secretaries, typists, etc. Bond fires his gun into the air, sending everyone screaming and yelling to the floor. He hurls Bomber through a window, bouncing him off a roof onto the ground below, losing his backpack on the way down.

32 EXT. SERVICE AREA -- DAY

32

In seconds Bond has joined him, scoops up the backpack, grabs the stunned Bomber and heads for the metal gate at the rear. Bomber's legs suddenly give out and he collapses to the ground. Bond lifts him up as he hears the sound of weapons being cocked. He turns, holding Bomber in front of him, there, facing them are at least a dozen soldiers, weapons pointed. Bond is finished and Bomber knows it. He turns, smiles and spits in Bond's face. He walks away, then turns.

BOMBER

(taunting)

What's your name? Huh? I'm never there when they die. I don't get to know the names. I want to know who died here today.

BOND

The name's Bond. What's yours?

BOMBER

Mollaka.

BOND

See? You already had your answer.

Bond fires into the surprised man's chest.

32 CONTINUED:

32

Before the body hits the ground, he fires again, hitting the side of a calor gas bottle, one of many stashed in a cage nearby. The cylinder explodes, blasting other bottles in all directions, detonating some as they fly through the air. Soldiers dive for cover, some flung back by the blast from the fireball. When it's over they slowly stagger up. One of them is the Military Attache we saw earlier. As he moves forward, surveying the wreckage, we focus on a CCTV camera bolted to the fence. The Attache peers through the smoke looking for Bond. He's nowhere to be seen.

33 EXT. EMBASSY -- DAY

33

Bond jumps from a wall, heads down an alley. Turns down another alley, pulls Bomber's wallet and cell from the backpack. In the wallet he finds something odd - a playing card ripped in half, the QUEEN OF HEARTS. He stuffs it into his pocket and checks the cellphone's recent messages. One text message, one word:

'Ellipsis'

Unsure of its meaning, he jogs into darkness as the emergency SIRENS grow LOUDER and LOUDER.

34 EXT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT - SUNSET

34

A beautiful 110 foot Sun Seeker at anchor, a motor launch tethered alongside.

35 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT - DECK SALON -- CONTINUOUS

35

An elegant card room that hosts a high stakes poker game. MADAME WU, an elderly Chinese woman, throws in her cards. Now there are just two men battling for the pot.

Le Chiffre dabs his eye with a handkerchief, which stains red at the touch. He notices the other remaining player, a retired Croatian General, looking:

LE CHIFFRE

My dear General. Weeping blood comes merely from a derangement of the tear duct - nothing sinister.

The General blanches. Le Chiffre pushes in all his chips.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)

All in. But I only have two pair, and you have a full 17.4 percent chance of making your straight.

The General tries to read Le Chiffre, can't. He throws in his cards. Le Chiffre pulls the chips toward him. KRATT, Le Chiffre's dangerous looking henchman, approaches and whispers in his ear. Le Chiffre rises with a smile.

36 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT - BEDROOM

36

Le Chiffre bangs the door open, his smile gone. Kratt steps into the doorway as Le Chiffre finds the laptop open on his desk to CNN.COM.

LE CHIFFRE
When does ellipsis expire?

KRATT
We have less than 36 hours. I can call and--

LE CHIFFRE
No. It's all the time I have anyway. Give our guests five minutes to leave or toss them overboard.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP

Just before he bangs it closed we read the headline: "British Agent Executes Embassy Employee", accompanied by a blurry high angle photo of Bond firing his weapon.

37 EXT. NEWSSTAND - LONDON -- DAY

37

The papers boast headlines like "Our Secret Murder Squad" -- with freeze frames from the high angle security camera of a fuzzy Bond, gun aimed at a man with his hands in the air -- then the following frames of the shot fired and the bomber falling. A new stack falls into frame, the same photo -- "MI6 Kills Unarmed Prisoner." RISE UP TO SEE:

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT; the familiar icon now hiding behind a concrete skirt.

38 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS -- PRIVATE CORRIDOR -- DAY

38

The door bangs open and M strides out, red-faced. VILLIERS, an aide, has to scramble to keep up with her. He has never seen her this angry; the words fly out her mouth. As she struts down the hall toward the exit the committee members spill out of the door in the background.

M
(fast and furious:)
Who the hell do they think they are?! I report to the Prime Minister, and even he is smart enough not to ask me what we do. Have you ever seen such a pile of self-righteous, ass-covering prigs?! They don't care what we do, they care what we get *photographed* doing.

(MORE)

38 CONTINUED:

38

M (CONT'D)
(as if it's Villiers'
fault:)

And how the hell could Bond be so stupid?! I give him Double O status and he celebrates by shooting up an embassy?! Is the man deranged?? And where the hell is he?! In the old days if an agent did something so embarrassing he'd have the good sense to defect. Christ, I miss the Cold War.

And she slams out through the exit door.

39 INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

39

In a darkened room, fingers operate a laptop keyboard.

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

An image of a cell phone accompanies a mass of detail.

A hand pulls a SIM CARD from Bomber's phone and inserts it in a reader attached to the laptop.

Someone is tracing embedded data on the text message 'ELLIPSIS'. First to be displayed is the sender's cell phone number; then: 'NUMBER UNREGISTERED'.

FINGERS TAP IN: 'SHOW ALL ACTIVITY OF NUMBER'

ON SCREEN, the data tells us: Incoming calls: 0. Outgoing: 0. SMS received: 0. SMS sent: 1. Handshakes: 18.57pm JULY 6, 19.03pm JULY 6, 19.12pm JULY 6. Local Cell time - BAHAMAS.

The image zooms into the three pulsing cellular zones the phone passed through - on the Bahamas. Bond calls up a 3D MAP, zooming closer on those zones: a road passes through them, leads to only one place - a COUNTRY CLUB.

BOND inserts a MEMORY STICK and copies the zone map and related documents. Hearing a NOISE in the hall he quickly pockets the memory stick and closes the laptop.

Footsteps outside, then it opens to reveal M, a newspaper under her arm. She looks to see:

BOND sitting at the bridge table, close to the desk, expertly shuffling cards, flipping them back and forth, under:

M

You've got a bloody cheek.

39 CONTINUED:

39

BOND

Sorry. Next time I'll shoot the camera first

M

Or yourself! You stormed into an embassy! You violated the only absolutely inviolate rule of international relationships! And why? So you could kill a nobody! We needed to question him, not kill him. For God's sake, you're supposed to display some sort of judgment!

BOND

I mistakenly thought one less bomb-maker in the world was a good thing.

M

Exactly: one bombmaker. We are trying to find out how an entire network of terrorist groups is financed and you give us one bombmaker! Hardly the big picture, wouldn't you say? The man isn't even a true believer! He's a gun for hire, and thanks to your over-developed trigger finger we have no idea who hired him or why!

(suddenly realizing)

And how the hell did you find out where I lived?

BOND

The same way I found out your name. When you recruited me I thought M was a randomly assigned letter, I had no idea it stood for--

M

--Utter another syllable and I will have you killed. I knew it was too early to promote you.

BOND

Well I understand Double Os have a very short life expectancy, so one can hope your mistake isn't long-lived.

M

At least there won't be any question who to bury. You're a secret agent, for God's sake! Can you at least

(MORE)

M (CONT'D)

try not to tell every single person you meet your real name?! Do you have any idea how hard it was to keep it out of the international press?

BOND

Understood. I should have stuck to my cover, Mr. Sandy Bizet, Fashion Buyer.

(regarding newspaper)

"Fashion Buyer Kills Terrorist". That may just have fooled them.

M sees she is never going to make a dent in his armor, tries a different tact.

M

Bond, this may be too much for a blunt instrument to understand, but arrogance and self-awareness seldom go hand-in-hand.

BOND

(amused)

So, I should be half monk, half hitman?

M

Any thug can kill. I need you to take your ego out of the equation and judge the situation dispassionately. I have to know I can trust you, and that you know who to trust. And since I don't know that, I need you out of my sight. Go and stick your head in the sand somewhere and think about your future.

(re: newspaper)

Because these bastards want your head. And I'm seriously considering feeding you to them.

(as BOND EXITS)

And Bond...

(he pauses, looks)

Don't ever break into my house again.

BOND

Wouldn't dream of it, "M".

He exits as M burns. She sits at her desk, opens her laptop. And only now wonders if her laptop was the real reason Bond was here.

40 EXT. SEA PLANE - PORT - GRAND BAHAMAS -- DAY 40

Superimpose: NASSAU, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND. A sea plane lands and taxis toward a small terminal. Beyond we see the gleaming ATLANTIS HOTEL.

41 EXT. TERMINAL -- DAY 41

The door opens and passengers disembark from the plane. Bond steps off and rolls up the sleeves of his white shirt and takes in the view. Expensive boats cross the harbor; one of them is LE CHIFFRE'S SUN SEEKER, gliding under the two bridges that connect Nassau with Paradise Island.

42 EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - GRAND BAHAMA -- DAY 42

James swerves around the corner of the two lane blacktop. Lying on the seat next to him is his handheld displaying the map he copied from M's computer, the route of the cell phone that texted the bomber.

43 EXT. "ONE AND ONLY" COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY 43

Bond pulls up among swanky cars. A couple of attractive women carrying tennis rackets give him a second look. He hands his key to the valet, who also wears a white shirt and black pants. The valet drives around the corner.

Bond stalls, tying his shoe, glances up and spots several surveillance cameras. A Jaguar pulls up and a fat, arrogant GERMAN in Bermuda shorts steps out and spots Bond.

FAT GERMAN

Are you going to take this or make me wait?

BOND

Right away, sir.

The fat man tosses Bond the keys and disappears inside the Casino. Bond glances down the line of cars parked out front, including the one marked Security near the end. He drops into the Jaguar and pulls out. Bond circles a row of prestigious cars, turns and backs at high speed into a wooden guard rail, cracking it and slamming it into the bumpers of the row of parked cars. A dozen CAR ALARMS SCREAM at once. Bond steps out and walks to the entrance. People spill out, no one paying any attention to the man on the sidewalk. Bond mounts the front steps.

44 INT. ONE AND ONLY COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY 44

Bond enters the club, passing others who are running out in response to their car alarms. TWO SECURITY GUARDS barrel out of a back corridor. As the guards disappear out the front door, James slips down their corridor.

44 CONTINUED: 44

He stops at the security office door -- checks the handle. Locked. He jimmys it.

45 INT. ONE AND ONLY, SECURITY ROOM -- DAY 45

Bond enters, locks the door behind him and puts his handheld on the desk and turns to the MONITORS. On one screen, the security guards are dealing with the screaming Fat Man and the other car owners out front.

Bond quickly locates the DVD library, finds a disc labelled JULY 06, feeds it into a machine and jumps to 7:13 pm.

ON THEIR COMPUTER SCREENS:

Simultaneous feeds from several cameras. He shuttles through the footage as people come and go -- an elderly woman, a kissing couple, then a classic Aston Martin pulls up. A beautiful woman we will come to know as SOLANGE climbs out of the passenger side. A man we'll call DIMITRIOS steps out the driver's door. He flips closed his cell phone. Bond freezes the image and looks at the time stamp -7:14.22. He checks his handheld -- the phone called ended at 7:14:22pm.

Bond throws one more look at the frozen screen, then glances up at the live monitor, sees one of the security guards is no longer visible. Bond slips out of the office.

46 INT. ONE AND ONLY COUNTRY CLUB -- CONTINUOUS 46

Bond heads back down the hall. The SECURITY GUARD turns the corner and comes toward him.

BOND

Did you find who did it?

SECURITY GUARD

Bloody valet.

BOND

(still walking)

I find that hard to believe.

They pass and Bond turns into the main entrance hall and approaches the front desk and chooses the pretty female clerk.

RECEPTIONIST

Checking in, sir?

BOND

Yes. Spur of the moment thing, didn't make a reservation.

RECEPTIONIST
 (checking computer)
 We have a bay view suite...

BOND
 Perfect.
 (handing over credit card)
 And you can do me a favor. I was here for dinner last night and I parked my car next to a beautiful 1964 Aston Martin, and I'm ashamed to say I nicked the door. You wouldn't happen to know...

RECEPTIONIST
 Mr. Dimitrios.

BOND
 Greek gentleman?

RECEPTIONIST
 American. Very.
 (leans in)
 If he hasn't noticed, I'm not sure I'd mention it. Isn't the type to take bad news well.

BOND
 But if I felt compelled to find him.

RECEPTIONIST
 They have a home just up the beach.

47 EXT. BEACH -- LATE AFTERNOON

47

Bond steps out of the water. A quick glance down the beach reveals SOLANGE riding through the surf on a magnificent horse. She slows and dismounts at her house. Bond offers a smile. She returns it without thinking, then leading her horse, disappears. Bond looks up in time to see Dimitrios step onto his balcony and gaze out at the bay beyond.

48 INT. BOND'S HOTEL ROOM -- EARLY EVENING

48

He towels off from his shower and uses his computer to search a SECURE WEBSITE database for DIMITRIOS. He has a hit:

ALEX DIMITRIOS, officially listed as a government contractor in Iraq, Afghanistan, Chechnya, Rwanda, Nicaragua, El Salvador, going back to the 70s. Dealer in arms, information, ties to death squads and right wing paramilitary groups.

49 INT. MI6 HOT ROOM -- AT THAT MOMENT (NIGHT IN BRITAIN) 49
Villiers stands over a computer operator, a phone to his ear.

50 INT. M'S BEDROOM -- AT THAT MOMENT (NIGHT) 50
She wakes and answers.

M

What?

VILLIERS

He's in the Grand Bahamas.

M

You woke me to share his holiday plans?

VILLIERS

He's logged into our secure website.
(now the bad news)
Using your name and password.

M

How the hell does he know these things?

VILLIERS

I'll do my best to find--

M

You'll be wasting your time.
Who is he looking at?

M taps her own bedside computer to life and plays catch-up.

VILLIERS

Alex Dimitrios.

M

That slimy bugger?

M's screen changes in sync with Villiers' and BOND'S ACTIONS which WE SEE INTERCUT.

VILLIERS

...and now known associates. Most deceased.

ON M'S SCREEN: an old photo of LE CHIFFRE, listed along with a dozen aliases. The red stamp over the photo reads EXECUTED, 1998 - IRAQ.

50 CONTINUED: 50

M
...Le Chiffre.

51 INT. ONE AND ONLY COUNTRY CLUB - CASINO -- EVENING 51

Bond weaves through the crowd; no tuxedos in vacation casinos anymore, he sports a simple polo shirt. He spots the high rollers section, recognizes DIMITRIOS. Bond saunters over and places a large stack of chips on the table.

BOND
Mind if I join you?

No one speaks. Bond is dealt in as he sits. Bond notices that Dimitrios uses his Aston Martin key fob to protect his cards. The other players similarly use chips and lucky coins to protect theirs. Bond looks at his hole cards: a pair of kings. Dimitrios bets.

DIMITRIOS
Five hundred.

The player to Bond's right checks. Bond feigns disappointment and tosses his cards in.

52 LATER: 52

Dimitrios, losing, sulks as a Bond wins another pot.

THIRD PLAYER
Road construction. Yourself?

BOND
Import-export, What about you,
Mr. Dimitrios?

DIMITRIOS
Deal.

As they start another hand, Bond eyes Solange drifting toward their table. She joins Dimitrios, kisses him on the head.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)
If that was for luck, you're two
hours late.

Stung, Solange moves off to the bar, hiding her humiliation. Bond watches her as they play.

53 LATER: 53

Dimitrios, almost out of chips, waiting for the river (last) card to be turned over - only he and Bond are in the pot. A king turns up.

53 CONTINUED:

53

DIMITRIOS

All in. No. Twenty thousand.

He brings out a checkbook.

DEALER

Table stakes - I'm sorry, sir.

Dimitrios grabs his key ring.

DIMITRIOS

This is on the table - I'll bet this. It's worth at least what he has.

DEALER

I'm sorry, Mr. Dimitrios...

BOND

(pushing in his pile)
It's alright - give him a chance to get even.

Dimitrios throws in his key ring - triumphantly turns over a pair of kings - three in all. Bond flips up a pair of aces - with one already on the board - three aces - Bond wins. Dimitrios cannot believe his bad luck. Bond takes the keys.

BOND (CONT'D)

And the valet ticket?

Dimitrios smolders and tosses it to him. An attendant hands Dimitrios a note. He reads it as Bond stacks his chips.

Dimitrios turns and walks to his wife, at the bar, who gathers her purse. Bond watches as he says something to his wife and leaves on his own. She waits a moment, not knowing what to do, trying to save face, then pays for her drink and exits.

54 EXT. ONE AND ONLY COUNTRY CLUB -- NIGHT

54

Solange waits at the curb. The valet pulls up in the Aston Martin and she instinctively opens the passenger door. Bond opens the driver's side and Solange realizes her mistake.

SOLANGE

Ah, no wonder he was in such a foul mood. My mistake.

She closes her door and steps back.

BOND

Can I give you a lift home?

SOLANGE

That would really send him over the edge, wouldn't it? I'm afraid I'm not that cruel.

BOND

Perhaps you're just out of practice.

Solange laughs. Considers.

SOLANGE

Perhaps.

BOND

Then perhaps we could have a drink at my place.

SOLANGE

...Your place?... Is it close?

BOND

Very.

SOLANGE

...One drink.

She drops into the passenger seat, Bond guns the engine, drives around the circle and stops.

BOND

Be it ever so humble.

The valet opens her car door. Solange laughs.

55 EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT

55

A taxi drops Dimitrios off. He's met by Kratt.

56 EXT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT -- NIGHT

56

Kratt shows Dimitrios onto the yacht, where Valenka waits topside. She shows him below. Prelap:

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

I'm having a hard time seeing how this is my fault.

57 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT - DECK SALON -- CONTINUOUS

57

DIMITRIOS

It's your plan, all I did was get you the man.

57 CONTINUED:

57

Kratt joins them, a menacing presence in any room.

LE CHIFFRE

A man who was under surveillance
by the British Secret Service.
Which makes me wonder if I should
trust you at all.

DIMITRIOS

Do me a favor, stop playing tough
guy. If you were going to kill me
you wouldn't be talking so much.

(beat)

I have someone else willing to do
the job. He just needs the
particulars. And payment.

Le Chiffre stares at him, making his decision. He takes a
card from a deck on the table, a five of spades, rips it
in two and hands one half of the card to Dimitrios.

LE CHIFFRE

The money is waiting in the same
place.

58 INT. BOND'S HOTEL CABANA - NIGHT

58

Solange and Bond on the bedroom floor; her still in bra
and heels, him still wearing an unbuttoned shirt.

BOND

Lovely.

SOLANGE

Yeah. Just think what it would be
like if we undressed.

She looks up at him, lying over her. She smiles, amused.

SOLANGE (CONT'D)

Why do I think that you've been in
this position before? You like
married women, don't you, James?

BOND

It keeps things simple.

SOLANGE

(playfully)

What is it about bad men? You, my
husband... I had so many chances
to be happy, so many nice guys.
Why can't nice guys be more like
you?

58 CONTINUED:

58

BOND

Then they'd be...bad.

SOLANGE

Yes, but so much more interesting.

BOND

What makes your husband a bad man?

SOLANGE

His nature, I suppose.

She begins kissing him again.

BOND

The nature of his work?

SOLANGE

A mystery, I'm afraid. I'm also afraid you slept with me in order to get to him.

BOND

How afraid?

SOLANGE

Not enough to stop.

Solange starts kissing her way down his chest and lower.

BOND

Can I ask you something personal?

SOLANGE

(moving lower)

Now would seem an appropriate time.

BOND

Does "ellipsis" mean anything to you?

SOLANGE

Three dots. A pause. You aren't trying to tell me you're tired, are you?

Her cell phone rings. She sees it's her husband.

SOLANGE (CONT'D)

Should I ask him about it?

BOND

Perhaps later.

She answers it, still lying under Bond.

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

SOLANGE

Yes, dear?...

(kisses James' neck)

No, I understand. See you tomorrow.

(hangs up, kisses

Bond)

Apparently he's going to Miami, so
you have all night to question me.

BOND

In that case, we'll need more
champagne.Bond stands and walks to the phone in the living room.
She rolls over and watches him. Bond speaks into the phone:

BOND (CONT'D)

Yes, Bond, suite 119. A bottle of
chilled Bollinger R.D., please.

She gets up and heads for the bathroom.

BOND (CONT'D)

And Beluga caviar with chopped egg
and onion.

The bathroom door closes.

BOND (CONT'D)

No, for one.

59 EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

59

Bond hops in his beautiful Aston and takes off.

60 INT. CAB -- MIAMI FREEWAY -- NIGHT

60

Bond sits in the back seat, his eyes on the cab in front.

61 EXT. MIAMI FREEWAY -- NIGHT

61

City lights stretch out ahead, as the first cab passes
under a floodlit sign: DOWNTOWN MIAMI.

62 INT. CAB -- NIGHT

62

Dimitrios sits in the back, expressionless. Next to him
lies a zip bag.

63 EXT. SCIENCE CENTER -- NIGHT

63

It's busy. A huge sign over the facade reads BODY WORLD
EXHIBITION. The cab pulls to the curb and Dimitrios steps
out holding the zip bag. As he pays the fare the second
cab pulls in. Bond steps out and hands the driver some
money.

63 CONTINUED:

63

BOND

Wait here.

He follows Dimitrios into the building.

64 INT. SCIENCE CENTER LOBBY -- NIGHT

64

A vast area, crowded even though it's late at night. Signs for the Body World exhibit boast that it is open 24 hours.

Bond steps up to the ticket kiosk, watching Dimitrios hand his overcoat and zip bag to the coat check girl. Bond watches her hang up the coat and hand him a tag.

He follows Dimitrios down the stairs to the exhibit below.

65 INT. BODY WORLD EXHIBIT

65

Dark, with pools of light highlighting the various groupings, bodies cut and exposed in all their gory glory. The cadavers are posed in everyday settings, without velvet ropes or any other sort of barrier between them and the gawking crowds.

Bond follows Dimitrios at a distance. Dimitrios pauses at a poker table, four dead players mid-game. Dimitrios slips a cell phone from his pocket, types a text message then puts it away. Dimitrios casually drops something onto the poker table, scans the nearby faces, then weaves through the crowd heading toward the exit. Bond doesn't follow.

Instead he saunters to the poker table, close enough to see the coat check tag sitting atop one of the hands on the table like a "keeper". Bond moves on without pausing and finds a dark spot a distance off to watch.

People step up to the poker exhibit and inspect the bodies, but no one touches, or even seems to notice, the tag.

Bond senses something beside him, turns -- just in time -- slips under the arm that holds a stiletto that was meant for his back and grabs Dimitrios' wrist, twists it, forcing the knife back towards his stomach. They remain locked, a test of strength, neither face betraying any effort. All this amongst crowds of people, totally unaware of the drama being played out in front of them. Bond suddenly glances away, diverting Dimitrios' attention, then turns him with an arm lock, thrusts the knife into his back. Taking him by the shoulders he sits him down on a seat. Joining him, Bond pulls the cell phone from the dead man's pocket - flips it open and checks for sent messages. Just one.

ELLIPSIS

Bond scans the faces around the poker exhibit -- then looks down at the table -- and sees that the tag is gone!

65 CONTINUED:

65

Bond runs, gets to

THE CLOAK ROOM

no one in line, looks to the spot where Dimitrios' coat was hanging; it's gone, along with the zip bag. Panicked, Bond runs to entrance and looks

66 OUTSIDE

66

where hundreds of dark figures come and go, many in overcoats. Bond struggles with the thought of losing his prey...suddenly flashes on the answer. He digs into his pocket and pulls out...

DIMITRIOS' CELL PHONE

flips it open and hits redial. Holds it to his ear and watches the crowd. One ring. Two rings. A dark-coated figure crossing the road lifts a cell phone to his ear.

MAN'S VOICE

What?

Bond hangs up, already moving.

The man tosses the phone in the trash bin and scans the street behind him. Call him CARLOS. He hops into a cab. Bond follows.

67 EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - NIGHT

67

Cars, buses, people. It's busy. A cab pulls in. Carlos gets out holding the zip bag and pays the cabbie. Bond's cab parks some way behind. He slips the driver a hundred dollar note, follows Carlos into the terminal.

68 INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

68

Carlos feeds a ticket into an electric check-in machine. He takes the boarding pass, moves away. Bond crosses to the same machine, inserts his Nassau return ticket, glances at Carlos who is standing at the window of a money exchange.

69 INT/EXT. MONEY EXCHANGE - NIGHT

69

Carlos hands over the half card (the five of spades) to the teller, who picks up a leather bag, opens it, revealing a wad of bank notes. From an inside pocket he pulls out the other half and joins it to the one in his hand. A perfect match. He passes over the bag and Carlos moves away heading for "DEPARTURES". Bond, following, sees him hand it off to a BLONDE GIRL as she brushes past him. Ignoring her, Bond stays with Carlos.

70 INT. DEPARTURE AREA - SECURITY - NIGHT 70

Stepping up to the metal detector, Carlos suddenly "remembers" that he is carrying his key ring - hands it to the security guard who checks it. Hanging from the ring is a tiny flashlight. In an adjacent line, Bond is having his boarding pass checked. (The reason he bought the ticket). He watches Carlos step through the detector, without setting off the alarm. The guard hands him back his keys. He retrieves the coat and zip bag from the x-ray machine as Bond moves through the metal detector.

71 INT. AIRPORT SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 71

People everywhere. Bond keeping sight of Carlos now walking into a duty free emporium. He inspects the bottles of perfume on display. Bond gazes up at the departures screen acting "normal", but not before Carlos sees him reflected in one of the display's vanity mirrors. A passenger cart crosses in front of Bond, momentarily blocking his vision. When it clears, his quarry has vanished.

71A INT. MENSWEAR SHOP - NIGHT 71A

Carlos goes into a changing room and closes the curtain. He unzips the bag, pulls out a security uniform.

71B INT. AIRPORT SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 71B

Increasingly worried, Bond scans the people moving to and fro in front of his eyes. Then he notices the zip bag in the hands of the menswear shop assistant, looking for its owner. It's open and clothes are bulging out the top. Bond looks one way - nothing unusual - passengers, shopping staff and armed security men. Then the other. Heading for a "NO ACCESS" door across the other side is a security man. The difference is he's not wearing a side-arm. Bond moves swiftly but Carlos is at the door, punching a keypad. He opens it and goes through. The door swings shut leaving Bond stranded.

72 INT. ADMIN AREA - NIGHT 72

Carlos moving past offices down a long corridor. He steps back to allow a mail cart to pass - glances back at the "NO ACCESS" door.

73 INT. AIRPORT SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 73

Struggling to contain his frustration, Bond's eyes settle on the keypad next to the door. He pulls out Dimitrios' cellphone, brings up "ELLIPSIS", punches the letters into the keypad - the door opens and he is through.

- 74 INT. ADMIN AREA - SECOND CORRIDOR - NIGHT 74
- Turning into another corridor, Carlos passes a couple of security officers walking the opposite way. He looks up, sees a CCTV monitor. The image shows Bond walking down the long corridor he has just come from. Carlos quickens his pace...
- 74A INT. SECURITY AREA - NIGHT 74A
- ...and moves down some stairs, sees security men coming out of a locker room. Opposite is a canteen. Clearly this is where the security department is based. More stairs lead down to the outside where security vehicles are parked up, their drivers, smoking and chatting.
- 75 INT. ADMIN AREA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 75
- Bond calls on his handheld as he moves.
- BOND
It's Bond for her. NOW!
- 76 INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 76
- Carlos enters, switches on the light, grabs a broom and places the handle under the glass bulb of a fire sprinkler - he smashes it.
- 77 INT. VILLIER'S OFFICE - MORNING 77
- Villiers on a headset in front of his computer. M approaches from her office and snatches up Villiers' desk phone.
- VILLIERS
He's at Miami airport.
- M
(into phone)
Do you have any idea...?!
- 78 INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICES - NIGHT 78
- Fire alarms scream, water gushes out of the sprinklers. Bond takes the phone from his ear, runs towards the security area but freaked employees spill into the corridor blocking his way.
- 78A INT. STAIRWAY/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 78A
- Drenched security men run out of the locker room and canteen, heading upstairs to help evacuate the area. The men from outside join in. One man seems completely unfazed by the chaos.

78A CONTINUED: 78A

Carlos calmly goes into the locker room, takes a gun from amongst the discarded clothes and equipment, puts it in his belt.

78B INT. CORRIDOR - LEADING TO SECURITY AREA - NIGHT 78B

Panicking people barge past Bond. He's moving against the tide, struggling to make headway. Now the security men have arrived, yelling at everyone to stay calm. Nobody's listening. Bond may hear M's voice but he chooses to ignore it.

M
(over the phone)
Bond! BOND!

79 INT/EXT. STAIRS/LOCKER ROOM/CANTEEN AREA - NIGHT 79

Security vehicles screech to a halt outside. As the security men are running up, Carlos is going down. Bond is now at the top of the stairs, against the wall, letting the men rush past, trying to get sight of Carlos. The spraying water makes it almost impossible.

M
(through handheld)
BOND. PUT THE BLOODY PHONE TO YOUR EAR AND TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!

BOND
(into handheld)
Fire alarms have been triggered, sprinklers are on. Something's wrong. There's no target here.

M
What do you mean there's no target?
It's an airport, that is a target!

79A EXT. OUTSIDE SECURITY AREA - NIGHT 79A

Carlos is moving to one of the abandoned security cars.

79B INT. SECURITY AREA - STAIRS - NIGHT 79B

Bond moving down the stairs.

BOND
There's no sign of a fire. This is a diversion. Something else is happening here M.

Bond sees Carlos getting in the car. He charges down, taking the stairs two at a time. As he races through the doors, the car speeds away, its blue light still flashing.

80 EXT. HANGAR ON FAR SIDE OF AIRFIELD - NIGHT 80

The hangar doors are opening revealing the nose of a huge gleaming airliner. A temporary grandstand is being erected. Catering vehicles are arriving, their ID's being checked by security.

81 INT. VILLIER'S OFFICE - MORNING 81

Villiers has found something on his computer.

VILLIERS

The Boeing 777 prototype.

M

What about it?

VILLIERS

The largest aeroplane in the world. It's being unveiled today at Miami airport.

82 EXT. ROAD NEAR A LINE OF PARKED AIRCRAFT - NIGHT 82

Two fire engines scream past revealing Bond pounding down the side of the road.

83 EXT. PARKED JETLINER - NIGHT 83

Carlos pulls up next to a fuel tanker standing beside a long haul jetliner. The driver is connecting the hose when Carlos leaps out.

CARLOS

Get this truck out of here! It's a fire emergency, can't you hear the alarm?!

The startled driver rewinds the hose. Carlos goes to the truck's petrol tank, opens it and, unseen by the driver, takes out the small torch we saw on his key ring earlier. He twists the base, igniting a tiny red light, drops it into the tank. He pulls out a cellphone. On the screen an equivalent red light flashes.

84 EXT. TARMAC - NEAR ROAD - NIGHT 84

Bond has moved onto the tarmac running under the parked planes. Behind him more fire engines and police cars heading for the emergency. He pulls up, gasping for breath. Pivoting slowly, he scans the area, looking for the security car. No sign. Then he sees it. The fuel tanker in the distance, blue light reflected in the cab windows. The car is hidden by the tanker but the reflection gives it away.

85 EXT. PARKED JETLINER - NIGHT 85

The tanker driver jumps into the cab, starts the engine. The passenger door opens and Carlos drops in beside him. Before the driver can utter a word Carlos breaks his neck. He opens the door, kicks the body onto the tarmac. Putting his gun and cellphone on the seat, Carlos drives off...

86 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT 86

...heading towards the runway. As the tanker picks up speed Bond races to meet it. Carlos sees him, puts his foot down. The tanker heads towards a row of parked mobile stairways. As it passes, Bond charges up one, launches himself into the air and lands on top of the tanker.

CARLOS

sees Bond through the back window. He wrenches the wheel, weaving the tanker, trying to throw him off.

Carlos heads straight for a plane moving to its gate, drives under the wing. Bond has to leap up onto it, run across and jump back onto the tanker to avoid being swept off.

As he lands he loses his footing, falls over the side, manages to grab a strut, can barely hold on. Carlos sees this in his wing mirror, heads for an approaching tow tug. He deliberately scrapes the side of it. Bond has to let go or be crushed.

He hits the ground, rolls and is on his feet running towards the stopped tow tug. He throws the driver off, leaps aboard and drives after the tanker, now heading towards the "live" runway.

87 EXT. HANGAR ON OTHER SIDE OF RUNWAY - NIGHT 87

A towing vehicle is being hooked up to the airliner. Outside, the activity has increased. Network TV vans can be seen, camera platforms are being erected.

88 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT 88

Bond maneuvers alongside the tanker. Carlos rams into the side of the tow tug. Bond is almost thrown off, recovers, slams into the tanker, trying to turn it away from the fast approaching runway. Carlos is hurled across the cab. The cell phone falls to the floor. He grabs his gun, starts firing down at Bond. Bond rams the tanker, throwing Carlos back. Security vehicles are racing towards the scene.

89 EXT. HANGAR ON OTHER SIDE OF RUNWAY - NIGHT 89

Slowly the airliner is being towed out under the guidance of ground crew.

90 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

90

Cutting in front of Bond, Carlos swerves around a row of freestanding gangways. Suddenly a moving baggage train crosses in front of him. The tanker hits it, dead center smashing the cages, spraying luggage into the air. Bond manages to steer around the front of the train, saving the drivers life.

At the same moment an empty "caterpillar" bus going in the opposite direction crosses his path. Bond throws himself onto the floor. The tow tug goes straight through the middle "concertina" section, cutting the bus in two. The tanker emerging from the wreckage of the baggage train hits the severed back half of the bus, spinning it off to one side. The impact shatters the windshield, and causes the tanker to go into a sideways skid, stalling it.

Carlos hits the starter, punches the accelerator. Bond, seizing the moment, is off the tow tug, running for the tanker. As it roars off he leaps on the running board, gets inside the cab. Both men start pummeling each other. They're oblivious to the..

Security vehicles, now close behind. Gun shots ring out as the men open fire. The COMMANDER screams into his radio:

COMMANDER
Hold your fire!

But the damage is done. Fuel is spurting out bullet holes in the tank.

91 EXT. HANGAR ON OTHER SIDE OF RUNWAY - NIGHT

91

The airliner is almost out of the hangar.

92 EXT. TARMAC - NEAR RUNWAY - NIGHT

92

The tanker is close to the runway. Bond and Carlos are fighting in the confined space of the cab. Carlos slams him against the broken windshield. To his horror Bond sees a 747 touching down. They're on a collision course. As the tanker crosses the runway, the frantic pilot just manages to lift the plane, skimming the top of the tanker. The security vehicles have come to a halt, panicked by what they have just seen.

93 EXT. HANGAR ON OTHER SIDE OF RUNWAY - NIGHT

93

Security men are yelling instructions, telling the workers to move. The Chief Security Officer is listening to urgent instructions spilling from his radio. He can see the tanker heading straight towards them.

93A EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

93A

Carlos tries to use his gun but Bond smashes his hand against the dash loosening his grip. Bond takes it. Carlos grasps Bond's wrist preventing him from firing. He gasps as Bond grips him in a choke hold. Despite this he makes a deliberate move to steer the tanker towards the airliner. He smashes Bond with his elbow and heaves him through the shattered windshield. Bond manages to cling onto the edge of the screen with one hand and still keep hold of the gun in the other. Carlos thumps his boot onto Bond's knuckles. He lets go, almost drops under the tanker, manages to get a grip on the fender. With his legs dragging on the concrete he can barely hold on. Panicking people flash past, the airliner rushes towards him.

Carlos reaches under the seat, feeling for the cell phone. Bond aims under the tanker at the back tire, shoots. It explodes, the tanker weaves. Carlos grips the wheel, keeps control. Bond blasts the other back tire, but still the tanker holds its course. Carlos's hand finds the cell phone and pulls it out. They're almost on top of the airliner. He's about to press the button when Bond shoots out the front tire.

The tanker yaws violently, skids sideways, the wheel rims sending up showers of sparks. Carlos is hurled against the door, drops the phone. The tanker grinds to a halt, half an inch from the airliner.

The door opens and a shattered Carlos staggers out. He reaches inside the cab, pulls out the cell phone, puts his finger on the button. A shot rings out. A surprised look crosses his face.

He drops to the ground revealing Bond standing behind him, gun raised.

SECURITY VEHICLES

Scream up and surround Bond, men aiming weapons, shouting for him to put his gun down. He does so and raises his arms.

94 INT. STOCKBROKER OFFICE - LONDON - DAY

94

TRADER

(seated behind desk,
on telephone)

The puts expired. I'm sorry, I'm
not sure yet how much you've lost.

95 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S YACHT -- MORNING 95

LE CHIFFRE
 (into phone)
 One hundred and one million, two
 hundred and six thousand dollars.

He hangs up, takes a hit from his inhaler, turns to KRATT.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)
 Someone talked.

96 INT. AIRPORT POLICE LOCKUP - MIAMI -- DAY 96

Bond waits alone behind bars. He hears footsteps and looks up. Villiers approaches with a guard, who unlocks the cell.

97 EXT. DIMITRIOS ESTATE -- DAY 97

A helicopter lands at the back of the large colonial house. Bond and Villiers step out, move past an ambulance and police vehicles to the back door.

98 INT. DIMITRIOS HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY 98

An MI6 CSI team combs the crime scene. Solange lies lifeless on the white carpet. Bond stops dead at the sight.

M
 Quite the body count you're stacking
 up.
 Bond can't speak.

M (CONT'D)
 She was tortured first. As you'd
 already killed her husband she
 must have been the only one left
 to question. Did she know anything
 that could compromise you?

BOND
 No.

M
 Not your name, what you were
 after...

BOND
 ...No.

We can't tell if she believes him, but she turns and walks out the back. Bond finally breaks away and joins M...

98 CONTINUED:

98

IN THE BACK YARD

Where Bond is once again in full emotional armor. M walks him around the pool.

M

Dimitrios worked as middle man, always knew how to put his hands on weapons and people who could use them. Worked with anyone who had the money. For years he was tied to a man we knew as Le Chiffre; private banker to terrorists and organized crime. He invested their money and gave them access to it wherever they needed it. Saddam took a disliking to him after Desert Storm and cut off his head.

Bond tries hard not to show even a trace of remorse. M sees a man approaching with a briefcase, snapping on rubber gloves.

M (CONT'D)

Oh good, you're here.

(to James)

Roll up your sleeve.

He does so. Under the following the man in the rubber gloves swabs his arm and prepares something that looks like a staple gun. M shows Bond file photos of Le Chiffre.

M (CONT'D)

Albanian, we believe. Chess prodigy, bit of a mathematical genius. Loved to prove it by playing poker.

Bond watches the technician load a pea-sized pod into the gun and fire it into the backside of his wrist. THWACK!

BOND

(to M)

So you can keep track of me?

The technician exits.

M

Yes.

(and on)

When they analyzed the stock market after 9/11 the CIA discovered there had been massive shorting of airline stocks. When the stocks hit bottom on 9/12 somebody made a fortune.

(MORE)

M (CONT'D)

The same thing happened this morning with Boeing stock -- or was supposed to. With their prototype destroyed the company would have been near bankruptcy. Instead, someone lost over a hundred million dollars, betting the wrong way.

BOND

You're thinking Mr. Le Chiffre isn't quite as dead as he should be?

M

(hands him fax)

Which would explain how he was able to set up a high stakes poker game at Casino Royale in Montenegro. Ten players, ten million dollar buy-in, five million re-buy. Winner-takes-all. Potentially a hundred and fifty million.

BOND

So, we know where he'll be. You want a clean kill or do you want to send a message?

M

We want him alive. Le Chiffre doesn't have 100 million to lose.

BOND

So he was playing the market with his clients' funds. They won't like it when they find out it's gone.

M heads back INTO THE HOUSE, Bond walks with her.

M

If he loses this game, he'll have nowhere to run. We'll give him sanctuary in return for everything he knows. We're putting you in the game, replacing someone playing for a syndicate. According to Villiers, you are the best player in the service. Trust me, I wish that wasn't the case.

They are standing over Solange's body.

98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

M (CONT'D)

I would ask if you can remain emotionally detached, but I don't think that's your problem, is it Bond?

BOND

No.

Satisfied, she turns on her heel.

M

Don't worry about keeping in touch, we'll know where you are.

99 EXT. REMOTE RAIL STATION, ALPS -- LATE AFTERNOON 99

A helicopter lifts off. A train approaches in the distance. Bond steps onto the deserted platform.

100 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT, TRAVELING -- LATE AFTERNOON 100

JOHN BLISS reaches for an apple from a fruit plate. As he raises it we notice the laptop computer on his tray, the DVD player showing a covertly recorded card game -- split screens of the player's face and poker hand. A stack of disks with players' names lie beside the computer. The door opens and Bond steps into his compartment.

BOND

Mister Bliss?

BLISS

That door was locked.

Bliss grabs his cell phone and presses an autodial button.

BOND

An eye for detail, I'm sure you're an excellent poker player.

(re: DVD player)

Though a little homework never hurts.

BLISS

I've just called my security.

Three dark-suited serious types turn the sharp corner in the corridor and stride toward the door. Upon seeing them:

BOND

(impressed)

My. That was quick.

Without a pause the lead man chloroforms Bliss. They lift him and whisk him out the door.

100 CONTINUED:

100

BOND (CONT'D)
(cheerily enough)
Thank you.

Bond closes the door behind them, plunks down on the seat and watches the play, taking a bite from Bliss' apple.

101 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT, TRIESTE STATION -- LATE DAY 101

Bond has a drink in his hand and Bliss' portable DVD player on his lap, studying the technique of one of the players. He rubs his eyes and glances out of the window as the train pulls into a station.

ON THE PLATFORM a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in casual clothing strides purposefully to board the train. His eyes track her every move. She disappears and he loads the next DVD.

102 INT. DINING CAR, TRAVELING -- NIGHT 102

Bond looks up from his menu to see the beauty from the platform enter the dining carriage, wearing a no-nonsense but well-fitted suit. She steps to his table.

VESPER

I'm the money.

BOND

Every penny of it.

Vesper sits, darts a look, Bond feigns innocence. She hands over a business card, the type every bureaucrat has.

VESPER

The Treasury has agreed to stake you in the game.

BOND

(examining card)

'Vesper'? I hope you gave your parents hell for that.

VESPER

(accepts menu from
porter)

Thank you.

(to Bond)

Your boss must have some influence. I've never seen so much go out the door so quickly.

BOND

Or so stylishly. May I ask where it is?

102 CONTINUED:

102

VESPER

Ten million was wired to your account in Montenegro, with a contingency for five million more, if I deem it a prudent investment.

(as if "just curious":)

I suppose you've given some thought to the notion that if you lose, our government will have directly financed terrorism.

(re: menu)

What looks good?

Bond studies her with a smile, signals the waiter.

103 INT. DINING CAR, TRAVELING -- NIGHT

103

As the train rattles through the dramatic landscape Bond and Vesper are finishing the meal.

VESPER

Oh, so, you're telling me it's a matter of probability and odds; I was worried there was some chance involved.

BOND

Only if one assumes that the person with the best hand always wins.

VESPER

So, that would be what you call "bluffing"?

BOND

(can play right back)

You know the term. Then you may have also heard that in poker you don't play your hand, you play the man across from you.

VESPER

And you're good at reading people.

BOND

Which is why I've been able to detect the undercurrent of sarcasm in your voice.

VESPER

I am now assured our money is in good hands.

BOND

From which one might surmise you aren't overwhelmingly supportive of this plan of action.

VESPER

So there is a plan? Excellent. Somehow I got the impression we were risking ten million dollars and hundreds of people's lives on a game of luck. What else can you surmise?

BOND

About you?....

(studies her, enjoying this)

Well. Your beauty is a problem. You worry that you won't be taken seriously....

VESPER

Which one can say of any attractive woman with two brain cells.

BOND

True, but this one overcompensates by wearing slightly masculine clothing and being more aggressive than her female colleagues, which gives her a somewhat prickly demeanor and, ironically, makes her less likely to be accepted and promoted by her male superiors, who mistake her insecurity for arrogance. I would normally have said *only child*, but by the way you ignored the quip about your name and your parents I would go with... orphan?

Vesper pretends not to be both stung and impressed. Bond pretends not to gloat. She sizes him up.

VESPER

All right.

Then this trips off her tongue at light speed:

VESPER (CONT'D)

By the cut of your suit you went to Oxford or wherever and actually think human beings dress like that. But you wear it with such disdain, that my guess is you didn't come

(MORE)

VESPER (CONT'D)

from money and all your school chums rubbed that in your face every day, which means you were at that school by the grace of someone else's charity, hence the chip on your shoulder. And since your first thought about me ran to orphan, that's what I'd say you are.

(sees a slight reaction)

Oo, you are. I like this poker thing. And that makes perfect sense, since MI6 looks for maladjusted young men who'd give little thought to sacrificing others in order to protect queen and country. You know, former SAS types with easy smiles and expensive watches--

(re: his)

--Rolex?

BOND

--Omega.

VESPER

--beautiful. Now, having just met you I wouldn't go as far as calling you a cold-hearted bastard--

BOND

--of course not--

VESPER

--but it wouldn't be a stretch to imagine that you think of women as disposable pleasures rather than meaningful pursuits, so as charming as you are, I will be keeping my eye on our government's money and off your perfectly formed ass.

BOND

You noticed.

VESPER

Even accountants have imaginations. How was your lamb?

BOND

Skewered. One sympathizes.

VESPER

Good evening, Mr. Bond.

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

BOND

Good evening, Miss Lynd.

And he watches her walk away, breathless and in wonder.

104 EXT. MONTENEGRO -- DAY

104

SUPERIMPOSE: MONTENEGRO as a train arrives at a town in the hills, dominated by the fading grandeur of the CASINO ROYALE.

105 EXT. RAIL STATION -- DAY

105

Bond and his porter catch up with Vesper, efficiently rolling her own bags. They head for the waiting cars. Vesper can't help but notice the heavily armed policemen on patrol.

BOND

Did you have a good sleep?

VESPER

Yes, only occasionally disturbed by nightmares of political and financial ruin.

BOND

It's so reassuring, as a citizen, to know that you are concerned about my taxes.

VESPER

Do secret agents pay taxes?

BOND

As unfair as that seems.

Vesper smiles to herself.

BOND (CONT'D)

What's that in response to?

VESPER

Picturing you filling out your tax form. Can one deduct for bullets and poison darts?

BOND

Under standard business expenses.

The driver meets them and takes Vesper's bags.

DRIVER

Hotel Splendide, sir?

105 CONTINUED:

105

BOND

Yes.

Vesper climbs into the back seat. Bond tips the porter and in return is slipped an envelope. Vesper notices.

106 INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

106

Bond slides in the other side, opens the envelope, which appears to contain two passports. Bond raises the privacy partition as he scans the accompanying note.

BOND

Last minute details. We are apparently very much in love.

VESPER

Do you usually leave it to porters to tell you this sort of thing?

BOND

Only when the romance has been necessarily brief. I am Mr. Arlington Beech, professional gambler. You are Miss Stephanie Broadcast.

VESPER

(makes a grab for it)
Oh, I am not.

BOND

(keeps it)
You need to trust me on this.

VESPER

Oh no, I don't.

BOND

(re; note)
We've been dating for several months, hence the shared suite.

VESPER

However we are trying to keep up appearances because of my strict Roman Catholic family, so it will be a two bedroom suite.

BOND

I hate that religion is coming between us.

106 CONTINUED:

106

VESPER

Religion and a securely locked door. Am I going to have a problem with you, Bond?

BOND

No, don't worry, you aren't my type.

VESPER

Smart?

BOND

Single.

107 EXT. HOTEL SPLENDIDE -- DAY

107

The town car stops at the main entrance.

108 INT. HOTEL SPLENDIDE - LOBBY -- DAY

108

The beautiful FRONT DESK CLERK looks up from the reception desk to see Bond and Vesper.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Welcome to the Hotel Splendide.
Your name, sir?

BOND

James Bond. You'll find the reservation under "Beech."

He enjoys watching Vesper react. The receptionist has the paperwork waiting and slips it over the counter.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Welcome, Mr. Bond.

BOND

(to Vesper)

You sign it, dear, you're the one representing the Treasury.

Vesper glares at him, signs.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Thank you. I'll have your bags sent right up.

Vesper snatches her key and storms off toward the elevator, where Bond catches up.

VESPER

You must crack yourself up. Stupid schoolboy prank, was that meant to impress me or something?

108 CONTINUED:

108

BOND

If Le Chiffre is that well connected, he already knows who I am and where the money is coming from. A player swapped at the last moment is about as obvious a ploy as one can imagine. Which means he's decided to play me anyway, so he is either desperate or overly confident. Either way, it tells me something about him, and in return, all he gets is a name he already has. And he'll have to wonder why I gave it; which will have him thinking about that, and not about his cards.

VESPER

But he doesn't play his cards, he plays the man across from him. And now he knows something about you. He knows you are reckless.
(elevator doors open)
Take the next one. There isn't room enough for me and your ego.

She hits the button and the doors close. As Bond smarts from the remark the clerk skips up with a manilla envelope.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Mr. Bond? This was left for you.

BOND

Thank you.

She moves off. He opens the manilla envelope and tips the contents into his palm: a key on a fob: Aston Martin.

109 EXT. PARKING AREA - ASTON MARTIN -- DAY

109

Bond strides up to the brand new gun-metal grey Aston Martin. He slides in and quickly checks it out. He pulls a note out of the torn envelope, reads it.

BOND

I love you, too, M.

He pops the glove compartment and pulls out the interior lining, revealing a gun and something labelled MEDIPAC. He takes the gun and closes the compartment, drops the gun in the manilla envelope, seals it and strides back to the hotel.

110 EXT. HILL ROADS, MONTENEGRO -- DAY

110

Bond and Vesper breeze along in the Aston.

110 CONTINUED: 110

She keeps her attention focused on the scenery, pointedly ignoring Bond. But she can't resist glancing over just once and Bond catches the look, before she returns to the passing scenery.

111 EXT. HILLTOP TOWN, RESTAURANT -- DAY 111

The Aston snakes through the narrow streets and arrives in the town square. They park and walk toward a restaurant, passing armed militia and men in dark glasses. One man pays particular attention to them -- call him MATHIS.

112 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE 112

New Money types lunch. Mathis waves at them.

MATHIS

Over here.

(as they approach)

Renee Mathis. I know who you two are. Are you thirsty?

Bond takes two glasses of champagne from the waitress.

BOND

Unquenchably so.

(to Vesper)

You, dear?

She gives him a look and takes the champagne. Mathis offers her his arm and they stroll toward the bar.

MATHIS

You know, I used to hate husband and wife covers. Before she stuck me out here, M would consistently pair me with a defected Latvian wrestler or the Scottish shot-putting champion.

VESPER

Mr. Bond believes that covers are archaic.

MATHIS

Huh. Well, there's something to be said for that; it usually doesn't take long for either side to find out all the players on the field, does it?

BOND

Does he know we've been watching him?

112 CONTINUED:

112

MATHIS

Le Chiffre? I don't think so.
Probably because there's no "we",
just "me". I'm afraid if you get
in trouble here the Calvary won't
be coming over the nearest hill.

(beat)

Le Chiffre arrived yesterday and
spent the time reestablishing old
relationships. The Chief of Police
and he are now quite close.

BOND

That could make life difficult.

MATHIS

(checks his watch)

And possibly shorter - He's not a
very subtle man. He's sitting
over my left shoulder.

Mathis never turns. Bond glances left to see a MAN with a
BUSHY MOUSTACHE sitting with a woman much too young for
him.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

The man with the shoe-brush on his
face. We thought about trying to
buy his services but frankly
couldn't afford to out-bid Le
Chiffre.

Behind Mathis POLICE VEHICLES scream up into the square.
Mathis certainly heard the brakes screeching but he doesn't
look. Dozens of uniformed cops jump out and charge the
terrace. Bond glances at Mathis, concerned that the cops
are coming for them. Mathis seems oblivious.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

I hate to say it, but the accountants
seem to be running MI6 these days.

(to Vesper)

Not that I have anything against
accountants. Many of them are lovely
people.

VESPER

Thank you.

Standing beside James, Vesper has also noticed the phalanx
of approaching cops but is determined not to panic.

MATHIS

So, I decided it was cheaper to
supply his deputy with evidence

(MORE)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

MATHIS (CONT'D)

that we were bribing the Chief.
It's amazing what you can do with
Photoshop these days, isn't it?

The men surround the Police Chief and lead him away. Mathis only now glances in that direction, making eye contact with the DEPUTY who appears to be in charge.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

His deputy proved to be more
amenable. And reasonably priced.
I think your odds are improving,
Mister Bond.

They pay no attention to the former police chief being
manhandled into the car.

VESPER

You'll excuse me.

Vesper takes her drink and wanders to the edge of the
terrace to take in the view.

MATHIS

For someone who works at the
Treasury, the girl has nerve; didn't
flinch at my little show.

BOND

Yes. I wondered where you were
going with that.

MATHIS

Best to know now who you can trust
under pressure.

They watch her, her back to them.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Beauty, brains and courage, almost
an irresistible combination.

BOND

You're quite the romantic, Mathis.

MATHIS

(amused)
And you're immune?

BOND

No. But I've found that the only
person you want really close to
you is someone you can use as a
shield. I'm afraid she's so tiny

(MORE)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

112

BOND (CONT'D)
 the bullets would pass right through
 her. Last thing one needs is a
 woman hanging on your gun arm.

Mathis laughs and drinks with Bond.

113 INT. BOND & VESPER'S SUITE - VESPER'S BATHROOM -- EVENING 113

Vesper drops onto the seat in her spacious bathroom. She
 dumps her makeup onto the counter, looks at herself in the
 mirror and considers the job at hand. As she opens her
 first bottle there is a rap at the door.

VESPER

Yes?

The bathroom door opens and James swings a garment bag
 into the room, hangs it on the hook on the back of the
 door.

BOND

Something I picked up at a little
 place nearby.

VESPER

Something you expect me to wear?

BOND

I need you looking fabulous, so
 that when you walk up behind me
 and kiss me on the neck, the players
 across from me will be thinking
 about your neckline and not about
 their cards. Do you think you can
 handle that?

VESPER

I'll do my best.

BOND

Thank you, my dear.

He exits and we FOLLOW BOND back to

114 HIS BEDROOM

114

where he stops dead. He sees...

A GARMENT BAG

Lying on his bed.

115 BACK IN VESPER'S BATHROOM

115

He pushes open the door, the garment bag from the bed hung

115 CONTINUED:

115

from his finger. She doesn't turn from the mirror.

BOND

I have a tuxedo.

VESPER

I've seen it. There are tuxedos, dear and there are tuxedos. This is the latter. And I need you looking like a man who belongs at that table.

BOND

(how?)

...It's tailored.

VESPER

Oh, I sized you up the moment we met.

She still hasn't looked at him. But Bond likes the answer. He considers, takes it and exits. She smiles at her image in the mirror and goes back to work.

116 IN HIS BATHROOM

116

James pulls on the jacket: damn if she isn't right. We thought he looked good in his last tux, he looks amazing in this one. ~~And he sees the difference, and is amused that she actually showed him something.~~ He turns away from the mirror and turns back.

He doesn't notice Vesper pause in the open bathroom doorway, catching him in the act.

An involuntary laugh bursts from Vesper's lips as she walks away. Bond realizes he's been observed in this private moment. He looks back at the mirror and considers himself.

117 IN VESPER'S BEDROOM

117

She lays the garment bag on her bed and sits on the edge of it, shakes her hair out, and then looks back toward James' room. And considers him anew.

118 IN JAMES' BEDROOM

118

James opens a deck of cards and fans them expertly across a table.

119 EXT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

119

Bond saunters across the street from the hotel and arrives at the elegant, if time-worn, Casino.

120 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

120

Bond passes through the metal detector, moves through the busy casino and enters the velvet-roped *salle privee*. He eyes LE CHIFFRE, who approaches.

LE CHIFFRE

You must be Mr. Bliss' replacement.
But is it Beech or Bond? I'm a
little confused.

BOND

We certainly wouldn't want that.

Bond steps past and joins the others who stand by the dealer.

DEALER

(gets their attention)
Ladies and gentlemen. The game is
no limit Tenez Les Cartes, five
communal cards, two in the hole,
minimum stake \$10,000. Monsieur
Mendel here represents the Banco
de Credito Montenegro, holding the
stakes.

As the BANKER (MENDEL) talks, we examine the players: an Argentinean billionaire, Gallardo; a long-haired Japanese software king, Fukutu; the deposed African dictator, Infante, as well as an American, Wolpert; a Russian, Kaminofsky; the Chinese woman from the yacht, Madame Wu, and Italian media mogul Tomelli and a German countess, Grafyn Marstein.

MENDEL

Monsieurs et Madame, you have each
deposited ten million dollars.
Further buy-ins of five million
will be by electronic transfer.
The money will remain in escrow
until I return and the winner of
the contest enters his or her
password into ...

He opens an attaché case with a screen and cowled keyboard.

MENDEL (CONT'D)

...the encryptor, whereupon the
entire sum will be wired to any
bank account in the world you
nominate. Mister Bond, we proceed
alphabetically, please be so kind
as to enter a password of your
choice.

120 CONTINUED:

120

He swivels the machine away from the others. Bond steps up.

MENDEL (CONT'D)
Six letters or more.

Bond thinks of a password, smiles, punches the keys.

TIME CUT:

Le Chiffre takes a seat at the table, Bond deliberately takes the seat facing him. The banker closes his case and the remaining players take their seats.

MENDEL (CONT'D)
Gentlemen. When I return, one of you will be the winner of a considerable fortune. Good luck.

The players nod - except for Le Chiffre, who takes a squirt from his inhaler. For a fraction of a second his eyes glaze over.

The Dealer distributes single cards.

DEALER
High card deals.

A Jack falls in front of Bond. Le Chiffre meets his eyes.

DEALER (CONT'D)
It's Mister Bond. Monsieur Gallardo, grande persienne; Signor Tomelli, petite persienne. That is to say, a big blind of ten thousand dollars, a little blind of five.

121 IN QUICK CUTS:

121

The cards are shuffled. Bond cuts the cards. The cards are dealt face-down.

Rather than examine his own cards, Bond watches each player, looking for reactions. No-one gives anything away.

Bond notices Mathis at the bar. And the game commences.

Fukutu, the first to have to bet, folds his cards. The next player is Infante, the exiled dictator:

INFANTE
Twenty thousand.

Le Chiffre nods and puts in the same. He betrays no emotion. Bond looks at his cards. TWO RED ACES. The briefest of glances, no reaction, aware of Le Chiffre's eyes upon him.

121 CONTINUED:

121

The three players to his right fold.

BOND
Twenty thousand.

Tomelli, the Italian, throws his cards away.

The Dealer lays down the FLOP. While all other eyes are on the three community cards, Bond's are on the players' reactions to them.

Gallardo is neutral. Infante is visibly, if almost imperceptibly, disappointed.

Bond shifts his gaze to Le Chiffre to see that Le Chiffre is doing the same thing, looking at Bond for his reaction. Bond smiles, looks down at the flop. Three hearts. 9-8-5.

Gallardo knocks. Infante knocks. Le Chiffre gazes at the impassive Bond and:

LE CHIFFRE
Fifty thousand.

An audible reaction. Bond eyes Le Chiffre. He has a flush or three of a kind to be playing so strong. Or he's bluffing.

Bond sees Le Chiffre's eye twitch -- only once and ever so slightly. Le Chiffre's finger comes up to hide it in a "thoughtful" pose.

Bond pushes fifty thousand into the middle of the table. An even bigger reaction. Things got serious fast.

Gallardo and Infante throw away their cards. The Dealer now lays down the next common card ('the turn'). Again, Bond doesn't look, watching Le Chiffre's reaction.

The card is a 9. The finger presses tight against Le Chiffre's cheek.

Bond looks at the card. So now there's a pair out in the open. Could Le Chiffre be holding the other nines? Doesn't matter anyway, because Bond has already decided to go all the way and find the meaning of the finger by the eye.

Le Chiffre bets:

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)
One hundred thousand.

Bond looks up and is distracted at the superb sight of VESPER entering in that stunning dress, walking up from behind Le Chiffre, her eyes on Bond and Bond's on hers.

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

She pauses for effect some distance behind Le Chiffre, then moves around behind Bond and bends over to kiss him on the cheek.

BOND

(quietly, with a smile)
Hello dear. Weren't you supposed to enter so that the others could see you?

VESPER

Was I? My mistake. Good luck, darling.

She moves off. Le Chiffre impatiently shuffles his cards. After a moment:

DEALER

....Mr. Bond?

BOND

Oh yes, sorry.

Bond matches the bet.

WITH VESPER AS SHE JOINS MATHIS:

VESPER

Hello.

MATHIS

I suppose I don't have to tell you how beautiful you look; half the people at that table are still watching you.

VESPER

How's he doing?

MATHIS

Bond? I believe he's drawing to a flush. May already have the other two hearts of course. But so could Le Chiffre - and he's the one pushing the bets up. He may even hold the other two nines. But I doubt it.

The last card ('the river') is dealt. All eyes are on it, except for Bond and Le Chiffre: watching each other.

It is the 2 of hearts. Le Chiffre slowly takes his hand from his face. No twitch to be seen.

LE CHIFFRE

Two hundred thousand.

121 CONTINUED: (3)

121

Vesper and Mathis watch Bond carefully. Everyone is mesmerized. Bond pushes in two hundred thousand.

BOND

Call.

Le Chiffre stares back at Bond. He wasn't expecting that.

DEALER

(to Le Chiffre)

Monsieur, you have been called.

Le Chiffre now lays his cards down. He holds both black 2s. Le Chiffre has a full house.

DEALER (CONT'D)

A full house to Monsieur Le Chiffre.

(to Bond)

Monsieur Bond?

Bond shakes his head, throws his cards away, provoking a buzz in the crowd. Le Chiffre can't believe his luck, rakes in the chips, a glint of triumph as he eyes Bond. In forcing him to show the pair of twos, Bond has stripped him naked, and Le Chiffre reads this in his eyes.

BOND

(to Dealer)

Please send the barman over.

The Dealer is somewhat surprised at this request, but indicates for the barman to come over. Le Chiffre watches all this with festering irritation. The barman arrives:

BOND (CONT'D)

A dry martini.

BARMAN

Oui, monsieur.

He's about to go:

BOND

Just a moment. Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet, shake it over ice then add a thin slice of lemon peel.

BARMAN

Yes, sir.

The other players and even the dealer have been quietly mesmerized by this performance. As the barman starts off:

121 CONTINUED: (4)

121

WOLPERT

You know, I think I'll have one of those.

INFANTE

So, will I.

BARMAN

Certainly.

Le Chiffre's patience is at an end, he looks about to burst. The barman starts away, and suddenly:

TOMELLI

Can I have one without the lemon?

LE CHIFFRE

Is anyone interested in playing poker?!

Bond smiles to himself, having succeeded in riling him.

WOLPERT

(to Bond)

Someone is in a hurry.

The Dealer distributes cards. Le Chiffre quickly throws his cards away, disgusted with them. The player to Bond's right calls. Bond folds.

BOND

Excuse me.

As three other players at the table bet and raise, Bond gets up and walks over to

THE BAR

where Vesper and Mathis are waiting for him. He puts his arm around Vesper, kisses her - it lasts a little longer than he planned. Both of them can't help but briefly be aware of that fact. As their lips part:

BOND (CONT'D)

Hmm, you taste nice.

VESPER

I thought we dispensed with covers.

BOND

No, we dispensed with one that was of no use and created another that is. Is he watching?

MATHIS

Yes.

121 CONTINUED: (5)

121

BOND

Excellent.

He kisses her again, but this time she slips it.

VESPER

This is me in character pissed because you are losing so fast we won't be here past midnight. Oddly my character's feelings mirror my own.

BOND

It was worth it to discover his tell.

(tastes his drink)

Hm. Have to think up a name for it.

MATHIS

What do you mean, his tell?

BOND

A twitch he has to hide when he bluffs.

VESPER

Bluffs? ~~he had~~ the best hand.

BOND

Which he got on the last card. The odds against were twenty-three to one and he'd know that. When he made that first big raise he ~~was~~ trying to scare me out, he had nothing. Winning was blind luck. (another subject:)
Did you get it?

Mathis slips a small silver disk into Bond's hand. Bond puts his drink on the bar and returns to the table. Mathis watches him go. Not wanting to be seen doing the same, Vesper purposely turns her back so that she is facing the bar.

MATHIS

Maybe he actually can pull this off.

Vesper sneaks a peak as she tastes Bond's drink.

122 THE CAMERA RISES OVER THE POKER TABLE

122

Cards are shuffled, dealt and discarded. Jackets come off, players drop out, money changes hands. Bond's chips stay about even, he's playing cautiously.

122 CONTINUED:

122

Le Chiffre is slowly losing. We can sense the pressure building.

ANGLE ON BOND

he notices KRATT step up and whisper in Le Chiffre's ear. Le Chiffre doesn't respond; Kratt moves off.

DEALER

We have been playing almost four hours. If there's no objection we will take a one hour dinner break.

The players shuffle to their feet. Bond stalls, counting his chips. Le Chiffre stands, turns and nods for Kratt to approach; Bond stands and palms Le Chiffre's inhaler, pressing the silver disc onto the base before replacing it.

Le Chiffre turns back a heartbeat later and picks it up. Bond moves off toward the bar to join Mathis and Vesper.

MATHIS

Well, think I'll report on the morning's frivolities.

Mathis exits. James puts an arm around Vesper's waist and watches discretely over her shoulder. In the background Le Chiffre leaves Kratt and heads for the exit.

VESPER

So...?

Bond doesn't respond. He finishes his drink, sees he's being watched by another of Le Chiffre's stooges: LEO. He pulls Vesper toward him and runs a hand up the full length of her spine to her neck. Her body reacts involuntarily.

BOND

(as if she just spoke)
Really? That's naughty.

VESPER

Now you've lost me completely.

BOND

(kisses Vesper's neck)
You've just told me you can't wait to get me back to the room.

As she reacts, he takes her hand and leads her to the exit.

123 INT. HOTEL SPLENDIDE - FOURTH FLOOR

123

Le Chiffre uses his key and enters his suite.

124 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE

124

Dark walls, little light. Valenka sits on the far side in a pool of light. She looks up at Le Chiffre as he approaches.

LE CHIFFRE

What's so damned important?

She puts a hand on the back of his neck, kisses it, whispers:

VALENKA

I'm sorry.

A hand juts out of the darkness and yanks her back! Before Le Chiffre can react a garotte is flipped over his neck and cuts off his windpipe. Obanno hisses into his ear:

OBANNO

Where is MY MONEY?!

125 INT. HOTEL SPLENDIDE - LOBBY - NIGHT

125

James and Vesper enter from the street, playing up their "honeymooners" role, arms around each other. While walking, Bond flips out his handheld. They stop at the CONCIERGE DESK.

BOND

I believe you have a package for me.

The concierge finds the manilla envelope Bond took from the car and hands it to Bond. They punch the elevator buttons.

126 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE

126

Obanno chokes Le Chiffre. Obanno's LIEUTENANT restrains Valenka, holding a machete to her neck.

OBANNO

Do you think you can lose that kind of money and no one would notice?

LE CHIFFRE

(clutching his throat)

Your money is safe.

127 INT. HOTEL SPLENDIDE - ELEVATOR

127

They step into the elevator and Bond hands her the envelope.

BOND

Open it.

127 CONTINUED: 127

Vesper does, sees a silenced Walther inside. James pushes a wireless earphone into his ear, punches the top floor button and watches his handheld as they rise.

128 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE 128

Obanno tightens the noose again, Le Chiffre is in agony.

LE CHIFFRE

You'll have it tomorrow. All of it.

Obanno tosses him to the floor.

OBANNO

I would take a hand for this betrayal, but you need it to play cards.

He holds his hands out to his Lieutenant, who hands him his machete.

OBANNO (CONT'D)

(to Valenka)

Hold out your arm.

129 INT. ELEVATOR - CLOSE ON HANDHELD SCREEN 129

The screen displays a three dimensional "range finder" - an X indicating their shifting position and blinking dot indicating Le Chiffre -- both on a 3D grid. As they rise he can get a good idea where they are in relation to each other. Bond slams his finger into the 4th floor button. Vesper hands him his silenced Walther.

130 BOND 130

gets off the elevator, moves off in the direction the finder tells him, then realizes what he's hearing over his earpiece:

VALENKA (O.S.)

No, please. Please.

He turns back to Vesper.

BOND

Go to the room, I'll meet you there.

Vesper backs uncertainly toward the elevator bank as James moves off. By the time she turns, the elevator door is closing. She makes a grab for it; too late.

131 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE 131

OBANNO

Hold out your arm, my beauty, or I
will take your head.

The Lieutenant raises her arm for her.

VALENKA

No. Please, no. Please no.

132 OUT IN THE HALL 132

Using the directional finder James finds the right door.
Unsure what to do -- break the door down or let it happen.
He decides on breaking it down. Then realizes Vesper is
still waiting for the elevator.

BOND

(stage whisper)

Take the stairs!

She sees the sign for the stairwell, right near Bond. She
hurries toward it. Bond turns back to the suite door.

133 INT. LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE 133

Obanno swings the razor sharp machete down from over his
head and...stops maybe a half an inch from Valenka's arm.
Holding it there, he turns his head and looks at Le Chiffre.

OBANNO

Not a word of protest.

(to Valenka)

You should find a new boyfriend.

Obanno kisses her roughly, laughs and tosses her after Le
Chiffre. Obanno nods to his Lieutenant and they head out.

134 OUT IN THE HALL 134

James, listening to his earpiece, realize they are coming
right out the door! He turns and grabs Vesper, who is
running toward him, and pushes her into the alcove of a
BUTLER'S PANTRY (which leads to the STAIRWELL) and into a
deep kiss. She fights for a second, sees THE SUITE DOOR
OPEN and melts into the kiss, grabbing the back of Bond's
neck.

OBANNO

steps out of the suite, his Lieutenant on his heels. They
spy the lovers; Obanno smiles to himself and continues
past toward to the elevator.

134 CONTINUED:

134

HIS LIEUTENANT

glances back in passing and spots THE WIRELESS EARPHONE in Bond's ear. He makes a grab for his gun.

BOND

Sees it happening out of the corner of his eye, shoves Vesper toward the stairwell door and fires a silenced round into the Lieutenant's chest. Vesper bolts for the

135 EMERGENCY STAIRWELL

135

She smashes through the door just a second before Bond throws the Lieutenant's body in after her. A heartbeat later OBANNO'S MACHETE just about takes off James' arm. His Walther falls over the rail. The door swings closed behind them as James grabs the huge warrior and jams a hand into Obanno's mouth to keep him from calling out.

JAMES

(to Vesper)

Run!

She takes off down the stairs, makes it to...

THE FLOOR BELOW

She yanks on the door - locked - looks up in time to see James flipped over the banister, landing with a back-cracking thud on the stairs beside her.

Obanno leaps over the railing, machete in hand, as Vesper runs for her life, bounding down the stairs two at a time, glancing back up just in time to see:

BOTH MEN

tumble over the railing above and plummet toward her. They land just a few treads away, flailing at each other, the machete drawing blood, as

VESPER

runs on down.

FLOOR AFTER FLOOR

the action is repeated, with one man being thrown or pushed over the railing above her and the other clambering after him.

BASEMENT FLOOR

Vesper rounds the last railing and flings herself at the exit door - it won't open! She looks up;

135 CONTINUED:

135

THE MACHETE

twirls through the air, coming straight for her! She moves and it slices past her, embedding itself in the concrete floor!

VESPER

slams herself into the chained emergency door over and over again, in a blind, unthinking panic. Suddenly

BOND AND OBANNO

come crashing down almost on top of her, fighting for their lives. Bond rights himself and grabs Obanno from behind in a neck lock. Obanno shoves Bond backwards -- they stumble into Vesper and trip, falling in a heap in the corner -- Obanno atop Bond atop Vesper, all facing upwards -- Obanno turning blue from the choke hold -- sees:

BOND'S SILENCED WALTHER

on the floor where it landed. Grabs it and

FIRES

wildly over his shoulder! The bullets barely miss Bond and Vesper. They gouge the wall just centimeters from their heads and ricochet madly around the concrete well. Vesper can't even form a scream in her throat.

BOND

uses all his strength to force the gun in Obanno's hand up to the (large) man's neck, forces the large man's finger to pull the trigger and JUST OFF CAMERA the bullet finds its mark -- blood spraying over Bond's shirt and Vesper's face.

Obanno slumps. Bond pants for air, he and Vesper pinned under the giant's dead weight. When he catches his breath he forces the body off theirs and stands, sees a BIN under the stairs and kicks open the padlocked hasp. He turns to look at Vesper, sees she's in shock, but needs her help. Bond rips off his bloodied tuxedo shirt and wipes the blood from her face. She lets him do it.

BOND

There you go. Find Mathis. Tell him I'm going to leave the bodies in here, he needs to get rid of them. Can you do that?

She nods unconvincingly.

BOND (CONT'D)

Go.

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

He prompts her up the stairs. After the first flight she runs.

Below, Bond drags the huge man toward the bin.

136 INT. HOTEL SUITE, BOND'S BATHROOM

136

Bond tosses his bloodied shirt, pulls off his jacket and focuses to slow his breath. He washes the blood off a cut wound on his arm -- the blood swirling down the sink. He sticks on a quick bandage, wipes the blood off the countertop and the sweat from under his arms, then finally leans on the sink and stares at himself in the mirror. Only now do we glimpse that he is having a hard time with the killings. He looks down at the counter, notices he's leaving red hand prints on the white marble. Washes his hands again.

137 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

137

We move with Bond as he adjusts his shirt -- identical to the one he wore this morning. He notices a fleck of blood on the black jacket sleeve, picks up a napkin without pausing, dabs the red off and hands the used napkin to a passing waiter.

BOND

Thank you.

He arrives at the table in time to see one of the other players lose to Le Chiffre. Le Chiffre collects his chips, but his eyes are on Bond as he takes his seat.

LE CHIFFRE

Mr. Bond, you changed your shirt.

I hope our little game isn't causing you to perspire.

BOND

(a charming smile)

A little. But I won't consider myself in trouble until I start crying blood.

Le Chiffre's smile fades. Bond is dealt in.

138 INT. BOND & VESPER'S SUITE, HOTEL SPLENDIDE -- NIGHT

138

It's hours later, Bond lets himself in, undoing his tie to reveal a very creased shirt. In the shadowed bedroom he sees Vesper's gown on the floor, an empty wine bottle on the table, hears her shower running.

Tired and jaded, he doesn't think too much of it, pulls off his shirt -- yes, he has been sweating.

138 CONTINUED:

138

He glances back at Vesper's suite, listens to the shower running, and senses something's wrong.

VESPER'S BATHROOM.

He enters, can't see her, now is becoming concerned. He sees a leg protruding from the shower. He turns the corner and finds her sitting in bra and panties, clutching one knee to her chest, oblivious to the pelting water. James drops to the floor of the shower, throws his arms around her and pulls her to him, letting the water run over both of them.

BOND

Shhhhhh.

VESPER

(looks at him a moment)
You're all wet.

BOND

Shhh.

VESPER

I couldn't get the blood off.
It's still under my nails.

Bond looks at her fingers: not a trace of blood. He puts each finger in his mouth in turn, not sexually, but as if to clean them. And of course the non-sexual aspect of it is incredibly sexy. When done....

BOND

Better?

VESPER

(looks at them)
Thanks.

BOND

...You cold?

Vesper realizes she is, gives a small little-girl nod. Bond reaches up and turns the hot water tap higher. She appreciates the unusual, and charming, choice, in that he fails to acknowledge anything odd about her behavior. She rests her head on his shoulder. The two sit there in the warm "rain," not saying a word.

139 INT. BOND & VESPER' S SUITE, HOTEL SPLENDIDE -- MORNING

139

Bond steps up to Vesper's bedroom door, sees her sleeping naked under her sheets, the rest of the bed pristine -- she slept alone. Bond checks his vibrating phone for a text message, closes Vesper's bedroom door and exits.

140 EXT. TERRACE, HOTEL SPLENDIDE -- DAY

140

Bond finds Mathis looking down at the hotel parking lot.

BOND

Have any trouble with the bodies?

MATHIS

Less than some.

He takes out a phone and Bond follows his gaze to the forecourt: two policemen are questioning Le Chiffre's henchman LEO at his parked car. Mathis dials...

A phone RINGS nearby - the trunk of the car? Leo is as surprised as the cops as they open it to find OBANNO and his LIEUTENANT'S CORPSES, phone trilling in one of their pockets.

Bond and Mathis smile as Leo is handcuffed.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Being dead doesn't mean one can't still be helpful. His actual phone will be a gold mine, I'm sure.

BOND

Nicely done.

MATHIS

How's our girl? Melted your cold heart yet?

Bond turns and exits back into the casino.

141 INT. HOTEL - LE CHIFFRE'S SUITE -- DAY

141

Le Chiffre stands behind a fluttering curtain, watching the scene.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES. A RED DOT. A BLOODY TEAR. Then he turns and disappears, the curtain left fluttering as before.

142 INT. CASINO ROYALE - DUSK

142

SHOTS OF - dealt hands being lifted, chips being tossed in the pot, hands thrown away.

The Argentinean goes all in with his remaining chips. And looks disgusted as he is beaten. He's out. Leaves.

More chips going in, more cards dealt to the weary players. Another player tosses his cards down, gets up angrily. Out of the game.

143 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

143

Four face-up cards: A-K-J-J

Bond holds ACE & KING OF HEARTS. He sees Le Chiffre's finger go to the side of his face to hold his twitch in place.

MATHIS & VESPER

watch from the rail.

MATHIS

Look. It's the tell. He's bluffing. My God, James was right!

Bond looks to Vesper, who tries to smile back at him. His face remains hard.

AT TABLE

The American, Wolpert, pushes forward a lot of chips:

WOLPERT

Three hundred thousand.

Bond watches Le Chiffre. He pushes in his chips. Bond follows suit. A million just went in.

The card is turned over. A KING. Exactly what Bond was hoping for. LE CHIFFRE is implacable - but his finger is still pressed to his cheek.

The five cards face-up are A-J-J-K-K.

Wolpert stares at them. Knocks the table.

MATHIS & VESPER

MATHIS

The American must have been holding queen ten. He knows his straight just lost value. Now, if James is right about the bluff, here comes something big...

AT TABLE

A large stack of chips moves forward.

LE CHIFFRE

Million.

Finger still clamped to hide any twitch. Bond smells blood. He's got him. Slowly counts his chips.

143 CONTINUED:

143

MATHIS & VESPER

MATHIS
He's going all-in.

Vesper reacts: My God.

AT TABLE

Bond pushes everything in:

BOND
Six and a half.

Le Chiffre stares back at him. Wolpert suddenly seems happy as he throws his cards away. He turns to Bond:

WOLPERT
I hope you got better than my
straight, pal. If you're bluffing -

He is silenced by Le Chiffre pushing his money in. For a moment, Bond has doubts.

DEALER
Mister Bond, you have been called.

Eyes locked on Le Chiffre, Bond shows his cards.

DEALER (CONT'D)
Full house, Kings on Aces.

Bond waits for the reaction. Le Chiffre merely smiles:

LE CHIFFRE
You must have thought I was
bluffing.

He turns over TWO JACKS. FOUR OF A KIND.

A great hushed reaction in the room. Bond is devastated.

DEALER
Unless anyone complains, I think a
short break?

Bond sits silent, frozen with defeat. Cleaned out.

144 EXT. TERRACE, LE CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

144

Bond steps out onto the terrace, looks out over the moonlit hills. His world in disarray. How could he have been so wrong? He had Le Chiffre all worked out.

Vesper and Mathis watch from inside, almost embarrassed to be watching him, neither knowing what to say.

144 CONTINUED:

144

Vesper finally joins him. Bond is still reeling. Not wanting to show her this he pulls himself together.

BOND

I'll need the other five million
to buy back in.

She was afraid he'd say that. Beat. He turns to look:

VESPER

I can't authorize that, James.

It hangs there. He is still, controlling himself.

BOND

I made a mistake. I was impatient,
maybe arrogant, but I can beat
him.

VESPER

I'm sorry.

BOND

(stops her from leaving)

"Sorry?" Use that in a sentence.
"Sorry Le Chiffre is going to win
and go on funding terror and killing
people in subways and supermarkets?"
"Sorry children are going to die
as they walk past stray shopping
bags or parked cars?" That kind
of sorry?

VESPER

You winning is not going to stop
terrorist bombings. If you think
it is, then you are arrogant.

BOND

Not all, just a few is good enough
for me. And if you or your friends
were in the building when it
disintegrated, it may be good enough
for you, too.

VESPER

You lost because of that ego, and
that same ego can't take it. That's
what is talking here. That's what
this is about. All you are going
to do now is lose more.

BOND

(almost laughs)
You bloody idiot.

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

VESPER

I'm sorry??

BOND

I can beat him! Look in my eyes.
You know that.

VESPER

My father was a gambler. Had that
same winning look in his eye.
Right up to the day he shot my
mother and put a gun in his own
mouth. Get your hand off my arm.

He lets go. She turns and walks out of the casino.

145 INT. BAR, CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

145

Bond enters the bar, frustrated and preoccupied.

BOND

Vodka martini.

BARTENDER

Shaken or stirred?

BOND

Do I look like I give a damn??

He takes his drink, racks his brains as to how to move forward. Hears Le Chiffre laughing as they walk away from the table, taking a break. Bond spies him joking with Kratt and two men who have the look of trained killers; reinforcements.

Back with James, a waiter clears a nearby table and puts the place setting on the bar: plate, cutlery, steak knife. Bond make his decision, palms the knife and slides it up the sleeve of his jacket and rises, as Mathis approaches with sympathy.

MATHIS

James...

BOND

Make sure you get the girl out.

MATHIS

(understands, shocked)
...Bond.

But Bond is already moving.

146 INT. LOBBY/CORRIDOR, CASINO ROYALE - MOMENTS LATER

146

Bond walks, determined, focused on Le Chiffre - who is walking

146 CONTINUED:

146

away down a corridor, in the company of Kratt and several bodyguards. It's suicide and he's okay with that. His fingers get a grip on the handle; ready to slip it out...when WOLPERT cuts across his path.

WOLPERT

Bad break, I thought you had him.
Never really introduced myself:
Gray Wolpert, of the Langley
Wolperts.

That got James' attention. Wolpert indicates the hand in which Bond cups his knife.

WOLPERT (CONT'D)

You should have a little faith
I've been watching your play
Forgetting that one unlucky hand,
I think you have him.

BOND

Had. Now if you'll excuse me...

WOLPERT

...You're not buying in?

Bond gives him a look. Wolpert gets the picture. Bond is still coiled and dangerous.

WOLPERT (CONT'D)

Look, I've been losing steadily.
I'm not going to last much longer.
You've got a better chance.
(beat)
I'm saying I can get you the money
to keep going.

Bond takes this in.

WOLPERT (CONT'D)

Just one thing. If you pull it
off, the CIA get to bring him in.

BOND

...And the winnings?

WOLPERT

Do we look like we need the money?

147 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

147

Sitting down for the next session, they are removing Bond's chair when Bond stops him. Le Chiffre looks surprised.

147 CONTINUED:

147

BOND

Lovely stretch; shall we double
the blinds?

Bond smiles. Le Chiffre returns it.

SHOTS OF:

AN EXHAUSTED PLAYER FOLDS (DISSOLVING BEFORE OUR EYES)

BOND RAKING IN CHIPS (CLAWING HIS WAY BACK IN)

BOND AND LE CHIFFRE EYEING ONE ANOTHER, BOND UNFLINCHING

148 INT. BAR, CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT

148

A BARMAN places two of "Bond's" drinks on a tray, one with a lemon slice, one without. He turns to retrieve some water. Which is when we notice VALENKA seated on the stool next to the tray. Behind the barman's back she slips some powder into the drink with the lemon and stirs. The barman returns with two glasses of sparkling water as THE WAITER approaches to take the tray.

Follow the waiter to the card table, where she places the glass without the lemon in front of Tomelli, who looks to be barely hanging into the game. She places the other in front of Bond. He sips. Plays his cards. Wins the hand.

149 MOMENTS LATER:

149

At the table, Bond takes a sip of his drink, confidence growing. His cold eyes flick to Vesper, watching, wondering how he got back into the game. A hand is dealt, played. Bond checks his cards, closes his eyes -- just a blink.

150 BOND

150

opens his eyes again and it's a COMPLETELY DIFFERENT HAND. He realizes moments have passed! He's disoriented, losing focus. Things are taking on a yellow tint, coronas forming around lights. Bond shakes it off, trying to clear his mind, sweating. Smells the glass; realizes he's been poisoned.

BOND

Deal me out. Time for some air.

DEALER

Sir, you are the big blind.

Bond shoves his chips in and walks away. The players are more than a tad surprised. Le Chiffre shrugs. Bond passes a table, casually takes a glass and a salt shaker and keeps moving on slightly unsteady legs. VESPER is one of the few who notice.

150 CONTINUED: 150

The MAN AT THE BAR near her snorts disapproval.

MAN AT BAR
 (to woman beside Vesper)
 Who drinks and plays for these
 kind of stakes? Idiot.

She writes it off to that as well. Bloody arrogance.

151 INT. BATHROOM, CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT 151

He bangs open the door, pours the entire cellar into the glass, fills it with hot water and knocks it back. The effect is quick - he throws up into the sink.

152 EXT. STREET AND HOTEL PARKING AREA 152

Ash white, heart pounding, bleary eyed, Bond stumbles across the street, narrowly missing being run over by passing cars. He finds his Aston Martin parked in a dark corner, unlocks it with a push of a button, opens the door and falls into the seat. He slams his fist into the glove compartment, tears out the lining and grabs the MEDIPAC. He closes his eyes for just a second -- opens them -- sees:

A LOUD BUNCH OF DRUNKEN GUESTS

passing the car who weren't in the deserted parking lot a second ago -- he's blacked out again.

BOND

considers calling to them for help. Doesn't. He forces himself to stay conscious, rips open the medipac -- finds a surgical needle attached to a wire and an electronic box, jams the needle into his arm and attaches the lead from the box to his handheld. It instantly makes a call.

153 INT. MI6 MEDICAL HOT ROOM -- NIGHT 153

A TECHNICIAN who was chatting with a CO-WORKER turns to his COMPUTER SCREEN as it RINGS and CLICKS TO LIFE, DOWNLOADING DATA. The co-worker joins him.

CO-WORKER

Who is it?

TECHNICIAN

007.

The co-worker flies to his cubicle, snatches the phone.

154 INT. MI6 - M'S OFFICE 154

Villiers opens the door without knocking, M looks up, tired.

154 CONTINUED: 154

VILLIERS
Bond's been POISONED. He's going
into cardiac arrest.

155 INT. MI6 MEDICAL HOT ROOM 155

Two DOCTORS now hover over the technician, studying the
figures racing over the screen.

DOCTOR
Stay calm and don't interrupt
because you'll be dead within two
minutes--

156 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT 156

DOCTOR
--unless you do exactly what I
tell you.

BOND
I'm all ears.

157 INT. MI6 - VILLIERS' DESK 157

M and Villiers watch their screen and listen.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Remove the defibrillator from the
pouch.
(to Doctor 2)
Do we know what it is yet?

DOCTOR 2
Still scanning.

158 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT 158

Bond pulls out a portable DEFIBRILLATOR, it HUMS as the
charge builds...COMBIPENS of different colors spill onto
the floor.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Attach the leads to your chest.

Bond does so. Puts his finger on the red button, waits,
it still reads CHARGING.

159 INT. MI6 MEDICAL HOT ROOM 159

DOCTOR #2
Ventricular tachycardia. Digitalis.
What the hell do we give him? The
kit has amphetamines, antihistamines--

159 CONTINUED:

159

DOCTOR
(to Bond)
As soon as it reads charged--

DOCTOR #2
Lidocaine! That'll work. Bond--

160 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

160

CHARGED. Bond tenses.

DOCTOR #2 (V.O.)
Don't push the red button! Do you
hear me? Don't push it yet.

Bond reacts.

161 INT. VILLIERS OFFICE

161

M listens to the doctors argue.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
His heart's gonna stop!

DOCTOR #2 (V.O.)
There's only time for one charge
before he passes out!

162 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

162

(Continue to intercut as needed)

DOCTOR #2 (V.O.)
(to Bond)
Take the blue combipen Bond. Mid-
neck. Into the artery. That'll
counteract the digitalis.

Bond jabs himself hard in the neck with the blue combipen.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
You're going to pass out in a few
seconds and you need to keep your
heart going. Push the red button
now, Bond!

Bond tries -- but it doesn't fire, one of the leads has
come off. He reaches for it, tries to reattach it.

M (V.O.)
Bond?...

But the VOICE FADES and he blacks out, comes to, blacks
out, slipping away.

162 CONTINUED:

162

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

Bond! Push the damn button!

His eyes flutter open again... and like a dream, VESPER is over him.

He looks up at her. For a moment she hesitates...then bends down and finds the lead, attaches it and fires the defibrillator. A huge jolt of power goes through Bond and he spasms.

Bond exhales. A dying rasp, a breath of life.

Vesper is shaking. Stunned that she just saved his life, she slumps down beside him.

Bond recovering now, breathing steady. He finally pulls the syringe out of his neck.

BOND

You okay?

VESPER

Me??

BOND

Thank you.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You're welcome. Now get yourself to a hospital.

BOND

Will do.
(standing again)
As soon as I win.

M (O.S.)

Bond!

DOCTOR #2 (O.S.)

The red combipen! Take it with you.

BOND

When do I use it?

DOCTOR #2

Oh, you'll know.

Bond pockets the handheld. Vesper is almost speechless.

VESPER

You're not seriously going back there.

162 CONTINUED: (2) 162

BOND

Wouldn't dream of it.

Bond smiles and heads off.

163 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT 163

Le Chiffre can barely stop his mouth from dropping open as a pale but very determined Bond returns to the table.

BOND

Sorry. That last hand almost killed me.

(to waiter)

I think I'll change my drinks.
Water, if you would.

LE CHIFFRE

looks most unsettled.

CARDS ARE DEALT

WOLPERT

throws his cards in. All out of money. Gets up wearily. Gives Bond a half-smile as he walks away.

ONLY FIVE PLAYERS LEFT NOW, THE MARATHON SESSION TAKING ITS TOLL ON ALL BUT LE CHIFFRE...

More cards... BOND'S PILE OF CHIPS INCREASING...

DISSOLVE FROM ONE PLAYER TO HIS CHAIR BECOMING EMPTY.

EVEN THE DEALER IS EXHAUSTED. He PACKS UP. ANOTHER BREAK.

164 BOND IN A BATHROOM MIRROR, SHATTERED. 164

Bond pulls the red combipen from his pocket. Puts a foot on the sink counter - and jabs the combipen into his leg.

165 INT. CASINO ROYALE -- NIGHT 165

Back at the table. Bond and Le Chiffre preternaturally alert, Infante and Fukutu tired, hitting the espressos.

DEALER

Big blind now one million.

Bond puts a million dollar plaque in, beside him Fukutu is already in with the small blind: a \$500,000 chip.

The community cards are laid down: Ah 6s 8s

We see Le Chiffre's hand: Ac 6h. He already has two pairs.

165 CONTINUED:

165

Bond looks at his hand: 7s and another low spade which we don't see clearly. Possible flush.

Fukutu has Ks and Qs. Possible flush.

Infante holds 8c and 8h, so he has three of a kind.

LE CHIFFRE

Five million.

The others match the bet.

VESPER & MATHIS

MATHIS

Twenty-four million in the pot already.

The next community card is laid down: 4s.

Fukutu looks again at his cards. Goes all in with everything he has left. Nine plaques: \$9m.

Everyone matches his bet.

MATHIS & VESPER

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Possible flush, possible full house, two pairs? Sixty million in the pot. This hand is getting out of control.

BOND AND LE CHIFFRE

eyeing one another.

WOLPERT

comes from the bar to watch...

THE DEALER

deals the last card. The Ace of Spades.

MATHIS & VESPER

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Somebody's got the full house.

As we glance at the cards with Le Chiffre and Infante we see both have full houses - Le Chiffre the better one.

But Infante is confident. He goes all in with his last five plaques.

165 CONTINUED: (2)

165

INFANTE
Five million dollars.

Le Chiffre smiles at Bond.

LE CHIFFRE
Ten.

Bond stares at the community cards, then back at Le Chiffre.

MATHIS & VESPER:

VESPER
He's going to do it again, isn't
he?

MATHIS
Le Chiffre must have the full house.
Bond's flush will be beaten. Bond's
been trying to bluff and he has
nothing to bluff with. He'll fold
and keep what he has.

BOND

pauses a long time. Then counts up his chips and plaques.

BOND
All in.

THE DEALER
counts up Bond's chips.

DEALER
Ten million dollars.

MATHIS & VESPER
react, unbelieving.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Le Chiffre eyes Bond. Considers his cards again.
Hesitates. Then with a smile, he pushes his remaining
chips forward.

LE CHIFFRE
Very well.

A stunned silence in the room. A mountain of plaques and
chips on the table.

DEALER
Gentlemen. Please show your cards.

165 CONTINUED: (3)

165

FUKUTU

shows his spades flush.

FUKUTU

Ace, King, Queen flush.

INFANTE

beats it, lays down his pair of eights.

INFANTE

Full house. Eights full of aces.

LE CHIFFRE

lays his down. Shows his Ace and Six: a full house too.
No need for the poker face any longer, he grins wolfishly.

DEALER

A superior full house Aces, full
of sixes....Mister Bond?

Bond places his cards down 5s 7s. Le Chiffre grins.

LE CHIFFRE

It would seem your flush is the
low hand.

BOND

My ~~flush~~ flush is. But not my straight
flush.

The Dealer arranges Bond's cards over the community cards.

DEALER

Four through eight of spades, the
high hand.

Now it's Le Chiffre's turn to stare at defeat. A SMALL
RED GLOBULE APPEARS IN THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. He takes
his hanky, wipes it away, looks across at Bond balefully.

Getting up, Le Chiffre pushes past observers as he walks
out, vanishes from view.

Bond gets up too. Moves to Wolpert.

BOND

He's all yours.

WOLPERT

Much appreciated, cousin.

Bond moves on to the bar, where Vesper waits.

165 CONTINUED: (4)

165

VESPER
Congratulations.

BOND
Shall we celebrate?

VESPER
You were almost dead an hour ago.

BOND
Exactly. And now I'm famished.

166 INT./EXT. THE HERMITAGE NIGHTCLUB, HOTEL SPLENDIDE -- 166
NIGHT

WE FOLLOW TWO OF BOND'S SPECIAL MARTINIS as they arrive at his patio table, looking out over some water.

It's four in the morning. They have lobster and caviar in front of them. A band is playing in the corner of the club. The lights are low. The place is lit by candles. A few couples are dotted about the tables. It's romantic.

Vesper takes a TEXT on her cell, she reads it, then:

VESPER
Mathis says the Americans have made contact with Le Chiffre. He's hiding in his suite; they're going to extract him at midnight.

BOND
You know I think I'll call this The Vesper.

VESPER
Because of the bitter aftertaste?

BOND
Because after you've tasted it...it's all you want to drink.

She laughs at him and his charming, corny line.

BOND (CONT'D)
I thought that was a good line.

VESPER
It was a very good line.

BOND
But you're laughing at it.

VESPER
Not so much it as you.

BOND

Oh, then I'm fine.

And he loosens up. Her smile fades as her thoughts drift. She fiddles with her necklace.

BOND (CONT'D)

I've realized what that is. An Algerian love-knot?

VESPER

Really? I thought it was just something pretty.

BOND

No, you didn't. It was given to you.

(sees her admit it)

Well, he's a lucky man.

Vesper exhales, almost a laugh, followed by an ironic smile. A moment, then....

VESPER

You can forget it all that easily, can't you? Those men last night, I know they were attacking you, but it doesn't bother you, killing them?

BOND

It's my job. I wouldn't do it very well if it did.

VESPER

See, I don't believe you.

Bond smiles, admits nothing.

VESPER (CONT'D)

You have a choice, you know. Just because you've done something, doesn't mean you have to keep doing it.

BOND

Why do people who can't take advice always insist on giving it?

VESPER

You think I can't take my own advice?

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

BOND

I think something is driving you.
And I think I haven't a chance of
ever finding out what it is.

The moment is punctuated by a ANOTHER TEXT arriving on her
cell phone. She looks at it:

VESPER

Mathis needs me. Well, good night.
Congratulations. I'm sure I'll
see you in the morning before I
leave.

She's gone before Bond can recover. He looks to the waiter.

BOND

I'll take another.

As he waits, he starts to feel uneasy. He scans the club,
looking at the other couples, then his eyes go to the exit.

BOND (CONT'D)

(to the waiter, but
to himself)
Mathis?

WAITER

...I'm sorry?

He gets up. Strides through the candlelit room, a feeling
of dread growing...

FORECOURT:

Bond quickens his pace, down the steps, staring into the
DARKNESS.

Then to his side - a FAINT CRY. His head spins. In the
gloom, a door slams on a DARK SEDAN. The engine growls
and the sedan shoots out of the shadows, raking up pebbles
as it fishtails off the forecourt.

Bond just catches sight of Vesper in the back before a
hand pushes her down.

He runs to the Aston Martin, ROARS after it.

167 EXT/INT. CAR - TWO LANE ROAD -- NIGHT

167

The lead car quickly disappears from sight -- no other
cars on the country road, as Bond screams along the two-
lane blacktop, twisting through the the countryside,
downshifting as he hits a slight hill and stomping on the
accelerator so that all four wheels leave the earth.

167 CONTINUED:

167

As the front wheels crash down to earth he sees:

VESPER

lying in the middle of the road, directly in his path!
She props up on her elbow, sees the car about to make
impact!

BOND

throws the wheel to the right.

THE ASTON

veers sharply, narrowly missing her. It hits the ditch
and flips, smashing upside down into a tree.

BOND'S HEAD

hits the windshield and CRACKS it and he blacks out. We
COME UP FROM BLACK as his eyes flutter open...

KRATT AND ANOTHER THUG

drag him from the Aston. Blinded by the headlights from
two cars, Bond's heavy eyes close. BLACKNESS. UNTIL:

A KNIFE

digs into the back of his hand; his hand pinned to the dirt
by Kratt's boot. VALENKA removes the bloody tracking device
and snaps her knife shut. BLACKNESS AGAIN.

BOND'S EYES

crack open as he is pulled into...

THE LEAD CAR

and tossed onto the floor of the back seat. Just before
his eyes close again he glimpses LE CHIFFRE climb into the
front seat, a cell phone to his ear.

LE CHIFFRE

(into phone)

Mathis? We've got him.

Le Chiffre snaps the phone closed and nods to the driver,
who takes off into the night, the second car following.
Bond's eyes close again and everything goes BLACK.

168 EXT. AN ABANDONED COUNTRY HOUSE -- NIGHT

168

The cars brake, kicking up a cloud of dust.

169 INT. ABANDONED COUNTRY HOUSE - BASEMENT

169

Bond's eyes open as he is dropped on the floor by the two THUGS who dragged him in, his hands bound behind him. The first thing he sees is

KRATT

cutting the seat out of a cane-bottomed chair. Bond's eyes flick to...

VESPER

being dragged by Valenka and another thug to a room at the far end of the basement. The door closes behind them.

KRATT

slices the clothes off Bond's body until he lies naked on the floor.

LE CHIFFRE

leans against a table, filled with the kind of junk one finds in a basement. He has a carpet-beater in his hand.

LE CHIFFRE

You've taken good care of your body. Such a waste.

Bond is lifted naked onto the cane chair, his feet bound.

BOND

If you're going to bring a table as well, I'll have a coffee. Wouldn't want to fall asleep on you.

VALENKA returns.

VALENKA

I can't find the pliers.

Le Chiffre spots them, hands them to her and she walks off. Bond catches a glimpse of Vesper with the door open. She sits naked, her back to us. Valenka closes the door.

LE CHIFFRE

I'll need your attention here.

Sitting across from Bond, Le Chiffre flicks his wrist upward. We hear the impact of the carpet-beater. Bond convulses in agony.

BOND

I knew you'd be a sore loser.

LE CHIFFRE

"Me" sore?

Another flick of the wrist. Bond shrieks and slumps.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)

I never understood all these elaborate tortures. It is the simplest thing to cause more pain than a man can possibly endure. And of course, it is not only the immediate agony, but the knowledge that if you do not yield soon enough, there will be little left to identify you as a man. The only question remains, will you yield in time?

He strikes, Bond bites his lip rather than scream.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)

Ms. Lynd will give me the account number, if she hasn't already -- and I will then, of course insert my own. All I need from you is the password.

BOND

Hm, I have a little itch there, would you mind?

Angered, Le Chiffre hits even harder. James grimaces but doesn't cry out.

BOND (CONT'D)

That was good, but a little to the left.

(he hits again)

Yes!!! Thank you, perfect.

(recovers)

Now you can tell all your friends that you died scratching my balls.

LE CHIFFRE

(laughs)

I died? I died.

BOND

Yes. Because no matter what you do, I'm not going to tell you the password, which means your clients will hunt you down and cut you into tiny pieces of meat while you are still breathing. And by killing me you'll have lost your only chance for a safe haven.

169 CONTINUED: (2)

169

Le Chiffre goes to hit Bond again. Bond's whole body tenses in anticipation, eyes squeezed tight - but the blow never comes. He opens his eyes to a sadistic grin.

LE CHIFFRE

Oh, but you are wrong. Because even after I have slaughtered you and the girl, your people will still welcome me with open arms. Because they need what I know.

Bond recognizes this harsh truth. HEARS a scream from the room at the far end of the basement. Bond tries not to react.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)

Give me the password and I will at least let her live. Do it soon enough and she might even be in one piece.

BOND

...Sorry.

He brings the carpet-beater up under Bond.

LE CHIFFRE

You really aren't going to tell me, are you? So, I think...

Le Chiffre brings his leg up, kicks Bond square in the chest. The chair tips backwards and Bond's head hits the floor. His world goes BLACK...and as he opens his eyes to fight for consciousness he only sees FLASHES of the following.

LE CHIFFRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(over BLACK)

I am going to cut this short.

Bond sees Le Chiffre's knife flash open. He kneels behind the chair, apparently to slice off his genitals off screen.

LE CHIFFRE (CONT'D)

And feed you what you seem not to value.

Bond BLACKS OUT and we HEAR the sound of a silenced weapon. One shot, then a grouping. Bond struggles back from the EDGE and through a dutched and partially blocked camera we see a man in SHADOWS stride out of the room where Vesper was being tortured. BLACK AGAIN as...

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169

LE CHIFFRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(over black)

No, tell him. Tell him I will get
the money!

BACK UP and we see Bond's tortured point of view. MR. WHITE, the man with the shadowed face stands over Le Chiffre.

MR. WHITE

Money isn't as valuable as knowing
who to trust.

He fires a silenced shot. Le Chiffre disappears from Bond's view. Mr. White fires two more shots down into what we assume is Le Chiffre's head.

White turns to look at Bond. Bond can't keep his eyes open. We drift to BLACK and SILENCE. Then GLIMPSE:

170 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - BOND'S POV -- NIGHT

170

Bond's head must be on its side, as we see what looks like blurred legs moving fast, white torsos, god-awful-hospital-green walls, accompanied by a GARBLE of VOICES: An E.R. NURSE monitoring his vitals, a RESIDENT barking orders, mixing with the HOSPITAL P.A. paging someone. AND VESPER'S SCREAM.

A FACE of another patient, a woman on a parked gurney, stares back at Bond as he passes -- SOLANGE, lying dead, eyes locked on his, her look asking why he did this to her. Bond cranes his head to keep watching. It's the last image Bond sees before he PASSES OUT again. From BLACK we GLIMPSE:

171 INT. OPERATING ROOM - BOND'S POV

171

A CACOPHONY of VOICES as the medical team swirls in and mostly out of focus around Bond. A BLURRY NURSE, masked head to toe, puts a mask over Bond's nose and mouth and asks him to "count backward from one hundred." James slips uncomfortably into BLACKNESS. Then GLIMPSE:

172 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC - RECOVERY ROOM -- DAYS LATER

172

A BLUR OF IMAGES...A NURSE pumping James' leg toward his gut, noticing his flickering eyes.

ANOTHER NURSE

(garbled, then:)

...conscious!

172 CONTINUED:

172

ANOTHER RESIDENT
(moving toward
him/garbled voice)
...increasing dosage by 20 cc's....

He jabs a needle into James' arm. Notice that Bond's stubble is quite thick. He catches a blurred glimpse of VESPER. She sees his eyes fluttering and moves closer.

JAMES
(barely a whisper)
...Vesper?

Then MATHIS steps in close to her and takes her by the arm. JAMES' breathing becomes panicked.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Not him.

Eyes close and we're in BLACK again.

VESPER (V.O.)
--drug induced coma...time to heal.

FLASHES of blurred images, lights, now interrupt the darkness.

JAMES (V.O.)
...Not him.

VESPER (V.O.)
I'll get the doctor.

As LIGHT returns with its blurry shapes...

JAMES
Don't trust him.

The shapes take focus -- it's Vesper hurrying out of the recovery room. Suddenly MATHIS appears right beside him.

MATHIS
James, listen to me. You're in
good hands.

James sees that he is cocooned in hi-tech foil 'sheets' held off his lower abdomen by a blanket of air, with drips and monitors connected to him on both sides.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
There's no way to know what kind
of damage has been caused, but the
wounds didn't become infected, so
there's a good chance....

172 CONTINUED: (2)

172

BOND

Water?

MATHIS

Ice chips are about all you get.

As Mathis turns and empties the plastic glass, pours in more ice chips...Bond checks the trolleys, spots SCISSORS on a nearby table. He stretches out of the bed for them...

Bond grabs the scissors and goes CRASHING to the floor, his world tumbling upside down and GOING BLACK as everything CLATTERS and SMASHES to the tile around him OVER BLACK:

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

Any ideas?

BOND (V.O.)

What?

173 EXT. CLINIC PORCH -- DAY

173

Bond opens his eyes to see himself in a robe, a few days stronger, but still weak, sitting in a wheelchair taking in the breeze from Lake Como. Mathis sits opposite him.

MATHIS

Why they left the two of you alive.

BOND

Where is she?

MATHIS

Sleeping. And I'm supposed to get you to drink this.

He turns, pours liquid from a container, stirs...we only glimpse what he is doing, he could be putting anything in this and Bond knows it.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

It's just odd, killing everyone else but leaving you and her untouched. Almost as if someone was trying to tell us something. Get a look at the killer?

BOND

No.

MATHIS

Shame. Drink up.

Bond spots TWO MEN walking toward them along the porch, behind Mathis. Professionals, by the way they walk. They could be coming to kill him or just collect the body.

173 CONTINUED:

173

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Anything else you remember?
Anything that can help us?

BOND

Help us or help you?

Mathis' suddenly understands.

MATHIS

What did he say?

BOND

Just a little too much.

Suddenly there's a needle jabbed into Mathis' neck. He tries to mouth some words but quickly passes out. The two men lift him and whisk him through the open door and onto a stretcher, covering him in a sheet. An Mi6 "attendant" in white wheels him away.

James closes his eyes and drifts back to sleep. BLACK. A MOMENT.

VESPER (V.O.)

Hey.

174 EXT. CLINIC PORCH - ANOTHER DAY

174

Bond wakes in a wooden lounge chair. His stubble has turned into quite a well trimmed beard. Vesper sits beside him, more beautiful than ever.

BOND

Are you alright?

VESPER

(re: her bandaged
fingers)

Nothing that can't heal.

(looks at him)

I'm being awful. I can't resist waking you. Every time I do, you look at me as if you haven't seen me in months. It's so lovely. Makes me feel...reborn.

BOND

If you were just born wouldn't you be naked?

VESPER

See, you have me there.

A moment, now admits.

VESPER (CONT'D)

The truth is...you can have me
anywhere.

BOND

(a little surprised)

I can, can I?

She climbs onto the arm of his chair and drapes her arms
around his neck.

VESPER

Yes. Here. There. Anywhere you
like.

BOND

Would you say you are warming to
me?

VESPER

Yes, that's how I would describe
it.

BOND

Because not too long ago I would
have described your feelings toward
me as...let me find a better word
than loathing.

VESPER

I fear I am a complicated woman.

BOND

That is something to fear.

VESPER

So, where would you like me?

BOND

I'm afraid "like" is not the
problem.

VESPER

...How does it feel?

BOND

Mostly numb, fortunately.
(sees someone approach)
Speaking of numb.

Vesper turns to see Mendel, the Swiss banker, approach
with a briefcase. She shifts back onto her own seat, but
doesn't try and hide their closeness.

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

VESPER

Mr. Mendel. How are things in Switzerland?

Mendel doesn't crack a smile. He opens his briefcase, under:

MENDEL

My apologies, I do not mean to rush, but a hundred and twenty million is a large sum of money.

BOND

(sharing Vesper's game)

Didn't bring us any chocolates anything?

MENDEL

I'm afraid not.

(to Vesper)

If you would type in the account number?

She types the number into the encryptor. He turns to Bond:

MENDEL (CONT'D)

And now the password?

BOND

(to Vesper)

You can enter it.

VESPER

I would, darling, if I knew what it was.

BOND

(as she types)

V...E...S...

She looks at him. He smiles. She is touched to point of tears. Forcing them away, she types in P-E-R. Mendel closes the briefcase.

MENDEL

The funds have been transferred. Sorry for disturbing you.

Mendel walks off. Vesper hides the fact that she is a little overwhelmed by the password. Finally...

VESPER

You know, James...

174 CONTINUED: (3)

174

BOND

(deflecting)

...Yes. Tall fellow, dark hair,
thought he knew who he was...?

VESPER

Shhh. I just want you to know,
that if all that was left of you
was your smile and your little
finger, you would still be more of
a man than anyone I've ever met.

BOND

Well, that's because you know what
I can do with that little finger.

VESPER

I have no idea!

BOND

But you are aching to find out.

She shifts back onto her chair. Looks at him and speaks
the truth with a smile, not a hammer.

VESPER

You aren't going to let me in there,
are you? You've got your armor
back on and that's that.

Bond considers her, then lifts his hand, crooks his little
finger and beckons her closer. She leans in, they kiss
tenderly. Now he speaks the truth in a whisper.

BOND

I have no armor left. You stripped
it off me and tossed it away.
Whatever is left of me...

Vesper sees the the fear, welling in his eyes.

VESPER

Shhhh.

BOND

Whatever is left, whatever I am...I
am yours.

She looks into his eyes, overwhelmed by this simple, brave
declaration, and finally kisses him -- tenderly, then
deeper.

175 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC - JAMES' RECOVERY ROOM -- WEEKS LATER 175

RAIN OUTSIDE.

175 CONTINUED:

175

The two lovers, locked in a passionate kiss, stumble through the porch door and onto the hospital bed, Vesper landing atop him as the two desperately pull off each other's clothes, their lips parting only long enough for a garment to pass over a head. Bond is now CLEAN SHAVEN.

Vesper's hand slides down across James' stomach. We cut to their faces before her hand finds it's mark. Her coy smile tells us what we need to know, as does James.

He rolls her over and the two tumble recklessly off camera onto the floor, with a clatter of falling trays, a scream and a burst of off-screen laughter. In the foreground another piece of hospital equipment topples as they destroy the room from below screen. The door in the background we've been holding on is flung open and a concerned YOUNG NURSE bursts in. Her face changes instantly when she sees what we can't.

YOUNG NURSE

Oh, scuzzi, scuzzi...

And she disappears with only one furtive glance back. In the foreground an unused IV tree falls and knocks over another tray, resulting in another burst of Vesper's laughter, which quickly turns to gasps of consuming pleasure.

176 EXT. YACHT - AEGEAN SEA -- DAY

176

Anchored in a beautiful lonely bay. James climbs up out of the hold carrying Vesper. Both are naked, and damn if James' arms aren't just in the wrong places, so all we get is teased.

VESPER

No. No, that's not going to happen. James, I'm serious. This is my serious face. Do you see it? You're good at reading people, what does this face say?

JAMES

(still moving)
It says I know I'm saying don't drop me in the water but don't believe me for a second.

Vesper screams as James flings her over the side and then dives in after her.

177 EXT. SURFACE OF BEAUTIFUL BAY -- CONTINUOUS

177

Vesper surfaces and throws back her hair. James comes up beneath and behind her and wraps his hands around her waist.

177 CONTINUED:

177

The two tumble and bob in the water as they talk, the hints of their naked bodies under the rippling water only make this that much more delicious.

VESPER

So, tell me Mi6 is going to give you a well deserved vacation, and we can float around the world.

As if considering it for the first time:

BOND

I like this yacht thing.

VESPER

Yes, it's you.

BOND

You think?

VESPER

Secluded bay, clear water, naked woman, very much you.

BOND

(looks around, considering it)

Huh.

He swims for the beach; she races him.

178 ON THE BEACH

178

James stops at the waterline, rests on the sand. She swims in and pulls herself up onto his chest.

BOND

Well, I suppose M won't miss me for at least a day or two. She has her hands full sweating Mathis.

VESPER

...Mathis?

BOND

Remember I told him about Le Chiffre's "tell." Well Mathis told Le Chiffre and that's how he wiped me out.

(re: healing wound)

Same with the implant, though I can't say I'm overly sad about losing that.

VESPER

...I can't believe it.

BOND

That's why we're called spies,
 dear. If people spotted our true
 intentions too easily they'd have
 to come up with another name for
 us. Stooges, for example.

(more thoughtfully)

It was in plain sight. But I
 thought he had my back. Lesson
 learned.

VESPER

Does everyone have a tell?

BOND

(studying her face)

Everyone but you. I wonder if
 that's why I love you. The enigma
 thing.

VESPER

(thrown)

You love me?

BOND

Enough to quit and float around
 the world with you, until one of
 us has to get an honest job. Think
 it will have to be you, I don't
 think I know what an honest job
 is.

But Vesper is no longer playing the game. She turns Bond's
 face toward her and looks into his eyes.

VESPER

You're serious.

BOND

(finally opening up)

Like you said. You do what I do
 for too long and there won't be
 any soul left to salvage. I'm
 leaving with what little is left
 of mine. It enough for you?

Vesper smiles, deeply touched, and reaches for him.

VESPER

...Yeah.

She kisses him deeply.

Vesper steers their small yacht toward the shimmering city

179 CONTINUED:

179

in the distance -- VENICE.

Bond types a message into his handheld:

"I HEREBY TENDER MY RESIGNATION WITH IMMEDIATE EFFECT."

He presses SEND.

180 EXT. CANAL -- VENICE -- EARLY MORNING

180

Their yacht motors down the narrow canal. Vesper looks up at a passing building, a subsiding palazzo held in place by floats and an undignified girdle of scaffolding. Something about the image is disquieting.

A tourist in a Panama hat stands near the rail snapping photos, pointing his camera in their direction. When he lowers his camera she sees that his glasses have one darkened lens. Vesper studies him for a moment, then he lifts the camera again and points it just over her head.

Vesper turns and follows his gaze, sees a fabulously bedecked wedding party stepping from the church steps into their waiting gondolas. Mystery solved.

James catches her looking at the wedding party and smiles. Vesper blushes and goes back to paddling.

181 INT. FABULOUS SUITE -- GRAND VENETIAN HOTEL -- MORNING

181

They are naked again and Vesper surfaces from the sheets and covers, playfully fighting Bond off.

VESPER

No) enough. Stop. I can barely walk as it is. If you hadn't noticed, it has been quite a while for me.

JAMES

For me, as well.

Vesper looks at him and then bursts out laughing. James takes just a little offense to this. Slightly defensive:

JAMES (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

She snorts she's laughing so hard. Searches the covers:

VESPER

Where's the camera? I need a picture of that face.

Which makes James even more defensive, which she finds endlessly charming, seeing this small flaw in this otherwise

181 CONTINUED:

181

almost perfect man.

JAMES

I *meant* since it meant something.

VESPER

(laughing harder)

Oh, that's so much better.

She snaps a photo.

JAMES

You know I *do* have a license to kill.

And he goes after her. She scrambles off the bed and out of the endless tangle of covers.

VESPER

Had. You gave it up for me, remember?

(he grabs her, she escapes)

Ah! No, no, I have to get to the bank. What time is it?

(finds watch)

They'll just be opening. How much do you figure we need to float for a month?

JAMES

I have plenty.

VESPER

No I intend to pay for my half of our aimless wanderings.

She finds her t-shirt on the floor and tugs it on. Bond props himself against the end of the bed and pulls the covers around him, studying her as she dresses.

JAMES

You stopped wearing it. Your necklace.

VESPER

Ah. Yeah. It was time.

JAMES

Time enough to get over someone?

VESPER

To realize...

(a smile)

..that sometimes you can run away from the past.

181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

As James tries to read her unreadable smile, Vesper's cell phone rings. She finds it in her upside down purse -- checks the read-out. Her face changes for just a second.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Though apparently not your employer.

(typing reply:)

"Back in one month."

(drops it on the table)

Come on. Walk me down. I'll get money, you get supplies.

182 INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- VENICE -- MORNING

182

Bond and Vesper step out of the elevator, arm in arm. As they walk toward the front door something catches her eye. Bond follows her second glance, notices...

The MAN with the Panama hat and one darkened lens talking to the CONCIERGE. The man turns and heads for the bar.

As they reach THE FRONT STEPS...

BOND

Someone you know?

VESPER

No, I just saw him on the canal.

BOND

It's a small town. Meet you back here in half an hour?

They kiss and she takes off toward San Marco Square. Only when she's gone does Bond betray his suspicions. He steps back INTO THE HOTEL.

Bond approaches the concierge and slips him a bill.

BOND (CONT'D)

The man in there. Reminds me of a friend I know who lost his eye.

CONCIERGE

Mister Gettler.

BOND

That's him. What does he do now?

CONCIERGE

Mr. Gettler repairs watches. He is here for the conference.

BOND

There's a conference for watch repairmen?

182 CONTINUED:

182

CONCIERGE

There's a conference for everything,
sir.

Bond walks to where he can see GETTLER, who stands at the bar talking animatedly with a tall man who is showing him a pocket watch. Satisfied, Bond heads back to the elevator.

183 INT. ELEVATOR

183

James' handheld rings just as the doors close. Answering it:

JAMES

Hello?....Hold on, I'm in the lift!
....In a Lift.... IN A...

James reacts at his own stupidity and ends the call.

184 INT. FABULOUS SUITE - GRAND VENETIAN HOTEL

184

James enters and walks to the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of Vesper in the busy piazza. No trace of her, but Gettler, the man with the Panama hat, and his tall friend weave through the crowd. James turns away from the window and looks around the room. He notices Vesper's cell phone on the table. For some reason this strikes him as odd -- she's never left it behind before. His handheld rings and he answers it.

JAMES

Yes, M.

M (O.S.)

Ah that's better; it sounded as
if you were in a lift.

JAMES

That is odd.

He picks up Vesper's phone, looking at it with curiosity.

M (O.S.)

I got your note.

JAMES

Yes, I figured you'd be calling.

M (O.S.)

We'll talk about that later. Right
now I have a lovely man from the
Treasury here wondering if you're
ever going to deposit the winnings.

This hits James like a sledgehammer, but he betrays nothing.

184 CONTINUED: 184

JAMES

I was thinking of using it as a stake to win myself a small nest egg.

185 INT. M'S OFFICE 185

She plays to a nervous senior TREASURY OFFICIAL.

M

Yes, I told them not to worry. So you'll be depositing it today.

186 INT. FABULOUS SUITE - GRAND VENETIAN HOTEL 186

James thumbs buttons on Vesper's phone

JAMES

On my way to the bank right now.

James disconnects and dials his handheld as he exits the room.

187 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR 187

Bond takes the stairs, his legs threatening to give way under him. He searches Vesper's cell for messages.

JAMES

(into his handheld)

Mr. Mendel please.... Mr. Mendel, James Bond. I'm having a little trouble accessing the funds I deposited in my account.

The latest text message on Vesper's phone reads "WAITING DOWNSTAIRS". The stairwell starts to spin around him.

188 INT. BANKER MENDEL'S OFFICE 188

Mendel taps his computer keyboard.

MENDEL

It was transferred to the account number your company gave us, Mr. Bond. It appears the funds are actually being withdrawn as we speak.

JAMES (O.S.)

Where?

189 INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE 189

Bond reads Vesper's text reply: COMING NOW.

189 CONTINUED:

189

MENDEL (O.S.)
The Venice branch, of course.
Saint Marcos Square.

James breaks into a full run.

190 EXT. VENICE -- DAY

190

Assaulted by the noise and swirl of the crowd, his blood boiling, Bond careens through the crowds as he approaches Saint Marcos Square. He finds the BANK, looks inside -- no sign of Vesper. He steps back into the square, searching for a trace of her in the crowds. He spots a flash of her dress and an aluminum briefcase disappearing into an alley. He takes off running. Follows her into.

THE MAZE OF CANALS AND ALLEYS

in time to see her disappear on the far side of a canal. James leaps onto the roof of a passing funeral launch, rolls onto parked gondolas and leaps onto the opposite bank.

DEEP IN THE BACK STREETS OF WORKING VENICE

the part tourists seldom see. Cans of slop are emptied onto a garbage scow, laundry flaps over rusting lawn furniture, boats lie belly up awaiting repairs to their rotting hulls.

James stops; too many ways to go and no sign of his quarry. Sounds echo all around him, water lapping, children's voices bouncing off walls. Then the distinctive click of Vesper's shoes on stone. Bond slides his Walther from its holster and eases into the pitch black corridor between buildings. He screws on the silencer as he nears the mouth, and sees:

GETTLER AND THE TALL MAN

from the hotel bar stepping in from the opposite direction, approaching Vesper, who waits with the large metal briefcase.

JAMES

steps into the light. The three turn as they hear:

JAMES
Hello, dear. Who are your friends?

TALL MAN digs for a weapon. Without breaking his stride James puts two slugs in Tall Man's chest, knocking him down. Gettler pulls Vesper in front of him; his stiletto flicks out of its handle and the tips digs into her neck.

190 CONTINUED:

190

GETTLER

I'll kill her.

JAMES

Allow me.

Vesper's eyes widen as James raises his weapon to fire. A fraction of a second before he can pull the trigger...

TALL MAN fires his automatic weapon, spraying the courtyard as he rises, revealing a torn shirt over a Kevlar vest.

James dives for cover. Gettler grabs Vesper and drags her into the narrow back alley, along with her briefcase.

191 BRIEF ACTION SEQUENCE:

191

Bond under automatic weapon fire, in jeopardy. Loses his silenced Walther in canal; kills Tall Man.

Bond heads off after Vesper and Gettler.

192 THE NARROW ALLEY

192

Leads to a dead end -- several buildings open off a tiny square, their facades tied together by wire girdles.

A woman in a nearby window screams at him as he checks the doors. He finds a cracked frame, kicks open the door, steps into darkness and...

193 INT. DARK APARTMENT BUILDING

193

...PLUMMETS. He grabs something in the dark, gets his wind back and swings himself back up to the doorframe. Outside the old woman is still screaming at him. Now he knows why.

In the shafts of light coming through the slatted windows, he can just make out that the floors have been removed. Huge inflated balloons lie in their place, to stop the house from sinking while the foundations are repaired.

Half goat, Bond navigates the inch-wide stone shelf that lines the walls, all that's left of the floor. Following the distant, creaking sound of swaying metal, he reaches...

THE REMAINS OF A CENTER STAIRWELL

surrounding an elevator shaft - just a black pit below. Looking up, Bond spies the cage swaying two stories above...

James eases his way up the skeletal stairwell frame, searching the shadows for Gettler.

He reaches the top floor and approaches the elevator cage.

193 CONTINUED:

193

Vesper lies on the floor, propped against the far wall, her mouth bloodied. She sees the hatred in Bond's eyes.

VESPER

James...

James slams the accordion elevator door shut.

BOND

Don't go anywhere, dear. You're the big picture. Now, where is your--?

Vesper's eyes widen. Bond twists in time to avoid the blade in his back. He grabs Gettler and they tumble into the void.

They land on the balloon two floors below, Gettler's knife puncturing the rubber surface. A gash opens, the gigantic air bag splits and the two men plunge into the basement, wrapped in yards of suffocating plastic. THE WHOLE HOUSE CREAKS LOUDLY, a terrible NOISE as...

The place drops a few feet and WATER POURS IN.

194 EXT. GRAND CANAL -- DAY

194

BEAUTIFUL SHOT OF THE CURVE IN THE GRAND CANAL: focus on a row of villas and the one villa several feet below the level of the others, tilting and sinking...

195 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, GRAND CANAL, VENICE

195

Gettler slashes at Bond, almost gutting him as the HOUSE TILTS and BRICKS and SUPPORT STRUTS fall all around, threatening to brain them.

THREE STORIES ABOVE - THE CAGE

threatens to break away from the landing. Vesper lunges for the accordion door but the cage gives way, swings hard and smashes into the far wall before swaying halfway back.

A HUGE CEILING BEAM ABOVE

jerks out of its mooring, tips and falls. Vesper SCREAMS as it PUNCHES A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ELEVATOR CAGE.

BOND

hears the crash, looks up just in time to leap out of the way as the beam smashes into the flooded basement.

GETTLER

seizes the advantage, grabbing Bond and pulling him under

195 CONTINUED:

195

the surface. The two enemies fight and gouge at each other as timbers, bricks and jagged tiles puncture the surface of the water and embed themselves in the muddy bottom.

The two surface and scramble to the partially flooded first floor, now at 45 degrees and tilting fast.

ABOVE THEM

The elevator cage swings, smashing the door open. Vesper holds on to keep from falling out as the safety cable threatens to give way.

BELOW

Gettler grabs a shard of fallen timber and drives it into Bond's gut -- not fatally but enough to cause serious pain. Bond screams, falls back, yanks the rough-hewn spear out of his side and drives it into Gettler's throat. As he dies, Bond hears the safety cable above give way and the cage fall another ten feet.

James races to the next floor and dives across the divide. Vesper sees Bond working his way around to the open cage door. She uses all her strength to fling herself across the cage and grab the handle. She slams it shut just before Bond reaches it and drives the hook home to lock it.

Bond looks at her, what the fuck is she doing? She forces something into his hand -- the necklace.

VESPER

If you see him--

Bond yanks at the accordion door, it won't open.

BOND

Pull on it!

VESPER

If you see him...tell him I'm sorry.
But I fell in love.

BOND

...Who??

The cable snaps and the cage plunges two stories and sinks.

196 EXT. GRAND CANAL

196

The house threatens to topple into the canal.

197 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, GRAND CANAL, VENICE

197

James fights through the murky water, desperately chasing the sinking cage.

197 CONTINUED:

197

In the elevator, Vesper sees Bond coming and backs away. Bond grabs the gate and pulls on it with all his might, trying to force it open, desperate to get to her.

Vesper swims across the cage, reaches through the accordion door and pulls James' head toward her. And kisses him.

She breaks away and opens her mouth, taking in water.

Bond reaches through the cage, grabs her and yanks her to him -- forcing the air from his lungs into hers. She frees herself and looks at him. If she could cry under water she would. She opens her mouth again, gulps in the muddy water and drowns herself.

James yanks open the door, grabs her and swims for the surface. As the house falls around them, he finds a ledge, pulls her up and pounds on her chest, madly trying to force the water out of her lungs.

As even their small purchase disappears underwater, Bond finds a window and pulls her out with him onto the shore.

198 EXT. GRAND CANAL -- CONTINUOUS

198

James pulls her onto the cobblestones and seals his mouth over hers, desperately trying to bring her back to life. A crowd gathers, police, someone tries to pull him away from her -- fails. He bangs his fists on her chest, crying out...

WIDE SHOT OF THE TRAGEDY

A pair of dark glasses with gold rims drop down in the corner of the frame, held by the unseen man who stands just off screen in extreme foreground. MR. WHITE taps the glasses against his leg, then turns and walks away...leaving Bond for another day.

199 EXT. BEAUTIFUL BAY - THE AEGEAN SEA - DUSK

199

The same spot where we saw the lovers swimming. Bond's yacht bobs softly in the clear water. He sits on the bow, his portable computer in his lap, an earbud in his ear.

M'S VOICE

He was Algerian. They met when she was on vacation.

200 INT. M'S OFFICE -- LATE DAY

200

Alone at her desk.

200 CONTINUED:

200

M

-- he was kidnapped and they
blackmailed her, threatened to
kill him unless she cooperated.
Mi5 should have caught it...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

201 BACK WITH BOND

201

M'S VOICE

...but sometimes we're so focused
on our enemies we forget to watch
our friends.

On the screen are the candid photos of Bond and Vesper and
their brief time together.

BOND

Is he still alive?

M

We don't know. For all we know he
was probably in on it, in which
case she died trying to free a man
who betrayed her from the start.

(beat)

How are you doing?

BOND

(his thoughts elsewhere)
She left her cell phone. She must
have known I'd check it.

M

She knew you were you.

(a moment)

At least this clears Mathis.

BOND

No.

M

No?

BOND

We just proved she was guilty, not
that he's innocent. It could have
been a double blind. Keep sweating
him.

M

You don't trust anyone, do you
James?

201 CONTINUED:

201

BOND

No.

M

Then you've learned your lesson.
Get back as soon as you can, we
need you.

BOND

Will do.

M

...If you do need time...

BOND

Why should I need more time? The
job is done. The bitch is dead.

M

James? Did you ask yourself why
you weren't killed in that basement?

(beat)

It's obvious, isn't it? She made
a deal. She delivered the money
to save your life. Perhaps she
even hoped they would let her live,
leave you two in peace. But she
was a smart girl; I'm sure she
knew she was going to her death.

Bond takes this in but doesn't respond. He pulls the plug
from his ear and tosses the laptop into the Aegean.

202 ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE

202

M replaces the phone, knowing she's just sacrificed a man
to create a spy, and for the briefest of moments, not
necessarily happy with herself.

203 UNDERWATER

203

The laptop shorts out and the last image of Bond and Vesper
disappears. It lands on the bottom of the rocky bay.

204 ON BOARD THE YACHT

204

Bond watches it disappear. He looks down at the few
personal items of Vesper's that remain and wonders if he
has the strength to throw them in as well.

Then he picks up her cell phone, hits a button, checks the
address book...and understands why she left the phone, and
is overcome with emotion.

205 EXT. MEDIEVAL VILLA -- DAY

205

Through the stand of cypress trees we spy a car pull up into the courtyard of a villa. A man steps out with a briefcase, Mr. White. His cell phone rings, he answers it.

TIGHTER SHOT - THROUGH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT

MR. WHITE

Who's this?

The cross hairs go from his head to his knee -- which explodes as it is struck by a SILENCED ROUND.

ANGLE ON COURTYARD

Mr. White crawls toward the front door, leaving a trail of blood. Feet step into the frame, blocking his path. White looks up to see:

BOND

He flips closed Vesper's cell phone, aims his pistol.

BOND

The name is Bond. James, Bond.
And yours?

And as the CAMERA screams up to the heavens WE HEAR, for the FIRST TIME, the guitar strains of the FAMOUS BOND THEME. CUT TO BLACK. CREDITS ROLL.

- THE END -