

JACQUES I.M. STEWART

THE
007TH
MINUTE:

NO
TIME
TO
DIE



A COMMANDERBOND.NET E-BOOK

Jacques I. M. Stewart

The 007th Minute: No Time to Die

A Commanderbond.net ebook

First published as an ebook December 2021

Available as a free download at <https://commanderbond.net> or at the
Commanderbond.net forum <https://quarterdeck.commanderbond.net>
(feel free to join if you haven't already done so)

“The 007th Minute: No Time to Die”, a parody, fiction and opinion piece
by Jacques Stewart, is first published here.

The included e-mail correspondence by “R.X.” was received by the Commanderbond.net website via their team e-mail address in August 2007. Commanderbond.net never replied to any of these e-mails. They are published here to demonstrate what one has to deal with when running a James Bond fan site on the internet. The sender's name has been changed, addresses and telephone numbers have been removed, e-mail addresses (including those of other recipients of these e-mails) have been rendered unrecognisable. Apart from this, absolutely nothing has been changed.

“Casino Royale Vol. 1 – The Tarantino/Brosnan version” was written and first published by Jacques Stewart on the now defunct old Commanderbond.net forum site, [debrief.commanderbond.net](https://quarterdeck.commanderbond.net), between December 2008 and July 2009. It has been carefully revised and reformatted for printing purposes.

Cover design, illustrations, layout and typesetting by Heiko Baumann

© 2021 Commanderbond.net / Jacques Stewart / Heiko Baumann

This ebook is not for sale but only available as a free download at [Commanderbond.net](https://commanderbond.net). If you downloaded the ebook and want to give something in return, please make a donation to UNICEF (details can be found on our website), or any other cause of your personal choice.

DR.NO ©1962 DANJAQ S.A. | FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE ©1963 DANJAQ S.A. | GOLDFINGER ©1964 DANJAQ S.A. | THUNDERBALL ©1965 DANJAQ S.A. | YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE ©1967 DANJAQ S.A. | ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE ©1969 DANJAQ S.A. | DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER ©1971 DANJAQ S.A. | LIVE AND LET DIE ©1973 DANJAQ S.A. | THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN ©1974 DANJAQ S.A. | THE SPY WHO LOVED ME ©1977 DANJAQ S.A. | MOONRAKER ©1979 DANJAQ S.A. | FOR YOUR EYES ONLY ©1981 DANJAQ S.A. | OCTOPUSSY ©1983 DANJAQ S.A. | A VIEW TO A KILL ©1985 DANJAQ S.A. | THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS ©1987 DANJAQ S.A. AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | LICENCE TO KILL ©1989 DANJAQ S.A. AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | GOLDENEYE ©1995 DANJAQ INC. AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | TOMORROW NEVER DIES ©1997 DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH ©1999 DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | DIE ANOTHER DAY ©2002 DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES INC. | CASINO ROYALE ©2006 SONY PICTURES. DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED PICTURES INC. | QUANTUM OF SOLACE ©2008 SONY PICTURES. DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED PICTURES INC. | SKYFALL ©2012 SONY PICTURES. DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED PICTURES INC. | SPECTRE ©2015 SONY PICTURES. DANJAQ LLC AND UNITED PICTURES INC. | NO TIME TO DIE ©2020 UNIVERSAL PICTURES. DANJAQ LLC AND METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS INC. | JAMES BOND 007 IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF MGM INC. A DIVISION OF THE UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION AND EON PRODUCTIONS LIMITED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

JACQUES I. M. STEWART

**The 007th Minute:
NO TIME TO DIE**

A load of old Dou-Dou

A COMMANDERBOND.NET E-BOOK

TYPESETTING & DESIGN: HEIKO BAUMANN



NO TIME TO DIE

SCIENCE FACT!

You've read enough completely untrue and irresponsible Science Facts on the internet recently that it would be unkind to subject you to another. However, as a Science Fact, that is also in and of itself untrue. Life is far away from fair, innit?

THE 007TH MINUTE: NO TIME TO DIE

It is April 2004.

Inside MGM's plush new offices (a moss-encrusted shack in a trailer park 'pon which 747s drop deep-frozen turds and deep-frozen Kurds), a clandestine meeting is taking place. Not that sort.

It is a meeting that will determine the future of James Bond.

It's a little known fact, and one only marginally more known to me because I have just made it up, that so bereft of ideas were MGM for how to take the Bond films forward/how to hold Eon Productions to ransom by holding things up yet again, that they invited me (me!) to meet to see if I (I!) had anything I was prepared to sign over to them within a 14,000 page confidentiality agreement no-questions-asked, no-money-paid, no-truth-to-this, no-time-to-die.

In their view, I had been splaying myself (myself!) over the internet for years and was considered by them (remember who it is) sufficiently expert in "What colour is your stool today?", "Rank the Bond Carpets" and "Melina's Meaty Movember: a fan fiction piece" to be an authoritative voice of Bond fandom. Albeit not a voice using my Bond fandom to seek desperate personal validation for an unloved soul and crave attention to my inadequate insecure self (my inadequate insecure self!), since I'm already rich, this is obviously a pseudonym and I possess one femtoatom of dignity. I already have a Ph.D; it's a proper one.

Ah, the internet; that means of freely connecting every cretin on the planet without stopping to contemplate whether that was sensible.

THE 007TH MINUTE

So, here I am, on a no-expenses-paid trip to something called Los Angeles, which appears to be a motorway and naught else, to meet a young man with nice teeth whose name I forget/couldn't be bothered to make up but might be Jerk or Darth or Cog or Flap. Several years on, he's doubtless Toast but for the sake of this piffle he's Butch. You can write this stuff yourself, by now.

On the table between us, there is some cake. Mrs Jim made it. Amazing it got past the airport sniffer dogs, tbh. Rosehip and coriander. Woman's off her chump.

The confidentiality agreement having now come to an end following various MGM failures/takeovers/failures/more failures/another takeover/ignoring it anyway, the fake truth can finally be revealed.

THE 007TH MINUTE - NO TIME TO DIE:

The Pitch is Dead Now.

Butch:

G'day!

(I might have consciously uncoupled from my memory;
it was something colonial like that, though)

Me:

Good morning.

Butch:

Let's get down to business.

Me:

Kind of you, but I'm a married man.

I understand you wished to talk about Bond. James Bond.

Butch:

Who? Oh, yeah, Bahhhhhnnnnnnnd, James Bahhhhhnnnnnnnd.
You're not going to be all Brit and culturally possessive

and prissy about only the British "getting" Bahhhnnnnnnnd
and anyone else's opinion or input is only fit for
being consistently patronised?

Me:

Well, I wasn't going to because I know you leased Bond
to a bolus of Swiss wristwatch-mongers, Dutch piss-brewers
and Finnish/Japanese mobile telephone manufacturers some
years ago. However, now that you mention it I will, since all
we have left to cling onto otherwise is a socially progressive
Labour government, free movement of workers, a pretty stable
reputation in the World and, I dunno, Prince Phillip.

(Remember, poppet: 2004. Hindsight of Irony alert!
Is Hindsight of Irony a better title than Quantum of Solace?
Discuss. (Don't discuss)).

Butch:

Is this inept clumsiness going to go on all day?
I'm a busy man and have Van Wilder Deux: The Rise of Taj
to greenlight later. Anyhoo, we'll do it your way - "Bond".
Jesus Donald Christ, that sounds weird. So, what about "Bond"?

Me:

OK, because the internet has imbued me with senses
of entitlement and expertise upon which I otherwise
have no credible claim to either, I've got this great
idea for how you do more Bond films.

Butch:

Does it involve dropping Brosnan?

Me:

Wouldn't he bounce? Yes, it does.

Butch:

But he makes us a lot of money.
The last one made a lot of money.

Me:

The last one had an invisible car in it.

THE 007TH MINUTE

Butch:

The money it made wasn't invisible.

Me:

I see. It was also wantonly, desecratingly, cretinously, mendaciously, egregiously, puppy-slittingly terrible.

Butch:

You had me at puppy-slitting. OK, so what's the big idea, hotshot? Pitch me some Bahhhhhnnnnnd.

Me:

OK, so you definitely want something as successful as The Lord of the Rings...

Butch:

Yes we do, but on that...

Me:

...and Star Wars, even the prequels...

Butch:

Still true...

Me:

...and the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

Butch:

...the what?

Me:

Sorry, sorry; 2004, of course. Anyway, the other two. What's similar about them?

Butch:

They made womblefuls of money. And we're going to do The Hobbit. We have the rights.

Me:

Yes, but that's a pamphlet with about 90 minutes of material.

Butch:

We were thinking three three-hour films. And of the money.

Me:

Don't you think about anything else?

Butch:

No, and do I need to? This isn't a charity.

Me:

Fair enough. But their connective tissue
is exactly that: connective tissue.

Butch:

There might be some of that in this cake.

Me:

Lucky you; offcuts of colonoscopy is her equivalent of a
Christmas sixpence. Anyway, throughout those massively
successful film series, even though each film had its own little
story to tell, they were all part of this wider, massive tale.

Butch:

That's because The Lord of the Rings was one wider,
massive tale that was then broken down into
three parts for easier consumption.

Me:

Look, chummy-pops, I'm from Oxford, Tolkien thought it up in
Oxford, I evidently get a greater say in it that you do.

Butch:

Do you, though? Really?

Me:

No. But I am an internet person, so aggressive,
stultifyingly badly-thought-through, specious
and fragile entitlement is all I got, honey.

Butch:

I know Oxfahd. I was a Rhodes Scholar, at Oriel.

Me:

I'm sorry to hear that. Poor sod.
OK OK OK, bad example; think about Star Wars.

THE 007TH MINUTE

Butch:

A contrived exercise in shrinking a world due to suggesting a trivial family squabble is behind absolutely everything that happens. You're not suggesting that for Bond, are you?

Me:

...Um... no?

Butch:

Shame; that would be great.

Me:

Smashing! That might find its way in, then.
Can deal with detail later. Or not at all. Anyway, idea's this.
We've never really known James Bond, have we?

Butch:

...I seem to recall some previous films.

Me:

...and what really makes him tick.

Butch:

I think they always claim that's going to happen.

Me:

Yeah, OK; but now time to come good on it.

Butch:

Why?

Me:

...

Butch:

OK, carry on.

Me:

What I'm saying is a five-film arc, giving us
the birth and death of James Bond.

Butch:

Encore une fois: why?

Me:

Because you don't have an actor like Daniel Craig and do nothing with him.

Butch:

Danyel Cregg?

Me:

No - Craig.

Butch:

S'what I said. Danyel Cregg. I've never heard of him.

Me:

If that's what you call him, no-one has.

Butch:

Anyway, we aren't responsible for the casting.

Me:

Rumour has it your studio insisted on that Brosnan.

Butch:

As I say: not responsible. So let's park the "death" thing for just a sweet-ho minny-mo; tell me about "birth".

Me:

Not literal birth, but a metaphorical one.

Butch:

A who-now?

Me:

Sorry, I forgot: Oriel. OK, not actually seeing him extract himself from his mother for the only time, or let's hope for the only time...

Butch:

We have to sell this to Alabama, so don't rule it out...

Me:

Eww. So, showing how he got his 00 status...

THE 007TH MINUTE

Butch:

How'd he get that?

Me:

In black-and-white.

Butch:

Deep.

Me:

I thought so. And then showing how he initially behaves and causes everyone to doubt whether promoting him was a good idea...

Butch:

Bit like giving that Barbara Broccoli the reins of power...

Me:

...I'm getting a vibe.

Butch:

I still have those photos of Barbara Broccoli.
With the... broccoli.

Me:

Anyway, he behaves badly and blows all sorts of things up and endangers more lives than he saves, and then during the course of the first film, he is given a savage lesson and he changes his behaviour completely. Thereafter he blows all sorts of things up and endangers more lives than he saves, but crucially - in a dinner jacket. It's critical and formative for the remainder of the cycle, and as much character as you'll actually get, beyond being a bit stropky and looking several times more delicious than that cake.

Butch:

And it's also product placement?

Me:

Oh yes. So the first film opens with this guy Mr White hanging around with various child soldiers

and he's sinister and creepy and turns out to be Bond's more-or-less father-in-law and the grandfather to Bond's child, but it'll take several hours to get there.

Butch:

So you're going to make people rewatch these on various media they have to buy from us, and see the plain signals that he will be all of those things come through cleverly in the script and the direction?

Me:

That will all be there, definitely. Definitely. Not least when Bond maims him at the end of the first film.

Butch:

I've had family gatherings like that.

Me:

Family's important. Then Bond locks him in a boot... a trunk. And then he forgets all about him for a bit until he watches him commit suicide. And then hooks up with his daughter for reasons we'll probably think of, maybe. And then they produce a child.

Butch:

This sounds like a really entertaining James Bond story.

Me:

I thought so too!

Butch:

I was joking. You Brits truly have no sense of irony. A suicide? Really?

Me:

We're going to have three. Bond's first love. Bond's sort-of-father-in-law chap bloke. Bond.

Butch:

...is there a double-taking pigeon?

Me:

No, but Bond will be helped by an animated mouse at one point.

THE 007TH MINUTE

Butch:

And I'm back in the room.

Me:

Phew. Still, ladling troubling and cruel self-destruction into superficial light entertainment is very Fleming.

We're going back to Fleming.

Butch:

Heard that before.

Me:

This time we mean it. We're going to peel back the layers.

Butch:

What if there aren't many layers and there never needed to be?

Me:

Ssshh. That's part of the point. It is a reboot.

A restart. We get to build the character.

Butch:

So not peeling back, but adding on?

Me:

I suppose so.

Butch:

So the character doesn't exist?

Me:

Sort of. The other films haven't happened in this timeline.

Butch:

Oh.

Me:

Until we need them to have happened to give the audience a callback to the earlier films.

Butch:

Why?

Me:
Dollars.

Butch:
Good.

Me:
And avoiding making new creative
decisions when a reference will do.

Butch:
Good.

Me:
And - art.

Butch:
The sort with presidents' faces on it
that you use to buy things?

Me:
Is there any other kind?

Butch:
You speak my language. Very nearly. But these back- and
side-hints to earlier Bond films that don't-exist-but-ssshh-
they-do-really; doesn't that make this a cynical mess?

Me:
I do hope so. Look - it would be foolish to deny
the existence of the other films, whilst incredibly
clever to deny it at the same time.

Butch:
That makes no sense at all.

Me:
See it this way. If we started without any Bond films
ever having been made, I agree, the callbacks would be
baffling and alienating and complete nonsense as to why
Bond getting a particular type of car has any significance

THE 007TH MINUTE

at all. But they do exist and Bond having a particular type of car is really important, for some reason that we won't bother to explain because the secret existence of those other films that are very familiar even to a casual viewer, does the explaining for us.

Butch:

Is that because the explanations within this series of five films might be a little fragile?

Me:

In my mind it's all totally coherent.

Butch:

Not a reassuring threshold. So this - for want of a better word - mini-series of yours... from the sound of things, the films will be as internally consistent and connected between themselves as they will be internally consistent and connected as they are to, say, a film in 1964 that doesn't apparently exist in this universe except when it's expedient to have it exist for the sake of a reference, and money.

Me:

That's right.

Butch:

You appear to have eaten your cake.

Me:

And yet my cake is all still here.

Butch:

It's so magic, that cake, isn't it?

Me:

More like disgusting. But I'm a jetlagged lipid bag so I will eat anything. It is surprising that once one doughy-lump of Mrs Jim's Death by Anything That Comes To Hand You Bastard cake goes down my gullet, it suddenly reappears. Although given what's in it, perhaps not so surprising.

Butch:

OK, so big picture time: give me the arc.

Me:

A supposedly green but not that green and actually quite experienced and relatively old secret agent is promoted to 00 status by a M who doesn't entirely trust him and says so, repeatedly, but doesn't change her mind and instead lets him play cards to bankrupt a terrorist financier who is in league with Bond's relative-to-be and Bond falls in love with a woman who betrays him for sketchy reasons and then he shoots his relative-to-be and bundles him into a car but he escapes and then Bond goes on a brief roaring rampage of revenge whilst appearing to learn that is a bad idea from another woman who is scarred by her vengeance-lust who then disappears forever and Bond is told all about the organisation behind things but is then taken wholly by surprise about it two films later because reasons and Bond hasn't forgotten his one true love and hunts down her treacherous lover to leave him alone entirely and then Bond is a seasoned agent who is shot by Miss Money Penny and lies low for a bit and then doesn't lie low and returns to challenge a villain who could have implemented his plan at any time without Bond's interference and accordingly throws a train at Bond for some reason and Bond takes M to a poorly defended place where she is killed although she seems to think that trusting Bond was a wise move after all and she is replaced by a man who also expresses mistrust and Bond blows up a lot of Mexico City and goes rogue again and finds out his foster brother is behind everything because Daddy Wasn't There and the relative-to-be turns out to have a daughter and Bond and she fall very much in love because they do for reasons and the foster brother does a lot of photocopying and then Bond retires with the love of his life but visits the grave of the other love of his life which explodes and then he ditches the love of his life part two and then M creates a horrible weapon but keeps his job regardless and Bond kills

THE 007TH MINUTE

his unarmed foster brother because he wants to and basically everyone from the first film is dead by now except Bond and then we discover the second love of his life has a daughter who isn't Bond's but then is and then Bond dies.

Butch:

Uh?

Me:

Interspersed with incidents and characters and symbols from the previous 20 films that suggest they all could have happened in this timeframe, except for the Australian one where he got married because we're basically going to lift that one thematically and musically for the last film.

Butch:

My brain hurts.

Me:

That's why it takes 5 films to tell such a coherent and watertight narrative, of a tale really worth the telling.

Butch:

I have... questions.

Me:

I'll answer your first, and only significant, question: billions. Billions. Absolute shagloads, along with increased critical respectability. The quality oozes out of this run of films like maggots from... that cake, worryingly. And we'll have one set of writers and one director throughout to make it all totally a whole. Promise.

Butch:

A-hole. Fnarr. OK, could stop there. Won't. So, what are these going to be called?

Me:

Now that the rights are available, the first is Casino Royale.

Butch:

Like the books.

Me:

Bu...bu...but you're an American. It is a truth universally acknowledged by the British when trying to cling onto any sense of superiority left to them (even in 2004) that Americans cannot read. That, and wondering in wholly unconnected innocent bafflement why we're always portrayed as such sneering, villainous bastards.

Butch:

I can read.

Me:

And yet you're going to greenlight Van Wilder 2?

Butch:

Yes. And I have read Sir Iain Flemming's books.

I really liked The Spy who Loved Me.

Me:

So in fact you can't read. So it's an origin story just like (checks...2004...Spider-Man, yeah that'll do)...Spider-Man.

Butch:

Ooh, money. And what a tremendously original idea.

Me:

Second one I was thinking "Quantum of Solace" and seeing if that made your head explode.

Butch:

No, but if you say there's an organisation behind all this, why not call it Spectre? Or SPECTRE?
Or leave that slightly undecided?

Me:

Pay McClory his thirty pieces of silver and that's yours.

Butch:

This is MGM; we don't have that kind of money. Or any.

Me:

Still, let's pencil it in as Specturr, and we can come back to making that all hang together later. Which we definitely will. Third one, Bond falls out of the sky at the start, albeit without any lasting damage when he does his sky fall, but the fall from the sky is significant and also staggeringly unsubtle to use a sky fall as a metaphor but he survives so we'll call that one Die Another Day Another Day and hope that repairs everything.

Butch:

OK, so what happens in Die Another Day Another Day?

Me:

A slightly past-it Bond is left for dead and then he returns in a resentful manner to take on a plot that doesn't stand up to any scrutiny whatsoever and it's all wrapped up in the flag and reliance on public goodwill at anniversary / co-incident Royal jubilee / massive amounts of product placement and dubious cross-referencing to pleaseth yon crowd and it'll turn out to be the most successful one to date. It's Die Another Day... Another Day.

Butch:

So you say Bond is a bit past-it?
What happened to all the missions in the middle?

Me:

Just assume the other films, the ones that don't-but-do exist, fill in the gaps here and there with such bits of them as could fit. Maybe. It doesn't matter.

Butch:

Your argument reminds me of a rather sharp aphorism I once heard Sir Iain Flemming once heard about America.
Care to hear it?

Me:

Sure, sure

Butch:

It's to the effect that Bond has progressed from infancy to senility without passing through a period of maturity.

Me:

Bitch.

Butch:

No, Butch. May I call you Jack?

Me:

You may not. It's Jacques, it has more of a French frisson to its pronunciation.

Butch:

We don't talk about the French. They haven't helped us do tactical shepherd-bombing to successfully and finally liberate Afghanistanistan-stan. Freedom frission, that's as far as it's gonna go, bro.

Me:

I am not your bro. In no sane World would I be your bro. Although that does give me an idea for film four... which currently is without a title.

Butch:

Back to Flemming?

Me:

If you insist.

Butch:

Sweet Tang of Rape

Me:

You've been talking that Weinstein, haven't you?

Butch:

Great man

Me:

Hashtag #metoo

Butch:

What-tag who-now?

Me:

Oh, you'll find out.

Butch:

OK, park that: remind me, what happens in number four?

Me:

Bond finds out who is behind the organisation...

Butch:

Despite being expressly told that
at the end of Quisling of Alice?

Me:

Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry. No-one will remember that bit. It'll be such a shocking twist, within every conceivable meaning of the word "shocking", that everyone will be numbed so far into disbelief that they will come to accept it as A REALLY GOOD IDEA. Anyway, what this is actually about really - with feems and depth 'n' ting - is an exploration of the family unit. With some explosions.

Butch:

Really?

Me:

(Warming to my instantly made-up feem)

Yeah. In the first one, a lot is made of Bond being an orphan. Over the course of the films, he acquires a family. In the case of a foster brother, one he already had, but let's just ignore that because... let's.

Butch:

What happens to this family?

Me:

Most of them die. His first serious partner. His adoptive brudder. His foster brother, thankfully. His surrogate

mother. His surrogate father-in-sort-of-law. God, everyone he comes close to seems to wither and die. We'll put that phrase into film two as a metaphor yet it will actually come to mean something literal by the end of film five. It's going to be so clever. He rejects his adoptive family of the secret service and finally builds his own real family, having shed the false but expedient familial structures along the way. Then in a final shocking twist, he cannot have that real family, he is only permitted to function as an operative of the false family after all, and happiness is denied him so he dies and it's surprisingly bleak and sad when you think about it. And we've obviously thought about it. It's all tremendously well thought-through.

Butch:

(Stifles a sob)

But why? Why do people have to die?

Me:

It's popular mass entertainment.

Butch:

But Flemming never killed him?

Me:

He sort of did. Poisoned him, five books in.

Butch:

He could and did recover from that.

How's he going to die, your way?

Me:

Obliterated into atoms by "some missiles" fired by his own side, whilst clutching his child's cuddly toy and being just a bit Jesus. Which is ironic, given he accuses the villain of playing God.

Butch:

Right, so Flemming's never-ending story... ends?

Me:

...The Neverending Story...

Butch:

...do-de-do-de-de-do-de-de-doooh...

Me:

...The Neverending Story...

Butch:

May I say what an honour, with a "u",
it is to meet you at last, Mr Limahl.

Me:

I'm a black, overweight balding man with a limp and
a random selection of teeth. Even in 2004.

Butch:

Sir, I was giving you some affirmative action.

Me:

Oh, Mummy: I got to be Limahl. Oh, lovely. After all these
years. This really is the City of Dreams, isn't it? Anyway, total
earworm aside, he probably is very and undeniably dead but in
film three we say as massive and deliberate foreshadowing that
he has a hobby of resurrection, so he is basically Jesus.

Butch:

Careful; we have to sell this in the Bible Belt.

Me:

Guns. Lots of guns.

Butch:

That's OK then.

Me:

There are other themes and schemes and impossible dreams
going on as well. Mainly about viruses. Computer ones, real
ones, and real ones with computers in them. Or something.

Butch:

Do you think people will care about viruses though?

Me:

Probably not but it'll be a point of reassurance that none of this could ever really affect them in any way.

Butch:

Are you sure these won't date quite badly?
Especially if we play our usual trick of going broke twelvety times a year so your Danyel Cregg...

Me:

...Craig

Butch:

Your Danyel Cregg might be somewhere in his 30s when he starts but about 80 when he finishes.

Me:

That's only going to be disconcerting if we claim that the love of his life from film one, was 23. So we'll do that, and at the same time disorientate both Bond and the audience by having that information blow up in our collective faces and leaving us completely stunned. Whilst bits of her are simultaneously scattered around Basilicata. That bit might happen in or around the seventh minute.

Butch:

And what of that?

Me:

In due course a fat internet pimple will redefine redundancy and pick apart the seventh minute of each Bond film.

Butch:

And what of that?

Me:

(Sob). What all this will teach you is how corrosive the internet and its capacity for indolent misinformation will be. In fact, film four will touch on that.


I think. Perhaps. Sort of.

Butch:

I know. We're getting very little traffic on our MySpace page these days. However, could this fat internet pimple be less shockingly lazy and bother to be more precise about what actually will go on in the seventh minute of film five, though?

Me:

Perhaps if he were to stream the film from Amazon, here:

Watch No Time To Die | Prime Video 

Although I suspect he won't really know how that sort of Jeffery works and will just wait for the Blu-Ray.

Butch:

The Woo-Wha? Anyway, isn't Amazon that two-bit dial-up bookshop guy? What's that got to do with anything?

Me:

Oh, you poor fool.

Butch:

Hey. I can afford to have you killed.

Me:

No you can't.

Butch:

True.

Me:

So, there you go. A narratively impermeable single-story that incidentally will cover all the key elements that make Bond and showing how he acquired his dinner jacket fetish; will explain his wristwatch in a subtle manner; how he got his DB5 and how he had it converted from right- to left-hand drive; how he acquired his Scottish accent; how he acquired his Australian accent; how he learned to make quiche; how he acquired whatever accent that Brosnan thinks he's doing; how he must have been in The Living Daylights and then re-

built the Aston Martin from its self-destructed state; how he gained his mole; how he lost his mole; some of his hairstyles; how he invented that silly drink of his; how he got his testicles ropemashed into foie gras yet was still able to produce a sproggin in due course; how Bond encounters Blofeld despite that being of no significance to him and totally baffling on any sort of narrative basis other than direct audience-exploitation; how the embittered yearning and stark cruelty of Fleming's weltanschauung did find its way through in a surprising but gratifyingly bleak way; how all he ever could be was a blunt instrument; how everything was connected and basically all his fault anyway because he was liked more by some random Austrian foster carer blokey. Some of those will get edited out, I suspect, but the intention to say all that will definitely be there. Definitely. Except the last one because that's obviously rampagingly inadequate crap, doesn't need to happen for any of the rest of it to work and I'm sorry and wretchedly ashamed I even uttered it.

Butch:

My only other question is - how much will all that cost?

Me:

(Slips him a piece of paper; it's vulgar to talk about money).

Butch:

We appear to be bankrupt yet again.

Me:

Sorry, sorry; that was Mrs Jim's annual shoe budget.

Here you go.

Butch:

OK, that's more reasonable.

But we appear to be bankrupt yet again.

Me:

Never mind. In the however-many-years it will take for you to scrape any money together, that'll be enough time for

THE 007TH MINUTE

Professional Bond Fans, because it's a real profession, to espouse their love of On Her Majesty's Secret Service because that's a cool thing to do and contrary to Non-We belief, and have it rehabilitated in the arena of public approval.

Butch:

The where?

Me:

I appreciate that's not a place most MGM product finds itself.

Butch:

Still, if it can happen to that,
it can happen to - say - Licence to Kill?

Me:

Over my dead body.

Butch:

Much more of that cake and that concept
won't present any sort of challenge.

Me:

And then we can use the themes and - literally -
the themes of that film in the last of this run of
Bonds, a decision that on the one hand embraces it as
part of the legacy but on the other must be a statement
that none of what it shows to have happened ever did happen,
thus weirdly expunging it from the same legacy.

Butch:

No matter how much of it is eaten, the cake seems
to have doubled in size. Or it might be you.

Me:

As will the length of the films and these egregious
pieces of drivel over the years. So, after all the running
and jumping and killing and moping and torture-by-
moistened-rope and torture-by-photocopies and torture-
by-totally-ineffective-drill-thing and completely

unnecessary family melodrama over the years, what it will come to is Bond, truly untouchable in a not-good way, everyone with whom he had anything like a convincing relationship already dead, awaiting his total obliteration and with his only defence his daughter's pet rabbit toy thing (£30,000 from the 007 store), Dou-Dou.

Butch:

Dou-Dou?

Me:

Yes; its pedigree name is actually Da-Da, Dou! Da-Da, Dou! Da-Da Dou-Dou-Dou. At the end of it all, James Bond a father, Da-Da finally meets Dou-Dou and the circle of life and the actual meaning of the Bond theme is complete, which is why it's not played much in this series of films because it would be a massive spoiler about how it all ends.

Butch:

Possibly stretching it a completely massive amount, there. Like your "shirt".

Me:

Still, what do you think?

Butch:

So your basic premise is to rework a generally popular but probably past-its-best concept that has no actual entitlement to continue to exist by disrupting most of the received-wisdom chronology and shoving in things that will both annoy and please the whining, stakeless snivellers... sorry, the "fans"...but will be of little or no concern to the public who actually are the important target audience, other than potentially alienating them the more these smug cross-references appear. Hoo-kay; tell me, have you ever pitched for anything before?

Me:

Yes, I was talking to the Doctor Who Children's Programme persons last week. So - deal or not? If not, in roughly five

THE 007TH MINUTE

years' time I apparently have a meeting scheduled with some tick called Abrams. I am the author of all your pain.

Butch:
Really?

Me:
No. I'm not sure I am the author of all this pain, either.

Butch:
Given all this waffle, I don't believe that for a minute.

Me:
Not even a 007th Minute?

Butch:
Do piss off.

Me:
Is that a no?

Butch:
Not yet. Will all this nonsense prove slightly provocative and bring publicity to, and curiosity about, a series that's been going on far too long already, expose morons on the internet, you included, for the little that they are worth, and those emitting this cycle can pretend that they are proper films and not just regulation franchise fodder?

Me:
Yes.

Butch:
Will the ultimate subtext and lesson be that any corpse can be resurrected successfully despite clear evidence to the contrary, so James Bond Will Definitely Return and no-one need worry very much?

Me:
I suppose so, yes.

Butch:

Will the beginning and the very end be sufficiently strong and memorable so that what goes on in between for however many hours doesn't really matter after all as long as either extremity is sound, a bit like that thing where if you mistype the words asoblute boclloks you still know what you just saw?

Me:

Mm-hm.

Butch:

Will we be able to only use two songs slightly tweaked to make five, because it's all one story?

Me:

Probably.

Butch:

Will one of the singers sound like they're having a rope smashed into his... their sweetbreads on occasion?

Me:

Can do that. With pleasure.

Butch:

Will the last film be a Brexit metaphor, that you retire in a stroppy huff having aggressively misunderstood the reality of the situation completely and then find out that association with others might have been something you actually did want after all, but now you can't have it any more so you might as well blow yourself up?

Me:

What's Brexit?

Butch:

You'll find out. Will they still keep churning these things out because "Who's the next Bond?" and "Who's getting the Bond theme?" and suchlike fill space in the periodicals and clickbait sites owned by the same media organisations that pump these films out, that would otherwise have to have

THE 007TH MINUTE

actual journalism in them but that's too hard, so this is an easy win, on-and-on-and-on it goes, why empty the till?

Me:

Erm...

Butch:

Will the next Bond be a Korean hermaphrodite with a leprous gizzard and a squint?

Me:

Let's hope so.

Butch:

But not blond hair?

Me:

No. That would be completely fcuknig ridiculous.

Butch:

Ok, let's do it. But not with Brosnan; you might need an actor for all this. So, who would you suggest?

Me:

This guy

[What follows is genuine correspondence received by the Commanderbond.net website even after Danyel Cregg's first Bond. It is not reproduced to represent the truth of or in anything that is asserted, of course, other than it is true that this delightful nonsense was asserted to the website in the first place]

To: team@commanderbond.net

From: R.X. (rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk)

Subject: Bond Casting Fiasco & Miramax/BVI-UK 24/7 surveillance

NB: I would appreciate a) an acknowledgement of this e-mail by return and b) an indication from you as soon as feasibly possible with respect to whether Commander Bond would be interested in running a story based on what has been delineated below. I can be contacted via rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk or on 44+ XXXX-XXXXX Yours sincerely, R.X.

Getting straight to the heart of the matter, I thought that Commander Bond would relish getting their teeth into a story which concerns the disgustingly unscrupulous double-dealing mafia-like utterings, behaviours and actions of the Bond series producers et al, in crafting and carrying out their unscrupulous plans for the Bond series and its attendant billion pound cottage industry.

I say that as much because of the intricacies of the story itself, as because it goes without saying it is in the public interest for news disseminating organisations such as yourselves to be doing their level best:

- a) to expose crime or serious impropriety;
- b) to protect the health and safety of the public;
- c) to prevent the public from being misled by actions and/or statements of individuals or organisations. .

Please find a precise directly below. I have a further 60 pages worth of details and 500 pages of correspondence with the Bond series producers et al, which substantiate what I have written below.

Before kicking off, let me briefly mention that I am a British and Canadian dual-national, born and raised in Canada. I have lived and worked not only in Canada but also in Italy, Japan and the UK with sojourns in 8 other countries. I presently reside in London. I am a multi-talent, with expertise as an actor, businessman, executive coach and trainer, teacher, writer, theatre director and photographer.

Without further ado, the precise.

1. The Bond series producers and their friends in high places have kept my career in a headlock for well over a decade so I will remain at the producers' beck and call for Bond

Daniel Battsek, President of Disney Studios' Miramax Films and his colleagues at Miramax Films and BVI-UK first apprised me of the following points in December 2004.

Since that point in time, the details have to all intents and purposes been substantiated by the utterings, behaviour and actions of a whole slew of people/organisations in response to my remonstrances---inclusive of the Bond series producers, Disney Studios, WeinsteinCo, UK Film Industry leaders, et al.

In a nutshell:

a) In the first week of December 2004, unbeknownst to me and irrespective of my never having expressed any interest in what I consider to be nothing more than a dull-as-ditch-water part for one-trick ponies and died-in-the-wool-empire-to-the-fore-old-school-imperialists, Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson of Eon Productions surreptitiously slithered behind my back and covertly informed their friends in high places (inclusive of: the aforementioned Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax, Dick Cook, Chairman Disney Studios, Harvey and Bob Weinstein, John Woodward, CEO, UK Film Council, David Thompson, Head of BBC Films, Lord Attenborough, Andrew Zein, MD Tiger Aspect Productions, John McVie, CEO PACT, Michael Cowan, MD Spice Factory et al) that the quartet of Bond series producers (Eon, Sony Pictures, MGM, Sony Corp) had at long last lived up to their longstanding commitment to the powers-that-be and notwithstanding never having spoken to me in their lives, they were so confident in me and my abilities that without the necessity of having to meet with nary a single actor they had cast me sight unseen for the part of James Bond for a minimum of 3 films in the series commencing with Casino Royale.

b) Accordingly, since that point in time, confident in having their friends in high places on their side, the producers (Broccoli, Wilson, Amy Pascal, Co-Chairman of Sony Pictures, Harry Sloan CEO of MGM and Sir Howard Stringer, Chairman of Sony Corp) like the mafia-connected studio heads of a bygone era have for their parts not only unscrupulously and mercilessly continued to withhold their offer of the part until it suits them, even though it was morally, ethically and legally contingent upon them to proffer me the right of first refusal on the part at the point in time they alighted upon their casting decision in the autumn of 2004, but at the same time, they have further seen to covertly making decisions about my career by bulldozing ahead and making plans for the use of my IP, copyright, image rights etc., notwithstanding that I have not granted them permission to do so

c) In point of fact, it has retrospectively come to light that Bond series producers (inclusive of the former--Chairman of MGM, Kirk Kerkorian, 1990's->2004) are old hands at wily nilly covertly keeping my life and my intellectual copyright under lock and key given that since the point

in time the late Albert Broccoli clandestinely earmarked me for the Bond part whilst I was a burgeoning star in Japan in the early 1990's, the producers and their friends around the world have been clandestinely and brazenly working behind my back to keep tabs on me, mercilessly spread malicious lies about my character, micro-manage my life so that I would remain:

- bereft of work that might allow my star to rise before its time
- untainted by non-Bond parts when it comes time to take on the Bond mantle
- bereft of means to resolve this iniquitous state of affairs and
- available at the mercy of the producers to be introduced to the worldwide masses (as and when) as their once-in-a-lifetime casting nirvana come true, ie this amazing needle-in-the-haystack find who is not only untainted by non-Bond parts and unknown ex-Asia, but also a cracker of an actor, multi-talent, multi-culturalist and cosmopolitan bon vivant and what's more, a man of high integrity and compassion to boot.

d) Notwithstanding having cast me for the Bond part in November 2004, irrespective of their having failed to offer me the right of first refusal on it and despite having surreptitiously put in place plans for the use of my IP and copyright, nearly a year later in October 2005, the American-to-man Bond series producers witlessly, brazenly and without a care in the world stormed ahead with their self-serving pie-in-the-sky plans and unbeknownst to me unscrupulously contracted Daniel Craig for just the one Bond film, *Casino Royale* (2006)

---Craig was apparently made fully aware in advance of accepting the one-off Bond offer that another actor had already been cast for 3 or more films in the series and accordingly would be replacing him in the role of James Bond once *Casino Royale* was done and dusted. Moreover, in addition to his unscrupulous, self-serving behaviour which has allowed him to line his pockets and enhance his fame world-wide whilst I have been going through living hell, Craig has also seen fit to brazenly strutting about over the course of the past 6 months lying to the world to the effect that he will be reprising the Bond role in the next film in the series, when in point of fact his unethical, immoral and illegal one-off, Bond-playing salad days were over six months ago.

--the press, the media and the Bond series producers are likewise continuing unabated to disseminate the falsehood that Craig will be reprising the Bond part in the next Bond film due to commence shooting in December 2007, when quite to the contrary, as the powers-that-be in the entertainment, media and advertising industries have known for eons, Craig was only cast for Casino Royale 2006 and accordingly, as noted, he has finished his stint in the Bond part.

2. As a consequence of the Bond series producers unscrupulous, self-serving and utterly witless actions, amongst other things:

a) I have been subjected to 24/7 Guantanamo-Bay like surveillance by Miramax Films and BVI-UK since Dec 2004--in point of fact, since Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films was apprised of my casting for Bond by Broccoli and Wilson in December 2004, (during the tail end of the Weinstein brothers control over Miramax) Disney Studios' Miramax Films and BVI-UK have without rhyme or reason been subjecting me to 24/7 non-stop surveillance via an anti-terrorist/Minority Report/Matrix-like cutting-edge device which allows the perpetrators whilst working remotely to tap into my thought processes and my nervous system and communicate with me wherever I am. Accordingly, they can read my thoughts and interact with me, cajole, harass, bully and intimidate me through non-stop chatter and avuncular 'advice', subject me to electric shocks, disturb my sleep and induce a feeling of being suffocated---tactics which they have availed themselves in response to my threats to call the police or bring legal action. Moreover, despite my remonstrances, Battsek has indicated that the plug will not be pulled on his MI5-like toy until the Bond series producers at long last and proffer me the Bond part for my consideration. Likewise, both those bearing some degree of responsibility for the surveillance (ie Dick Cook, Chairman of Disney Studios, Robert Mitchell, MD of BVI-UK, Harvey and Bob Weinstein of Weinstein and Co) and those with a moral, ethical and legal remit to resolve the situation (to wit, the Met Police, scores of top echelon UK legal beagles, the Bond series producers, Equity, John Woodward, John McVie, Lord Attenborough, Amanda Berry) have not bothered to trouble their pretty little heads and see to intervening with Daniel Battsek for the purposes of having him halt his neo-Nazi-like game.

b) I have been deprived of the means of earning my livelihood given that not only have I (through no fault of my own) been entirely unable to do a stitch of professional fee-earning acting work for more than a decade, but over the course of the past six years, I have also to all intents and purposes been shut out of fee-earning engagement in every single one of the other fields of endeavour I excel at---no small part due to the covert actions of Alyssa Freas President and CEO of the California-based Executive Coaching Network (www.excn.com) and her comrade-in-arms, Stratford Sherman executive coach, business writer, former editor of Fortune magazine and co-author of the aptly named 'Control Your Destiny or Somebody Else Will' the best selling study of Jack Welsh's time at GM.

c) I have been forced to live below the poverty line on income support given all my waking hours have been spent attempting to free myself from the Bond producers'/UK establishment/UK and Hollywood Film Industry mad-as-a-hatter, self-serving, never-say-die perverted control of my life. Accordingly, UK taxpayer is continuing to foot the bill for the Bond series producers and their friends-in-high places self-serving plans for the Bond series and its related products

d) I have been subjected to several humiliating whispering campaigns over the course of the last 10 years aimed at insuring that my star would not rise before its time

e) my girlfriend and I are constantly worried about the future given it is entirely impossible to make informed and incisive choices about our careers and our lives; moreover we can no longer gain credit and are living hand to mouth.

f) I was recently forcibly and illegally evicted my home by unscrupulous property agents. In point of fact, notwithstanding Camden Council's Housing Advice Service having been fully apprised of events, without a care in the world and through entirely no fault of my own, the Housing Service treated me like a ne're do well and failed to lift a finger on my behalf

g) my health has seriously deteriorated since December 2004, as much as a result of the debilitating effect of the 24/7 surveillance as due to being kept on tender hooks by the powers-that-be. In point of fact, 70% of the time I have been unwell; I have had scores of serious respiratory

infections; I have been forced to visit the GP on umpteen occasions; I have been referred to 2 specialists both of whom who have attributed my sudden unexpected illnesses to the failure of the Bond series producers to get off their hind legs and act like professionals.

h) It strikes me the sycophantic media and press are terrified to live up to their *modus vivendi* and call the sleazy miscreants to for task for their behaviour as much because they lack the courage to stand up to their corporate advertising paymasters as because they for their parts have done their level best over the course of the past 3 years to promote all things Bond irrespective of knowing that Craig was not the Bond of choice, another actor was being forced to wait in the wings and that I was being kept under 24/7 relentlessly debilitating and soul-destroying surveillance.

3. Despite having been apprised of my plight, the Bond series producers, Disney Studios et al and UK Film Industry Leaders fail to resolve the situation

a) The Bond series producers (Barbara Broccoli, Michael G. Wilson, Amy Pascal Co-Chairman Sony Pictures, Harry Sloan CEO of MGM and Sir Howard Stringer Chairman of Sony Corp and Sony Pictures) in ruthless 'cake and eat it too' fashion have failed to clarify their intentions vis a vis proffering me the Bond part for my consideration, despite having given me to understand on innumerable occasions since February 2006 that a response in writing would be forthcoming in due course.

b) Dick Cook, Chairman Disney Studios, Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films, Robert Mitchell MD of BVI-UK and Harvey Weinstein of Weinstein & Co. have each for their parts refused to halt the surveillance despite my countless remonstrances and pleas for them to do so.

c) Equity, the UK actors' union--for their parts have behaved in an equally disgustingly disgraceful and sycophant-ish way. To nutshell it, for no discernable reason whatsoever and in breach of contract, the Equity Rules and the Supply of Goods and Services Act 1982, Equity General Secretary Christine Payne and her deputy Andy Prodger refused to intervene to halt the aforementioned Miramax/BVI-UK surveillance. Moreover, they both deliberately lied through their teeth about Equity having solicited a clarification from the buck-stops-here Bond producer Barbara Broccoli regarding my casting for the Bond part. In

point of fact, not only was the promised legally air-tight written statement from Barbara Broccoli never proffered, but what's more, upon being pressed on the matter both Payne and Prodger have without rhyme or reason refused to discuss it. Moreover, to cap it all off, for no readily discernable reasons whatsoever and in breach of the Equity Rules, the Equity President Harry Landis disgracefully did not dare to come down from his perch and respond to my remonstrances.

d) BAFTA- CEO Amanda Berry and her key members of her leadership team, Lord Attenborough, Hilary Bevan-Jones and David Parfitt, despite promises to the contrary, have for their parts entirely failed to live up to their promises and intervene to resolve this horrendously disgraceful set of circumstances.

e) UK Film Council/PACT--John McVie, CEO of PACT and John Woodward CEO of UK Film Council have ham-fistedly attempted to dictatorially and dogmatically bamboozle me into believing that it is not within their remits to intervene to resolve the matters at hand, when quite to the contrary they are not only morally, ethically and legally obliged to get cracking and intervene given that amongst other things, they can hardly be gallivanting about pontificating on the robustness of the film industry when with their wholehearted endorsement the lion's share of the world's most powerful film executives and producers are (mafia-like) availing themselves of any 'ol means whatsoever in going about their business in the UK.

Before closing, I believe it is crucial to point out once again, that notwithstanding quite clearly wishing to avail themselves of my services for the Bond part for the forthcoming Bond 22, the producers are not only continuing to unscrupulously withhold their offer of the part to suit their timing, but they and their friends in high places are continuing to cunningly ensure that my career remains in mothballs so I will remain at the producers' beck and call as and when needed.

As I trust you can appreciate, I would very much like to not only get out from under the thumb of the Bond series producers and get my career back on track but also see an end to the 24/7 surveillance by Miramax Films and their chums at BVI-UK

Accordingly, I would be most grateful if you could let me know as soon as feasibly possible whether CommanderBond would be interested in disseminating a story based on what I have delineated.

THE 007TH MINUTE

I look forward to an acknowledgement of this correspondence by return and a yea/nay response as soon as feasibly possible.

I can be reached at XXXXX-XXXXX or via return e-mail at rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk

Thank you very much in advance for taking the time to read through the contents of this correspondence.

Yours sincerely,

R. X.

.....

To: team@commanderbond.net
From: R. X. (rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk)

Subject: *Bond Casting Fiasco*

I write pursuant to my 14th August, 2007 correspondence.

Getting straight to the nub of the matter, I note that notwithstanding my having informed you that:

- a) the Bond series producers and the powers-that-be have been holding up my career for eons so that I will remain at the producers' beck and call for the Bond part
- b) Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films will continue to have his henchmen and women subject me to soul-destroying and mind-boggling cruel mind-reading/neurophone surveillance until such time as the Bond series producers proffer me the Bond part
- c) the unscrupulous, dosh-and-fame seeking, one-trick-monosyllabic-character actor Daniel Craig was cast subsequent to me for Bond (2005 to my 2004) and unlike me, just for the one film in the Bond series and thus has finished his one-off stint as a Hollywood A lister
- d) That I, a multi-lingual, multi-talent with experience working around the world, have been forced through no fault of my own to live on benefits as a consequence of the Bond series producers having seen to curtailing my access to work in every single one of the lines of endeavour that I excel, so that I will be available as and when they issue the command for me to be suited up for Bond, you unscrupulous, lacking in nous, wherewithal, common sense, human values and integrity

fly-by-nighters have for your parts continued unabated to disseminate the flying-in-the-face-of-all-the-know-facts and vexatious lie that Danny Craig will be reprising the Bond part in Bond 22.

As a consequence of your having colluded with your masters the Bond series producers, their business partners and their chums here, there and everywhere, so as to ensure the success of their unscrupulous plans for the Bond series and its attendant cottage industry, I will not only be seeking a significant amount of compensation from you for your on-going vexatious actions, for the stress and distress you have caused me and for aiding and abetting the producers in holding up my career, but I will also see to having the authorities take you to task for perverting the course of justice.

I trust that you will not continue in your unscrupulous game, because you will not be doing yourselves any favours.

Best Regards,

R. X.

.....

To: team@commanderbond.net

From: R. X. (rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk)

Subject: Your double-dealing sleaze will cost you

Dear All,

It is an absolutely shocking disgrace that notwithstanding having been apprised otherwise, you for your parts are continuing on with your scandalously cold-blooded and cold-hearted neo-Nazi pumping of the fiction that Daniel Craig is reprising the Bond role.

Amongst other things:

a) First of all, it is in breach of your journalistic responsibilities to fail to report what is in the Public Interest.

b) Secondly, it flummoxes me why you would want to pump out claptrap PR given that what has actually been transpiring with respect to the Bond series is in point of fact far more interesting, to wit: 24/7 mind-reading/neurophone surveillance; an actor's career ransacked for the one-trick-pony Bond part; the Bond part cast sight unseen; students

and other fledging filmmakers tasked with putting the actor slated for Bond through his paces at the behest of Eon et al; the actor cast as Bond maliciously subjected to whispering campaigns hatched by the Bond producers and their scummy chums--

c) Accordingly, for you to fail to report what is in the public interest and in the process turn down the glorious opportunity to make something out of your careers, it can only mean one thing: you for your parts are bereft of the nous, acumen, wherewithal, pride, get-up-and-go, integrity and chutzpah to be bona fide journalists. Instead, being nothing more or less than morally, intellectually and spiritually impoverished never-amount-to-a-hill-of-beans cowards who are clueless about how to make their own way in this dog eat dog world, you have instead chosen to chain yourselves to unscrupulous double-dealing shyster producers given your absurdly mistaken belief that irrespective of what may transpire, they will continue to maintain their cosy relationship with you, when the fact of the matter is, as soon as the pressure is on, they for their parts will have no qualms about selling you and your never say never to-a-pack-of-lies website down the river.

d) Last but by no means least, your utterings, behaviours and actions are cruelly vexatious particularly given the Jew-in-a-Nazi pogrom life I continue to be forced to endure as a consequence of having earmarked for the Bond part in the 1990's and then cast sight unseen in November 2004 for a minimum of 3 films in the series commencing with already done and dusted Casino Royale. Accordingly, when push comes to shove, I assure you that I will not only be seeking significant damages for you having done your level best to keep my career and life in a headlock, so I will remain available for a part I have never expressed any interest in, but at the same time, I will be seeing that your pack-of-lies website is discredited around-the-world.

Moreover, the more you continue your double-dealing unscrupulous bully-boy game, the more I will be seeking in damages.

Best Regards,

R. X.

To: team@commanderbond.net

From: R.X. (rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk)

Subject: The Casting of the part of James Bond

From: rxxxxx@hotmail.co.uk

To: barbara.broccoli@xxxxxx; michael.wilson@xxxxxx; emma.reynolds@xxxxxx; amy_pascal@xxxxxx; hannah_minghella@xxxxxx; hsloan@xxxxxx; rguerrero@xxxxxx; howard_stringer@xxxxxx; suzie_nash@xxxxxx

CC: daniel.battsek@xxxxxx; dick.cook@xxxxxx; robert.mitchell@xxxxxx; hw.office@xxxxxx; cpayne@xxxxxx; aprodger@xxxxxx; john@xxxxxx; amandab@xxxxxx; johnw@xxxxxx; peter.horrocks@xxxxxx; alistair.burnett@xxxxxx; fran.unsworth@xxxxxx; peter.barron@xxxxxx; tim.mccoy@xxxxxx; mcooke@xxxxxx; susan.king@xxxxxx; fergus.shanahan@xxxxxx; rebekah.wade@xxxxxx; egreenspon@xxxxxx; executive-editor@xxxxxx; manly@xxxxxx; d.lister@xxxxxx; s.kelner@xxxxxx; alan.rusbridger@xxxxxx; kenny.campbell@xxxxxx; itvplanning@xxxxxx; viewerenquiries@xxxxxx; michael.gubbins@xxxxxx; martin.townsend@xxxxxx; peter.hill@xxxxxx; david.higgins@xxxxxx; william.lewis@xxxxxx; patience.wheatcroft@xxxxxx; steve.purcell@xxxxxx; richard.wallace@xxxxxx; paul.dacre@xxxxxx; peter.wright@xxxxxx; robert.thomson@xxxxxx; peter.bart@xxxxxx; michael.speier@xxxxxx; editorforms@xxxxxx

Subject: The Casting of the part of James Bond

ATTN: Bond series producers: Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson of Eon Productions, Amy Pascal, Co-Chair Sony Pictures; Harry Sloan, CEO, MGM; Howard Stringer, Chairman, Sony Corporation

NB: This is a make-or-break time sensitive matter requiring a decisive, unequivocal and timely response.

This correspondence has been copied to the aforementioned (vis: 'CC' box) given their vested interest in all things to do with the Bond series and its attendant multi-billion pound Bond cottage industry.

Dear Barbara, Michael, Amy, Harry and Howard,

I write pursuant to my plethora of correspondences vis a vis your having cast me in November 2004 sight unseen for the part of James Bond for a minimum of 3 films in the Bond series commencing with

Casino Royale. You will doubtlessly recall my communication commenced with my 13-page 'for your eyes only' letter dated 3rd February, 2006 and all told has comprised literally hundreds of correspondences--inclusive of scores of letters, e-mails, calls, voice messages and faxes.

Delving straight to the heart of the matter, it remains morally, ethically and legally contingent upon you, bargaining in good faith and in accordance with your responsibilities as film industry executives/producers to live up to your innumerable verbal commitments over the course of the past 18+ months and without further prevarication furnish me with an unequivocal statement in writing which will have the effect of forever-and-a-day clarifying your intentions vis a vis your wishing to avail yourselves of my services for the part of James Bond.

In Points 1) and 2) below, I have recapped the over-arching reasons why it is absolutely vital for you to proffer me the aforementioned response forthwith.

1) In November 2004 you cast me to play Bond for 3 + films, thus well in advance of contracting Daniel Craig in October 2005 for just the one film, Casino Royale

First of all, notwithstanding you for your parts continuing to promulgate the stance via your websites and your friends in the media that Daniel Craig will be reprising the Bond part in Bond 22, it remains the bona fide view of a whole slew of prominent and influential people (inclusive of Dick Cook, Chairman of Disney Studios, Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films, Harvey Weinstein of WeinsteinCo, Andy Prodder, Assistant General Secretary of Equity for Film, TV and Radio, Christine Payne, General Secretary of Equity, John McVie, CEO of PACT, John Woodward, CEO of the UK Film Council, Lord Attenborough, Andrew Zein, MD Tiger Aspect Productions, Michael Cowan, MD Spice Factory et al) that this is complete and utter flying-in-the-face-of-the-facts nonsense given that:

a) In November 2004 without the necessity of your having to audition or meet with nary a single actor and notwithstanding that I have not met with any single one of you nor expressed any interest in the part of James Bond, you covertly cast me sight me unseen for a minimum of 3 films in the Bond series commencing with Casino Royale.

b) You then promptly slithered behind my back and during the course of the first week of December 2004, you saw to informing a whole

retinue of your friends in high places (inclusive of the aforementioned individuals) that you had at finally lived up to your longstanding industry commitment to cast me for the Bond part.

c) Subsequent to this, you have unscrupulously and mercilessly continued to withhold your offer of the part to suit your timing. This notwithstanding that it goes without saying that by rights it was contingent upon you to have offered me the right of first refusal at the point in time you alighted upon your casting decision in the autumn of 2004 and irrespective of my having urged you on hundreds of occasions to live up to your moral, ethical and legal obligations and come clean with respect to this matter.

d) Furthermore, as a consequence of your dogged determination to keep me (come what may) as your very own, once-in-a-lifetime needle-in-the-haystack find of a-Bond-casting-nirvana-come-true, (given that I am a virtual unknown ex-Asia, who is not only a multi-lingual, multi-cultural and multi-talented bon vivant but a cracker of an actor to boot), you have continued unabated to do your level best (as has been the case since the late Albert Broccoli earmarked me for the Bond part whilst I was burgeoning star in Japan in the 1990's) to not only covertly and mercilessly micro-manage my career but also to viciously and surreptitiously spread malicious and erroneous lies about me so as to ensure that I will remain bereft of meaningful work and available at your beck and call (as and when) for Bond.

e) In addition, as part and parcel of your ruthless campaign to be masters of my destiny, you have not only seen to having your cronies ham-fistedly keep tabs on me, but at the same time you have likewise set about having me surreptitiously put through my paces by way of a whole slew of your friends here, there and everywhere, inclusive of several gentlemen domiciled in Japan (all of whom for the moment will remain nameless), Alyssa Freas, President and CEO of the California-based Executive Coaching Network (www.excn.com) and her comrade-in-arms, the NY-based Stratford Sherman, executive coach, business writer, former editor of Fortune magazine and co-author of the aptly named 'Control Your Destiny or Somebody Else Will', (the best-selling study of Jack Welch's time at GM); and last but by no means least, scores of UK and Japan-based student and fledgling filmmakers.

f) What's more, notwithstanding that it is blindingly obvious I have not given you permission to do so, like studio-heads of a bygone era, you and your business partners have for your parts bulldozed ahead and covertly continued making plans for the use of my IP, copyright, voice and image rights, etc.

g) Finally, if the foregoing were not horrendous enough, to add insult to injury, confident of having me safely gagged and under lock (grace the collusive support not only of the aforementioned parties but also of the Personal Managers Association, leading producers, acting agencies, casting agents, Equity, PACT, the UK Film Council and the rest of your friends in high and low places), you for your parts, without a care in the world, wily nilly stormed ahead and higgledy piggledy contracted Daniel Craig for just the one film in the Bond series, Casino Royale.

2. As a consequence of your foregoing unscrupulous, self-serving and utterly witless actions, my life has been a veritable hell-on-earth/akin to the life of a Jew-in-a -Nazi pogrom given that amongst other things:

a) As you have been apprised of on countless occasions, entirely as a consequence of your having informed all and sundry in the first week of December 2004 of my casting sight unseen for the Bond part, Disney Studios' Miramax Films and BVI-UK have spent a fortune subjecting me to Guantanamo-Bay like 24/7 non-stop mind-reading/neurophone surveillance. As it happens, Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films instigated this immensely debilitating and soul-destroying surveillance not long after having been apprised of my casting for Bond by Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson. As you are well aware, the perpetrators are availing themselves of an anti-terrorist/Minority Report/Matrix-like cutting-edge device which allows them whilst working remotely to tap into my thought processes and my nervous system and communicate with me wherever I am. Accordingly, they are not only able to read my thoughts and interact with me, but they are also at liberty to cajole, harass, bully and intimidate me through non-stop chatter and avuncular 'advice'; moreover, as and when the mood strikes them they are in a position to mercilessly subject me to electric shocks, disturb my sleep and induce in me a feeling of being suffocated ---tactics which they have chillingly availed themselves of in response to my threats to call the police or bring legal action. Moreover, I hardly need remind you that despite my

pleas for mercy, Mr. Battsek has given me to understand that the plug will not be pulled on his MI5-like toy until you for your parts, give up your prevarication and at long last live up to your industry commitments and proffer me the Bond part for my consideration. Moreover, notwithstanding quite clearly wishing to avail yourselves of my services for the Bond part, you for your parts, upon being apprised of the foregoing have entirely failed to lift a finger to bring the surveillance to an end.

b) I have been entirely deprived of the means of earning my livelihood as a consequence of the aforementioned efforts of you and your cronies. In point of fact, not only have I (through no fault of my own) been entirely unable to do a stitch of professional fee-earning acting work for more than a decade, but over the course of the past six years, I have also to all intents and purposes been shut out of fee-earning engagement in every single one of the other fields of endeavour I excel at.

c) As a consequence of your having deprived me of the means of earning a livelihood, I have been forced to live below the poverty line on income support at the expense of the Bond-adoring UK taxpayer.

d) Over the course of the last 15 years, I have been subjected to a good number of immensely humiliating, soul destroying and distressing whispering campaigns which you and your cronies have seen to surreptitiously carrying out for the purposes of both shattering my confidence and ensuring that my star would not rise before its time.

e) My girlfriend and I are constantly worried about the future given that as a consequence of yours and Disney Studios' actions, it is entirely impossible to make informed and incisive choices about our careers and our lives; moreover we can no longer gain credit and are living hand-to-mouth.

f) Due to your failure to live up to your legal responsibilities and proffer me the Bond part for my consideration, I have been forced to move home 6 times since November 2004 and in the process, on two of those occasions, through no fault of my own I was forcibly and illegally evicted by unscrupulous property agents.

g) my health has seriously deteriorated since December 2004, as much because of the debilitating effect of the 24/7 surveillance, as because of being kept on tender hooks by you and your colluding cronies. In

point of fact, 70% of the time I have been unwell; I have had scores of serious respiratory infections; I have been forced to visit my GP on umpteen occasions; I need major dental treatment which if not carried out immediately could cut short my acting career; 2 medical specialists who I was referred to, have for their parts attributed my sudden unexpected illnesses to your abysmal failure to get off your hind legs and act like professionals.

In sum, as I am sure you would feel if you were in my shoes, I am fed-up to the eye teeth with being unable to make choices about my life and my career as a consequence of a group of people who I have never met, stealthily working behind my back to ensure I remain available for a part I have never expressed any interest in.

Moreover, I am absolutely enraged at having my private thoughts read and responded to around-the-clock and my life peered in at and reported on 24/7, as if suddenly one morning, unbeknownst to me, I had been kidnapped and dragged into being a contestant on the neo-fascist Miramax and BVI-UK's network's 'while he's about-to be a celebrity, he's under our command til he is'.

Returning to the matter at hand, I trust you appreciate that given the foregoing it is contingent upon you to furnish me forthwith with an unequivocal statement in writing which will have the effect of forever-and-a-day clarifying your intentions vis a vis your wishing to avail yourselves of my services for the part of James Bond.

Finally, let me add the caveat that if you are set on Daniel Craig as your Bond for the next decade (as per your public stance) and accordingly, if you have absolutely no interest whatsoever in availing yourselves of my talents, savvy, wherewithal, savoir faire and acumen for the Bond part, then surely it is no skin off your back to apprise me of this stance in writing so that a) I for my part can at long last get my career back on the rails again and b) so that the Miramax surveillance will be brought to an end.

After all, as everyone in the industry has known for eons, the only reason my career was derailed in the first place is because it was assumed by all and sundry that in exchange for quid pro quos, the powers-that-be in the entertainment industries and beyond would continue to do their part (as they have diligently done for over a decade) to ensure

I would remain bereft of meaningful work and available at your' beck and call to be introduced to the public (as and when) as this amazing once-in-a-lifetime, needle-in-the-haystack find of an actor and multi-talent.

I look forward to your bargaining in good faith response by return.

Best Regards,

R.X.

.....

From: R.X.

To: David Parfitt

Cc: Barbara Broccoli--Bond series producer; Michael G. Wilson--Bond series producer; Amy Pascal-Co-Chair Sony Pictures; Harry Sloan--CEO MGM; Howard Stringer--Chairman Sony Corp.; Emma Reynolds PA to Broccoli/Wilson -Eon; Hannah Minghella Bond Project --SPE; Rebecca Guerrero PA to H. Sloan-MGM; Suzie Nash PA to H. Stringer--Sony; daniel.battsek@miramax.com; Derick Bonilla PA to D.Battsek--Miramax; Andy Prodger--Equity Asst Gen Secretary-Film, TV, Radio; Christine Payne-General Secretary Equity; Harry Landis--President UK Equity; Ann Maguire--Equity; Diane Fisk--Equity; Graham Hamilton--Vice President UK Equity; Jean Rogers-Vice President UK Equity; Harvey Weinstein; Dick Cook--Chairman Disney Studios; Anna Morgan PA to D.Cook -Disney Studios

Subject: *Unscrupulous actions of Bond series producers and Disney Studios' Miramax Films and BVI-UK*

This is a make or break, time sensitive matter.

This e-mail is aimed at the entire BAFTA leadership and those responsible for the 11th February, 2007 BAFTA Film Awards.

Dear Amanda, David, Richard and Hilary,

It is my view that if Casino Royale were to walk away with even a single BAFTA award on 11th February, 2007, it would not only be disgustingly immoral and unethical but it would also bring BAFTA and the British and Hollywood Film Industries into disrepute.

In a nutshell this is because, assuming Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films and his colleagues at Miramax Films and BVI-UK are

THE 007TH MINUTE

correct (and it would appear judging from the responses of the Bond series producers and Equity to my remonstrances that they are), the Bond series producers and their allies have behaved in the most repugnantly immoral, unethical and illegal fashion with respect to the casting and contracting of the Bond part given that (details to follow in Point 1-7 below):

In December 2004, the Bond series producers surreptitiously went behind my back and informed the powers-that-be (including Mr. Battsek) of my casting sight unseen for the Bond part

Accordingly, since that point in time, confident in having their colleagues both inside and outside the film industry on their side, the Bond producers have been unscrupulously withholding their offer of the Bond part until the timing suits them, notwithstanding having plans in place for the use of my IP, copyright, image rights etc,

In point of fact, it has retrospectively come to light that the Bond series producers are old hands at wily nilly covertly keeping me under their thumb, given that since the point in time they earmarked me for the Bond part whilst I was a burgeoning star in Japan in the early 1990's, they and their allies have been clandestinely and brazenly working behind my back to mercilessly control my career, so I am kept bereft of work that might allow my star to rise before its time; I am untainted by non-Bond parts when it comes time to take on the Bond mantle; and so I remain available at the mercy of the producers to be introduced to the worldwide masses (as and when) as this amazing once-in-a-lifetime, needle-in-the-haystack find of a multi-talent, multi-culturalist, cosmopolitan bon vivant.

In October 2005, notwithstanding having already cast me for the Bond part over 10 months before, the producers stormed ahead with their self-serving pie-in-the-sky plans and heaped yet more fuel on an already out-of-control fire by once again going behind my back (and on this occasion also behind the back of the lion's share of prominent and influential members of the film industry) by unscrupulously casting and contracting Daniel Craig for the Bond part in Casino Royale.

As a consequence of this iniquitous state of affairs, amongst other things: I continue to be subjected to relentless 24/7 non-stop debilitating remote mind-reading/neurophone surveillance by Disney Studio's Mi-

ramax Films and BVI-UK as in point of fact I have been since Mr. Battsek instigated the bugging in the first week of December 2004 whilst he was EVP for BVI (during the tail end of the Weinstein brothers control over Miramax) and upon having just been apprised of my casting for Bond by Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson. Mr. Battsek has refused to halt the surveillance until the Bond series producers offer me the Bond part (see Point 2 below)

I can no longer make informed and incisive choices about my career and my life; I am unable to earn a livelihood; I have been forced to live below the poverty line on benefits; and I have no private life and no privacy.

The Bond series producers, despite having been apprised of the foregoing, have for their part failed to contact me notwithstanding innumerable promises they would (see Point 3 below)

Equity, despite having been apprised of the foregoing, without rhyme or reason have not done a stitch of work on my behalf to resolve the Bond casting issue, notwithstanding having given me to believe that they had; moreover, they have refused without rhyme or reason to intervene with a view to ending the aforementioned surveillance (see Point 4 below)

I will go into the details (see Points 1-7 below) but before doing so, let me put this matter into perspective.

First, as doubtlessly you would feel had you been unceremoniously thrust into the same predicament: on the one hand, I am fed-up to the eye teeth with being unable to make choices about my career and my life as a consequence of a group of people who I have never met, by hook or by crook working behind my back to ensure I remain available for a part I have never expressed any interest in; and on the other, I am enraged at having my private thoughts read and responded to around the clock and my life peered in at and reported on 24/7, as if suddenly one morning, unbeknownst to me, I had been kidnapped and dragged into being a contestant on the Miramax network's 'I am apparently about-to be a celebrity, so let me out of here'.

Secondly, it goes without saying that this sort of arrogant, self-serving, bullying, cruel, destructive and soul destroying behaviour, coupled with the devil-may-care, pie-in-the-sky business practices that

I have described inter alia in this correspondence are indicative that those carrying them out, just as much as those merely turning a blind eye to them, feel they have a god-given right to wily nilly disregard the standards, norms and laws the rest of us law abiding citizens in democratic societies feel compelled to adhere to. This way of thinking is most unbecoming of anyone in a democratic society, let alone prominent and influential members of the British and Hollywood Film Industries, the British establishment and the international business elite who surely ought to be leading by example. Accordingly, it goes without saying that this mindset needs to be dispensed with without delay, as in addition to the damage it has caused me, it sends entirely the wrong signal to the world-wide public about our entertainment industries, the British establishment and about the degree of decency and fair play extant in the UK.

Finally, with fairness and decency in mind, it surely would not be right for a film to be lauded by BAFTA when the actor that by rights should have had the right of first refusal for the lead part, has not only had the offer deliberately and unscrupulously withheld from him without the producers being called to task for it (grace in no small part to what appears to be the pro-producer acquiescence of the lion's share of the British film industry), but (through no fault of his own) he has been deprived of his right to pursue competing offers (and thus make a living) as the powers-that-be are covertly keeping him under lock and key pending the offer that the producers are under no obligation to make until it suits them (once again grace the pro-producer complicity of the British film industry). In a nutshell, it is my view that this 'cake and eat it too', Bond series producer mindset, must not be condoned, let alone rewarded.

Accordingly, given the seriousness and the make or break urgency of the over-arching issues involved, it strikes me it would be in everyone's best interests for BAFTA to use its influence with key industry players and as soon as feasible possible:

See to the Bond series producers' either making their offer or settling with me for having kept my career on hold for so many years

See to the cessation of Miramax Films and BVI-UK's around the clock surveillance of me

See to ensuring that Casino Royale is not lauded in any way shape or form come 11th February

See to helping me get my career back on track

Given that perhaps the foregoing summary is all you have to go on with respect to the matter at hand, let me put some flesh on it by way of the following points:

- 1) Bond casting
- 2) Surveillance
- 3) Producers' Response
- 4) Equity's Response
- 5) Fledgling Filmmakers
- 6) The Public's view
- 7) My life
- 8) Summary--Action Points

Thus, without further ado:

1. According to Daniel Battsek, President of Miramax Films, his colleagues at Disney Studio's Miramax and BVI-UK and a host of other reliable sources the following is the prevailing and unwavering bona fide view of the entertainment industries, the British establishment and the international business elite:

1.1 I was cast for and by rights should have been offered the part of James Bond by Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson in December 2004

The Bond series producers unscrupulously cast two actors to succeed Pierce Brosnan as James Bond (myself, R.X. in 2004 and Daniel Craig in 2005)

One of the key pieces of evidence of this is that in the first week of December 2004 (ie well in advance of the announcement of Craig as Bond in October 2005), the Bond series producers Ms. Broccoli and Mr. Wilson of Eon Productions, unbeknownst to me, and thus bargaining in bad faith and in breach of trust, confidence, commonly accepted business practices, film industry casting protocol and the codes of practice of their Bond series producing partners (Sony Pictures, MGM Sony Corp), proudly proclaimed to a whole slew of 3rd parties (includ-

ing BAFTA members such as Mr. Battsek and other prominent and influential figures in the entertainment and advertising industries the establishment and the international business elite) that they (Ms. Broccoli and Mr. Wilson) had at long last finally lived up to their longstanding commitment to their interlocutors and had cast me to succeed Pierce Brosnan.

Furthermore, it was breathlessly made clear that the casting was sight unseen, without the producers feeling compelled to meet with or audition even a single actor, given that from their vantage point, I was a once-in-a-lifetime, needle-in-the-haystack find of a cosmopolitan, world-traveler, multi-talent and bon vivant and thus ideal for their new Bond. What they failed to let their counterparts know is that I have never expressed any interest in the part nor have I knowingly ever spoken with a single one of the Bond series producers.

1.2 The Bond series producers and their allies continue to collude to keep my career in a headlock until I'm needed to suit up for Bond

In spite of their aforementioned brazen utterances to all and sundry and irrespective of having bulldozed ahead and concocted plans for the use of my IP and copyright etc, the Bond series producers have not proffered me the Bond part or dared to contact me in any way, shape or form (see Point 3 below). However, on the other hand, notwithstanding Craig being their current Bond of choice, they have not seen to apprising any of their aforementioned interlocutors of a whimsical change of heart with respect to availing themselves of my services.

Instead, determined to keep me out of the limelight, bereft of parts that might detract from the public's perception of me as the forthcoming Bond and available at their beck and call, the producers have continued with the help of their allies (including industry executives, UK Equity, and prominent acting agencies etc) to covertly and brazenly keep my career in a headlock (as has been the case for over a decade), so that when it comes time for me to step into Craig's shoes in the not too distant future, I can be introduced to the world-wide masses as the producers' casting nirvana come true: a once-in-a-lifetime, needle-in-the-haystack find of a cracker of an actor and multi-talent, untainted by association with other roles and virtually unknown ex-Asia.

2) Since Dec. 2004, due to my casting for Bond, Miramax Films and BVI-UK have been subjecting me to relentless mind numbing 24/7 mind-reading/neurophone surveillance

Upon having been apprised of my casting for Bond by Eon in December 2004, Mr. Battsek and his colleague Robert Mitchell, MD BVI-UK, immediately set about instructing some of their colleagues to subject me to non-stop 24/7 surveillance. As a result, for the past 26 months, employees of Disney Studios' Miramax Films and BVI-UK have been subjecting me to relentless mind-numbing debilitating surveillance by way of a cutting edge 'mind-reading/neurophone' device which allows them whilst working remotely to tap into my thought processes and my nervous system and communicate with me wherever I am. Accordingly, they can read my thoughts and interact with me, cajole, harass, bully and intimidate me through non-stop chatter and avuncular 'advice', subject me to electric shocks, disturb my sleep and induce a feeling of being suffocated---tactics which they have availed themselves in response to my threats to call the police or bring legal action. So far, I would hazard a guess that Mr. Battsek and Mr. Mitchell must have approved the spending of hundreds of thousands of pounds in order to keep me under their thumbs and in Guantanamo Bay-type conditions. However, Mr. Battsek has made it clear that no matter how much I fight for my rights and plead for my freedom, he has absolutely no intention of pulling the plug on the surveillance until the Bond series producers live up to their longstanding commitment and offer me the Bond part for my consideration. My numerous requests to Dick Cook Chairman of Disney Studios and Harvey and Bob Weinstein (heads of Miramax until Oct. 2005) to intervene to halt the surveillance (given their connections past or present with Miramax/BVI-UK), have fallen on deaf ears.

3. The Bond producers' failure to respond to my remonstrances is indicative their offer of the Bond part is being withheld to suit their timing Since February 2006, during the course of my correspondence with the Bond series producers, I have written 100 pages worth of e-mails and letters, made hundreds of calls and left countless voice mails. The key points I have attempted to put across are these:

I have indicated that as a consequence of the foregoing, by rights I should have been offered the Bond part in December 2004. Accord-

ingly, it stands to reason that without further delay the offer should be forthcoming so I can get my career back on track

I have made it clear that Mr. Battsek intends to continue the aforementioned surveillance until the Bond offer is forthcoming.

I have indicated that it is grossly unfair and cruel for the producers and their allies to have prevented me over the course of more than a decade, from making use of my depth and breadth of talent, given that in doing so they have not only deprived me of my right to make my own choices about my life and my career during the prime years of my life, but they have also done their part in subjecting me to a life that is equivalent to hell on earth

I have explained that due to the behaviour and actions of the Bond series producers and their allies, I am currently unable to earn a livelihood, I am up to my eyes in debt, I am unable to gain credit and I am living below the poverty line. (I have just gone on state benefits which I have apprised the government is due to Equity failing to go to bat for me with Bond series producers, notwithstanding the organisation being morally, ethically and legally obliged to do so.)

I have notified them that I have absolutely no intention of accepting any offer on their part no matter how sweet it might be, until they adequately compensate me for what I have been through and for lost income due for the opportunities lost over the course of well over a decade; and until they demonstrate without a single shadow of a doubt that they have given up the ghost on their unscrupulous business practices.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding having oodles of time to digest and discuss the foregoing amongst themselves and irrespective of Emma Reynolds (PA to Ms. Broccoli and Mr. Wilson) and then Hannah Minghella (Sony Pictures' Bond project team) giving me to understand on more than 20 occasions since I first began corresponding in February 2006 that without fail a response would be forthcoming; and despite Ms. Minghella's (22nd November, 2006) apology for the immense stress and distress I have been subjected as a consequence of Bond series producers' unremitting failure to live up to their promises to respond, and her reassurances during the course of the same call that this failure would be imminently rectified, the Bond series producers have completely and utterly failed to do the decent thing and contact me.

Moreover, to add insult to injury, the Bond series producers' employees have continued unabated to treat me with the utmost contempt and disrespect by amongst other things, whimsically slamming down the phone on me, sending me around the houses, lording themselves over me as if I am their underling, disparaging me behind my back and wily nilly making provocative and vexatious pronouncements about the Bond casting despite having no authority to do so.

To sum-up, it surely goes without saying that if the Bond series producers (as per their public stance) are set on Craig as their Bond for the next decade, and accordingly, if they have absolutely no interest whatsoever in availing themselves of my talents, savvy, wherewithal, savior faire and acumen for the Bond part, then like any self-respecting, buck-stops-here-let-there-be-no-two-ways-about-it-leaders, they'd have taken the bull by the horns and been in touch eons ago, not only to put right prevailing doubts about their integrity and their casting and contracting processes, but also to do their part in a) bringing the Miramax surveillance to an end and in b) giving me a leg up in getting my career back up and running again, given that the only reason it had gone off the tracks in the first place is because, as I have been given to understand, it was assumed by all and sundry that in exchange for quid pro quos, the powers-that-be in the entertainment industries and beyond would continue to work on the Bond series producers' behalf (as they have diligently done for over a decade) to not only keep an eye on me but also to keep my career in abeyance, so I would remain available at their beck and call for the purposes of being contracted and then introduced to the public as this amazing once-in-a-lifetime, needle-in-the-haystack find of an actor and multi-talent.

4. Equity's unscrupulous behaviour has not dispelled but reinforced the impression I was cast for the Bond part

"Equity is the only force in the entertainment world to bring some order to the uncertain lives of performers" Judi Dench, www.equity.org.uk masthead.

In stark contrast to Ms. Dench's aforementioned testimonial and to what's stipulated in Equity's rules of association which amongst other things indicates the staff and leadership are obliged 'to protect and further the artistic, economic, social and legal interests

of Equity's members' and 'to represent the interests of individual members with proprietors' (eg, the likes of the Bond series producers and Disney Studio's Miramax Films and BVI-UK), Equity for their part have deliberately chosen not to live up to their *raison d'être* and use their know-how, experience and clout to bring the aforementioned Bond casting and Miramax surveillance issues to a close. In taking this evasive course of action they have made it patently clear they have colluded with the Bond series producers to keep me at bay until needed for the Bond part.

4.1 I say this because notwithstanding my having apprised Equity since February 2005 in over 120 pages of painstakingly crafted correspondences and in innumerable calls and countless voice mails of my iniquitous set of circumstances and of the urgent make or break need for them to live to their *raison d'être* and go to bat for me, Martin Kenny, Equity's Legal Affairs Referrals Officer and Andy Prodger, the Assistant General Secretary for Film, TV and Radio, whilst both had given me to believe they had tasked themselves with handling the Bond casting matter on my behalf, when push came to shove it became apparent that they not only did not have my best interests at heart, but bargaining in bad faith they deliberately chose not to do a stitch of work for me despite having given me to believe they had.

Thus, in April 2006, Mr. Prodger was gallivanting about smugly of the view that he had discouraged me from remonstrating about the Bond casting issue forever and a day given that he felt for sure he had managed to deceive me that Ms. Broccoli had proffered a definitive statement to Equity vis a vis the Bond casting and accordingly ipso facto the Bond casting matter was no longer an 'issue' and Equity's work on my behalf was consequently over. However, in the event, given that the alleged Equity staff apparently tasked with calling Ms. Broccoli on my behalf was not (and never has been) identified, a verbatim was not (and never has been) produced and the alleged verbal statement (an outrageously noxious, vexatious and libelous set of sentences) has never been confirmed or denied by Ms. Broccoli, despite my having requested her to do so on countless occasions, the Bond casting matter was far from being put to rest but contrary to Mr. Prodger's nasty, cruel and ham-fisted intentions, it was very much alive and kicking.

4.2 Mr. Prodger and the Equity leadership (the General Secretary, Ms. Payne, the two Vice-Presidents Jean Rodger and Graham Hamilton and the President Harry Landis), have categorically refused without rhyme or reason to intervene to halt the Miramax surveillance.

4.3 Moreover, without the least provocation on my part and without any discernable motive on theirs, whilst going about their business, Equity have subjected me (as I were their a mortal enemy) to a lethal cocktail of impertinent, combative, surly, holier-than-thou, devil-may-care, you-are not fit-to-supp-at-our-table insults, ridicule and character assassinations. What's more, responses to my correspondences have been few and far between and those that have materialised, have been mysteriously vague, evasive, deceptive and non-committal and/or composed of half-truths, lies and misleading and erroneous information and advice.

4.4 Furthermore, again without any discernable motive, the Equity leadership have failed to adequately deal with my complaints. Ms. Payne for her part, ignored my correspondences for over 7 months before a priori judging a book by its cover and dismissing my complaints out of hand; whilst Mr. Landis and his Vice-Presidents for their part, have entirely failed in any way, shape or form to acknowledge my countless e-mails and voice messages and no-one in Equity seems to have a clue how to proceed when the top dogs cannot be roused. Thus it goes without saying the Equity leadership to a man have breached confidence, trust and contract and accordingly have failed to live up to the obligations of their offices as delineated in the association's rules.

Finally, to put this in perspective, Equity has not only without rhyme or reason point blank turned down a member in need who has been thrust (through no fault of his own) into a debilitating, mind-numbing, soul destroying, highly stressful and distressing set of circumstances when they could have easily constructively intervened to mediate an end to the surveillance; but they have also deliberately gone out of their way to lie through their teeth that they were making efforts to help me resolve this Bond casting matter when they in fact did nothing, notwithstanding having been made fully aware of the deleterious effect their failure to act would have on my life and career and irrespective of being perfectly placed within the entertainment industries to pick up the phone and

insist that the producers clarify their intentions vis a vis the casting of the Bond part forthwith. Why would they do that? What on earth has got into them to go out of their way to treat an actor being kept under around the clock surveillance in this cruel and disgraceful way?

Without a shadow of a doubt, cowards to a man, Equity would rather do the bidding of the Bond series producers, than live up to their offices and what they are being paid to accomplish.

5. Fledgling filmmakers covertly tested me behind my back on behalf of the Bond series producers

Several sets of fledgling filmmakers who I was reduced to working with whilst my career was being held in abeyance, have for their part refused to clarify whether or not whilst I was engaged on their productions, they covertly tested/monitored me behind my back, at the behest of the Bond series producers/their supporters.

However, on the other, two sets of similarly fledgling filmmakers have at long last confirmed that they had been covertly testing/monitoring me behind my back for the Bond part. Moreover, they have indicated they would be willing to swear an oath to that effect should I be inclined to proceed with legal action against the producers.

6. The Public's View

Grace a Miramax, Eon and their allies, hundreds of thousands of members of the public have become aware over the course of the past two years that notwithstanding the Bond series producers having cast me for the Bond part in December 2004, they are unscrupulously refraining from offering me the part until it suits their timing. Moreover, it is common knowledge that in order to keep me at their beck and call for Bond, the Bond producers have deprived me of the opportunity to pursue my career and accordingly have left me bereft of the means of making a living.

Moreover on virtually a daily basis the Miramax surveillance team have been disseminating what they wish the public to believe about: my thoughts on the Bond part; my loss of interest in the part due to what has transpired over the course of the last two years; what I am up to given that the Bond series producers and their cohorts have thrown a spanner into the works of my acting career; the failure of the Bond series producers to contact me; the Bond series producers' disgrace-

fully horrid treatment of me; the producers' unprofessionalism and unscrupulousness given they availed themselves of UK-based amateur and other fledgling filmmakers as a means of keeping tabs on me between 2002 and 2005; the aforementioned amateurs and fledgling filmmakers scurrilous attempts to capitalise on my soon to be celebrity status; how I will be a celebrity irrespective of whether or not I choose to accept the producers' offer; and finally Craig's motives, behaviour and actions.

What's more, whenever I am out and about, I am treated to tidbits from the public to the effect that, 'Miramax says' this that and the other about me, Daniel Craig, Eon and others, to wit: Miramax says he's gonna turn it down; Miramax says he's fed up with waiting for those sh**ts at Eon to ring 'em; Miramax says he didn't even audition for the part!; Miramax says they were fools to use students to test 'em; How come they were so stupid not offer him the part before the Craig thing? I'd turn it down too, what a bunch of gits.'

7. My Life

Notwithstanding:

my having been cast for the Bond part

my being important enough to warrant Miramax spending hundreds of thousands of pounds carrying out non-stop surveillance of me

my having been lauded for my accomplishments, the quality of my work and for my considerable range of talents,

incongruously I have been unable to earn a living as actor since 1997, doubtlessly because as the evidence seems to indicate my career has been sabotaged to ensure my availability for the Bond series Moreover, since 2000, it has also been impossible to earn a living in any of the other fields I am highly qualified and experienced in (eg Executive Development/Coaching), due to the prevailing bona fide perception that I was due to be cast for the Bond part. My life now entirely revolves attempting to resolve these issues which means I have not been in a position to earn a penny for almost two years.

Thus to nutshell it, I can no longer make informed and incisive choices about my career and my life; I am unable to earn a livelihood; I have been forced to live below the poverty line on benefits; I have no private life;

THE 007TH MINUTE

I have no privacy and I am under immense stress and distress as much due to the foregoing as to being subjected without rhyme or reason to around- the-clock non-stop mind-boggling debilitating mind-reading and neurophone surveillance. Finally, as has been articulated to the Bond series producers, my girlfriend and I are unable to plan our life together

8. Action Steps

To sum-up, as noted earlier, given the seriousness and the make or break urgency of the over-arching issues involved, surely it would be in everyone's best interests for BAFTA to use its influence with key industry players and as soon as feasible possible:

See to the Bond series producers' either making their offer or agreeing recompense for having kept my career on hold for so many years

See to the cessation of Miramax Films and BVI-UK's around the clock surveillance of me

See to ensuring that Casino Royale is not lauded in any way shape or form come 11th February

See to helping me get my career back on track

Thank you for having taken the time to read through this e-mail.

I look forward to an acknowledgment of its contents and a response to each and every one of my suggested action steps as soon as feasibly possible by return.

Thank you in advance for your cooperation.

Yours sincerely,

R.X.

.....

Me:

Life is all about leaving something behind. Even... that.

Butch:

Sign him up! Make him an executive producer! Give him some of your wife's dangerous fruitcake because he's still not quite dangerous fruitcake enough! I want full newspaper coverage! I want magazine stories! I want books! I want films! I want TV!

NO TIME TO DIE

I want radio! I don't want the internet for some reason!
Probably because I am MGM and our business nous is, at best,
frail! But... I don't want you. Actually, it's more don't need you.

Me:
Why?

Butch:
You've never produced anything as funny as that.

Me:
I know. I know.

Butch:
Time to get out.

Me:
It's been a bumpy ride, not least because of the editing, but
I do not regret a single moment of my life that I spent with
you. Except that cake, which is beginning to burn all my in-
sides. Fine. I shall not waste my days trying to prolong them.
I shall use my time. And waste other people's days. Forever.

THE 007TH MINUTE MIGHT RETURN.

END OF.



BONUS MATERIAL

(just some old stuff,
pepped up a bit)

In a parallel universe, you're almost good-looking.
In a parallel universe, *this* happened.



FUPPIN' HELL

The Tarantino/Brosnan Casino Royale,
Volumes 1 and 2

**CASINO ROYALE VOL 1:
THE TARANTINO/BROSNAN VERSION,
A pointlessly abusive skit:
adult themes, childish language**

QT commentary: Hey, you too cool mothers, I'm Quentin Tarantino - y'know, like, cool - and welcome to the Director's commentary on the DVD Blu-ray thing for my Casino Royale vol. 1, my Bond film, from my 2006. It was just too fuppin' cool to get Bond and do cool shute with it. Y'know it had all got a little stale and the sort of thing Jean-Jacques Rousseau would have called fuppin' meh, homie, so it needed a fuppin' injection of cool, y'know?.

Anyway, coool.

**CHAPTER 1: ABSINTHE MAKE THE HEART GROW FONDER,
AND FUPPS UP THE BRAIN PRETTY FUPPIN' GOOD.**

QT commentary: We open in black and white - yeah, black and white! First change, no gunbarrel yet and black and white is art, yeah? Judas Christ melonfarmer, I could eat myself up alive and frequently want to do exactomondo fuppin' that, ya dig? Anyhoo, black and white - and shades of deep, deep fuppin' grey, it's like an art film, y'know? Like a DW Griffith or Un Chien Andalou by that dead French guy and that dago fag with the moustache.

It is night in the city, an old city. A car draws up to a building from screen left and halts at the door. The building is evidently a bar in a side street somewhere in Eastern Yurp. A middle-aged white dude gets out and walks to the door. This is DRYDEN, he is a British agent and very probably a fag.

Caption: PRAGUE.

Caption: THE CZECH REPUBLIC.

Caption: LIKE, DUH.

QT commentary: Y'know, I wanted to play about with the audience's expectations and that would get a fuppin' big laugh and how many other prickin' Pragues are there?

CUT TO: The inside of the bar.

This is shot at a series of weird angles to make it look like a cross between The Cabinet of Dr Caligari and Polanski's Macbeth and some crazy stuff like The Haunting or shute and any mother that's seen films will get that, y'know?

The bar is almost empty. DRYDEN passes the camera as coolly as Liberace at a jamboree. As the camera follows him, we see that the only other occupants appear to be the transvestite barman and the band, more of which in a mo-mo. The room has many alcoves, is dark

and smoky and strutting up and down the wide bartop, part of which appears to be on fire, there is an all-girl band of barefooted mulatto Koreans singing Neil Diamond cover versions, poorly.

QT commentary: You don't see this until the DVD but I called the bar the Zzzingnt Zzgrobby, which is like fuppin' Czech or Slav or some such for The Titty Twister, like that's a homage to me, y'know. Every fuppin' thing is a homage to me.

DRYDEN walks away from the camera towards the barman.

We suddenly hear a click, offscreen.

QT commentary: That motherin' click I took from the soundtrack of Das Boot or probably The Lion King or Bagpuss; anyway, anyone who has seen films will know that fuppin' click; it's those little things, those little details that make me absolutely scrumblenumpkinly de-fuppin'-licious, yeah?

Camera whirls round and in mid-sorta close-up thing just like that bit in The Battleship Potemkin and The Rockford Files, we see a gun looming out of the gloom, followed by a face. This is the face of some washed up character-actor on his last hurrah, a sorta Robert Forster or Pam Grier or David Garrick. This is the man who is playing **JAMES BOND**.

QT commentary: Y'know, it was obviously Pierce Brosnan for Bond, y'know - obviou-lutely. Coolest mother on the planet. We had a sorta chat before filming, I think it was me talking mostly, and we hit on this new angle to play Bond, y'know 'cause everyone thinks they know Bond but they really fuppin' don't, y'know, so we decided on Bond, at the start of the story, being washed up and out of the service due to that last film, whatever it was called, and having to earn his fuppin' stripes back for England or whatever and also to play him as a washed up American hero because that resonates, y'know? No-one knows about the Queen and china cups and shute like that any more, yeah? Everyone wants an Irish-American hero, y'know - he's just this regular guy who happens to work for the Brits. And Brosnan saw that and got the accent down absolute, yeah? A-fuppin'-mazin.

BOND is sitting at a table. Behind him there is a poster of the Czech version of Kiss Me Deadly, like that's too sorta out-there, yeah? In front of him, a glass of absinthe: this shines out in green.

QT commentary: Such a cool thing, they drink absinthe those Czech guys - I mean, how cool is that? I see Bond as an absinthe sorta guy, like Erik Estrada in CHiPs or Ching Chang Choller in Dragon Master Death II, that sorta cool, he just bleeds it.

BOND

That bitch M doesn't mind you earning money on the side, Dryden. She'd just much prefer it, ya dig, if you didn't do it by selling motherfuppin' secrets, yer fupp.

DRYDEN sits at the table. The green absinthe still glows like that scene in The Magnificent Ambersons (probably).

DRYDEN
(faggily)

Ah, Bond. A very much unsurprise to see you here. You appear with the tedious inevitability of your next drink.

Close up on BOND: get it so he looks like Elvis in Fun in Acapulco. Get it like that or I walk, yeah?

BOND
Yeah, nice line, Marciano. But I'm the one holding the gun.

DRYDEN
Good gun? You like that gun, Bond? Looks like the sort of gun a real man would have, like Sonny Chiba or Walter Mondale.

BOND
You bet your motherin' a-hole, mongtard. Walther PPK. When you absolutely, positively gotta kill every last motherfupper in the room. So look around you bandito; you are that last motherfupper.

DRYDEN
One of the advantages of being station chief; I'd know who had been reinstated as a double-oh, wouldn't I? Last I heard of you, you were in disgrace.

DRYDEN removes his gloves in what can only be described as a homosexy manner.

BOND
(Unsmiling, like Jack Palance or Chewbacca)
Au contraire mon frere - I was in fuppin' Korea.

DRYDEN
Too bad it all has to end. I was just getting to like you, Bond.

BOND
Can it with the fag talk, hombre.

BOND shoots DRYDEN in the left arm, the bullet passing through the glass so that DRYDEN is soaked in green RATHER THAN RED. Too fuppin' cool or what?

BOND
Did Greedo shoot first?

Suddenly, DRYDEN pulls out his gun, and fires it at BOND. The click of empty. A different click, this time - take this one from Taste the Blood of Dracula or I will scream in your face for seven minutes.

BOND

Beretta. Nice and light. For a lady's handbag.

DRYDEN

I have a man bag.

BOND

What is it with those man bags, bro? Me, I just have a money clip, yeah? Is it a Yurpean thing? Motherfupper - I just don't see why a man would want a bag. Bag, bag, bag, bag, bag. Just like fag, fag, fag, fag, fag.

DRYDEN

How exceptionally droll.

BOND

"Droll". I just love that; you don't get anyone other than a faggy Brit sayin' things like motherfupp'in' droll, it's one of those things that I sorta notice, yeah, one of those little details, yeah?

DRYDEN

How many of those absinthes have you had, Bond?

BOND

Too damn few, Magoo. Anyway, who needs the green fairy when I have a big soon-to-be-hugely-fupp'in' dead fairy right here?

DRYDEN

Oh, riotous applause. Anyway, your file shows no new kills since you were thrown out of the section. To become a double-oh again, you need...

BOND

'tude.

DRYDEN

Two.

CUT TO: Interior, bathroom, day, still black and white, but black-er and whiter. BOND, looking motherfupp'in' sharp, and THE GUY wearing ironic clothing (but without irony) fighting. Still in black and white but each punch that draws blood, the blood is red.

QT commentary: It's like Raging Bull, yeah and I am the new Scorsese but without the substance. Me saying that is like irony, yeah?

There are teeth flying at the screen - film this bit in genuine André de Toth 3-D, will look too cool for school, especially when the blood spurts out at the audience, bits of urinal fly out of the screen and BOND, using a sharpened splinter of smashed cubicle door, rips the THE GUY's left arm out of its socket and gushes of gore douse the screen in that old red juice. Before we cut back, we see BOND and THE GUY slipping and slapping around on the

tilled floor which is running with type-AB, internal organs and bits of fuppin' toilet.

CUT TO: The bar in Prague. This scene will be directed by Rodriguez and in defeating the audience's expectations, in exactly the same way I would have filmed it so you can't tell.

QT commentary: This is my observation on the rent-a-directors the Bond series has always has when you just don't know who the hell filmed them, y'know?

DRYDEN

How did he die?

BOND

Your contact?

DRYDEN

Mm-hm.

BOND

Like Ed McMahon in a motherfuppin' blender.

DRYDEN

Being British, I have no idea what that cultural reference means.

QT commentary: I wanted that to be a homage to Fleming. I mean, you read (I don't; I can't) the Fleming books now and there are all these references that we - that's me speaking for all of you - don't get, like World War II, London, playing Bridge, and good manners. So I decided to have a reference Fleming wouldn't get and I know for goddamn sure he would have liked it and if he didn't who cares 'cause he's a dead mother, yeah?

BOND

Oh sister, it was real bad. Bad bad. I mean, whatever is bad fuppin' bad, baddest of the bad, the badmost, the badmeister. Bad. Not at all well.

CUT TO: Interior. Bathroom. Day. **THE GUY** is lying on the floor in a lake of his own viscera and **BOND** is attacking him with a bust faucet. When this only results in mild bruising, **BOND** rethinks his strategy and uses **THE GUY**'s own severed arm. Again, despite huge amounts of splatter, the fupper still won't die - it's like that scene in Torn Curtain for a media-aware and jaded audience - so **BOND** rips a towel dispenser off the wall and starts hammering away with that.

CUT TO:

DRYDEN

No matter. The second is...

BOND shoots **DRYDEN** in the **HEAD** and the **HEAD** explodes in fabulous Technicolor. Like Scanners, y'know, just like fuppin' Scanners. Cooliscious.

BOND

Con-fuppin'-sinderablomondo, dickcake.

CUT TO: Interior. Bathroom. Day. BOND is walking away from the camera to pick up his gun. He is covered in red. He merely flicks some of the blood away and it all drops off - y'know, so cool, this is James Bond, yeah? Cool.

Suddenly, THE GUY rises from the floor, his head a bloody pulp but raises his gun...

POV shot from the inside of the gunbarrel: BOND turns and fires. The screen fills with blood and we segue into

THE THEME SONG

QT commentary: Which is "Beat it" by Michael Jackson because that is knowing and ironic and I may just fuppin' explode or retreat into licking myself all over because I want to and no-one else will. (Sob).

CHAPTER 2: SOMEWHERE IN NOT FUPPIN' BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

QT commentary: OK, so song over, what fuppin' happens next I hear you axing? Actually I fuppin' don't but give me a fuppin' break.

CUT TO: Guerilla camp, Uganda, day. It is fuppin' raining. They've never had fuppin' rain in a fuppin' Bond moofee before and only four fuppin' words into mine and it's fuppin' raining already. Fuppin' visionary. Suitable mise-en-scene for those of you who speak French like me 'cause I go to Cannes where they lick my face, ya dig?. Some armed kids running around, maybe a coupla deformities 'cause they're fuppin' cool, like that deleted scene from the bootleg version of Tom's Midnight fuppin' Garden I stole from Topeka Joe the Killer and presented at the Venice Beach Festival of Fuppin' Cool Stuff, that's the actual name - how motherin' cool is that, bitch? I want this to look like that bit in Sonatine or The Scarlet fuppin' Claw but as if filmed by a Ugandan - in fact, when I film it, I will be fuppin' channelling Idi Amin Dada, shouldn't be too fuppin' hard. Anyhoo, here comes one bad mutha and he is definolutely gonna be played by Sam L Jacksy. If SLJ is not in this I will burn the fuppin' negative. And he must play him as if it was Samuel L. Jackson impersonating Charles Hawtrej impersonating Samuel L. Jackson. We is going to fuppin' call his character OBANNO and that's cool, y'know, 'cause that's the name of a weird fuppin' character in Lou- is Malle's 1977 version of The Seagull and I know I can fuppin' say that 'cause it's not as if you're going to check and that's how I get away with this tired old shute. Every fuppin' time.

OBANNO

So how do I fuppin' trust this N-word with my fuppin' money, hot lips?

LE CHIFFRE

Time to get back into fuppin' character, homie.

OBANNO

Tell me, Mr Le fuppin' Chiffre, do you believe in the Silver Surfer?

LE CHIFFRE

I tell you, I tell you, I tell you, it's like so fuppin' cool and fascinating and shute, I never dug the Silver Surfer - I mean, I dug him, what sort of fupp-assed fag would not dig Silv? - but I have to set my fuppin' stall out on The Green fuppin' Hornet, like he was the rat's cock and if I had to choose, y'know, to sleep, like fuppin' sleep, like fupp a cartoon character, it would be The Green fuppin' Hornet, not in a fuppin' fag way but y'know, it would be so fuppin' cool, 'cause he's so fuppin' slick and shute and I'd get rid of that fuppin' fag Bruce Lee sidekick fupp and he'd have to butt fuppin' out, y'know, and it would be like that thing that fuppin' Queen sang about when it was all about the fuppin' Invisible Man and they start fuppin' screaming "John Deacon, John Deacon" like, man, I would be screaming "John Deacon, John Deacon" and I have no idea what I'm talking about now but EMPIRE magazine will probably fuppin' love it because they're easily deceived.

OBANNO

It's yes or fuppin' no, pimhole.

CLOSE UP on MR WHITE, channelling The Brotherhood of Man and Zelda from Terrahwaks in his Zanussi squint, deciding which of these two fuppin' inept a-holes to kill first and just steal the money, thus mercifully ending the film right now, did I really write that?

LE CHIFFRE

Call it a fuppin' slam-dunk finger-lickin' I'm lovin' it flame-grilled vorsprung durch yes, bitch.

OBANNO

Please have all of my money. I have no fuppin' idea why.

LE CHIFFRE opens the case. We do not see what is in it, but it shines gold at him. Goddam shee-it, I'm good.

LE CHIFFRE

Bing-fuppin'-o, Dorothy. Now, listen up Jafar, You just fupp off for an hour - I'm goin' to do some bitchin' plot.

MR WHITE

'Bout fuppin' time.

LE CHIFFRE pulls out the biggest mutha telemophone you ever did see. This is fuppin' not, repeat not, just so that you can see it behind my chin. Any fuppin' chin jokes and I'll slap you like that guy in that restaurant that time, or was that allegedly, I don't fuppin' know or care.

CUT TO: Interior, London (England), day. All very tea at fuppin' three and fuppin' sponge cake. BANKER sits at DESK.

BANKER picks up his faggy Britphone. BANKER MUST BE PLAYED BY TOM CHADBON.

QT commentary: No-one else can fuppin' summon up the raw fuppin' manliness of BANKER like The Chad, The Chaderoonie, he who fuppin' gave the world - and the world have better not fuppin' forget it - his definitive Benny Monk in Crown Prosecutor, I loved that show as much as I love a nice egg, but probably not as much as I love fuppin' Pulaski. You dig? Dug.

BANKER

Have you noticed that there have been precisely no women in this at all, so far?

LE CHIFFRE

Shut yo' white-bread bitch flab flaps, N-word.

BANKER

So if you call me N-word, that's... not racist?

LE CHIFFRE

I don't fuppin' know! Stop picking on my half-dozen fuppin' word vocab-u-lar-y, vocabulary bitch, unless you want me to mention Jean-Luc Godard and Captain Kangaroo, whatever either of those are.

BANKER

Hm. So, quick exposition amidst the swearing and showing-off; you've unbelievably quickly diddled a terrorist out of his money...

LE CHIFFRE

Diddled, yeah me I love that fuppin' word. Is that a Brit fag bitch slap of un mot, y'know?

BANKER

...and now you want to invest it against some airline or other oh why do I have to do the dull bits? May I, perchance, presume as to assume as to enquire why?

LE CHIFFRE

No, you may mothering not.

BANKER

Und warum?

LE CHIFFRE

Because they're going to die! I mean fuppin' die! Die! Die! In a fuppin' bad way! Real scary shute, man, like die! Die! And not die in the German word for "the", I noticed your mothering German just then Erich von Stroheim, no, not a Klaus Kinski "Die" but a full-on, headed in your

fuppin' head face like Princess Di "Die", all gonna die, and it's gonna be fuppin' bad.

BANKER

And that's the plot, is it?

LE CHIFFRE

Fupp off, honky fupper white man non-cool mother.

LE CHIFFRE turns his telephone off and looks over at MR WHITE who is picking his teeth with a machete or whatever shute is lying about. He is evidently drinking a Dr Pepper through a bendy straw, 'cause that's cool. His stare is now slightly fuppin' more Colchester.

LE CHIFFRE

We sure fuppin' diddled that dumb fupp N-word, yeah?

OBANNO

I'm still fuppin' here, dead bitch.

MR WHITE gently burps through the fruity fuppin' loveliness, drains his drink - we stay on him until we hear the last fuppin' gurgle, it has to take ten minutes of uninterrupted take - and then sighs at the incompetence of it. I want him fuppin' lit like Jean Cocteau did that bit in whatever, some crazy French shute. At this point the scene must fuppin' end - I know the audience will fuppin' want more and want to fuppin' know what happens next but I'm not going to fuppin' tell them. This is why I am QT Hot and

U

R

Not.

CHAPTER 3: RUNDOWN AFRICA. WELL, IT FUPPIN' IS, BITCH.

QT commentary: Heyheyhey, melonfarmers: Q to the Q of the N to the T still here, in the fuppin' Director's Commentary of this, my Casino Royale with Piers Bronson based on some fuppin' book by a dead guy; guess I won that fuppin'one, yeah? OK, so, on with the show, Moe.

CUT TO: Somewhere around the corner, pretending to be Madagascar or somewhere like that, somewhere foreign, yeah? Like full of weird shute. 'Kay, so here's an arena and they're all watching a big fuppin' fight between a snake and a goose. An actual fuppin' goose. Bit one sided, but who gives a fupp? Anyhoo, there's two other guys, one of them is BOND and the other is some other a-hole, who has two lines tops. He is DEAD.

DEAD

Shее-it, looks like our guy there, in the motherfuppin' crowd, standing out like a guy with a hedge in his eye.

BOND

(Standing to one side, observing from above like a Jesus on stilts or a disappointed giraffe)

What you smoking', bro?

DEAD

(Finger to his ear, some fuppin' spy thing, coolio doolio)

He's on the fuppin' move, the tear-rist fupp.

BOND

Take your white bread motherfuppin' finger out of your motherfuppin' ear or I'll kick your teeth so far down your motherfuppin' throat that the next time your fag boyfriend fupps you they'll bite his dick off.

DEAD

I cannot comply for I have no more lines.

(Falls over; is eaten by goose)

BOND

Fuppin' holy Jesus motherfuppin' Gill!

(Proceeds to chase after bomber. The bomber is called MOLLAKALAK-KADINGDONG and this is no way freakin' racist and that's because I say it isn't, it's bionic iconic and ironic and to proooove this, he is done played by Captain Caveman, so swivel on that, cockmuncher)

(Chase ensues: BOND, dressed in a bright yellow fuppin' tracksuit, leaps from building to building with really cool industrial strength wirework help and fupps up a building site real damn good)

QT commentary: Yeah, well, we knew Pierce might have been a little nervous, a little edgy y'know about being in a skin tight yellow Game of motherfuppin' Death jumpsuit, 'cause, y'know, he ain't no fuppin' springly chick no more but we had this so coooooool idea it was hot, to get this whole sequence animated by Bob motherfuppin' Godfrey, yeah? Him what drewed Roobarb and Custard and everything goes all fuppin' wobbly so you don't notice Pierce's fat pensioner ass so much. Yeah? Fupp, I'm so good. Listen to that? That sound effect as Pierce leaps from that crane? Yeah, know what that is? Pop quiz, motherfupper. Know what it is? No? ha! I win! I'm so much fuppin' better than yous. That, hombre, was the sound made by the one-armed fuppin' bandits in the background in the arcade when Ro-Land found Zammo smacked out of his tiny skull. Look, I'm writing about a fuppin' British icon, so there had to be some reference to the defining point of British popular culchur of the past thirty years, yeah? Yeah? Remember? I had to give you a fuppin' clue though, yeah? So I'm so much more fuppin' cleverer than you. Goddamn, look at the wobble on that!

BOND chases MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG on a crane. MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG hurls his club at BOND, who catches it and throws it back! Freakin' a-may-zing.

BOND

(Standing to one side, observing from above like a Jesus on stilts or a disappointed giraffe)

What you smoking', bro?

DEAD

(Finger to his ear, some fuppin' spy thing, coolio doolio)

He's on the fuppin' move, the tear-rist fupp.

BOND

Take your white bread motherfuppin' finger out of your motherfuppin' ear or I'll kick your teeth so far down your motherfuppin' throat that the next time your fag boyfriend fupps you they'll bite his dick off.

DEAD

I cannot comply for I have no more lines.

(Falls over; is eaten by goose)

BOND

Fuppin' holy Jesus motherfuppin' Gill!

(Proceeds to chase after bomber. The bomber is called MOLLAKALAK-KADINGDONG and this is no way freakin' racist and that's because I say it isn't, it's bionic iconic and ironic and to proooove this, he is done played by Captain Caveman, so swivel on that, cockmuncher)

(Chase ensues: BOND, dressed in a bright yellow fuppin' tracksuit, leaps from building to building with really cool industrial strength wirework help and fupps up a building site real damn good)

QT commentary: Yeah, well, we knew Pierce might have been a little nervous, a little edgy y'know about being in a skin tight yellow Game of motherfuppin' Death jumpsuit, 'cause, y'know, he ain't no fuppin' springly chick no more but we had this so coooooool idea it was hot, to get this whole sequence animated by Bob motherfuppin' Godfrey, yeah? Him what drewed Roobarb and Custard and everything goes all fuppin' wobbly so you don't notice Pierce's fat pensioner ass so much. Yeah? Fupp, I'm so good. Listen to that? That sound effect as Pierce leaps from that crane? Yeah, know what that is? Pop quiz, motherfupper. Know what it is? No? ha! I win! I'm so much fuppin' better than yous. That, hombre, was the sound made by the one-armed fuppin' bandits in the background in the arcade when Ro-Land found Zammo smacked out of his tiny skull. Look, I'm writing about a fuppin' British icon, so there had to be some reference to the defining point of British popular culchur of the past thirty years, yeah? Yeah? Remember? I had to give you a fuppin' clue though, yeah? So I'm so much more fuppin' cleverer than you. Goddamn, look at the wobble on that!

BOND chases MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG on a crane. MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG hurls his club at BOND, who catches it and throws it back! Freakin' a-may-zing.

MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG

Uh? CAPTAIN CAAAAAAVEEEEEEMAAAAAN!

(They fall off the crane. MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG lands safely; BOND lands in a big wobbly yellow heap. CUSTARD THE CAT sits on the fence, and laughs)

BOND

Oh, you are so going to fuppin' pay for that, cartoon motherfupper cro-magno-bitch.

BOND chases MOLLA... oh, fupp it, CAVEY into AN EM-BA-SSAY and proceeds to shoot gooks and create some real shute and shute blows up and he ends up as cornered as that guy in that bit in that movie, not telling you which one.

EM-BA-SSAY GUY

Let him go, in French.

BOND

You want me to let him go in French? How the fupp do I do that? Put a nuke up his ass and send him to the Pacific? Go Oh-fupp-de-lah-lah and go Tintin on his head?

EM-BA-SSAY GUY

Tintin's fuppin' Belgian, fag. In French.

BOND

Cool. But any more weird shute and I get totally Obelix, ya dig?

EM-BA-SSAY GUY

I dug. In French.

BOND

So, let's get cool here. You want me to let him go in French?

EM-BA-SSAY GUY

No. I'm saying let him go, in French.

BOND

No you're motherfuppin' not. That was English, or the nearest we've had written for us.

EM-BA-SSAY GUY

[censuré]

BOND

Giscard D'Es-fuppin'-tang, motherfupper.

(Proceeds to blow shute up; shoots CAVEY, disappears)

CUT TO: BOND hiding, opening MOLLAKALAKKADINGDONG's manbag. Sudden-fuppin'-ly a pigeon flutters out! This is my homage to other Bond films and not just the absence of an original fuppin' idea. Tied around the bottom of this carrier pigeon's leg is a slip of paper. On it is written "EPILEPSIS" or some such shute. BOND looks thoughtful/moody/constipated/does that weird fuppin' thing with his jaw.

CHAPTER 4: FAG LAND

CUT TO: Londinium. The Palace of Westminster, which is where the Queen lives with the King or she should because I fuppin' said so.

QT commentary: I wanted a new M. Y'know, Jooodie Dench was cool but was getting a bit Mickey fuppin' Rooney so we had to get someone who could convey equally fuppin' well that sense of female authority and, in later scenes, be flirtatiously maternal with Pierce B. No doubt, one shoo-in. Lee Majors. Hell, we wanted him, he needed the cash and he hadn't yet realised that the reason I get these washed-up guys in my films isn't for irony, it's so I can dangle greenbacks in front of them and they fuppin' dance for me while I patronise them and I FUPPIN' WON THAT ONE, MAJORS, ya fupp. Unknown fuppin' stuntman? Unknown fuppin' last twenty years of your fuppin' career, that's the triple truth, Ruth. And he looks fuppin' humiliated in a dress. Touchdown, ho-down, for Kew Tee.

M (LEE MAJORS IN A DRESS, let's not fuppin' forget dat)
Fupp. Bond's gone fuppin' ape. And those bastards in there are all a bunch of faggy Brit politicians like that Thatcher dude or Lord Churchill or whatever crazy shute it was.

QT commentary: M walking with her assistant, a skinny white British guy. When we wrote this shute, we didn't have a name so just called the character "Elvis", 'cause Elvis is the King, ya do-dat-dig? But we had to change it because keeping it as a character name for the film isssself, that'd be just shute, yeah? So, he ended up being called PHAGGE.

PHAGGE

Tsk!

M

Yeah, motherin' tsk, Phagge. Shute on a saucer, I miss the motherfuppin' Cold War. 99 Red Balloons and all that Nena shute, yeah? Fuppin' Scorpions fuppers. And anyway, where's Miss Honeybunny?

PHAGGE

We had a bitch-slap motherfuppin' smackdown over who loved James more and I fuppin' beat the ho, so I now have her locked in my closet and I feed her dog biscuits and asparagus and I get high on the wee. It's like a faggy Baby Jane thing.

M

Hooooo-kay. That's... good.

CHAPTER 5: IT'S QUENTIN FUPPIN' TARANTINO TIME, BEE-ATCHES!

CUT TO: A yacht. 'Bout time this fuppin' film got back to MEEEEEEEE. There's this nearly nekkid ho walking past me while I play cards and I feel positively heterosexual and just like James fuppin' Bond. Fupp. I cast myself in the wrong fuppin' part! FUPP!

QT commentary: It's 'kay, over it now. 'Kay 'kay 'kay, here I am playing cards with some sinister dudes. Now, we done had ourselves a think about what sort of card games we'd use, 'cause it is sorta called Casino Royale, yeah, so we weren't going to have Horace Goes fuppin' Skiing, not after the ninth re-write anyway. So, card games. Fuppin' picked the right ones. Ob-vio-lutely.

LE CHIFFRE

Snap! Motherfupper!

ALMOST MUTE ASIAN HO, CALLED "HO"

See? Told you he was quick.

ALMOST MUTE LATINO CHARACTER ACTOR

Fupp me, you're sooo coool, Le Chiffre. No-one's cooler than you and I bet everything you do is cool.

LE CHIFFRE

You'd win that bet, fuppstick.

(Audience laughs. They'd better fuppin' laugh)

ALMOST MUTE LATINO CHARACTER ACTOR

Urr - what's happening to your face, man? That's so fuppin' gross, man.

LE CHIFFRE

Fret not, shutepig. It's nothing fuppin' sinister.

INCREASINGLY UNMUTE LATINO CHARACTER ACTOR

Course it's fuppin' sinister, ya crazy fupp! Your chin's sweating Dubonnet. Grossarama.

LE CHIFFRE

Stop talking about the fuppin' chin!

CAN'T SOMEONE SHOOT THIS FUPPIN' GUY?

You should be called fuppin' Le Chin.

LE CHIFFRE

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it BITCH!

DEAD MEAT WALKING

Says it's not fuppin' sinister. Says it's something OK. Says it's nothing to worry about. Sister, you are one mad fupped up fupp.

M

(Sashays in, hot fuppin' minx)

Whaddya fuppin' doing here, Bahnd? You got yourself a fuppin' cheek, you fuppin' cheek-getting fupp.

BOND

Chill, bitch. Next time I'll fuppin' shoot myself, yeah?

M

Shute yourself?

BOND

I am quite old.

M

Too old for this turkey shute, fupper.

Throws down copy of The Times of Londinium: headline "CRICKET-BALL MATCH GOES INTO FINAL DECADE"

You were supposed to arrest that fupper, not fupp him so deep he's got your cock for a tongue. And who the fupp shoots up an em-ba-ssay? Makes me want to shoot something else up, you irresponsible double-o fupp. And how the fupp did you get in here?

BOND

Same way I found out your name. I always though M was a randomly assigned letter. I had no fuppin' idea it stood for Cicely.

M

Yeah, the M's fuppin' silent.

BOND

I wish you fuppin' were.

M

Enough of this crazy man talk, ya dig? People are listening. Um... me, mainly. Ya dig?

BOND

Double dug. So, you wan' me to be half monk, half hitdude and half... um... just those...?

M

No. This may be too much for a dumb fupp like you to understand, but you've got to be a blinger with a slick trigger finger for Her Majesty.

BOND

And what the fupp does that even fuppin' mean, crazy talking in tongues man-bitch?

M

Look, Bahhhnnnd, just fupp off out of here. Go sit on a bitch and think about your future. Don't go thinking about your past. Don't be a past-thinkin' motherfupper dude, verstanden? If you do that, I will promise you that I will get all eggy on your a-hole. Oh, and Bahhhnnnnnd?

BOND

Yeah, man?...sort-of man?

M

Don't you ever fuppin' break into my trailer again. Or I'll rip off your fuppin' fingers and feed them to you, anally.

BOND

Sure, dude. But where else in Londinium am I going to find a voodoo temple, man?

M

This is a fuppin' point. Look at the big brain on Bahhhnnnnnddd. But fupp off anyway.

BOND

Okey dokey, smokey pokey

M

Are you fuppin' off yet? Are you being the fuppin' off guy?

BOND

I'm gone man, solid gone.

M

No you're evidently fuppin' not. Get out.

BOND

Tony Grealish, baby. I'm Tonally fuppin' Grealish.

M

Now you're being a fuppin' idiot. Fupp off!

BOND

You bet your bippy, honeypie

M

FUPP OFF!

CHAPTER 7: BA-FUPPIN'-HAMAS, FOR ABOUT A YEAR

CUT TO: The Bahamas, day.

QT commentary: OK, so here's Bond hiring a car. Yeah, product fuppin' placement; hate it, man, hate it. 'Bout as much as I hate intel-fuppin'-lectual property lawyers. What's fuppin' intellectual about Sonny Chiba mooovies? But no, can't copy them because they're all so fuppin' intellectual; yeah, like they're fuppin' Jean Eustache or Olivier Panis. So, anyway, we got sponsored by Dodge and I wanted Bond in a vintage orange Charger, so we did because I get my fuppin' way, yeah, and we put a Unionay fuppay Jackay on the roof; suck my a-hole, Boss Hogg.

BOND

(Sniffing his fingers, the remains of the pigeon blood. Looks whistfully into distance, runs over some fuppin' gooks, da-da-da-da-dalalah-lah-lah-lah)

I know that fuppin' smell... I love the SMELL of pigeon rigOR mortis. in the... morNING.

QT commentary: Jus' freakin' lovin the way Pierce does that actin'.

CUT TO: Some hotel or other, full of rich Joes and slinky Hos.

BOND

(Leaps from the General Lee...the General Gordon (will this do? QT) and starts sniffing the steps of the hotel. Self-satisfied smirk appears on his face, but he also appears to have found what he is looking for. Behind him, a marginally fatter German man appears. He is called GER MAN)

GER MAN

Deutschland uber alles and all that motherfuppin' Eurotrash shute! Hey, du, man who is much too old and well groomed for me to plausiblich mistaken for ein valethund, taken Sie mein AUTO nicht wahr und be quick or I vill annex you.

BOND

Hold on a mo-fomo, ho. So we've barely had a woman say anything so far...

GER MAN

...Vell, zere VOSS der voman, M

BOND

As I fuppin' said, barely a woman. And you weren't there. Shut the fupp up, Kaiser Jim. So, hardly a peep from a ho and yet you get lines and this is the best that the dialogue gets?

GER MAN

Iss ironic

BOND

Is a fuppin' terrible excuse

GER MAN

Look, are you goink to take zer ferkink KARRR or not, Englander pig-dog running hound scumschwein?

CUT TO: BOND looking at the car - it's a fuppin' Panzer tank. Huge fuppin' laughs from audience.

CUT TO: BOND mashing every fuppin' thing with the tank, thus creating a diversion. He's so cool.

CUT TO: BOND doing something with security DVDs. When's he going to kiss a lady and do something fuppin' interesting? Finds bit of film he's looking for - an evil dude we will come to know as DIMITRIOS, like that's so fuppin' Ambler, yeah?, none-more-Ambler than me, letting the pigeon loose. BOND does that smile thing and the lips/finger one as well. No fuppin' clue why.

CUT TO: Reception desk

BOND

G'day. Me want room. Here card.

FIRST ACTUAL WOMAN TO SPEAK AND THE FILM'S ONLY BEEN GOING ON FOR ABOUT A WEEK; I KNOW I DON'T WRITE WOMEN WELL BUT THIS IS FUPPIN' RIDICULOUS

Yes.

QT commentary: Fupp, she really labours that line.

BOND

Oh yes, while I remember to completely make something up on the spot that's about as fuppin' transparent as that blouse of yours: I was here last week and I'm afraid I nicked the door of a rather motherfuppin' fingerlickin' cool February 10th 1964 Arrston Marrtin with my... um... tank.

SHE GOT A SECOND LINE!

Yes.

BOND

I was wondering if I needed to make a fuppin' apolo-gee, to whom I fuppin' should?

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

That would be Mr Dimitrios. He's a cruel and bad motherfupper with a pretty wife. Even as I say it, I know where this is going. So much for starting this fuppin' series afresh. Lives along the beach. He's like a surf dude, but an evil surf dude, yeah? A surf Nazi.

BOND

Surf Nazis must die!

WILL HAVE A THEATRE NAMED AFTER HER

Yeah, right. Sure. It's like Point Break but without Keanu and instead with, um, you.

BOND

(Sobs)

CUT TO: Londinium. PHAGGE is deep in the bowels of someone... somewhere and he's doing computer shute. I'm bored, mom. I want an explosiononey. He is gluing a message to M to a pigeon's leg, and then fuppin' hurls it out the goddamn window.

QT commentary: No fuppin' animals were hurt in the making of this picture. Quite a few of the fuppers killed, though. It's fuppin' kinder that way, y'know.

**CHAPTER 8: STILL MAINLY THE FUPPIN' BAHAMAS,
BIT OF FAG LAND, NO REAL PLOT**

CUT TO: Beach, The Bahamas. SOLONG is riding along the beach, chased by a number of children fuppin' fascinated at the sight. Well, it's not every fuppin' day you see a woman riding a horse, is it? Not at Video Dungeon, any fuppin' way. Loads of films of horses riding women, though.

BOND splashes upwards out of the sea in a pair of fuppin' tiny trunks. As he walks to the shore and makes hot-mama here's-gran-daddy eyes at SOLONG, Greenpeace run into view and try to roll him back into deeper water.

DIMITRIOS looks on, like one bad dude of a motherfupper. He knows what's going on. He knows about SOLONG and all those fuppin' bell-hops. He's never understood why he keeps finding hay in the bedroom, though. No, wait, the way she's fuppin' stroking that horse... Oh man, she's so fuppin' dead.

SOLONG obviously hasn't said anything. Y'know.

CUT TO: M in bed, with a guy.

QT commentary: Given that M is played by a freakin' man, I thought it would be motherfuppin' cooler than fuppin' radishes to have this guy played by a woman and someone equally fuppin' ironic but I hit a real fuppin' problem when I fuppin' found out there weren't any fuppin' ironic people left. I'd run that fuppin' joke dry. Days I fuppin' wasted in the casting of this, in they all came - Charlene fuppin' Tilton, Winnie Mandela, Hana Mandlikova, all the fuppin' greats - and they just weren't fuppin' ironic enough. So, I thought, what the fupp, did it myself. Doesn't write, the fupp.

CUT TO: Pigeon smashing through bedroom window, smashes into back wall showering M and QUENTIN TARANTINO THE FIRST with guts and

gore and feathers and beak. Or just more guts and gore and feathers and beak; hey, it is a fuppin' voodoo temple, remembery?

M

(Reading message: raises eyebrows, starts writing out own message; voiceover by Judge fuppin' Reinhold and we were too damn lucky to get him, I fuppin' tells you)

Okay, so like why the fupp are you telling me he's in The Bahamas? You wake me up to tell me his holiday... fupp, running out of room to write.
RSVP. M. xx

M pulls open her bedside cabinet to reveal a cleverly hidden pigeon coop; all the birds look fuppin' terrified. She picks one out, nails the message to its leg and then hurls it offscreen like the quarterbackingst quarterback you ever did see, I swear. A lot. And will swear a whole fuppin' load more if anyone alleges I stole this from Harry fuppin' Potter.

CUT TO: The Bahamas, still. BOND is sitting at a laptop operating on Hollywood fuppin' broadband when you get no pop ups and it's all fuppin' instantaneous. I invented that. He is on the MI6 web-site (no, not that fuppin' one; he has some fuppin' standards) and it's telling him all sorts of mad shute about bad dudes. He is particularly frowny when it comes to a photo of me. Not a bad photo, if I say so my motherfuppin' self. Chin looking jutty. Cool. Message across photo reads "THIS IS ONE BIG BAD MOTHERFUPPER AND YOU PRONOUNCE IT SHIFFERRR, NOT CHIFFER, DICKWAD"

CUT TO: Londinium. PHAGGE whacks the pigeon's head against the corner of his desk (possibly a euphemism), reads M's message, writes his own. Due to anti-fag laws, his voiceover lines are spoken by Gerry Adams.

PHAGGE

Yeah, dude, I know, bitch, but he's in our website pulling off all sorts of information and using your fuppin' password and shute, and then leaving messages on the fuppin' blog like "What choons are you listening today to?" and "Whoopi Goldberg smells waxy". Fupp, I've managed to write a lot on this little bit of...

PHAGGE picks up a fresh pigeon, welds the message onto its beak and then drop kicks it into a Londinium pea-souper. He then has a cup o' tea and starts smoking on a fag.

CUT EXTREMELY RAPIDLY TO: The Bahamas. Bond is propping up the bar, probably fuppin' wondering when something's going to like, fuppin', happen.

BARMAN

To drink, sir?

BOND

JD slammer and a whole bucket o' Bud. (QT: please translate into English drink; I dunno, fuppin' Horlicks or something. Just do it. Do it now, or I will scream in your face again, this time for eleven fuppin' minutes)

BOND notices GER MAN. They exchange glances.

BOND

Sieg Heil, fuppface.

BOND wanders over to the gaming table where DIMITRIOS sits. He has won a lot of little plastic money stuff.

BOND

Mind if I join in and, like, win?

DIMITRIOS

Can you not see all the plastic shute I have? I think it means I'm winning. I think.

BOND

Whoopee-do. Have a fuppin' badge. No, wait, a fuppin' trophy. And let me get it fuppin' engraved for you. How many Ps in that? No, not your name. In the word "Fuppdangle".

DIMITRIOS

Well, even though you've given me no reason to be, I shall now be inexplicably hostile to you and, talking of trophies, also to my wife. Hey, bitch, over here! You're late, fupppig. Where you been?

SOLONG

Oh, just at the stables.

DIMITRIOS

Mutha-Fupp-ah!

CUT TO: M's bedroom. M sits up in bed, looking at her watch, waiting for the fuppin' pigeon to arrive. You can tell that she's wondering if there's an easier way to fuppin' do this.

CUT TO: The Bahamas. It's a high stakes fuppin' game now. Ooh. Bond has quite a bit of the plastic stuff in front of him as well; some of it's red which is probably hugely fuppin' meaningful.

DIMITRIOS

OK, another twenty thousand.

TROLL

Sorry Sir, table stakes only

QT commentary: Really fuppin' good work there as The Troll by Judi Dench

DIMITRIOS

(Picks up car keys) OK, these were uncannily on the fuppin' table, wife-swapping thing probably, so...

BOND

Are you telling me that a 1964 Arrrrrrrrrston Marrrrrrrtin DB5 is only worth \$20,000? Fupp, that's some credit fuppin' crunch.

DIMITRIOS

Yeah, well, it just doesn't have enough horsepower

SOLONG

I find one horse powerful enough for me

DIMITRIOS

You're really deserving this highly fuppin' obvious imminent death of yours, you fuppin' know that? Anyway, meanwhile, back at the fuppin' plot, or what's fuppin' left of it, let's see if you can match my bid...

BOND

(Pushes all the little plastic things across the table. Like fuppin' Lego. I don't know and I don't fuppin' care)

I see you and match your car with mine. Not that it's technically mine but fupp that. Not that it's actually mine, but fupp that too.

TROLL

Ok, Mr Dimitrios, it's your call. Call. Call. Come on, say fuppin' something. Hello? McFly?

DIMITRIOS

I've played all my cards. And that's what you've done too.

TROLL

Nothing more to say?

DIMITRIOS

No more ace to play

GER MAN

(Sitting at bar, melancholy, nursing a bourbon, singing softly into it)
Zer Vinner takes it all. Zer loser schtanding schmall.

BOND

(Enthusiatic, but rampagingly amateurish and very badly and sadly out of tune, bless him)

BeSIDE thurrrr VICToreeee. That's herrr destINY!

TROLL

Christ's fat cock, that was terrible. Let's get on with the fuppin' film, yeah? Some people have fuppin' babysitters. Those that aren't fuppin' the babysitters.

DIMITRIOS

I say it was Reverend Green in the Library with the fuppin' candlestick.

BOND

The fupp was it. Ha!

DIMITRIOS

Oh fuppin' hell. Troll?

TROLL

It wasn't. He sunk your battleship, fuppwit.

DIMITRIOS

Customer service is going really fuppin' downhill here.

BOND

Keys please, Louise. And the valet ticket. And your wife. Oh, fupp, what a fuppin' giveaway.

BARMAN

Mr Dimitrios, There's a message for you. Like there always fuppin' is in films like this.

(Holds up mangled, maggotty crow. This means it is an eeeeeevil message)

DIMITRIOS

(Reads message)

Ah.

(Throws crow over shoulder)

Must... um... fly.

(Audience will laugh, on pain of a savage beating)

CUT TO: M's bedroom. M is tackling a really hard Sudoku and whistling the theme to Falcon Crest. She seems content.

CUT TO: Still the fuppin' Bahamas. Wait, was that it - was that the Casino Royale? That was a bit fuppin' crap, wasn't it? Oh no, my fuppin' mistake, here comes yet more film. For us to "enjoy".

BOND and SOLONG watch the mechanics roll the 1964 Aston Martin into view: keeps breaking down, the fupper.

BOND

I used to have one a bit like this.

SOLONG

Of course you fupping did.

BOND

Did too. It was invisible.

SOLONG

...Rrrrright.

BOND

Your place or mine?

SOLONG

For... just a drink?

BOND

Just a drink. And maybe a roll in the hay.

SOLONG

(Faints, exploding with lust)

CHAPTER 9: THE PLOT BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE. 'BOUT FUPPIN' TIME. HARD
TO SAY WHAT SHAPE IT IS. IS THAT A RHOMBUS?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW SHAPES. WHO AM I, THE FUPPIN' SHAPEMAN?

CUT TO: Londinium. PHAGGE is reading a long message from M, and has some trouble extracting it from the extremely uppity ostrich. M's voiceover by whoever it fuppin' was.

M

How on Earth does he know these fuppin' things? And how on Earth have we suddenly fuppin' jumped to you receiving a message when it was all about me receiving a message from you? Fupp me, the editing on this film is too fuppin' quick for me and I have absolutely no idea what's fuppin' going on any more and I am an expert on films because I've seen loads rather than going outside and fuppin' living and I am going to go onto message fuppin' boards the world o'er, even though part of this laboured joke is that I have no fuppin' computer so it'll have to be at work like everyone else does. and tell similarly tragic cases that this whole fuppin' enterprise is fuppin' doomed because of the editing and when the editing in the next one is better because I like it more and it spoonfed my moronic intellect, it will be because of what I said, it fuppin' will, bitch, and they listened to me which makes me more of a watcher of films than you and more important and you can't say any different. And, Phagge, don't try to fupp this ostrich. It's not as submissive as the last one. Love, Mmmm.

*PHAGGE shrugs, pours a bucket of fuppin' acid over the ostrich and *leaves the fuppin' chatroom*.*

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE'S yacht. About fuppin' time, frankly. I need to be in this film much fuppingly more.

LE CHIFFRE

Hey, dude. Don't dick with me, dude. What went wrong in Mada-fuppin'-gascar?

DIMITRIOS

Your chin's bleeding.

LE CHIFFRE

Is so not. Now, stop avoidily fuppily doiding the subject under dicksuction.

DIMITRIOS

It's my plan. You found me the man, it was your fault.

LE CHIFFRE

Hold on a gosh darn fuppin' hour there, hombre. If it was your plan, does that mean that... you're actually the villain?

DIMITRIOS

...ulp

LE CHIFFRE

Au contraire, fuppfreckle. My plan, your man. Who was being watched by the British Secret Service who suddenly decided to become the British Very Fupping Obvious Service. I think I'll blame you. I'm finding that to be the soothing choice. The choice of winners.

DIMITRIOS

What is this, a fuppin' infomercial?

LE CHIFFRE

No; they have a plot. This is more of a gentle fuppin' meander through some random shute. Bit like being in bed with a fuppin' pensioner.

CUT TO: Bond's suite. Sweet. Bond is having sexy fuppin' time with a lady. I am unsure how to direct this. Eww. They're kissing. After all, the only sex scene I can remember fuppin' directing was a) in manga and b) involved a paedophile and this is a) live action, or as near as game old Pierce can manage, and b) Bond is not a paedophile, albeit the woman is half his fuppin' age.

SOLONG

You like married women, don't you James?

BOND

Yes.

SOLONG

Why?

BOND

They have less guilt about fuppin' me than the married men do.

SOLONG

Oookkkay... not fuppin' creepy. Why am I so attracted to bad men? My husband, you... Where have all the good men gone? Where are all the gods?

BOND

Where's the streetwise Hercules, to fight the rising odds?

SOLONG

OK, you can stop fuppin' singing now. That was fuppin' terrible.

BOND

Isn't there a white knight, upon a fiery steed?

SOLONG

Hm. Horses. Hmm. No, still, even then, shut the fupp up with the "singing", flat bitch. Flatso fatso.

BOND

Sounds like you need an SOS.

SOLONG

The way you sang it, it didn't sound like SOS at all

BOND

(Sobs)

SOLONG

Fupp, we're still in this fuppin' film. Didn't it start about a month ago? I think you're sleeping with me to get to my husband. But not in that fuppin' way. At least I fuppin' hope not.

BOND

What do you know about "EPILEPSIS"?

SOLONG

Fuppin' nothing and I bet the audience has fuppin' forgotten as well.

The telephone rings. Ring Ring.

BOND

Why don't you give me a call?

SOLONG

Can it, fats. (To 'phone) Hello? Is that you, my husband?

DIMITRIOS

(Audibly) I have to go to Miami.

SOLONG

OK. Hang on a fuppin' moment, shouldn't I be angry at you for losing our car?

DIMITRIOS

Gotta go! Love you! Well, ish.

BOND

Where's he going?

SOLONG

Mi-fuppin'-ami. Surely you fuppin' heard that? Everyone heard that.

Even the poor fupps relying on T-loop and subtitles heard that. Fat, old and now deaf as well. Fupp. Why did I ever agree to this?

BOND

Go off and have a wee and I'll have thought of something by the time you get back. One-liners take a bit longer to think up nowadays.

SOLONG exits. BOND picks up telephone, is momentarily confused by how small the buttons are these days, and rings through to room service.

BOND

Posh fuppin' food, NOW!

**CHAPTER 10: SOMETHING HAPPENS IN MIAMI
THAT I STILL DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND. SHUTE BLOWS UP.**

CUT TO: Allegedly Miami.

BOND has trailed DIMITRIOS, fupp knows how, to a place littered with emaciated corpses, the flesh stripped off them and faces sunk-en, cadaverous. Pick any fuppin' street in Miami.

QT commentary: I thought it would be fuppin' funny, having Pierce wander through these figures like the big ball in Raiders of the Lost Ark fuppin' the cast of Tenko.

BOND and DIMITRIOS fight for reasons too top fuppin' secret to go into. DIMITRIOS passes up the opportunity to end the film by fuppin' dying instead of Bond, the fupp. There's some fuppin' clever imagery mise-en-scene shute when his corpse is added to the pile. But - oh no! There's a bag missing! Or something.

QT commentary: I have no fuppin' idea what's going on any more. I think it was at this point that I lost all fuppin' control. And interest.

BOND removes a crow from DIMITRIOS's jacket. The crow looks deeply furtive. It's fuppin' crow, for fupp's sake. BOND takes it outside and hunts around for the guy who has taken the bag.

BOND

(Whispering to crow)

Find your master, find him. Fly my fuppin' pretty, fly!

BOND releases the crow.

QT commentary: Yeah, I fuppin' admit it, we CGI'd the crow and it was cutting edge at the time. Looks fuppin' rubbish now. What people don't realise is that Pierce was totally CGI here too. Was cutting edge at the time. How he looks now - you draw your own conclusions, man. And, hey, OK, people went a bit fuppity about the concept of a sentient crow that understood complex

instructions, but is this any less plausi-fuppin'-ble than an invisible car or walking over crocodiles or Vijay Amritaj? I. Think. Fuppin'. Not.

The crow lands near BLOKEY, and starts pecking at the trail of trill leaking from his pocket. BOND gives chase to MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, pausing only to write a short message to M. BOND's voiceover is spoken by CYRILLE FUPPIN' REGIS and there's no saying cooler than that.

BOND

M. This message will reach you in about a month. A month ago a bomb went off at Miami Airport. How I have worked out it's a bomb I have no idea. You probably already know that there was a bomb, although I wouldn't like to say for certain. Just saying hi, I guess. Hugs. Jay Bee. PS This bird will be absolutely fupped already so don't let Phagge anywhere near it. It's suffered e-fuppin'-nough.

BOND picks up a seagull, ties the message around its neck

CUT TO: BOND in taxi on way to airport. He leans out of the window and launches the seagull at speed. We hear a crashing sound offscreen and BOND slinks down into his seat and, looking around guiltily, begins to giggle.

CUT TO: PHAGGE's office. PHAGGE and M are staring fuppin' fixedly at an abacus and a crystal fuppin' ball.

PHAGGE

I think it's Bond. I bet something fuppin' bad's going down at Miami International Airport.

M

Given that the central conceit of this increasingly fuppin' stupid joke is that we have no means of communicating with him other than by mutilating fowl, how the fuppin' hell do you know that?

PHAGGE

Um... I dreamt it?

M

Dream about Bond a lot, do you?

PHAGGE

More than you can fuppin' imagine, sister.

CUT TO: An amount of running about at the airport. There's a fup-pload of damage and 'planes and hanging off tankers shute going on. Eventually, BOND kills BLOKEY and it's hard to say who's the more exhausted by all this: BOND, the audience or that poor fuppin' seagull.

QT commentary: I wanted a little fuppin' cool scene at the end of the fuppin' film when the jet Bond has saved in this scene is flying into Londinium and sucks that fuppin' seagull into its engines. Woulda been cool.

CHAPTER 11: MEMEMEMEME. AND THEN, NOT ME. FUPP.

CUT TO: Me. I am talking to the Chaderooniemeister.

QT commentary: Yeah, at that angle the chin's looking too damn Lesley Judd.

BANKER

You're fupped, sonny. I don't know what the fuppp your plan actually was and I'm not going to pretend I do, but all the money's fuppin' gone and I think even my government wouldn't bail you out on this fupper.

LE CHIFFRE

Fupp. This means that those fuppin' Africans are going to be angry N-words.

BANKER

Oh yeah, the Africans. I suspect I'm not alone in forgetting about them.

LE CHIFFRE

Wish I fuppin' could. Hey ho, plan B.

BANKER

That was plan A? That was the best fuppin' one? Fuppanory. How many plans you got?

LE CHIFFRE

They go up to J. Plan G's not too good, but plan H could be a suckload of fun, if you know where to find thirty thirsty prostitutes, Hall and Oates, some parsley and a fuppload of toast.

BANKER

Can we go straight to that? Sounds freakin' fluffy, man. Sounds totally Casper Weinberger.

LE CHIFFRE

No. We have to do carrrds for some reason. Casino Royale, remember.

BANKER

Oh, yeah. Fupp.

LE CHIFFRE

'Bye now. Love to the kids. Especially the ones on your hard drive.

(To MICHAEL STIPE)

Someone fuppin' talked.

MICHAEL STIPE

Who?

LE CHIFFRE

Unlikely in one of my fuppin' films to be a fuppin' woman. Unless...

CHAPTER 12: FINALLY, GETTING AWAY FROM THE FUPPIN' BAHAMAS. JEEZ!

CUT TO: Back in the fuppin' Bahamas. I really fuppin' hate these fuppin' islands now, man.

BOND and PHAGGE get out of a helicopter. How these two ever fuppin' met up I shall leave unexplained. We might be about a week later, I don't fuppin' know/care. For some other fuppin' reason, everyone's meeting M at DIMITRIOS' house. On the beach, SOLONG is really fuppin' dead. PHAGGE pukes, right into the fuppin' screen. Everything goes Jeremy Bentham.

M

Another body. Quite a fuppin' collection, Bahhhhhhhhhhhnd. What was her name?

BOND

Solong.

M

Bit late for a goodbye, wouldn't you fuppin' say? I asked you what her name was.

BOND

Solong.

M

You deaf? Yeah, you probably are by now. WHAT WAS HER FUPPING NAME, YOU RINGPIECE?

BOND

Solong.

M

Oh, right. All those fuppin' lame scenes for the sake of this joke?

BOND

Yep.

M

Well, you shouldn't have fuppin' bothered. Did she know your name?

BOND

No.

M

So although she was never called by her name and you can't help telling everyone yours, inexplicably, I believe you. Let's never mention her ever again, starting from now. Hey? What you fuppin' doing? No, fupp man, she's in a body bag. Don't go chewing her shoulder!

BOND

I have to. It's my thing.

M

It's fuppin' weird, that's what it is.

BOND *chews SOLONG's shoulder*

M

Fupp, that's mixed-up. Fupp. I've seen some weird shute in my time. I've seen Pay it Forward, for chrissakes. But you is one seriously a-hole mixed up deadbitchchewing motherfupper.

BOND

(Accidentally swallowing a bit)

OK, so what we doing here then?

M

Plot plot plot plot plot statutory 9/11 reference plot plot plot uh? plot plot plot hang on a minute that's just idiotic plot plot fzzzz and plot. Plot plot plot grr! Plot.

QT Commentary: Yeah, that was a controversial piece of dialogue but I wrote it so it was bound to be. I am Quentin fuppin' Tarantino, y'know. It was like, see, the audience don't remember the plots of Bond films and really couldn't give an undercooked shute about them so I wanted to stretch that into the people in the moooovie itself not caring either, so they have no idea what's happening or why. Or who, how... if. Whether.

M

In short, something about cards. No limit Happy Families. The winner takes it all.

BOND

The loser's standing small.

M

Yeah, what-evah. Phagge tells me you're the best player in the service.

BOND

I was, M. Until... the thing

M

The thing?

BOND

Mm-uh. The bad fuppin' thing.

M

Being?

BOND

I'm not going to reveal it until the optimum dramatic moment, to give me character and depth.

M

Bit late for that, but noted. Listen up, watching scum. There was a bad fuppin' thing and it involved Happy Families. It. May. Be. Fuppin'. Significant.

BOND

Hugely.

M

It isn't the thing about you being anally raped by Mr Bun the Baker, is it?

BOND

How the fupp did choo know dat?

M

Come on, Bond!

PHAGGE

May I?

M

Fupp off, Phagge. It was fuppin' come on fuppin' comma Bond. Get wid da fuppin' punctu-fuppin'-ation, fupp. Come on, Bond; I am the head of the fuppin' British Secret Service, ya shute. I am paid to know things, and then leave those things on trains. I can see how that might screw you up, every fuppin' pun intended, but I must advise you to remain emotionally fuppin' detacheroonie here, 007. But I don't think that's your problem, is it Bond?

BOND

No. Compared to being violated by a parlour game, it's no fuppin' problem at all.

M

Sweet. OK bitch, you're off to the Casino Royale.

BOND

All this shute and we haven't even got there yet?

M

No, and we've another fuppin' minute to fill before the end of volume one so... it's time for a traditional Taratinoesque trivial longeur of nothingness.

BOND

Hm. B-bm. Got any holiday booked?

M

Was looking at Spain again. Up in the hills, y'know. Get away from it all. Me and the manwife thing... um... Spring, not too hot. Fuppin' clement. I like it nicely fuppin' clement.

BOND

Yeah, nice. Hmm. Do you like ABBA?

M

Some of their early stuff's OK. I was more Jefferson Airplane, Napalm Death, Sonny and Cher and Megadeth kinda shute, yeah?

BOND

I like ABBA

M

We've already done this joke.

BOND

No more words to say. No more games to play.

M

Look, just fupp off to Montenegro and defeat terrorism not through sensible and pragmatically sympathetic foreign policy but by playing stupid card games, yeah? Realistic fuppin' Bond film time, ya get me?

BOND

I got you

M

Babe. Ha!

BOND

Oh you fuppin'...

(...is drowned out by change of music. Credits and all that sort of shute. We play out to "Mad Passionate Love" by Bernard Bresslaw)

QT commentary: I know it was fuppin' controversial to split the film into volume 1 and volume 2 but I thought I would get more attention that way. So that's why I fuppin' did it. What can I say I'm proudest about in Volume 1? I have no fuppin' idea. Looking back it seems like a load of violence and random cool bits. Volume 2 is where the fuppin' plot comes in. I think. I dunno. Anyway, some more shute happened and there's a fuppin' happy ending. Or not. But it does fuppin' end. I hope it fuppin' ends. Please make it fuppin' end.

QT commentary: 'Kay motherfuppers. Tis verily fuppin' volume 2 time. Some more mooovie. And if you just tuned in now, don't you uncool; you ain't missed very fuppin' much. Some shute about carrrrds, s'all you need to know.

CHAPTER 13: YURP

CUT TO: A train cuts through a valley somewhere in Eastern Yurp. The (censored)ing donkey pulling it is getting really (censored)ing tired. Hey, this is what Yurp's like. (censored)ing is. Is. I've seen Il Postino and Degrassi Junior High and (censored).

CAPTION: Somewhere in Yurp

CAPTION: To be fuppin' precise, Montenigger

CAPTION: So how da fupp they get away with calling it that?

CUT TO: BOND sitting in dining car, reading menu and trying to ignore that it's all fuppin' horse or badger or some such shute. Swinging drunkenly into view, like Ernest Borgnine surfing a fuppin' teardrop, comes VESPER.

QT commentary: Fuppin' obvious casting man, but it had to be Uma. Uma. Ooooo Ma. Uma Uma Uma. Oo Ma, why'd ya fuppin' leave me Ma? Sob. Anyway, so Pierce gets himself watched over by Greenpeace so I knews I gotta get the same sorta sponsoring for Uuuuummaaa, so da World Wide Fund for fuppin' Nature came on fuppity board, although they did fuppin' insist that she looked like a fuppin' panda.

VESPER

Ah'm the moanie

QT commentary: Yeah, I know the accent's come in for a load of shute, but it was a homage to her role in The Avengers, which was cool, and also Arthur fuppin' Bostrom, the Bostromator, in 'Allo 'Al-fuppin'-lo, which was fuppin' cool, and that's how all Brits talk, it is 'cause I fuppin' say so, and also because that's what it sounds like coming through those fupped up teeth of theirs.

BOND

(encore un fois weird fuppin' jaw thing)

Come again?

VESPER

Ah harven't come/art all.

BOND

Whaddya fuppin' mean? You're looking at The Fuppin' Face. The Face that makes fat fuppin' spinsters all over the fuppin' world wetter than a fuppin' otter's pocket.

VESPER

Naht this won.

BOND

OK, so with that fuppin' prickly demeanour and slightly masculine garb - and believe fuppin' me, I know at least one man who dresses like that - you must be some sort of Homo Mofo Ho.

VESPER

Alright. So thart's onlee the second most fuppin' offensive thing yew possibly curd haf done.

BOND

The first being?

VESPER

You curd have furkin sung eet

BOND

(Whim-Per)

VESPER

Yewer bahs must be verrie well connected. I've rairly seen so mutz mun-nie fly out da door so quicklee

BOND

Or quite so fuppin' incomprehensibly. Have you got something I could, like, fuppin' read, or have you some sort of fuppin' keeper or a normal fuppin' person I can talk to? It's like Kung-Fu Helen Keller Panda, ya dig?

QT commentary: I realise on fuppin' reflection, and I reflect a fuppin' lot 'cause I just watch my films overnovernovernover 'cause I'm so fuppin' coooooool, that with Uma doing her Brit thing and Pierce doing that voice of his, like he sounds as if he's emerging from an apocalyptic stroke, this whole fuppin' pivotal scene plays out like the Swedish Chef trying to seduce fuppin' Pob. Fupp.

BOND

(Reads Vesper's business card)

Vespa, you say, or nearly fuppin' say? Hm. Bet you're a good ride.

VESPER

Oh, fupp off granddad

BOND

So, how did you come to be in MonteNorman then?

QT commentary: D'you see what I fuppin' did there? Do you? DO YOU? DO YOU, YOU FUPPERS?

VESPER

'Ave yew nurt be ferkin lisnin?

BOND

Yes, to the best of my fuppin' ability but I still have no fuppin' idea what's meant to be going on here

QT commentary:...join the fuppin' club.

VESPER

Ah've been given fuppin' sheetloads of monaie to help you play ferkin cards or surmthing and this is now all so very important

BOND

You don't think this is a very good plan, do you?

VESPER

No. I durnt think this ees a very good film. I surpurse you've given some thought to the point that if yew lurse, our guvvernmint will have directly financed terrorism?

BOND

You mean like it's never fuppin' done that, at any time, ever?

VESPER

Umm... okaaaay. So, still, you'd better fuppin' win. Otherwyse yew'll be a...
(Mimes shape in the air, fuppin' cool animated outline)

BOND

A rhombus?

CUT TO: Train screaming through a station. Someone's told the donkey to get a fuppin' move on or else it's in a fuppin' kebab.

CUT TO: The dining car.

BOND

No, keep with the fuppin' hand signals, bitch. I understand you better.

CUT TO: Train thundering downhill, runs over fuppin' donkey. Good.

CUT TO: Dining car, still. MonteN-word's not this fuppin' big, is it?

BOND

Film, three fuppin' words, third word sounds like your current opinion of me. What Women Wunt?

CUT TO: Gap-toothed fuppin' paysans pushing train up hill.

CUT TO: Still in the fuppin' dining car.

BOND

(Pours VESPER an incredibly fuppin' stingy amount of wine; helps himself to the rest, necked straight from the fuppin' bottle, the old fuppin' lush)

So, it's all about bluff and reading the man opposite you.

VESPER

Wheech I will now start to do, as a funny jerk

BOND

Joke?

VESPER

No. Jerk. Jerk.

BOND

Well, I read you as not being taken seriously by your male colleagues.
Or, with that accent, any-fuppin'-one.

VESPER

Whatchoo talkin' about, Willis? Ah am pure cokkkerney, me, born within the
sound of Beau Bridges. I was an orphan running wild, stealing kerchiefs.

(Sings)

Whe-er-er-ere is love?
Does it fall from skies above?

BOND

("Sings")

Is it underNEATH the WIL-lowwwwwww TREE!
That I've BEEN dreamING of?

VESPER

You really have to go and fuppin' spoil things, don't you? Alright. You
went to Orksford or Nantwich or where-fuppin'-ever. Yew're jurst another
maladjusted young... youngish... old maggot, the sort that MI6 like or can't
fuppin' get rid of, with your weird fuppin' jaw and...

(Stares at his left wrist)

Your expernseeve...?

BOND

Watch.

VESPER

Cool. Durn't get any funny ideas, Bond...

BOND

Unlikely in this fuppin' script

VESPER

...but ma jurb is to keep my eyes on the muhney and off your perfectly
furmed harse.

BOND

(Under breath)

Thank you, thank you so much, thank you thank you thank you.

(What passes for normal fuppin' voice)

You noticed?

VESPER

Even accountants can be blitzed out of their tiny minds on rancid
fuppin' crack. Thank yew fur din-narh.

BOND

My pleasure, bitch. How was your bamboo?

VESPER

Utterly fuppin' Fashanu. How was yewer Big Kahuna Burger?

BOND

Fupped up the a-hole. One sympathises.

VESPER

Yarse, I heard about Mr Bunne the Baker

BOND

Fuppin' shut up, bitch, or I'll give you two fuppin' black eyes

VESPER

Given the amuernt urf mascara, thut's nurt murch of a fuppin' threat, is it? Gurd night, Mr Bahnd

BOND

Goodnight, Miss Bint

VESPER exits. BOND watches her, amused, then lifts her plate up and starts licking it clean.

BOND

Mm. Fuppin' beefy.

QT commentary: Yeah, so that was the fuppin' compromise and I had to delete the seat-sniffing scene. What ya gotta do for a fuppin' PG-13. Sheesh. Kept Bond's line the same though.

CUT TO: Street scene, Montenegro. It is full of Jagwaars and Bentleys and not, say, fuppin' landmines and depleted fuppin' uranium shells from a recent fuppi' civil war. BOND and VESPER get into a chauffeur driven Rolls-Royce which in this company is probably a fuppin' unlicensed minicab, yeah?

BOND

(Opens envelope, in a manly way)

I'm Mr Arlington Bitch, and you're Miss Oginy

VESPER

I am so fuppin' not.

BOND

Apparently we're very much in love.

VESPER

But it will be a suite with two bedrooms; strict fuppin' Jedi, me, mate.

BOND

You're going to have to trust me on this.

VESPER

You know I bloomin' don't, Mary Pawpins. Am oi going to have a prahblem with you, Bond?

BOND

Don't worry; you're not my type.

VESPER

Smart?

BOND

No. Thirty years too fuppin' young.
(Sobs).

CUT TO: Hotel lobby.

BOND

Hi, bitch. My name's Bond...

VESPER

(Urgently)

Don't say the fuppin' line yet! You nearly said the fuppin' line. Don't say it yet. Not until right at the end of the film when fuppheds can whoop and holler and clap a fuppin' film as if the people in it can fuppin' hear them, like they're going to come on and take a fuppin' bow; it's really fuppin' so-cial death, like being the only unfupped kid in the care home or driving a fuppin' SAAB or being Captain Zep Super fuppin' Space Detective.

BOND

Simply because you've said that fuppin' properly, Inspector Clous-Ho, I shall comply.

(To DESKBITCH)

You'll find the reservation under Bitch, bitch.

DESKBITCH

Bitch-bitch? Is that, like, fuppin' hyphenated?

BOND

Bitch comma bitch, bitch.

DESKBITCH

So that's Bitch comma bitch comma bitch?

BOND

You're really fuppin' milking this, aren't you?

DESKBITCH

I'd rather milk her.

QT commentary: So would I.

VESPER

Hi.

BOND

Today is going unfuppin' well.

(Takes register)

There you go dear, you sign that. You represent the Treasury and I'M A FUPPIN' BRITISH SPY. Fupp, I probably shouldn't have fuppin' said that.

VESPER

(Signs register, flings pen aside in a really fuppin' stroppy manner. Fuppin' ooh. It's like that bit in The Flumps when Pootle had a really heavy fuppin' flow)

Yew and yur ferking aggressive ego

BOND

Yeah, I'm an ego warrior.

QT commentary: Jesus Christ.

VESPER

Really fuppin' weak. As is our curver now.

BOND

Look, fuppin' Ling-Ling, if this Le Chrrr...ff... Le Shrrr... this fuppin' guy is so fuppin' well connected, he knows who I fuppin' am...

VESPER

You jurrst fuppin' shouted it across the fuppin' lobby...

BOND

...and he's decided to play me anyway.

VESPER

That's because you're urbviously so fuppin' stupid he knows he's going to win.

BOND

Fupp. Hadn't thought of that.

VESPER

(Entering lift)

Take the next one. There's nurt enuf fuppin' room in here for you and your emu.

BOND

You mean ego?

VESPER

No.

She points over his shoulder.

DESKBITCH

Someone left you a message.

(Holds up emu)

BOND

Fupp me.

DESKBITCH

I'd rather fupp her.

BOND

Hoo-kay, you've had enough fuppin' lines now.

CUT TO: Outside. Parking lot. Fupp me, I know they kinda fuppin' rhyme but did we confuse Monte Negro for Monte Carlo? Look at all the fuppin' bling.

BOND approaches fuppin' visible Arrrrrston Marrrrrtin, sits in it, opens glove box which contains a really fuppin' big gun and an even fuppin' bigger syringe. Both might come in fuppin' handy later, d'you think? Well, poss-fuppin'-ib-fuppin'-ly.

CHAPTER 14: HEY, WE HAVEN'T HAD A FUPPIN' GUNBARREL FOR VOL 2.
THIS MAKES IT NO FUPPIN' BOND FILM AT ALL.
IN THE MINDS OF THE DELUSIONAL.

CUT TO: Arrrrrston vrooms up pretty damn fuppin' coolly into a Montenegroid town. BOND and VESPER run-through-the-war-torn-streets-dodging-sniper-fire saunter to an open air restaurant.

QT commentary: Ooookay, so Mathis, yeah the casting of Mathis. So, y'know, I've always fuppin' dug these European character ac-Tors, yeah, these grizzled guys with big fuppin' soulful eyes and faces that look like they've been fupped sideways to Friday and back by Paul fuppin' Coia, these hard-assed alliterative fupps like Marcello Mastroianni and Giancarlo Gianninnininin... ni. Robert Robinson. Barbara Bush. Those kinda guys. But when it came to it, it was a straight fuppin' fight between Michael Madsen and Wincey Willis. Gotta give Willis her due, she gave a good fuppin' audition - her fuppin' Pacino 'personation was fuppin' rocking, man, some scary shouty shute going down - but I gave it to Madsen because he knows what I did last fuppin' summer. Also, 'kay, he can keep a scene going longer than any man alive and it's about this point in the fuppin' movie when the audience is needing to, y'know, fuppin' Captain pee-pee time, and they don't want to miss anything cool or important or in-

teres-fuppin'-ting, so you see Madsen on the fuppin' skur-een and it's a kinda signal, y'know, that it's OK to go 'cause the next five minutes is just gonna be squinting and mumblin' and totally random completely self-indulgent... crap.

CUT TO: MATHIS. He is wearing shades, chain smoking RED APPLES and behaving like an embalmed Roy Orbison as if it's fuppin' big and clever. Which it fuppin' is.

MATHIS

I'm... Mathis, man. Your... contact.

BOND

Hi.

MATHIS

...here.

BOND

Fupp, sorry. I didn't know you hadn't finished.

MATHIS

I never... fuppin'...

BOND

OK. Say, guy, you look very fuppin' familiar. Weren't you called something else in the last one?

MATHIS

That... wasmycode... finish.

(Pause)

Name.

BOND

So, Mathis is your real fuppin' name?

MATHIS

Yeah... andmycode

(Pause. Squint.)

Name.

BOND

Soooo... how does that work, then?

MATHIS

(Squint)

BOND

...hello?

MATHIS

(Pause)

BOND

Do you want to move seats? Is the sun in your fuppin' eyes or something?

MATHIS

...no idea, man.

BOND

What, no idea about the names shute of ten fuppin' minutes ago, or no idea about the sun?

MATHIS

(Squints. Smokes. Frowns. Acts)

QT commentary: Frowning's cool, see. Shows raaaaannnge. Gotta love this guy. Not in that fuppin' way. Bitch won't let me. Not since fuppin' Leominster. Off the a-gen-da. No, Leominster's a no-fuppin'-go. More ways than one.

BOND

(Waves hand in front of MATHIS' face)

Hello dear. Your name's Mathis. Mathis, yes. That's right. There's peach cobbler later, you like that, don't you? Did Keith come at the weekend? Did he? He did, didn't he? She's not good enough for him, is she? Just after his money, isn't she? Touch of the tarbrush too. Fuppin' bitch. After your bedbath, do you want to go to the day room? There's cribbage, felching and Mr Medleycott's scored some bootleg Victor Spinetti. Hello? Hello?

MATHIS

...Hi

BOND

(Urgently)

What can you tell me about Le Chiffre? Tell me before your next fuppin' relapse or I'll fupp you over so bad you'll look like something Frank Bough once had a go at.

MATHIS

That man... deserves his revenge...

BOND

No he doesn't.

MATHIS

...and we deserve to die.

VESPER

No wee durn't.

BOND

Oh, you're here, are you? Big fuppin' help you are. No, wait, he's working up to another word...

MATHIS

He... arrived. Yesterday.

BOND

OK, getting somewhere now.

MATHIS

He knows... people.

BOND

What the fupp that mean? I know people. I am a people knower. People knowing is my fuppin' game, bitch. Walk down the fuppin' street, every ho and every Joe does the fuppin' saying of "There goes the fuppin' people knower." If it's Top fuppin' Trumps on the people knowing, I win every fuppin' hand, ya dig?

VESPER

I think he's dead. He's gurn all stiff.

BOND

Don't touch him. He looks like he fuppin' bites.

MATHIS

(Exhales huge fuppin' amounts of smoke, some of it from his fuppin' mouth)

It's not like... the old... days

BOND

Ah, to be sure, to be sure, the auld days, sat with me old mammy warming our hands around a hot potato, singing of pretty colleens, wondering how tired the anecdote about coming to London and watching Goldfinger for the first time will get, a pint of the black stuff in one hand and a copy of Look-In in the other, wondering what Christopher Strauli's up to this week or what of his extensive repertoire Mike Yarwood's got up his sleeve for us next, the cheeky funster.

VESPER

You're weird.

BOND

Oh, and you're Mrs fuppin' Normal the Newsagent's Wife, are you? Doing that freaky-deaky weirdo Franglais shute and staring at me like fuppin' Zorro? Meanwhile, back at the fuppin' script, I've had enough of this fupp of a scene so I'm off for a beer. You do the fuppin' rest of it, see if you can get any more sense out of Captain fuppin' stroke victim Zep here.

BOND exits, in a stroppy flounce.

VESPER

(Picking up script. A sorta pamphlet covered in cool doodles and the 'phone number of that guy, y'know, that guy. You know him, the guy. Yeah him, that guy)

Uerm... Do. You. Knurrr... Know. Anything. Myrrh. More! More?

MATHIS

The. Chief. Of. Police. Is. His. Friend. And. Is. Sitting. Behind. Us.

VESPER

(Squints at script)

MATHIS

What. Is.....wrong?

VESPER

(Holding up script)

There urnn't any myrrh laines here. It jurst says "Do some random im-provised shute, it's sorta my thing, but you make sure you better fuppin' mention Floella Benjamin, Zubes, Skid Solo and Maynard's fuppin' Wine-gums and make it look like natural conversation of real people, other-wise I'll come over there and scratch your fuppin' eyes out".

BOND

(Wanders back into scene, humming Bond theme under his breath)

Looks like you two young lovers need rescuing.

VESPER

Largely frurm this fuppin' moevie.

BOND

(Sitting, with some age discomfort)

Right, I remember this fuppin' bit from the rehearsal workshop, police chief, sitting back there playing the tuba like it's a fuppin' Hitchcock cameo shute, probably browndicking Le Chiffre, yadda yadda yadda, Ohhh-kay, so what happens now? Oh yeah, police cars and all that sorta fupperry.

CUT TO: Police! Fuppin' loads of them! Here they fuppin' come like sallow Balkan ninjas. Shee-ute! They've just opened fire with uzis on the POLICE CHIEF who writhes like a crazy bastard plugged into the mains and sprays goodly lots of blood fupp everywhere and his body does this funny wriggle like he's dancing to the theme to Crazy Like A Fox, Dirty Vegas mix. Limbs spiralling right at the fuppin' lens. It's real fuppity carnage town now, probably a bit like what Montenegro's really fuppin' like. This goes on for about four minutes and we see it from every possible angle, including bullet-fuppin'-eye view, bystander-doused-in-spleen-view, and Outer Space.

MATHIS

Uzis. When you... absolutely... positively. Gotta! Kill... every last mother-fupper... in the pleasant open-air café. I would... say... if I could say... anything... that I think... your odds... have just.

(Squints)

Improved.

BOND

Are we paying you by the hour or something?

CHAPTER 15: LIKE, FIFTEEN CHAPTERS IN AND WE MIGHT FINALLY GET TO THE FUPPIN' CASINO ROYALE. BUT I WOULDN'T BET ON IT. CASINO. BET. LIKE, THEY BET IN A CASINO. YEAH? YEAH? FUPPERS.

CUT TO: Bathroom of BOND and VESPER's hotel suite. The scene is shot from the shins down. VESPER taps her feet real cute like.

QT commentary: I thought it would be fuppin' cool not to show Uma putting on her makeup, but just to show her and Bond's feet. Her feet. Uma's feet. Feet. (There is a shuffling sound). Do carry on. Don't mind me. Uuuhhh. Feeeeeeeeeeet.

BOND's shoes come into view.

QT commentary: Y'know it's like Strangers on a Train 'cause they were y'know, strangers on a train when they met. Yeah, that sounds convincing. (More shuffling).

VESPER'S FEET

(The feet stamp)

Yew eggspect me tur wear that?

(There is a sound of a dress being hung onto the hook on the bathroom door. Whatever the fupp that sounds like, but it's probably the same sound effect as "Dress being hung onto a hook on a bathroom door" in that episode of the final season of Banacek so I'll just write that everyone will think I'm cool and no-one's really going to check, are they?)

BOND'S FEET

I need you looking fantastic so that when you walk in all the others explode in a spume of sticky white love piss and I cover up the fact that I can't play cards in winning by default. You think you can do that for me, bitch?

VESPER'S FEET

(All lovely and toey)

You wurrnt me to wear a furkin purple dress?

BOND'S FEET

Toss-up between that and the crotchless bikini, but I'm keeping that for myself.

BOND'S FEET exit. VESPER'S FEET do that cute thing where they turn inwardly a bit, oh God I think I've just come.

CUT TO: BOND entering bedroom, spies something on bed, walks out in a...

SMASH CUT TO: Bathroom. BOND enters, holding up suit carrier.

BOND

But I've already got a corset.

VESPER

(Faced caked in some sort of weird reverse-Minstrel make up shute)
Yurs, but I need yew looking like a man who belongs at that table. And can fuppin' fit under eet. Time to be a beet less widescreen, grand-pere.

BOND

But this is tailored.

VESPER

Ah sized yew up the meenit I saw you. Couldn't really fuppin' miss. Can it, Jumbo, and get ready.

CUT TO: Really cool little scene when BOND tries on the Bond-corset, three strong guys tying him into it, and VESPER watches him, amused. The Bond theme plays under the moment, Rodriguez on traditional Mexicali kazoo. BOND tries not to notice VESPER, but that's probably because he can barely breathe at this point and all the blood's rushed to his eyes.

CUT TO: BOND walking across town in a really odd way, like he's just been bum-fucked by, oh I dunno, let's say a rhino. Did you know that Microsoft Word won't let you write the word "bum-fucked" without a hyphen - it changes it to "bemused". OK, he's walking that way because he's been bemused by a rhino. Actually, that looks fuppin' better. Much more like my sort of contrived shute.

CUT TO: BOND enters the Casino Royale. After more than an year of the film showing generalised fuppin' about. This film's been going so long the first scene has its own branch of science. Anyhoo, the Casino is really shabby because it was shelled with depleted uranium during this vicious civil war they had smart and every fupper has his own teeth. It is really fuppin' unlikely. A short, skinny one-eyed black guy in a snap-brim hat is being ejected - this is a fuppin' in-joke about this not being some fuppin' Rat Pack movie and not just because beating up N-words is an extremely probable thing to happen in Montenegro every fuppin' day of the week.

CUT TO: BOND descends to the subterranean lair in which the card-game-shute will take place.

QT commentary: I wanted it designed so that it was this ultimate nouvelle vague fuppin' casino, yeah, so that's why there's the posters of Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jeanne Moreau, Tommy Boyd, those sorta guys. The bar, see the bar, yeah, the way the mime artist dances along the top, pretending he's being shot. All the fuppin' time. Like, really annoying. Hell, it's the sort of place that if it was in Vegas, to get in you'd have to wear a really nice pair of shorts, with pockets and shute. I wanted that, and crossed with some Sinatra, Dino sorta stuff, y'know really fingersnapping coooool stuff, so that writing on the wall, there, see, that's the verbatim conversation Sinatra and Peter Lawford had at The Dunes on April 19th 1957, and that, there, see, the thing that waitress is wearing, that's the exact design of the hostesses at The Desert Inn in the mid-sixties and - yeah, cool - that blank piece

of paper displayed prominently behind the bar - that's the enjoyment to be derived from Ocean's 12.

BOND walks over to where **LE CHIFFRE** is standing, thoughtfully rubbing his chin ~~diek~~ arm.

QT commentary: Oh it's me. Cool. I'd forgotten I was in this.

LE CHIFFRE

And you must be Mr Bliss's replacement. Mr Bitch, or is it Bond? I'm a little confused.

BOND

Aw. I'm sure it's only a phase. Although, y'know, that chin...

LE CHIFFRE

Fupp you, bitch.

BOND

No, it is Bond.

LE CHIFFRE

Okay, Fupp you Bond. Hm. That doesn't work as well, does it?

BOND

Nothing in this fuppin' movie does.

Into view comes MENTAL, the banker who is probably a fag.

QT commentary: Y'know, Mental was my way of trying to, y'know, recognise that, yeah OK, yah, some of my shute hadn't been too nice and tolerant of fudgepackers, so to make amends I made him a sympathetic character and even more amends would have been him being played by Steve Guttenberg but there were scheduling conflicts with his TV work - repairing those fuppers takes ages - so we settled for Michael Dudikoff and he done acted it real goodly.

MENTAL

(Setting down computer briefcase thing that no-one ever questions will definitely work)

My darlings, my lovely boys and... the ones that aren't boys. So welcome are you to my lovely Casino that I've come over all queer. Ooh! Anyway, to-night's game is lovely, lovely no limit Connecticut rules Happy Families, each of you putting in your lovely wads of - drumroll please! - ten million dollars. Oh, what I could buy with ten million dollars. Champagne! Boys! Boys and champagne and boys! Ooh, get her. Anyway, my lovely darlings, lovely to vada your dolly old eeks once more. First up, Mr Bond. Ooh, innie bold? Come up here my darling, stretch yer lallies, don't be shy, and you just press my chunky buttons until we're all happy.

BOND looks shrewd as he enters the password. Although it might be the corset beginning to chafe.

CUT TO: The players around the table, circular dolly shot around them. We start at BOND who is just about to take his seat, then move to his left to see DEALER...

QT commentary: Syd Little...

...MR FUPPYOUTOO

QT commentary: Gordon Liu, there, cool...

...MR BIG FAT BLACK GUY

QT commentary:...played by the surviving cast of Condorman in a bin bag full of old guts...

...RANDOM EUROTRASH WOMAN

QT commentary: Princess Anne...

...FELIX LEITER...

QT commentary: Big fuppin' debate we had about who to cast as Felix and it wasn't ever going to be fuppin' resolved. Course, we had Madsen in the movie as well, so it was really fuppin' hard to work out what Felix was going to do and why he was fuppin' necessary. Seems to be the problem with him all the fuppin' time. Anyhoo, time was ticking on to get ready, still didn't have a Felix, so to get going we just had him played by a broom with half a tennis ball stapled on top, and thought we'd digitally insert him later...

...LE CHIFFRE...

QT commentary:...although of course we never fuppin' did. Still works as a character though, I think. Hey, there's me again! Gee, I look... You might wanna pause your DVDs right there, just that shot there where I'm looking totally fuppin' Salisbury. Just keep it there if you want to, rest of the movie's fupped, Bond sorta wins and sorta loses, you finally get to go home.

...and finally BOND, who is just settling into his seat. It's taken this long. Quite a bit of creaking.

QT commentary: So that's random stereotype table, all set up for the game. Why are they playing, again? I've fuppin' forgotten.

DEALER

(Does whatever it is he does)

The game is Connecticut Happy Families; for those of you more familiar with California Happy Families, in this game gay marriage does count. Mr Bond, the bid is with you.

BOND

(Looks at his cards: He has a steely glint in his eye as he looks over at Le Chiffre, ready to play the game and the man, Or it dawning on

him that the pasty he had for dinner was probably a mistake - diced carrot never agrees with him. He throws a handful of chips onto the table, as if doing something explicable and important)

Thirty.

DEALER

(Nods, approvingly, as if he has understood what's just happened.
Gestures to ugly man standing opposite him)

Bank set at thirty.

UGLY MAN

(Writes something in his notebook, much along the lines of "Help, I've just been asked and I've no idea whether that's too high or too low or what's going on. Would saying "yes" be OK? Because that's not really approving or disapproving, just acknowledging, and I might get away with it for another evening, this notebook is surprisingly capacious isn't it? I wonder if there's space for one of my poems. Oh, I wonder if there shall ever be / A sight as lovely as Yvonne Cawley?"

Yes.

CUT TO: Slow dissolve to later in the game. Both BOND and LE CHIFFRE have a big pile of chips in front of them.

QT commentary: Getting Pierce to do a fifth movie was fuppin' tricky until he read the bit in the script about Bond sitting at a table and there being a big pile of chips all for him. When he found out the truth that that really meant plastic ones, he threatened to walk, or at least shuffle, off the set, so that's why the chips are made from fuppin' potato. Fupp, under the studio lights they cooked real good but the fat fupper kept eating them. Fuppin' continuity nightmare. What a pro.

VESPER enters the room, by springing from the banisters and performing a fuppin' perfect Shaw Brothers Spavined Badger stance. She is in that purple dress and shute but most important of all she is fuppin' barefoot! All the men/brooms stare at her feet as she walks by, because that's only fuppin' normal, y'hear.

VESPER

(Leaning in to kiss BOND)

Good lurck, darling.

(Sniffing him)

Nurt so much vinegar on your next helping, please.

BOND

But I haven't had any vin... oh.

(He grins, sheepishly)

I may have had a little accident.

VESPER retreats to the bar, where MATHIS sits, nursing a Coors. He's real classy. VESPER perches on a bar stool, leans back against the wall and rests her lovely feet on the bar. The barman

drops dead safe in the knowledge that the rest of his life will be complete shute in comparison to this moment.

MATHIS

I... don't. Need. To tell you...

(Squints)

...How [censored]able you...

(Pauses)

Look.

VESPER

Please durn't. We'll be here all furking night. Although An surspect the audience has resigned itself to paying eauvertime for the babysitter, or getting home to find their preteen daughter has nurt eanly got 'erself pregnant but had the baby.

BOND

Barman!

BARMAN in a very sorry red shirt/black bowtie combination appears.

BOND

Fupp, man, what are you wearing? Never mind - get me a drink. Tia Maria, Lime and Coke, full fat but flat, shake it over ice for a minute, then add a slice of kumquat peel and a pork scratching. Serve it in a jam jar with a chipped lip.

PRINCESS ANNE

We'll have one of those too.

CONDORMAN BINBAG

Me too!

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL STAPLED TO IT

(Shakes and nods "head")

BARMAN

You want me to what with the fruit?

LE CHIFFRE

Me wanna play cards! Why is everyone being so fuppin' dumb? Me wanna play!! Don't give the barman all the attention, he smells and my friend Billy said he touched his front bottom. Look at me! Look at me!

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL STAPLED TO IT AND THEREFORE PROVING TWENTY TIMES MORE MEMORABLE AND EFFECTIVE THAN ANY PREVIOUS FELIX LEITER

(Shakes and nods "head")

BOND

Heh!

QT commentary: Pierce there, reacting really well to the broom. He has this fuppin' weird, powerful aura around him, he really communed with the broom, as if he and an inanimate wooden object had a mutual understanding.

CHAPTER 16: YET MORE FUPPIN' CARDS. BUT SOME KILLING TOO.
'BOUT FUPPIN' TIME

CUT TO: BOND, MATHIS and VESPER leaning against the bar. The drink comes. BOND takes a sip, looking thoughtfully over at VESPER as he does so, either in studied contemplation or trying to take his mind off what he's about to digest.

QT commentary: What we fuppin' deleted was this lengthy wire-work sequence; shame. All the fuppin' stunt budget, and two guys hospitalised, spent hauling Pierce's fat ass out of his seat.

BOND

(Takes a sip of the drink)

Hmm.

(Takes another sip: these two sips are shot three months and several weeks of stomach-pumping apart)

Y'know, that's really fuppin' disgusting; must give it a name. I wonder what. Oh, hello you.

VESPER

Our cover story seems to be changeeng. Again. Call me being angry at you pissing the money away as being real and also in new character.

BOND

Thirty months into this film and you're still not sure what your character is?

VESPER

Me and the audience as one. Anyway, you jurst lost that last hand. I think. Shortly I will need Mathis to explain the game to me and the audience because nur one understands any of this crap.

BOND

He only won on that last card; getting Mr Dogbreath the Dentist was a one hundred to thirty Burlington Bertie chance; up till then he had nothing. It was worth losing to see his tell.

MATHIS

His...

BOND

Yeah; subtle signal that told me he was in trouble. Look out for it. It's when he screams "Oh fuppin' hell, these cards are complete fuppin' shute, waaaaah!". Did you bring the bug?

MATHIS

...tell?

(Hands small cockroach to BOND)

VESPER

And what's happening with that?

BOND

I just needed to remind everyone we're in a fuppin' spy film.

(Bond extracts hummingbird from his jacket pocket and holds the cockroach up to it)

Here you go Kenneth; smell the bug. *(Turns to VESPER)* Kenneth is a special sniffer hummingbird. He has a nose for evil. He'll follow that bug anywhere, won't you Kenny-Wenny?

KENNETH THE HUMMINGBIRD

(Makes hummingbird noise. At a [censored]ing guess, this is a hum)

VESPER

This is increasingly stupide

BOND

He makes more sense than you. Anyway, I'm sure they'll be some more spying coming, but first - some more cards! Hooray! I like cards, me. Cards is great. Now, you stay here with old Lightning Jack and I'll just fupp off over there and put everything on Mrs Betsy Knewaboutit, the Paedo's Wife.

CUT TO: Some time later; BOND and LE CHIFFRE have huge piles of chips in front of them. Something good must have happened at "cards" or some such shute. They're obviously both good at "cards".

DEALER

Ladies and gentlemen and broom, we have now been playing for a paleolithic age. We will break for one hour only, for The. Excitement. Simply. Cannot. Stop.

CUT TO: A crow whacks LE CHIFFRE on the chin back of the head. LE CHIFFRE wanders over to MICHAEL STIPE and makes generalised evil Muttley-type noises. BOND reaches over to LE CHIFFRE's asthma inhaler and in full view of every single person in the room, all of whom ignore this, slips the cockroach into it. LE CHIFFRE picks up the inhaler, not because he needs it because he's big and strong and manly and fuppin' A. He just chooses to use it so it looks like he's frail and everyone else can connect, with this fuppin' Superman yeah? YEAH?

BOND

(Taking VESPER by the arm)

You want to do what to me? That's not fuppin' legal, not even in an Austrian's cellar.

VESPER

Ah'm sorrie; yew've completely lost me.

BOND

Chance'd be a fine fuppin' thing.

(Shouts)

We're off to fuppl

(Sotto voce)

...and I need to empty my bag.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE's room. LE CHIFFRE wanders onto the balcony, where his devoted girlfriend LOIS LANE SOME-HO is standing. She is shivering, but it's not fuppin' cold. Expect she's just feeling over-fuppin'-awed. She's only fuppin' human.

LE CHIFFRE

Oohokay bitch, what's so really fuppin' important that you need to drag me all the fuppin' way up here, which is back in the fuppin' hotel and not above the Casino although you wouldn't know that from the quick editing because it's all too fuppin'-Bourne like and I'll complain about it because I can't make out what's going on, like I have to draw fuppin' films from memory when I get home and...

Suddenly! OBANNO hoves into view and puts his hands all the way around LE CHIFFRE's chin. Or at least fuppin' tries to. Two minutes of film pass whilst everyone, including OBANNO, try to remember who he is. You remember OBANNO, don't you? Black guy, had a lot of money, it was sometime last year. Yeah?

OBANNO

Where's my fuppin' money?

LE CHIFFRE

Who the fupp are...? Oh. Yeah....Hi.

CUT TO: Reception desk.

BOND

You're holding something for me?

DESKBITCH

Am I?

BOND

Yes.

DESKBITCH

Describe it.

BOND

Um, it's an envelope...

DESKBITCH

Right, y'see, that's where I have a bit of a fuppin' problem, because when you handed it over earlier it wasn't as if the envelope was a very good disguise

for what is basically a massive fupp-off gun. I didn't say - glory be! That feels fuppin' fluffy, as I looked at the fuppin' gun shape in the envelope. I wonder what that can be? I asked myself. Is it a lovely dolly, maybe? Or perhaps some cress? Or is it a fuppin' big gun? What a fuppin' quandary.

CUT TO: Inside elevator. BOND holds dismembered ear up to his mouth.

BOND

...thank you.

(Flings ear aside and reaches into envelope, draws out some cress, then a HUGE FUPPING GUN. He takes KENNETH THE HUMMINGBIRD from his top pocket and lets him loose)

Fly, my pretty! Find evil people!

KENNETH flies straight at VESPER

VESPER

Ow! Gerrof!

BOND

(Catching KENNETH THE HUMMINGBIRD)

That's fuppin' odd - he's trained only to seek out bad, untrustworthy people.

(Does that weird squinty thing he does well, if by "well" you mean "all the [censored] time instead of acting")

Unless...

CUT TO: Bing! Elevator door opens and BOND looses KENNETH THE HUMMINGBIRD into the corridor. He flies straight at a door at sticks there, like a fuppin' dart.

BOND

See? Never fails.

VESPER

You threw him.

BOND

Did not.

VESPER

Did too. And you took a ferkin run-up, which is pretty impressive in such a small lift. And for such an old man.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE's room. LE CHIFFRE is slouched on the floor, but still looking pretty fuppin' hot. OBANNO is about to bring his sword down on SOME-HO's arm.

LE CHIFFRE

Wait!

OBANNO

Fuppin' what now?

LE CHIFFRE

Is that... is that a Hattori Hanzo steel?

OBANNO

(Lowers sword)

You betcha.

LE CHIFFRE

A Hattori Hanzo blade...

(Suitably mystical bit of soundtrack at this point; heavy thrash triangle, that sorta shute)

LE CHIFFRE

Well, that puts a totally different complexioner on things. A man who can wield a Hattori Hanzo blade must know the inner fuppin' value of life, must be at one with the crickets and all that. It would be an honour to die at the point of such a blade.

OBANNO

You want to fuppin' find out?

LE CHIFFRE

I may... have just said the wrong fuppin' thing.

CUT TO: BOND wrenching KENNETH THE HUMMINGBIRD out of the doorframe and chucking him over his shoulder - an offscreen "Ow!" from VESPER.

CUT TO: Inside LE CHIFFRE's room. OBANNO is back on his instant amputation routine. He brings the sword down to within a hair's breadth on SOME-HO's arm and what's really fuppin' coool is that we go in real tight and we see the blade slitting a hair in two, lengthways, in super slo-mo. I'm so fuppin' clever, me. I AM.

OBANNO

(Looking at LE CHIFFRE, who's looking ripped and fuppin' gargantuan in cool)

Not even a word of protest. Not even any fuppin' word. Not even the word "fupp", unexpectedly. You should get yourself a new... whatever...

LE CHIFFRE

Boyfriend!

OBANNO

(Giggling, as does SOME-HO)

Oh, sure. Don't make me fuppin' laugh. OK, "boyfriend", get me my fuppin' money, otherwise I take your chin, heterofaggot.

LE CHIFFRE

Actually, that would solve a lot of fuppin' problems. Most of which stem from my childhood.

OBANNO and OBANNO'S LITTLE HELPER storm from the room, throwing the door open onto...

CUT TO: An empty corridor! Or is it? (It isn't). As they walk down the corridor, they pass BOND and VESPER locked in an embrace. Urr. Kissing. Urr. But! As they pass, OBANNO'S LITTLE HELPER notices something's not quite right here. Whatever can it fuppin' be? Can it be that he suspects they've overheard what just happened? Can it be the hummingbird sticking out of BOND's ear? Can it be that the man is three times the woman's mother's age? Whatever, what happens now is a...

CUT TO: ...pretty fuppin' intense fight in a stairwell, BOND tipping OBANNO'S LITTLE HELPER over the banister to die in crunchy bone-mess ha! Die you fupper! VESPER runs barefoot up and down the banisters brandishing a sword for no better reason than I like watching her do that. And BOND and OBANNO struggle until OBANNO's mighty Hattori Hanzo steel cuts into BOND's torso, slitting through the corset and the resultant flab release bounces OBANNO over the side to his death in all sorts of gore and blood and impaling and shute, take that you fupper, question my fuppin' straightitude will you? Motherfupper.

BOND

(Slippering and slapping in a pool of blood and kidneys and half-digested shute)

Go... get Mathis...

VESPER

What good will he be?

BOND

I need something to sponge up this fuppin' mess and he looks kinda absorbent.

CUT TO: Bathroom somewhere. BOND washes the blood from his face in a really meaningful way, whilst a tug-of-war team crank him into a fresh truss.

CUT TO: Back at the fuppin' Casino. Considering fupp all happened in the twelvety billion hours of the "caaarrrrdds" so far, fupploads just went on in the past hour, didn't it?

BOND

(Being gently lowered into his seat: look, he's just been in a big fupp-off fight and he ain't getting any younger)

Wotcha.

LE CHIFFRE

(Seemingly unperturbed by all the nonsense that's just been going on) You've changed your girdle, Mr Bond. I hope your big stack of chips isn't causing you to become a big fat jellybelly.

BOND

Well, I know when I'm in real trouble because my chin will start oozing fuppin' Dubonnet, won't it, freakboy?

LE CHIFFRE

Bitch. And now we shall continue with the game despite the fact that if you tell me you've just killed OBANNO that would mean my problems are over and I don't have to be here any more and this endless fuppin' movie can... end.

BOND

(Completely fuppin' irresponsibly chooses to say nothing)

CUT TO: Bathroom of BOND and VESPER's suite. VESPER is in the shower, fully clothed - hubba hubba - and BOND gently lowers himself beside her, careful not to slip on the tiles because that would put his back out for weeks.

VESPER

It's blurd on mai harnds, it's laiike I caren't wash eet orf.

BOND

Yeah, yeah, fuppin' Lady Macbeth, very fuppin' subtle; this movie's just all over the fuppin' place as far as tone goes, isn't it?

(Sighs)

Anyway, you want the water a bit warmer? Please say no - reaching up behind me like that will just trigger my sciatica.

VESPER

(Best Supporting Actressly)

Their blood is on my hands!

BOND

Oookay - now don't get too fuppin' weirded out by what I do now.

BOND leans down and takes starts sucking her toes.

VESPER

Er... I said my hands...

BOND

(Mouth full of Uma's toes)

Mpff?

QT commentary: Hot fuppity damn, I really did cast myself in the wrong fuppin' role, didn't I? Fupp. Still, I'm over it now. And I find I like to fuppin'... watch, anyway. 'Scuse me a second.

The camera pulls away from this tender scene and the audience is distracted from its depth and subtlety by the hoving into view of a fuppin' bidet. The British have no idea what it is. The Americans

think it's called B-Day, is therefore associated with D-Day and therefore just like fuppin' D-Day, they invented it. USA! USA!

CHAPTER 17: LOOK, WE BOTH KNOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THIS MOVIE HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES ALREADY SO IT'S NOT AS IF THERE'S ANY FUPPIN' SURPRISES LEFT, IS IT? STILL PLAYING CARRRRRRRRDS.

CUT TO: Day. Morning, in all likelihood. BOND and VESPER's suite. BOND, strolling in from tennis and a ten mile jog (the script is contractually fuppin' obliged to say this) passes where VESPER lies. She seems restless, and is talking in her sleep.

VESPER

N.noo.noo...Pastry! Don't let Jonathan sniff the gusset! More jam, Mr Mugabe?

BOND decides not to wake her, as she appears to be making much more sense than usual. Instead, he wanders onto the balcony, to join MATHIS, who has been there for some time, watching Vesper sleep. Urgh.

BOND

Any trouble disposing of the stiff's?

MATHIS

(Squinting)

I went for. Subtle. To... send a signal. To Chinny.

CUT TO: View of the hotel car park below them. OBANNO'S LITTLE HELPER has been set on fire and is blazing away merrily. OBANNO is strung up from a tree by his own intestine. "Some people have noticed" and there's police and firetrucks and milkmen and all sorts of crazy shute going off.

MATHIS

Being. Dead doesn'tmeanonecan'tbe. Useful.

BOND

Or cast in a major speaking part, it fuppin' seems.

MATHIS

(A sort of smoky squinty combination, with a lot of drawwwwwl) How's the bitch? Melted the years of coagulated fat around your straining heart yet?

BOND

(Appears to ignore him, amused. Is in fact slightly stunned at the fuppin' unlikely use of the word "coagulated" by this person)

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE looking mighty flame-grilled Whopper-hot at a window, staring down at the scene. He wipes his chin on the feyly diaphanous drapes and sashays strides manfully back into the room.

LE CHIFFRE

That Bond. Ooh, I could do him a mischief and no mistake. Despite the fact he's just done me a masive favour and for some reason I don't realise this.

SOME-HO

Well, you have got all fuppin' day to kill him, gaybo. You don't actually have to leave any attempt on his life to when you're sitting oppo-fup-pin'-site him glaring and thus making suspicion more likely to fall on you when people start thinking "Oh, I wonder who in this magnificent fuppin' boudoir doesn't appear to like Mr Bahnd very much?"

LE CHIFFRE

You really don't fuppin' get how this works, do you?

SOME-HO

(Grumbling, flicking through her copy of Jumbo Wordsearches)
Just sayin'.

CUT TO: That evening. No attempts having been made on his life all day - he went to the garden centre and, as a little present to himself, had some flapjack - BOND is back at the card table. LE CHIFFRE considers his own cards and a frown furrows his juicyfruit brow. In shot between LE CHIFFRE and BOND stand MATHIS and VESPER, at the bar. This composition looks like it's been fuppin' directed that way and y'know something? It has been, faggots.

LE CHIFFRE

(Screaming)

Oh fuppin' hell, these cards are complete fuppin' shute, waaaaah!

MATHIS

(Leaning into VESPER and in so doing copping a crafty glimpse at her mummylumps)

That's. The tell.

VESPER

I fuerkin knurr. I was phurrkun listening earlier.

MATHIS

I'm. Talking. To the audience. Through you.

VESPER

You might as well hold up the fuppin' script in frunt of the camerah and turn the ferkin pages fur them.

MATHIS

(Squints)

What script?

Meanwhile, back at the adults' table, LE CHIFFRE takes a suck on his inhaler. Fnarr.

LE CHIFFRE

(Choking, spitting)

Fupp! There's a fuppin' cockroach in there! Fuppin' Montenignog fuppin' pharmacy! Sucking on a cockroach. I mean, fupp! Sucking on a roach - that I can fuppin' handle.

BOND

What about sucking on a cock?

LE CHIFFRE

(Uncertain and hesitant, as if he can't quite believe that all his wet dreams have come true)

Whaddyou fuppin' mean?

BOND

Just fuppin' with you, man.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE'S side of the table rising ever so imperceptibly. LE CHIFFRE looks over at SOME-HO and the table comes crashing back to the ground again. So, bitch has her uses.

LE CHIFFRE

(Changing the subject fairly bloody obviously)

I'm going all in.

MATHIS

(Whispering)

He's going all in.

VESPER

I fuppin' knurr. Ah say 'eem dur it. D'yer think ah'm fuppin' blind?

MATHIS

Sister, with that much mascara, anything's possible.

BOND lifts his cards. We see that he has the full set of Mr Inbred the Cowfarmer and his family. It's a good hand, albeit one with seven fingers.

MATHIS

Bond. Willhaveto. Go. All in...to match. Him.

VESPER

I knowwww.

(She lifts his bottle of beer and snatches away the beermat upon which he's written his lines. She holds it up in front of the camera - takes a moment to get it around the right way, the stupid bitch - and then with her left big toe she points out the words:

'Bond (do a squint) will have to (do a pause) go all in (and a really long pause, you're a winner Michael and don't let anyone ever tell you different) to match (stop and look enigmatic) him.'

VESPER

(Direct to camera)

You got that, you fat fupps?

CUT TO: BOND staring at LE CHIFFRE staring at BOND staring at LE CHIFFRE staring at BOND. "Cards" seems to involve a lot of staring and a whole fat fuppload of nothing very much else.

BOND

(Pushing big pile of wet, hard and cold chips into the middle of the table)

I'm all in and all over your ass, boy.

LE CHIFFRE

(Audible gulp)

CUT TO: The watching crowd doing a lot of mumbly head acting and trying to pretend they've fuppin' understood what just fuppin' happened.

CUT TO: BOND's cards being revealed. The crowd gasp at the majesty that is "cards". What a great game. Or is it a fuppin' sport? Who gives a fupp? FELIX LEITER THE BROOM shakes a bit, and the tennis ball falls off. It is unbearably fuppin' tense. CONDORMAN BINBAG appears to be seeping, as does PRINCESS ANNE.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE's gormless leering handsome smile as he shows his cards. It's the family Bunne, who in the Connecticut rules version outrank the InBreds in social class if not in number (or at least, not in fuppin' Connecticut). Apparently this is a really rare hand in Happy Families and was last seen in 1979 when some guy in some place did it, or something really fuppin' important like that.

CUT TO: The crowd going mental at this momentous fuppin' event that has justified their miserable fuppin' lives.

BOND

Oh fupp.

LE CHIFFRE

I bet you thought I was bluffing? Oh no, silly fuppin' me, you've nothing left to fuppin' bet with, have you? Fuppin' a-hole loser pwned bitch.

DEALER

Mr Le Chiffre - and what sort of fuppin' name is that? - wins. I guess.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE and the other players leave the table; BOND sits there on his own. It's like fuppin' deep, the extremity of his isolation and a lesson that he will now have to rely on other

people and be less fuppin' detached. Like, woah. And also because it takes ages to move Pierce around. Perhaps some sort of a pulley system? Anyone got a pram? Or even a tray, that might work.

CUT TO: No little time later, BOND stands on the balcony of the underground lair (don't fuppin' ask, just don't fuppin') looking wistfully out of shot to where the third AD is holding up a big bottle of Jameson, just to coax him through the scene.

VESPER

(Approaches. You could sum up her expression as "annoyed")

You knew he had Mr Bunne the Baker, didn't yew?

BOND

(In full on acting mode - strap yourselves in, everyone)

It's my NEMESIS. And I thought I COULD BEAT IT!

(Does that weird chin thing again - and people make comments about my fuppin' chin)

It's what keeps me alive.

(He stares out to sea. The sea is three hundred miles away)

VESPER

No. It's what keeps you alone.

AUDIENCE

Yes, yes, we fuppin' get it. Give us something else. Well, perhaps not so much of the cards - beginning to, like, fuppin' drag, y'know? What this film needs is real quick editing, but no doubt if they did that we'd moan about that too.

VESPER

Yew can't afford to be alone. Just yew and yer eagle.

BOND

The only fuppin' thing I need to afford is five million more dollars. See how I brought it back round to the fuppin' plot?

QT commentary: He's fuppin' great.

VESPER

Ah'm sorry, I can't do that.

BOND

(Ooh, angry)

Sorry? Sorry? Try putting that in a proper sentence, or one that's almost in English, like "Sorry that Le Chiffre's going to win and invest it all in shute like Death Proof? Sorry that innocent people are going to have to fuppin' watch that self-indulgent tedious fupptardery?"

QT commentary: Hang on, I don't remember writing that.

VESPER

It's all about yew and your eagle isn't it?

BOND

You leave my fuppin' eagle out of it.

VESPER

Nurr, ah can't do eet.

BOND

(Mumbles something that's probably quite fuppin' sharp)
...sdfsfsdfsdfsreeremmm...

VESPER

Haven't you put your teeth in?

BOND

I said you're a fuppin' crackwhore AIDS bitch shat out of a fat shunt's gargantuan bonehole.

VESPER

...didn't sound much like that.

BOND

Look, you know I can beat this man and you're just being difficult.

VESPER

Of course ah'm being difficult. Ah'm French. Although they've never really buthered to announce the fact.

BOND

French? I thought you'd had some sort of mouth trauma, like someone had smashed your teeth in.

VESPER

Nurr, that hasn't 'appened

BOND

Give me the money or find out, bitch.

VESPER

That's your eagle again. Good evening, Mr Bond. (Exits)

BOND

(Turns to mournful, chastened looking eagle perched next to him)
Don't worry, Daddy still loves you.

(He leans in, as if to kiss to listen to it speaking)

You want to scratch her fuppin' eyes out and rip her kidneys apart with your talons? Hmm. Can't deny it's a fuppin' plan. However, I've just thought of an even more fuppin' inexplicable one...!

CUT TO: BOND leaning against bar in the main salon of the casino.

BOND

Tia Maria, Lime and Coke

B'MAN

Pork scratching - salted or butterscotch?

BOND

Do I look like I give a fuppin' fuppin' fuppinly fuppin' fuppin' fupp of a fuppin' fuppin' fupp of a fupp of a shunt?

B'MAN

Now you come to mention it, no, not really.

BOND watches LE CHIFFRE and his one female companion and a gaggle of lithe young men walking across the room, laughing gaily.

BOND

(Grabbing something from the table, turns out to be a spoon, too late to change his mind, "runs" past MATHIS who ever so accidentally just so happens to be near to where they do booze)

Get the girl out!

MATHIS

Why?

BOND

It sounded good in the trailer. Makes no fuppin' sense at all now, admittedly.

BOND starts running down the stairs and is about to knife spoon LE CHIFFRE in the ribs when - suddenly! - through the balustraded banisters shoots FELIX LEITER THE BROOM and BOND trips over him and lands in a heap. The corset holds - phew! He is slightly concussed so as he looks up, the broom appears to be talking to him through its half tennis ball head, now nailed in place.

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL NAILED TO IT

Hey, honky bro, where'dyou goin', what's jive man?

QT commentary: Fuppin' incredible voiceover work there, if not really a huge fuppin' stretch for Sandy Lyle.

BOND

Fupp me, a talking broom

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL NAILED TO IT AND DON'T DENY THAT THIS ISN'T A MARKED FUPPIN' IMPROVEMENT
Any hole for my pole, brudder. Anyhoo, e-nough of the crazy white-ass jive shute. You and me, we bruddahs, ya dig?

BOND

Completely. This all seems very sensible.

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL NAILED TO IT AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, WHY BOTHER CASTING AN ACTRESS AS MISS MONEYPENNY WHEN FOR PRETTY MUCH THE SAME MONEY AND IMPACT YOU CAN GET BY WITH A TIN OF PROCESSED HAM? Me, ya dig, I'm a CIA broom, not just any fuppin' broom, I'm a broom that's not very good at fuppin' cards, that's 'cause I's a broom.

BOND

So... you're going to give me the five million dollars to continue in the game?

FELIX LEITER AS PLAYED BY A BROOM WITH HALF A TENNIS BALL NAILED TO IT AND REFLECTING ON THE MONEYPENNY CASTING DECISION, IT WOULD BE IMPORTANT THAT THE TIN HAD NO DENTS, OTHERWISE IT COULD COME ACROSS AS OVERWRITING. Q CAN BE PLAYED BY AN OLD TYRE, OR PERHAPS SOME CRESS.

Sho ting, muddafupper!

BOND

But given that this is a fuppin' hallucination, this five million dollar loan is actually completely fictional, isn't it?

FELIX LEITER etc etc

U.S. foreign policy in a nutshell, bro.

CHAPTER 18: WITH ANY LUCK, THE LAST FEW SCENES WITH CARDS IN THEM. NOTICE HOW WE KEEP MOVING AWAY FROM THE CARD "ACTION" WHY'S THAT, DO YOU FUPPIN' IMAGINE? YOU GET ONE FUPPIN' GUESS.

CUT TO: BOND sitting back at the card table, dumps a load of fresh chips, lovely and hot, in front of him. LE CHIFFRE looks at his own large mouldy pile - oh, how he wants some of BOND's stack. Is that an innuendo? Ah, who gives a fupp? BOND, with an element of wirework help otherwise the fat fupper will break it, climbs onto the table and crawls across it, reaching over to LE CHIFFRE's pile and, despite his own lovely, delicious-looking batch, picks a cold hard chip from in front of LE CHIFFRE. BOND teases it around his mouth, his tongue working the chip, tying it into a loveknot, staring all the while at LE CHIFFRE who suddenly throws his inhaler aside and locks lips with BOND in a steamy fuppin' embrace lasting about five minutes of slobbering boy-on-boy manlove action oh fupp what's that on the soundtrack, it's fuppin' 10CC I'm Not In Love, well I tell ya. I tell ya, I am in love, I am in love, fuuuuuuuuupppp...

QT commentary: Bit of the director's cut, there. We decided to drop that whole plot strand of my character being a fag when I told them to. It doesn't come across in any of the remaining scenes. At all.

CUT TO: BOND sitting back at the card table, dumps a load of fresh chips etc etc BOND's stack.

CUT TO: Time we had a montage. BOND starts winning, LE CHIFFRE starts losing, how and why are never explained to you and what'd you seriously fuppin' expect?

CUT TO: SOME-HO at the bar. She drops something into BOND's drink - it turns purple and starts fizzing. An improvement. Some of it seems to be turning solid; the rest appears to have become self-aware and is organising some sort of washing-up rota.

CUT TO: BOND looking over at VESPER - he raises his drink to her. VESPER looks seriously unimpressed and continues painting her toenails, wondering when she's going to get another line. Bitch is bored. BOND sniffs his drink, ignores the viscous jelly and big lumps of gristle, and downs it in one.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE sniggering.

CUT TO: BOND projectile vomiting all over LE CHIFFRE.

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE not sniggering.

CUT TO: BOND crashes his way through the casino, passing VESPER who is being chatted up by a sorta indie-looking bearded young guy who's probably an ethnic cleanser wanted for crimes against humanity international financier wanted for crimes against humanity like they have in Montenegro. She doesn't seem too bothered by his attentions, nor by the way he is licking her toes, nor by BOND pushing past.

VESPER

(To younger guy)

Oh, dur'n't worrie about eem; he just 'as to go more often the older he gets.

CUT TO: The little boy's room. Not "a" little boy's room. It's not that sort of movie. BOND is writhing on the floor, slapping around in vomited up innards. The walls are like some sort of fuppin' dirty protest and it's now coming out of every orifice like spunk out of a tickled teen. As soon as a gust shoots out of his ears, I want a snap-cut to black-and-white, geddit? Otherwise it will look too gross and I have my fuppin' responsibilities as a filmmaker. An auteur.

CUT TO: Outside the Casino, BOND, sweating and trembly from the exertion of having to run about a bit, is nearly knocked over by a UN Peace Corps armoured vehicle diamond studded Bugatti with marshmallow wheels. He makes it to his Arrrrsston, and pulls from the glove box a pouch labelled "Emergency Medical Kit". He unzips it, and pulls out a small mechanical owl like that fupper from Clash of the Titans. In fact, it is that fupper from Clash of the Titans. I fuppin' own it. I swapped it for my soul. He prises open its beak, it lights up and he sticks his right thumb into its throat.

CUT TO: Lahndahn. A room of people we've never met before but we're going to have to assume for narrative purposes are suddenly quite important.

DOCTOR #1

(Looking at monitor: apparently a FreeCell marathon can tell him things)

It's 007; he's about to go into a coma!

DOCTOR #2

Well, he is quite old, had to happen sooner or later; and did you see Laws of Attraction? You probably wouldn't be able to tell. Bless.

CUT TO: M's office. PHAGGE enters, butchly

PHAGGE

Hiya. Bond's been poisoned and he's going to die, or something.

M

I take an hour off from this film and a) it's still not fuppin' over yet and b) things get fuppin' frilly. Christ's hot jizz, what the fupp is Bond up to now? Help me with the fuppin' plot, I sorta zoned out for a bit.

PHAGGE

Not sure, girlfriend. I've spent the last hour waterboarding Rose West.

CUT TO: Not Q Branch On Any Official Paperwork But The Saddos Can Assume It Is As Long As They Give Us Some Money.

DOCTOR #1

Perhaps Bond's been given Chlamydia!

DOCTOR #2

Ooh, call me Mr Surprised...

DOCTOR #1

Shouldn't that be Dr Surprised?

DOCTOR #2

No. I'm a specialist, so I get called Mr Surprised, by the likes of fuppin' you anyway.

DOCTOR #1

Ooh, get her. Anyway, isn't this fupper a job for Q?

MR SURPRISED

Q retired two fuppin' movies ago. We need his replacement! Zed!

DOCTOR #1

Zed's dead, baby. Zed's dead. Oh no, tell a lie, here he fuppin' comes.

ZED

All Hail! It is I, Zoltar from Battle of the fuppin' Planets, although it's really called Gatchaman and it's apparently fuppin' vital that I tell you this.

(Swishes cape, knocks listlessly hanging old tyre from its rope)

MR SURPRISED

I thought Z was a fuppin' random letter.

DOCTOR #1

(Under his breath)

...fuppin' random script...

ZOLTAR

Silence Earth N-words! And I can call you N-words because back on my home planet of Really-Can't-Be-fuppin'-Bothered-To-Look-It-Up, our N-words are all white! So, it's not fuppin' racist, see?

DOCTOR #1

Well, it is a bit...

ZOLTAR

Ssh! Fuppin' shut up! Shut the fupp up, honky N-word!

MR SURPRISED, M.D.

I think you're a little confused.

ZOLTAR

Yeah, it's the fuppin' cape, innit? Is that a bit fuppin' faggy? You will tell me, won't you?

DOCTOR #1

'Course we will. *(Turns away)* Hee hee hee.

BOND

(Over P.A. system)

Hello. Fuppin' dying here.

ZOLTAR THE LIBERATOR

What's he taken?

MR SURPRISED (IT'S NOT HIS REAL NAME, Y'KNOW)

It looks like Flashback Juice.

DOCTOR #1

What's that?

ZOLTAR THE REALLY NICE

It's like Polyjuice Potion but considerably less actionable.

CUT TO: BOND in the Arrston, in the first throes of flashback. It is filmed in high-def black + white and involves images of a younger BOND being anally set-to by a baker whilst sitting in the back row of a cinema watching Goldfinger or something. Something to try to explain all the fuppin' nonsense, anyway. Maybe some clowns. I don't fuppin' know; we'll add this shute in post-production.

CUT TO: The doctors. And Zoltar. From Battle of the Planets. Who is their boss.

ZOLTAR THE MISUNDERSTOOD

Bond, if you can hear me, you need to stick your dick in the owl's beak.

DOCTOR #1

In slight dread at what the fuppin' answer's going to be, why does he have to do that?

ZOLTAR THE LOVELY

Because it's probably smaller than his thumb.

CUT TO: M's office. M and PHAGGE are looking at the monitor. We can't see what's on the fuppin' monitor. It probably involves dogs and maimed vagrants.

M

Bond! Stick your cock in the bird's mouth!

PHAGGE

Been trying to do that all movie.

M

Bond! Cock! Bird!

QT commentary: Some of my best ever fuppin' writing there.

CUT TO: BOND struggling to insert himself into the bird. He finally succeeds, but the bird's lights go out. Before he passes out, BOND realises that the bird is clockwork and he hasn't wound it up.

CUT TO: VESPER running into view, finding the scene absolutely fuppin' normal because it fuppin' is, yeah?, and starting to wind up the clockwork tin bird clamped to BOND's penis. Film this from some distance away and it'll look, y'know, cool.

DOCTOR #1

(Tinny voice emanating from the side of the bird's mouth)

Miss Bint? Are you there?

VESPER

(Bending to talk to small clockwork owl, BOND's penis slightly in view. Hee hee hee hee hee)

Yurss

CUT TO:

DOCTOR #1
(To ZOLTAR)

Did... did you understand that?

ZOLTAR

No idea. Probably safest to assume she's there, though. Miss Bint, hello, this is Zoltar the Crusher of Worlds and Deputy Director of Internal Admin. I need to you be listening to me. Do you understand me?

VESPER
(Over p.a. system)

If I say "yes", things weel turn out okay, yarse?

ZOLTAR
(Shrugs)
Er... yes?

VESPER
Then - yarse!

ZOLTAR
Near enough. Now, go to the glove box...

M
(Over p.a. system)
Zoltar, this isn't working. Not that it stops it being filmed and making fuppin shuntloads of cash. Get a message out to Bond now!

ASSORTED DOCTORS
(Hurridly stapling the message "Try to breathe normally" onto a half-dozen pigeons)

CUT TO: VESPER, rummaging in the glove box.

VESPER
Lawk what I found! A huge forking syringe!

CUT TO: ZOLTAR

ZOLTAR
That's [censored]ing A, Miss Bint. Well fuppin' done. Now, you need to inject him with it.

DOCTOR #1
Here I am asking yet another fuppin' question. What's in it?

ZOLTAR
Something of my own invention. I call it Zoltar's Magic Jesus Juice. It's liquid adrenaline, a raw egg white, a shot of pastis for flavour and a lickle bit of spit.

(To VESPER)

Miss Bint, whatever you do, don't undo the corset. He'll go off like a fuppin' airbag. What you need to do is ram the needle so hard through it that the needle finds skin somewhere.

CUT TO:

VESPER

Should Ah aim fur his heart?

CUT TO:

DOCTOR #1

(Shrugging)

...something about his fur?

ZOLTAR

Don't worry; I spent years at a special needs hospital. They called it Wales. (Louder) No, Miss Bint, but the content of the needle must be injected into stomach fat. Can you do that?

CUT TO:

VESPER

Too easy.

(Raises needle above head, and rams it down into BOND's belly).

CUT TO: BOND rising up really quickly and suddenly, so suddenly that he headbutts the camera and knocks himself out. That's like a really fuppin' kewl joke. That's so (censored)ing kewwwl.

CUT TO: Some time later, back at the cards (remember them?). BOND, looking well apart from one of those really fuppin' annoyingly obvious blue plasters across his forehead, takes his seat again. LE CHIFFRE looks across, surprised, albeit with a hint of yearning. Shavings of desire. And perhaps a jus of spunk.

BOND

I'm sorry.

(Pauses; here comes a winner).

Don't have the fish.

ALL AROUND THE TABLE

(Laugh, as if at gunpoint. Some utter tit for whom a violent death is too good even goes "Whoop".)

VOICEOVER

Casino Royale is filmed in front of a live studio audience.

CHAPTER 19: THE CARDS END. HOO-FUPPIN'-RAY. BUT THE MOVIE DUN'T.
HOO-FUPPIN'-BOO. STILL, THERE'S A CAR CHASE, SOME GENITAL
TORTURE AND A SHOW TUNE, AND THAT'S FUPPIN' ENTERTAINMENT

CUT TO: Dealer, doing his fuppin' thang

DEALER

Wiz zis chip exchange, we now move into zer third hour of this moooovie

BOND

Fupp, man, how much longer can this nonsense go on? I'm old. Help meeeee.

CUT TO: A little while later. Basically it's BOND and LE CHIFFRE left. Everyone else has lost, gone home or died of old age. MICHAEL STIPE, brandishing a long glittery cane, casually minces behind BOND and looks over his shoulder at BOND's hand. And at BOND's cards. He stands up and makes wild, panicked gestures at LE CHIFFRE. BOND must have good "cards". I dunno.

LE CHIFFRE

(Misreading the signals spectacularly, making a bit of a fuppin' habit of that)

I'm going all in.

MICHAEL STIPE

(Facepalms)

LE CHIFFRE

Ooh... fupp.

QT commentary: I wanted to introduce this coool little moment from the book, to prove I read it. I can read, y'know. I am fuppin' litret.

MICHAEL STIPE

(Does something fuppin' furtive with cane, and leans in to Bond)

My long, loaded tube is pressed into the base of your spine, Mr Bond. One false move and I shall shoot it all up there and you won't be able to walk.

BOND

Hmm. Bit faggy, non?

MICHAEL STIPE

Oh. Do you think so? Do I give off that sort of a vibe? Really?

(Pause)

Fupp.

(Walks off)

BOND

I'm going all in.

(Pushes massive pile of chips into middle of table. Casually, and for artistic effect, he lobs a saveloy on top)

CUT TO: VESPER and MATHIS watching.

VESPER

OK, Captain Cards, for the sake of the morons in the audience, how much is that?

MATHIS

Fuppin' shuteloads.

CUT TO: The table, which is probably beginning to smell a bit by now, yeah?

DEALER

Mr Le Chirr... Le Ziff... Le Grrr... you there, Chinny, yes you - it's your call.

LE CHIFFRE

(Shows his cards - turns direct to camera, smiling)

Ladies & Gentlemen, the Partridge Family

CUT TO: Two minute montage interlude during which David Cassidy has his face levered off with a rusty chisel and then a fupload of salt is thrown over him, David Gelbwaks has his left foot nail-gunned to the floor and a feral Susan Dey plucks out and then eats one of his eyeballs as if t'were pickled onion.

BOND

Impressive. But...

(He flips over his cards)

DEALER

(Is aghast)

LE CHIFFRE

(Is chin-mental)

VESPER

(Suddenly and inexplicably falls in love despite the appalling way BOND has been treating her)

MATHIS

(Is vaguely aware of being somewhere; there are lights and shute)

BOND

...I win.

(It's Mr Bunne the fuppin' Baker. BOND has beaten all of his nemeses (nemeses? I don't fuppin' know) and is The Fuppin' Man)

LE CHIFFRE

(Taking it surprisingly well, despite all chin-based evidence to the contrary)

Oh rat's cocks. Tchoh! That's torn it and no mistake. Still, if on the off chance that Obanno's actually dead, I won't be in too much fuppin' trouble really and I won't have to torture anyone. Anyone know?

BOND

(Decides to stay silent; he probably thinks this is a really smart fuppin' move. Or because torture's his fuppin' "thing", y'know? Or maybe because he thinks LE CHIFFRE might just have spotted the autoeviscerated OBANNO hanging from a fuppin' tree, strange fuppin' fruit indeed, and put two and two together on that one)

~~CUT TO: Hotel restaurant. It is a completely fuppin' horrible Eastern-Yurpeen shunthole where the choice is "meat" or "identifiable meat" or "identifiable but because you know what it fuppin' is you wouldn't want to eat it meat" rather pleasant and lovely.~~ BOND tucks into a plate of meat caviar and VESPER sits across from him, fiddling with her jewellery.

BOND

(Speaking with his mouth full; that's fuppin' gross, urr)
Y'know, I've just worked out what that is.

VESPER

(Conscious of touching the jewel)
Oh yairs?

BOND

Pearl necklace. Given to you by someone very close.

VESPER

Mhaybee.

BOND

She's a lucky woman.

VESPER

It wurss a man.

BOND

Let an old man live out his fantasies, yeah?

(Takes a sip of his "drink")

Y'know, I think I'm going to call that a Vesper...

VESPER

Because of the fact it's completely fuppin' disgusting?

BOND

Well, ish. And also because it could probably power a small scooter.

VESPER

(Laughs)

BOND

Bad line?

VESPER

No; I only just got the reference to pearl necklace.

BOND

Smart as well as beautiful. I like that in a bitch. As well as decent foot hygiene. Nothing else bothers me.

VESPER

It duzzn't bozzer you then, killing those peepil?

BOND

I wouldn't be very fuppin' good at my fuppin' job if it did.

VESPER

You haive a choice. You durn't have to keep doing something no matter how gurd you are.

BOND

(Under his breath) Like fuppin' acting? *(Louder)* True, but these films aren't about James Bond the fuppin' Upholsterer, are they? James Bond the fuppin' seamstress? Y'know? I've got Broccolis to feed and several dozen saddo websites to support. Anyway, you've understood me pretty well, but I still don't get you. I am now going to express my suspicions but not actually listen to myself, because I'm some sort of fuppin' moron. There's something driving you that I don't understand and probably never will. I hear no fuppin' alarm bells ringing. This is because I fuppin' fancy you and you're obviously going to fuppin' betray me and this is apparently not a misogynist story.

VESPER

The urnly way I'll be driven is if I'm strapped to zer hood of a 1971 Camaro Z-28 and driven in a high speed chase. And what are the fuppin' chances of that?

QT commentary: Let's find out, bitch.

A sort of off-white dove crashes into VESPER's plate of dog bowl of delicious soup.

VESPER

(Sniffing the bird)

It's Mathis. The Americans 'ave pulled Le Chiffre...

BOND

Fnarr...

VESPER

And for nurr apparent reason I now have to meet eem at the front of the 'otel despite the fact I have nothing to do with this any more and never did anyweay. 'Bye. *(Exits)*

BOND

(Takes a sip of drink, regrets it when he remembers what it is. Looks at the "dove" - it appears to be changing colour. Hang a fuppity minute on! That's no dove! It's a badly painted crow! FUPPARAMA!) Mathis!

CUT TO: BOND "rushing" from hotel, in time to see VESPER being strapped to the hood of a 1971 Camaro Z-28 and driven off at high speed, followed by a JagWarr.

CUT TO: Really, really coool bit where BOND leaps a chainlink fence at only the sixth attempt and squeezes himself into the Arrsssston, which rips away in a moment of tyre-squealing cumjuicing glee.

CUT TO: The Arrrrrrrrrrstonn timer chasing the Camaro and the JagWarrr along the ~~petholed-scrubby-roads-of-war-tern~~ smoothly tar-maced roads set in the verdant rolling hills of Montenegro. A few cuts here and there to VESPER screaming as she is driven faster and faster but the bitch is probably fupp' enjoying it, I know I would.

CUT TO: The Arrsssssstonn timer doing a sort of jump, not too high or it'll set off Pierce's lumbago.

Suddenly! The headlights show VESPER lying in the road, legs wide open and ready to receive two tonnes of fupp' supercar right up her shunt. Ever the gentleman, and wanting to save her for himself, BOND swerves and gives the car what can only be fairly fupp' described as a right old twatting.

CUT TO: A lairrr. MICHAEL STIPE and SOME OTHER GOON tie a naked BOND to a bottomless chair. LE CHIFFRE prowls around with some rope, looking fupp' hubba-bubba. Offscreen, VESPER screams, but is probably enjoying herself because all women love semi-rape. Hey, it wasn't fupp' me who wrote that, yeah? Blame some dead guy.

LE CHIFFRE

(Eyeing up BOND in a totally hetero way)

You've looked after... you've sorta taken care... OK. Um. Fupp. Er, you've got a body. Well, vaguely. Ish.

BOND

(Watching LE CHIFFRE swing a thick white, veiny and knotted and in-no-way-shape-or-form-Freudian rope in the vicinity of his anus) Ha! My testicles can withstand ordinary rope, Le Thing! They've been inside a Halle Berry character, for fupp's sake. So they're fupp' indestructible.

LE CHIFFRE

So I've heard.

(Wraps razor wire around rope).

BOND
Oh fupp.

LE CHIFFRE
(Whacks him)

BOND
Admittedly, that does fuppin' sting.

LE CHIFFRE
(Sitting beside him)
Y'know, I think we need some music. To torture you by.

BOND
I could sing. You know, an obscure album track, like Dum Dum Diddle,
To be Your Fiddle...

LE CHIFFRE
Uh, no. It's me fuppin' torturing you, yeah?

BOND
(Desperately, but not as desperate as everyone else if this suggestion
is taken up)
What about Bang-A-Boomerang? And not the Svenne & Lotta version, yeah?

LE CHIFFRE
(In thought, as if dangerously close to accepting this as a good
idea)
We probably won't get copyright clearance.

QT commentary: We didn't.

LE CHIFFRE
(Produces a C90 from his jacket pocket)
You see, your friend Mathis is... actually my friend Mathis... and he made
me a tape.

CUT TO: Close-up of tape: label reads "To Hilary Le Chiffre: memories
of our summer of love, Leominster 1986 xxooxxx"

CUT TO: LE CHIFFRE putting tape into recorder, pressing Play, and
up strike the epic, manly opening chords of "I Am What I Am", boot-
leg Bronski Beat disco version. LE CHIFFRE begins to dance around,
wrapping the razor-rope around him like a feather boa until we...

CUT TO: Dream sequence, in which LE CHIFFRE, dressed in a simply
mahvellous diaphanous silver ballgown and Yootha Joyce wig, dances
amongst a troupe of tapdancing tuxedoed BOND clones (the CGI here
is really fuppin' impressive), coquettishly wrapping the razor boa
around their throats and chopping their fuppin' heads off; it's like
How To Marry a Millionaire with marginally less fuppin' maiming,
and this goes on until we suddenly...

CUT TO:...the machine chewing the tape up; we're back in the lairrr.

QT commentary: That's how the Mr Blonde scene in Reservoir Dogs was always supposed to fuppin' play but we ran out of fuppin' budget.

LE CHIFFRE

I don't really go in for elaborate torture. Er, despite what you've just fuppin' seen. I find it is very simple to cause a man lots of pain.

LE CHIFFRE swings the rope. There is a sudden and violent explosion of piss and [censored], everywhere.

BOND

I think you just hit my bag.

LE CHIFFRE

Gross. Anyway (*wipes chin*), if you do not yield, there will be little left to ever show that you were a man. The question is, will you yield in time? I want the money. Well, what about it, fuppin' yeldy-man?

BOND

(Choosing not to tell him that Obanno is dead so all this can end right now)

Oh fupp off, you noisy little man.

LE CHIFFRE

(Hits him again)

Miss Bint will give me the account number, because if she doesn't I'll let Michael Stipe over there practise on her.

CUT TO: MICHAEL STIPE, who is absent-mindedly winding the cassette tape back onto its spool with a pencil.

CUT TO: Torture porn

LE CHIFFRE

Just give me the password, bitch!

(Watches BOND's expression)

Please?

BOND

(Smiling (I think))

I've got an itch. Down there. Although frankly I thought any bloodflow there was over years ago, so all this has been oddly reassuring. I need a scratch. Nol Not with your fuppin' finger; that's... faggy.

LE CHIFFRE

(Whacks the rope into BOND's genitals. This is a PG-13, apparently)
And this is better?

BOND

Much; thank you my darling.

LE CHIFFRE

You're a funny guy.

BOND

And yet you appear to be entirely fuppin' normal. But at least the world will know that you died spanking my ass.

LE CHIFFRE

I died? Me? Die? Whatchoo talkin' 'bout, Willis?

BOND

Put simply, I'm not going to fuppin' tell you, and then all the people whose money you have lost, including Mr Obanno who I'll pretend is very much a-fuppin'-live contrary to suspicion and the fact that you watched him being strung up by his own innards oh fupp that was a plot hole... anyway, all those guys, they're going to come and cut you into tiny itty bits of scrapings of fag and then they're going to turn you into pate and keep you at the back of the 'fridge until you go off and they then just throw you away without even bothering to fuppin' sniff you.

LE CHIFFRE

But! You! Are! So! Wrong!

BOND

OK, OK, keep it down, don't get mental. Mentaler.

LE CHIFFRE

Because even when I butcher you and your fuppin' two-bit whore bitch, your people will welcome me with open arms.

BOND

(A disturbing thought emerges; LE CHIFFRE is probably right, especially as M is a man in a dress)

...the bigger picture. Lorryloads of fuppin' trannies running the secret services.

LE CHIFFRE

J. Edgar Bingo, bitch. Look, hon, tell you what - give me the password and I'll let your little girlfriend live. Bits of her, anyway. Can I keep the feet, though?

BOND

(Smirks. It's really very fuppin' annoying. No wonder LE CHIFFRE is peeved)

LE CHIFFRE

You're not going to tell me, are you?

BOND

Nope on a rope, dope.

LE CHIFFRE

OK, so I tried being nice. (Flings blood and poo-soaked razor-rope aside). That was me being nice, promise. Fupp it, I don't care what you know or don't know; I'm gonna fuppin' kill you anyway. So as a fuppin' whore's duvet (produces broken pencil) I'm going to saw off and feed you what you don't seem to value.

BOND

My artistic credibility?

LE CHIFFRE

Ssh.

LE CHIFFRE tries to push BOND over. It's not easy. With MICHAEL STIPE's help, they eventually manage it, but he just bounces back up again. Sighing, and crawling into the really unpleasant mess under BOND's chair, LE CHIFFRE proceeds to hack at BOND's testicles with the broken pencil. An expression of clam ecstasy appears on BOND's face.

Suddenly! Gunshots offscreen and the lairr door clangs open. Into view strides MR WHITE, looking very cool and refreshed after his half-dozen months without a scene. He shoots MICHAEL STIPE in the face, to much cheering.

MR WHITE

It's the end of the world as you know it, fupp-o.

QT commentary: Harv's so coool.

LE CHIFFRE

Look, I'll get you the money.

MR WHITE

For our organisation, it's about loyalty and knowing who to trust. Even though this is all largely my fault for trusting you in the first place, and I should therefore be shooting myself, but I thought - fupp that. But I will ask myself some very searching questions later. And talk to Human Resources about some further training, book me on a course, one with nice biscuits, that sort of thing. So, guess what?

LE CHIFFRE

What?

MR WHITE

You're fired.

(Shoots LE CHIFFRE)

Although technically he was an independent contractor engaged for individual projects but "I'm afraid the budget doesn't stretch to cover you" isn't, quite, y'know... Y'know.

LE CHIFFRE

(Falls into shot, dead, although it's not abundantly clear that it's him)

MR WHITE

Now, what could I do? Could I continue the torture of this Bond to find out where the money is? Or, by not doing so and randomly and inexplicably fuppin' off, continue the torture of the audience by passing up the one big opportunity to end this fuppin' movie? Decisions, de-fuppin'-cisions.

He makes a de-fuppin'-cision. He fupps off, both randomly and inexplicably.

QT commentary: Right, I'm dead, there's nothing more to see here. You may as well all go home now. Although, obviou-fuppity-lutely you're watching this on DVD so you know there's still some shute to be blown up and a bitch to kill. At length. At very fuppin' length. Bit like my dick. What rumours?

CHAPTER 20: ON AND ON. ON AND ON AND ON, ON AND ON AND ON.
ON AND ON AND ON. ON AND ON AND ON. KEEP ON ROCKING BABY.
'TIL THE NIGHT IS GONE.

CUT TO: Close-up on BOND's eyes waking. His vision is all fuppin' blurred. Cataracts and Guinness; really fupp you over, man. Into Supermarionationblurrovision come VESPER and - ooh fupp - MATHIS who looms ever closer as BOND blacks out, but chooses not to kill him when he has the best fuppin' opportunity. Shute. Instead, the film fuppin' continues so we have to endure a...

CUT TO: The garden of a hospital in Montenegro. As you might fuppin' expect, it is ~~incredibly squalid and dirtier than whack-~~ing off into an artificial leg really very beautiful and the staff are brought to you by ~~Morrisons~~ Abercrombie & Fitch. BOND and MATHIS are talking. No, fuppin' scratch that: BOND is talking. MATHIS is doing noises.

MATHIS

(Squint. Smoke. Squint. Annoy)

Hmmfrr Mggg Nn.

BOND

(Sitting down, even though one would think this would be fuppin' painful in itself)

Have another go.

MATHIS

Hmmffttthh kkkkssssp ooocommmmm

BOND

Maybe some kind of run-up?

MATHIS

Annyidea. Why they. LEFTyou. Alive?

BOND

Not a fuppin' scooby.

MATHIS

It's asif smmmmm... trying to tell you something...

BOND

(Under breath)

Yeah, I know how that fuppin' feels...

(Louder)

Hoots, crivens and jings ma fuppin' boab, that thought never crossed my mind. Fupp, I'm a dizzy bitch. Call me momentarily distracted by having me nadgers bolognesed.

MATHIS

Did you get a look at the killer?

BOND

I refer the honourable fuppin' gentleman to the answer I gave some fuppin' moments ago, ya deaf shunt.

MATHIS

(Stirring bubbling cauldron)

They. Wantme. Togetyouto. Drink.

(Hands cup to BOND. The contents look at BOND in a real fuppin' weird way. This drink is evil. This drink is probably possessed. I'll put a lightbulb in it, like fuppin' Spellbound. Big red fuppin' lightbulb. Y'know, it's probably a real fuppin' bad idea to even hold this drink. It's like it's an infusion of the soul of Satan, Aleister Crowley and some fuppin' lemongrass and shute)

MATHIS

This.

BOND

Ooh no, I'm full, me. Couldn't eat or drink another scrap, ta. Replete, that's what I am. Fuppin'replete.

MATHIS

Shhhhhh, Ame. Do you have anything ELSE. To. Helpus?

BOND

Or help you?

MATHIS is approached from the rear by two strapping young men. Which would be fuppin' nice for him except that instead of doing what they are actually gayforpaid for, they zapper him. There is no fuppin' discernable effect.

CUT TO: Another bit of the ~~colessly unpleasant~~ beautiful hospital. BOND and VESPER are doing flirty time, or the nearest to it that I can write. BOND is waking from his post-prandial nap. Well, he's getting on and since they cancelled High Road, afternoons just don't have the same fuppin' thrill, yeah?

VESPER

I lurk been 'ere when you waik urp.

BOND

(Still sitting. It just won't heal if you do that, y'know)

Er... quarter past ten?

VESPER

Yer looke at me as if I'd just been bourne.

BOND

(Hisses)

Don't fuppin' mention fuppin' Bourne! This is nothing like fuppin' Bourne. This has... cards.

(Pauses. Does his "smile". Fupp, is there something wrong with his head or something?)

But if you'd just been born, you'd be naked, wouldn't you?

VESPER

(A look of surprise, largely because she cannot believe she is saying this shute)

Ah, yew 'ave me there. What ferkin brilliant repartee. And...

(She leans into his ear, and whispers down his ear trumpet)

You cun 'ave me anywhere...

BOND

I can? Like - in Venice?

VESPER

(Smiling)

Si, signor

BOND

In... Wolverhampton?

VESPER

Cowin' hell, yusss, that'd be bostin'

BOND

In Las Vegas?

VESPER

Well, no, but you've got to draw a fuppin' line somewhere, 'aven't you? Y'know, fuppin' standards.

BOND

Well, what a to-do. Considering that until recently, I'd have called your attitude to me as somewhere in the 'hood of fuppin' hatred wanna kill you drop dead saddo fat grandpa.

VESPER

Yars, but I'm an ineptly underwritten plot device incredibly complex wum-min. And we've got to spin this out for another half hour for no more reason than the longer this shute goes on, the more people will be convinced that it was well worth taking a day out of their lives to witness.

Here comes MENTAL, skipping up the garden path. There's an uphill gardener joke in there fuppin' somewhere that I just can't flick out. He is carrying the magic electro-briefcase. Fupp knows how many days after the carrds this is meant to be taking place. I mean, if my fuppmoneys were all mashed up it would take about a year to heal, but that's because they're so fuppin' gargantuan. They fuppin' are. THEY. FUPPING. ARE.

MENTAL

Coo-Eee. Ooh, Monsieur Bond, how happy I am to vada your dolly old eek again. And this, this is your sister?

BOND

No.

MENTAL

What a pity. A well, a boy can dream. I like dreams. I like lots of things coming into my head. And my head just flows over.

BOND

Have you brought any chocolates?

MENTAL

No, but you just let me know, lover, and I'll have you sucking on something sweet in no time.

BOND

(Does weird smile thing: might actually be onset of a palsy)

Nothing else that would help with instant stereotyping of you as Swiss?

MENTAL

Well, I know a lot of shepherd boys. And where all the art's hidden. And I always stop work at 12.15 for a nice meaty lunchtime mouthful. Now, minxes, enough chit-chatter - I'm a busy boy with lots of men to see.
(He opens case)

There you are, Mr Bond, I've opened my hard sac for you. You just fiddle away.

BOND

Miss Bint has the account number. She can tap that in.

MENTAL
(Sighing)

Oh well, if she must. But it really won't do anything for me, promise.

(VESPER taps in the account code)

See? And now, hon, the password.

BOND

Miss Bint can do that as well.

MENTAL
(Hissing)

You're only doing this to make me jealous, aren't you?

BOND

No; it's just that I can't move because my fuppinn' spunk pole's been smashed about.

MENTAL
SM? Hmm. Kiss it better?

BOND
Er, no.

VESPER
Before I tell you two to get a ferkin room, what is the passwurde?

BOND
V...E...

MENTAL
Ooh, I know this! Verucca!

BOND
S...

MENTAL
Vestal virgin?
(Looks at VESPER)
I don't fuppinn' think so, girlfriend.

BOND
P...A...
There.

VESPER
Whert's that supposed to be?

BOND
Er... your name?

MENTAL

Oooh, uncomfortable silence. Still, I was pretty close with veruoca, after all.

VESPER

It's v e s p e r, you shunt. Anyway, that was only five characters; I still need a sixth. Was it a number?

BOND

(Furrowing brow, reinventing acting in the process)

Er... I think it was a 3.

VESPER

(Enters the number)

Um... no.

MENTAL

Oooh, fupplumps. You only get two more goes and then all the money disappears. Into fuppin' Switzerland. As per fuppin' usual.

BOND

No, no, hold on - it was a 5

VESPER

(Enters the number. Erk!)

Ummm...no. C'mon, wurve urnly got one more go left!

MENTAL

...and it's for one hundred and twenty million dollars...

(Addresses camera)

And we'll be back, right after these words from our lovely sponsors.

CUT TO: Some really fuppin' cool fake-o-rama audience appropriate commercials that me and Rodriguez and Del Toro and the guys spent hundreds of millions of dollars on and more care and a-fuppin'-ttention went into these that did the rest of the fuppin' movie and it was really only for this bit that I ever agreed to write and direct this fupper.

CUT TO: Meanwhile, back at the plot, if we really fuppin' must.

MENTAL

Hiya! Well, it's all a crisis here and no mistake. Can the lovely Mr Bond juice my wad out of me? All in the hands of Ms - and we all know what that fuppin' means - Bitch.

VESPER

You mean Bint.

MENTAL

I know what I fuppin' mean, cupcake. C'mon sister, get with the programme, you twelve-step apocalypse cow.

BOND

I remember! I fuppin' remember now. It was a seven. As in double-oh-seven. You would have thought I'd have remembered that. Still, I'm old. Who are you?

VESPER

(Enters number: suddenly fireworks go off and there are streamers and flashing lights and shute)

Shoes!

MENTAL

And we have a winner! A nice, big, well-moistened hand for Mr Bond! And the woman, I suppose. Now, James, may I call you James...?

BOND

If you must.

MENTAL

Oh, but I must. James. Yes, that's a man's name. A real man's name. One to bite into. I could roll this James around my tongue. It's such a muscular name. Like Kurt. Oh, Kurt...

(Sobs)

...anyway, what are you going to do with all this lovely money, James?

BOND

Well...

BOND looks at VESPER who says nothing but there's a look in her eyes that hollers "Shoes!". She even takes her shoes off and dangles them in front of him, and this is in no way a fuppin' pretext to look at Uma's feet again, it fuppin' is not.

BOND

I was thinking of lending it out to a load of Kentucky inbreds, mortgages for their trailers at rates of interest they cannot possibly afford to repay, and then seeing where that gets us all in about three years' time.

MENTAL

Speaking as a banker, that sounds like a really prudent idea. I'll now wander off and think long and harrrrrd about where you can stick your first big deposit. 'Byeee.

(He fags off, faggily)

VESPER sits to one side, her head in her hands. Is this a really big fuppin' clue that she's feeling really fuppin' guilty about something? Or that she's just seen \$120 million worth of shoes fupped off as quickly as they fuppered on?

BOND

Are you alright?

(Pauses)

It's not the shoes, is it? Look, I'll buy you some nice plimsolls later. And, frankly, I think you look hotter without them.

QT commentary: My favourite fuppin' line in the whole fuppin' film. In fact, in my whole fuppin' life.

VESPER

(Approaches BOND, then straddles and proceeds to lapdance him, writhingly. Uuuh.)

James... even if at the end of this, even though in saying that I've given away that it's not yet over and I know this, ferkkkkk...

(Pauses. Writhes.)

James, even if all that was left of yew was that weird lockjaw smile thing you spasm, and your leedle finger, you'd still be myrrh of a man than I've ever nurn, and believe me, I've known fuppin' shuteloads.

BOND

I guessed this wasn't how a Girl Guide says hello...

VESPER

(In thought, at some particularly grubby memory)

Actually, yurr'd be surprised...

BOND

...but you don't know what I can do with my little finger...

VESPER

Well, since your cock is now a spatula, I'm guessing it's the urnly thing about you that gets stiff...

BOND

It's the arthritis...

VESPER

...apart frum yer acting, of course.

BOND

Ooh, that was a low blow

VESPER

Sorry. You've 'ad more zan enuff of those lately, haven't you?

MENTAL

(Popping back into shot, for t'joke)

One too few for my liking.

VESPER

Fupp eurf, faggot.

(MENTAL fupps eurf)

You've gurt yur armour up, haven't you?

BOND

No, it's just the way I'm sitting.

VESPER

You won't let me in.

BOND

Whatever I am. Whatever is left of me. Whatever is left of me, I'm yours.

VESPER

A size forty waist urn'd a penis that now resembles a fish-knife. Wet more could a girl ask for?

BOND

Acting lessons?

CHAPTER 21: THERE'S NO FUPPIN' POINT GIVING UP NOW.

YOU'RE JUST PAST HALFWAY. HOME STRETCH. THE END IS IN SIGHT.
PERSEVERE. PERCY FUPPIN' VERE.

CUT TO: A beach in Montenegro. VESPER lies amidst the barbed-wire golden sands, watching BOND swimming, and keeping an eye out for Japanese whalers. To show off, and to show how much he wishes to mate with her, from time to time BOND exhales through his blow-hole. Blow. Hole. Fuppin' fnarr. Eventually, BOND rolls his way to shore, seagulls picking at his blubber and do-gooders spraying liquids all over him: spinsters.

BOND

Y'know, I've been thinking about what you said. The bit of it I understood, anyway.

VESPER

Which was?

BOND

If you go urn doing somezinnn lurng enuzz, you lurse yourself.

VESPER

You understudd that? But that was my voice at eets murst preposterous.

BOND

Or maybe that's what I wanted to hear.

(Stares out to sea, moodily. The wind ruffles his hair; what's left of it anyway)

Or maybe that's what I needed to hear.

VESPER

Oh ferking hell, here we go again.

BOND

(Really on a roll now: here comes the Razzie)

I've been at this so long, I've lost sight of who to trust. Like Mathis - they need to keep on sweating him.

VESPER

Why?

BOND

His sweat distills really potent moonshine; useful sideline for M. Pity about Mathis; I thought he had my back.

VESPER

Did yurr want eem to 'ave yurr back?

BOND

Yes

VESPER

Ferk. I keep misreading the ferking signals.

BOND

Not like that. I'm a man's man.

VESPER

Not the mourst reassuring phrase.

BOND

(Stares out to sea again. This is called "acting". Watch and learn, younglings)

Still, lesson learned. It was Mathis who told my tell, the telltolder, to Le Chiffre...

VESPER

Oo?

BOND

Le Chiffre. Big guy. Chin. Bit ker-razy. But really kewl.

VESPER

Oh, eem. Was that in this movie? Ferk.

(Pauses. Looks at BOND. He is not easy to miss)

Does evereewun 'ave a tell?

BOND

Everyone. Except you. Maybe that's why I love you.

VESPER

Neizer the reason nor zer sentence make any sense whatso-fuppin'-ever; but I am truly believing you if it brings about the end of zis fuppin' fillum any quicker.

BOND

Good. Now we're over that hurdle, I will have to retire, and you can get a job, I dunno, waitress or whore seem to be the scriptwriter's rather limited choices, and I can spend my pension on a speech therapist for

you. And so it's crunched gears yet again and it's now one of those films where it's the cop's last case and he's only hours from retirement. So what could pah-ssibly go wrong?

VESPER

I cannot readily fuppin' imagine.

They embrace. VESPER licks BOND's blowhole.

CUT TO: Really impressive sweeping shot, soaring music (is the theme from CHiPs, played out in full or I scratch the fuppin' negative with the flick-knife I bought on my school exchange trip to Belgium in 1987).

QT commentary: Ohhhkay, now at this point we had this real fuppin' debate, which I won - of fuppin' course - and they gave me this medal saying Quentin is a massdebater, which is like coooool, and the debate was that the guys wanted to use Venice and I said no, loads of movies are set around Venice Beach and they said the real Venice and I said that was the real Venice and they said no the real Venice in Italand and I said that's gonna be fupped 'cause no fupper's gonna know where that is and they said have you ever been there and I said no because I only know things from movies and they said OK then have you ever seen Don't Look Now and I said seen it? I fuppin' wrote and directed it and they said sure and I said I did and they said yeah that's like the time you said your dad had a helicopter and I said he does have a helicopter and it's just in for repair a lot and they said yeah chinny reckon your dad's in prison and I said don't you fuppin' go on about my chin you shunts and I am Quentin Tarantino and I can have you all shot but I won't because I am showing you mercy and they said well have you seen Don't Look Now and I said sure and they said that was Venice and I said it fuppin' wasn't because there weren't any rollerbladers and no fuppin' pier in it and they said where did you think it was and I said I thought it was fuppin' Pittsburgh or somewhere and they said do you even have a passport and I said no. And anyway we didn't have enough money left to film in any Venice wherever the fupp they are so I said to the guys look just find me somewhere that's got lots of canals and in fact it'll be cooler than that if we find somewhere with more miles of canal than Venice so we ended up in...

CUT TO: Birmingham, Englandland. The camera swoops over the historical baroque wonders of the BT tower and the old Lewis's building, before settling on VESPER and BOND's canal boat chugging its way up the Grand Union Canal, past gleaming scrap yards and under a flyover. BOND sits on the roof of the boat, resting on one of those weird flowery kettles that seems to be part of the fuppin' canal subculture, like chemical toilets and lethally faulty gas hobs. He is writing something on a pigeon, in marker pen.

CUT TO: Close-up on the wings of the pigeon. BOND's writing says "I fuppin' resign, I fuppin' do". BOND hurls the pigeon offscreen and looks up at VESPER, who smiles encouragingly as she steers around a shopping trolley and five bricked-down binbags of puppies.

CUT TO: The canal boat pootles through some allegedly gentrified warehouses which still look completely fuppin' horrible. With BOND at the rudder thing, wind in the remaining fuppin' hair thrills, VESPER takes photos of the people at the canalside; fupp knows why, probably collects photos of ugly people to remind herself how fuppin' gorrrrrgeous she is. As they pass a charming native market - swig-faced locals examining bruised fruit and pirate DVDs of this movie that they hold up to the camera; how's that for self-fuppin'-referencing, ya shunts? - VESPER is shocked to espy GETTLER who must obviously be important even though I've no fuppin' idea who he's meant to be.

QT commentary: Played by James Bond III from The Red Hand Gang. How fuppin' introanal is that? Kewl.

CUT TO: BOND and VESPER's hotel suite. It's not very nice. Birmingham, remember? They're having sex. Urr. I don't know how to write this bit and it's making my willy go all squirty, so very rapidly we...

CUT TO: BOND and VESPER's hotel suite. Still pretty fuppin' ghastly. Major fuppin' world economy and it's really fuppin' horrible compared to the one in Montenegro. How'd that happen? I think I may be making a fuppin' point, y'know? They are getting dressed, after sexy time.

QT commentary: I was going to have this then jump cut back and forth to the... snogging (hee hee hee) but I decided against it and it was only when I found out that if I had done, it would have been completely fuppin' stolen from Don't Look Now, that I realise that I shoulda.

BOND

You've removed the pearl necklace.

VESPER

Well, it's a hell of a stain to shift, yeah?

BOND

I need to go to the bank, and then we'll go shopping - do you think they have shops here?

VESPER

Probably. Dunno. Didn't pass any on the way een. We may have to exchange jeans urr sumtheeng. Anyway, I think it wudd be better for me to grr to the bank and mai explanation for that assertion is nothing.

BOND

Convinced me. Don't you think they're going to miss us, whilst we're on our lovely canal boat holiday? I am really looking forward to some nice real ales at the pubs we berth at.

VESPER

Sounds liake a ferkin scream.

(Leans out of window, grabs passing fulmar; proceeds to daub it with lipstick)

Back in one month. Byee. Ves.

(Throws fulmar out of window)

BOND

Don't you have to fill in forms and get it authorised by your team leader?

VESPER

Nurr. Only if that was a genuine message.

(Pause)

Oops.

BOND

Hmm? Sorry, wasn't listening. Was thinking about pearl necklaces.

VESPER

You doe that durling, and ah'll be back shortly with one 'undred and twenty meelion dollars, promise, promise, cross mai heart and 'ope to drown.

CHAPTER 22: COULD THIS BE THE END? IT FEELS LIKE IT.

FUPP, I THINK I'VE LEFT THE IRON ON. AM NOW GOING TO WORRY ABOUT THAT THAN PAY ATTENTION TO THIS. WHICH IS PROBABLY JUST AS WELL.

CUT TO: BOND at the hotel balcony, looking down on the bustling square in which there are literally tens of people. Forty people. Past him flies - and this is no more fuppin' unlikely than any of the rest of this so it's too late to fuppin' object now - a parrot. It perches on the dressing table and starts pecking at the UHT cartons. Just as BOND is about to approach the parrot, in flies a sorta dark-ish bird. BOND decides not to leap to any conclusions in assuming it is a crow - that would be racial prejudice, yeah? Thing I fuppin' hate, that. BOND looks at the dark-feathered bird first - along its beak reads "Hello Vesper. Meet in thirty minutes, Gettler." BOND is perturbed, largely at how much writing could be fitted onto such a small beak. He is about to sacrifice the bird with the complimentary stationery set when the parrot screeches into life. With the voice of M.

M THE PARROT

Hello! Hello! Bond! Bond!

QT commentary: Hey, cool, it's like a reference to that Bond movie with the parrot. I dunno which one, they're all the same except for my one - it's the one with the guy in it, and that cool bit with the thing. You remember. You'd better fuppin' remember.

BOND

Er... hello?

M THE PARROT

Who's a pretty boy, then?

BOND

Even though you were contractually obliged to say that, it's too kind.

CUT TO: Londinium. M is at her desk, also talking at a parrot. Look, fuppers, it's Lee Majors in a fuppin' dress, this whole fuppin' movie is beyond fuppin' rescue anyway, so just go wid it, yah?

M

Bond - Q branch which is not officially appearing in this film has worked out a way to solve the time delay on communication. Can you hear me?

BOND THE PARROT

Give us a kiss!

M

(Aside)

I knew it wouldn't fuppin' work.

BOND THE PARROT

No, I meant it.

M

Well, later perhaps. Much fuppin' later. Anyway, I got your pigeon. Landed in my fuppin' Ricles this morning. We'll discuss that later. Much fuppin' later. But probably not as much fuppin' later as the much fuppin' later that was the kissing much fuppin' later. Anyway, there's a lovely man out of shot who we can't afford to cast so it's the Director of Photography in a mackintosh and he's from the Treasury and he wants to know when we're getting the money to spend on acts of terrorism fighting for freedom.

CUT TO: Hotel suite, Birmingham. The terrible truth is dawning on BOND. He is in Birmingham.

BOND

I didn't think you were going to miss it.

M THE PARROT

(Flapping wings excitedly, screeching - fuppin' good Lee Majors impersonation)

Not fuppin' miss it? \$120 million dollars? That's about eleven fuppin' pence in 2006 prices, although I suspect that comment won't stand the test of time. You could buy all of fuppin' Birmingham for that, and still have change left over for Walsall. What did you think the fuppin' money was?

BOND

Final salary pension scheme?

M THE PARROT

You fuppin' know we fuppin' run a fuppin' stakeholder scheme with a fuppin' guaranteed fuppin' 7 Prozent contribution of basic fuppin' pensionable fuppin' salary.

BOND

Which would be about \$120 million, given my suits and liposuction and the ability to stay in really plush hotel suites like... not this one.

M THE PARROT

Look, just get the fuppin' money, yeah?

BOND

Will do. And one more thing...

CUT TO: Londres

M

What?

BOND THE PARROT

Do you want it all in Pieces of Eight? Pieces of Eight?

M

(Picks up parrot and bites its fuppin' head off)

Prick.

CUT TO: BOND "runs" through hotel lobby (film him from the belly up only, put him on fuppin' wheels, make sure he doesn't do that weird arm pumping thing like he's masturbating two prone hippos), packed with underwhelmed Japanese tourists not even bothering to photograph any of this fuppin' slum. He has the parrot tucked under his arm. Pausing, he thinks of an idea and not even bothering to doubt the logic of any of this, and the fact that it could not conceivably work in any known fuppin' universe, shouts into the parrot's beak

BOND

I want Mr Mental!

Obviously this is completely normal fuppin' behaviour.

CUT TO: MENTAL's office. It is draped in lovely fabrics and MENTAL lies on a chaise longue being fed damp, plump grapes by a naked-from-the-waist-up-and-not-abundantly-unnaked-from-the-waist-down tobacconist. Suddenly! His beautiful, shimmering Bird of Paradise trills into life

BOND THE BIRD OF PARADISE
Is that Mr Mental?

MENTAL
Oh, James! Oh, I was awaiting your call! What pleasure can I give you?

BOND THE BIRD OF PARADISE
Where's all my money?

MENTAL
Well, if you did invest it in the way you said you were going to, I'm afraid it's all gone. Tell me, James, however can I make it up to you? Something's coming into my head as I speak, but it's so big I'm having trouble rolling it around my throat.

BOND THE BIRD OF PARADISE
Can it, faggy - just tell me this: is the money being extracted now?

MENTAL
(Sighs. In possibly quite a theatrical way. "Theatrical". There's a euphemism. Why should that be codeword for faggotry? There's plenty of straight-talking non-gays in the theatre, like...um...)
Yes, alright. You're so demanding. Any more of this and you'll get a firmly smacked bottom.

(Rolls eyes, rolls over, looks at computer screen thing that has numbers on it and could be saying any old (censored))
Yes, your lovely plump load is being extracted now, from our International Bank of Gstaad in Birmingham.

CUT TO: BOND (with parrot) "running" through the "streets" of "Birmingham", dodging the street theatre, international jetsetters and plentiful exotic street cafes that the city council insist on putting onscreen, as if that's going to convince anyone.

BOND
(Slightly incredulous)
You have a branch in Birmingham?

MENTAL THE PARROT
Yes. Because Birmingham is an international destination for leisure and business and not just a huge traffic island with some mediocre shopping and a tree. Oh no, not that at all.

BOND
Thanks. You've been a great help.

MENTAL THE PARROT
Oh, James, one more thing before you go?

BOND
Uh-huh?

MENTAL THE PARROT

Give us a kiss! Give us a kiss!

BOND

(Smashes parrot's head against wall)

Do fupp off.

CUT TO: BOND arriving too late at the bank, and having to teararse around the bustling boulevards, full as they are of winos, dossers and Brummies the international super-rich, like Montenegro but even more fuppin' splendid, yeah? Then! Ahead of him, at the same time as he does, we catch a glimpse of VESPER

QT commentary: Okay, okay, okay. 'Kay. So, we didn't go down the Don't Look Now route and y'know, even though I was obviously fuppin' right about that, 'cause it's me, a red dress would have made her stand out but then, y'know, my mind was made up when I realised that if we went full fuppin' throttle on that, Uma would have to turn out to be a misshapen hideous troll and anyone who says that about my Uma gets their lungs ripped out, I shute in those lungs, and then I ram those lungs back in and watch them choke to death on my shute, which is in their lungs, their lungs having been the lungs that I have shat in. Still, I sorta compromised with the guys, in that what they suggested was a cool idea so it became mine. Therefore, it was my idea, my idea alone, to think about another movie in Venice where someone is chased about by a middle aged man and this is why we dressed Uma up in a sail-or-boy outfit and she's fuppin' Death in Venice in Birmingham, y'know. And before you even fuppin' think it is, the sight of a woman dressed as a boy being chased around town by a man old enough to be his... her... his? Fupp it, his grand pappy - this ain't no weird shute and the reason it's no weird shute is because I say it isn't.

CUT TO: Various shots of TADZIO... VESPER disappearing down dark alleys. It is probably incredibly Freudian, or would be if "Freudian" meant "fuppin' lazy sexual metaphor". Which it does. Eventually, we come to a building, which is surrounded by armed gooks who seem to have appeared from fuppin' nowhere. BOND shuffles around, shooting most of them and taking them by surprise because they think he's an old codger who's lost his cat. Things pause in a courtyard where VESPER and GETTLER meet: BOND looks on.

VESPER

(Hands over briefcase. Handily, it looks waterproof)

Ah gut yew yer money

GETTLER

(Puzzled)

...nope. Something about guts?

BOND

(Aiming to fire)

Let me show you hers!

CUT TO: Excitement! Well, it had to fuppin' happen eventually. GETTLER and VESPER run off and BOND and his STUNTMEN run about and do shooting and shute. Woo, fuppin' 'splosions, man. BOND kills every last motherfupper in the soundstage and then chases GETTLER and VESPER into a early-sixties council tower-block by the piss-brimful canal. BOND wrenches open the front door, and half the fuppin' building starts falling down. This is a very likely contingency in Birmingham.

CUT TO: All manner of fupperry going off inside the building. VESPER is locked in the elevator. It is knee-deep in stagnant brown water although it is still several feet above the surface of the canal. Rats and shute. Literally. Shute. Bienve-fuppin'-nue en Angletterre, motherfuppers. BOND glares at her.

VESPER

Ah'm sawrie, Chems.

BOND

...sorry?

VESPER

No, ah am the one who sez sorreh.

BOND

...sorry?

VESPER

This cudd go on all night.

BOND

It already fuppin' has.

Suddenly! Gunfire etc and BOND and his STUNTMEN fupp about, gunning people down and the building eventually starts toppling into the water. Nailguns and really cool shute happens, and GETTLER drops the suitcase of money into the canal where, pretty fuppin' incredibly unlikely though this is, it does not immediately corrode. Eventually, everyone else except VESPER dead/drowned/dissolved, BOND and GETTLER come to blows and it's really cool, especially when on the first looks-like-slow-motion-but-is-actually-real-time-because-he's-old-have-you-got-that-really-subtle-point-yet punch from BOND, up strikes the theme to Fraggles Rock, which continues until BOND smashes GETTLER so hard in the mouth that his first bursts through the back of GETTLER's skull. It looks fuppin' amazing. The music scratches to a halt immediately.

BOND

All he needed was a damned good fisting.

CUT TO: The elevator plunging into the canal. BOND dives from a great height after it, which in real-life terms is probably not a particularly fuppin' smart idea as it's only four foot fuppin' down

to the bottom. However, fupp it, I'll nick this bit from Trainspotting so as soon as BOND dives in, we're in beautifully lit, many fathoms deep, tropical paradise. It's a metaphor for something, some cool shute or other.

QT commentary: This took about a fuppin' month to film, but Pierce was so fuppin' cool about it, because he's a pro and because every day he could just swim about ingesting three times his bodyweight in krill.

CUT TO: BOND struggling with the elevator door but - and this is really fuppin' mournful but I want it fuppin' meaningful and moral (sp?) so play that line from Baretta over-and-over, if you can't do the time, don't do the crime, if you can't do the time, don't do the crime, if you can't do the time, don't do the crime, so bitch you shouldn't have gone and done the crime, yeah, that's the idea here, just in case you need some fuppin' help with some of my fuppin' deeper ideas. Deeper - hey, I done a joke.

VESPER

Blugg glugg glugg glugg blugg

BOND

(Desperate, having understood every word she's just said. Finally, they communicate. Fupp, this is really powerful shute, by me)

Blugg glugg!

VESPER

(Takes in fuppin' big mouthfuls of water: this is why it is not filmed in a canal in Digbeth, y'knaa?)

Bluggggggg...ggggg...

BOND

Gluggggg...

(Reaches out and touches her toe. It's a beautiful fuppin' moment. I directed this real good. By me.)

CUT TO: A lickle bick later. BOND breaks the surface of the canal, and drags VESPER to a floating bit of rubble (which would be there whether or not the tower block had just fallen over). He tries to revive her by giving her the kiss of life - has to spit out a few turds and Crunchie wrappers now and again - and we watch as he pumps her (not that way... although it's a fuppin' lost opportunity, frankly) and - voy-fuppin'-eur alert - so does MR WHITE. Who's he again and where did he come from? Finally, BOND breaks down and it's really horrible to watch.

QT commentary: Fupp, that's really horrible to watch. Still, some people liked him as Bond so whatcanyerdo?

CUT TO: MR WHITE picking up the suitcase which has amazing floating money in it, and walks off into the sequel.

The film has ended.

CHAPTER 23: OH NO IT FUPPIN' HASN'T.

CUT TO: BOND sits on the canal boat, going through VESPER's things, sniffing a few. He distracted by a parrot skidding to a halt. It starts speaking.

THE RETURN OF M THE PARROT

She had a boyfriend with whom she was very much in love.

BOND

This really isn't fuppin' helping how I feel, y'know.

THE RETURN OF M THE PARROT

He was kidnapped by the organisation behind Le Chiffre and held to ransom.

BOND

OK, so something like a month into this fuppin' film and only you find this out now? Couldn't you have told me this, like, earlier, dude?

THE RETURN OF M THE PARROT

Sometimes we're spending so much time looking at our enemies that we forget to look at our friends.

BOND

That's a really fuppin' poor excuse. Don't you have, like, some sort of HR department, asking for references, CRB screening, that sort of shute? Am really thinking of taking you to a tribunal; I'm serious.

THE RETURN OF M THE PARROT

Still, you've learned your lesson.

BOND

You really haven't answered any of my fuppin' points y'know, and what's this about a fuppin' lesson? This was some sort of fuppin' test? This is like fuppin' formative feedback? OK, next time - more much of multiple choice questions, yeah? Less much of the smashed up bollocks and dead hos.

CUT TO: LunnDunn. M is at her desk, creosoting her toenails. PHAGGE is blowing her... dry. It's quite complicated, that relationship.

M

We need you back.

BOND THE PARROT PART DEUX

Oh, I don't think so, bitch. I resigned already and this tough-love negotiating ain't doing my mojo any good at all.

CUT TO: The canal boat. BOND looks through more of VESPER's personal belongings, drinks her perfume: surprisingly fuppin' tasty.

THE RETURN OF M THE PARROT

Give it some time

BOND

Ain't got a whole host of that; old fupper, yeah? Shoulda retired years ago. This, my bitch-tastic bitcheroo, is it. Slam (hits parrot's head against deck) dunk (hit) mother (hit) fuppin' (hit) over (hit).

(Wrenches parrot inside out and smears his face with its innards)

CUT TO: Lahndan

M

He gets so like this when he's overtired. Bless. Someone's being a Mr Grumpypants.

CUT TO: Canal boat. BOND throws all VESPER's shute overboard and, in a real Dirty Harry High Noon style fuppin' thing, tosses after it a small plastic card.

CUT TO: Under "Water" - we follow the card as it sinks, past some weird grey sludge and some bodies and kittens and shute. Zoom in on it as it comes to rest next to Jimmy fuppin' Hoffa and we can see, printed on it

JAMES FRECKLE BOND
LICENCE TO:
DRIVE A TRACTOR
KILL
BREED LABRADOODLES

CUT TO: Bummingham. BOND sails the canal boat into retirement, and into an industrial sunset. It's sort of weirdly fuppin' beautiful, in a carcinogenic way. His hair and nipples ripple in the breeze and

The film is fuppin' over.

CHAPTER 24. NOPE. I'M SURE THERE'S A LAW AGAINST THIS.

CUT TO. A bird lands on the canal boat and skids along, sending the kettle thing fuppin' flying. BOND picks it up. CRAPARAMA - it looks like a crow! And it has a message from VESPER. She was an evil bitch after all! BOND does squinty-eye shute here. But - hang on a gosh-darned fuppin' minuet of a minute! That's not a N-word bird at all - BOND blows loads of dust off it - the poor fupper has just flown through Birmingham, give it a bit of fuppin' credit. It really was a fuppin' dove after all, all pure and white and virginal, not that this sounds very much more like VESPER, in truth. There is a message pinned into its eye.

VESPER
(Voice over)

If yerr wunt Mistuh Waite...

BOND

(Looking around)

...hello?

VESPER

...try fivefivefiveblinkyclonkyblink

(Voice eauver... is eauver)

BOND

(Hurls dove aside, like he would have done to VESPER after a couple of years and you damn well fuppin' know it)

Even though I have no idea who Mr White is, perhaps it is time for one last job...

(A rueful smile passes his lips; could be a belch)

CUT TO: Big fuppin' palazzo on the shores of Lake... I dunno. Find me a fuppin' Lake. Veronica Lake, that'll fuppin' do. Ricki Lake, but only if we really fuppin' have to.

CUT TO: MR WHITE rolls up in his JagWarr. See the fuppin' connection? LE CHIFFRE, he had a JagWarr too. Yeah? Is fuppin' clever, this. He steps out and breathes in the lovely air. He is carrying the suitcase full of money. Oh, crime does pay. Or does it, mother-fupper? He walks over the neatly fuppin' combed gravel and spies a wounded guillemot. Because he's not all bad - hey this is a fuppin' realistic Bond moovie, yeah, with its documentary-style depiction of Eastern Yurpeen life and all that fuppin' completely-hammered-in-to-the-fuppin'-ground ego crap. He picks up the guillemot.

MR WHITE

Why, hi there, l'il fella. Now, don't you worry about anything: uncle Keith's here now.

QT commentary: There's something really fuppin' sinister about the name Keith White. Fuppin' brr, man, fuppin' brr.

MR WHITE

But what's this? Hang on...

(Turns bird over. Tattooed onto its belly is the message...)

BOND

(Voice over)

Mr White? You and I need a little fuppin' chat like right now, fupper.

QT commentary: Stunt voice there for Pierce, supplied by me, 'cause I haven't been in this anywhere like near enough, so spin on that, fuppers.

MR WHITE

(Looking around)

...hello? Is there someone there?

Suddenly! MR WHITE's kneecaps explode and he's taken off at the fuppin' knees and falls stumpily to the ground. Gets a faceful of gravel - ouch. And now, this is where it all kicks off. Hordes of mad goons suddenly swarm from the palazzo like them maggots from the roast chicken I left out that time. On cue, starts the theme tune to Perfect Strangers, which is sorta like a big fuppin'-a to Brosnan Pinchot or whatever the fupp his name is, who at gunpoint and in fuppin' hil-fuppin'-arious character was Uma's dialogue coach for this moovie, and he did such a fuppin' great job that I've thanked him for it, what more does he want, the fupper?

CUT TO: BOND appears, machine-gunning gooks with the biggest fupp-off semi-automatic rifle cannon shute you evah did see, I do declare. Spewy blood and guts and head-spinning and fuppin' limb-slimbslimbs, it's fuppin' a-mazing. And, right on the fuppin' cue of the line "Standing Tall, On The Wings Of My Dreams", he fuppin' blasts the suitcase and all the money explodes into the air.

QT commentary... like it's The Killing, all my films are like The fuppin' Killing so this was bound to fuppin' happen and it's with real dollars and there's a hundred and twenty million worth and we needed nine takes so this is literally a billion dollar shot you're seeing now as Bond, slowy - mowey, strides through the cloud of blood-soaked money - in a really important fuppin' metaphor, that, 'cause I'm really clever and you're all really fuppin' dumb - and he's just cutting his way through all of them and he ain't getting a scratch 'cause he's JAMES FUPPING BOND and you're fuppin' not. This sequence lasts until the song plays through, there we go, how fuppin' ironic is that because they were perfect fuppin' strangers and it is unbelievably cool and I just want to lick me.

MR WHITE

(Chewing his way up through a mound of dead bastards, then crawling up steps, looks up as we see BOND's feet come into shot. Actually, Pierce's feet ain't too bad. For a guy. That ain't faggy. Just ain't) What... what do you want?

JAMES FUPPING BOND (for it is he)

(Brandishing enormo-(censored)ing cutlass)

Me wanna scalp Whitey.

MR WHITE

Isn't that, y'know, a bit racist? Yeah?

BOND

(Lops off top of MR WHITE's skull)

No

MR WHITE

(Slo-Mo falling, Harv does this so fuppin' great)

Who... who were you...?

(Dies; did consider having him turn out to be Bond's father-in-law-of-a-sort, but decided that was way too fuppinn' contrived even for me)

BOND

(Drags White's body to his car, opens trunk, shoves very, very bloody corpse into it. Scene plays out from corpse's POV.

Trunk shot: Bond pumps him full of... bullets, for the hell of it, and then stands alone, all alone, in the middle of the carnage, in the middle of yet another fuppinn' contrived metaphor)

The name's Bond.

James Fupping Bond.

And you is one dead bitch now.

(Slams trunk. Screen black. A cretin goes "Yeah!")

EPILOGUE: QUANTUM OF SOLACE.

CUT TO: A Japanese water garden, highly stylised and over-saturated in colour and evidently soundstage-bound. It is filmed with old-fashioned 70s back-projection and from time to time the image is scratched, blurred and jumps. This is FUPPING ART. In the foreground, on a polystyrene rock, sits a naked man playing a long wooden flute. In the wrong hands, this could be really fuppinn' poor. It is in the wrong hands. The tune eventually turns out to be The James Bond Theme, albeit it's wearing a pretty heavy fuppinn' disguise. The man is serene, has nice hair like, I dunno, a really pleasant pony, and the body of a god. Buddha. This is THE ACTOR PIERCE BROSNAN. The camera slowly dollies up to him.

THE ACTOR PIERCE BROSNAN

(Putting aside flute, smiling, or the nearest to it)

Hi.

(Picks up flute, blows a few random notes. Puts it down again. Fupp, it's really annoying)

I'm The Actor Pierce Brosnan. You may remember me from such roles as Man What Gets Fruit Thrown At His Head in Mrs Doubtfoire, and Third Billing Behind Jeff Fahey And Some Really Shoddy Effects in The Lawnmower Man...

EXTREME AND SUDDEN CLOSE UP evidently filmed on a different day
and with some different teeth

THE ACTOR PIERCE BROSNAN

...but NOT Lawnmower Man II! Grr! (Shakes fist, pulls "angry" face; all
very poorly lip-synched) Fupp you, Patrick Bergin! You ruined my legacy!
Grr! Your double-dealing sleaze will cost you!

(Pause)

Damn, what a giveaway.

SUDDEN JUMP CUT back to "serene"

THE ACTOR PIERCE BROSNAN

...and, of course, the film you've just watched, Quentin Tarantino's Casino
Royale.

(Picks up flute, tries his best at playing the theme tune, gives up)

Written and directed by, and starring, Mr Quentin Tarantino, with the
unavoidable interference of some other shunts. Do I have to say this?

(Is poked in the face with a camera tripod: is like Peeping Tom and
therefore fuppin' cool)

OK, OK. So...

(Does a bit more flute, meets with no greater success)

...what can we learn, young grasshoppers, from this morality play? Is it
that violence solves nothing? Well...

(Flutey-time. Time frankly wasted)

...no; obviously it fuppin' isn't. Weren't you watching, dipshutes? Yeah, OK,
maybe the cards bit sent you to sleep, can fuppin' understand that, but
James Bond won the movie, through violence. Violence is cool. And all the
money he won we're going to spend on fuppin' missiles to blow a load of
gooks up, so he fought for your freedom, don't you fuppin' ever forget it.

(Pee-Bee go Flue-Flue)

But what now, I wonder, what does the future hold for our Mr Bond? Who
can tell?

(A, D, D, E, C-sharp, A. D.)

Well, me for a fuppin' start. Obviously, this man Bond, this man whose
layers I have peeled back through my acting for I am The Actor Pierce
Brosnan, this James Bond is now on a journey, the journey we must all
take, to find ourselves and some such other cheapo mystic TV epilogue
shute. Will James Bond find happiness? Will there be some solace for
him? And how much solace will there be? What will be the amount of
solace, the measure of it? What will be his quantum of solace; you catch
where I'm going with this? You don't?

(Plays a long, mournful note. "Needs work". Bit like Pierce Brosnan,
b-bm tish!)

Fuppin' hippies.

(Plays the theme tune to Bod. It is very poor.)

And where now for me? Well, each man's time comes. Man's gotta know his
limitations. My James Bond has retired. That was largely the fuppin'
plot. Stay awake, shuntwit. But James Bond will return. When they make
the next one, it'll be about a new agent taking on the codename, becau-

sethat's obviously what it fuppin'is, and getting into all manner of hilar-i-fuppin'-ous scrapes because of it.

(Long, shrill blast on flute. You're not seriously expecting that to be well-received, are you?)

You think that sounds fupped? Well, perhaps it does, my youngling - but at least it provides a shred of continuity and it's better than starting again with half the same fuppin' cast as this film but with absolutely no fuppin' explanation at all.

Ta-ta and, hey...(winks; might be a stroke)...save the whales.

CUT TO: Blackout

CUT TO: End credits. They play out over a scene in which all the actors - and broom - in the movie roller-boogie in sequinned hot-pants around a glitterballed set to the theme to Ski Sunday, until they collapse in a heap of writhing flesh and bodily secretions, and splinters in some very fuppin' uncomfortable places.

QT commentary: OK, so that's the end of that, and I'd like to thank... me, mainly. No, wait a minute - fuppin' completely. Well done me.

CAST

Le Chiffre - Quentin Tarantino the First
Vesper Bint - Uuuuma

James Bahnd - Fatty Brosnan

Felix Leiter as played by a broom with half a tennis ball stapled to it - A broom with half a tennis ball stapled to it

M - Lee Majors. In a dress.

Zoltar - Himself

The other fuppers - Ah, some losers - who gives a fupp, really?

Written by Quentin Tarantino

Directed by Quentin Tarantino

Dreamt up by Quentin Tarantino

DVD commentary by Quentin Tarantino

Persuaded into unnatural acts by Quentin Tarantino

Taken on holiday despite its parents' concerns by Quentin Tarantino

Coaxed out of retirement by Quentin Tarantino

Pushed around in a pram by Quentin Tarantino

Kissed, longingly, by Quentin Tarantino
Sold into slavery by Quentin Tarantino
Seduced in a wire-wheeled sports car by Quentin Tarantino
Plied with cheap drink and Rohypnol by Quentin Tarantino
Blackmailed by Quentin Tarantino
All the cool bits by Quentin Tarantino
Based on the novel by Quentin Tarantino
The planet Earth is brought to you by Quentin Tarantino
Quentin Tarantino based on an idea by Quentin Tarantino
Hats by Colin Montgomerie

JAMES BOND WILL RETURN IN

QUANTUM OF SOLACE

DIRECTED BY LARS VON TRIER

CUT TO: Secret follow-up scene for those with big bladders/no fup-pin' social life

I, QUENTIN TARANTINO, walk into shot on the water garden set, wrench the flute off THE ACTOR PIERCE BROSNAN and spend five minutes beating him to death with it. In one take. To the tune of, ah, I don't give a fucking crap any more.

FIN.

THE 007TH MINUTE WILL BE RETURNED

SCIENCE FACT!