

MCCLORY: THE BATTLE FOR 007

SUPERIMPOSE:

HIGH COURT- LONDON- ENGLAND- 24TH MARCH 1961

INT. COURTROOM LONDON - DAY

All eyes in the court are on James Bond author IAN FLEMING, accompanied by friend IVAR BRYCE. Fleming, freshly tanned from Jamaica, sports a blue flannel suit, blue shirt, and blue and white polka-dot blue tie. He smokes a cigarette from a long black holder, casually exuding the star quality of his most famous character. His eyes betray contempt for the man in the witness box KEVIN MCCLORY, who is being questioned by Fleming's counsel CLARK QC in cut-glass RECEIVED PRONUNCIATION.

BOBO SIGRIST and JACK WHITTINGHAM sit behind eminent lawyer PETER CARTER RUCK, watching in morbid fascination as Bobo's husband McClory sits in the witness box.

JUDGE WILBERFORCE presides, resplendent in his robes.

CLARK QC

You claim, Mr McClory, that you were only told last December about publication of this James Bond book, Thunderball?

MCCLORY

Correct.

CLARK QC

But you don't deny you have been working on the associated screenplay since 1958?

MCCLORY

I do not.

CLARK QC

Yet here you are, three days before Thunderball hits every bookstore in the western world, seeking to injunct its publication.

MCCLORY

I understood that only a small part of my script would be used in the book. Not the whole bloody thing.

The judge frowns at the profanity.

CLARK QC

Indeed. £2,000 spent on advertising. 32,000 copies shipped. You think it fair to stop publication now?

MCCLORY

I think it's unfair I have not been acknowledged.

CLARK QC

Yet you were already offered £2,000 for what paltry contribution you did make to this book.

MCCLORY

Far from paltry!

CLARK QC

What makes you think you can waltz into an English courtroom, and traduce the name of a great writer like Ian Fleming, with a greasy smog of inaccuracies, half-truths, blarney, optimistic euphoria and incredible self-hypnosis?

MCCLORY

Th-th-that's a lie!

The judge looks askance at McClory.

CLARK QC

Perhaps you think a few years scrubbing decks on a Norwegian freighter or in the Royal Navy is better than the career of a decorated Royal Navy Commander, and founder of a Commando Assault Unit?

McClory's face reddens, he is grinding his teeth.

MCCLORY

Very c-c-clever Mr Clark.

CLARK QC

Perhaps, Mr McClory, you consider YOURSELF the real James Bond, after sustaining nothing more than a frozen toe in a rowing boat for your wartime experience?

McClory breaks, and jumps to his feet. The veins seem close to bursting on his temples.

MCCLORY

Another outrageous lie! That is MY James Bond in *Thunderball*. Not the bowler hatted, Bentley-driving, stiff written by Fleming! MY JAMES BOND!

McClory waves his fist at Clark. The Judge, outraged, hammers his gavel.

CUT TO:

TITLES

SUPERIMPOSE:

PAVILION THEATRE DUBLIN, AUGUST 1942

EXT. PAVILION THEATRE - EVENING

40 or 50 THEATRE-GOERS queue outside the Pavilion. This isn't Broadway, they're Dubliners in their working clothes. The sign overhead reads ROMEO AND JULIET.

INT. PAVILION THEATRE - NIGHT

A full house watches intently as the 16-year old ROMEO/MCCLORY admires JULIET/CIARA on stage.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

CUT TO:

INT. PAVILION THEATRE - NIGHT

In the audience, McClory's MOTHER and FATHER beam in pleasure as they look on in parental pride at their 16 year-old son.

FADE TO:

INT. PAVILION THEATRE - NIGHT

FRIAR LAURENCE leads the stars to the front of the stage for their curtain call. In the centre, he holds aloft the hands of the stars ROMEO/MCCLORY and JULIET/CIARA. The audience gives an enthusiastic standing ovation.

Juliet/Ciara is overwhelmed by the occasion, and throws her arms around McClory and kisses him. The audience approves with wilder applause.

CUT TO:

INT. MCCLORY'S HOUSE - DAY

Young McClory looks out the window of their house at the freighters and the ferry in the harbour. The freighters are loading grain. McClory's mother sets the table for dinner.

MCCLORY

I don't want to go back to school
mum. I hate it.

MOTHER

Nonsense Kevin. You'll never become
a great actor like mum and dad
unless you finish school.

MCCLORY

I don't need school to act. And I
couldn't learn my lines if you
didn't read them to me.

MOTHER

They know more about dyslexia in
England than the schools here
Kevin. You'll be fine.

MCCLORY

I should be fighting Nazis, not
learning Shakespeare!

MOTHER

You're still a boy. And Ireland is
neutral.

MCCLORY

Fat lot of good that did Norway,
Belgium, Denmark and Holland.

MOTHER

Upstairs and pack your bag. Stop
worrying about wars that don't
concern us.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

McClory is about to board a ferry to England, small suitcase in hand. His parents are on the pier to say goodbye, as is Ciara. She is tearful, she embraces him and gives him a black and white portrait of herself.

FATHER

Study hard, son.

MOTHER

We'll see you at Christmas Kevin.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY

The ferry is docking in England. McClory stands on a sunlit deck, his small case at his feet. As the ferry docks, he can see a merchant tanker unloading at the dock. Further along the dock, he can see the bus loading passengers and luggage for London, where he is bound for Finchley Grammar School. The TANNON calls passengers to disembark.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - DAY

McClory walks along the pier towards the London bus. A CONDUCTOR shouts at prospective passengers that there are only three seats remaining. McClory's eye is drawn to the Norwegian tanker STIGSTAD, and its CAPTAIN PETTERSEN shouting at two young merchant SAILORS descending the gangplank.

PETTERSEN

Back by ten. You have work to do!

McClory looks up at the bridge in curiosity, and ascends the gangplank.

MCCLORY

You hiring?

PETTERSEN

We're always looking for good men.
Experience?

McClory has no clue, but spies the empty radio room behind the bridge.

MCCLORY

Communications.

PETTERSEN
Date of birth?

MCCLORY
8th of June 1926.

Pettersen's eyes narrow.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
I mean 1924.

PETTERSEN
Good. Otherwise you'd be just 16
years old, wouldn't you?

MCCLORY
June '24 is my brother's birthday.
Always getting them mixed up.

PETTERSEN
Handy for your parents though,
having two sons with the same
birthday.

MCCLORY
When do you sail?

PETTERSEN
Sail for New York noon tomorrow.
Communications you say?

MCCLORY
Yes skipper.

Pettersen points to TORGENSEN, the radio officer in the radio
room behind the bridge.

PETTERSEN
Your English is good. Stay with
Torgersen. He'll show you the
radios. You'll work shifts with
him.

CUT TO:

INT. STIGSTAD CABIN - NIGHT

McClory is fixing his personal gear in his tiny four-man
cabin with crewmates MIKE FLANAGAN, OTTO BENTZEN and JOE
ROONEY. Ciara's photo is pinned to the bulkhead above his
bunk. She looks stunning, and the crewmates admire her.

FLANAGAN

Let me get this straight. You go to a posh school in London. You're an actor in your spare time.

ROONEY

You've got a beautiful girl bawling her fucking eyes out for you in Dublin.

BENTZEN

And you want to cross the Atlantic in a fuel tanker in the middle of a submarine war.

The three crew mates bellow laughing at him.

MCCLORY

School's not for me. I'm dyslexic. And I hate Nazis.

FLANAGAN

What's dyslexic?

MCCLORY

Words are all a jumble. I find it hard to read.

FLANAGAN

Same here. But I'm not fucking dyslexic!

CUT TO:

INSERT STOCK FOOTAGE:

-Battle of the Atlantic: A convoy ploughs through the waves, merchant vessels in the centre of the convoy, surrounded by destroyer escorts.
 -A torpedo races through the water.
 -A merchant vessel explodes.
 -A destroyer drops depth charges.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- McClory and Flanagan scrub a deck with brushes, both smoking.
 - Bentzen shows McClory how to properly coil a rope.
 - Rooney shows McClory how to load, aim and fire the deck gun.
 - Torgerson shows McClory the radio set, and shows him how to change frequency.
 - Pettersen mans the bridge, scans the ocean with his binoculars, and shouts messages back to Torgerson and McClory behind him.

- McClory, Rooney, Flanagan and Bentzen share multiple pitchers of beer in a New York bar.
- McClory, Rooney, Flanagan and Bentzen walk, drunk, down a New York street. Flanagan points upwards. McClory's eyes follow his finger, up and up until he almost falls backwards. McClory has never seen anything as tall as the Empire State.
END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - EVENING

McClory, Rooney, Flanagan and Bentzen are watching *Casablanca* as Bogart walks into Rick's Café to hear "As Time Goes By."

MCCLORY
Someday I'll be on that screen.

FLANAGAN
You can't play the piano.

ROONEY
And you're not black.

McClory laughs, annoying an OLD WOMAN behind him.

OLD WOMAN
Shut up!

CUT TO:

EXT. STIGSTAD - DAY

McClory is on deck with Flanagan, Bentzen and Rooney as they enter the Port of Liverpool.

ROONEY
It may be full of scousers, but I
have never been as happy to see
Liverpool!

FLANAGAN
It's not so bad Joe!
(to McClory)
And if you can hold on to your
wallet and watch, these birds are
the best in England!

INT. LIVERPOOL BAR - EVENING

McClory is standing on a bar counter, again, belting out "*Home Boys, Home*" to a group of admiring LIVERPUDLIAN GIRLS. Bentzen, Flanagan and Rooney look on in awe from behind their pint glasses.

FLANAGAN

Doesn't half love the sound of his own fucking voice, does he?

BENTZEN

When you can attract a crowd of women like he can, let me know!

FADE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE CAPTION:

FEBRUARY 21st 1943 NORTH ATLANTIC

INT. STIGSTAD BRIDGE - DAY

TORGENSEN

Storm is breaking Skipper. We'll be able to catch up.

PETTERSEN

But easier for them to see us. Dark soon. Kill all the lights.

MCCLORY

(into tannoy)
Extinguish all external lights!

PETTERSEN

Engine room give me everything!

MCCLORY

(tannoy)
Engine room give us 11 knots.

McClory's ear is to the tannoy awaiting reply

MCCLORY (CONT'D)

Problem with boiler 2 skipper. This is all we've got.

PETTERSEN

Call the convoy.

TORGENSEN

Convoy Oscar November 166, this is Stigstad, come in, over.

LOUDSPEAKER
Stigstad, Oscar November 166. We
have you clear on radio, no visual.

TORGENSEN
Stigstad, lost some ground, we have
no visual.

LOUDSPEAKER
Oscar November 166, maintain course
255, we'll see you at daybreak.

CUT TO:

INT. U-332 - NIGHT

Oberleutenant Eberhard HUTTEMANN stands beside his RADIOMAN,
who has one earpiece to his left ear. No hoary old sea dog,
HUTTEMANN is only 24 years old.

German dialogue with subtitles.

RADIOMAN
They've lost the convoy, trying to
catch up. Ordered to steer 255 for
daybreak rendezvous.

HUTTEMANN
(to his executive officer)
Ready tubes 1 and 2. Surface and
steer 255. We'll take the straggler
on the surface and catch up with
the convoy.

CUT TO:

EXT. STIGSTAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

MCCLORY
Skipper! U-Boat surfacing, port
side!

CUT TO:

EXT. U-332 - NIGHT

HUTTEMANN is outside in the conning tower, making his attack.

HUTTEMANN
Course 255 ready tube 1!

STIGSTAD BRIDGE

PETTERSEN
(to helmsman)
Steer 165 degrees!

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)
(to McClory)
Man the deck gun.

McClory runs back into the radio room and shouts the order into the tannoy, comes back out on deck to seek Bentzen and another ABLE SEAMAN man the deck gun.

BENTZEN
Torpedo!

The Stigstad isn't turning quick enough. The torpedo is making straight for them. This is going to hurt! It strikes just below the deck gun, the EXPLOSION blowing Bentzen in the air. He tumbles like a rag doll into the sea.

MCCLORY
Otto!

McClory runs to the deck gun. The other ABLE SEAMAN gathers himself up and rams a shell in the 4" gun. McClory swivels the gun to bear on the U-332 and FIRES! The shell sails close over a head on the-

U-332 CONNING TOWER

The Stigstad shell flies overhead.

HUTTEMANN
(ducking)
Fire 2!

STIGSTAD GUN DECK

MCCLORY
Torpedo!

McClory's second shot is closer, EXPLODING in a spout of water on the U-332's starboard side.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Reload!

With the two vessels closing on each other, the second torpedo is only seconds in the water when BOOM! It blasts the Stigstad amidships.

On the bridge, Pettersen and Torgersen feel the ship lift beneath them, then settle back down into the water, already listing to port.

Pettersen looks as McClory is about to fire a third round at the U-332, then runs forward to the deck gun.

PETTERSEN

No!

Pettersen goes back inside the bridge.

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)

(to Torgersen)

Signal the convoy we're abandoning ship. Lifeboats away.

Torgersen finishes his radio message to the convoy, Pettersen beckons him and McClory.

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)

(to both)

Check below deck before it floods.
Life jackets on. Abandon ship.

The Stigstad CREW emerges on deck in heavy clothing, wearing their Mae West lifejackets.

The Stigstad lists heavily to port.

TORGENSEN

No chance of getting the starboard lifeboat in the water skipper.

PETTERSEN

We'll make it in one boat. Grab food and water.

EXT. STIGSTAD - NIGHT

The Stigstad is slowly submerging on its port side. Pettersen carries a small box in one hand, and a flashlight in the other.

The CREW scramble into the one lifeboat as the deck slowly submerges. Pettersen is last man aboard. Torgersen shouts back to him from the lifeboat, as the Stigstad emits its DEATH RATTLE.

TORGENSEN

33 aboard skipper, not counting you.

PETTERSEN
Three missing.

TORGENSEN
They're not aboard Stigstad!

EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Pettersen steps off the deck as it slips below him into the sea. He pulls out the flashlight.

PETTERSEN
Clockwise around the ship! Row!
Eyes on the water!

Torgersen on the bow, Pettersen at the stern, they row throw the floating wreckage of the Stigstad. They come across a body face down in the water. Torgersen rolls him over.

FLANAGAN
Wroldsen.

PETTERSEN
Leave him be.

They row. Another body. Bentzen.

MCCLORY
Otto.

McClory sits down on the thwart, shocked.

They row. Another body.

TORGENSEN
Eriksen. Three lost skipper.

Pettersen pulls out a list.

PETTERSEN
Abrahamsen!

A muffled YES from the boat

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)
Alvenes!

Another YES.

FADE TO:

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Wroldsen.

The men look on as he scratches a line through the name on the roll. The crew's attention leaves the skipper as the U-332 emerges from the darkness.

Four SUBMARINERS stand on the deck of the U-Boat, MP-40 submachineguns at the ready.

The Stigstad crew look on in horror, prepared for their fate.

As the U-Boat nears, Huttemann descends the conning tower to the deck, shouts to the lifeboat and salutes.

German in subtitles.

HUTTEMANN
Hutteman!

PETTERSEN
Pettersen!

They salute each other.

HUTTEMANN
How many men?

Pettersen replies in halting German.

PETTERSEN
34.

HUTTEMANN
We can't take survivors. Take this.

One of the armed SUBMARINERS lowers bags from the deck to the lifeboat.

PETTERSEN
20 Litres of water?

HUTTEMANN
All we can spare. Ireland. 900
kilometres due east.

The SUBMARINERS retreat below deck. Huttemann climbs back to the conning tower, and the silence is broken by the sound of the sub's diesel engine. Huttemann salutes. Pettersen does not respond.

LATER

The sea is dark, calm and frigid. Pettersen stores the few small bags of rations beneath the stern thwart and sits by the tiller. He takes out his torch, and 33 pairs of petrified eyes gaze back in the night.

PETTERSEN

900 kilometres, 34 men, very little food or water. We take one hour on the oars, four hours rest, try to stay warm.

FLANAGAN

How long, skipper?

PETTERSEN

If we keep a steady pace, and the winds stay westerly, we'll make it in two weeks.

MCCLORY

Hard, skipper.

PETTERSEN

Yes. Row hard or die.

FADE TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - EVENING

Slate grey sky, black sea, no clear line dividing them. Long rollers rush away from the sun, just a dull red glow in the west. The wind kicks up white horses and spray moves horizontally across the waves.

Four pairs man the oars, a huddled figure at the stern mans the tiller. The heads of other MEN sitting between the thwarts are just visible. All wear Mae Wests over an assortment of heavy clothing. Their woollen hats, coats, and gloves are covered in frost, which also lines the stubble on their faces.

McClory and Flanagan, the stern-most and youngest pair of oarsmen, haul, exhausted, on their oars. Their boyish faces are covered in youthful fluff. They watch Pettersen warily as he mans the tiller at the stern.

Pettersen looks down at the keel, where a sighting compass rests on the wood, its lanyard tied to his boot. The North needle points steadily at his left heel. He adjusts the tiller until the needle is perpendicular to his left boot. Dead ahead. His eyes follow the East arrow and he looks up at McClory and Flanagan.

PETTERSEN
Oarsmen rest! Change round!

McClory and Flanagan hand over their oars to two new CREWMEN, and settle down between the thwarts facing each other. The other OARSMEN do the same.

MCCLORY
Can't believe it hasn't rained in three days.

FLANAGAN
Has to rain soon, we must be near fucking Ireland.

MCCLORY
I'm parched Mike. I can't take another week of this.

McClory sees some ice begin to form on his Mae West and scrapes it with a fingernail. He puts it in his mouth and grimaces- still salty.

FLANAGAN
I've got a piss coming on, Kevin.

MCCLORY
I'm not drinking your piss.

FLANAGAN
You're only getting a sip, mate.

Flanagan takes an enamel mug from the deck and brings it up under his greatcoat as McClory looks on in disgust. After various grunts and groans, he retrieves the mug and holds it like it's full of diamonds. With a grimace, he swallows a mouthful and offers it to McClory.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
Come on, before it freezes.

MCCLORY
Jesus Mike.

FLANAGAN
(sneering)
You're a great Shakespearian actor, in't ya?

MCCLORY
Fuck off.

FLANAGAN
Just ACT like it's champagne!

He regards it with part disgust, part desire, before downing a gulp. He hands it back to Flanagan, looking nauseous.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Don't puke. Can't afford to puke.

MCCLORY

Can't feel my feet Mike.

Flanagan looks at his friend's boots, swollen by frostbitten feet. He opens McClory's boot laces and winces. He takes both boots off, opens his greatcoat, and places his friend's feet on his stomach.

FLANAGAN

Gotta rest Kevin. We've got four hours.

The two sailors pull their collars up around their faces and hunker down against the wind. McClory's eyes close, and a glimmer of a smile crosses his face. Is he hypothermic, or have his dreams taken him from this hell to a happy place?

FADE TO:

McClory is fast asleep, the enigmatic smile on his face. He curls up as tight as he can against the cold. Sea spray is already turning to ice on his hat and his Mae West.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Kevin! Kevin!

McClory is back on stage in the Pavilion, Friar Laurence shouting at him in glee as they take their standing ovation. Ciara, resplendent in her Juliet costume, looks over at him adoringly. She throws her arms around him and kisses him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

PETTERSEN

Kevin! Kevin!

McClory comes too from his delirium with the skipper's torch shining in his face. It's his turn on the oars, and he wouldn't wake. He notices his feet are still on Flanagan's belly. Flanagan's clothing glistens with ice crystals.

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)

(to Torgersen)

He's alive.

TORGERSEN

Flanagan!

The torch light moves from McClory to Flanagan. His eyebrows and lashes already sparkle with ice. His cheeks are deathly white. His face looks contented and angelic. The skipper and Torgersen pull off his Mae West and greatcoat. Torgersen puts his head to the boy's chest and listens intently, then shakes his head. Pettersen does the same. Torgersen removes the boy's great coat and hands it to McClory.

TORGERSEN (CONT'D)

Put it on. He don't need it.

PETTERSEN

Lads!

The skipper motions to other CREW to lift Flanagan from his resting place on the keep. They lift him over the side, and gently lower him feet first into the water.

MCCLORY

M-Mikey!

McClory struggles to get the name out.

Flanagan drifts slowly away from the boat. He doesn't sink completely, just his head visible as the lifeboat drifts on.

PETTERSEN

Rooney! With McClory! Row.

McClory takes his place at the thwart beside Rooney and starts to row.

Tears initially flow down McClory's face, then dry. The innocence of the blue-eyed boy is gone. Left behind is hardness, determination and rage.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

The oarsmen row without speaking. The others cower from the wind. Pettersen has the youngest crew near the stern, the older men near the bow with Torgersen. He is in his familiar rhythm of looking down at the compass, looking back up and adjusting course due east.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - EVENING

With the sun setting behind him in a murky sky, Pettersen cuts morsels of bread for the men, they eat it on the spot and he administers a tiny swig of water to them before they stumble back to their place in the lifeboat. He takes no bread himself, and closes the jerrycan without drinking.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - MORNING

PETTERSEN
Oarsmen change!

McClory and Rooney take their place at the thwart in front of Pettersen.

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)
Take the tiller McClory.

MCCLORY
(protesting)
I'm OK skipper!

PETTERSEN
I'm not giving you a rest. I'm
fucking freezing! Take the tiller
and maintain course 90 degrees!

Pettersen rows with the rest. The wind picks up, lashing the oarsmen in the face as McClory huddles over the tiller and watches the compass.

FADE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

McClory huddles as low in the lifeboat that he can, asleep. Joe Rooney lies opposite. They awake to a commotion, and the skipper shouting at crewman TROVAG.

PETTERSEN
Trovag! No!

Trovag is meant to be resting but is leaning over the side, scooping seawater into his mouth.

TROVAG
Need... water...

PETTERSEN
Stop!

Trovag gulps the water and seems to enjoy it as it goes down. He has a momentary smile on his face. In seconds he starts to wretch and leans back over the side, vomiting clear liquid.

PETTERSEN (CONT'D)

If you're sick, it's worse than just being thirsty. It will rain soon.

ROONEY

Hasn't rained in a week skipper. We can't row.

PETTERSEN

It'll rain soon.

FADE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

The sea is the calmest it's been. Not flat, but gentle. The moon is visible behind cloud that gives some illumination. The men row in silence, Pettersen looking up at McClory and Rooney as he checks his bearing. McClory is momentarily startled as something hits his left hand. Then his face.

MCCLORY

(whispers)

Joe!

ROONEY

What?

MCCLORY

I think...

ROONEY

It's rain!

Laughing and jubilation as the oarsmen wake the rest of the crew, and 33 souls turn their parched mouths to the sky. Drizzle becomes a vertical downpour, but they don't care. McClory holds an enamel cup to the sky, and gulps rain drops at the same time. Pettersen forms a sheet of card into a funnel and starts to fill the jerrycan while he too keeps his mouth to the sky.

FADE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

Pettersen is resting near the tiller with McClory and Rooney. Torgersen mans the tiller. The two young crew eye him as he awakens after rest. All their faces are caked in salt, their lips deeply cracked. Their eyes are hollow and gaunt.

ROONEY

How far do reckon we've gone
skipper?

PETTERSEN

We've made 60 to 70 kilometres a
day for 11 days.

MCCLORY

(struggling to speak)
A-at least 660 k-kilometres.

PETTERSEN

Yes. At worst, 4 days before
landfall.

FADE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - MORNING

McClory is rowing with his eyes closed. Half asleep. Groaning. Pettersen steers. The men are a sorry sight, covered in long stubble, dried salt and bleeding sores.

ROONEY

Shut up Kevin!

MCCLORY

Wha?

ROONEY

Taking in your sleep or something.

McClory opens his eyes. Looks drunk. Barely able to row.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Row, you useless Irish bastard!

McClory, like a drunk waking up in an unfamiliar room, takes stock of his surroundings. Something off to port catches his eye. He tries to speak, but grunts unintelligibly. He makes more of an effort on his oar and looks slowly around. He squints, and raises his right arm slowly and points.

MCCLORY

B-B-B

ROONEY

Kevin, for fuck sake! Row!

MCCLORY

B-B

He points off to the distance, over Pettersen's shoulder. Pettersen takes a look, but the sky and sea blend together in grey murk.

PETTERSEN

Is it a trawler?

McClory nods. Pettersen scrambles beneath his thwart at the tiller and pulls out a brass Very pistol. He loads a cartridge, points in the air towards the boat, and FIRES. A bright red signal flare arcs upward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

The trawler THOMAS BOOT is alongside the lifeboat, and FISHERMEN help the lifeboat CREW aboard. They are shattered, beaten men, no energy for anything but a wan smile.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

McClory lies unconscious in bed, his feet poking out from beneath the covers. They are wrapped in bandages. A DOCTOR is carrying out his rounds and visits the bed as a NURSE gently shakes McClory awake.

DOCTOR

We managed to save your feet,
Kevin. They were badly frostbitten,
but you'll be right as rain in a
few weeks.

McClory is impassive, and says nothing as the doctor carries on with his rounds.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

McClory sits upright in bed, obviously much better than before. The NURSE walks McClory's MOTHER and FATHER into the ward. His mother embraces him, crying tears of joy. McClory hugs her back, but she can see he is impassive. The nurse speaks to the parents as they approach his bed.

NURSE
(whispering)
He has spoken very little in weeks.
He has developed an impediment I'm
afraid...

MOTHER
The doctor tells me your feet are
better and you can walk. Won't you
come home with your father and me?

MCCLORY
(with difficulty)
Th-there's still a w-war to fight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory walks alone on the road to the imposing studio building. He is dressed in an over-sized, ill-fitting, grey demob suit. He pauses for a moment, looks up at the Shepperton sign, and marches through the gate.

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory looks like he's standing before the Destroyer Captain, but it's a middle aged MANAGER in a tweed jacket, smoking a pipe.

MANAGER
You looking for a job?

McClory nods.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Name?

MCCLORY
K-Kevin McClory.

MANAGER
Studio experience?

MCCLORY

N-no.

MANAGER

I'm sorry lad. We've got nothing
for men with no experience.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

A dejected McClory exits the studio. He walks through Shepperton village, past a bar with a sign on the door- "NO BLACK, NO DOGS, NO IRISH." He looks down at his drab demob suit and has an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory marches into the same manager's office the next day. This time he is wearing his Number 1 Royal Navy rig.

MCCLORY

I have a l-lot of experience. Just
n-not in a studio.

MANAGER

Royal Navy eh?

McClory nods

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I was what you'd call a pongo.
First war. Lose anyone?

MCCLORY

To a U-Boat, when I was in the
merchant n-navy. S-served in
destroyers until V-E day.

MANAGER

You've done your bit, lad. You can
make tea until you figure out how
to use a boom.

He scribbles on a sheet of paper and hands it to McClory.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Welcome to the movie business!

MCCLORY

Thank you.

MANAGER

You're demobbed, aren't you?

MCCLORY

Yes.

MANAGER

Don't let me see you in uniform again.

NOTE: There is no more stuttered dialogue in this script. McClory's stutter was at its worst after his release from hospital. He progressively mastered it until the existing TV and radio recordings of him in the 70's show a man who pauses rather than stutters as he speaks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory operates a mechanical boom as ORSON WELLES and JOSEPH COTTON film a scene from *The Third Man*. As ORSON WELLES forms and enunciates every word perfectly, McClory's lips move in silent unison as he follows the script.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

Another day, another film set. JOHN HUSTON is in the director's chair as two ACTORS occupy the sound stage. The lights fail mid take. From the darkness, a ROAR.

HUSTON

Can't you fucking limeys even get
ELECTRICITY right?

A hand torch illuminates the sound stage. It's McClory.

MCCLORY

I'll check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory and an ELECTRICIAN stand in front of a smoking fuse board.

ELECTRICIAN

It's fucked Kevin. Three hours work
at least.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory has re-joined Huston with a clip board and the bad news. Huston looks like he's about to eat the director's chair.

MCCLORY

Studio three is free the rest of
the day. We can do scenes 145 to
158, 170 and 179.

Huston goes through the shot list.

HUSTON

No sets in Studio three.

MCCLORY

Close ups only.

HUSTON

(to the CREW)

Don't just stand there! Do what the
man says!

FADE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

CONGO RIVER- BELGIAN CONGO - JANUARY 1951

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Two BALUBA NATIVES hack ineffectually at the undergrowth as an old ex military Bedford truck tries to move forward. In the cab are Huston, McClory (now 25, blonde, boyish, confident) and the DRIVER. Sitting behind McClory and Huston in the truck and looking into the cab are HUMPHREY BOGART and KATHERINE HEPBURN.

INT. BEDFORD TRUCK - DAY

BOGART and HEPBURN's main preoccupation is trying to keep whiskey from spilling from their glasses. Their luggage is stacked behind them, an opened case of whiskey prominent.

HUSTON
(at the BALUBAS))
Put your backs into it God damn it!

McClory quietly consults a map on his lap.

MCCLORY
There's no road here boss. We'll
have to cut our way through for 20
miles.

HUSTON
Don't have the time.

BOGART
Yes you do John, we've got another
two cases of this back here!

Hepburn dissolves into a fit of giggles and spills her
whiskey.

BOGART (CONT'D)
(to Huston)
You told me Kate could hold her
liquor!

HEPBURN
I can hold my God Damned liquor!

She grabs the bottle from Bogart.

MCCLORY
If we double back to here, we can
hire a boat inland. I can take the
equipment upriver, you can go on
ahead with a couple of jeeps with
them.

Huston looks into the back of the truck at his stars fighting
over the bottle, and nods in agreement to McClory.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The two BALUBA natives hack through the undergrowth into a
small clearing in the jungle, by the mighty Congo River. In
the Land Rover Huston sees a river cruiser tied up by the
bank, and a small encampment of canvas tents. He hears
singing from the encampment, and turns around, befuddled, to
Bogart and Hepburn behind him. The strains of "Follow me up
to Carlow" echo about the jungle canopy.

Huston, Bogart, Hepburn and the Balubas look on in amazement as McClory has trained his Baluba porters to sing the song, gesticulating wildly with their own spears.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - EVENING

Bogart and Hepburn are rehearsing their lines at a table with Huston. Bogart is visibly frustrated trying to speak in a thick COCKNEY ACCENT.

BOGART

John, I can't do it. I can't.

McClory listens in the background.

MCCLORY

We could make him Canadian?

BOGART

We could make me Canadian!

HEPBURN

That would work.

HUSTON

With a complete fucking rewrite.

Actors and director look back to McClory. Resigned to his fate, McClory pulls out his typewriter.

FADE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

CORK COAST - JUNE 1954

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - DAY

Sodden wet, the FILM CREW films a miserable GREGORY PECK sitting astride the mechanical MOBY DICK whale.

HUSTON

And CUT!

PECK

Get me off this damned contraption
before my balls freeze off!

HUSTON

(laughing)

We can't send Gregory Peck back to
Mrs. Peck without his pecker!

Peck climbs up a cargo net and the CREW wrap a blanket around him. On deck, McClory hands him a cup of coffee. From the stern, a CREWMAN shouts.

CREWMAN
She's broken the line!

McClory joins the crewman on the stern, and watches the mechanical MOBY disappear below the waves in bubbles. He quickly surveys the deck, and spots a heavy rope. He grabs it, and then the CREWMAN.

MCCLORY
Make sure this is tied off!

Rope in hand, McClory dives head first after MOBY. Huston turns to Peck in fear.

HUSTON
If that whale goes down, so does
the movie!

With director, star, BOAT CREW and FILM CREW on deck, some 12 men look over the stern for signs of McClory.

CREWMAN
Bubbles here!

The rest follow his point, but no sign of McClory. Seconds feel like hours. Huston paces the deck starboard to port and back.

HUSTON
Jesus H Christ where is he?

The crews circle the deck frantically, realisation dawning that they could be one dead man down!

MCCLORY
GOT HER!

McClory has surfaced ten yards off the starboard side, rope held aloft in victory. He swims back to the boat and hands over the line.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Pull her in gently.

FADE TO:

INT. LINEHAN'S BAR - EVENING

CAST and CREW are eating and drinking, the bar is rowdy with excitement. McClory wrapped in a blanket, nursing a whiskey and a cigarette. Huston rises theatrically to his feet, holding his own whiskey in the air.

HUSTON

Ladies and gentlemen! A toast, to
Kevin McClory, the man who saved
Moby Dick!

A cheer goes up from the crowd. McClory needs no further encouragement and stands on the table, calling the bar to a song.

MCCLORY

Right boys! "Home, Boys, Home!"

Huston turns to MIKE TODD, drinking beside him and Peck.

HUSTON

Mike, that is one guy you do NOT
want to be without on location.

Todd, deep in thought, sips his whiskey as McClory roars into song.

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON FLAT - EVENING

McClory hammers away at a type writer, whiskey on the desk, cigarette in an ashtray curling a plume of smoke beside him. The flat is austere, no ornamentation, and sketches of Tower Bridge and a boy with a seagull line the walls.

He BANGS a final key, then pulls the sheet of paper and lays it triumphantly on the sheaf beside him.

CLOSE-UP ON SCRIPT:

THE BOY AND THE BRIDGE written by KEVIN O'DONOVAN MCCLORY.

FADE TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory walks through an empty sound stage a clip board in his hand. He hears the sound of boys at play.

He tip toes through a door and sees two BOYS, sword-fighting with studio prop swords.

MCCLORY

And who have we here?

The two boys drop their swords in shock, but understand McClory is not a threat as he smiles at them.

MICHAEL

Michael!

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher!

MCCLORY

And what brings two young men like you to Shepperton Studios?

MICHAEL

We're going to be famous actors.

CHRISTOPHER

Like our mummy.

MCCLORY

And who might she be?

CHRISTOPHER

Elizabeth Taylor.

MCCLORY

Well, well. You can't BOTH be actors. One of you will have to be the director.

MICHAEL

What's that?

MCCLORY

The director is the one who tells the actors what to do and captures it on film. And he gets to shout ACTION! And CUT!

CHRISTOPHER

I want to be the director!

MCCLORY

You can direct your brother and me in the sword fight.

McClory picks up the prop swords and hands one to Michael. He pulls a camera over and stands Christopher behind the eyepiece.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Your brother is the star, so you
have to keep him in shot all the
time!

CHRISTOPHER
Got it! And ACTION!

McClory and Michael begin their duel, while Christopher tracks them on the camera. Michael lunges at McClory with the sword, and McClory falls theatrically to the floor.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
And CUT!

Unseen to the three, ELIZABETH TAYLOR has walked onto the set, and is hidden in the shadows.

TAYLOR
Bravo!

The boys race towards her.

MICHAEL
Mummy, I'm an actor!

CHRISTOPHER
And I'm a director. That's much
more important!

TAYLOR
I see you have your hands full
mister...

MCCLORY
McClory. Kevin McClory.

TAYLOR
Have they been troubling you?

MCCLORY
Not at all. It's a joy to have some
fun in the studio.

TAYLOR
I didn't think that was allowed!
I'm so sorry they're on the loose.
Nanny was ill this morning. I've
been hiding them while I was
working.

MCCLORY

Think nothing of it. If you and the boys are at a loose end, I can treat you to dinner at the King's Head later.

Taylor is visibly taken aback at being asked out with her sons. The boys, however, are eager to go with their new friend.

CHRISTOPHER

Please mummy! Nanny's food is awful!

FADE TO:

INT. KING'S HEAD - EVENING

The boys play darts in a quiet corner, while McClory and Taylor sit in a corner over cleared plates of food.

TAYLOR

Your parents must have been so cross with you for going back to sea.

MCCLORY

They forgave me.

TAYLOR

There's no way to fix the...?

Taylor is embarrassed and doesn't want to use the word.

MCCLORY

Impediment? I've tried everything. I can control it 90%. The rest eludes me.

TAYLOR

(touching his arm)
I'm so sorry.

MCCLORY

Nothing to feel sorry about. Perhaps it's a blessing. I think my destiny is to be on the other side of the camera. A career as a bad actor would have distracted me. Anyway, I've had an easier life than you!

TAYLOR
(embarrassed)
Two children and three marriages
behind me at the age of 24! What
must you think?

MCCLORY
I think you're lucky to have two
wonderful boys.

TAYLOR
Two boys who should be in bed an
hour ago.

MCCLORY
I'm so sorry to have detained you
Elizabeth.

TAYLOR
Don't be silly! And please call me
Liz.

Taylor rises and beckons the boys to her. McClory holds her
hand, and kisses it.

MCCLORY
As you wish Liz!

TAYLOR
Perhaps we could continue our chat
on Friday evening. My place.

MCCLORY
I'll have to check my diary.

Taylor is taken aback before seeing the knowing smirk on
McClory's face.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Do I dress for dinner?

TAYLOR
No, no! It's really casual, just a
few old friends.

MCCLORY
And where is your place?

TAYLOR
I keep a suite at the Savoy. Ask
for Mrs. Wilding.

FADE TO:

EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS - EVENING

It's a glorious sunny evening as McClory walks through the park by the Thames, but his demeanour is nervous. A tourist boat sails past him, a child waves at him, he is oblivious.

He walks on and pauses before the statue of Arthur Sullivan, and looks down at the disconsolate weeping woman adoring Sullivan above.

MCCLORY

Chance'd be a fine thing.

Like a condemned man, he takes a last drag from his cigarette, stubs it out with his shoe, and leaves the park for the Savoy.

EXT. SAVOY HOTEL - EVENING

The DOORMAN eyes him suspiciously, but lets him in.

INT. SAVOY HOTEL - EVENING

He approaches a stern looking RECEPTIONIST.

MCCLORY

I have an appointment with Mrs. Wilding.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr.?

MCCLORY

McClory.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Mainwairing will show you to her suite.

The Receptionist clicks his fingers and an immaculate BUTLER descends. He escorts McClory to a private lift behind reception.

INT. ELEVATOR SAVOY HOTEL - EVENING

Mr. Mainwairing the butler takes him up a few floors, never looking at him. He exits the lift, and knocks discreetly at a suite door.

INT. SAVOY HOTEL CORRIDOR - EVENING

Another black-clad BUTLER answers the door as Mainwairing glides away.

INT. SAVOY HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

McClory stands in the doorway of Taylor's suite as twenty pairs of eyes swivel to meet his.

McClory has scrubbed up well, but he's not in this league. The MEN sport Brioni and other continental styles. The WOMEN wear an array of Givenchy, Balenciaga and Charles James in a riot of colours. None of the other guests are impressed at this under-dressed interloper hanging around at the door.

At the centre of this menagerie is Liz Taylor. She's not merely a star in the showbiz sense. She is stellar in the astronomical sense. All others in the room orbit her like her own planets, moons and asteroids.

She wears a full length strapless Christian Dior, a tiny martini glass is perched in her raised, gloved, left hand. Closest to her is Mike Todd, who McClory recognises from Moby Dick. At the back of the room his mentor John Huston is enjoying the murder of a bottle of whiskey.

The tension mounts, the seconds look like decades in McClory's eyes, still no greeting for him. He doesn't flinch or look down, and he holds Taylor's eyes as she walks forward to greet him. The guests part before her like the Red Sea for Moses.

She glides to a halt before McClory, and slips her right arm serpent-like around him. She cups his head in the palm of her hand and plants a long firm kiss on his lips. That gets their attention, especially Mike Todd's.

TAYLOR

DARLING Kevin, only YOU could
arrive fashionably late to MY
party!

The eyes have changed. The condescension replaced by respect, admiration, maybe even jealousy.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to the BUTLER)

Won't you get Kevin a drink? Come
Kevin, there are some people you
must meet.

LATER

McClory is in a corner with Fleming's friend Ivar Bryce, tall, angular, patrician, like a Roman statue the sculptor forgot to smooth the edges off. An old Etonian, he treats everyone (except Liz Taylor of course) with equal disdain. Taylor links McClory's arm possessively. McClory is pitching his script while trying to sound as if pitching is the last thing on his mind.

MCCLORY

...the seagull flies away, father
and son are reunited, and the boy
agrees to go home.

BRYCE

That sounds absolutely charming.
Could I take a look?

MCCLORY

I'll have it around to you Monday.

John Huston approaches with what looks like a pint of whiskey in his hand.

HUSTON

Hands off, Liz! I've got work for
the lad!

Huston leads McClory away from Taylor, out onto the terrace of the penthouse suite, where a knot of MOVIE EXECUTIVES bask in their own self-importance.

EXT. SAVOY HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

HUSTON

Careful there Kevin, or you'll be
husband number four before the
month is out. You met Mike Todd on
Moby Dick.

MCCLORY

(offering his hand)
My pleasure Mike.

TODD

Hello again Kevin.

HUSTON

Mike is in pre-production for
Around the World in 80 Days.

TODD

Wondering if you would be free for some exterior shooting Kevin? I'm not going to be able to do it all.

MCCLORY

More than happy to Mike. When are we off?

TODD

Week after next.

MCCLORY

(raising his glass)
To Jules Verne!

FADE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

PARIS- FRANCE- AUGUST 1955

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

McClory (now 29 yours old), cameraman JOCK and boom operator BILL are shooting exteriors of old Parisian buildings. Jock is becoming agitated at his failure to capture the perfect shot as yet another tram crosses his frame, this one with an "AIR FRANCE" advertisement down its side. Jock's Scottish accent is almost unintelligible.

JOCK

For fuck's sake Kevin, this is impossible. Let's move somewhere else!

Bill tries to think outside the box.

BILL

Didn't they have trams back in the 1870's?

JOCK

Not with ads for fuckin airlines on them you fuckin bawsack!

Weeks of exteriors to shoot, and McClory's picked a crap location. He spies a litter bin with an empty wine bottle sticking out.

MCCLORY

Ready to go as soon as the next one passes Jock?

Jock nods, unsure what the boss is up to, but he spots the furtive look in his eye. McClory grabs the bottle, and waits for the next tram to pass. As it does, Jock starts filming. McClory walks away from his crew, staggering like a drunk towards an intersection of tram lines in front of him. He starts to attract the attention of some local ONLOOKERS as he staggers onto the intersection and COLLAPSES dramatically on top of it.

Jock sees what's going on, and rolls camera on a beautiful boulevard of Haussmann buildings.

A tram approaches and sounds its bell at McClory. McClory feigns unconsciousness but looks carefully out of one eye. The tram is bearing down on his head.

The tram KEEPS RUMBLING, directly for McClory's neck. His eyes are open wide now. Around The World in 80 Days is a big movie, but not worth getting beheaded for. The tram is slowing, but... His arm moves as he readies to jump. The tram stops six inches from his neck.

50 metres away, Jock has captured Haussmann's boulevard and gives a thumbs-up to Bill. Bill sidles up to the "unconscious" McClory and kicks his foot.

BILL

In the can, boss.

McClory gathers himself up and starts to walk away as the TRAM DRIVER jumps onto the road and an ONLOOKER grabs a POLICEMAN by the arm and points at the film crew. After an exchange of words, the POLICEMAN marches towards the crew.

MCCLORY

Let's go!

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

The crew carries camera, tripod and boom towards their parked car. McClory looks back and sees the POLICEMAN is gaining on them.

MCCLORY

Run!

They reach their parked car, a Citroen 2CV with the tonneau cover open. They throw the film gear through the open roof and jump in, Bill at the wheel.

BILL

Where to?

MCCLORY

Airport!

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA DE TOROS SPAIN - DAY

The BULL makes another pass at the MATADOR, who steps effortlessly to the side. A ROAR of approval from the CROWD. Another wave of the *muleta* at the bull, another charge, another pass, another ROAR.

Jock's eye is pressed to the camera, but McClory and Bill trade looks. This guy is GOOD!

The matador continues the *faena*, allowing the bull's horns closer on each pass, until they almost brush his shirt. The crowd SCREAMS in approval.

Three, four, five more passes. The matador has moved himself to the centre of the ring. He turns to the crowd, and draws his *estoque*. A reverential hush descends on the arena. They know what's coming next.

The bull makes his final charge. The matador holds his *muleta* in his left hand, the *estoque* glints in his right. The bull's horns lift the *muleta* as the matador's right hand thrusts the *estoque* down into the unfortunate bull's heart in the *estocada*, and the bull drops to the ground.

A BANDERILLO approaches the prostrate bull and delivers a coup de grace with his sword, but the bull doesn't flinch. He was already dead. The crowd goes absolutely wild, and a sea of white handkerchiefs go up. The matador acknowledges the gratitude of the crowd. He holds the *estoque* up, now glistening red. He approaches the dead bull and cuts its ear off, to the applause of the crowd.

As the bull's remains are dragged by horses from the ring, the matador parades the awarded ear to rapturous applause.

Jock's eye has not moved from the camera as he captured it all. Bill lowers his boom. They nod to McClory and all three move to the exit.

They have witnessed and filmed their first and last bullfight.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 163 UTAH - EVENING

Bill is at the wheel of a dodge truck, towing a flat bed trailer slowly down Highway 163. He wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

In the flatbed, Jock is filming the great rock features of Monument Valley on the move, as faster moving vehicles overtake them. Dust, grime and sweat line their faces.

MCCLORY

Got enough?

JOCK

We've got enough, both directions.

MCCLORY

I need a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. UTAH MOTEL - EVENING

McClory, Jock and Bill sit about a table in the bar of a motel. Jock is cleaning the innards of an enormous Todd-AO camera. They chug eagerly at bottles of beer, and Jock signals a friendly WAITRESS for more. McClory is reading the SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, which he throws angrily down on the table.

MCCLORY

Well that didn't take fucking long!

Bill checks out the TRIBUNE headline that has triggered McClory.

BILL

Oh fuck.

He passes the TRIBUNE to Jock. He reads the headline "TAYLOR TO WED AGAIN" over a photo of her and Mike Todd.

JOCK

Bollox man. There's plenty more fish in the sea.

McClory stands up and starts a rendition of "The Lakes of Pontchartrain" with the accompaniment of exactly no one.

A 22 year old SHIRLEY MACLAINE hears the singing and comes over to the crew's table with her friend JOHN STEINBECK. MacLaine has made just two movies, and is unknown, Steinbeck is known by name but not by face.

MacLaine gestures to the empty seats at the table, and Jock beckons them to sit down. Steinbeck carries a back pack with him.

JOCK (CONT'D)

A normal bloke would just get pissed. McClory has to sing 10 verses of fuckin misery to bring everyone down to his level.

MACLAINE

It's beautiful. What is it?

BILL

Confederate deserter meets a Creole girl in Jackson, asks her to marry, she's already engaged. Tragic boy meets girl stuff.

MACLAINE

(pointing at the TRIBUNE)

What's that got to do with...?

JOCK

She and Kevin had *an understanding* before he left England two months ago.

MACLAINE

Oh.

She's intrigued. McClory continues his solo lament, oblivious to his tiny audience. Eyes closed, he hits the final verse.

MCCLORY

*"And I'll drink a health to my
Creole girl by the lakes of
Ponchartrain."*

The four sitting at his table are his only applause, as the barman wipes a glass, delighted that another drunk is sitting down. McClory re-joins his audience.

MACLAINE

I'm guessing you guys are the second unit?

MCCLORY

Correct. And you must be Shirley...

MACLAINE

MacLaine, Princess Auoda.

MCCLORY

Main unit doesn't get here until next week.

MACLAINE

I've never seen Monument Valley. Came out a few days early with John...

MCCLORY

It's beautiful. We're finished, leaving for England tomorrow.

MACLAINE

(playful)

Not staying around to meet Mike Todd?

MCCLORY

I'll have plenty of time with him in post production.

McClory is intrigued at the relationship between MacLaine and the older author.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)

What brings you here John?

STEINBECK

My favourite part of America. I'm drawn back.

MCCLORY

The landscape here speaks its own language.

MACLAINE

You like Steinbeck?

MCCLORY

Of Mice and Men was my favourite book in school. I'm dyslexic you see. Long passages of Milton and Shakespeare defeated me.

Steinbeck doesn't know if he's being complimented or insulted.

STEINBECK

I'm more interested in film than writing now.

MCCLORY

You've been pretty successful at getting your words on screen so far.

STEINBECK

Done all I can on land. I'd like to do something in the sea. Ever read "*The Silent World*"?

McClory sits up alert like he's been electrocuted. Steinbeck has just name-checked his favourite book.

MCCLORY

Cousteau?

STEINBECK

Yea! Why does it always have to be Frenchies?

MCCLORY

The technology isn't there yet.

STEINBECK

Well it's not *here* anyway.

Steinbeck lifts a large canvas bag from the floor and pulls out an enormous still camera with a waterproof box around it.

MCCLORY

Your department Jock.

JOCK

Assuming that's a still camera, can you imagine the fuckin size of a cine camera?

STEINBECK

Cousteau's got one.

MCCLORY

How do you know?

STEINBECK

He's filming right now.

MCCLORY

His own book?

STEINBECK

So I hear.

MCCLORY

You're chasing Mike Todd.

STEINBECK

I hear he's the go-to guy for cameras.

MCCLORY

You're serious about this.

STEINBECK

Heading to the Bahamas once I meet Mike, scoping out a few locations.

MCCLORY

I'm happy to tag along and give you a hand.

STEINBECK

Thought you were going back to England?

MCCLORY

I just turn right in Miami.

MacLaine has had enough boy talk.

MACLAINE

Another song!

McClory rises from the table.

MCCLORY

I'm off, early start tomorrow.

He leaves the table, heading for the rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. UTAH HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

McClory walks slowly to his room, agitated someone's already pilfering one of his movie ideas. Behind him, a patter of feet.

MACLAINE

Kevin, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to annoy you.

MCCLORY

You didn't annoy me Shirley. I really must leave early.

MACLAINE

I just wanted to hear you sing one more time.

McClory looks into the sincere, elfin eyes, and is resigned. He turns back for the bar.

MACLAINE (CONT'D)

Where you goin? My room's this way.

FADE TO:

EXT. DIVE BOAT BAHAMAS - DAY

Turquoise sea, blazing sun on the boat deck. A cauldron of bubbles at the stern of the dive boat as two SCUBA DIVERS surface. A large underwater camera is thrown up on deck, and McClory and Steinbeck climb the ladder.

On deck, they remove and stow their dive gear.

MCCLORY

This is the perfect place.

STEINBECK

The light is perfect down to 30 feet. Colours start to change after that.

MCCLORY

Have you a treatment ready?

STEINBECK

I have a draft finished.

MCCLORY

You'll give me first refusal?

STEINBECK

You seem to know what you're talking about Kevin. And you love the subject.

They shake hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND - DAY

The tropical sun beats down on an MGA roadster speeding along Paradise Island Drive. McClory is at the wheel in a Hawaiian shirt, blonde hair slicked back, Wayfarers on. He's going so fast he goes straight past the "FOR SALE" sign outside a house.

The MGA screeches to a halt. He checks the rear view mirror. Definitely a "FOR SALE" sign.

He performs a U-turn, and takes the MGA back to the sign. The gate is open. He drives slowly up a sandy lane to a two-storey house surrounded by pines, hibiscus and bougainvillea. He removes the Wayfarers, exits the car, and walks around.

FADE TO:

INT. SCREENING ROOM HOLLYWOOD - DAY

McClory sits beside Mike Todd, both of them nursing a cigarette and a whiskey. Suppressed tension fills the air—this is the first time they've met since shooting ended on the movie.

TODD

Around the girls in 80 ways..."

MCCLORY

What?

TODD

Don't pretend you haven't heard the second unit's nickname for you!

MCCLORY

Mike, let me assure you...

TODD

Kevin, what happens on location...
(hesitant)
I just hope that me and Elizabeth doesn't...

MCCLORY

This is business Mike. We are never going to fall out over a girl.

TODD

Glad to hear it. And after *Around the World*?

MCCLORY

I have finance lined up for my own script.

TODD

Let's get to work!

CUT TO:

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE HOLLYWOOD - DAY

McClory exits the office heading for the parking lot. A chauffeured Rolls Royce pulls up. Liz Taylor steps out. McClory is the last person she expects to see.

TAYLOR
Kevin, I'm so... so

MCCLORY
Liz, it's OK. I'm happy for you both.

TAYLOR
Perhaps, in...

MCCLORY
In another time. Another place.

Taylor kisses him awkwardly on his cheek, and pushes on towards the studio. He turns and watches her as she walks away. She doesn't look back.

FADE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:
LONDON- ENGLAND- MARCH 1957

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE LONDON - DAWN

McClory (now 31) is shooting the finale of *The Boy and the Bridge* on Tower Bridge. It's a dawn shoot, two bored LONDON COPPERS have cordoned off either end of Tower Bridge.

Ivar Bryce stands behind McClory and other members of the CREW, looking proud and self-important. This is the first movie of his XANADU PRODUCTIONS.

LIAM REDMOND as the father Pat, and the young boy IAN MACLAINE as his son TOMMY, surprise each other as they walk in opposite directions. The father is ecstatic, the son less so.

MCCLORY
And CUT! And that is a WRAP!

A ripple of applause from the CREW as McClory goes over to congratulate the child actor.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Brilliant Ian. YOU are going to be a STAR!

Bryce walks over to his director.

BRYCE
What's next.

MCCLORY
Princess Margaret for the British
premiere.
(reverential pause for
Bryce)
If that's agreeable for you as lead
producer.

BRYCE
Definitely, whatever you think
best.

MCCLORY
And I've entered it in the Venice
Biennale. Now, where will we find a
bar open at this hour?

FADE TO:

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND BEACH - DAY

McClory reclines on a sun lounger, a small table beside him holding his rum and coke. An ice cream vendor is enjoying a slow trade nearby. He's reading Cousteau's "Silent World." He's paying little attention to the others on the beach but a young, Amazonian blonde woman (BOBO SIGRIST) leaves a CHILD building a sand castle as she goes in for a swim. McClory watches her enter the turquoise sea, and he is impressed to see her make an athletic sprint at least 100 metres freestyle down the beach, turn and come back. He approaches the CHILD.

MCCLORY
I say young girl, tell me your
sister's name and I'll get you an
ice cream.

CHILD
That's not my sister. She's my
mummy. Strawberry please!

McClory looks towards the sea. The blonde is now standing out of the water, striding purposefully towards him. He quickly orders an ice cream and returns to the child.

CHILD (CONT'D)
Thank you Mister.

MCCLORY
You're most welcome.

BOBO

Aren't you a little old to be
plying young girls with ice cream?

MCCLORY

Aren't you a little young to have a
six year old daughter?

BOBO

She's five.

MCCLORY

My humblest apologies. McClory,
Kevin McClory.

He executes a shallow but charming bow to her.

BOBO

Sigrist. Fredericka Sigrist. But my
friends call me Bobo. You look like
a man with an eye for the ladies.

MCCLORY

I was simply admiring your stroke
when I realised there was more to
admire. You swim like a man.

BOBO

I'll take that as a compliment.
What sharp little eyes you have.

MCCLORY

You should see my teeth. And you
didn't get around to telling me how
you came to have so beautiful a
daughter so young.

BOBO

Didn't I?
(beat)
A youthful ill judgment. At 17.
Followed by a hasty divorce.

MCCLORY

Without the occasional ill
judgment, we'd never know how to
make good ones.

McClory and Bobo walk down the beach, the CHILD following
behind with her ice cream.

FADE TO:

EXT. JAMAICA BEACH - DAY

Tropical sun beats down on Ivar Bryce as he walks the beach with Ian Fleming outside the GOLDENEYE villa. They carry snorkelling gear, and Fleming has speared a fish.

FLEMING

He's the man you reckon?

BRYCE

Production credits on The African Queen, Moby Dick and Around the World in 80 Days. John Huston swears by him. Finishing his own movie now. I'm bankrolling it.

FLEMING

I'm interested. Can I meet him?

BRYCE

He has a place near mine in the Bahamas. If you fly up I can organise a casual get together. No commitments.

INT. EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT NASSAU - EVENING

It's a black-tie evening in the restaurant, heaving with the good, the bad, and the poseurs.

Ivar Bryce sits at the head of an immaculately laid table for six, linen table cloth and silverware. Beside him sits his wife SHEILA, and McClory and Bobo make it four. They await FLEMING.

FLEMING eventually arrives, accompanied by wife ANN. In a white dinner jacket, he pauses at a balcony overlooking the dining room to look for his companions. He smokes his cigarette via a black cigarette holder. A consequential, magnetic figure, he captures the attention of male and female DINERS.

LATER

McClory wipes his mouth with a linen napkin after dinner.

MCCLORY

I understand you had quite the war, Ian.

FLEMING

All did our bit. Yours was more eventful, I believe.

MCCLORY
Unfortunately.

ANN
And where did you go to school
Kevin?

MCCLORY
Finchley Grammar.

Bryce and Fleming swap a furtive look. It might be a nice
school, but it isn't ETON.

ANN
Isn't that... catholic?

MCCLORY
It's all the rage these days.

Polite murmur of laughter.

ANN
And you... Bobo? You live locally I
believe?

BOBO
Papa has a house here in Nassau.

ANN
Sigrist?

BOBO
Yes.

ANN
Can't say I've heard of him. What
does he do?

BOBO
Did. He just passed away.

ANN
I'm terribly sorry.

BOBO
He made some planes during the war.

ANN
Fascinating. What sort?

BOBO
Hurricanes and Spitfires I think.

A quiet snigger from the gentlemen and Ann moves on.

ANN

Nassau is so much nicer than Jamaica. Jamaica is lovely of course. It's just full of... coloureds.

BRYCE

Well Ian, I asked for a chat with Kevin about our James Bond problem.

MCCLORY

Ivar gave me the first three books, and there's a few things holding Bond back.

FLEMING

(nervous)

Go on.

MCCLORY

He's a man of the thirties, and it's almost 1960. He's a loner, a sadist, and borderline sociopath. Adolescent sexuality. He likes women, but they don't like him. We need a character women want to be with. He wears pinstripes, a bowler and drives a Bentley. He's a steam powered character in the space-age.

ANN

Exactly what I've told you Ian.

FLEMING

(deflated)

I'm killing him off. He's a fictional dead end. Since Caspar was born I've tended towards children's fiction.

ANN

Ian is writing the most wonderful book about a flying car, based on a bedtime story he wrote for Caspar.

MCCLORY

Bond has flaws, but he's an absolutely compelling character. A few tweaks, and I think we can get him on the big screen.

Bryce and Fleming share a look, and appear satisfied.

FLEMING
Next steps?

MCCLORY
I'll send you a few plot points.
See if you like where it takes us.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND ROAD - NIGHT

McClory and Bobo hold hands and walk a dimly lit street home after dinner.

BOBO
What a sad story about Ian losing
the love of his life in the Blitz.

MCCLORY
Sad for Ian, or sad for Ann?

BOBO
Kevin!

MCCLORY
And it's not what I heard in
Shepperton!

BOBO
Shepperton is a cesspit of rumour!

MCCLORY
I was a boy in the war but even I
knew if you found the love of your
life back then, you married them.
You didn't let them go.

BOBO
Perhaps they hadn't the time.

MCCLORY
His mother didn't like her, and
threatened his inheritance. Ann
came with a title. Passed the mummy
test. Money and position were more
important to Ian than true love.

BOBO
That's a shocking thing to say.

McClory stops walking and holds Bobo by the arms.

MCCLORY

When you meet the one, you hold
them close. You never let them go.

McClory kisses Bobo passionately, she returns the embrace.

FADE TO:

INT. GOLDENEYE JAMAICA - DAY

Fleming, Bryce and McClory sit about a coffee table on the veranda of Goldeneye. Outside is a vista of tropical paradise. Inside is a cloud of cigarette smoke. The coffee table is littered with typed pages and empty cups. McClory holds a sheaf of typed A4 pages.

MCCLORY

This is a great start Ian, but it
needs a lot more work.

FLEMING

Such as?

MCCLORY

(impatient)

Theft of an atom bomb from a base
by a bunch of thieves is absurd.
The idea of blackmailing a NATO
pilot is absurd. Film is a visual
medium. Not Shakespeare. James Bond
having a soliloquy on the roof of
MI6 is absurd.

McClory calms down after his rant.

FLEMING

Can't you fix it?

MCCLORY

I'm flattered you think a dyslexic
Irishman can fix this, but we need
something much more ambitious.

BRYCE

Meaning?

MCCLORY

Meaning we need a plausible
scenario for the theft of the atom
bomb, and a plausible recovery of
the bomb after the underwater
battle.

BRYCE

You sound like you're making a diving movie with a James Bond movie bolted on the side.

MCCLORY

It's a James Bond movie with a spectacular underwater sequence.

FLEMING

How PLAUSIBLE is that?

MCCLORY

Very. First, James Bond is a man of action. Second, it's consistent with his biography, as a Commander in the Royal Navy. Third, the Bahamas is in the British Commonwealth.

BRYCE

But...

MCCLORY

Fourth, If we make it in the Bahamas with a crew that's three-quarters British, we'll get a subsidy under the UK's Eady Plan. Fifth, a production company based in the Bahamas will be exempt from both British AND US taxes.

Bryce and Fleming are sold. The dollar are already flashing before their eyes.

FLEMING

Agreed.

BRYCE

What's next.

MCCLORY

I'm taking *The Boy and the Bridge* to Venice. I'll hire a screenwriter in London and work up some story boards for you.

FLEMING

Perfect.

MCCLORY

(to Bryce)

Xanadu Productions financing?

BRYCE

Yes.

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON FLAT - EVENING

Back in McClory's flat, he's hiring British screenwriter JACK WHITTINGHAM. McClory is signing a cheque.

MCCLORY

Your writing contract is with Xanadu Productions, not Ian Fleming. I've told him you're the best screen writer in England.

WHITTINGHAM

I am aren't I? Why do I have to write in Jamaica?

MCCLORY

Fleming only writes in Goldeneye. You'll have all expenses paid. Two and a half grand now, the rest on completion.

WHITTINGHAM

Settled.

MCCLORY

I'm in Venice for a week, I'll pick you up on the way back.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT VENICE HARBOUR - DAY

McClory and Bobo welcome assorted BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE aboard a chartered yacht. Champagne flows. Canapes are nibbled. Cheeks are kissed. He greets like long lost friends these DARLINGS he has never clapped eyes on before.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VERANDA GOLDENEYE - DAY

It's almost a Bond movie scene. Palms sway in a gentle breeze on the veranda overlooking Oracabessa Bay and Low Cay Beach. A panel of story boards is fixed to the walls of the veranda.

Fleming, Bryce and Whittingham sit on canvas chairs as McClory, pointer in hand, goes over the story boards like a general briefing on the D-DAY Landings. He starts at the board on the left.

MCCLORY

In the health club, Palazzi makes the switch with Derval after plastic surgery. Derval is killed. He's Domino's brother.

WHITTINGHAM

Plot?

MCCLORY

Motive for her revenge later. Palazzi kills the Vulcan crew with gas and ditches in the Bahamas. Divers kill Palazzi in the cockpit and retrieve the bombs.

Next story board.

WHITTINGHAM

Why kill Palazzi?

MCCLORY

Palazzi blackmails his fee higher, a crime worse than Count Lippe's.

WHITTINGHAM

Gotcha.

Whittingham makes notes as McClory speaks.

MCCLORY

Bond dives under the DISCO VOLANTE and realises it has submarine doors.

Next story board.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)

With the help of Leiter, Bond finds the Vulcan and the dead Palazzi. Bombs are gone.

Next story board.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)

Bond tells Domino who killed her brother. She agrees to help.

Next story board.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Largo breaks port for Florida with
the bombs.

Next story board.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Bond and Leiter arrange for the US
Navy to intercept. Underwater
battle ensues. Navy wins, Largo
escapes.

Next story board.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Bond spots Largo under water and
follows him back to the DISCO
VOLANTE. Fight ensues. But Domino
kills Largo with a spear-gun. Just
before they hit the rocks, Bond and
Domino jump into a lifeboat. Roll
credits.
(triumphant)
How's that?

Bryce and Fleming share a meaningful look. Whittingham takes
more notes.

FLEMING
That works.

MCCLORY
Jack will stay with you until we
have a shooting script. What are we
calling it?

FLEMING
I fancy the codename for an
American atom bomb test.

BRYCE
Go on.

FLEMING
Thunderball.

McClory places down his pointer and downs a large whiskey.

MCCLORY
I like it! Ivar, back to London!
You can't keep the Princess Royal
waiting...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON THEATRE - EVENING

McClory and Bobo, Bryce and Sheila wait in a RECEIVING LINE in black tie, PRINCESS MARGARET shaking hands close by. Meeting ROYALTY, Bryce has never felt so validated in his life. McClory, Irish republican, couldn't care less. Royal validation is a marketing tool only. Bryce bows humbly to the Queen's sister.

INT. LONDON BAR - NIGHT

The premiere is over. McClory, Bryce, spouses and other ASSORTED MOVIE ATTENDEES await the first editions of the mornings papers, and the first reviews of *The Boy and the Bridge*.

McClory picks up a copy of the Telegraph, navigates his way to the inner pages, and his eyes widen in horror. He inhales half a cigarette in one drag, and swallows a double whiskey.

Nearby, Bryce spots the Telegraph art critic MOSELEY in black tie drinking with friends.

BRYCE

I say Moseley, don't you think
"turkey" a bit harsh a verdict on a
film that moved Princess Margaret
to tears.

MOSELEY

(snootily)

My dear Bryce, I think my review
reflects quite accurately *just why*
the Countess of Snowden would be
moved to tears.

Only a few feet away at the bar, McClory hears the word "MOSELEY", sees it at the top of the review, and is instantly triggered.

MCCLORY

MOSELEY! I'll show you a fucking
TURKEY!

McClory pushes Bryce out of the way before anyone realises what's happening. The RED MIST has descended on McClory. He swings, and connects, a looping RIGHT HOOK to Moseley's jaw. Moseley is out cold before he hits a table of drinks, sending everything CRASHING to the floor. Bryce grabs and restrains McClory.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDENEYE JAMAICA - DAWN

Fleming sits at the side of his bed, Ann asleep next to him. The first shards of dawn light make it through the shutters. He is on the phone, Bryce just about audible at the other end.

FLEMING

Dear God.

BRYCE

God can't save us.

FLEMING

Will there be a US release?

BRYCE

Not a snowball's chance.

FLEMING

We have to get rid of him.

BRYCE

Without making it obvious we're getting rid of him.

FADE TO:

EXT. ENGLISH CHURCH - DAY

With a huge CROWD gathered round them, McClory and Bobo emerge from the church door, shake hands with the VICAR, and CHAUFFEUR opens the door of a ROLLS ROYCE for them. As a blizzard of confetti falls, they climb in. Bobo's daughter is the most beautiful flower girl.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLS ROYCE LIMO - DAY

BOBO

Looks like Bryce and Fleming
couldn't make it darling.

McClory opens a bottle of Champagne, and pours two glasses.

MCCLORY

Fuck them!

FADE TO:

INSERT STOCK FOOTAGE

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

JFK takes his oath of office as 35th President of the US, to rapturous cheering.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

Smoke fills a dingy office between two very unhappy men.

BRYCE

You have until September to get the cameras rolling on Thunderball.

MCCLORY

You know very well I won't have finance in place by then.

BRYCE

It's what we agreed.

MCCLORY

It's what you rammed down my neck.

BRYCE

Ian will have the book on the shelves next year. We can't wait any longer.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDENEYE JAMAICA - DAY

Ann walks out onto the lawn as Fleming types. She has a bounce in her step as she drops a copy of LIFE magazine on the table in front of him.

ANN

Who's a famous boy then?

Fleming takes a mouthful of whiskey and snaps up the magazine.

FLEMING

What is it?

ANN

Kennedy has said *From Russia With Love* is in his top 10 books of 1961. LIFE says you'll be on the best-seller list next week.

FLEMING

I need to see Bryce.

ANN

You most certainly do. And you need to get rid of that despicable Irishman.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS BEACH - DAY

Bryce and Fleming walk a golden beach outside Bryce's Nassau estate XANADU. Both smoking, both deep in concentration.

FLEMING

Tell me more about this Saltzman chap.

BRYCE

He's the sort of Jew who, if he was at the Last Supper, would send the food back.

FLEMING

That bad.

BRYCE

He's seriously interested now that JFK loves you. And he's your fastest route to screen.

FLEMING

Understood. But McClory has to go.

BRYCE

Leave that to me.

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - EVENING

Fleming sits to dinner with HARRY SALTZMAN. This isn't dinner between friends. Both men stab and slice their steaks with an aggression inwardly reserved for the other.

SALTZMAN
Who is Ratoff?

FLEMING
Sold my *Casino Royale* rights to him
when I was on my uppers.

SALTZMAN
Can you get them back?

FLEMING
I'll try.

SALTZMAN
Who's the Marlow broad?

FLEMING
A dear friend and producer. I
assigned her TV rights, not movie
rights.

SALTZMAN
I don't give a fuck. Can't finance
a movie deal if someone else has TV
rights. Who drew up the contract?

FLEMING
We did it mutually, over lunch in
Sardis.

SALTZMAN
In writing?

FLEMING
My dear Harry, I did expect this,
so I asked her for it back.

Fleming leans back, withdraws an envelope from his inside
jacket pocket, and hands it over. Saltzman looks at the
cursive script and sits back, incredulous. He has never met
anyone as stupid as Ian Fleming.

SALTZMAN
This,
(waving the envelope)
is a Fleming contract? You have got
to be shitting me.

Saltzman rolls his eyes.

SALTZMAN (CONT'D)
Tell me about McClory.

FLEMING

A charmer, chancer, occasionally talented. Nominated as best director for *The Boy and the Bridge* in the Venice Film Festival.

Saltzman snorts at the mention of Venice, and jabs a fat thumb at the plate glass window as a BEGGAR shuffles past.

SALTZMAN

See that bum outside? For all you know, he has a Golden Lion from Venice. Who cares? He's still a bum.

Fleming has never been spoken to like this by anyone who didn't go to school in Eton, and his shock is visible.

SALTZMAN (CONT'D)

Can you get rid of him?

FLEMING

He's out of time and out of contract in September.

SALTZMAN

We'll see. Now listen to me Fleming. You've been a very stupid boy. Your contract dealings are by a country mile the biggest shit-show I have ever seen.

(beat)

And I've seen shit-shows.

(beat)

I've seen Vegas hookers less promiscuous with their rights than you. You NEVER talk to a producer without talking to a lawyer first. And if you ever talk to another producer, I'm done with you. You'll get a six-book film deal, but nothing's going to happen with Thunderball until you straighten this shit out with McClory. And we're starting with Doctor No.

Fleming nods in meek agreement as Saltzman stands up and throws his linen napkin on a half-eaten steak.

SALTZMAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for lunch. Next time, book a decent restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPERTON STUDIOS - DAY

McClory, Fleming and Bryce sit about an office desk.

BRYCE

It's time to move on Kevin. You've had more than enough time.

MCCLORY

No I haven't, and you're already talking to other producers.

McClory taps his nose at them like a Mafia Don.

FLEMING

I'm about to publish the book Kevin. Please be reasonable about this.

MCCLORY

YOUR book based on MY treatment.

BRYCE

We're prepared to offer you £10,000 to vacate the rights.

MCCLORY

I've put blood, sweat and tears into that screenplay.

FLEMING

£10,000 is a lot of blood, sweat and tears...

MCCLORY

£75,000 or nothing.

Fleming and Bryce deflate like two punctured tyres.

BRYCE

Well then it's nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON COURT - DAY

We're back to the injunction case, just as McClory has lost his temper.

JUDGE

SIT DOWN Mr McClory!

Clark, delighted with McClory's reaction, takes his seat.

CLARK QC
No further questions My Lord.

Carter-Ruck is quickly to his feet.

CARTER-RUCK
My Lord, perhaps we might agree that it is the content of the screenplay and novel that are at issue, rather than my client's wartime service or the diary of events.

The judge has heard enough.

JUDGE
Thank you Mister Carter-Ruck. This is a fascinating case, and the plaintiffs have made compelling arguments in favour of an injunction against the publication of the novel Thunderball. However, it is clear that the plaintiffs have NOT given Mister Fleming and the publishers sufficient time to mount a defence. The books are printed and going on shelves three days hence. To injunct publication at this point would constitute a grave injustice.

McClory, Bobo and Whittingham share worried looks.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Written judgment will issue presently, however, the urgency of the application requires an immediate judgment. While this novel owes a very great deal to the screenplay, the application for injunction is DENIED.

The judge's gavel descends, he arises and exits the court. Clark QC exits with Fleming and Bryce. As Clark passes McClory, McClory HISSES sarcastically in his ear.

MCCLORY
See you later, litigator!

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTROOM LONDON - DAY

Fleming and Bryce leave the court, and walk into a throng of REPORTERS waiting outside for them.

REPORTER 1
How do you feel now Mr. Fleming?

FLEMING
Vindicated. Delighted publication
is going ahead.

REPORTER 2
What was it like?

Fleming and Bryce manoeuvre towards the door of a parked Rolls Royce.

FLEMING
Quite ghastly. I'm sure James Bond
never had to go through anything
like this.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM LONDON - DAY

Carter-Ruck looks satisfied as he turns to McClory.

MCCLORY
What are you looking so pleased
about? You just lost.

CARTER-RUCK
We were never going to win a case
in these circumstances, and the
judge has made a most interesting
observation.

MCCLORY
Meaning?

CARTER-RUCK
He has just opened the door to you
to sue for plagiarism.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NASSAU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

McClory and Bobo wait outside Arrivals at the airport in an oddly-shaped open-top red roadster.

Carter-Ruck emerges, sees his pick-up and waves at them. He is wearing a light beige suit, but is already sweating in the tropical heat as he pushes a luggage trolley bearing a suitcase and three boxes of documents.

McClory throws them into the back seat, where Bobo climbs, and allows Carter-Ruck in front.

They drive in beautiful tropical sunshine along EAST BAY STREET.

CARTER-RUCK
 Couldn't we have done this in
 London?

MCCLORY
 Yes, but it would disrupt the
 children's holidays.

CARTER-RUCK
 I see.

MCCLORY
 And one vice I share with Ian
 Fleming is a preference for writing
 in the sunshine!

McClory turns his head and McClory shouts back to his wife.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
 What's traffic like on the causeway
 darling?

BOBO
 (laughing)
 Simply AWFUL Kevin!

Without warning, McClory SPINS the wheel to the left, screeching the car off the road and into a marina.

Carter-Ruck grips the dashboard in panic as McClory speeds down a slip, braking only as they approach the sea. He slows marginally, and eases the Amphicar into the water. Carter-Ruck looks on, incredulous, as Bobo leans back in her sunglasses to catch the rays.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCLORY'S HOUSE - DAY

The Amphicar swings up the driveway of the house McClory bought on his trip with Steinbeck. On the lawn, McClory's STEPDAUGHTER and two baby DAUGHTERS play with their JAMAICAN NANNY, while his SON plays football with the GARDENER.

MCCLORY

Welcome to our Paradise Island
abode Peter!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH BAR CABBAGE BEACH - NIGHT

McClory, Bobo and Carter-Ruck occupy a table overflowing with lobster, oysters, champagne and wine near the waterfront. The bar is heaving with life, Caribbean music fills the air. Carter-Ruck is starting to wane after 18 hours of travel, eating and drinking. McClory picks up an empty bottle of Krug.

MCCLORY

You know, I'm convinced the damned
frogs are making these things
smaller! RODRIGO!

He takes the bottle with him and marches towards the BARMAN.

CARTER-RUCK

Bobo, is this some sort of test?

BOBO

Of course it is Peter. First,
you're an Englishman and he hates
Englishmen. Second, you lost the
injunction case so he wants to size
you up for the big one.

CARTER-RUCK

Dear God. He knows we have a
mountain of work to get through?

BOBO

He's been working all week on it.

CARTER-RUCK

(sceptical)
Good to know.

Like a hunter, McClory returns victorious with a bottle of Krug held aloft.

MCCLORY

Last bottle. Good job I went when I did!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

Fleming and Bryce sit before a mountain of files on the QUEEN'S COUNSEL CLARK QC'S desk.

BRYCE

The paddy will piss off after a few days in court. This is pure intimidation in pursuit of £75,000.

FLEMING

Absolutely. We stick to our guns and he'll go away.

CLARK QC

That may be so, but we cannot presume that eventuality. We must show two things: that there was no contractual relationship between you and McClory, and that his claim to any of the intellectual property within Thunderball is groundless. I should also warn you that his wife is a woman of considerable means, therefore we cannot assume an offer to settle.

BRYCE

Very well.

CLARK QC

Let's get to work shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER-RUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter-Ruck sits behind his desk, a pile of manila folders before him. McClory and Whittingham sit opposite, both smoking. Whittingham is particularly nervous and fidgeting.

CARTER-RUCK

I must compliment both of you on the quality of the technical analysis of the Thunderball novel.

(MORE)

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

It gives us a lot to undermine in the defence.

WHITTINGHAM

(lost in his own thoughts)
I can't do it. I can't gamble everything in my life on the whim of a jury. My wife. My daughter. My house.

CARTER-RUCK

Our case is very good...

Whittingham rises and paces the room nervously.

WHITTINGHAM

Good. Not CERTAIN. Unless you tell me our odds are far better than 50-50, I'm out.

Carter-Ruck looks at McClory. McClory looks at Whittingham and knows the man is finished.

MCCLORY

I'll fly solo.

CARTER-RUCK

If it's any consolation Jack, if Kevin wins, and I believe his chances are good, you'll have a free shot at goal afterwards. You sue for plagiarism, I'll represent you, the work is done already, it'll be a settlement case.

WHITTINGHAM

Thank you.

(to McClory)

I'm sorry Kevin, I can't gamble a life-time of wages on the throw of a dice. My family would never forgive me. I'll still be your witness. I'll still give evidence.

MCCLORY

Then we're all set.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

LONDON-ENGLAND - NOVEMBER 1963

INT. COURTROOM LONDON - DAY

Jack Whittingham is in the witness box, sitting before JUSTICE UNGOED-THOMAS.

CLARK QC
No further questions My Lord.

UNGOED-THOMAS
You may step down Mr. Whittingham.

Whittingham returns to the gallery and sits down beside Bobo.

CARTER-RUCK
The plaintiff calls Ivar Bryce.

Bryce marches purposefully to the witness box and is sworn in. His Old Etonian tie, immaculately knotted, is prominent. A SHABBY MAN stands up in the gallery.

SHABBY MAN
'Ere! Ain't you the BURGLAR BRYCE
from Eton?

BRYCE
(apoplectic)
Excuse me!

A ripple of LAUGHTER runs through the gallery, this trial has attracted an AUDIENCE approaching a hundred. The Judge is not amused.

UNGOED-THOMAS
Order in court!
(to policeman)
Constable! Remove that man!

The CONSTABLE grabs the SHABBY MAN by the shoulder, and shifts him towards the door. As the SHABBY MAN passes Bobo, he drops his right hand down to her, her hand passes like a pickpocket's over his and deposits a five pound note. Bobo smiles to herself as he is ejected from the court.

UNGOED-THOMAS (CONT'D)
(to the jury)
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
you will ignore that outburst in
your deliberations. Proceed Mr.
Carter-Ruck.

BRYCE
Your amateur dramatics I suppose?

CARTER-RUCK

I assure you not Mr. Bryce. Is there any truth in the suggestion you were so named in Eton?

BRYCE

It was an affair of the heart, not a matter of theft, if you must know.

CARTER-RUCK

(knowing wink to the jury)
Glad we cleared that up. I'm sure you were quite the catch, back in the day!

Another ripple of laughter through the courtroom infuriates Bryce. Fleming, lights a cigarette in silent Fury.

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

Mr. Bryce, your defence to this claim states the Xanadu account was set up to finance the film The Boy and the Bridge. Is that correct?

BRYCE

Yes.

Carter-Ruck shows him a bank statement.

CARTER-RUCK

This account, is it the same one?

BRYCE

No.

CARTER-RUCK

What's the name of the account?

BRYCE

The Xanadu James Bond account.

CARTER-RUCK

And what are these two cheques for?

BRYCE

That one is for first class flights for Mr. Whittingham to Jamaica.

CARTER-RUCK

Very nice. And this one?

BRYCE

That is the first half of Whittingham's fee for the screenplay.

CARTER-RUCK

I see. And who signed those cheques?

BRYCE

Kevin McClory.

LATER

Fleming is now in the witness box, and is not enjoying the experience. He is chain smoking, and sweat is visible on his brow and his upper lip. His wife Ann looks on anxiously.

CARTER-RUCK

If I understand your defence Mr. Fleming, you made no attempt to hide the contributions of Mr. McClory and Mr. Whittingham to the book, and were, in fact, encouraged to publish the book by Mr. McClory as advanced publicity for the screenplay and film?

FLEMING

Correct.

CARTER-RUCK

And yet no acknowledgement of Whittingham or McClory in the book.

FLEMING

In the circumstances, I thought it irrelevant. I was doing them a favour writing a novel to boost the treatment.

CARTER-RUCK

If there is no intent to obscure, why so many almost childish departures from the screenplay?

Fleming says nothing and shrugs.

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

In the book, Bond trails Largo in a Polaris submarine. Hardly as cinematic as a catamaran? No Domino on deck in a scanty bikini?

No answer from Fleming.

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

The villain's house is changed from Xanadu in the screenplay to Palmyra in the book?

FLEMING

Perhaps that was at the instigation of Ivar. I can't remember.

CARTER-RUCK

The mafia have been replaced by SPECTRE, an organisation that does not appear in your books prior to the publication of Thunderball, but does appear in the books published afterwards.

Fleming looks clammy and drinks shakily from a glass of water.

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

Mr. Fleming, if your evidence was a movie plot, might we agree it's full of holes?

The judge looks at Fleming in concern.

UNGOED-THOMAS

Ladies and gentlemen, the case is adjourned to Monday morning.

The court rises as the judge departs.

MCCLORY

Good job Peter, that left them something to chew on for the weekend.

McClory dons his coat and walks to Bobo. A LEGAL SECRETARY passes Carter-Ruck a note. Carter-Ruck calls back his client.

CARTER-RUCK

I'll need you here in the morning.

MCCLORY

On a Saturday?

CARTER-RUCK

Yes. It's a good sign. You too Bobo, and Jack.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - EVENING

Bryce and Fleming walk together along the bridge, both disconsolate.

FLEMING
Can't we fight on?

BRYCE
In the opinion of counsel, no.

FLEMING
My name? My reputation?

BRYCE
Not as badly affected as if we lose.

FLEMING
You think we've lost?

BRYCE
I'm saying our legal team, and that of the publishers, think a decision will go against us. I'm sorry.

Bryce turns and leaves. Fleming walks in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEMING HOUSE - NIGHT

A blazing fire warms the room, but it can't take away the chill between Fleming and his wife Ann. He stands by the fire, nursing a large whiskey.

Ann sits on the far side of the room in an armchair, nursing her own whiskey, with a face like thunder.

ANN
You cannot possibly be serious?

FLEMING
I'm afraid so.

ANN
Concede! To that snivelling, stuttering, odious Irish jackass?

FLEMING
Not my choice, Ann.

ANN

Your father and brother would turn
in their graves. This was Bryce's
idea, wasn't it?

FLEMING

Ann darling, please.

ANN

That coward, who sat out the war in
a New York hotel. What a disgrace.

FLEMING

That's neither true nor fair Ann.

ANN

What's not fair Ian, is that we
will NEVER live down this
capitulation.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

Carter-Ruck, McClory, Bobo and Jack Whittingham sit one side
of a long conference table. On the other, CLARK QC, Fleming,
Bryce, and FOUR LAWYERS for the publishers. Two female LEGAL
CLERKS stand by at their typewriters, ready to record the
settlement. Ann Fleming sits by the back wall, her face
capable of instantly souring any milk in a 100 yard radius.

Flushed with anger, Fleming rises to his feet.

FLEMING

OUTRAGEOUS! You cannot expect us to
put our names to that!

Clark QC gently restrains his client and gets him to resume
his seat.

CLARK QC

It has been four hours, perhaps the
parties might agree to a short
recess.

CARTER-RUCK

An excellent idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

McClory, Bobo, Whittingham and Carter-Ruck converse in the small back yard behind chambers. McClory and Whittingham are enveloped in cigarette smoke.

Outside, the wail of an ambulance siren disturbs them, then goes silent.

MCCLORY
Are we close?

CARTER-RUCK
Very close. But at this stage of negotiations, it is the little things that can get in the way.

MCCLORY
Little things?

CLARK QC
Ego. Position. Publicity. How you want something worded versus how they want it worded. The devil in the detail. So please, leave this to me.

One of the LEGAL CLERKS emerges.

LEGAL CLERK
The other side has returned.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

McClory's side sit down opposite Fleming's. Clark QC is making notes. Fleming's seat is empty, Ann is no longer there.

CLARK QC
I'm afraid Mr. Fleming has been taken ill and has had to leave us. Mr. Bryce has full powers to continue. I believe we are in a position to agree the terms of settlement.

CARTER-RUCK
I shall begin. One. Complete ownership of the film property known as Thunderball. Two.
(MORE)

CARTER-RUCK (CONT'D)

All further copies of the
Thunderball novel to include
written acknowledgement of Mr.
McClory and Mr. Whittingham. Three.
All costs incurred by the
plaintiffs to be discharged in full
by Mr. Bryce. Four. Costs and
damages to be paid in full, in
cash, on Monday morning.

At this last clause, there are eyebrows raised on the other
side, but no voices.

CLARK QC

If we might have a moment to
confer?

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

McClory, Bobo, Whittingham and Carter-Ruck are now at the
front doors, McClory and Whittingham already smoking.

Clark QC emerges, his coat on, and a sheaf of paper in his
hand. He's in an evident hurry to leave.

CLARK QC

Peter, run your beady over that
would you?

Carter-Ruck dons reading spectacles and scans four sheets.

CARTER-RUCK

It seems to be in order.

CLARK QC

That'll be that then. See you
Monday. I'll have signing copies
ready. Leave it till eleven,
they'll need time to get the cash.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRISTERS CHAMBERS - DAY

The two sides are assembled either side of the conference
table. Clark QC slides copies of the agreement across the
table to Carter-Ruck, McClory and Whittingham. They thumb
through the copies, and Carter-Ruck looks at his side to see
if there is agreement.

CARTER-RUCK

We are happy to sign. The costs and damages?

Bryce lifts a battered brown briefcase onto the table and passes it to McClory. McClory opens it and counts through the bundles. He nods to Carter-Ruck. All sign the copies.

Fleming and Bryce leave the room with their lawyers, beaten men. Their heads are down. Ann Fleming is crying.

With just his side in the room, McClory turns to Carter-Ruck and shakes his hand.

MCCLORY

Well done Peter, I never doubted you. Shall we say Claridge's tonight?

CARTER-RUCK

We shall!

MCCLORY

First, we're off to the pub!

McClory takes the briefcase in one hand, and Bobo in the other, and marches out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON COURT - DAY

The PAPARAZZI have already spotted Fleming and Bryce, and are crowding them on their way out of court. The two defendants keep their eyes on the footpath and make no eye contact.

A CHAUFFEUR opens the door of Bryce's Rolls Royce, and Bryce, Fleming and his wife Ann sit in and are whisked away at high speed.

The paparazzi's attention immediately turns back to the court as McClory emerges, beaming a smile. On his right arm is Bobo, and on her right arm is PETER O'TOOLE, who has inserted himself between Bobo and Jack Whittingham. Lawrence of Arabia is still on cinema screens, and O'TOOLE is a megawatt star. The paparazzi are as interested in him as they are McClory.

PAPARAZZI 1

What are you going to do now Kevin?

MCCLORY

Getting a drink!

PAPARAZZI 2

What then?

MCCLORY

I'm going to make a James Bond movie. What the bloody hell do you think I'm going to do?

PAPARAZZI 1

Are you going to be in it Peter?

O'TOOLE

It's James Bond, not Lawrence of bloody Arabia!

MCCLORY

We might write in a camel!

O'TOOLE

(at his Shakespearean best
to the paparazzi)

To the pub boys! For once the drinks are on the other Irishman!

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON BAR - DAY

It's still bright outside, but the pub is mobbed by supporters of McClory, as well as paparazzi, still taking the odd photo to justify their existence.

O'Toole chats to Whittingham at the bar, while Bobo and McClory drink together. On the bar stool between them is the briefcase. On top of the briefcase is a wad of bank notes.

BOBO

(quietly)

You're not really making that movie on your own Kevin?

MCCLORY

What the hell do you think that court battle was for?

BOBO

It's not the first Bond movie any more. That ship has sailed. Sean Connery is already a star.

MCCLORY

What are you saying? Walk away?

BOBO

Of course not darling. But you must
swallow your pride and shake hands
with Harry Saltzman.

MCCLORY

Let's get out of here.

BOBO

It's much too early for Claridge's.

MCCLORY

Fuck Claridge's. We're going to
Dublin.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARIDGE'S HOTEL - EVENING

Peter Carter-Ruck and his WIFE have arrived in Claridge's for
their celebratory dinner with McClory. Carter-Ruck approaches
an extremely superior-looking MAITRE'D inside the door and
enquires about their dinner date.

CARTER-RUCK

We are joining a party for dinner,
we didn't book ourselves.

MAITRE'D

Name?

CARTER-RUCK

McClory?

MAITRE'D

I'm afraid we have no such booking.

CARTER-RUCK

Whittingham?

MAITRE'D

(barely concealing his
disdain)

No.

CARTER-RUCK

(increasingly embarrassed)
Perhaps Carter-Ruck?

MAITRE'D

Sir, it is most difficult to get a table at short notice, but you are most welcome to adjourn to our bar for a cocktail if you wish to wait?

CARTER-RUCK

That won't be necessary.

Carter-Ruck and his wife make their walk of shame as they exit Claridge's before a jury of their peers, no booking and no table to be found.

CUT TO:

INT. EON PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Harry Saltzman stands over a drinks cabinet, an enormous Cohiba cigar clamped between his teeth, and drops ice cubes into two crystal tumblers of whiskey.

SALTZMAN

I was wondering when you'd show up.

MCCLORY

If I didn't know better, I'd swear you weren't delighted to see me.

SALTZMAN

Still making your own Bond?

MCCLORY

I could, but probably not the best idea.

SALTZMAN

Damn right. The Bondwagon is on the road. *Doctor No* and *From Russia* big hits. *Goldfinger* out next year. Connery is already a big star.

MCCLORY

And a bestselling Bond novel just itching for a brilliant screenplay.

SALTZMAN

Eon is prepared to make a generous offer Kevin. But you've got to understand, it's *Thunderball* alone. Nothing else. We've got the rights to everything bar *Casino Royale*. *Thunderball* is a one-time deal.

MCCLORY

In that case, 40 per cent of gross seems reasonable.

SALTZMAN

Pull the other one Kevin.

MCCLORY

I say 40% because you've already made three James Bond movies using my James Bond, not Fleming's.

SALTZMAN

You can take this to court and spend some more of your wife's money. Or you can get to work now filming Thunderball. And it's 20 per cent or FUCK YOU. Fleming is nearly finished *You Only Live Twice*.

McClory extends his hand.

MCCLORY

It's been business doing pleasure with you Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER-RUCK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Carter-Ruck, reading spectacles on, pores over the contents of yet another manila folder, and transcribes notes into a foolscap pad. His phone rings. He pushes a folder aside to reach it, and puts the call on SPEAKER.

CARTER-RUCK

Yes DORIS?

DORIS

Mister McClory for you on line three.

CARTER-RUCK

Thank you Doris.
(taking line three)
Kevin! How are you?

MCCLORY

I'm very well Peter. I'd like you to take a look at a movie contract for me.

CARTER-RUCK
 Delighted to Kevin. Pop it in the
 post to me and we'll review it.

MCCLORY
 Thanks Pet-

Carter-Ruck butts in before McClory can hang up.

CARTER-RUCK
 Kevin, if it's not too great an
 inconvenience, I'd appreciate if
 you would settle your bill of costs
 for the Thunderball case.

MCCLORY
 Sorry Peter. Rather busy this end,
 complete oversight...

CARTER-RUCK
 Not a problem at all Kevin. I'll
 have Doris wire you the payment
 details this evening. I look
 forward to reviewing your contract.

Carter-Ruck reclines in his chair, a broad smile across his
 face.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:
 LONDON- ENGLAND- AUGUST 1964

INT. LONDON REDBRICK - EVENING

McClory sits at his kitchen table with the Daily Telegraph
 open before him. "JAMES BOND AUTHOR DEAD" is the headline
 above a photo of Ian Fleming. He inhales a large puff from
 his cigarette followed by a stiff measure of whiskey. He
 looks out the window to the garden as his STEP DAUGHTER plays
 with her BABY BROTHER and SISTER. Bobo looks on behind him,
 worried.

The doorbell rings, and Bobo leaves the kitchen to answer it.
 She appears back in a moment with Jack Whittingham and his
 daughter SYLVAN.

BOBO
 Come on Sylvan, let's go play in
 the garden.

Alone in the kitchen, McClory pours Whittingham a whiskey.

WHITTINGHAM

I can't sue a dead man Kevin.

MCCLORY

I know Jack. I'm sure there's something we can do.

WHITTINGHAM

I want my part in Thunderball recognised.

MCCLORY

You were paid five thousand pounds for it, Jack.

WHITTINGHAM

You know it's about a lot more than the screenplay. That was the basis of your whole case against Fleming.

MCCLORY

I'll talk to Saltzman.

WHITTINGHAM

That's it? You'll talk to him?

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON REDBRICK - LATER

McClory and Bobo walk Whittingham and his daughter to the door. Bobo kisses him. McClory can't close the door quick enough. They return to the kitchen.

BOBO

He's your friend Kevin.

MCCLORY

There are no friends in this business Bobo.

BOBO

You couldn't have beaten Fleming without him.

MCCLORY

I'll see what we can do.

BOBO

Promise?

MCCLORY

I promise, darling.

BOBO

What now?

MCCLORY

(happier)

Off to France. Looking for Bond girls.

BOBO

Anyone interesting?

MCCLORY

Oh, we're having a chat with Brigitte Bardot.

BOBO

Kevin O'Donovan McClory, if you so much as look sideways at that woman...

MCCLORY

My darling Bobo, these eyes are *for your eyes only!*

BOBO

It's not your eyes I'm worried about!

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

BAHAMAS- MARCH 1965

EXT. BAHAMAS BAY - DAY

Two lines of DIVERS, one in red neoprene, the other in black, float in the bright turquoise sea, overlooked by director TERENCE YOUNG who stands on the deck of a trawler with his CREW and shouts at the DIVERS through a LOUD HAILER.

TERENCE YOUNG

When you hear "GO" you all drop to 20 feet. Don't kick up sand at the bottom. TEAM RED swims west, TEAM BLACK swims east, you raise your spear-guns when you're in sight of each other. Got it?

DIVERS

GOT IT!

TERENCE YOUNG

Then you all surface, and we'll start on your one-on-one fight sequences.

McClory, now a blonde, tanned 39 years, is one of the DIVERS on Team Red.

MCCLORY

You'll make sure to get my good side Terence?

TERENCE YOUNG

No can do Kevin. You're the only guy on set with two bad sides!

LAUGHTER from the DIVERS, but no one is sure if YOUNG is being funny or not.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS GOLF CLUB - DAY

McClory and SEAN CONNERY get out of their buggy at the third hole. CONNERY places his ball and swings a beautiful tee-shot. McClory takes three swings at the ball before he makes contact.

MCCLORY

I'm not exactly feeling the love on set Sean, and I'm the fucking producer.

CONNERY

You're THE producer, not THEIR producer. This little circus is three years on the road, and it's Terence's third Bond movie.

MCCLORY

If he'd just let me pitch in a little. The Bond you've been playing since *Doctor No* was written here. By me. Five years ago.

CONNERY

This isn't a movie any more Kevin. It's a franchise. It's a club. And you're not in the club.

MCCLORY

But you are!

CONNERY

And I can't wait to get out. Not too many acting roles involving tuxedos, martinis and Walther PPKs. My career is over unless I get out of this. If I didn't get off that set and onto the golf course I'd kill someone.

MCCLORY

Ridiculous sport. Waste of a good walk.

CONNERY

Better than sitting around drinking and small talking. Soon as the wife heard Claudine Auger was playing Domino, she was on a plane out here.

Connery juggles his golf ball in his hand.

CONNERY (CONT'D)

So the only balls being tickled on the Thunderball set are little white ones with DUNLOP written on them!

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY

The CREW are ready for the first meeting scene between BOND and LARGO at the casino, where a night scene is being filmed. Connery, CLAUDINE AUGER, ADOLFO CELI and BEAUTIFUL EXTRAS are being filmed at the blackjack table, Young directing.

CONNERY

May I be allowed to buy the lady a drink?

CELI

I would appreciate that.

CONNERY

Then I must pass the shoe.

Connery passes the card shoe to the actor on his left.

TERENCE YOUNG

And cut!

CONNERY

Thank Christ for that. Thought we'd never finish.

Connery stands up from the card table, and throws his toupee on it. He is already wearing his golf shorts beneath his tuxedo jacket.

CONNERY (CONT'D)

See you in the morning.

Connery walks off as the CREW set up for another scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON BAR - EVENING

McClory is enjoying a whiskey in a music bar with Connery (sporting a moustache but no toupee) and TOM JONES. Connery raises his glass to the other two.

CONNERY

Well gents, we're an Englishman short of a good joke, but here's to THUNDERBALL. I hope it goes well for you Kevin.

Two GIRLS recognise JONES, point at him and start to giggle.

GIRL 1

Give us a song Tom!

JONES looks back at the BARMAN, who shrugs, and hands him a microphone. JONES takes the mike, stands up and towers over the girls, his deep Welsh BARITONE sounds through the bar.

JONES

Girls, can you keep a secret?

GIRL 1 & 2

(in unison)

YES WE CAN!

JONES

Good, because I'm here with the real JAMES BOND and the producer of THUNDERBALL, and I'm going to let you hear the NEW THEME for the FIRST TIME!

GIRL 2

OH MY GOD!

Jones jumps up on the table and launches into the Thunderball theme with gusto, and soon has a CROWD around him who pretend to know the lyrics.

LATER

McClory, Connery and Jones have resumed their drinking and are being left alone when a large girl approaches, unsteady on her feet, and very drunk. She straddles Jones's lap, and thrusts her ample cleavage in his face.

Jones hams it up and feigns suffocation.

GIRLS 1 & 2 come over to save the day.

GIRL 1

Come on Sharon! Time to get you home.

She winks at Jones as she and Girl 2 prise their friend off Jones and carry her to the door. Jones turns to his companions.

JONES

Like the bomb doors of a B-52 boys!

Connery and McClory look at each other, not understanding.

JONES (CONT'D)

You're always curious what's up there, but you don't want to be underneath when they open.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

It's the London Premiere, ball gowns and black tie. McClory, Bobo, Connery, Terence Young and Saltzman stand in line to greet PRINCESS MARGARET. Bobo executes a perfect curtsy as MARGARET approaches.

MARGARET

The best Bond yet so I'm told
Mister McClory.

McClory Shakes her hand, then kisses it.

MCCLORY

Only the best for you, your Royal Highness.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

The movie is over. McClory, Young, Saltzman, Connery and Bobo enjoy a glass of Champagne.

TERENCE YOUNG

For a man who can't stand the sight
of royalty, you put on quite a show
McClory!

MCCLORY

The Irish are smart enough to
understand the idiocy of royalty,
but empathetic enough to understand
its importance to our British
cousins.

Saltzman raises his glass to McClory.

SALTZMAN

It's the best yet Kevin. Enjoy your
success This'll make you a rich
man.

McClory raises his glass in return. For a moment, it is
almost possible to believe these men can tolerate each other.

CUT TO:

INT. GRESHAM HOTEL DUBLIN - EVENING

Another day, another opening night. McClory in black tie and
Bobo in a designer gown are in Dublin for the Irish premiere.
He poses for a PHOTOGRAPHER, who snaps him as his CHAUFFEUR
taps him on the shoulder.

MCCLORY

We have to get in the car darling.

BOBO

The cinema is ten paces to the left
of the hotel Kevin!

MCCLORY

Can't arrive on foot to the Irish
premiere! Get in the car!

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

KILDARE- IRELAND- JUNE 1970

EXT. KILDARE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

An unusually beautiful, summer's day in Ireland, a Mercedes Pagoda Roadster winds its way along a wooded driveway. At the wheel sits a 44-year old McClory sporting wayfarers, in the passenger seat is Bobo, wearing a white silk blindfold.

The Mercedes rounds a corner and McClory brings it to a gentle halt before a stunning seven-bay country house, complete with Italianate campanile tower to the left. McClory leans over to Bobo and removes her blindfold.

BOBO

Oh my God Kevin, it's absolutely beautiful!

MCCLORY

The village is just down the avenue. The children will love it.

BOBO

You deserve it darling.

MCCLORY

I couldn't have done it without you, darling Bobo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

McClory's CHILDREN and STEP DAUGHTER play with some other CHILDREN on the massive lawn in front of Straffan House. In the background, a huge, ginger-coated TAMWORTH PIG noses its way through hedgerows, ignoring the children playing around it.

A CHILD whacks a tennis ball down the lawn with a racket, a SHEEPDOG sprints after it and retrieves it.

An idyllic, sylvan scene, it could almost be a Constable painting.

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

McClory stands by an ornate desk in a beautiful drawing room, looking through bay windows at the DOZEN CHILDREN playing on the lawn, with a speaker-phone beside him. An angry voice barks from the speaker-phone.

SALTZMAN

No dice McClory!

MCCLORY

Harry, it's a great script.

SALTZMAN

You want to knock on my door like any normal writer with a Bond screenplay, I'm happy to talk. But you even whisper a mention of your own Bond movie, we will sue you into the grave.

MCCLORY

Bond of the Secret Service is a brilliant story.

SALTZMAN

A one-time deal is a one-time deal. If you don't understand what that means, I will personally come over to Ireland and kick you out of the fancy fucking house of yours.

MCCLORY

Harry, please...

SALTZMAN

Don't fucking Harry me! The only thing you got is *Thunderball*. We made your movie. Now fuck off and never annoy me with another fucking treatment!

With a loud CLICK on the speaker-phone, Saltzman is gone. Looking on silently from the door of the drawing room is Bobo, taking a long, nervy draw from her cigarette.

BOBO

Kevin, it's time to let Bond go.

MCCLORY

You know I can't Bobo.

BOBO

You can't beat a whole studio.

McClory loses it and walks angrily towards her. His face bright red, for the first time there is fear in her eyes.

MCCLORY

I've done it before! I can do it again! That's MY Bond on screen Bobo!

(MORE)

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
Doctor No, From Russia With Love, Goldfinger, that's the Bond from the screenplay I commissioned in 1960, not Fleming's Bond. MY BOND!

BOBO
 And Jack Whittingham's.

McClory grunts in dissatisfaction. That's not something he's happy to admit.

BOBO (CONT'D)
 They will take everything.
 Everything you've worked for. You have the money to make your own art now, like *The Boy and the Bridge*.

MCCLORY
 It WAS a turkey. Never made a red cent.

BOBO
 Money can't be your only measure of success Kevin. You know how to make art.

MCCLORY
 Money is the ultimate yardstick of success. You place no value on it because you were born into it. You've always had it. I've had to earn every penny of mine.

BOBO
 You didn't say that when my money bankrolled your court case.

MCCLORY
 (venomously)
 Don't you mean *your father's money* Bobo?

BOBO
 (quietly)
 You know Kevin, the man I married thought love was more important than money.

Bobo turns on her heel and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - MORNING

McClory and his children walk along the wooded avenue to the gate of Straffan House. His son BRANWELL rides the big Tamworth pig MADELEINE, which McClory pulls along beside him on a lead.

BRANWELL

Why doesn't mummy come to mass
daddy?

MCCLORY

Oh, she goes to the other church.

BRANWELL

Can we go there next Sunday?

MCCLORY

Of course we can, though I don't
think Reverend Dukelow would be as
keen on Madeleine tied up outside
as the parish priest is.

His step-daughter BIANCA looks back at the house.

BIANCA

Is mummy happy here?

MCCLORY

Of course she is. Why on earth
would you ask that?

BIANCA

I heard her crying last night
before I went to bed.

MCCLORY

We all get a little sad now and
then Bianca. Nothing to worry
about.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM DUBLIN - DAY

McClory sits in the courtroom dock as they JURY returns to their seats. The FOREMAN hands the CLERK a piece of paper, which he in turn hands to the JUDGE.

JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

FOREMAN
We have your honour.

JUDGE
The defendant will stand.

McClory rises stiffly to his feet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
On the charge of common assault, do
you find the defendant guilty or
not guilty?

FOREMAN
Not guilty, your honour.

JUDGE
Foreman of the jury, this court
thanks you and the other members
for your service, you are excused.
(to McClory)
Mr McClory, you have been found not
guilty by a jury of your peers and
you are free to go.

McClory exhales in relief, nods in thanks to the jury, and
leaves the dock to hug Bobo. She's emotionless as they hug.
They exit the courtroom to pats on the back from the MEMBERS
OF THE PUBLIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTROOM DUBLIN - DAY

McClory exits the court, holding Bobo's hand, into a SCRUM of
REPORTERS. They SHOUT for his attention, but he ignores them.
McClory and Bobo jump into the back of a waiting ROLLS ROYCE
and the CHAUFFEUR closes the door behind them. McClory is
visibly angry.

MCCLORY
Good to know an Irish jury won't
tolerate some lecher leering over
his wife!

BOBO
Perhaps it wouldn't have happened
if you treated me *like your wife*.

The CHAUFFEUR keeps his eyes on the road, making not a single
glance into the rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

STRAFFAN HOUSE- IRELAND- AUGUST 1975

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

McClory, now a salt-and-pepper 49 year old, and Connery chat on the enormous Straffan House lawn. Connery has a dozen golf balls lined up, and a bucket sits a further 100 yards down the lawn with some balls scattered randomly about it.

Late summer, the leaves are just changing colour, but the scene is still idyllic.

In the background, WORKMEN assemble a large CIRCUS TENT, and McClory's children sit watching them.

MCCLORY

Don't get me wrong, he's a good looking chap and a suave actor, but you're the real James Bond.

CONNERY

No such thing old boy. James Bond is the real James Bond. They'll give Roger a few years at it and move on to the next guy. It's just like Doctor Who.

MCCLORY

I mean I was the first to want some humour in Fleming's Bond, but not a fucking comedian.

CONNERY

This is why I play golf Kevin. The studio writes me a few lines, I learn them, show up on time, do my bit and fuck off with a fat cheque to the nearest course.

MCCLORY

Still a waste of a good walk, I tell you.

CONNERY

You've got just the place here. You'd fit a beautiful 18-hole parkland down by the river.

MCCLORY

And have the place over run by a bunch of loud, fat, colour-blind Americans? No thanks.

Connery whacks another ball, just missing the bucket.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
So you're not coming back? Even if
they write you an OBSCENE cheque?

CONNERY
Did that for *Diamonds are Forever*.
Took the money. Never going back.

Connery takes a beautiful swing, and lands the ball square in
the bucket.

MCCLORY
Trust me Sean, never say never.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - EVENING

McClory and Bobo stand on the steps of Straffan House,
beneath the stone portico. Connery stands beside them in a
kilt, he's alone now as he's separated from his wife. He's
holding a large gin & tonic, looking very pleased with
himself.

A black-suited BUTLER stands behind, holding a tray of
drinks.

The party looks down the gravel driveway of Straffan House as
a succession of limousines make their way in a stately
fashion to the front of the house.

First car up the drive is an enormous black Mercedes. Out
steps Shirley MacLaine.

MACLAINE
KEVIN! So good to see you!

MCCLORY
Shirley! You're so good to come.

MACLAINE
Wouldn't miss this for the world!
Bobo, nice to meet you.

MacLaine and Bobo share an air-kiss, but there would be more
warmth between two dead penguins.

BOBO
Delighted to meet you, Shirley!
(nodding at the BUTLER)
John will show you your room.

Connery laughs and enters the house, leaving McClory and Bobo alone in the portico.

BOBO (CONT'D)
Liz Taylor on the way?

MCCLORY
Richard wouldn't let her come.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCUS TENT - EVENING

McClory is in the centre of the circus ring. A TV camera CREW follows him, an AUDIENCE of hundreds stares at him from the bleachers. A spotlight traces his steps about the arena.

He looks up at the lights, and at the cheering audience. Now dressed in a maroon crushed velvet suit, the blonde locks have faded to grey, he still looks every inch the star. The look in his eye as the crowd cheers him betrays his soul. The love of the crowd is what he always craved.

MCCLORY
Your excellencies, Minister,
ladies, gentlemen, boys and girls!
Welcome to Straffan House, and
welcome to the CIRCUS! Thank you
all for your generous support for
the Children's Hospital. As you
know, you can't have a circus
without a RINGMASTER. And I want to
introduce the GREATEST RINGMASTER
OF THEM ALL! JOHN HUSTON!

A great cheer goes up from the crowd, even from the children who haven't a clue who he is.

McClory hands over the mike to the Maestro.

HUSTON
Ladies and Gentlemen! We can't have
a circus without MUSIC. I bring you
the man who SHOT THE SHERIFF!
Mister ERIC CLAPTON.

CLAPTON bounds into the ring, complete with red nose and bow tie.

HUSTON (CONT'D)
The wonderful, the beautiful, Miss
SHIRLEY MACLAINE!

MacLaine strides out in a top-hat and tails. The CROWD can't believe who they're seeing and applaud wildly.

HUSTON (CONT'D)
Some of you know him from the
TWILIGHT ZONE. You kids out there
know him as the EVIL PENGUIN from
BATMAN. It's BURGESS MEREDITH!

Young BOYS squealing at the sight of the actual Penguin as MEREDITH runs out in dungarees and a striped tee-shirt.

HUSTON (CONT'D)
Last but not least, I bring you the
GREATEST JAMES BOND! Mister SEAN
CONNERY!

Far more female shrieking from the crowd this time. Connery arrives into the ring just in time for MEREDITH to get caked in the face with a pie from MacLaine.

The CHILDREN clap and scream as PARENTS try their best to capture the scene with Kodak cameras, pulling off and putting on new flash bulbs. They've never seen anything like it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CIRCUS TENT - LATER

The CIRCASIA circus is over, John Huston does a curtain call for his galaxy of STAR CLOWNS to come out. They take bow, one by one, and form a dancing circle in the ring.

HUSTON
And now ladies and gentlemen, the
man without whom none of this would
have been possible- KEVIN MCCLORY!

McClory enters the ring to rapturous applause from all. As he takes a bow, Shirley MacLaine approaches him from behind with a custard pie, and pies him in the face. More applause as his tongue licks a hole in the custard.

Sitting in the front row, smiling and clapping with her children, the false bonhomie cannot conceal the pain in Bobo's face, as she watches her husband with his old girlfriend.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A Bacchanalian scene in the Straffan House Bar. Black-uniformed WAITERS and WAITRESSES shuffle between chairs and tables, ringing fresh trays of drink, clearing mountains of crystal and empty bottles away.

The air is thick with cigarette (and other) smoke.

A large crowd of VIP GUESTS has gathered in the bar for the after show party. Female guests considerably outnumber the men.

Connery is standing on the bar counter, singing the last verse of *Flower of Scotland*. RICHARD HARRIS roars a cheer as Connery finishes. Some curious GIRLS stand beneath, trying to see if it's true what they say about underwear and kilts.

CLAPTON has joined the Irish band THE CHIEFTAINS who are belting out an up-tempo version of the Belfast song *I'll Tell Me Ma*.

In the far corner of the enormous bar, MICK JAGGER has his guitar on his lap as he leads four FEMALE FANS through chords of *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. A fat, smoking joint is wedged between the tuning pegs of his guitar.

RICHARD HARRIS is sitting near the door with a YOUNG WOMAN who is still looking back at Connery, the Bond star now dismounting the bar.

HARRIS

He may be JAMES BOND, but by the
Grace of God, I'm a LIMERICK MAN!

Harris gives her a playful slap on the backside as she runs away, laughing, towards the bar.

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE BAR - LATER

Eric Clapton rises to his feet, and belts out LAYLA to a cheering crowd. Dawn is approaching, but energy levels are still high.

There are fewer revellers left in the bar.

McClory and Bobo survey the scene with some satisfaction from the end of the bar.

BOBO

You always could throw a mighty
party Kevin.

MCCLORY
Not without you my love.

BOBO
I'm grateful for the compliment
darling, but this world will always
be yours. Never mine.

McClory is deflated in his hour of triumph. He's about to
reply when he's interrupted by two dark-suited HEAVIES.

HEAVY 1
Can you tell us where the US
Ambassador is?

MCCLORY
(to Bobo)
Haven't seen him for an hour?

BOBO
Is everything all right?

HEAVY 2
He's needed back at the residence.

HEAVY 1
Now!

MCCLORY
(to Bobo, pointing)
You go that way, I'll go this way.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - NIGHT

McClory moves through a dark house, in search of the elusive
ambassador. He hears raised voices ahead, and enters the
library to find the parish priest Father O'LEARY and local
Rector Reverend DUKELOW in heated argument about the violence
on the recent Lions Rugby Tour. An almost empty bottle of
whiskey sits between them.

O'LEARY
(unsteady on his feet)
An absolute disgrace. That sort of
thing should never be seen on a
rugby pitch.

DUKELOW
Totally justified. The only way to
put manners on those South African
savages!

MCCLORY
 FATHER O'LEARY! You're saying mass
 in
 (checks watch)
 Five hours! And Reverend Dukelow,
 you have service in four!

O'LEARY
 Kevin, I was just saying...

McClory takes away the bottle of whiskey, and manoeuvres the two of them towards the door.

MCCLORY
 Enough! To the kitchen now, the pair of you!

CUT TO:

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - MORNING

The first red flickers of dawn make it though the upstairs windows as Bobo enters a long corridor of bedrooms, knocking gently and opening the first door.

A female GIGGLE is followed quickly by a male GRUNT.

BOBO
 Your Grace! I didn't mean to disturb you.

Bobo bows, and closes the door. She walks to the next door. It opens before she knocks, and Richard Harris walks out, blond hair unkempt, stark naked. Over his shoulder, Bobo can make out a naked woman in bed. He stands before her entirely oblivious to his condition.

HARRIS
 Morning Bobo! I heard some commotion, thought it best to return to my own room!

BOBO
 Richard, the children will be getting up shortly for breakfast and church!

Harris looks down at his uncovered manhood. He grabs a nearby vase of flowers and holds it before him.

HARRIS

How thoughtless of me. I'll away
now. Compliments to you and Kevin
on the best bloody party ever.

He turns, and disappears down the corridor. He holds the
flower vase in front of him, leaving his rear exposed. Bobo
tip toes towards the next door when she hears steps behind
her, and turns to see MICK JAGGER approach.

JAGGER

Morning Bobo! Just wondering if you
saw that girl who was down in the
bar?

BOBO

Your wife, you mean?

JAGGER

Oh no, she...
(realises Bobo is being
sarcastic)
Couldn't make it. I...

The door Harris just exited reopens, and a naked female arm
grabs Jagger and pulls him in.

FEMALE

Where did YOU disappear to darling?

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAWN

The HEAVIES have located the AMBASSADOR and are bundling him
in the back of a limousine.

MCCLORY

Where did you find him?

HEAVY 1

Wine cellar.

BOBO

Is he OK?

HEAVY 2

Send us a bill for anything
missing, OK?

The limousine disappears out the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

McClory watches through the bay windows of his drawing room as STAFF help Bobo load some more belongings into a removal truck.

McClory is handling a call at his desk with Carter-Ruck.

CARTER-RUCK

See you in London on Monday?

MCCLORY

You will Peter.

CARTER-RUCK

Could I ask that you would settle your account while you're here?

MCCLORY

That won't be a problem, Peter.

He ends the call, as, outside on the driveway, the children hug their mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

McClory comes down the steps to the driveway as two REMOVAL DRIVERS close the doors of the truck and drive away. The children are crying inconsolably as Bobo prepares to leave. She hugs each of them in turn and walks to McClory.

MCCLORY

There's nothing I can say?

BOBO

No Kevin. I'm sorry.

She kisses each of the children again, sits into her car, and drives away.

BRANWELL

Is Mummy going for ever Dad?

MCCLORY

No son, she just needs some time.
We'll see her again, soon.

They stand on the driveway and look as her Mercedes station wagon disappears into the trees. The first leaves have turned russet brown and are starting to fall.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON COURT - DAY

McClory and Carter-Ruck exit the High Court.

MCCLORY

You lost.

CARTER-RUCK

We lost, because the studio's case was water tight. You can't make *James Bond of the Secret Service*. Simple as that.

MCCLORY

Then I'll bloody well remake *Thunderball*. Simple as that.

CARTER-RUCK

They'll sue again.

MCCLORY

You'll win next time!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL THEATRE - EVENING

McClory and Bobo watch their DAUGHTER's play, and applaud with the audience as one of the musical numbers finishes. The smiles are false, the atmosphere toxic.

BOBO

You don't have to come if you don't want. But I'd like the children there.

MCCLORY

Can't have them missing their mother's wedding!

BOBO

No need for sarcasm.

MCCLORY

I don't have to call you your highness or anything?

BOBO
Do grow up Kevin.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:
BAHAMAS- JANUARY 1981

EXT. BAHAMAS BEACH - DAY

It's 1981. McClory (now 55) and Connery sip cocktails on the beach. Connery is sporting an enormous moustache from his last movie. McClory's hair is pure white. A white-uniformed WAITER brings them fresh drinks. It's another gorgeous day in the tropics.

CONNERY
You're joking, obviously.

MCCLORY
I never joke about Bond.

CONNERY
You're a glutton for punishment.
They'll just sue you again.

MCCLORY
They can't. It's a *Thunderball* remake.

CONNERY
I shouldn't have done *Diamonds*, and
I don't want to do this.

MCCLORY
I'm not proposing you're a show-
pony Bond, Sean. You'll have
creative rights, a hand in
production, and a percentage.

CONNERY
Jesus Kevin.

MCCLORY
It's not like you're busy at the
moment.

CONNERY
I made three movies last year.

MCCLORY
Three shit movies.

CONNERY
The wife'll kill me.

MCCLORY
I told you never say never...

They clink glasses with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER-RUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter-Ruck lifts his eyes from a contract. McClory is SNARLING his way through a large whiskey.

CARTER-RUCK
They'll give you an executive
producer credit, on condition you
have nothing to do with production.

MCCLORY
That's absurd. We'll sue them.

CARTER-RUCK
If there is litigation, they all
walk away, including Connery.

MCCLORY
It's outrageous.

CARTER-RUCK
Kevin, if there was a chance of
success in legal action, I'd tell
you. It's this way or no movie.

McClory stares out the office window. Lost, bereft, beaten.

MCCLORY
It's so unfair Peter. It's like
taking my child.

CARTER-RUCK
To stretch the parental analogy
Kevin, it's time you looked at
being paid by the adoptive parents.
It's been 20 years. It's time to
end this.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAFFAN HOUSE - DAY

A cold winter's day, the fields sparkle in frost. The trees are bare. Two REAL ESTATE STAFF hammer a "FOR SALE" sign into the ground in a field overlooking the road.

McClory walks across the field towards them.

MCCLORY

You chaps are welcome up to the house for a cuppa when you're finished. I'm packing a few boxes.

One of them looks at the other and laughs.

REAL ESTATE MAN 1

Take your time boss. Houses this big take a year or two to sell. You'll be here for a while yet!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

McClory and Bobo are together again for the graduation of their daughter SIOBHAN. In the background, ACADEMICS and GRADUATES mill around taking photos of each other. The mood among the students is joyous. Bobo and McClory are more sombre.

BOBO

The house is gone?

MCCLORY

Almost. The children are welcome to come out and say goodbye.

BOBO

I think they'd like that. Happy memories. Who bought it?

MCCLORY

Some Iranian chap. Pilot.

BOBO

Where will you go?

MCCLORY

Galway, I think.

BOBO

Back to the sea.

(beat)

Are you... OK for money Kevin?

MCCLORY

Carter-Ruck worked another miracle.
Sold my rights to Sony for two
million.

BOBO

Oh!

(Surprised)

Please be happy with that Kevin.
You're still a wealthy man. But
Bond is over.

They look out over the swarming happy GRADUATES, and Bobo
links her arm in his, a peace gesture he doesn't reject.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELBOURNE HOTEL DUBLIN - DAY

McClory paces about an expensive suite overlooking Stephen's
Green. On a writing bureau beside the window sits a speaker-
phone.

MCCLORY

Who the fuck is Spiderman?

CARTER-RUCK

It doesn't matter Kevin, this is
perfectly normal.

MCCLORY

But it means Sony won't make a Bond
movie.

CARTER-RUCK

Yes, they acquire other rights in
return.

MCCLORY

So what was the point of the deal?

CARTER-RUCK

The deal that made you two million?

MCCLORY

Less legal fees!

CARTER-RUCK

They extinguish rights in a movie
they don't want to make, in
exchange for rights in one they do.

MCCLORY

The first three words of that
sentence were correct.

McClory slams the off-button on the call in anger.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELBOURNE HOTEL DUBLIN - EVENING

The Horseshoe Bar is full of the GREAT, the GOOD, and the BEAUTIFUL. McClory sits at the bar, nursing an enormous whiskey and looking the worse for it. His silver beard and hair look dishevelled. Behind him is Connery, holding court after his latest outing as Bond in *Never Say Never Again*. He lays a fraternal hand on McClory's shoulder as he tells his story to his enraptured audience.

CONNERY

Silver-tongued Paddy though Kevin
McClory may be, I do declare before
all here that I will NEVER play
James Bond again!

Across the bar a familiar face smiles towards McClory and salutes. McClory immediately recognises him as ROGER MOORE.

MOORE

(shouting playfully)
Never say never Sean!

Connery turns towards his replacement and starts laughing, and walking through the CROWD towards him. McClory realises Moore didn't recognise him at all, and drops his head down to contemplate his whiskey.

Moore is in Dublin for the premier of *Octopussy*, the movie comfortably beating *Never Say Never* at the box office worldwide.

CONNERY

It's one thing getting replaced by
a fucking knitwear model. But a
knitwear model who's three years
older than me, that hurts!

MOORE

You forgot to mention a knitwear
model who's slapping your tartan
backside at the box office.

CONNERY

Well then you can afford to buy me
a drink you tight English bastard!

As Connery and Moore get convivial at the bar, McClory
returns alone to his whiskey, unrecognised by the other
revellers.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT DUBLIN - EVENING

It's 2005. McClory dines alone at a table set for two. He's
now a fading 79, the energy gone, the fire in the eyes but a
flicker. He has emptied a bottle of red wine, and is
attending to a whiskey digestif. His son Branwell joins him.

MCCLORY

Thanks for coming son. Sure you
won't eat?

BRANWELL

Wife will kill me if I'm not back
by seven Dad! You said something
about a trip?

MCCLORY

Doctors want me in a bloody nursing
home. I don't have the energy for
the Bahamas anymore. I was hoping
you'd take a look at the old house
for me. Make sure everything is OK.

Branwell beckons the waiter and points at his father's
whiskey.

BRANWELL

I think I'll have one of those.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND ROAD - DAY

Branwell steers a hired VW Rabbit up the same road his father
took 40 years before when he bought his Bahamas house.
Branwell smiles, it's been years since he was here, but this
evokes his childhood holiday memories.

He slows down on the driveway. The lawns are overgrown, but the house has been cleared of creepers and vines. He parks in front of a double garage and opens the door.

Inside sits a beautiful old Mercedes convertible, caked in dust and bird shit, sitting on four flat tyres. He walks around to admire it.

Unseen behind him, a gardener DAVIS approaches, and recognises him.

DAVIS
Master Branwell!

Branwell jumps in fright, his reverie interrupted.

BRANWELL
Yes! Davis. My God, it's been so long. I didn't think...

They embrace on the lawn Branwell played on with his sisters long ago. Davis is a greying old native now, back bent from years of physical labour.

DAVIS
I'm still alive! Did you get a look around?

BRANWELL
Yes. I've forgotten so much.

Davis gestures him to follow. They go to the wooden veranda of the house, where Davis pulls something out from beneath the deck.

DAVIS
Remember this?

The scale model of the Vulcan bomber, like the car, is caked in dust, but it's still recognisably the plane from the start of Thunderball. Together they drag it onto the lawn. Branwell pulls a camera from his pocket and takes a few shots.

BRANWELL
I couldn't believe it was this small when I saw the movie!

DAVIS
The boss coming back?

BRANWELL
I don't think so. He sent me out to take a look at the house.

DAVIS

I haven't seen him in five years.
Haven't been paid for six. But keep
the house good!

BRANWELL

So you have!

DAVIS

You come to pay me?

BRANWELL

I'm sorry. I had no idea...

DAVIS

Mr McClory owes me a lot of wages.

Branwell realises this conversation is going only one way.

BRANWELL

I'll tell Dad you need to be paid.
I think he's selling it. I'm sorry
Davis.

DAVIS

Kept these houses for more than 40
years.

Branwell makes for the VW. As he drives away, Davis stands in
the lawn, old and alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE:

DUBLIN NOVEMBER 2006

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

It's a freezing November afternoon. Frost coats the leaves as
Branwell walks his father in the garden of a nursing home.
McClory's hair and beard are pure white. He pushes a Zimmer
frame, a cigarette wedged between his teeth.

MCCLORY

You bring that whiskey son?

BRANWELL

Yes Dad, it's under the pyjamas in
your bag.

A NURSE walks by and spots the cigarette.

NURSE

Kevin, you know you can't smoke.

MCCLORY
Oh for fuck's sake!

He flicks the cigarette angrily into the bushes.

BRANWELL
Did you sell Jamaica?

McClory waves his hand angrily, the question is like a mosquito.

BRANWELL (CONT'D)
Want to come see the new Bond movie?

MCCLORY
With what's-his-name?

BRANWELL
Daniel Craig.

MCCLORY
I hear he's made him cruel again.

BRANWELL
A bit harsh Dad. They say he's a bit more in tune with the Fleming novels.

McClory exhales loudly and sits on a bench beneath a bare tree.

MCCLORY
Don't think I could face it. You bring my hip flask?

Branwell pulls a silver flask from inside his overcoat. McClory takes it, unscrews the lid, and takes a long, satisfying swig.

MCCLORY (CONT'D)
The Lives of Others. Take me to that. Treachery. Disloyalty. Deceit. Betrayal.
(laughing)
Now That's a bloody movie.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALWAY BEACH - EVENING

The small group of MOURNERS gather about a clinker-built boat, which sits at the water's edge on a pebble-covered beach in Galway.

Tied to the thwarts in the middle of the boat is a wicker coffin, surrounded by dry kindling and mementos.

The sun is setting in the west, behind Branwell as he addresses the mourners.

His SISTERS are there, as is Bobo, her husband PRINCE AZAMAT, and a few OTHERS.

BRANWELL

Dad's final act had to be illegal of course. So apologies for bringing you to this little beach at sunset. Dad wanted a Viking burial in the Atlantic. Before you say goodbye for the last time, you can leave mementos with him in the boat.

The mourners approach, and a speargun, DVD of Thunderball, and flowers, are placed on the coffin. Bobo puts a bottle of whiskey on it.

Oration finished, they push the boat off the beach until it floats free. Branwell and his sisters climb into a rigid inflatable speedboat with a powerful engine, motor over to the boat, and tie a line onto its bow.

Branwell tows the boat out to sea as the mourners lower their heads.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Branwell and his sisters are far offshore, the beach invisible in the distance. Their faces have a red hue, imparted by the setting sun. He unties the line from the speedboat, and pulls alongside the boat carrying the coffin.

BRANWELL

(to his sisters)

Ready?

They nod, and he pours a plastic drum of fuel over the coffin. He pulls the speedboat a few feet away and stops. He picks up four wooden torches and hands them out. He pulls out a cigarette lighter and lights his own, and holds it out as his sisters light theirs.

They throw their lit torches onto the wooden boat, and it erupts in flame. They watch for a few moments from a safe distance, the sunset red in their faces replaced with dancing firelight.

WIDE SHOT

The speedboat motors back to shore, the funereal boat burning brightly behind them.

EXTREME WIDE SHOT

The funereal boat is now just a speck on the horizon, invisible but for the flames and the stack of grey smoke it sends skywards. The inconsequential dot is silhouetted against the red sun setting over the mighty, calm Atlantic Ocean, as it finally claims the body of Kevin McClory.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE:

John Steinbeck never made his underwater movie in the Bahamas.

Straffan House did eventually become a golf course, and hosted the Ryder Cup in 2006.

McClory and Bobo Sigrist separated in 1971. They had a son and two daughters.

Bobo married Prince Azamat Guirey in 1971 and had a son with him.

McClory married Elizabeth O'Brien in 1977 and had another son.

Jack Whittingham never got any more than his writer's fee from the Thunderball production. He died in 1972.

In inflation-adjusted dollars, Thunderball was the biggest-grossing Bond movie until Skyfall in 2012.