

"GOLDFINGER"

Screenplay by
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Based on the novel by
Ian Fleming

(transcript)

GUN BARREL LOGO

An animated white dot moves in from frame-left and centres on frame-right. Iris veins surround the dot to fill the frame. A MAN enters the dot walking from right to left, the iris moving to centre-frame with him. He jumps to face f.g., pointing a gun and shooting. Red colour falls in f.g. from the top of the frame. The iris wanders then starts to fall to bottom-frame. The iris and man fade out and the dot gets smaller.

IRIS CUTS OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RAMIREZ' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

In a VERY LONG SHOT, TWO GUARDS patrol past enormous oil storage tanks. PULL BACK to reveal an outer rock wall. It obscures the men. CRANE DOWN to reveal a harbour. A seagull swims by in f.g.

CLOSE SHOT - THE SEAGULL

rises out of the water revealing Bond in a black diving suit. The seagull is a decoy atop his head. Bond grips the bottom rung of a ladder.

WIDER SHOT - BOND

tears his headgear off and tosses it behind him. It lands in the water.

ON THE QUAY

Bond, wearing a backpack, walks to the wall and points a Very pistol at its top.

He fires the pistol. A rope flies over the top of the wall.

A GUARD

hears a cracking sound and looks back.

A GRAPPLING HOOK

at the end of the rope snags the inside of the wall.

THE GUARD

walks forward, feeling for his gun. Suddenly Bond jumps on him from above. TILT DOWN as they fall. Bond rises and, as the guard attempts to rise, Bond kicks him in the face. The guard falls onto his back.

Bond jumps over his supine body and runs toward the storage tanks.

WIDE ANGLE - THE STORAGE TANKS

The other guard walks away between two of the tanks. The moment he leaves view, Bond runs to one of them. He stops and kneels at a cover.

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

feels behind the cover. A door in the side of the tank swings open. Bond rises quickly.

INT. STORAGE TANK - SAME TIME

Bond enters, closes the door behind him and turns on the lights.

WIDE ANGLE

There are poppy pods in f.g., a desk and numerous boxes. DOLLY BACK and PAN on Bond as he moves to the centre of the room.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND

looks around.

WIDE ANGLE

DOLLY IN as Bond takes off a plastic tubular belt and walks to three drums in f.g. labeled "NITRO." He holds the belt over the first drum.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST DRUM

Bond squeezes a white jelly from the belt onto the drum. He moves to the next drum. He squirts more jelly onto it. Then he takes off his backpack, sets it on a drum, opens it and takes out a timer with wires leading to a primer.

CLOSE ON THE TIMER

Bond pivots his wrist to check his watch, which reads 12:07, then sets the timer to 12:20. It ticks loudly. Bond looks down.

ONE OF THE TANKS

He presses the primer into the jelly on the drum.

WIDE ANGLE

PAN on Bond as he runs to the door, turns off the lights, slips outside and closes the door.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TIMER

between two drums ticks away.

EXT. STONE WALL - SAME TIME

Bond jumps down different levels from the top of the wall to the ground.

He pulls off his diving suit to reveal him wearing a white tuxedo and black bow-tie. He takes a red carnation from his back pocket, puts it in his lapel and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. EL SCORPIO CAFE - NIGHT

BONITA dances amidst a crowd at tables.

BOND

enters, passes hanging wicker baskets, takes out a cigarette case and removes a cigarette. He looks down.

MEDIUM SHOT - BONITA

shimmies at a customer then looks up, noticing Bond.

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

lights a cigarette lighter and holds it up to his watch.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND'S WATCH

It reads 12:19.

BOND

lowers his wrist and lights his cigarette.

INT. STORAGE TANK - SAME TIME

The timer hits 12:20.

EXT. STORAGE TANKS - SAME TIME

A huge explosion occurs.

WIDER ANGLE

A fireball extends over the rock wall.

IN THE CANTINA

Bond casually lights his cigarette as the explosion continues, glasses crash and the crowd jumps up and screams.

WIDE ANGLE

Bond walks down some steps as people run past him toward the entrance.

ANGLE ON BONITA

She kneels without an audience as people run away.

AT THE BAR

DOLLY BACK as Bond approaches the bar past fleeing customers. A man in a gray suit sits at the bar -- SIERRA.

SIERRA
Congratulations.

BOND
Thank you.

SIERRA
Mister Ramirez and his friends will
be out of business.

CLOSE ON BOND

BOND
At least they won't be using
heroin-flavoured bananas to finance
revolutions.

He looks off.

BONITA

angrily exits into her dressing room.

TWO-SHOT - AT THE BAR

SIERRA
Don't go back to your hotel, señor.
They'll be watching you.

Bond takes a key from his pocket.

SIERRA

There's a plane leaving for Miami
in an hour.

REVERSE ANGLE - ON BOND

He fingers the key.

BOND

I'll be on it. But, uh, first I
have some unfinished business to
attend to.

(he looks at the key)

CUT TO:

INT. BONITA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

She scrubs herself in a tub. She looks up.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Bond enters shutting the door behind him. He tosses the key
aside, takes a towel from a hook and throws it off to Bonita.
We hear water plop. Bond removes his jacket, revealing a
shoulder holster and gun. He hangs the jacket on a hook.

BOND

Well...

WIDER ANGLE

Bonita, naked but holding the towel against herself, goes to
Bond. He hugs her and they kiss. Suddenly she backs up.

BONITA

Oh!

BOND

(touching his gun)

Forgive me.

He walks to a hook on the wall removing his holster.

BONITA

Why do you always wear that thing?

BOND

(hanging his holster
on the hook)

I have a slight inferiority
complex.

(he turns to her)

Where was I? -- Oh, yes.

TRACK IN SLIGHTLY as he embraces her.

ANGLE OVER THEM

As Bond kisses her, an assailant -- CAPUNGO -- approaches from behind a wardrobe in b.g., brandishing a cosh.

FAVORING BONITA

She opens her eyes and looks at him over Bond's shoulder.

CAPUNGO

approaches raising the cosh.

FAVORING BOND

He leans back from Bonita looking into her eyes.

BOND'S POV - BONITA'S LEFT EYE

The pupil reflects Capungo approaching with the raised cosh.

MEDIUM SHOT

Bond suddenly swings Bonita around. Capungo smashes her on the head.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- As she drops, Bond grabs Capungo's raised arm and brings it down.
- Bond knees Capungo under the chin. He flies backwards.
- Capungo bounces off a settee, grabs a chair and smashes it against Bond's back, throwing him forwards.
- Bond falls backwards against the wardrobe. Capungo punches him in the jaw, sending him sideways to the door, then punches him twice in the stomach. Bond groans. Capungo readies another punch. Bond suddenly pulls him forward.
- Bond throws Capungo over his back.
- Capungo lands on his back on the floor, then swivels to get up.
- Bond lunges at him.
- Capungo, arms braced against a table behind him, tries to kick Bond. Bond grabs his leg and twists it. Capungo lays a hand across Bond's face, pushing him back.

- CLOSER: Capungo keeps pushing. Bond grabs his arm.
- Bond hurls him backwards.
- Capungo falls on his back into the tub, arms flailing.
- Bond, almost grinning, looks at him ready to strike again.
- Capungo reaches for Bond's gun in the hanging holster.
- His hand gropes for it.
- Bond looks on in alarm.
- Capungo aims the gun at Bond.
- Bond slaps a small electric fan toward the tub.
- The fan lands in the tub at Capungo's feet, lighting the water red and sending sparks flying.
- Capungo's legs, glowing red, fly into the air as he is electrocuted.
- Bond looks on as a sizzling sound occurs off-screen.

ANGLE ON BOND

PAN on him as he walks through smoke to the tub, takes his gun, puts it in his holster, takes his holster from the hook and puts it on.

BOND

Shocking.

He walks to his jacket, reaches for it, then hears a female groan and looks back.

BONITA

is on the floor trying to raise herself.

ANGLE ON BOND

as we see Bonita and Capungo's upturned feet in f.g.

BOND

Positively shocking.

He puts on his coat and goes out the door, closing it sharply behind him.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

Images of Bond's exploits are projected on a voluptuous, bikini-clad lady as superimposed titles appear. Titles end on black.

FADE IN:

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

A banner flies by that says "WELCOME TO MIAMI BEACH."

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDER ANGLE

The banner trails a small plane flying over a strip of Miami Beach hotels. A blimp sails by in b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

We move in on the hotel then swing behind it and move in on the high dive of a swimming pool. A MAN jumps off the high dive, doing a series of somersaults.

UNDERWATER

The man splashes into the water, then a GIRL swims by. PAN OVER to reveal we're looking through a window on the pool along with FELIX LEITER in a business suit. He grins and moves on past a roller-skating rink where a BOY is spinning a GIRL around.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY

A bevy of girls sunbathe there. Felix walks past them looking around and approaches a row of cabanas.

CLOSER ANGLE

PAN on Felix as he walks into f.g. then hears voices:

DINK (O.S.)

How's this?

BOND (O.S.)

That's nice. Very nice.

FELIX' POV - A LOUNGE CHAIR

Bond lies on his stomach as DINK massages his back.

DINK

Just here?

BOND

No, a little lower, darling.

MEDIUM SHOT - FELIX

FELIX

I thought I'd find you in good hands.

BOND

looks back, breaks into a smile and starts to raise himself.

BOND

Felix!

FELIX

laughs.

WIDER

DOLLY BACK as Bond approaches Felix, followed by Dink.

BOND

Felix, how are you?

They shake hands.

BOND

Dink, meet Felix Leiter.

DINK

Hello.

BOND

Felix, say hello to Dink.

FELIX

Hi, Dink.

BOND

Dink, say good-bye to Felix.

DINK

Hmm?

BOND

Uh, man-talk.

He pivots her around and slaps her butt. She walks off.

DOLLY IN as Bond feels his arm then walks into his hut, Felix following.

FELIX

You must be slipping double-o seven, letting the opposition get that close to you.

Bond takes a blue terry-cloth top from a chair and puts it on.

BOND

They got a lot closer to you in Jamaica, didn't they? -- Well, what's on your mind? I'm on holiday.

FELIX

(taking out a letter)

Not any more, you're not. Signal from London.

DOLLY IN as Bond takes it from him.

BOND

I might have known "M" wouldn't book me into the best hotel in Miami Beach out of pure gratitude.

FELIX

He asked us to keep an eye on him for you.

BOND

(reading the cable)

Auric Goldfinger. Sounds like a French nail varnish.

FELIX

He's British, but he doesn't sound like it. Big operator, world-wide interests, all apparently quite reputable. Owns one of the finest stud farms in the States.

BOND

(zipping up his top)

What's the tie-up with Washington?

FELIX

He's clean as far as C.I.A.'s concerned.

BOND

And where do I find him?

Felix points off. Bond looks that way.

[END OF REEL 1. START REEL 2.]

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAY - SAME TIME

AURIC GOLDFINGER, wearing a yellow top and a hearing aid, walks down some stairs from an upper deck. He looks off grumpily and keeps walking.

BOND AND FELIX

FELIX
 (pointing the other way)
 That's his pigeon waiting for him
 now.

Bond looks off.

BOND'S POV - THE POOL

SIMMONS sits in a chair at a poolside table shuffling a deck of cards in his hand.

FELIX
 Goldfinger's been taking him to the
 cleaners every day for a week.

TRACKING SHOT - GOLDFINGER

walks past sunbathers then sees Simmons and smiles.

AT THE TABLE

Goldfinger walks up to Simmons.

GOLDFINGER
 Good morning, Mister Simmons.
 Ready for our little game?

SIMMONS'
 Sure I'm ready. When you're ten
 grand in the hole, you're ready for
 anything.

GOLDFINGER
 (pointing to Simmons'
 chair)
 Could I have my usual seat?

SIMMONS
 (rising)
 Oh, you and your suntan!

BOND AND FELIX

As Bond picks up his towel:

FELIX
That Goldfinger's a fabulous card
player.

AT THE TABLE

Goldfinger picks up a pencil and starts to write on a notepad.

GOLDFINGER
Same stakes?

SIMMONS
Let's double it. Five dollars a
point.

Goldfinger looks up in surprise then takes a hearing-aid
amplifier from his pocket and turns up the volume.

GOLDFINGER
Did you say five?

SIMMONS
My luck's got to change sometime.

GOLDFINGER
(returning the amplifier
to his pocket)
Okay.

He writes on the notepad. Simmons sets the deck of cards on
the table.

BOND AND FELIX

Bond now has the towel over his shoulder.

FELIX
I'll get back to the office and
cable "M" you're on the job.

BOND
You can fill me in on the rest at
dinner.

FELIX
Fine. I'll call you later.

Felix walks off. Bond keeps looking at Goldfinger.

AT THE TABLE

The two men hold cards. Goldfinger takes one from the deck.

Bond walks toward the table. He stops for a moment, watching, then walks closer.

Goldfinger takes another card.

Bond looks from the men to the hotel.

Goldfinger suddenly lays his cards down.

GOLDFINGER

Four.

SIMMONS

(stunned)

So soon?

Bond keeps looking at the hotel, then back at the table.

GOLDFINGER

How many?

SIMMONS

Seven, twelve, eighteen, thirty-two, forty-four...

Goldfinger laughs.

Bond keeps looking at the table, then circles behind it looking over Goldfinger's shoulder, then walks off.

Goldfinger smiles at Simmons. Simmons shuffles the cards.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

TRACK after a MAID walking down the hall. Bond rounds a corner up ahead and walks to her.

BOND

Miss?

He takes a key hanging by a cord from her waist and, pulling her with him, unlocks a door (number 905).

MAID

Hey, what are you...? But that's Mister Goldfinger's suite!

BOND

(happily)

Yes, I know.

He opens the door, starts to enter then looks back at her.

BOND
You're very sweet.

He closes the door behind him. The maid walks away.

INT. GOLDFINGER'S SUITE - SAME TIME

PAN then DOLLY ALONGSIDE Bond as he walks through a well-appointed reception room to a glass door to a veranda. As he approaches the door we hear a female voice outside -- that of JILL MASTERSON:

JILL (O.S.)
He just drew the king of clubs.
That makes his hand fifty-nine.
He's got a diamond run, eight,
nine, ten.

Bond starts to open the door.

BOND'S POV - THE VERANDA

Jill lies face-down on a chaise lounge looking downward through fixed binoculars and talks into a microphone attached to an intercom.

JILL
He's holding onto the six of
spades...

REVERSE ANGLE

Jill lies face-up as Bond looks at her through the open doorway behind her.

JILL
(into the microphone)
... so I guess he thinks you want
it. That last draw was the eight
of hearts.

Bond approaches her.

ANGLE ON JILL

She lies face-down, still talking, unaware of Bond behind her.

JILL
He needs kings and queens.

Bond reaches down and turns off the intercom.

JILL

lying face-down whirls around to face him.

JILL

Who are you?!

UPWARD ANGLE ON BOND

DOLLY IN as he approaches.

BOND

Bond. James Bond.

He looks down.

BOND'S POV - THE POOL AREA

The view from the veranda shows everything.

AT THE TABLE

Goldfinger tries raising the volume on his amplifier.

Simmons looks at his cards.

DOLLY IN on Goldfinger touching his earpiece.

Simmons looks up irritated.

SIMMONS

Come on, come on!

Goldfinger randomly throws down a card. Simmons grabs it.

SIMMONS

(happily)

Ah! That's more like it!

ON THE VERANDA

CRANE DOWN with Bond as he sits beside Jill, who sits face-up.

BOND

What's your name?

JILL

Jill.

BOND

Jill who?

Bond looks through the binoculars.

BOND'S POV

He sees Simmons' entire hand. Simmons sets a card down, then Goldfinger's hand reaches in and takes a card from the deck.

JILL (O.S.)

Jill Masterson.

BACK TO SCENE

BOND

(looking at her)

Tell me, Jill. Why does he do it?

JILL

He likes to win.

BOND

(looking through the
binoculars again)

Why do you do it?

JILL

He pays me.

BOND

(looking back at her)

Is that all he pays you for?

JILL

And for being seen with him.

BOND

Just seen?

JILL

(emphatically)

Just seen.

BOND

I'm so glad.

He looks through the binoculars again and sees Simmons setting down another card.

BOND

You're much too nice to be mixed up
in anything like this, you know.

He reaches down.

CLOSE SHOT - THE INTERCOM

Bond turns it on again.

INTERCUT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Bond snaps his fingers against the microphone.

Goldfinger suddenly looks up, quaking from the noise.

Bond looks through the binoculars.

BOND
(into microphone)
Now hear this, Goldfinger.

Goldfinger looks up at his balcony.

BOND
Your luck has just changed.

Goldfinger keeps looking up.

BOND
I doubt very much if the Miami
Beach police would take kindly to
what you're doing.

He grins at Jill then looks back through the binoculars.

BOND
Nod your head if you agree.

Goldfinger sits in silent fury.

BOND
Nod!

Goldfinger nods as subtly as he can.

BOND
Good. Now start losing,
Goldfinger. Shall we say, eh, ten
thousand dollars?
(looks at Jill)
No, let's be generous. Let's make
it fifteen thousand.

Goldfinger's face reflects even greater anger.

JILL
(to Bond)
May I see?

Bond leans back helpfully. Jill sits up and looks through the binoculars. Bond sniffs her hair.

AT THE TABLE

Goldfinger reluctantly throws another card down, his gaze not moving from his balcony. Simmons takes it.

SIMMONS

Well, I can see this is really my
day!

(lays his cards down)

Gin!

ON THE VERANDA

Jill smiles and leans back. Bond looks through the binoculars again.

BOND'S POV - GOLDFINGER

has a snarling expression on his face. The binoculars tilt down in time to see him snap his pencil in half. He jabs one end of it into the tabletop.

ON THE VERANDA

BOND

(into microphone)

Over and out.

He looks over and switches off the intercom.

TWO-SHOT - BOND AND JILL

She looks up at him smiling.

BOND

That should keep him occupied for
some time.

SLOW DOLLY IN.

JILL

I'm beginning to like you, Mister
Bond.

BOND

(laying his arm against
her face)

No, call me James.

JILL

More than anyone I've met in a long
time, James.

BOND
Well, what on earth are we going to
do about it?

JILL
Yes... What?

BOND
I'll tell you at dinner.

JILL
Where?

BOND
Well, I know the best place in
town.

He pulls the couch and her head toward him and kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOND'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT on the remains of a meal. PAN OVER to the bed.
First we just see Bond's and Jill's feet rubbing against each
other. Then, PANNING FURTHER, we see them embracing and
kissing, Bond shirtless and Jill in panties wearing his shirt.

PAN even further -- to the nightstand where a portable radio
is playing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Station W.E.D.S. brings you the
latest in world news. Washington.
At the White House this afternoon,
the President said he was entirely
satisfied...

Bond's hand reaches over and switches the radio off. PAN over
to the bed and DOLLY IN as Bond wraps his arms around Jill
again.

BOND
That makes two of us.

They start to kiss.

INSERT - A TELEPHONE

rings.

ANGLE ON THE BED

Bond rolls over and answers the phone.

BOND
Hello.

FELIX (over phone)
Leiter here.

BOND
Oh, Felix.

He swings his legs off the bed.

FELIX (over phone)
Well, now?

BOND
Uh, what's that?

Jill rises behind him, puts her chin on his shoulder and rubs a lock of her hair against her ear.

BOND
Dinner? Uh, no. Look, I'm sorry,
I can't. Something big's come up.

FELIX (over phone)
Right.

Bond scratches his ear and pushes the hair away.

BOND
Uh, how about breakfast?

FELIX (over phone)
Okay.

JILL
(whispering into Bond's
ear)
Not too early.

Bond cups a hand over the phone, plants his other hand on her face and shoves her back. PAN on her as she lands on the bed smiling and pulls her shirt down.

FELIX (over phone)
I'll call you around nine.

BOND (O.S.)
Yes, nine o'clock will be fine.

ANGLE ON BOND

FELIX (over phone)
So long, James.

BOND
 Good night, Felix.

He hangs up then looks at Jill.

CLOSE-UP - JILL

looks back at him seductively, lips parting.

BOND

smiles. PAN on him as he lays atop her, then:

BOND
 (disappointed)
 Oh, it's lost its chill.

CLOSE SHOT - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

Bond's hand is feeling the bottle. He picks it up. TILT UP as he raises it.

JILL
 Why, you...

BOND
 It's all right. There's another in the fridge.

Bond gets up. Jill rolls over to face him, grinning.

JILL
 Who needs it?

WIDE ANGLE

Bond sets the bottle on a dressing table and picks up his bathrobe.

BOND
 My dear girl, there are some things that just aren't done...

PAN on him as he walks into the kitchen putting on the bathrobe. A bamboo screen separates the kitchen from the bedroom.

BOND
 ... such as drinking Dom Perignon 'fifty-three above a temperature of thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. That's as bad as listening to the Beatles without ear-muffs.

He opens the refrigerator and kneels.

CLOSER ON BOND

He looks in the fridge.

BOND

Now, where is this passion juice?

A MAN'S HAND suddenly comes up into frame. He wears a black jacket.

DOLLY IN as the hand approaches bond. Bond opens a refrigerator drawer, finding the champagne bottle and taking it.

The hand gives Bond a sharp karate chop on the neck, knocking him to the floor. TILT DOWN as he falls, face-up, the bottle rolling beside him.

ANGLE ON THE WALL

The man's shadow appears on wood paneling on the kitchen wall. He turns sideways. He is thickly built and sports a bowler hat. He is ODDJOB.

WIDER ANGLE

As Bond lies unconscious in f.g., the shadow on the wall moves away.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOND'S HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bond and the champagne bottle lie on the floor.

DOLLY BACK. Bond begins to move, regaining consciousness. He rolls onto his side and slowly lifts himself. He braces a hand on the stove and feels the side of his head, then starts moving off.

ANGLE ON THE KITCHEN ENTRYWAY

Bond emerges around the bamboo screen and walks forward.

BOND

(calling)

Jill?!

He turns a corner then suddenly stops, turns on the lights and looks off aghast.

BOND'S POV - THE BED

Jill lies face-down naked, coated in gold paint, one arm hanging over the side of the bed -- dead.

BOND

looks unmoving.

BOND'S POV - JILL

lying there.

CLOSER ON BOND

His face registers terrible concern.

WIDER ANGLE

PAN and TILT UP on Bond as he moves to the bed.

BOND'S POV - JILL'S UPPER TORSO

Her entire face and hair are painted gold. She looks oddly serene.

BOND

sits on the bed beside her and touches her shoulder. His expression shows he recognizes she is dead.

He picks up the phone. DOLLY IN closer.

RECEPTIONIST (on phone)
Yes, Mister Bond?

BOND
Beach seven-nine-four-three-two,
room one-one-nine...

As he waits he looks at

JILL'S LEGS

which are completely painted gold.

ANGLE ON BOND

waiting for a response. Then:

FELIX' VOICE (over phone)
Hello?

BOND
Hello, Felix? Get over here right
away.

FELIX (over phone)
What's up?

BOND
The girl's dead.

FELIX (over phone)
(in alarm)
Dink?

BOND
No, Masterson. Jill Masterson.
And she's covered in paint. Gold
paint.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BLUE SKY

dotted with clouds. TILT DOWN to reveal

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Big Ben and Westminster Palace in f.g.

CUT TO:

INT. "M'S" OFFICE - DAY

Bond stands at attention in f.g., "M" in b.g. by a window
looking at him.

"M"
Gold? All over?

BOND
(nodding)
She died of skin suffocation. It's
been known to happen to cabaret
dancers.

TRACK LEFT as "M" paces toward a bookcase.

BOND
It's all right provided you leave a
small bare patch at the base of the
spine to allow the skin to breathe.

TRACK RIGHT as "M" paces back toward the window.

"M"
Somebody obviously didn't.

BOND
And I know who.

"M" stops and walks up to him.

"M"

This isn't a personal vendetta, double-o-seven. It's an assignment like any other. And if you can't treat it as such, coldly and objectively, then double-o-eight can replace you.

PAN on "M" as he walks behind his desk.

"M"

You've hardly distinguished yourself, have you? You were supposed to observe Mister Goldfinger, not borrow his girlfriend.

INTERCUT - BOND AND "M"

Bond looks patiently at "M" as "M" gives him his "medicine."

"M" (O.S.)

Instead of that, Goldfinger goes off to Europe and it's only by the grace of God, your friend Leiter, and my intervention with the British Embassy in Washington that you're not in the custody of the Miami Beach police.

BOND

Sir, I'm aware of my short-comings. But I am prepared to continue this assignment in the spirit you suggest -- if I knew what it was about... sir.

"M"

(putting on his glasses)

What do you know about gold? -- Not paint, bullion.

BOND

I know it when I see it.

"M" picks up a piece of paper and reads it.

"M"

(without looking up)

Meet me here at seven. Black tie.

Bond looks back at "M" then turns and walks to the door. "M" continues reading the paper.

[END OF REEL 2. START REEL 3.]

INT. MISS MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE - DAY

MISS MONEYPENNY turns from a filing cabinet with a file as Bond emerges through the outer doorway of "M's" office. He closes the padded door behind him. DOLLY IN closer.

BOND

And what do you know about gold,
Money Penny?

PAN on Bond as he walks to the hat-rack and takes his hat.

MONEYPENNY

(leaning back against
her desk)

Oh, the only gold I know about is
the kind you wear...

(holding her hand up)

... you know, third finger of your
left hand?

DOLLY IN further as Bond approaches her.

BOND

Hmm. One of these days we really
must look into that.

MISS MONEYPENNY

Well, what about tonight?

(she takes his hat)

You come round for dinner...

She tosses his hat. In an insert, it lands on the hat-rack.

MISS MONEYPENNY

... and I'll cook you a beautiful
angel cake.

Bond, looking in surprise at the hat-rack, turns back to Miss Money Penny.

BOND

Nothing would give me greater
pleasure. But unfortunately, I do
have a business appointment.

She pushes him back and walks behind her desk.

MISS MONEYPENNY

That's the flimsiest excuse you've
ever given me. Ah, well, some
girls have all the luck. Who is
she, James?

Just then "M's" voice comes over the intercom:

"M" (filtered)
She is me, Miss Money Penny.

IN "M'S" OFFICE - SAME TIME

"M" stands over his intercom holding a switch down.

"M"
And kindly omit the customary by-play with double-o-seven. He's dining with me and I don't want him to be late.

IN MISS MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE

Bond shuts off the intercom.

MISS MONEYPENNY
(surprised)
So there's hope for me yet?

Bond kisses her cheek then walks to the hat-rack.

BOND
Money Penny, won't you ever believe me?

He takes his hat and opens the door.

ANGLE ON MISS MONEYPENNY

She sits behind her desk smiling as we hear the door close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT we see three men sitting at the table: COLONEL SMITHERS at the head of the table, "M" on the left and Bond on the right. Each has a brandy snifter in front of him and there is a decanter in front of Smithers. "M" takes a sip.

A servant, BRUNSKILL, walks over holding a cigar box. He offers it to "M" who takes a cigar, then crosses behind Bond and offers it but Bond waves him off.

At the same time we PULL BACK across the extremely long table until we see a candelabra at each end and an end table in f.g.

SMITHERS

We here at the Bank of England, Mister Bond, are the official depository for gold bullion, just as Fort Knox, Kentucky is for the United States. We know, of course, the amounts we each hold, we know the amounts deposited in other banks, and we can estimate what is being held for industrial purposes. This enables the two governments to establish respectively the true value of the dollar and the pound. Consequently, we are vitally concerned with unauthorized leakages.

BOND

I take it you mean...

TWO-SHOT - BOND AND SMITHERS

BOND

...smuggling.

SMITHERS

Yes.

Brunskill holds the box out to Smithers and he takes a cigar, then hands it back so Brunskill can clip its end. Meanwhile "M" off-screen lights his cigar and blows out a puff of smoke.

SMITHERS

Gold, gentlemen, which has been melted down and recast, is virtually untraceable, which makes it, uh, unlike diamonds, ideal for smuggling, attracting the biggest and most ingenious criminals.

Brunskill, bowing slightly, hands Smithers the clipped cigar.

SMITHERS

Thank you, Brunskill. That will be all.

BRUNSKILL

Thank you, sir.

Brunskill exits. Smithers picks up the decanter and hands it to Bond.

SMITHERS

Have a little more of this, uh,
rather disappointing brandy.

MEDIUM SHOT - "M"

"M"

Well, what's the matter with it?

BOND AND SMITHERS

BOND

(looking at the decanter)
I'd say it was a thirty-year-old
fiend indifferently blended, sir...

"M"

holding his snifter, looks at Bond.

BOND

takes out the stopper and sniffs the contents.

BOND

... with an overdose of Bon Bois.

"M"

"M"

Colonel Smithers is giving the
lecture, double-o-seven.

BOND

pouring some brandy from the decanter into his glass, freezes.

THREE-SHOT

The decanter with the stopper in it now sits on the table in
front of Bond, his hand on it.

SMITHERS

Gentlemen, Mister Goldfinger has
gold bullion on deposit in Zurich,
Amsterdam, Caracas and Hong Kong,
worth twenty million pounds. Most
of it comes from this country.

Bond passes him the decanter.

BOND

Well, why move it?

Smithers passes the decanter to "M."

SMITHERS

Because the price of gold varies from country to country. If you buy it here at thirty dollars an ounce, you can sell it in, say, Pakistan at a hundred and ten dollars and triple your money...

"M"

holding the stopper in his hand, sniffs at the decanter then looks up at Bond.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

... providing, of course, you have the facilities for melting it down.

BOND

BOND

And has he?

THREE-SHOT

"M" puts the stopper back in the decanter and sets it down.

SMITHERS

(lowers his cigar)

Apart from being a legitimate bullion dealer, Mister Goldfinger poses -- eh, no, that's not quite fair...

CLOSE SHOT - SMITHERS

now holds the cigar at his mouth.

SMITHERS

... is, among his many other interests, a legitimate international jeweler. He's, uh, legally entitled to operate modest metallurgical installations.

BOND

sits thinking.

THREE-SHOT

SMITHERS

His British one is down in Kent.
As yet, we have failed to discover
how he transfers his gold overseas,
and Lord knows we've tried.

(he turns to "M")

If your department can establish
that it is done illegally, then the
Bank could institute proceedings to
recover the bulk of his holdings.

"M" looks on in agreement.

SMITHERS AND BOND

BOND

I think it's time Mister Goldfinger
and I met -- socially, of course.

SMITHERS

I was hoping you'd say that.

Smithers rises. PAN on him as he walks off frame, leaving "M"
in f.g.

"M"

It might lead to a business talk --
Mister Goldfinger's kind of
business.

BOND

BOND

I'll need some sort of bait.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

I quite agree.

THREE-SHOT

TRACK with Smithers as he returns to the table holding an
object wrapped in green cloth.

SMITHERS

This is the only one we have, from
the Nazi hoard from the bottom of
Lake Toplitz in the Salzkammergut,
but there are undoubtedly others.

He sets it on the table and unwraps the covering, revealing:

CLOSE SHOT - A BAR OF GOLD

SMITHERS (O.S.)
Mister Bond can make whatever use
of it he thinks fit...

THREE-SHOT

Smithers sits back in his chair.

SMITHERS
... providing he returns it, of
course. It's worth five thousand
pounds.

He lifts his snifter.

CLOSE SHOT - THE BAR OF GOLD

gleams beautifully.

BOND

looks at it then reaches forward.

THE BAR OF GOLD

Bond's hand touches it.

"M"

holds a hand up, stopping him.

"M"
You'll draw it from "Q" branch with
the rest of your equipment in the
morning.

BOND

looks back at him and straightens his cuff.

BOND
But of course, sir.

"M"

grins enigmatically at Bond then raises his snifter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "Q" BRANCH - DAY

TWO MEN in a glass cubicle wearing gas masks face a parking meter. One of them puts a coin into it. White gas instantly shoots from it, filling the cubicle.

WIDER ANGLE

Bond stands outside the cubicle watching the gas expand. DOLLY BACK as Bond walks with a hand in his pocket to a bench.

"Q" bends over the bench beside a sitting man and points to an object he's working on.

Bond picks up a hand grenade and looks at it.

BOND
Good morning, "Q."

"Q" immediately takes it from him and sets it down in a container.

"Q"
Good morning, double-o-seven. This way, please.

DOLLY WITH THEM as they walk away from the bench.

BOND
My, we are busy this morning.

TWO MEN in an alcove behind them come into view. One wears a trench coat, the other aims a machine gun at him. Suddenly the gunner fires at the other man. Bond and "Q" react and look back.

CLOSER ANGLE

The gunner keeps firing. The other man looks to one side, apparently not feeling the shots. The gunner stops shooting and the other man pulls back his trench coat, revealing a bullet-proof vest. He looks down at it.

WIDER ANGLE

The man lowers his hands and feels his crotch as the shooter looks on. The man looks at the shooter then feels his crotch again.

"Q" turns to Bond.

"Q"
It's not perfected yet.

BOND
Where's my Bentley?

"Q"
It's had its day, I'm afraid.

DOLLY BACK as they walk forward. A large "NO SMOKING" sign comes into view behind them.

BOND
But it's never let me down.

"Q"
"M's" orders, double-o-seven.

"Q" points off. PAN OVER to reveal a gray Aston-Martin. The license plate, white-on-black, reads "BMT 216A."

"Q" (O.S.)
You'll be using this Aston-Martin
D.B.-Five with modifications.

TWO-SHOT

Bond and "Q" look down at the car.

"Q"
Now pay attention, please.

"Q" steps over to the car and taps the windshield.

"Q"
Windscreen, bullet-proof...
(points backwards)
... as are the side and rear
windows.

He reaches in, turning a switch on the dashboard.

"Q"
Revolving number plates, naturally.

CLOSE SHOT - THE FRONT LICENSE PLATE

It revolves to a white-on-black plate, 4711-EA-62, then a black-on-white plate, LU-6789, then back to the original plate.

"Q" (O.S.)
Valid all countries.

TWO-SHOT

"Q" reaches into his pocket and takes out a small silver case. DOLLY IN on "Q" and Bond.

"Q"
Here's a nice little transmitting
device called a "Homer."

CLOSE SHOT - THE "HOMER"

"Q" (O.S.)
You prime it by pressing that back,
like this. You see?

He pulls back the outer cover and the device beeps. Then he holds up a tiny version of the same device.

"Q"
The smaller model is now standard
field issue, to be fitted into the
heel of your shoe. Its larger
brother is magnetic.

He releases the tiny version and it sticks to the larger one.

TWO-SHOT

Bond takes the devices from "Q."

"Q"
Right. To be concealed in the car
you're trailing while you keep out
of sight.

"Q" opens the passenger door and sits inside.

"Q"
Reception on the dashboard, here.

CLOSE SHOT - THE DASHBOARD

"Q" presses a button and a small grill on the dashboard opens with a humming sound, revealing a green "scope."

"Q"
Audio-visual range a hundred and
fifty miles.

He turns a dial. An indicator "blip" appears in the middle of the scope and makes a beeping sound.

BOND (O.S.)
Ingenious -- and useful, too.

TWO-SHOT

BOND
Allow a man to stop off for a quick
one on route.

"Q"
 (exasperated)
 It has not been perfected after
 years of patient research and time
 for that purpose, double-o-seven.

"Q" gets out of the car and shuts the door. Bond glances at the gadgets in his hand then leans an arm on the roof of the car.

"Q"
 And incidentally, we'd appreciate
 its return, along with all your
 other equipment -- intact, for
 once, when you return from the
 field.

BONED
 Well, you'd be surprised the amount
 of wear-and-tear that goes on out
 there in the field. Anything else?

"Q" walks forward. DOLLY IN on Bond, looking bored.

"Q"
 Well, I won't keep you for more
 than an hour or so if you give me
 your undivided attention. We've
 installed some rather interesting
 modifications.

Bond signs and leans more heavily against the car.

"Q"
 walks around to the driver's side and points in through the
 window.

"Q"
 You see this arm here?

Bond looks in through the passenger window.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE

"Q's" hand reaches inside and taps the top of the console.

"Q" (O.S.)
 Now open the top, and inside are
 your defense mechanism controls:

"Q" opens the top, revealing numerous switches. He points to many (but not all) of them.

"Q" (O.S.)
 ... smoke screen, oil slick, rear
 bullet-proof screen, and left and
 right front-wing machine guns.

He closes the top.

BOND

looks on patiently but without much interest.

"Q" (O.S.)
 Now this one I'm particularly keen
 about.

Bond looks inside again.

CLOSE SHOT - THE STICK SHIFT

"Q's" finger points to it.

"Q" (O.S.)
 You see the gear lever here? Now,
 if you take the top off...
 (he flips the top
 open, revealing a
 red button)
 ... you'll find a little red
 button.

He closes the top again.

MEDIUM SHOT - "Q"

"Q"
 Whatever you do, don't touch it.

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

BOND
 And why not?

MEDIUM SHOT - "Q"

He holds his hands over the roof.

"Q"
 Because you'll release this section
 of the roof...
 (points inside again)
 ... and engage and then fire the
 passenger ejector seat.
 (throws a hand upwards)
 Whoosh!

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

BOND
Ejector seat? You're joking!

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - "Q"

"Q"
(miffed)
I never joke about my work, double-
o-seven.

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

looks back chagrined.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLF CLUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A golf shop and large hotel are in b.g. GOLFERS walk past in f.g. pulling wheeled golf carts. A gold Rolls Royce is parked near the hotel, and beyond it Bond's Aston-Martin.

INT. GOLF SHOP - DAY - SAME TIME

The proprietor, BLACKING, winds tape around a golf club in f.g. Goldfinger walks in. He is dressed like his name: brown coat over a yellow sweater, brown striped tie, brown golfing pants and shoes, and he holds a matching brown cap.

GOLDFINGER
Ready, Blacking?

BLACKING
Yes, sir.

DOLLY BACK to reveal Bond in f.g. He wears a purple sweater and black slacks and is looking at a rack of golf clubs.

BLACKING
(to Goldfinger)
Uh, there's an old member dropped
by, sir. Same handicap as yours.
I wondered if you would rather play
with him?

GOLDFINGER
Where is he?

Blacking turns to Bond.

BLACKING
Uh, Mister Bond?

BOND

turns to Blacking.

BOND

Yes?

BLACKING (O.S.)

This is Mister Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

turns and looks at Bond. He studies him a moment, then speaks.

GOLDFINGER

How do you do?

BOND

looks back at Goldfinger.

BOND

How do you do?

GOLDFINGER

keeps looking at Bond.

BOND

keeps looking at Goldfinger.

BLACKING (O.S.)

You can go straight off. The first
tee is clear.

THREE-SHOT

DOLLY IN as Bond walks past them to the door.

BOND

Fine.

BLACKING

I'll get Hawker to carry for you,
Mister Bond.

BOND

(turning back)

Well, that'll be splendid.

(to Goldfinger)

Shall we make it a shilling a hole?

GOLDFINGER

Um-hmm.

Bond smiles at him and walks out the door.

EXT. GOLF SHOP - SAME TIME

As Bond emerges we hear Goldfinger talking to Blacking:

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)

I'll take some tees.

BLACKING (O.S.)

Ah, yes. Of course.

Bond suddenly looks ahead and stops.

BOND'S POV - THE GOLF COURSE

ODDJOB steps into a rigid stance right across from him. A golf bag hangs incongruously from his shoulder.

ANGLE ON BOND

Goldfinger comes out of the shop behind him, smiling at Bond's concerned look.

GOLDFINGER

Oh, you must excuse Oddjob, Mister Bond. He's an admirable manservant, but mute. He's not a very good caddy.

PAN on them as they walk past Oddjob.

GOLDFINGER

(shrugging at Oddjob)

Golf is not yet the national game of Korea, eh?

Oddjob waits until they are some distance away then follows.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Bond stands on a putting green at his ball. He wears a black hat and takes aim with his putter. Goldfinger's ball is closer to the hole than Bond's. HAWKER stands nearby with Bond's golf bag.

Bond putts and sinks the ball.

PAN on him as he walks to the hole, revealing Goldfinger approaching with his putter and Oddjob standing nearby. Goldfinger is in his sweater and wears his brown cap.

GOLDFINGER

This meeting is not a coincidence,
eh?

CLOSER ANGLE

Goldfinger and Bond stand in f.g., with Oddjob and Hawking standing in b.g. on opposite sides. Goldfinger leans down with his putter.

GOLDFINGER

What's your game, Mister Bond?

INTERCUT

- Bond looks at Goldfinger.
- Goldfinger looks down taking aim.
- His putter moves back and forth at his ball.
- Bond keeps looking at him.

BOND

My game?

- Goldfinger keeps looking down.

GOLDFINGER

You didn't come here to play golf.

- His putter keeps moving back and forth. Suddenly Bond's gold bar lands beside it with a thud.
- Goldfinger's eyes widen as he looks at the bar.
- The bar glistens in the sunlight.
- Goldfinger looks back at his ball.
- His putter taps the ball, which rolls aside missing the hole.
- Bond smirks slightly and looks at Goldfinger.
- Goldfinger looks at the gold bar again then turns aside.

WIDE ANGLE

Goldfinger hands his putter to Oddjob as Bond picks up the gold bar and gives it to Hawker.

BOND AND GOLDFINGER - TRACKING SHOT

They walk together across the green.

GOLDFINGER
The 1940 smelt from the Weigenhaler
foundry at Essen.

BOND
Part of a smelt of six hundred.

GOLDFINGER
They vanished in 1944.

BOND
When the Nazis were on the run.

GOLDFINGER
And you have access to more?

BOND
Yes, from the same source.

GOLDFINGER
Interesting.

WIDE ANGLE

They approach a teeing ground where a marker says "17."

GOLDFINGER
Two holes to go.

BOND
Yes, and all square.

Bond plants his ball on a tee.

GOLDFINGER
Then you have no objection to
increasing the stakes?

BOND
(getting into putting
position)
No. What do you have in mind?

INTERCUT - GOLDFINGER AND BOND

GOLDFINGER
The bar of gold you have with you,
naturally.

BOND
(looking up)
It's worth five thousand pounds.

GOLDFINGER
(laughing it off)
Oh, I'll stake the cash equivalent.

BOND
Naturally.
(he looks nervously
down at his ball)

WIDE ANGLE

Bond raises his club to swing.

GOLDFINGER
(suddenly)
Strict rules of golf?

BOND
freezes in mid-stroke and lowers the club.

BOND
But of course.

GOLDFINGER
nods and sways from side to side.

WIDE ANGLE

Bond swings at the ball, striking it cleanly across the
fairway.

Goldfinger watches it go. So does Oddjob.

BOND'S POV - THE FAIRWAY

The ball sails far away then lands.

[END OF REEL 3. START REEL 4.]

Smiling tightly, Bond crosses Goldfinger, who takes a club
from Oddjob and approaches the tee. Bond watches.

Goldfinger sets his ball down and readies himself. In a reverse angle on his legs, his club hits the ball squarely and the ball flies into the distance.

Goldfinger watches it go. So does Bond, who steps forward grinning.

AN AREA OF ROUGH

Goldfinger's ball sails across an area of rough and lands near some trees.

BOND AND GOLDFINGER

Bond looks over Goldfinger's shoulder at the rough, Oddjob behind them.

BOND
Oh, bad luck. You're in the rough.

Goldfinger puts his hand on his hip then walks forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE AREA OF ROUGH - LONG SHOT - DAY

From left to right, Oddjob, Goldfinger, Bond and Hawker look for the ball in the rough.

LONG SHOT - GOLDFINGER

paces near the trees, looking down. (Bond is no longer where he was standing.)

BOND AND HAWKER

search near the beginning of the rough.

BOND
Oh, what a pity. Here it is.

They look down at a ball.

HAWKER
(picking it up)
No, it's not. He plays a Slazenger One.

Hawker hands Bond the ball. Bond looks at it. It is marked "Slazenger 7."

LONG SHOT - GOLDFINGER

continues to look near the trees.

BOND (O.S.)
 (calling)
 Strict rules of golf, Goldfinger!
 Five minutes are almost up!

BOND AND HAWKER

BOND
 (continuing)
 A lost ball will cost you stroke
 and distance!

Goldfinger keeps looking through the rough.

ODDJOB

PAN on him as he walks with a hand in his trouser pocket. He stops walking. TILT DOWN to his legs as a ball rolls out of his trousers onto the turf.

He raises his arm.

ODDJOB
 (calling)
 Aagh aagh!

GOLDFINGER

looks over and waves his club.

GOLDFINGER
 Uh-huh.

He walks off.

BOND AND HAWKER

watch with concealed contempt.

Goldfinger walks past them.

GOLDFINGER
 (innocently)
 I'm still training him as a caddy.

Oddjob, off to the side, grins at Bond.

BOND
 Successfully, too.

He and Hawker walk off.

WIDE ANGLE

Goldfinger walks to Oddjob in f.g. Meanwhile Bond and Hawker walk toward the trees in b.g., looking around.

Goldfinger looks down at "his" ball, which lays inches from the fairway. It is marked "Slazenger 1."

GOLDFINGER
Slazenger Number One. Good.

He holds his hand out. Oddjob passes him a club.

BOND AND HAWKER

Bond stops searching and looks up at Goldfinger. Hawker walks up.

HAWKER
If that's his original ball, I'm
Arnold Palmer.

BOND
'Tisn't.

HAWKER
How do you know?

BOND
I'm standing on it.

Hawker looks down. Bond raises his foot revealing the ball.

HAWKER
(laughing)
Why you crafty old...

Hawker starts to reach down.

BOND
Leave it.

Bond holds up the other ball.

HAWKER
The ball you found, sir?

BOND
Yes. Slazenger Seven.
(looking off)
Let's have a little fun with Mister
Goldfinger.

He slips the ball into his pocket.

WIDE ANGLE

Goldfinger, in f.g. with his back to us, swings his club strongly then walks forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - AT THE 17TH HOLE

Bond's ball lays inches from the cup, Goldfinger's a few yards away. Bond approaches his ball.

BOND
 (to Goldfinger)
 Would you like me to mark it or
 knock it in?

GOLDFINGER
 Um-hmm, play it.

Bond taps his ball into the cup.

Goldfinger walks up to his ball.

GOLDFINGER
 This for a half.

BOND
 That's right.

Goldfinger leans over with his club. In an angle on his legs, he hits the ball and it rolls into the cup.

Bond, hand in his pocket, looks up at him.

Goldfinger rises haughtily and grins.

Bond glances back at Hawker then, as we TILT DOWN, takes his hand from his pocket. We glimpse the hidden ball in his hand.

He reaches into the cup and withdraws two balls. TILT BACK UP to his face.

BOND
 (to Goldfinger)
 One to go. That'll be the
 clincher.

GOLDFINGER
 Fine.

Bond tosses a ball to Goldfinger, who reaches out gracefully and catches it. The foursome start walking.

BOND AND HAWKER - TRACKING SHOT

HAWKER
Did you switch them, sir?

BOND
Uh-huh.

HAWKER
Then we've got 'em.

BOND
If he doesn't notice the switch.

CUT TO:

EXT. 18TH HOLE - DAY

Close shot of a marker that says "18." TRACK BACK as Goldfinger and Oddjob enter the teeing ground. Goldfinger reaches down with his ball.

BOND AND HAWKER

approach. Hawker looks on, startled.

HAWKER
It's your honour, sir!

BOND
(holding his hand up)
It's all right.

GOLDFINGER

bends over and sets his ball on a tee. He rises. The ball falls off the tee.

WIDER ANGLE

Goldfinger angles his club then notices the ball on the ground. He reaches for it.

BOND AND HAWKER

watch in suspense.

GOLDFINGER

plants the ball on the tee again, then looks into the distance and readies his stroke.

BOND AND HAWKER

keep watching.

WIDE ANGLE

Goldfinger swings and hits the ball across the fairway.

Hawker smiles at Bond. They walk forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLUB HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

The final hole. Goldfinger putts. His ball rolls into the cup. Bond's ball is equidistant on the other side of the hole.

GOLDFINGER

Down in five.

BOND

(preparing to putt)

I'll have to sink this to have the game, right?

Bond putts. The ball curves away from the hole, just missing it.

BOND

Yaagh! You win, Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

It seems I am too good for you.

Bond reaches into the cup and takes out both balls. He looks at one.

BOND

Hmm. You play a Slazenger One, don't you?

Goldfinger, who has been leaning triumphantly on his club, approaches.

GOLDFINGER

Yes. Why?

BOND

(holding Goldfinger's ball up)

This is a Slazenger Seven.

Goldfinger takes it. Bond holds up the other ball.

BOND

Here's my Penfold Hearts.

Goldfinger looks in shock at the ball in his hand.

BOND

You must have played the wrong ball
somewhere on the eighteenth
fairway. We are playing strict
rules, so I'm afraid you lose the
hole and the match.

Goldfinger glares up at Oddjob. Oddjob looks back without
expression.

Goldfinger hurls his ball to the ground and walks off as Bond
smiles. Hawker approaches with the flag, grinning broadly,
and plants it beside the hole.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The gold Rolls Royce sits in f.g., beyond it Bond's Aston-
Martin. A number of statues adorn the clubhouse façade.

PAN on Oddjob as walks to the Rolls' trunk carrying
Goldfinger's golf bag, revealing Bond dressed in a brown suit
looking on with his hands in his pockets. Oddjob sets the bag
in the trunk and backs away.

DOLLY IN on Bond as he approaches the trunk. He takes a Homer
from his pocket, primes it and plants it inside the trunk.

FOLLOWING ODDJOB

DOLLY BACK as he approaches again carrying a folded umbrella.
Bond gently strokes the car's gold exterior as Oddjob sets the
umbrella in the trunk then closes an inner casing and then an
outer casing.

At the same time Goldfinger approaches from the clubhouse in
b.g. He now wears a formal brown suit and hat.

Bond backs away from the car, hands in his pockets, and faces
Goldfinger.

BOND

She's a beauty! Phantom three
thirty-seven, isn't she?

CLOSER ON GOLDFINGER APPROACHING

DOLLY BACK as he walks up to Bond.

GOLDFINGER

You are a clever, resourceful man,
Mister Bond.

BOND

Why, thank you.

GOLDFINGER

Perhaps too clever.

HOLD ON TWO-SHOT as Goldfinger looks Bond in the eye.

GOLDFINGER

Twice our paths have crossed.
Let's leave it at that.

PAN on Goldfinger as he opens the car's back door.

GOLDFINGER

I should have thought our first
meeting would have convinced you.

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

BOND

Oh, I see.

PAN on him as he walks over to Goldfinger. Goldfinger's left arm is linked around the window-frame, revealing a gold wristwatch and band, a gold cufflink and a gold ring. Oddjob stands watching on the other side of the car.

BOND

You're worried about me not giving
you a return game.

GOLDFINGER

Both of us know perfectly well what
we are talking about, Mister Bond.
But I see that it is necessary to
remind you. Oddjob!

PAN on Oddjob as he walks past the front of the car then stands at attention across from them.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)

Many people have tried to involve
themselves in my affairs --

TWO-SHOT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER

GOLDFINGER

-- unsuccessfully.

Goldfinger looks off at Oddjob then touches the brim of his hat and points into the distance.

THEIR POV - A STATUE

It is a classic Greek statue of a woman.

ODDJOB

takes off his bowler hat, steps over to Bond and Goldfinger, and flings his hat at the statue.

The hat flies through the air and crosses the statue, knocking the head off. The head and hat land at the base of the statue.

BOND AND GOLDFINGER

look up at Oddjob, who walks off to retrieve his hat. DOLLY IN on Bond and Goldfinger.

BOND

Remarkable. But what does the club secretary have to say?

GOLDFINGER.

Oh, nothing, Mister Bond. I own the club.

Goldfinger wipes his eye, opens the car door, gets in and lowers a tabletop.

GOLDFINGER

I assume you want the check made out to cash.

BOND

That would be perfectly satisfactory.

Goldfinger looks at him with a sneer.

ODDJOB

PAN on him and he returns to the car straightening his hat. He passes behind the car to the driver's side. Meanwhile Goldfinger tears a check from his checkbook and hands it to Bond.

GOLDFINGER

Goodbye, Mister Bond.

Goldfinger shuts his door as Oddjob gets in behind the wheel. Bond plays with a ball in his hand then tosses it to Oddjob who catches it.

BOND

Oh, uh... I believe this is yours.

Oddjob glares at Bond and squeezes the ball. Bond looks on. The ball fractures into little pieces that Oddjob flings to the ground. Bond rocks back on his heels, suitably impressed.

THE ROLLS ROYCE

drives off. Bond turns fingering the check then walks over to his Aston-Martin and reaches inside.

Bond's finger presses a button on the dashboard and the grill opens, revealing the scope. He turns a dial and the scope glows green, shows a map of the area and blips. The blip indicator is moving away from the center of the scope.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A HOIST - CLOSE ON THE ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

The Rolls rises into the air accompanied by a mechanical lifting noise. The front license plate reads "AU1."

WIDER ANGLE

The car is on a hoist beneath an airplane and is being raised to the cargo hatch. PAN on a baggage handler driving by in a cart containing four suitcases, one of which is gold-coloured.

As the cart passes under the plane, DOLLY BACK to reveal Goldfinger and Oddjob approaching the steps to the passenger compartment.

Goldfinger motions to Oddjob, who hands their tickets to a STEWARDESS at the base of the steps, and the two of them walk up the steps.

AT THE STOP OF THE STEPS

Goldfinger takes off his hat as he passes a STEWARDESS at the top of the steps and enters the passenger compartment. Oddjob follows keeping his hat on.

WIDE ANGLE

CRANE BACK from the plane to reveal the Aston-Martin in f.g. and Bond behind the wheel looking at the scope, as we hear an announcement:

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER
(over loudspeaker)
British United Air-ferries announce
the departure of their DS-400
flight to Geneva.

Suddenly a voice calls out to Bond:

SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)

Mister Bond?

Bond looks over.

REVERSE ANGLE

DOLLY BACK as the Security Officer approaches Bond.

SECURITY OFFICER

That's all right. I've got you booked out on the next flight to Geneva, leaving in half an hour.

BOND

Oh. Thank you very much.

SECURITY OFFICER

Right, sir.

The Security Officer walks off.

BOND

looks back at the British United plane, which is starting to taxi away.

He opens the scope on his dashboard and turns the dial. The map alights showing the airport at the center of the screen and the blip indicator moving away from it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SWISS COUNTRYSIDE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DAY

TILT DOWN from towering mountains to a hilly road. Goldfinger's Rolls Royce drives up the road.

EXT./INT. GOLDFINGER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Oddjob drives. Goldfinger sits in back opening a newspaper. He scratches the side of his face.

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD - LONG SHOT - DAY

Bond's Aston-Martin drives up the road from a town in b.g.

EXT./INT. BOND'S CAR - SAME TIME

Bond is driving. He looks down at the scope.

It shows a map of Geneva. The blip indicating the Rolls is moving up the top half of the scope.

EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF ROAD - DAY

The Rolls drives up the road, continuing to head uphill.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Goldfinger leans back with his hat over his eyes, snoozing. He suddenly rubs his nose then relaxes again.

IN BOND'S CAR

Bond looks down impatiently at the scope.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The Aston-Martin navigates a bend in the road. Just then a yellow Ford Mustang rounds a corner behind it, following.

Bond look in the rearview mirror. It shows the Mustang following. Then Bond's expression grows more interested and he looks back.

IN THE MUSTANG

An attractive blonde is driving -- TILLY MASTERSON -- but her expression is grim. She honks her horn.

THE ROAD

The Mustang comes alongside the Aston-Martin.

BOND

looks over with an interested expression.

BOND'S POV

The Mustang races ahead of him.

BOND

grins.

He looks ahead again at the Mustang, which now races perilously fast.

Bond prepares to put on more speed but catches himself and slows down.

BOND
Discipline, double-o-seven.
(unhappily)
Discipline.

EXT. THE FIRST ROAD GOLDFINGER TOOK - DAY

The Mustang heads up the road. Inside, Tilly looks forward grimly.

IN BOND'S CAR

He looks down at the scope again. The blip indicator has become stationary, showing no movement.

EXT. ROADSIDE FLOWER STALL - VERY HIGH ANGLE

The Rolls is stopped at the flower stall, which is manned by five children. Goldfinger and Oddjob get out of the car.

CLOSER ANGLE

Oddjob walks up to one of the children.

EXT./INT. BOND'S CAR

He keeps driving, his expression impatient.

ANGLE ON THE ROAD

The Aston-Martin continues up the road.

EXT. FLOWER STALL - VERY HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Oddjob stands beside the Rolls as Goldfinger approaches the children. SLOWLY ZOOM BACK to an extreme long shot revealing a much higher road in f.g.

Bond's car has stopped on the high road and he gets out and looks down at Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

turns away from the flower stall eating an orange. Oddjob, behind him (in a process shot), approaches the children again.

VERY HIGH ANGLE - BOND

He stands on the high road looking down at Goldfinger. SLOWLY ZOOM BACK to an even longer shot revealing an even higher road in f.g.

A rifle barrel comes into view, aiming below, and then Tilly, lying prone and bracing the rifle on a boulder. She fires.

ANGLE ON BOND

The bullet strikes the pavement right in front of him. He ducks down then lies flat behind his car.

TILLY

moves away with the rifle.

GOLDFINGER'S CAR

Goldfinger gets back inside. Oddjob looks up at the hillside and smirks, then gets behind the wheel.

The Rolls drives away from the flower stall.

ON a ROAD

Tilly's car rounds a bend and heads downhill. Bond's car emerges from a side road behind her and follows.

BOND

looks ahead now with determination.

ON THE ROAD

The two cars race down the road, Bond right behind Tilly. When they reach the flower stall, Bond passes her and speeds ahead. Tilly follows, almost on his bumper, honking at him.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CHASE

- Bond looks in his rearview mirror and grins, enthused by the chase.
- The mirror shows the Mustang following fast.
- TRUCKING SHOT: The Aston-Martin races around a bend, the Mustang right behind it and trying to pass it.
- Tilly sounds her horn again.
- Bond, grinning more broadly, checks his rearview mirror.
- TRUCKING SHOT: The Aston-Martin starts swerving to block the Mustang from passing. A long horn blast sounds from the Mustang.
- Bond politely gestures to the Mustang to pass him.
- The Mustang swerves to the other side of the road.
- Bond looks over at it.
- His hand opens the console, revealing his weapon controls.
- The Aston-Martin races by with the Mustang almost beside it.
- Bond reaches down.

- CLOSE SHOT - A REAR WHEEL: A hub decoration opens to reveal cutting blades on a spindle. They extend from the wheel on a rod.
- Tilly looks in her rearview-mirror.
- Blades from Bond's front wheel slam into a front tire on the Mustang.
- Tilly looks over and screams.
- Blades now retract from the Mustang's shredded rear tire, then slam into it again and retract again.
- Tilly's car skids off the road; both passenger-side tires are blown.
- She clutches the steering wheel as her car bounces to a stop, then she strokes her face.

[END OF REEL 4. START REEL 5.]

EXT. ROAD - DAY - SAME TIME

The Aston-Martin has stopped at the side of the road. Bond runs out, slamming the door behind him.

TILLY'S CAR

Bond runs up to her.

BOND
Are you all right? Here, let me help you.

He opens the driver's door and she steps out.

BOND
You know, you're lucky to be alive.

TILLY
No thanks to you. You should have pulled over further.

She crosses behind the back of her car and looks at her tires.

The rear tire is completely shredded.

TILLY
Look at them!

BOND
A double blow-out! I've never seen one of these before.

Tilly looks over at Bond's car. It sits innocently on the side of the road.

TILLY
How could new tires...?

BOND
Defect of some kind, most likely.
(sits on the edge of
her trunk)
Anyway, I'm so glad that it's only
the car and not you. You don't
look like the sort of girl who
should be ditched.

TILLY
Never mind that. Please take me to
the nearest garage.

BOND
Certainly.

She crosses back to the driver's side and grabs her handbag.
Bond follows.

BOND
By the way, my name is Bond. Would
you --

TILLY
Um, as quickly as possible.

She goes to the trunk. He shuts the driver's door. She opens
the trunk, takes out a suitcase and sets it down as he takes a
briefcase from her back seat.

TILLY
I'll take that.

BOND
(handing it to her)
Yes, of course.

He picks up the suitcase and follows her to his car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. BOND'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Bond drives, Tilly beside him. They look at each other.

BOND
What's your name, by the way?

TILLY
Soames. Tilly Soames.

Bond glances in the rearview mirror.

CLOSE SHOT - TILLY'S CASE

sits on the back seat ledge with the initials "T.M." marked on it.

BOND AND TILLY

BOND
Here for the hunting season? I had
a case just like that one.

She glances back.

CLOSE SHOT - HER CASE

The initials on it are very visible.

INTERCUT - BOND AND TILLY

TILLY
It's for my ice skates.

BOND
Lovely sport. Where do you skate?

TILLY
Saint Moritz.

BOND
I didn't know there was ice there
this time of the year.

TILLY
(suddenly points)
There's a garage.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY - SAME TIME

Bond's car drives in front b.g. and stops in f.g. Tilly immediately opens her door and gets out. She walks past the gas pumps toward the office.

TILLY
(calling)
Fraulein!

IN BOND'S CAR

He reaches down to open the scope. Meanwhile, we hear Tilly:

TILLY (O.S.)
(angrily)
I've had an accident.

THE SCOPE

Bond turns the dial activating the scope. It alights. The beep indicator is stationary again, near a mountainside.

Puzzled, Bond looks off as if the source is nearby, then he looks at the scope again.

The indicator remains stationary. We hear Tilly again:

TILLY (O.S.)
How long will it take?... Thank
you. Appreciate it.

Bond looks down and turns off the scope then opens the door and starts to step out.

EXT. CAR - BOND AND TILLY - SAME TIME

Bond emerges from the car as Tilly walks up to him.

TILLY
They say it'll take twenty-four
hours to get new tires. There's a
hotel nearby.

BOND
Oh, jump in. I'll run you down.

TILLY
That won't be necessary.

BOND
Well, I hate to leave you here
alone.

Bond reaches into the car and hands Tilly her suitcase.

TILLY
I can take care of myself.

BOND
Yes, I'm sure you can.

Bond reaches in again and hands her her briefcase.

BOND
(smiling to her)
Well, don't forget to write.

He gets in and shuts the door, leaving her there alone.

WIDER ANGLE

The Aston-Martin backs away, turns, then heads back down the road as Tilly watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY

PAN on the Aston-Martin as it rounds a bend across from a large green hillside. A factory complex at the base of the hillside comes into view. A sign on its main building says, "AURIC ENTERPRISES."

The car stops across from the factory and Bond looks over at it.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE MAIN BUILDING

is an imposing edifice.

BOND

gazes at the complex then leans forward and looks up higher.

ANGLE ON BOND'S CAR

He drives off. TILT UP to the top of the hillside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WOODS ABOVE THE FACTORY - DAY

Bond, with a pair of binoculars around his neck, walks down from the crest of the hill. PAN on him till the factory below comes into view. He sits under a tree with his back to us and looks through the binoculars at the factory.

BOND'S POV - THE FACTORY

Goldfinger's Rolls Royce sits in front of one of the buildings. Two GUARDS in blue jumpsuits tied with yellow sashes look inside it as THREE OTHER GUARDS approach.

ANGLE OVER BOND

He rests his arms on his knees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Bond sits on the hillside again, arms on knees, but dressed all in black. He glances at his watch.

REVERSE ANGLE

overlooking the factory. Lights show in some of the windows. Bond starts to creep down the hill. He wears a black backpack.

AT THE BASE OF THE HILL

Bond runs from the hillside onto a factory road, crosses it and stops beside a brick building. He flattens his back against it for a moment then moves on.

Just then two men in blue jumpsuits round the far corner of the building, speaking together in Korean.

A CONCRETE BUILDING

DOLLY BACK and PAN on Bond as he passes the building. The shadows of the other men cross it. He looks back then runs ahead.

AT THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Bond rounds the corner and leans back against the building, then glances back. The other men round the corner of the building behind him. They are laughing.

Bond runs off, passing some metal drums and a sign on a wall that says, in German, "EINTRITT STRENGSTENS VERBOTEN" ("entry strictly forbidden"). He quickly finds himself in a dead-end, blocked by another building. He looks back desperately.

ALONGSIDE THE BRICK BUILDING

The two guards continue forward.

BOND

runs back past the sign, mounts a fire-escape ladder and starts climbing up. He stops on a ledge, then climbs up to the next level.

ON A LEDGE

Louvers on the building's windows provide ventilation. Bond comes around the corner, stopping on the ledge near the louvers. He looks down to see the two guards turn the other way. Then he turns to the louvers and looks inside.

BOND'S POV - INSIDE THE BUILDING

Goldfinger's Rolls is partially dismantled. WORKERS -- all of them wearing blue jumpsuits and yellow sashes -- pass to and from it as red smoke rises from a furnace in b.g.

BOND

tilts the louvers so he can have a better view. He looks inside again.

BOND'S POV - INT. FACTORY - SAME TIME

The Roll's grill is in f.g. A worker removes one of the golden headlamps, walks back and sets it down. Meanwhile two others remove one of the golden doors, carry it back and set it down.

At the same time, Goldfinger and LING -- a Chinese operative in a Mao jacket -- approach from b.g.:

GOLDFINGER
Smuggling is an art, Mister Ling...

ANGLE ON OTHER WORKERS

They pour molten gold into an ingot mold.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
... and art requires...

Steam sounds from the melted gold, drowning out the rest of his sentence.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
(continuing)
In this case, the bodywork of my
Rolls Royce is eighteen carat gold.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND

keeps looking in through the louvers, excited at his find.

INSIDE

Goldfinger escorts Ling past a dolly bearing gold ingots.

GOLDFINGER
We dismantle it here. We reduce
the gold in this special furnace,
which in turn...
(noise drowns him out)
... weighing approximately two
tons.

He raises his fist to his mouth, coughing, then leads Ling off.

GOLDFINGER

I make six trips a year to the
continent in the Rolls Royce,
Mister Ling...

OUTSIDE

Bond looks downward in satisfaction. He has solved his case.
He looks again through the louvers, then suddenly looks to the
side.

BOND'S POV - THE FACTORY ENTRANCE

Ling exits the factory then leans against a railing as
Goldfinger follows.

LING

Perhaps it would be wiser to
suspend your other activities.

GOLDFINGER

Now, Mister Ling, please assure
your principals Operation Grand
Slam will have my undivided
attention.

Goldfinger leads him down a few steps and around a corner of
the building.

GOLDFINGER

Now, there are certain matters we
must discuss...

MEDIUM SHOT - BOND

TILT UP as he rises above the louvers, looks to one side and
moves off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT

Bond runs along the side of the building. He stops, planting
his back against it, then darts to the bottom of the hillside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOP OF HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Bond jumps over some barbed wired and heads into the woods.

IN THE WOODS - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Bond sits on the ground and removes his backpack, looking down at the factory. He rubs his left arm. Suddenly he hears a TWIG SNAP and looks up.
- Someone is moving through the trees.
- Bond runs forward then dives onto his belly.
- He looks forward then lowers his head again.
- The other person continues through the trees.
- Bond lowers his head further then looks up.
- The other person stalks forward holding a rifle.
- Bond rounds the side of a tree and looks ahead.
- The other person moves further ahead, then lies down prone and aims the rifle forward.
- Bond dives at the shooter as the rifle is cocked. He pounces. The rifle's barrel tilts up, snagging a wire.

IN THE FACTORY

- A red light suddenly glows on a sensor board accompanied by a wailing sound.
- WIDER ANGLE: A Korean guard gets on a phone as another looks at the board.

IN THE WOODS

Bond rolls over holding the shooter. Her face enters the moonlight. It is Tilly.

TILLY

Let me go! You're breaking my back!

Bond recognizes her but keeps holding her.

BOND

What the hell are you doing here?

TILLY

I want to kill him.

BOND

Kill who?

TILLY
Goldfinger.

BOND
Well I want him alive.

TILLY
I want him dead. He killed my
sister.

BOND
T.M. Tilly Masterson! I knew your
sister, Jill. I know what he died
to her in Miami.

TILLY
No you don't! Let me go!

BOND
If you wanted to kill him, why did
you shoot at me?

TILLY
I didn't! I was shooting at him!

BOND
Well, you're a lousy shot.

A rifle fires.

BOND
But somebody else around here
isn't. Come on!

He pulls her to her feet as a rifle fires again. They run
into the woods.

TRACKING SHOT - IN THE WOODS

Bond and Tilly run through the woods, then suddenly stop and
look ahead.

THEIR POV - A KOREAN GUARD

stands between two Mercedes Benz cars and calls out in Korean.

TWO OTHER GUARDS

in the woods hear him and turn forward.

BOND AND TILLY

PAN on them as they run to Bond's Aston-Martin. A guard
blocks their path.

BOND
Quick! Get in the car! I'll take
care of him.

Tilly runs toward the Aston-Martin.

Bond grabs the guard from behind and smashes his head against the first Mercedes. The guard drops to the ground. Bond jumps forward.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CHASE

- ANGLE ON THE ASTON-MARTIN: Tilly is already inside. Bond bounds into the driver's seat and starts the engine. The headlights go on.

- Three Korean guards run through the woods.

- The Aston-Martin takes off. PAN over as the three Koreans arrive at the first Mercedes.

- Another three Koreans run around the front of the second Mercedes, yelling in Korean.

- ON THE ROAD: The doors of the second Mercedes slam shut as it takes off.

- WIDER ANGLE: It passes the first Mercedes where the other three Koreans are lifting their comatose companion.

- ON THE ROAD: PAN on the Aston-Martin as it races by.

- PAN on the second Mercedes as it races after it.

- The first Mercedes takes off.

- Bond looks in his rearview mirror. Tilly looks back.

- PAN on the second Mercedes as it races after them. A guard with a machine gun leans out the rear window on the driver's side.

- CLOSE SHOT - THE GUNMAN: He fires at the Aston-Martin.

- Tilly ducks then looks at Bond.

- Bond looks in the rearview mirror then down at the console.

- CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE: Bond's hand opens it to reveal the defense mechanism controls.

- Bond looks in the rearview mirror again.

- CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE: His finger flips a switch.

- EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME: The Aston-Martin races by trailing white smoke.
- Tilly looks at Bond and smiles in delight.
- Bond grins, knowing he's showing his prowess.
- ON THE ROAD: Bond's car races by, trailing darker smoke.
- The second Mercedes enters the haze.
- CLOSER: The men in the second Mercedes are dumbfounded.
- ON THE ROAD: The second Mercedes runs off the road and crashes into a tree.
- The first Mercedes enters the haze.
- CLOSER: There are four men inside and all are dumbfounded. The driver peers through the haze.
- ON THE ROAD: The first Mercedes emerges from the smoke and passes the second Mercedes. A guard in the passenger seat fires a pistol out the window and a guard in the rear seat on the driver's side fires a machine gun.
- Bond looks in his rearview mirror as Tilly ducks at the ping of bullets bouncing off the car. Headlights are visible behind them.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE GUNMAN WITH THE PISTOL: keeps firing.
- ON THE ROAD: PAN on Bond's car as it races by.
- Bond drives with steely determination, headlights visible behind him.
- ON THE ROAD: The first Mercedes keeping following, gunmen continuing to fire out the windows.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE GUNMAN WITH THE PISTOL: fires again.
- Bond keeps his eyes on he road.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE: Bond's finger flips another switch.
- Oil shots out from a tail fin.
- ON THE ROAD: The first Mercedes rounds a corner.
- Bond looks in the rearview mirror again.
- The tail fin continues to shoot oil.

- ON THE ROAD: The first Mercedes slides through the oil slick and skids out-of-control off-screen.
- LONG SHOT - A CLIFF: The first Mercedes sails over the cliff and bursts into flames on the way down.
- A FACTORY ROAD: The Mercedes slides across the road.
- THE BRICK BUILDING: It crashes into the building. Two guards run toward it with fire extinguishers.
- ON THE ROAD: PAN on the Aston-Martin as it races past.
- BOND AND TILLY: They are calmer now, looking ahead.
- ON THE ROAD: PAN on the second Mercedes which is suddenly chasing them again, a gunman leaning out the window.
- BOND AND TILLY: Bullets fire at them from behind.
- CLOSE SHOT - BOND: glances in the rearview mirror, annoyed.
- BOND'S POV: They reach a fork in the road. They almost go right, then take the left branch.
- Tilly looks ahead then glances at Bond.
- Bond glances back at her then looks ahead.
- THEIR POV: Lights suddenly appear in front of them.
- Bond grimaces as he hits the brakes.
- FRONT ANGLE: DOLLY BACK as the Aston-Martin screeches to a halt, then TILT DOWN to reveal it is on a cliff.
- CLOSER ANGLE - BOND AND TILLY: Bond glances in the rearview mirror as the Mercedes screeches to a halt behind them.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE: Bond flips another switch.
- ANGLE ON THE REAR OF HIS CAR: The rear bullet-proof screen rises.
- ANGLE ON THE WINDSHIELD

BOND

Run for that bracken when I tell
you.

Bond jumps out of the car with a pistol in his right hand and ducks behind the open door. A guard ahead calls out in Korean. Bond fires through an open window.

- One of the guards falls dead.
- Tilly ducks.
- FRONT ANGLE: Bond fires again.
- Two Koreans fire back.
- THE BULLET-PROOF SCREEN: takes some bullets.
- Bond, still aiming his gun, glances over at Tilly.

BOND

Now!

- Tilly jumps out of the car. CRANE UP as she runs into the woods.
- Bond fires again.
- The Koreans fire back.
- Bond ducks behind the car door as bullets hit it.
- REAR ANGLE ON TILLY: She continues running into the forest.
- ANOTHER MERCEDES: has just pulled up. Oddjob emerges from the back seat and aims his hat. PAN on his hat as he throws it.
- LONG SHOT: Tilly keeps running through the woods as the hat flies at her.
- CLOSE SHOT: The hat strikes her in the neck and she drops.
- Tilly lands on the ground.

[END OF REEL 5. START REEL 6.]

- Bond looks over at Tilly then back at Oddjob.
- Oddjob steps forward.
- Bond rises and runs off.
- WIDER ANGLE: PAN on Bond as he runs into the woods, then Oddjob comes into view. He strides forward, following, then a Korean guard follows him.

ANGLE ON TILLY

She lies in f.g. Bond approaches and feels her neck. DOLLY IN as he turns her onto her back. He feels her wrist.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND

He leans back realizing she is dead.

BOND'S POV - TILLY

looks serene as she lies there.

ANGLE OVER BOND

A number of armed Koreans approach in b.g., Oddjob front among them. He stops, looking over Bond's shoulder. Bond looks back at him.

ODDJOB
(giving orders to the
others)
Aagh! Aagh!

The others step forward.

WIDER ANGLE

The Koreans lift Tilly's body and carry it off as Bond rises. Meanwhile Oddjob crosses in f.g. and picks up his hat.

ANGLE ON THE WOODS

PAN as guards lead Bond back to his Aston-Martin. One of them aims a pistol at him, yells in Korean and gets into the passenger seat. Bond climbs into the driver's seat. They both close their doors. Bond revs the engine and backs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD TO FACTORY GATE - NIGHT

A caravan passes by -- first a Mercedes, then Bond driving his Aston-Martin, then another Mercedes. They slow to a stop.

IN THE ASTON-MARTIN

Bond looks forward in anger as the guard beside him grips his pistol.

EXT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

One of the Mercedes honks its horn.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

An OLD GERMAN WOMAN in the kitchen, peeling potatoes, wipes her hands together then against her apron. PAN on her as she walks to the front door, opens it, steps out onto the porch and walks to a barricade as the three cars wait.

AT THE BARRICADE

The old woman pushes down on her end of the barricade, raising it.

TWO-SHOT - BOND AND HIS GUARD

Bond glances over at the old woman as the guard looks impassively at Bond.

THE OLD WOMAN

curtsies to Bond.

BOND

looks at her then turns forward again and gives us an "Oliver Hardy camera look" of total exasperation.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND'S GEARSHIFT

His hand shifts it into gear.

WIDE ANGLE - THE GUARDHOUSE

The caravan starts moving forward as the old woman holds up the barricade.

IN BOND'S CAR

He glances at his passenger then looks down.

CLOSE SHOT - BOND'S GEAR LEVER

His hand grips it, ready to flip the top open.

IN BOND'S CAR

He looks again at the guard then looks forward again.

CLOSE SHOT - THE GEARSHIFT

Bond's hand suddenly pulls the level downward.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CHASE

- The first Mercedes turns to the left.

- BOND: His face registers excitement as he switches gears again.

- CLOSE-SHOT - THE GEARSHIFT: Bond's hand shifts it upwards again.

- AT THE GUARDHOUSE: The Aston-Martin suddenly speeds off to the right.
- IN THE ASTON-MARTIN: The guard aims his pistol at Bond's head.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE GEARSHIFT: Bond's thumb pops the top off, revealing the red button.
- TWO-SHOT: DOLLY IN on Bond as he readies his trick.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE GEARSHIFT: Bond's thumb presses the red button.
- THE KOREAN: He looks up as the roof above him suddenly pops off and he is propelled upwards.
- CLOSE-UP - BOND: looks up at him.
- WIDE ANGLE - THE FACTORY: With a scream, the Korean, along with his seat, flies up through the roof of the Aston-Martin and lands on the ground.
- BOND: looks behind him and backs up.
- LONG SHOT - THE ASTON-MARTIN: backs up almost striking four Korean guards running toward it.
- OVER BOND'S SHOULDER: He steers to the side.
- EXT. THE ASTON-MARTIN: speeds off leaving eight guards behind, including the one who lies prone on the ground as three others surround him.
- OVER BOND'S SHOULDER: He races forward, serving to avoid a number of Koreans who appear in front of him.
- THE ASTON-MARTIN: PAN as it races past the Koreans.
- THE OLD GERMAN WOMAN: She suddenly lunges into position in the road ahead of us aiming a machine gun.
- Bond looks at her in amazement.
- The old woman starts firing.
- OVER BOND'S SHOULDER: He approaches her as she fires at his windshield. Bullets leave cracks in it.
- Bond turns his steering wheel to the side.
- The old woman keeps firing.
- The Aston-Martin races across her lawn as she keeps firing.

- KOREANS IN F.G.: stand at their Mercedes. Bond races past them, nearly smashing them against their car.
- THREE OTHER KOREANS: fire at him as he races past them. He continues past a factory building where other Koreans dive out of the way.
- Bond looks through his bullet-strewn windshield.
- WIDE ANGLE: The Aston-Martin nearly runs into other Koreans, then veers to the side.
- A FACTORY ROAD: The Aston-Martin rounds the corner of a building in b.g. and races forward. PAN on it as it veers left, knocking over drums and boxes.
- ON THE ROAD: A Mercedes round the same corner and nearly runs over three Koreans in f.g., who dive aside, then veers left after Bond.
- Bond keeps driving.
- TRUCKING SHOT: The Aston-Martin races forward at incredible speed, rounding the corners of buildings.
- Bond looks ahead.
- WIDE ANGLE: PAN on the Aston-Martin as it races past.
- SAME ANGLE: PAN on the Mercedes as it races after him.
- CLOSER: The Aston-Martin races by followed by the Mercedes.
- Bond turns the steering wheel, screeching into a turn.
- TRACKING SHOT: The Aston-Martin rounds a corner and races right at us.
- REVERSE ANGLE: The Aston-Martin races into the distance. The Mercedes crosses an intersection with the same road.
- The Mercedes screeches around the corner of a building as men lean out the windows with their guns.
- Bond looks ahead, concerned.
- BOND'S POV: The headlights of another vehicle seem to approach him.
- Bond looks ahead with a steely expression.
- BOND'S POV: The headlights continue to approach.
- Bond glances from side to side.

- OVER BOND'S SHOULDER: The headlights continue to approach. Bond shields his eyes.
- CLOSE SHOT - THE CONSOLE: Bond's fingers press a button.
- ANGLE ON THE ASTON-MARTIN'S GRILL: A headlight lowers revealing a machine gun that starts firing.
- PAN along the side of a building a bullets hit it.
- The machine guns continue to fire.
- The oncoming headlights keep approaching.
- Bond holds his hand in front of his face.
- The oncoming headlights keep approaching.
- Bond throws the steering wheel to the side.
- EXT. FACTORY ROAD: The Aston-Martin crashes into a wall and bricks fall atop it.
- A Mercedes pulls up and stops, its yellow headlight right in our face.

ANGLE ON THE MERCEDES

Oddjob alights from the back seat, other Koreans following with their guns. Oddjob crosses to the crashed Aston-Martin; a pillar lays atop it. He looks up.

ODDJOB'S POV - A MIRROR

It is mounted above them and reflects the Aston-Martin and Oddjob grinning.

ODDJOB

turns aside.

THE MIRROR

shows him moving to the Aston-Martin's driver's door.

CLOSER ANGLE

Oddjob opens the door. Bond's head falls backwards from the seat, unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LASER ROOM - NIGHT

Bond lies in darkness on his back on a metal table. He comes to. DOLLY BACK as he struggles to rise. He finds his arms and legs are tied to the table.

The lights come on with a swooshing sound. Bond looks to one side.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
Good evening, double-o-seven.

Bond looks the other way.

WIDE ANGLE - THE LASER ROOM

The table is in the middle of the room. A laser gun is aimed just behind Bond's head.

Beyond him, stairs lead up to a control room. Goldfinger walks down the stairs, wearing a gold dinner jacket, a shirt with gold buttons and a black bow-tie. Behind him are LING, KISCH, MELLINGER and THREE GUARDS.

BOND
My name is James Bond.

GOLDFINGER
(slipping his hands
into his pockets)
And members of your curious
profession are few in number.

CLOSER ANGLE

Goldfinger approaches the table.

GOLDFINGER
You have been recognized -- let's
say by one of your opposite
numbers, who is also licensed to
kill. -- Oh, that interesting car
of yours!

PAN on Goldfinger as he moves to the right. The laser gun comes into view. Goldfinger wipes his eye and laughs.

GOLDFINGER
I, too, have a new toy, but
considerably more practical.

BOND

glances up at the laser gun.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
 You are looking at an industrial
 laser...

BOND'S POV - THE LASER GUN

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
 ... which emits an extraordinary
 light, not to be found in nature.

GOLDFINGER

looks down at him and paces back past the table.

GOLDFINGER
 It can project a spot on the moon
 -- or, at closer range, cut through
 solid metal. I will show you.

Goldfinger turns and snaps his fingers at the control room.

Delsing flips a switch as Kisch, Ling and Wong look on.

The barrel of the laser gun moves down Bond's torso. He
 raises himself onto his elbows and looks at it.

TILT UP to show its blue coils gleaming as it keeps moving
 downwards.

LONG SHOT - THE LASER ROOM

The barrel of the laser gun comes to rest, aiming between
 Bond's legs. Suddenly the laser light goes on, gleaming red.

Bond looks down at it.

The laser beam starts cutting the outer edge of the tabletop,
 which is gold-coloured.

Goldfinger looks down smiling.

Bond looks down not smiling.

The laser beam continues burning through the table-top.

INTERCUT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER

GOLDFINGER
 (pointing to the table-top)
 This is gold, Mister Bond. All my
 life I've been in love with its
 colour, its brilliance, its divine
 heaviness.

Bond looks up at Goldfinger then down at his legs.

The laser beam keeps cutting through the table-top, moving toward Bond's crotch.

GOLDFINGER

I welcome any enterprise which will increase my stock, which is considerable.

Bond looks at Goldfinger then down at his crotch again.

The laser beam keeps cutting through the table-top.

BOND

I think you've made your point, Goldfinger. Thank you for the demonstration.

GOLDFINGER

(studying the beam)

Choose your next witticism carefully, Mister Bond. It may be your last.

The laser beam continues cutting upwards. Bond looks at it then up at Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

The purpose of our two previous encounters is now very clear to me. I do not intend to be distracted by another. Good-night, Mister Bond.

Goldfinger turns away.

Bond looks from Goldfinger to a spot between his legs. The laser beam keeps cutting upwards toward his crotch.

WIDE SHOT

Bond lies in f.g. on the table as Goldfinger starts walking up the steps to the control booth, his left hand in his pocket.

BOND

Do you expect me to talk?

GOLDFINGER

stops on the steps and looks down, both hands in his pockets.

GOLDFINGER

No, Mister Bond. I expect you to die!

INTERCUT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER

Bond looks up at him.

Goldfinger continues up the steps.

GOLDFINGER

There is nothing you can talk to me
about that I don't already know.

Bond looks at the laser beam. It keeps cutting through the
table-top. Bond tries to think of something to say.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH

Goldfinger talks animatedly to Ling. Kisch and Delsing look
on.

BOND

looks down at the laser beam. It keeps cutting upwards toward
his crotch. He turns sideways.

BOND

(calling)

You're forgetting one thing!

Goldfinger and Ling turn to look at him.

BOND

If I fail to report, double-o-eight
replaces me!

GOLDFINGER

I trust he will be more successful!

Goldfinger touches Ling's arm and they turn away.

Bond looks down at the laser beam again. It keeps cutting
toward his crotch.

BOND

Well, he knows what I know!

Goldfinger looks back.

GOLDFINGER

You know nothing, Mister Bond!

BOND

Operation Grand Slam, for instance!

GOLDFINGER AND LING

Ling freezes and looks at Bond but Goldfinger keeps his cool. He watches Bond and the laser beam about to slice into him. Goldfinger steps forward smirking as Ling looks imploringly at him.

Bond looks up at Goldfinger. The laser beam keeps cutting. Bond looks at Goldfinger again.

Goldfinger stands consulting with Ling and Kisch.

Bond looks again at the tabletop. The beam keeps cutting.

Goldfinger continues consulting with the others.

Bond looks down at the beam. It is almost at his crotch. Bond looks up.

WIDE ANGLE

Bond in f.g. again, Goldfinger beyond in the control room. Goldfinger turns to Bond.

GOLDFINGER

Two words you may have overheard
which cannot possibly have any
significance to you or anyone in
your organization.

As Goldfinger talks, Bond looks in exasperation at the approaching laser beam. It slices easily through the metal. Goldfinger steps forward smugly.

BOND

Can you afford to take that chance?

Goldfinger hesitates. Bond looks over at him, then back at the table. The beam keeps cutting.

Bond looks at Goldfinger again. Goldfinger smiles, relenting. He turns back and snaps his fingers (soundlessly) at his assistants.

EXTREME LONG SHOT

The laser beam switches off as Kisch walks down the steps from the control room.

BOND

looks up at the laser gun then down at his legs.

GOLDFINGER

You are quite right, Mister Bond.
You are worth more to me alive.

WIDE ANGLE

As Bond lies in f.g. and Goldfinger looks on, Kisch approaches the table.

Bond looks up at Kisch, then Goldfinger, then Kisch. Kisch raises a large pistol and points it at Bond's chest.

Goldfinger looks on smugly as Kisch aims.

Kisch fires the pistol; it makes a thumping sound. Bond's head lowers to the tabletop.

Goldfinger looks on with even greater smugness.

LONG SHOT

We see the entire tableau -- Bond unconscious, Kisch beside him and Goldfinger looking on.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JET PLANE - FLYING - DAY

Bond lies sleeping in a seat. We hear the hum of the engines. He comes to and looks up, surprised.

BOND'S POV - PUSSY GALORE

She is out-of-focus, then comes into focus peering at him. She smiles.

INTERCUT - BOND AND PUSSY

BOND

Who are you?

PUSSY

My name is Pussy Galore.

BOND

I must be dreaming.

Pussy looks down at him. Bond looks back at her. She keeps looking at him.

Bond feels his chest.

BOND
I thought I'd wake up dead.

PUSSY
(holding up a pistol)
Tranquilizer gun. Knockout shot.

BOND
I see. Well, I 'm delighted to be here.

DOLLY BACK as Pussy walks away.

BOND
And, uh, by the way: where is here?

Pussy sets the pistol down and looks out the window.

PUSSY
Thirty-five thousand feet, flying south-west over Newfoundland.

BOND
Well, that explains the humming.

DOLLY BACK IN.

PUSSY
The humming means you're on Mister Goldfinger's Jet-Star heading for Baltimore. And you're his guest.

BOND
I'm honoured. I never realized he enjoyed my company that much.

PUSSY
I don't suppose it will be all fun and games.
(calling off)
Mei Li!

REVERSE ANGLE

An Oriental stewardess in a gold top -- MEI LI -- steps toward Bond.

MEI LI
Can I do something for you, Mister Bond?

BOND AND PUSSY

BOND

Uh, just a drink. A martini,
shaken, not stirred.

Mei Li bows to him and walks off. Bond looks at her butt then swivels in his chair to face Pussy.

BOND

Won't you join me?

PUSSY

Not on duty. I'm Mister
Goldfinger's personal pilot.

BOND

You are? And, uh, just how
personal is that?

PUSSY

(glaring back at him)
I'm a damned good pilot. Period.

BOND

Well, that's good news. And by the
way, where is our host?

PUSSY

He flew on ahead.

PAN OVER from Bond to include Mei Li approaching him with a golden cup on a tray. Bond takes the cup.

BOND

Thank you.

Mei Li turns away. Bond looks at her butt again then faces forward and raises his drink.

Pussy looks at a clipboard.

Bond sips his drink.

BOND

Well, here's to Operation Grand
Slam.

Pussy, ignoring him, puts the clipboard away. Bond watches her. Pussy opens the door to the cabin.

BOND

This should be a memorable flight.

PUSSY
 (turning to him)
 You can turn off the charm. I'm
 immune.

Bond sips his drink then swivels again in his chair, looking back at Mei Li. She stands in b.g. at the bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLANE - FLYING - DAY

The plane flies through very light clouds.

[END OF REEL 6. START REEL 7.]

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Pussy sits in the pilot's seat beside a female co-pilot, SYDNEY. Pussy picks up a microphone.

PUSSY
 (speaking into the mic)
 We'll be landing in Baltimore...

IN THE CABIN

Bond hears Pussy's voice over a speaker. He holds a brandy snifter. Mei Li stands in b.g.

PUSSY
 (continuing)
 ... our port of entry into the
 United States, in fifty-five
 minutes.

Bond rises. DOLLY IN as he walks to Mei Li.

BOND
 Mei Li, I would like to arrive
 more, uh, appropriately dressed.
 (he sits on a barstool)
 Did any of my luggage survive with
 me?

She starts to reach down.

BOND
 Ah!

He reaches in front of her and picks up his suitcase.

BOND
 And, uh, my attaché case?

MEI LI
Black attaché case damaged when
examined. So sorry.

BOND
Apologies quite unnecessary.

Bond rises. Mei Li gestures ahead of him. He opens a padded door to the washroom and goes inside.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond shuts the door behind him.

IN THE COCKPIT

Sydney is reading a magazine. A red light behind her blinks with a beeping sound.

PUSSY
Sydney, tell Mei Li to keep an eye
on him.

Sydney sets down her magazine, removes her headphones and rises.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond opens his suitcase and takes out a shaving kit. He sets it by the sink.

Then he takes out a gray suit on a hanger, He closes the suitcase and reaches up to hang the suit on a hook.

CLOSER

Bond notices a wall clock.

STILL CLOSER

There is a peephole in it.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Mei Li looks through a peephole in the washroom door.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond leans back against the wall, then takes his suit and hangs it over the clock.

IN THE CABIN

Mei Li backs away, her view blocked. She moves to a gold portal and opens it, revealing another peephole. She looks through it.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond opens a cabinet mirror and looks behind it.

He holds his hand in front of the mirror and sees it through the back of the mirror.

Bond turns, picks up his suitcase and opens it so that the lid blocks the view through the mirror.

IN THE CABIN

Mei Lei backs away, her view blocked again.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond takes a razor from his shaving kit.

He unscrews the handle, drops a mini-Homer device into his hand and primes it. It beeps. He reaches down, slides back the heel of his shoe, inserts the device into a slot and closes the heel.

Bond rises, shutting his suitcase and picking up a can of shaving cream.

IN THE CABIN

Mei Li looks through the peephole again.

IN THE WASHROOM

Bond has lathered his face. He picks up the shaving cream can, aims it at the mirror and squirts a circle of soap on it.

IN THE CABIN

Mei Li backs up, thwarted again, and shuts the portal.

EXT. PLANE - FLYING - DAY

The plane continues flying through clouds.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mei Li dusts a tabletop. Bond emerges from the washroom behind her, wearing a gray suit and vest. DOLLY BACK as he looks ahead at Pussy.

PUSSY

We'll be landing in twenty minutes.
Do you want to play it easy...
(she aims a revolver
at him)
... or the hard way? And this
isn't a tranquilizer.

DOLLY BACK to include Pussy as Bond walks up to her.

BOND

Uh, Pussy, you know a lot more
about planes than guns.

Pussy looks back at him.

BOND

That's a Smith and Wesson forty-
five. If you fire it at this close
range, the bullet will pass through
me and the fuselage like a
blowtorch through butter. The
cabin will depressurize and we'll
both be sucked into outer space
together.

(he sits in his
swivel chair)

But if that's how you want to enter
the United States, you're welcome.
As for me -- I, uh, prefer the
easier way.

PUSSY

(looking down at him)
That's very sensible.

BOND

Well, besides, there's always so
much going on around Mister
Goldfinger. Oh, I wouldn't dream
of not accepting his -- uh,
hospitality.

Pussy approaches him.

PUSSY

He'll be very glad to see you, too.

Bond looks up at her. She rubs the barrel of the revolver under his chin.

PUSSY
You like close shaves, don't you?

She turns away. Bond picks up his snifter and sips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "M'S" OFFICE - DAY

He puts a book in a bookcase, then hears a voice over his intercom:

MISS MONEYPENNY (filtered)
Washington, sir, on the green
scrambler.

"M" hurries to his desk, flips off the intercom, sits and picks up the phone.

"M"
(into phone)
"M" here.

FELIX (over phone)
Leiter, sir.

"M"
Leiter!

INT. FELIX' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Felix is on a beige phone. The White House is visible out the window behind him.

FELIX
It's about double-o-seven, sir. We
picked up his Homer signal. It's
monitored into Friendship Airport,
Baltimore, where he's just landed.

INTERCUT - "M" AND FELIX

"M"
Baltimore! Nice of him to let us
know. Last we heard, he was in
Switzerland.

FELIX
He came in on a private jet ex
Geneva, registered to our old
friend Auric Goldfinger.

"M"
I'm glad he's making progress.

FELIX
Yes, sir.

"M"
Keep an eye on him for us.

FELIX
Their flight plan gives Blue Grass
Field, Kentucky as their final
destination.

"M"
Don't charge in on him and spoil
anything, will you? He's evidently
well on top at the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE GRASS AIRFIELD - DAY

Goldfinger's jet plane taxis by and approaches a hangar where
a sign hanging from the roof reads, "PUSSY GALORE'S FLYING
CIRCUS." On the side of the plane in gold lettering are the
words "AURIC ENTERPRISES, INC."

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSER ANGLE - THE SIGN

TILT DOWN to show the plane entering the hangar. Two Koreans
await in blue jumpsuits and yellow sashes.

IN THE HANGAR

The plane rolls to a stop. The Koreans approach.

The cabin door opens. DOLLY BACK as Mei Li starts to lower
the steps.

MEI LI
Mr. Bond?

BOND
Of course.

MEI LI
Please.

Bond lowers the steps for her.

BOND
Any time.

MEI LI

Thank you.

Mei Li descends the steps. Bond follows. PAN with them. She starts talking to the two Koreans. PAN back to the plane. Pussy descends the steps. A coat hangs over her arm.

BOND

(taking her hand)

Do mind you step, captain.

Pussy pulls back her hand and lifts the coat to reveal she holds a revolver.

PUSSY

Just keep playing it easy.

Bond walks on ahead as Pussy turns to Mei Li. (This time Pussy pronounces her last name "lie" instead of "lee.")

PUSSY

Mei Li, will you see everything's arranged for Mister Goldfinger?

MEI LI

Of course.

Bond strolls to the entrance to the hangar and looks outside. As Pussy approaches him, Bond looks up at the sky.

BOND'S POV - PUSSY'S FLYING CIRCUS

Five planes fly in a V-formation.

Bond keeps looking up.

The planes now fly in a circle.

Pussy arrives at Bond's side.

BOND

Talented chaps.

PUSSY

They should be. I trained them.
Come on.

TRUCK with them as they walk alongside the hangar.

BOND

You're a woman of many parts,
Pussy. I believe that the bourbon
and branch water's rather splendid
here in Kentucky. Now that we're
off duty, perhaps --

Just then Oddjob comes into view, standing beside a red station wagon. Two Koreans sit in the back seat. A blue pickup truck is parked behind it.

Oddjob glowers at Bond.

REVERSE ANGLE

Oddjob motions to Bond to get in the car. PAN on Bond as he walks past him.

BOND

Manners, Oddjob. I thought you always took your hat off to a lady.

Bond gets in the back seat. Oddjob slams the door shut and opens the driver's door. Mei Li crosses in b.g., walking to the station wagon with her two Koreans.

CLOSER ON BOND

BOND

You know, he kills little girls like you.

PAN on Pussy as she walks up to him.

PUSSY

Little boys, too.

She bangs twice on the car roof. It drives off. Pussy watches it go then turns aside.

AERIAL SHOT - THE PLANES

The five planes fly across a grass field, coming in for a landing.

Pussy steps forward onto a perimeter track.

The planes taxi toward her then come to a stop.

From one of the planes, a gorgeous blonde pilot (ALTHEA) emerges. PAN on her as she jogs toward Pussy, revealing the other four planes behind her. From them four more BLONDE PILOTS emerge. They all jog over to Pussy.

She looks at them with admiration.

PAN on the girls as they reach her.

PUSSY

Well?

ALTHEA

Dress rehearsal went like a dream,
skipper.

PUSSY

Good. You'll get your final
briefing tonight. That'll be all
for now.

The girls smile and turn away. Pussy watches them go then
turns aside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "AURIC STUD" - DAY

The station wagon drives through a gateway onto a stud farm.
A sign at the entrance reads, "AURIC STUD."

ON A RACE TRACK

TRACK BACK as two jockeys harness-race along the track. In
b.g., the station wagon passes some buildings and horses in a
corral, then stops at a plantation house.

BOND

gets out of the car, followed by Oddjob and the guards.
Oddjob motions to Bond to start walking.

AT A STABLE

Goldfinger, wearing brown suit, yellow cap and brown gloves,
stands on a step looking at a brown horse held by a TRAINER
and GROOM. He sees Bond and steps down. PAN on him as he
walks over to Bond; the other men lead the horse away in b.g.

GOLDFINGER

Ah! Welcome to Auric Stud, Mister
Bond. Lovely animal, isn't she?

BOND

(glares at him)
Certainly better bred than the
owner.

GOLDFINGER

(gesturing to Oddjob)
Show Mister Bond to his quarters,
please.

Oddjob and the two guards escort Bond to a staircase that runs
down under a wooden building.

Goldfinger watches with a disappointed expression, then takes off his gloves and walks away.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

TRACK BACK as Oddjob and the two guards escort Bond along the corridor. The walls are made of stone and there are elaborate wooden cross-beams.

PAN over to reveal a GUARD opening a heavy metal cell door. There is a small barred window in it. Oddjob takes off his hat and motions to Bond. Bond steps inside the cell.

IN THE CELL

Bond looks around as the guard closes the door behind him. He walks over to a grating high in the opposite wall that lets in a little sunshine and air.

Bond reaches down, feels a cot and sits on it, legs crossed. DOLLY IN as he taps the heel of his shoe.

CLOSE SHOT - A GREEN SCOPE

The indicator light is beeping. Next to it is a Thunderbird logo.

WIDER ANGLE - COLONEL SANDERS' RESTAURANT

Another C.I.A. man, Johnnie, sits behind the wheel looking at the scope. The beep indicator is stationary.

Felix stands outside the car, leaning against it. It is white with a black convertible top.

JOHNNIE

Felix?

Felix gets in the car beside him.

JOHNNIE

Maybe we should just drop in on him.

FELIX

He'll shout if he needs us.

INT. BOND'S CELL - DAY

Bond sits on the cot, his back against the wall, legs extended and arms crossed.

EXT. VERANDA OF STABLES - DAY

Kisch walks into Goldfinger's office, seen through the window. Goldfinger sits at a desk.

KISCH
They're all here, Mister
Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER
Uh?... Oh, yes... yes.
(rises and grabs
his yellow cap)
Thank you, Kisch.

Goldfinger exits through a back door.

INT. GOLDFINGER'S RUMPUS ROOM - DAY

Four men (CHANCER, MAXIM, LAURENCE and BRAND) sit on an elevated platform as another man -- SOLO -- paces forward. He wears a black suit and smokes a pipe.

TRACK BACK as Solo passes a pool table where three men are playing (EDWARDS, BRANDON and STRAP).

ANGLE ON A BAR

Three other men sit at the bar (RABIN, McCARTHY and MIDNIGHT).

MCCARTHY
That guy Solo's gonna wear a hole
in shoes.

TRACK IN as Solo walks past the bar then stops, hearing a man laugh.

A WOODEN HORSE

HURNDALL laughs as he rides a wooden horse. TRACK BACK to show it is being rocked by BASKERVILLE. Solo stands in b.g. watching, then turns away. Further back is a central fireplace.

GOLDFINGER

enters the room waving his cap.

GOLDFINGER
Gentlemen!

Men all over the room stop what they're doing and look at him.

MIDNIGHT

Goldfinger, why weren't we told
that New York and the West Coast
were in on this?

LAURENCE

Look who's talking!

TRACK BACK on Goldfinger as he walks past Strap and Solo.

STRAP

I do not do business with Chicago!

SOLO

I thought we had a private business
deal to settle. Now I find I'm
attending a hoods' convention!

Goldfinger stops at the pool table.

STRAP

Goldfinger, I made a delivery.
Where is my money?

LAURENCE

I made a delivery, too.

GOLDFINGER

(leaning on the pool
table)

You all made the deliveries we
contracted for.

MIDNIGHT

And you owe me one million bucks.

GOLDFINGER

I owe each of you a million -- in
gold bullion.

STRAP

So pay.

Goldfinger rolls a ball across the table.

GOLDFINGER

Gentlemen, you can have the million
today...

(he picks up another
ball then sets it
down for emphasis)

... or ten millions tomorrow!

STRAP

Did you say ten million?

GOLDFINGER

As soon as my bank opens in the morning.

SOLO

Banks don't open on Sunday.

GOLDFINGER

My bank will!

Goldfinger laughs. TILT DOWN as he reaches under the pool table and flips a switch. The sound of a motor humming begins and the pool table starts moving.

INTERCUT - AROUND THE ROOM

The pool table revolves counter-clockwise and the tabletop inverts to reveal a console.

STRAP

What's with that trick pool table?

Goldfinger crosses to the console as the table stops moving and the humming ends.

He reaches out and turns three white dials. Indicator lights go on and another humming sound starts.

[END OF REEL 7. START REEL 8.]

A large wood panel lowers over the windows.

LAURENCE

Cover him!

STRAP

Hey, cover those doors!

SOLO

Turn those lights back on!

Three gangsters back up in the dark.

A large aerial photograph rises from the floor and interior lights go on.

GOLDFINGER

There is no cause for alarm, gentlemen.

He turns a black knob. The humming sound increases. He looks up.

The large photograph flattens against the wall as side panels come into place beside it.

LAURENCE (O.S.)
 I don't like being cooped up like
 this. -- What's that map doing
 there?

Goldfinger takes a pool cue from a rack by the table. PAN on him as he crosses to the aerial photo. It depicts Fort Knox and the surrounding area.

GOLDFINGER
 (pointing with the cue)
 This is my bank. The gold
 depository at Fort Knox, gentlemen.
 In its vaults are fifteen billion
 dollars -- the entire gold supply
 of the United States.

STRAP
 (laughing)
 Knock off Fort Knox?!

The gangsters laugh at him.

LAURENCE
 Got a key or somethin'?

GOLDFINGER
 Of a kind.

PAN on him as he walks back to the console.

SOLO
 There are thirty-five thousand
 troops stationed around there.

GOLDFINGER
 (setting down the cue)
 Forty-one thousand.

MIDNIGHT
 And who's going to say "boo" to
 them, Goldfinger?

Goldfinger turns the white dials again and the humming sound resumes.

The bar starts to swivel around and the centre of the floor retracts, revealing a hidden model of Fort Knox. The gangsters panic.

MIDNIGHT
 Hey, what's going on here?!

ANOTHER GANGSTER
 Hey, what is this?!

ANOTHER GANGSTER

It's the floor!

ANOTHER GANGSTER

Say, what is this, a merry-go-round?!

The bar swivels into a new position. Goldfinger looks off. A lighting apparatus lowers from the ceiling above the model. The model starts to rise.

The gangsters look at it in amazement. Goldfinger approaches the model holding his pool cue.

GOLDFINGER

Man has climbed Mount Everest.
Gone to the bottom of the ocean.
He has fired rockets to the moon.
Split the atom. Achieved
miracles...

(the humming stops)

... in every field of human
endeavor -- except crime!

IN BOND'S CELL

Bond paces to the door. He looks out through the bars. A Korean guard sits outside watching him.

Bond waves to him. The guard looks back expressionless.

Bond turns, paces to the far end of the cell and returns to the bars.

The guard sits staring at him. Bond waves to him again and turns away. The guard continues to watch expressionless.

Bond paces to the bars again and smiles at the guard. The guard stares back. Bond winks at him. The guard stares back. Bond smiles and suddenly lowers himself below the window.

The guard keeps looking. Bond is no longer visible.

THE GUARD

gets up, walks to the door and looks through the bars. The cell appears empty.

He takes out a gun, unlocks the door and kicks it open.

IN THE CELL

The door slams against the inner wall. The guard walks in. Bond hides above him in the rafters.

The guard looks around, seeing an empty cell.

UPWARD ANGLE ON THE GUARD

Bond, above him, braces himself.

BOND

suddenly jumps down. He grabs the guard from behind. They tussle and fall to the floor.

They struggle for the gun. Bond slams the guard's hand against the bed frame and the gun falls.

The guard shoves Bond against the wall. Bond kicks him under the chin and the guard falls flat on his back.

ZIP PAN over to the gun under the cot. Bond takes the gun and his jacket and backs out of the cell as the guard lies unconscious in f.g.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Bond shuts the cell door behind him, lays the key on a pile of rags and walks down the corridor putting on his jacket.

As he nears the end of the corridor, we see a basement control room ahead containing a hydraulic lift and we hear voices from above:

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)

The underworld will rock with
applause for centuries.

MIDNIGHT (O.S.)

Cut the commercial.

STRAP (O.S.)

Yeah, get to the point!

IN THE RUMPUS ROOM

Seven of the gangsters are lined up on the platform facing Goldfinger. He holds the pool cue and approaches Solo.

SOLO

You're wasting my time, Goldfinger.
The depository is impregnable.

STRAP

(steps forward counting
on his fingers)

Look, the joint is bomb-proof,
electrified, lousy with machine
guns, tear gas --

GOLDFINGER

Bear with me, please! Fort Knox is a bank, like any other. Larger, better protected perhaps, but nonetheless a bank!

PAN OVER as he points the pool cue at the model.

GOLDFINGER

It can be, I think the expression is, blown.

ZOOM IN on the model. Bond's eyes look out through windows in the replica of Fort Knox.

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)

My plan is foolproof, gentlemen.

UNDER THE MODEL

Bond stands on the hydraulic platform. He jumps down, looks around, tears a piece of paper from a rolled-up document and grabs a pencil.

He runs back under the model and looks through it again. Meanwhile we hear Goldfinger continue:

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)

I call it Operation Grand Slam. I have devoted fifteen years of my life to it. Every detail has been scrupulously prepared. Every eventuality has been considered. We'll operate on a split-second schedule. Your organization, Mister Midnight, brought in a consignment of these canisters...

IN THE RUMPUS ROOM

Goldfinger holds up a gold canister the size of a wine bottle.

GOLDFINGER

... across the Canadian border. They contain Delta Nine.

UNDER THE MODEL

Bond prepares to write on the piece of paper.

IN THE RUMPUS ROOM

MIDNIGHT

Delta Nine? What's that?

GOLDFINGER
 (gesturing emphatically)
 An invisible nerve gas which
 disperses fifteen minutes after
 inducing complete unconsciousness
 for twenty-four hours!

Goldfinger hands the canister to one of the gangsters and paces past them.

GOLDFINGER
 Tomorrow at dawn, the Flying Circus
 of my personal pilot, Miss Pussy
 Galore...

UNDER THE MODEL

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
 ... will spray it into the
 atmosphere!

Bond starts writing. PAN OVER to the piece of paper. He writes:

"007 to CIA
 AERIAL NERVE GAS
 PRECEDES DAWN RAID
 FORT KNOX
 TOMORROW"

GOLDFINGER (O.S.)
 Once the population, including the
 military, has been immobilized, my
 task...

IN THE RUMPUS ROOM

GOLDFINGER
 ... force, which Mr. Strap and his
 people smuggled across the Rio
 Grande from Mexico, will approach
 Fort Knox in motorized equipment
 along Bullion Boulevard...

He points to the model with the pool cue.

GOLDFINGER
 ... which runs past the depository
 here, and intersects with Gold
 Vault Road. This fence surrounding
 the depository, as Mister Strap
 reminded us, is electrified. It
 will be dynamited. My task force
 will then move to the main entrance
 and demolish it.

SOLO

How, may I ask?

GOLDFINGER

You made that possible, Mister Solo, by arranging, through your considerable influence in shipping circles, to bring through customs uninspected a consignment labeled machine parts. All that will then remain is to descend to the vaults where the bullion is stored.

SOLO

I've heard enough.

STRAP

Let him finish.

SOLO

(interrupting)

If you have no objection...

(to Goldfinger)

... I'll take my money now.

STRAP

What's the matter, Solo? Too big for you to handle?

Goldfinger looks over at other gangsters. They look back at him. He looks at another group of gangsters. They look back.

Under the model, Bond watches.

GOLDFINGER

Gentlemen, we must respect Mister Solo's decision. Please excuse me for a few minutes while I take care of him. Make yourselves comfortable.

Goldfinger leads Solo toward the door.

UNDER THE MODEL

Bond takes the Homer from his heel, folds the paper around it and slips it into his pocket.

He looks through the model again. He hears general hubbub from the gangsters, and a few clear words:

FIRST GANGSTER

How do we get it out?

SECOND GANGSTER

That's the bit I want to hear.

THIRD GANGSTER

Yeah, and it had better be good.

TILT DOWN to Bond's feet. Suddenly a pair of hands grab his ankles and yank on them. He falls face-down onto the platform.

The hands pull him back and hurl him against a wall. He turns around and suddenly stops.

His assailant is Pussy. She glares at him with her hands on her hips.

BOND

Pussy! Well, who taught you judo?

She holds her hand out. DOLLY BACK as she steps forward; a guard crosses behind her.

PUSSY

The gun you took.

BOND

Oh, the gun. The gun, of course.

He takes it from his pocket and hands it to her handle-first. She motions to him to go back down the corridor. He starts walking. She hands the gun to one of the guards.

BOND

We must have a few fast falls together sometime.

ANGLE ON THE BASEMENT CONTROL ROOM

Kisch steps forward, presses a button and sliding armoured doors glide shut.

IN THE BASEMENT CONTROL ROOM

DOLLY after Kisch turns to a control panel and switches on two t.v. monitors. They show different angles on the rumpus room.

IN THE RUMPUS ROOM

Gangsters hover around the model.

MIDNIGHT

Hey, Strap, y'know, if he's got the right answers, you and me don't even have to be there. The boys can handle everything.

IN THE BASEMENT CONTROL ROOM

Kisch dons a gas mask. Then he presses a button on a control panel. Indicator lights go on.

ON ONE OF THE MONITORS

We see the fireplace hood shut over the grate and some lights go off.

IN THE RUMPUS ROOMS

The gangsters react with panic.

GANGSTER

Hey, they closed up the fireplace!

PAN over to the wall-sized photo. A shielding lowers over it, sealing the room.

ANOTHER GANGSTER

I don't like this!

Four teargas canisters rise from a console table.

MIDNIGHT

What's goin' on here?

IN THE BASEMENT CONTROL ROOM

Kisch turns a switch.

THE TEARGAS CANISTERS

DOLLY IN as they start hissing.

WIDER ANGLE

Blue lights start flashing. The gangsters choke and run around.

MIDNIGHT

The gas!

Gangsters fall to the ground.

The canisters keep hissing.

The last of the gangsters drop to the ground.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

A Korean guard loads bars of gold into the trunk of a car. DOLLY BACK to show it is a Cadillac.

Goldfinger and Solo emerge through the front doorway of the house. Another guard follows behind them with a briefcase and overcoat.

GOLDFINGER

Such a pity you did not choose to remain with the others, Mister Solo. However...

The guard closes the trunk. Solo glances up. Goldfinger notices and looks back.

Pussy walks up to them with Bond. Bond takes his hand from his pocket, holding the piece of paper with the Homer.

GOLDFINGER

Ah, Mister Bond. I thought you were resting in your quarters.

FOUR-SHOT

Solo, Goldfinger, Pussy and Bond.

BOND

Oh, they are delightful, but it's much too nice to stay indoors. I ran into Miss Galore and she suggested that we join you.

GOLDFINGER

(turning between the two men)

Mister Solo, Mister Bond, another of my distinguished guests.

SOLO

Hello.

BOND

Leaving us so soon, Mister Solo?

GOLDFINGER

Unfortunately, he has a pressing engagement.

SOLO

Yeah. I'd like to get started, Goldfinger.

He calls behind him to the guard.

SOLO

Boy!

Solo approaches the car followed by the guard.

BOND
Ah, when you gotta go, you gotta
go.

Solo opens the passenger door. Bond slips the paper into his pocket.

GOLDFINGER
My plane will get you to New York
on time. With you excess luggage.
(he laughs)

Solo takes the briefcase and overcoat from the guard and gets into the car.

BOND
(closing the door)
Allow me.

Oddjob approaches from b.g.

GOLDFINGER
My chauffeur's an excellent driver.
You will be at the airport in a few
minutes.

Oddjob gets in behind the wheel.

GOLDFINGER
Goodbye, Mister Solo. Some other
time, perhaps...

BOND
(leaning forward)
Happy landings, old boy.

PAN on the car as it drives off.

[END OF REEL 8. START REEL 9.]

THREE-SHOT

Goldfinger, Pussy and Bond.

PUSSY
I found him under the model.

Goldfinger looks at Bond. Bond looks back.

BOND
Operation Grand Slam. I did enjoy
your briefing.

Goldfinger looks back at Bond. Bond looks back at Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER
(grins slightly)
So did I.

PAN on him as he walks off. Bond and Pussy watch him go.

Goldfinger heads for the stables.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAN on Oddjob's Cadillac as it drives by.

OUTSIDE COLONEL SANDERS'

Johnnie again sits in the driver's seat of the Thunderbird. He hears the scope beeping and looks at it.

The beep indicator is moving.

He gets out of the car and honks the horn. Felix hurries out of the restaurant eating.

JOHNNIE
He's on the move!

Felix takes another bite and heads for the car.

Johnnie backs the car up. Felix rushes into the passenger seat and they take off.

THE CADILLAC

turns a corner at "Joe's Drive-In" and heads up another street.

THE THUNDERBIRD

follows up the same street.

IN THE THUNDERBIRD

Felix looks at the scope. The beep indicator moves upwards.

FELIX
Slow down. Don't crowd him.

The Thunderbird keeps following.

THE CADILLAC

cruises along. Solo sits impassively in the back seat as Oddjob drives.

The Cadillac passes under bridge where a sign reads, "INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT." Then it passes a sign at the side of the road that reads, "AIRPORT."

SOLO
(looking back)
Are you blind or something? You missed the turn!

Oddjob looks purposefully ahead.

ON A SIDE ROAD

The Cadillac rounds a corner. It stops at the side of the road. Solo, puzzled, looks back.

Oddjob picks up a pistol with a silencer and aims it at him.

Solo looks forward again and sees the gun. His eyes open wide in shock.

Oddjob shoots him in the chest. Solo falls back against his seat then drops out of view.

Oddjob peers down at him smugly.

THE CADILLAC

drives forward again.

IN THE THUNDERBIRD

Felix studies the scope.

FELIX
Hmm. He turned to the right just ahead here somewhere.

The Thunderbird stops, backs up and heads in a different direction.

ODDJOB

drives serenely.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

The Cadillac races by under a bridge.

IN THE THUNDERBIRD

The beeping continues.

JOHNNIE

(glancing at the scope)
Where's this old pal of yours
heading?

FELIX

Ten'll get you one, it's a drink or
a dame.

Johnnie looks at him and smiles.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

The Thunderbird continues under the same bridge.

IN THE CADILLAC

Oddjob keeps driving serenely.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

He turns into a scrap yard where scrap metal is piled into
pyramids. A sign on the wall reads, "ATLANTIC IRON & METAL
CO."

IN THE SCRAP YARD

Oddjob pulls to a stop, gets out of the Cadillac and walks
away.

Just then grab hooks descend onto the car. They surround the
roof, gripping the car, and raise it into the air.

The hooks swing the car overhead then drop it into a car-
crushing machine. The flanges of the machine start to close
on the car.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The machine's hydraulics compress the car into a foot-square
cube.

The flanges retract and a gateway opens. A metal arm pushes
the cube out through the gateway.

An electromagnet snags the cube from above. It lifts the cube
into the air then lowers it into the back of Oddjob's blue
pickup truck as Oddjob (looking thinner) approaches the truck.

Oddjob gets in behind the wheel and glances back as the cargo
is lowered into place.

Oddjob drives away.

IN THE THUNDERBIRD

Felix tries adjusting the controls of the scope but the beeping has stopped.

FELIX

Dead.

JOHNNIE

Mechanical failure maybe.

FELIX

Unless he switched it off.

Felix keeps trying to adjust the scope.

JOHNNIE

Why would he do that?

FELIX

Drive to the farm. It's all we can do.

JOHNNIE

Right.

PAN on the Thunderbird as it drives on. Then the pickup truck comes down the other side of the road. PAN on it into the other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATIO OF GOLDFINGER'S PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Pussy sits at a table with Goldfinger. A SERVANT sets mint juleps in front of them.

PUSSY

Thank you.

The servant moves off. DOLLY in to a tighter two-shot of Pussy and Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

Your share of Operation Grand Slam will make you a very rich woman, my dear.

PUSSY

Why else would I be in it, Mister Goldfinger?

She reaches for her glass. He strokes her hand.

GOLDFINGER
 You'll retire to England, I
 suppose?

He continues stroking her hand.

PUSSY
 No. I've spotted a little island
 in the Bahamas. I'll hang up a
 sign --

She takes the glass, rejecting Goldfinger's hand.

PUSSY
 -- no trespassing, and go back to
 nature.

Goldfinger taps the tabletop, acknowledging the rejection.

THREE-SHOT

Pussy, Goldfinger and Kisch.

Kisch walks up to them.

GOLDFINGER
 Yes, Kisch?

KISCH
 Two men in a car, with binoculars.

GOLDFINGER
 Touts looking for racing tips.

OUTSIDE THE FARM - DAY

Felix and Johnnie stand at a fence, the Thunderbird parked
 behind them. Felix hands Johnnie a pair of binoculars. Felix
 looks through them.

GOLDFINGER

starts thinking.

GOLDFINGER
 There is another possibility,
 however. Kisch, ask Mister Bond to
 join us.

Kisch walks off. DOLLY IN on Pussy and Goldfinger.

GOLDFINGER

(to Pussy)

We were quite right to spare Mister Bond's life in Switzerland. If those gentlemen are his friends, let us convince them he needs no assistance. For their benefit, Pussy, let's make him as happy as possible. I suggest you change into something more suitable.

PUSSY

Certainly.

(sets her glass down)

Business before pleasure.

He chortles. She gets up. Her chortles again as he watches her go, then turns to his drink.

IN BOND'S CELL

Bond sits on the cot, his back against the wall and legs in a V-position, wearing his suit. DOLLY BACK and PAN OVER to reveal three guards watching him.

Kisch appears in the doorway and gestures to Bond with a gun.

KISCH

He wants you.

Bond gets up.

EXT. STUD FARM - AT THE FENCE - DAY

Felix and Johnnie stand looking over the fence, Felix with the binoculars. He pans over, seeing something.

FELIX' POV - THE PORCH OF THE PLANTATION HOUSE

Kisch follows Bond to the porch where Goldfinger still sits at the table.

GOLDFINGER

(casually, gesturing)

Ah, Mister Bond. Sit down, please. A mint julep? Traditional, but satisfying.

BOND

Yes, thanks.

(to the servant)

Sour mash, but not too sweet, please.

The servant nods and walks away.

BOND
(slips his hands in
his pockets)

You disappoint me, Goldfinger. You know Operation Grand Slam simply won't work. Incidentally, Delta Nine nerve gas is fatal.

GOLDFINGER
You are unusually well informed, Mr. Bond.

The servant approaches with Bond's drink on a tray.

BOND
You'll kill sixty-thousand people uselessly.
(to servant)
Ah!

He takes his drink. The servant moves off. Kisch, though, lingers behind them.

INTERCUT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER

GOLDFINGER
American motorists kill that many every two years.

BOND
Yes, well, I've worked out a few statistics of my own.
(sits across the
table from him)
Fifteen billion dollars in gold bullion weighs ten thousand, five hundred tons. Sixty men would take twelve days to load it onto two hundred trucks. Now, at the most, you're going to have two hours before the army, navy, air force, marines move in and make you put it back.

GOLDFINGER
Who mentioned anything about removing it?

Bond stops drinking. Kisch leans back against a pillar behind them, watching.

GOLDFINGER

Is the julep tart enough for you?

BOND

(thinking)

You plan to break into the world's largest bank, but not to steal anything. Why?

GOLDFINGER

Go on, Mister Bond.

BOND

Mister Ling, the Red Chinese agent at the factory. He's a specialist in nuclear fission. -- But of course!

Goldfinger smiles back at him.

BOND

His government's given you a bomb!

GOLDFINGER

I prefer to call it an atomic device. It's small, but particularly dirty.

BOND

Cobalt and iodine?

GOLDFINGER

Precisely.

BOND

Well, if you explode it in Fort Knox, the, uh, entire gold supply of the United States will be radioactive for... fifty-seven years!

GOLDFINGER

Fifty-eight, to be exact.

BOND

I apologize, Goldfinger. It's an inspired deal. They get what they want -- economic chaos in the West -- and the value of your gold increases many times.

GOLDFINGER

I conservatively estimate ten times.

BOND

Brilliant. But the atomic device,
as you call it, is already,
obviously in this country.

GOLDFINGER

Obviously.

BOND

But bringing it to Fort Knox, uh,
undetected could be risky -- very
risky.

GOLDFINGER

Oh the contrary, Mister Bond. The
risk is all on your side. If the
authorities should attempt to
locate it, who knows where it might
be exploded, eh? Perhaps the
Polaris submarine pens at New
London, Cape Kennedy, near the
White House... But we are
speculating idly. Operation Grand
Slam will be successful. You will
be there to see for yourself -- to
closely for comfort, I'm afraid.

[END OF REEL 9. START REEL 10.]

Bond looks off. He sees the blue pickup truck returning. The
truck stops in front of the house.

Goldfinger approaches it, followed by Bond.

GOLDFINGER

Forgive me, Mister Bond, but, uh, I
must arrange to separate my gold
from the late Mister Solo.

Goldfinger approaches the pickup truck.

BOND

As you said he had a pressing
engagement.

As Goldfinger reaches the back of the truck, Pussy emerges
through the front door of the house wearing casual clothes.

GOLDFINGER

Ah, very chic, Miss Galore.

(to Bond)

Don't you agree? Please entertain
Mister Bond for me, Pussy. I'll
join you both later.

He bangs on the back of the truck and walks off with it.

Pussy crosses behind Bond and links an arm through his.

PUSSY

Well, how about it, handsome?
Don't you think it's about time we
got to know each other socially?

BOND

Well, the new Miss Galore. Where
do you hide you gold knuckles in
this outfit?

PUSSY

(escorting him forward)
Oh, uh, I never carry weapons after
business hours.

BOND

Yeah? So you're off duty.

PUSSY

I'm completely defenseless.

BOND

(looking at her)
So am I.

Pussy laughs.

AT THE FENCE

Felix continues looking through the binoculars, Johnnie beside
him.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Bond and Pussy walk casually across the grounds toward a
stable.

FELIX

lowers the binoculars and passes them to Johnnie.

FELIX

That's my James.

TRACKING SHOT - BOND AND PUSSY

They walk past the stable, her arm still linked through his.

BOND

Beautiful place Goldfinger has
here.

PUSSY

Yes. I'm glad you're enjoying it.

BOND

Too bad it all has to end tomorrow morning.

He faces Pussy. She looks back at him.

BOND

He's quite mad, you know.

Pussy keeps looking at him.

Bond turns to the entrance to the stable.

BOND

Well, now. What do we have here?

He walks inside, Pussy following.

AT THE FENCE

Felix looks through the binoculars again.

FELIX

Double-o-seven seems to have the situation well in hand. Come on, I'm bushed. Let's get back to the motel.

They turn away toward the Thunderbird.

INT. STABLE - DAY - SAME TIME

Bond paces in front of Pussy.

BOND

You're quite a girl, Pussy.

PUSSY

I'm strictly the outdoor type.

BOND

I'd like to think you're not in on all of this, uh, caper.

PUSSY

Skip it. I'm not interested. Let's go.

He grabs her arm and turns her back.

BOND

What would it take for you to see things my way?

PUSSY

A lot more than you've got.

BOND

(looking into her eyes)

How do you know?

PUSSY

(looking back)

I don't want to know.

She turns to the door again. He grabs her and holds her back.

BOND

Isn't it customary to grant the condemned man his last request?

PUSSY

You've asked for this.

She hurls him with a Judo move. He summersaults and lands on his butt in hay. He looks back at her. She exhales.

Pussy walks up to him.

PUSSY

Get up!

Bond grabs her leg and drops her into the hay.

BOND

(rising)

Certainly.

He offers a hand to help her up. She rises. She tries to throw him but he twists her around and tosses her over his back. She lands in the hay.

She recovers and looks back, glaring.

Bond smiles, walks toward her and sits beside her.

BOND

There. Now let's both play.

She tries to kick him but he jumps on top of her. She places her hands at his throat, trying to push him away, but he steadily lowers himself. She turns her head to the side.

Bond's mouth comes down on hers and they kiss. Struggling at first, Pussy finally relents and lets him kiss her. Her hands move from his neck to his shoulders, then she flings her arms around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

An airplane's propellers rev up.

WIDER ANGLE

A Korean guard checks the gas canister mounted under the wings of one of the planes. He runs to the other wing and checks the canister there as well.

Another guard in b.g. looks under the wing of another plane (but there are no canisters there).

PUSSY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pussy Galore to Champagne leader.
Commence Rock-a-Bye Baby. Good
luck.

The guards back away.

PAN on the five planes as they taxi down a runway.

ANOTHER SHOT

PAN on the planes as they take off.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN THE SKY

The planes fly in V-formation.

IN ONE OF THE PLANES

DENISE is flying and talks into her mic.

DENISE

Speed two-two-0. Wind check
westerly.

AERIAL SHOT - THE FIVE PLANES

fly across the sky.

DENISE

looking pleased, glances down at her controls.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - ABOVE THE PLANES

They fly over green terrain.

DENISE

talks into her mic.

DENISE

Champagne leader to Champagne
section. Commence dive -- now.

AERIAL SHOT - BEHIND THE PLANES

They fly in V-formation over a forest approaching Fort Knox in
extreme b.g.

DENISE

talks into her mic again.

DENISE

Ready for Rock-a-Bye Baby.
Commence spray on countdown.
Five...

IN ANOTHER PLANE

MAGGIE is at her controls.

DENISE'S VOICE

... four...

IN ANOTHER PLANE

LESLEY is at her controls.

DENISE'S VOICE

... three...

IN ANOTHER PLANE

JANE is at the controls.

DENISE'S VOICE

... two...

IN DENISE'S PLANE

She speaks the final word into the mic.

DENISE

... zero.

THE CANISTERS UNDER HER WING

begin to spray smoky gas.

AERIAL SHOT - FOLLOWING THE PLANES

They continue flying in V-formation right over Fort Knox.

ANGLE FROM THE GROUND

The planes continue over Fort Knox and separate from formation.

UNDER A WING

Smoky gas continues to shoot from a canister.

AERIAL SHOT - THE PLANES

fly off in different directions.

IN ONE OF THE PLANES

Jane sits at the controls, looking over.

ANGLE FROM THE GROUND - TWO OF THE PLANES

pass over planes sitting on a tarmac and various buildings.
PAN on them to reveal a sign on a brick building that reads,
"WELCOME TO FORT KNOX. GENERAL RUSSHON."

AERIAL SHOT - PLANE'S POV

We pass over barracks approaching two water towers.

IN A PLANE

Denise at the controls looks down.

HER POV - THE WATER TOWERS

She begins flying past them.

ANGLE FROM THE GROUND

She continues past them.

AERIAL SHOT - PLANE'S POV

More barracks approach.

UNDER THE WING

Smoky gas shoots out from the canisters as the plane crosses the barracks.

ON THE GROUND

A phalanx of marching men suddenly fall to the ground as a plane passes over the barracks beside them.

A PLANE

flies over other roofs.

ON THE GROUND

Another phalanx of marching men fall.

THE WING OF ANOTHER PLANE

More white smoke shoots from the canisters as the plane flies over more barracks then crosses a tall building.

IN THE COCKPIT

Leslie is at the controls.

HER POV - A PARADE GROUND

A number of soldiers stand grouped together as she approaches.

ON THE GROUND

A group of men collapse.

UNDER THE WING

The plane continues spraying gas as it passes overhead.

ON THE GROUND

A group of soldiers on a trestle bench fall unconscious. Then another group of men collapse.

LESLIE'S POV

The plane angles up into the air.

LESLIE

looks down.

LESLIE'S POV

She passes over rows of battle tanks.

AT A HANGER

more soldiers drop to the ground.

ON THE GROUND

Another plane flies over another row of tanks and the soldiers there collapse, then the plane circles overhead. It passes the roofs of buildings.

IN THE COCKPIT

Denise looks down.

ON THE GROUND - ANOTHER PARADE GROUND

Two planes pass overhead and more soldiers fall to the ground.

ON A TARMAC

A plane passes over another group of soldiers. They collapse.

A PLANE

flies over a building.

ON ANOTHER FIELD

A group of soldiers in f.g. collapse. Then a row of soldiers behind them doing calisthenics drop to the ground.

POV FROM THE COCKPIT

The plane rises from the soldiers into the air.

ANOTHER PLANE

flies over a rooftop.

IN THE COCKPIT

Denise looks down, another plane visible in b.g.

DENISE'S POV - THE MILITARY BASE

The buildings appear deserted.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE VICTIMS

- A group of soldiers lie collapsed on the ground.

- Another group of soldiers lie collapsed in a jeep.
 - Another group of soldiers lie collapsed in a street.
 - Another group of soldiers lie collapsed near trucks.
 - Another group of soldiers lie collapsed near buildings.
- TILT DOWN to even more collapsed soldiers on grass nearby.

INT. DENISE'S COCKPIT - SAME TIME

DENISE
(into her mic)
Champagne leader to Grand Slam task
force leader. The baby is asleep.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - SAME TIME

A convoy awaits -- three trucks, a jeep and an ambulance.

DENISE (O.S., filtered)
I repeat: the baby is asleep.
We're going home now.

AT THE JEEP

DOLLY BACK past two Koreans inside to reveal Kisch blowing a whistle. The Koreans wear their blue jumpsuits and yellow sashes; Kisch wears green army fatigues.

BEHIND A TRUCK

Bond sits in back wearing a black suit. He is handcuffed to Oddjob. Oddjob tosses him a gas mask.

ODDJOB
Argh!

Bond catches it and Oddjob climbs in beside him.

KISCH

puts on a gas mask and gets into the jeep.

LONG SHOT - THE TASK FORCE

The vehicles take off, the jeep in the lead.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CONVOY

PAN as they turn a corner to reveal two crashed cars. One is overturned and from the other a man's body leans out.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER STREET

The convoy heads up the street and passes soldiers lying on the ground and others lying in a jeep.

THE CONVOY

rounds another corner. PAN on them as they pass more soldiers lying on the ground.

EXT. ROAD TO FORT KNOX - DAY - SAME TIME

The convoy rounds another corner. Ahead lays Fort Knox.

A green car rests in a ditch at the side of the road and Felix' head is visible leaning dead out a rear window. Johnnie lies beside him.

IN THE JEEP

Kisch and the other two men in gas masks look to the side.

KISCH'S POV - FORT KNOX

As they approach it they see an overturned truck and many soldiers lying at the side of the road.

IN THE JEEP

Kisch looks ahead.

KISCH'S POV - FORT KNOX

comes closer. More soldiers lie in another jeep at the other side of the road.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND - THE CONVOY

approaches the gate. Bond and Oddjob are in the bed of the last truck. PAN over to the green car in the ditch and ZOOM IN on Felix, lying still.

AT THE GATE

The convoy passes a sign that reads "STOP AT RED SIGNAL." It halts at the gate to Fort Knox. Kisch alights from the jeep. One of the Koreans hands him a wooden box.

Kisch opens it. Inside is a measuring device with a meter registering "TOXIC UNITS PER CC X100" and a label that says "AURIC SPECTROMETER." The needle is at zero.

Kisch gives the box back to the Korean.

THE FIRST TRUCK

A tarpaulin is raised, revealing a dozen guards in gas masks.

Kisch pulls off his mask and blows his whistle.

THE LAST TRUCK

Oddjob removes his mask and gestures to Bond to do the same.

AT THE GATE

Guards from the first truck carry explosive cylinders to the gate. They lay them at the base of the gate.

A guard attaches a wire to the explosives as Kisch looks on.

The guard runs back to the jeep unspooling the wire. Another guard attaches it to a detonator and turns the handle.

The gate explodes, sending pieces flying.

Bond looks back at the explosion.

The jeep drives through the gateway.

ON THE GROUNDS OF FORT KNOX

The jeep, followed by the trucks, turns down a circular drive that runs past the fort. PAN over to the front entrance, where lettering over the doorway reads "UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY."

AT THE SIDE OF THE FORT

The ambulance pulls to one side, its back to the depository, as the other vehicles take positions nearby.

Two guards open a panel on the side of the ambulance, revealing control switches. They back away as Kisch walks up and turns a dial.

The top of the ambulance opens up. DOLLY IN as a laser gun rises from inside the ambulance, pointing at the fort. Two guards ride the lift up with it.

BOND AND ODDJOB

alight from the back of the truck.

AT THE SIDE OF THE FORT

Kisch signals to the ambulance driver.

KISCH

Chafoo!

The ambulance backs up to the side door of the fort. Bond and Oddjob stand nearby.

The guards activate the laser, sending a red beam into the top of the door. Bond and Oddjob step closer and watch. The beam starts cutting across the top of the door.

The guards aim it further along. Kisch watches. The beam keeps cutting.

The guards aim it further to the side. Bond and Oddjob watch. The beam reaches the other end of the door.

Kisch signals to four guards with a chain. Two of them attach it to the back of the ambulance and the other two run to the fort's door.

A guard turns the laser off.

INT. FORT KNOX - RECEPTION AREA - DAY - SAME TIME

The door falls to the floor and is dragged away by the ambulance. Kisch enters and moves to another door as guards run past him.

Two guards take a trolley; another runs upstairs to a control room; another poses with a machine gun. The guards with the trolley run outside with it as Kisch presses a button and opens another door.

[END OF REEL 10. START REEL 11.]

EXT. FRONT OF FORT KNOX - SAME TIME

A group of collapsed soldiers lie in a jeep in f.g. as a helicopter flies across the fort. Bond and Oddjob look up at it.

AT THE SIDE OF THE FORT

The helicopter passes over the building.

IN THE RECEPTION AREA

Through the open doors we see the helicopter come in for a landing.

OUTSIDE THE FORT

Bond and Oddjob watch the chopper land.

Goldfinger emerges from the chopper wearing a brown overcoat and a scarf, followed by Ling carrying a small box. Pussy is in the pilot's seat, all in white.

Goldfinger walks up to Bond.

GOLDFINGER

Good morning, Mister Bond. For
once you are exactly where I want
you.

Bond looks over at Pussy. She looks back at him, concerned, then ahead at the fort.

Guard push the trolley away from the chopper. The trolley now bears a large silver cabinet.

DOLLY BACK as the guards wheel it into the reception area past other guards who man the doorway. Bond, Goldfinger, Oddjob, Kisch and Ling follow. Ling unlocks the top of the cabinet and gestures to the guards.

Two guards open the top of the cabinet, revealing shielding and controls. Ling sets his box on the shielding. Bond, Goldfinger and Oddjob look on.

Ling takes a primer from the box and places it in a slot by the controls.

Goldfinger signals up to the control room. A guard nods, turns to a switchboard and looks down through a viewer.

GUARD'S POV - THE COMBINATION LOCK

There are two rows of numbers. The top row reads "92255."
The bottom row reads "10085." Both change to "36104."

THE VAULT DOOR

a round door with a handle in the middle begins to open.

Bond and Oddjob look on.

The door swings all the way open, revealing a gantry and stairs inside. Flooring slides into place at the base of the entryway.

THE BOMB

Ling turns a control dial then turns a key and removes it from the primer. The device begins emitting a rhythmic humming.

Goldfinger, looking on with Bond and Oddjob, checks his watch and winds it.

Guards close the top of the cabinet and Ling locks the top. ZOOM IN to a timer beside the controls that starts counting down from "354."

CLOSE SHOT - AN OSCILLOSCOPE

The scope begins oscillating with a wave signal sound.

WIDER ANGLE - FELIX' CAR

Felix opens his eyes and rises. DOLLY BACK to reveal a SCIENTIST in glasses in the rear.

SCIENTIST

The bomb's here.

FELIX

Let's get moving, brigadier.

A BRIGADIER GENERAL rises in the passenger seat and a LT. COLONEL rises in the driver seat.

BRIGADIER

Right, Jack. Move in.

LT. COLONEL

(into a phone)

Move in, commando tactics.

PAN OVER to reveal Fort Knox down the road. The soldiers who were lying "dead" get up. A SOLDIER crouches just outside Felix' car speaking into a microphone.

BRIGADIER (O.S.)

Minimum offensive fire until I signal bomb has been neutralized.

IN THE CAR

BRIGADIER

Come on!

The men jump out as the Lt. Colonel remains on the phone.

LT. COLONEL

(on phone)

Minimum offensive fire until I signal bomb has been neutralized. Bomb disposal unit to accompany "DOG."

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

Guards move the trolley in across a bridge. Bond and Oddjob follow.

EXTREME LONG SHOT - THE VAULT

It is a four-story tall cathedral of gold. Stairs lead down from each level. Gold bars are stacked in gigantic barred cages.

Guards move the trolley to a lift.

CLOSER ANGLE

Bond, Oddjob and Goldfinger walk up to the trolley. Kisch unlocks the handcuffs from Oddjob's wrist.

Meanwhile, Goldfinger looks hungrily to the side. TILT DOWN stacks of gold bars in a cage. Goldfinger looks up at Bond again.

Kisch attaches the handcuffs to the trolley, then he and Oddjob walk away.

GOLDFINGER
(with a slight bow)
Goodbye, Mister Bond.

He signals to Kisch, who presses a button on the lift.

THE LIFT

descends with Bond on it. ZOOM BACK to an extreme wide shot of the vault as Bond approaches ground level.

Goldfinger turns away, leaving Oddjob at the lift doors looking down.

The lift arrives at ground level. Bond looks at the timer. It counts from "256" to "254." He reaches for the control panel.

IN THE RECEPTION AREA

Goldfinger exits the vault and walks over to Ling.

GOLDFINGER
Mister Ling, it is merely a matter
of timing and...

EXT. FORT KNOX - SAME TIME

Army soldiers grab some of Goldfinger's guards from behind. Other guards fire machine guns back at them.

They all fall to the floor dead. Goldfinger sets down the machine gun, picks up his gold revolver and runs outside. An explosion goes off just beyond the helicopter.

IN THE VAULT

Bond struggles to lift the cover of the container.

AT THE DOOR

Kisch pushes and knocks on it, then turns to Oddjob.

KISCH

We're trapped.

Oddjob steps back from the lift doors and turns to face him.

KISCH

The bomb. I'll take the fuse out.

Kisch runs for the lift. Oddjob blocks him and grabs his shoulders.

KISCH

Don't be a fool! You can be a hero. I'm not.

Kisch breaks away and runs around the far corner of the walkway. Oddjob chases him.

IN A CORRIDOR

Oddjob catches up to Kisch and grabs him near a railing. Kisch screams.

KISCH

No! No!

Bond looks up.

Oddjob hurls Kisch over the railing, sending his body somersaulting down.

Bond hears the crash of the body on the floor. He looks around the corner of the lift. He sees Oddjob up above looking down. Then he looks down.

BOND'S POV - KISCH'S BODY

lies atop bars covering a cage in the floor. ZOOM IN to Kisch's shirt pocket. It bulges slightly from a key inside.

BOND

looks up again at Oddjob, who looks down at him. Then Bond grabs the trolley and starts moving it toward Kisch's body.

EXTREME HIGH ANGLE

Bond moves the trolley around the corner of the lift.

ODDJOB

four stories above sees what he's doing and starts to run.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BOND AND ODDJOB

- DOLLY BACK as Bond pulls the trolley closer to Kisch. He looks up.

- Oddjob runs down a flight of stairs, reaches a landing and rounds a corner. Directly below is Bond with the trolley, arriving at the bars to the floor-cage.

- Bond steps onto a bar and reaches down for Kisch's pocket.

- Oddjob rounds another landing.

- Bond reaches closer to Kisch's pocket.

- Oddjob stops on the next landing and looks at him, then keeps running.

- Bond pulls a key from Kisch's pocket. He hears Oddjob's approaching footsteps and glances up, then PAN ON HIM as he jumps back to the trolley and puts the key in the handcuffs.

- EXTREME WIDE ANGLE: Oddjob reaches the last landing.

- He takes off his bowler hat.

- Bond looks up at him.

- Oddjob hurls the hat. It whooshes through the air.

- Bond ducks and the hat passes just over his head, landing on the bars of the floor-cage. Bond looks back at Oddjob.

- Oddjob climbs over the railing at the landing.

- Bond turns the key in the handcuffs.

- Oddjob jumps down to the floor and starts to run.

- Bond unlocks the handcuffs and darts the other way.

- EXTREME WIDE ANGLE: Bond runs toward a barred cage in the back wall as Oddjob runs after him.
- Oddjob stops near the lift and picks up his hat. PAN on him as he crosses to the other side of the lift and looks at Bond, who backs up almost against the cage. There is a blue mechanized dolly bearing gold bars between Oddjob and Bond. Oddjob aims the hat at Bond and throws it.
- The hat sails high and severs a heavy electrical cable, sending down a cascade of sparks.
- Bond looks up at the sparks as the cable falls.
- The cable lands on the floor next to the hat, still shooting sparks.
- Bond looks up at Oddjob.
- Oddjob straightens himself.
- Bond grabs a gold bar from the dolly and hurls it at him.
- The bar bounces harmlessly off Oddjob's chest and falls to the floor.
- Bond looks in surprise, almost admiration, at Oddjob, and darts off to the side.
- The timer on the bomb goes from "216" to "213."
- PAN on Oddjob as he approaches Bond. Bond positions himself in a stance for a fight. Bond jumps at Oddjob and throws his arms around Oddjob's neck.
- CLOSER ANGLE: As Bond clings to Oddjob's neck, Oddjob picks him up like a doll.
- WIDER ANGLE: Oddjob throws him against the wall.
- CLOSER ANGLE: Bond lands on the floor beside a trolley loaded with gold bars. He finds a large wooden staff behind the trolley and picks it up.
- WIDER ANGLE: Bond angles the staff at Oddjob. Oddjob backs up.
- CLOSER ANGLE: Bond lunges at him with it. Oddjob dodges from it and the end of the staff hits the wall. Oddjob judo-chops right through it, breaking it in two. Bond keeps his fist around the smaller half.
- Oddjob smiles at Bond.

- Bond smashes him in the face with the broken staff. Oddjob's head barely turns.
- Oddjob looks back at him grinning.
- Bond tries to smash Oddjob in the face again.
- Oddjob grabs his arm.
- Oddjob slams him against the wall.
- WIDER ANGLE: Oddjob throws him sliding across the floor and moves to follow.

INT./EXT. RECEPTION AREA - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Korean guards in the entryway fire machine guns at U.S. troops outside. A number of soldiers fall.
- The guards run back into the reception area.
- The soldiers run to the entryway and start to fire inside. PAN over to show the guards falling.

INT. VAULT - SAME TIME - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Bond slides on his back along the floor, landing near another mechanized dolly loaded with gold bars.
- WIDER ANGLE: Bond grabs a metal lever on the dolly as Oddjob watches in f.g.
- CLOSER ANGLE: Bond pulls off the lever.
- PAN on Oddjob as he positions himself to face him.
- Bond approaches him, raising the lever, and swings it at his head. Oddjob ducks, avoiding it. Bond raises the lever again. Oddjob grabs his arm and squeezes it and the lever drops. Then Oddjob grabs Bond under the arm.
- WIDER ANGLE: Oddjob hurls him past the bomb.
- Bond lands against the wall of the lift.
- The timer ticks down from "147" to "145."
- Oddjob grabs Bond again and throws him toward the side wall. Bond falls.
- Bond rolls over near a cage in the wall then rises. Oddjob lunges at him. Bond grabs Oddjob's arm in a judo hold and thrusts him toward the wall.

- CLOSER ANGLE: Bond presses Oddjob's shoulder against the wall but without effect. Oddjob replies with a judo-chop to Bond's lower back. Bond gasps and releases his grip and Oddjob flings him backwards.
- Bond lands against the cage in the side wall, breathless. He sinks down against the bars breathing heavily.
- Oddjob rises and smiles at him again.
- Bond looks back exhausted.
- Oddjob brings down another judo-chop.
- His hand strikes Bond in the side. Bond doubles over. Oddjob grabs him around the neck and throws him at the back wall.
- Bond falls and slides toward the hat and smoldering cable.
- Bond comes to a stop, the hat right in front of him. Bond raises himself onto his elbow and looks up.
- Oddjob approaches him.
- Bond stares back.
- The timer ticks down from "127" to "125."
- Oddjob stops and gestures to Bond to get up.
- Bond looks down at the hat and grabs it.
- Oddjob suddenly looks concerned and takes a step back.
- Bond rises with the hat.
- PAN ON Oddjob as he stealthily backs to the side.
- POV FROM INSIDE THE CAGE: Bond circles in front of Oddjob who keeps backing away.
- Oddjob backs up further toward the cage.
- Bond moves forward with the hat.
- Oddjob backs further away; the cage bars are now right behind him.
- Bond hurls the hat at him.
- Oddjob ducks. The hat sails past him and lodges between the bars with a clang. Oddjob looks back at it.

- Bond looks at Oddjob.
- Oddjob smiles back.
- Bond keeps looking at Oddjob.

[END OF REEL 11. START REEL 12.]

- Oddjob turns to get his hat.
- Bond looks down.
- WIDER ANGLE: Bond suddenly dives and grabs the broken cable as Oddjob reaches for his hat.
- Oddjob grips the hat.
- Bond touches the cable to a cage bar.
- Oddjob screams as sparks fly from the hat and there is a sizzling sound.
- WIDER ANGLE: The sparks keep flying. Oddjob, still holding the hat, falls back against the cage bars as Bond keeps holding the cable against the bar, electrocuting him.
- Bond rubs the cable against the bar.
- LOW ANGLE: Oddjob falls forward and lands on his chest as Bond watches from b.g.
- Bond looks at Oddjob's body then jumps to his feet.

ANGLE ON THE BOMB

Bond runs to the trolley and looks at the timer. It ticks down from "059" to "054." Bond slaps the cabinet's lid and looks about him, then down at where Kisch lies.

INT./EXT. RECEPTION AREA - SERIES OF SHOTS

- In the entryway, American troops continue to fire.
- More Korean guards fall dead. The corpse of an Army soldier lies among them.

IN THE VAULT - SAME TIME

Bond reaches into the cage behind Kisch's body and takes two gold ingots. He steps back to the bomb, puts an ingot on atop the lid and bangs on its underside. The lid stays locked. Bond turns into a different position.

REVERSE ANGLE

Bond places an ingot under the lid and hammers on it from below with the other.

THE TIMER

clicks down from "049" to "047."

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME TIME

Korean guards in f.g. fire at the entryway.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE ENTRYWAY

A soldier runs past the entryway lobbing a hand grenade inside as other soldiers run behind him. The grenade explodes in f.g.

STILL CLOSER

A SOLDIER runs in and mounts the stairs to the control room.

ANGLE ON KOREANS

They fire at him.

ON THE STAIRS

The soldier dives into the control room.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

The soldier quickly turns dials on the control panel.

THROUGH THE VIEWER

The top row of numbers stays at "36104" while the bottom row changes from "76755" to "36104."

ANGLE ON THE GUARDS

The vault door swings open as the guards keep firing machine guns. It shoves one of the guards against a railing.

ANGLE ON THE RAILING

The door crushes the guard against it.

THE VAULT DOORWAY

Korean guards back into the vault firing their machine guns ahead of them.

BOND

still banging on the ingot looks up at the battle.

BOND'S POV - A CATWALK

A gunshot drops a Korean guard dead.

ON THE CATWALK

Other Korean guards run down a side walkway. A gunshot sounds and one of them falls dead with a scream.

BOND

looks up again then down at the counter. It drops from "039" to "036."

He bangs again on the underside of the lid.

IN THE RECEPTION AREA

Soldiers firing rifles pass through the entrance to the vault.

IN THE VAULT

Soldiers run inside as guards flee them into b.g.

BOND

bangs again on the underside of the lid. He hears more gunfire and looks up.

LOW ANGLE - THE TOP GALLERY

A Korean guard clutches his stomach and falls over the railing, somersaulting four levels to the floor.

LOW ANGLE - A LANDING BEHIND BOND

As Bond pounds on the lid again, a guard stops on a landing above him and aims a pistol at him.

AT A RAILING

A soldier fires a machine gun at the guard.

OVER THE SOLDIER'S SHOULDER

The guard falls over the railing to the floor, and another guard drops dead on a catwalk behind him.

BOND

smashes the underside of the lid again. It pops open, the lock broken! Bond reaches for the lid to raise it and glances at the counter.

The counter drops from "032" to "030."

Bond throws back the lid. DOLLY IN on the bomb as he opens the inner casing to reveal a mechanism with spinning wheels and gears.

BOND - SERIES OF SHOTS

- DOLLY IN on him as he looks down at the contraption, clueless as to what to do. He looks at the timer.
- The timer drops from "026" to "024."
- Bond keeps looking down.
- BOND'S POV - THE MACHINERY: PAN back and forth across it to show one spinning gear after another.
- Bond looks on helplessly. He reaches forward.
- His hands touch a wire, then a spinning disk, trying to stop it.
- The timer drops from "019" to "017."
- Bond keeps looking down, then to one side. Meanwhile the smoke of rifle-fire bursts behind him.
- His hand touches a turning wheel.

ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT

THREE SOLDIERS run in bearing rifles, followed by Felix, Johnnie and THREE UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

GENERAL

(shouting)

Come on, fellas! Get going! Hurry
up!

ANGLE ON THE BOMB

Bond's hands try again to stop the mechanism, without success.

BOND

looks down frantically.

WIDE ANGLE - THE STAIRS

Soldiers and civilians run around a landing and down more stairs.

BOND

glances down at the timer. It descends from "014" to "012."

CLOSER ON A LANDING

A SCIENTIST wearing glasses and a hat rounds the corner, followed by a soldier with a rifle.

BOND

keeps looking down.

His hands try again to stop the gears turning. Then he grabs some wires.

Bond's face registers exertion as he tries to pull the wires apart.

The timer drops from "010" to "009."

THE WIRES

Bond's hands keep pulling them, then suddenly another hand reaches in and flips a switch at the side of the machinery. The mechanism stops. TILT UP to the scientist. He looks down at the timer.

THE TIMER

is stopped at "007."

BOND

looks over at him.

BOND

What kept you?

THE SCIENTIST

looks up at Bond.

FELIX

TRACK BACK on Felix as he runs up to Bond with Johnnie and some military officers.

FELIX

You okay, James? Where's your
butler friend?

BOND

looks up at Felix.

BOND

Oh, he blew a fuse.

PAN on Bond as he walks over to Felix.

BOND

Three more ticks and Mister
Goldfinger would have hit the
jackpot.

The scientist walks up, shows Felix the primer and walks off
with it.

BOND

Did you get him?

FELIX

Not yet, but he won't get far.

BOND

And Pussy?

FELIX

She helped us switch the gas in the
canisters. By the way, what made
her call Washington?

DOLLY IN on Bond.

BOND

(straight-faced)

I must have appealed to her
maternal instincts.

He looks at Felix.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A convoy approaches a plane -- a black convertible, a black
limousine and a white station wagon.

The vehicles stop. Felix gets out of the back seat of the
convertible, followed by Bond.

FELIX
C'mon, James. Get aboard. You
can't keep the President waiting.

DOLLY with them as they walk to the plane.

BOND
Special plane. Lunch at the White
House. How come?

FELIX
The President wants to thank you
personally.

BOND
(straightening his cuffs)
Oh, it was nothing, really.

FELIX
I know that, but he doesn't.

BOND
I suppose I'll be able to get a
drink here?

They reach the plane.

FELIX
I told the stewardess liquor for
three.

BOND
(looking back at him)
Who are the other two?

FELIX
Oh, there are no other two.

Bond grins. Felix holds his hand out and they shake hands.

BOND
Goodbye, Felix.

FELIX
So long, James. Good luck.

Bond turns to a man in an Army uniform and shakes his hand.

BOND
Thank you, brigadier.

Bond walks up the steps to the plane.

FELIX
Good luck.

Bond looks back.

ANGLE ON THE TARMAC

Felix, Johnnie, the brigadier and other officers wave to him.

BOND

salutes them and steps into the fuselage.

LONG SHOT - THE TARMAC

Bond's plane taxis away from the group.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - FLYING - DAY

The plane flies through a cloudy sky. Lettering on the plane says "UNITED STATES."

INT. CABIN - DAY - SAME TIME

Bond, sitting in a swivel chair, undoes his seatbelt and looks out the window.

CLOSER ANGLE

Bond adjusts an overhead air-jet then leans forward again, looking out the window.

A SET OF CURTAINS TO THE COCKPIT

The curtains suddenly part and Goldfinger steps into the cabin in his military uniform holding his gold revolver.

INT. HANGAR - DAY - SAME TIME

THREE CREWMEN struggle with ropes around their arms and legs and gags in their mouths.

IN THE CABIN

Bond swivels around -- and sees Goldfinger. His expression sinks.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - GOLDFINGER

aims his gun at Bond.

GOLDFINGER

I am glad to have you aboard,
Mister Bond.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - BOND

looks back at him.

BOND

Well, congratulations on your
promotion, Goldfinger.

ANGLE ON GOLDFINGER

He walks closer to Bond.

ANGLE ON BOND

BOND

Are you having lunch at the White
House, too?

ANGLE ON GOLDFINGER

GOLDFINGER

In two hours, I shall be in Cuba.
And you have interfered with my
plans for the last time, Mister
Bond.

Goldfinger cocks the trigger. Bond looks up at him.

BOND

It's, uh, very dangerous to fire
guns in planes. I even had to warn
Pussy about it. Er, by the way,
where is she?

GOLDFINGER

I will deal with her later.

TWO-SHOT - BOND AND GOLDFINGER

GOLDFINGER

At the moment, she is where she
ought to be -- at the controls.

Goldfinger gestures forward with the gun. Bond suddenly grabs
his arm. He swings Goldfinger around, grabbing for the gun.

CLOSER ANGLE

Bond and Goldfinger struggle over the gun.

ANGLE ON BOND

Goldfinger strikes Bond twice on the neck with the gun. Bond
grabs Goldfinger's arm and pushes him backwards, then
Goldfinger turns and flings Bond onto one of the seats.

BOND

punches Goldfinger in the jaw.

GOLDFINGER

falls backwards. Bond jumps up and hits him in the chest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bond hits Goldfinger in the chest again and grabs the arm holding the gun. Goldfinger flings his arms around Bond's torso.

WIDER ANGLE

Bond and Goldfinger struggle over the gun. It fires.

A WINDOW IN THE PLANE

bursts.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CONTROLS

All meters suddenly drop.

IN THE CABIN

Bond hangs onto a rail as Goldfinger is sucked forward.

THE BROKEN WINDOW

continues to suck air out.

ANGLE ON THE CABIN

Goldfinger flies head-first toward the open window.

REVERSE ANGLE

Goldfinger swivels and the suction pulls him legs-first toward the window.

CLOSER ANGLE

The suction pulls Goldfinger's legs through the window. PAN over to his screaming face.

BOND

hangs onto the railing, being almost sucked out of the plane himself.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

Goldfinger is sucked out into space.

ANGLE ON THE CABIN

Bond continues to hang from the rail as everything not tied down is sucked out the window.

CLOSER ANGLE - BOND

clutches the rail.

EXT. PLANE - DAY - SAME TIME

The plane dives toward the ground.

IN THE COCKPIT

Pussy pulls back uselessly on the stick.

INSERT - AIR PRESSURE GAUGE

It registers "8" out of "35," then rises a few points.

BOND

falls onto a couch.

IN THE COCKPIT

Pussy keeps pulling back on the stick.

IN THE CABIN

Bond struggles to his feet and starts moving toward the cockpit.

INT. HANGAR - DAY - SAME TIME

The three crewmen, still bound and gagged, now lie unconscious in f.g. An ARMY OFFICER in the entryway waves outside. Felix and Johnnie run in and all three run toward the crewmen.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Bond has almost reached the cockpit.

IN THE COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Pussy keeps pulling back on the stick. Bond enters.

BOND

Pussy!

She looks up at him.

PUSSY
What happened? Where's Goldfinger?

Bond grabs the co-pilot stick and tries to steer it.

BOND
Playing his golden harp.

EXT. PLANE - SAME TIME

It continues to dive.

IN THE COCKPIT

PUSSY
It's no good!

Bond keeps trying to steady the stick. He looks ahead.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY - SAME TIME

Half a dozen men look at a scope, including Felix and Johnnie.

ON THE SCOPE

A glowing dot drops from 8,000 to 5,000 feet.

EXT. PLANE - SAME TIME

It keeps diving.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Bond looks at Pussy. Pussy looks back helplessly.

IN THE CONTROL TOWER - CLOSER ANGLE

The men keep looking at the scope.

ON THE SCOPE

The dot is at 4,000 feet, but now another dot appears, dropping to 2,000 feet.

EXT. PLANE - SAME TIME

It dives into the ocean and crashes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A helicopter flies overhead.

IN THE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Felix sits in the passenger seat looking down, the PILOT beside him.

HELICOPTER'S POV - TREES

They fly over numerous trees, no sign of Bond.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Felix looks ahead, then in the other direction.

GROUND ANGLE ON THE HELICOPTER

It continues to pass overhead. Pussy rises and waves her white jacket at it.

CLOSER ANGLE - PUSSY

continues to wave at it. Suddenly:

BOND (O.S.)

Oh, no, you don't.

He grabs her ankle. She tumbles down into his arm, a parachute behind them.

BOND

This is no time to be rescued.

They kiss passionately. Bond grabs the edge of the parachute and pulls it over them.

WIDER ANGLE

TILT UP from the parachute to the helicopter hovering pointlessly above.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

THE END TITLES appear, beginning with:

THE END
OF
"GOLDFINGER"
BUT
JAMES BOND
WILL BE BACK
IN
"THUNDERBALL"

FADE OUT.