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.

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?