

# Bond leaves the closet

## Scene 1

Day One. The day has been spent signing contracts and doing short pieces to camera.

*Now the agent, Mr Greig and the production company gather for a glass of cognac*

**Producer** So – Samuel Greig – what a life you’re having, eh? Ain’t many men who can boast your success in the fields of detection, shooting, survival and women?

**GREIG** Yes. You could say I’m the perfect 007 *spoken with a trace of irony*

**Producer** So you’ll work with us some more?

**GREIG** Well yes I think so. *Greig breathes out blue smoke and stares at them directly.* But there are some aspects of my role... we should discuss.

*Shot of Greig that night in his hotel on a website with a distinctive orange screen (is he doing a spot of late-night casting?)*

## Scene 2

End of day two. The day has been spent on set. It’s the end of a short day’s filming finishing with an intimate scene between Bond and one of his leading ladies.

*A blonde Bond girl leaves the set wrapped in several large white towels purring with sexual satisfaction. She is heading for an hour or two in the hot tub while her assistants will spend hours removing the many layers of make-up which make her look so winningly attractive.*

*In the Winnebago, some minutes later, Greig (Bond) slides determinedly into his chair to catch up with Henry, his agent. He is dressed in a suit with the tie loosened.*

*GREIG pushes the contract off the table as he sits down.*

**GREIG** I have had it with these bitches!

**Agent** Oh really, Greig. Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for them. It’s only day one, for Chrissake.

**GREIG** Is that what you think Henry?

**Agent** Well Greig, based on your previous performances, it’s unlikely. Everybody knows you’re a professional.

**GREIG** I perform well, I suppose. *said with irony*

**Agent** That’s just it. As Bond, Greig, you are the quintessential screwy, lady-lover.

**GREIG** I see.

**Agent** And these women are the cream of the crop.

**GREIG** Do you know I’m not so sure they are. *Pause.* What do you really know about 007, Henry.

**Agent** Err, well... An Oxford man wasn’t he, born in 1919 to a woman of Asian descent. Went through the ranks of public school and joined the RAF. Greig, we know all this. You ARE Bond.

**GREIG** But what about his first flying mission, in the northern Sahara. Do you know where he spent his time?

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- Agent** Fleming is very hazy about the young Bond. I'd be surprised if you could pull out any material.
- GREIG** 007 was based on a friend of his, Sergeant John Conroy who also went to Charterhouse and was killed in action in a spat with the Luftwaffe in '42. Based on his letters home, we know that Conroy was living with the Arabs before joining his squadron. To be more precise, living in a male harem.
- Agent** Well, that's a pretty heavy backstory. I suppose it's your effin' RADA years that have you digging this sort of stuff up. Bloody method acting! Face it, Greig: 007 was a killer, merciless mother hubbard who didn't give a shit about anyone. Just the sort of boy MI5 wanted packed off to the provinces. Did he fuck around with Arab boys when he served with 112 Squadron? Yes I expect he did. There's precious little else to do in the desert. But Joe Public doesn't want to know all that. And you know that. It wants Bond's face wet with excitement each and every morning and you're doing a great job of bringing that to life on screen.
- GREIG** You paint a pretty attractive, picture, agent. I almost believe it. What if I told you the only woman who interests Bond is his mother. But he'll work the system. He'll play blackjack till the house's bankrupt, and insist on taking the two complimentary girls to his chamber as a matter of honour. Would any woman complain? It's the most exciting night of her life. But acting a lie in perpetuity : that's a shallow story. As you know I'm a passionate man and I don't feel that's really coming across in my acting.
- I'm not asking. I'm not even demanding. I'm recommending the script of the Jewelled Scimitar is revised immediately to incorporate those with whom Bond has more electricity, affinity and lustful affection.
- Agent** But Greig we heard the headboard. We saw the glow on Preselda Sumpstress's cheeks as she walked away.
- GREIG** I'm asking for more men in the cast. The script is mind-boggling, Henry. I'm supposed to get to know 5 public school girls, 2 vicar's daughters, a happily widowed Mongolian shepherdess and a Latin-American casino crooner over the course of five days in the Emirate states, well, Pinewood. I am already struggling to remember their names and that's after the first three. Money penny doesn't count.
- Agent** Bond does this explain the script which I found outside my door this morning. I had thought we'd tied all this up. Your PR people took forever to confirm their preferred shade of swimming trunks and what their Cthulian reason for banning 'bangers' and 'baps' I cannot imagine. And now it seems production are tinkering with the script, at this late stage. I am starting to tear out my hair. This mysterious new script, you might wish to know, has a British bodyguard Mr Moneysack, an absolutely despotic prince of Kuwait, and an overly obliging diplomat.
- GREIG** The prince is truly remarkable. *Taps teeth with letter opener. The agent looks surprised. Puts it down.*
- He tells his story each night to a new male and each one dies in the morning before he can circulate it further. The palace guard, if tipped, and tapped,

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correctly, will introduce Westerners to the finest backshish and hush-hush Arab parties in the state, where friendly strangers are welcomed.

**Agent**

You know this script then Greig?

**GREIG**

I should hope so. I wrote it. The producer also has a copy. I'm expecting you to see to these minor scene changes in the time it takes Pinewood to provide a decent cup of tea! *spoken with a raised voice*

**GREIG**

*Shouts: Is there any tea? Getting half out of his chair, looks out the door for staff, who don't appear*

**Agent**

Without the shepherdess, Greig, you lose something very powerful. Any fool can see the dancers etc are hyperbole, but this is the jewelled scimitar. And this is Pradesh's leading screen actor - every bit as powerful as the female lead in *Crouching Tiger*. She will prove box office gold, particularly played opposite yourself, for certain I say, and we've not even met her.

Why would the producer switch to the Kuwaiti prince as antagonist with this lined up? You know the fur would absolutely fly with our investors, who could throw out the whole thing.

**GREIG**

I am not interested in the fur flight by the investors. Bond doesn't fancy her. She may be training rebels to fight in the mountain caves but Bond would not waste time there. The Prince is the key - unsettling the whole gulf, with disturbingly mediaeval practices, he is clearly smuggling heroin out through the royal casino chains. And a key Embassy diplomat is turning a blind eye as he has been hopelessly compromised because of blackmail over a long-term homosexual affair Profumo style. This plot runs ONLY on man-powered steam.

**GREIG**

This is a gay movie with a gay Bond by, Henry, a gay actor, and I insist that that contract is amended as marked, tonight. Or I walk off this set and away from this franchise, and Bond dies here at Pinewood because YOU join these investors in wanting some mindless infatuation with a steppes horsewoman to take centre-stage. This is just investor trauma trying to push you to move away from the plot. You need to deal with it. I expect to see Ali, Tariq, Moritz and the other men on that list at breakfast tomorrow morning in the Holiday Inn.

### Scene 3

Day Three at breakfast in the Holiday Inn

**Waiter**

Good morning. Is everything to your liking, sir?

**GREIG**

Yes, I think so. *Greig exhibits a wry smile looking beyond the camera (to where no doubt there are other diners dining!)*

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### Scene 4

On set at Pinewood preparations for a tech-run of the party scene are underway. The set is very busy with tailors, and a dim room shows a row of gleaming faces in the low light

**Hamih** This is like home. This is not very English, *Hamih, the leader smiles, looking at the doorway. Come and sit down (he pats a seat next to him)*

### Scene 5

Miss Moneypenny and Mr Moneysack are arranging flowers together. He is putting them in very slowly while she briskly prepares to leave.

**Moneypenny** Take a seat, I'm not going to eat you

**Moneysack** Yes, ma'am

**Moneypenny** I don't suppose you went to RADA did you?

**Moneysack** No, ma'am

**Moneypenny** I'm just teasing. Lucky you. You'll have a laugh with Craggy, Greig, I should say. I'm really not bothered one jot that I've been pulled. I'm on full per diems for another two weeks, which is still more than you'll get out of this. And frankly all this male machismo balls is not really why I'm here. If you know what I mean

Moneypenny steps back, examining the flowers

**Moneypenny** Well maybe you don't

**Moneysack** I've heard Mr Greig is good to work with. The cabbie said he tipped well. An' I think that's a good sign

**Moneypenny** Yes I see that. And can I ask, are you gay?

**Moneysack** Yes but the jewelled scimitar is the first film where I can explore that side - normally people think I'm straight but I don't think they will after this.

**Moneypenny** Oh well. Have fun

**Moneysack** Goodbye Miss er Moneypenny

Moneysack sits down on the chair legs akimbo 'arrrh'. Picks up a brooch (Moneypenny's) and sticks it on. Perhaps a tiny fart is hard.

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### Scene 6

A scene from the rushes is shown - Bond and the Despot Prince

The zither plays as Greig walks across marble to the exquisitely dressed noble. Acolytes are ushered away

**GREIG** How many have you had? *indicating towards the bedroom*

**Prince** Twenty-nine

Camera pauses on the jewelled scimitar the prince wears. The gauze rustles

**GREIG** I know what you are

**Prince** I know why you're here, English Bond (*ignoring Bond's comment and reaching to pour wine into a cup*)

**GREIG** Your dagger is of no concern to me. If it wasn't for your husband next door...  
*Greig makes a gesture to his pocket (where he has a firearm)*

**Prince** I am sure you are used to seeing us celebrating the ladies. Well there are more here. If you will take some wine, perhaps I can share something of my story with you....

### Scene 7

Investors and studio execs gather round a small dark table dressed in dark suits, big men leaning towards each other and talking

**Exec1** I'm sure he's crazy.

**Exec2** You say there's no record of these men on the flight from Abu Dhabi? Is this all a stunt to up his wages?

**Exec3** Gentlemen these are the demands of a prima donna. Release him from his contract and we'll recommence when we've found a suitable replacement

**Exec4** It's pretty poor that the legwork I put in in Pradesh has backfired. I would put that asset on hold but I think she's lost to this project.

**Exec5** I just don't see what he's doing. I've never produced a movie with poofs in and I don't intend to start now

**GREIG** *The camera pans to Greig who is sitting at the table, too.* Gentlemen - if I may be permitted to comment

**Exec2** Well sir, I think you damn well should

**Exec4** Greig, you're in very hot water. I hope you have a million or two in ready money or as collateral from your home as you have soiled this project utterly by your actions

**GREIG** I did not make the producer continue filming with the new cast. I merely suggested he did so, not to waste the booking at Pinewood. I was looking after your money, in fact.

**Exec4** Is that so - well perhaps I may be permitted to ask what is so objectionable about the ladies we hired with the money you've been kind enough to deem wasted

**GREIG** Nothing, sir. Absolutely nothing. They are very charming ladies. But I am gay and they hold no appeal

**Exec4** Whereas

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**GREIG** Whereas Moritz, Ali and Tariq are some of the most exciting characters Bond has seen and make for real on-screen chemistry unlike the templated versions of Bond you've seen in the preceding movies I've made for you

**Exec5** You're fired, Bond. It's that simple

**Exec4** I still don't understand how a fine young man like yourself who fills so nearly Fleming's own description can have led us such a dance. The bill for the young men's travel will be sure to reach you care of your agent

**GREIG** It's been a pleasure working with the family. I hope you enjoy your movie.

**Exec5** What movie. That damn thing will never get released. Now get out of my sight.

### Scene 8

Greig and Ali in the cinema, sharing popcorn, dressed down. Greig in a dark denim/leather jacket.

**GREIG** Too bad it's only an arthouse film. I'd like to have posed with you on the red carpet

**Ali** Maybe next time?

Cut to a close-up of Greig and the Prince on-screen continuing where we left them, the Prince about to tell his story. They stop acting and start talking normally.

**GREIG** Forget the story, I'm just glad you could make it

**Ali** Yes, so am I. I kept the receipt

**GREIG** How much was the fare?

**Ali** Fifteen pounds from Hounslow.

**GREIG** Cheap at half the price. *They kiss on screen*

Back in the cinema

**Ali** Is that meant to be in the movie?

**GREIG** I don't think so. No, I definitely don't think so. *Smiles. Looks sideways at the camera. Fade to blackout*

THE END

The characters portrayed in this drama are fictional and not intended to bear any resemblance to persons living or otherwise