







...Ma'am, we have a sensor trip on sub-level four. Loss of hydraulic pressure on one of the exterior bulkheads.

Show me.

James Bond.



How absolutely splendid of you.



He's killed the feed! Last seen heading towards the generator room--

He's going to try and cut the power.

Send a squad. Send two!

Entertaining as it would be to toy with him again, we're too close to victory to take needless risks.

Shoot to kill.



Come out,
come out,
wherever you
are...

We've got
a hot meal and
a nice cosy cell
waiting for you,
Bond.

No need to
make this any
harder on
yourself...



There.
By the heat
exchanger.

Trying to
get warm, are you?
Can't say I blame
you, that seawater
must've been bloody
freezing.

Here we
go, lads...



HEAT
HIM UP!

*BRAKKA
BRAKKA*

*BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA*



Shit! It's
Cochrane!

And
his throat's
been cut--!

Then...
...where's
BOND?



Hammerhead--
those Navy
destroyers are
moving in. SINK
them.



Yes, ma'am!
Targeting H.M.S.
Lancaster...



What--?!