



Casino Royale (2006)

by Neal Purvis, Robert Wade, and Paul Haggis

Vesper: Alright, by the cut of your suit you went to Oxford or wherever, and naturally think human beings dress like that. But you wear it with such disdain, my guess is you didn't come from money. And your school friends never let you forget it. Which means you were at that school by the grace of someone else's charity. Hence the chip on your shoulder. And since your first thought about me ran to orphan, that's what I'd say you are...

Oh, you are? I like this poker thing. And that makes perfect sense. Since MI6 looks for maladjusted young men, who give little thought to sacrificing others in order to protect Queen and country. You know, former SAS types with easy smiles and expensive watches. Rolex? Ah, Omega. Beautiful.

Now having just met you I wouldn't go as far as calling you a cold hearted bastard. But it wouldn't be a stretch to imagine. You think of women as disposable pleasure rather than meaningful pursuits. So as charming as you are, I'll be keeping my eye on our government's money, and off your perfectly formed ass.

Even accountants have imagination. Good evening, Mr. Bond.