

Q sits beside BOND on the bench and looks at the painting in front of them. BOND doesn't know that this person is Q.

Q

Always makes me a little melancholy... The grand old warship being ignominiously hauled away for scrap... The inevitability of time, don't you think? What do you see?

BOND

A bloody big ship... Excuse me.

Q

Double o seven ... I'm your new Quartermaster.

BOND

You must be joking.

Q

Why? Because I'm not wearing a lab coat?

BOND

Because you still have spots.

Q

My complexion is hardly relevant.

BOND

Your competence is.

Q

Age is no guarantee of efficiency.

BOND

And youth is no guarantee of innovation.

Q

I'll hazard I can do more damage on my laptop sitting in my pajamas before my first cup of Earl Grey

than you can do in a year in the
field.

BOND

Oh, so why do you need me?

Q

Every now and then, a trigger has to
be pulled.

BOND

Or not pulled ... It's hard to know
which in your pajamas.

Q acknowledges the point. BOND respects that Q stood up to him.
BOND offers his hand.

BOND

Q.

Q

Double o seven.