Sir Sean Connery and myself are both strong minded and we both will give our all to protect what we love. I decided on Sir Sean Connery because since I was little he has been a hero of mine. From his personal thoughts too his roles in movies, he has shown me that no matter who you are that you can achieve your goals if you try.

Sean was sat down in front of the fire as I knocked lightly on the door. “I am here old geezer, are you ready to head out and hit the town?” I gently opened the door to find him staring intently at the fire and drinking a martini shaken not stirred. Sean looked towards me as I walked in and sat down next to him, grabbing the poker to gently shift the ashes and burning logs around. “Something on your mind old man?” I joked slightly as I tossed in a new log and stood up, moving over to his personal bar and making myself a screwdriver. “Old man I may be but a runty little bastard I am not.” His deep Scottish accent filled the air behind me. “I’ll take being a runty little bastard over being a fossil, you mummified corpse.” A deep yet gently laugh escapes my lips as I move back to sit beside him, resting myself back into the second chair. “So what is on your mind old man?” I gently nudge the logs again with the poker as I take a sip of my drink. “How many years have I been acting and people only remember me as James Bond?” He let loose a deep sigh as he took a slow and long drink before setting his drink down and gently tossed one of many letters he had on the table to his right into the fire. “Well why not make a new movie then my old friend?” I glance at him before I set down my drink. “I mean it could be a lot worse though, you could be remembered as something much worse.” I heard him chuckle as he tossed another letter into the fire before I felt a soft slap across the back of my left shoulder. “You mean like being remembered as some serial killer looking white supremacist?” I set down the poker and leaned back into the chair and turned to look at him. “Better to be known as that then an old creepy skirt wearing gigolo.” I patted him on the back, grabbing another log and tossing it into the fire. Bah who cares what you think, besides what could you ever know about being famous or rich?” Finishing his drink, he tapped the empty glass against my shoulder and shook it slightly, the ice clinking softly inside the glass. “Ha ha ha, you are funny old man but know one day I shall rule the world and everything in it and you will work for me in a never ending play as James Bond.” Taking his glass, I get up and move over to the bar making him a new drink. “You want the shaken not stirred, right?” I use a poorly mimicked version of him as James Bond. “Keep it up and you will get your ass kicked by this old man and I will enjoy it.” He stood up as he was speaking over his shoulder too me, opening the door near the back of the room. “Now hurry up with that drink, we still have more bodies to bury before anyone realizes we have been trying to divert their attention with this story.” I shake my head as I finish making his drink and moving over to him. “You think anyone will realize that this was just a trick so we could bury the other James Bond actors?” He took the drink from my hand as I offered it to him. “Not likely since no one will ever remember that other Bonds existed.” I grabbed the shovel by the door as I followed him down into the cellar. “I better get a damn good part in your next movie for this…”