"L.B. STRANGELOVE"

Or:
How I Learned
To
Stop Worrying
And
Love The
BOMB

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1. MAIN TITLE CARD - A WEIRD, HYDRA-HEADED, FURRY CREATURE SNAILS AT CAMERA

ROLL-UP TITLE
"NARDAG BЕЕFESCU PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove;

or

How I Learned to Stop Worrying

and

Love the

R.O.M.E.

a

MACRO - GALAXY - METEOR PICTURE
MOVING SHOT - THROUGH BLACK, STARRY,
PERPETUAL NIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE

The motion is straight ahead; passing at
varying distances are stars, planets, asteroids,
moons, aerolites, and meteors. At great
distances we see fantastic whirls of light
indicating a vast nebula, or we see the
incredible, dazzling billion-star clusters of
another galaxy.

MUSIC - WEIRD, EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL, ELECTRONIC
SOUNDS

NARRATOR
The bizarre and often amusing
pages which make up this ancient
comedy were discovered at the
bottom of a deep crevice in the
Great Northern Desert by members
of our Earth Probe, Nimbus-II.

NARRATOR
Our story begins sometime during
the latter half of the Earth's so-
called Twentieth Century. Simple
nuclear weapons had been invented,
but used only twice to finish the
so-called Second World War.

The Earth appears ahead of us, continually growing
to reveal the shape of its continents and oceans.

NARRATOR
We deal with the period following
this, which was chiefly marked by
the fact that though every nation
feared surprise attack, the full
consequences of nuclear weapons
seemed to escape all governments
and their people.

The Earth is quite close now, its circumference
almost filling the screen.

Geographic details fill the screen.

CUT 20
AIR VIEW - FOG SHROUDED, BLACK PEAKS OF UNNATURALLY MOUNTAIN

Flat layers of grey cloud are pierced by these jagged, purgatorial mountain tops.

NARRATOR

Thirteen months before the day our story begins, Soviet scientists, engineers and workers began a top-secret project at the base of this perpetually fog-shrouded mountain, in an Arctic waste of Northern Siberia. Terrible rumours began to circulate in the outside world but were considered far too fantastic to be taken seriously. One story had it that upon completion, in order to maintain secrecy, everyone connected with the project was killed.
2. DAY - AIR SHOTS - B-52 BOMBERS

Magnificent, swept-wing, eight-jet aircraft.

NARRATOR
In order to guard against surprise attack, the United States kept seventy-five B-52 bombers air-borne, twenty-four hours a day. They were armed with a full load of nuclear weapons.

2a. DAY - B-52 TAKING OFF

NARRATOR
As part of this air-borne alert, thirty-five B-52 bombers of Strategic Air Command's 843rd Bomb Wing left the Barksdale Air Force Base, fourteen hours before.

3. B-52's - FLYING

NARRATOR
The aircraft were now dispersed from the Persian Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. They had only one geographical factor in common. They were all approximately two hours from their assigned targets inside enemy territory.

4. DAY - B-52 "LEPER COLONY" AT 30,000 FEET

NARRATOR
One of the 843'd's aircraft, the "Lepor Colony", was approaching its Callsign Safe Point, Bear Island, a small dot in the Barents Sea, where it would turn around and head for home.

5. DOWN VIEW - STING RAY - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR
Each B-52 carried a bomb load of fifty megatons, or fifty million tons of TNT, equal to fifteen times the total explosive force of World War Two, or twenty-five thousand times the explosive force of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima.
6. REAR VIEW - B-52 - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR
The long tense hours which always passed with such agonizing slowness during the twenty-four hours of an air-born alert mission, now began to move faster, as the mission approached its halfway mark.

7. FRONT VIEW - B-52 - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR
The crew of the "Leper Colony" knew they guarded the peace of the world just as surely as they knew the price they must pay within themselves to do it.
8a. MINELLI (THE D.S.O., 1st Lt.)  
Sits silent and expressionless, his hands racing through an elaborate manipulation of playing cards.

8b. GOLDBERG (THE RADAR-RADIO OFFICER, 1st Lt.)  
Sips coffee from a plastic cup and looks at a copy of "Reader's Digest".  
Mineilli executes an intricate "accordion" with the cards and proffers them ('take a card' gesture) with a flourish to Goldberg - he does this with no break of deadpan expression, as though it is as boring for him as for Goldberg.

GOLDBERG takes a card, scarcely bothering to look at it; continues to read and sip coffee.

8c. LOWER CREW SECTION - BOMBARDBIER AND NAVIGATOR  
SWEET (THE NAVIGATOR, 1st Lt.) peruses the "Aeronautic historian's Journal" and thoughtfully munches chocolate.

8d. JIMMY (THE BOMBARDBIER, 1st Lt.)  
A rather smug and intelligent young Negro, is staring at the navigational charts on Sweet's side of the compartment.
8e. JIMMY nudges SWEETS with his leg.
   SWEETS looks up from journal to his charts, idly snaps his intercom switch.

8f. SWEETS
   Three minutes to turning point.
   Heading will be three-five-three.
   (goes back to "Confessioner's Journal")

8g. MS - T.J.
   With the easy grace of the veteran pilot, T.J. leans forward and changes his gyro heading.
   ACE takes the copy of "Playboy".
   
   T.J.
   (strong Texas drawl)
   Roger. Headin' three-five-three.

8h. ACE contemplating photo fold-out of "Playmate of the Month".

   ACE
   (reads)
   "Miss Milky Way...36...24...36
   and a top rated Washington secretary"
   ...How about that, T.J.?

   T.J.
   (still adjusting plane)
   That's right, boy. She probably holds the world's horizontal shorthand record.

   ACE
   You know who she reminds me of?
   That blonde we had back in Huston -- what was her name?

   T.J.
   (looking at magazine again)
   Let's see -- Oh, Mary Ellen?
   Yeah, I reckon you might draw one or two comparisons at that.

   ACE
   She was a doll!
T.J.
Prime cut and double grade-A premium. You ain't never seen a kid with no other kind, have you boy?

ACE
(mock tragic)
You know, T.J., you've had it so good for so long, I don't think you even appreciate it anymore.

T.J.
'Preciate it? Hell, me and ole Bull Daddy got one o' 'em well down in San Arnon' going full tap just to show our 'preciation.

ACE
Is Bull Daddy still at it?

T.J.
Hell, yes. And I reckon ole Bull Daddy be top gun in our outfit for quite a while to come.

ACE
But he must be about seventy-five.

T.J.
Seventy-eight next month. Hell, ole Bull Daddy just wrote me a letter, telling me about this little ole gal he had come down from Pecos. Well, it seems that ole Bull Daddy turned that gal every way but loose.

(rebel yell!) Gee-haw!!)
But, ole Bull Daddy, he's a damn fool about some things — not that I'd be right anxious to inform of about that, you understand — but the fact is, number one: he's a romantic fool when it comes to fooling around with women, and number two: he ain't got no taste. He used to say: Why hell boy, you just throw a gunny sack over their heads and you can't tell one from the other.

(rebel yell!) Gee-haw!
And, he's tied into some real dogs too, I'll tell you that. But not me ole buddy, I've got to have it prime cut and double grade-A premium.
ACE
Yes, T.J., you're lucky you got twice.

T.J.
Yeah, I guess I do, and I guess it's lucky about a lot of things. I mean, you name it and I've had it. Prime-cut, right off the top hand quarter. But all kidding aside, Ace. There is one thing this ole world don't have no price tag on. And money sure ain't done me no good there. It's something that leaves a man...well... incomplete without it.

ACE
What's that, T.J.?

T.J.
It's one thing I never had and I don't guess I ever will. Con-hat!

SI. CU - RADARSCOPE

There are a number of them. This one is the maximum search radar. The outer rim of the scope reveals a small point of light. At the same moment an electronic tone alarm directs the attention of the D.S.O. from his card manipulations.

SI. CU - D.S.O. LT.MOUELLE LOOKING AT SCOPE

For a moment he continues absentmindedly ruffling cards and looking at scope; frowns.

SI. CU - RADARSCOPE

The D.S.O. moves a strobe marker to the blip.

SI. CU - D.S.O. MOUELLE

Holds deck of cards in left hand, figures on a pad with right.
MENELLI
(routinely)
Bogey at one-four-five. Approximately a hundred and thirty-five miles.

CU - NAVIGATOR - SWEETS

Turning his copy of "Confessioner's Journal" over so as not to lose his place, plots a position. (We see that the radar contact is between the "Iaper Colony" and the enemy coast.

SWEETS
(considering his calculations)
Not bad. They must have souped up their set.

CU - 2.J.

Preoccupied in cleaning finger-nails.

T.J.
(absently)
Probably radar surveillance job.

CU - RAZARSCOPE

The blip suddenly vanishes as the scope goes completely white.

MENELLI
(nods in answer, not looking up)
Jammed us out. Showing off his ECM.
(clicks lever, muttering absently)
Jerk.

ACT
 stil absorbed in "Playboy")
Wonder why he's doing that?

MENELLI
Want me to give him a taste of ours, 2.J.?

T.J.
We ain't up here to play games, Menelli. You just tend to you own business back there.
MINZELLI
(shrugs, goes back to his cards)
Okay, skipper.

CU - ZEN CMK-114

This is the most highly guarded Air Command secret device. It is an automatic code receiver which displays three letters and three numerals.

It suddenly whirs and clicks into life, displaying three letters and three numerals.

CU - GOLDBERG - RADAR-RADIO OFFICER

Has been dozing over his magazine. Looks up at sound of CMK; leans forward and jots down the coded message. He carefully flips through a code book.

GOLDBERG
(while he is leafing through book)
A message from Base, T.J.

CU - T.J.

T.J.: (absently, regarding his nails)
What the hell do they want?

MS - GOLDBERG RAPIDLY DECODES MESSAGE. REARDS it.

GOLDBERG
(reading)
"Wing to hold at I-points."

CUT TO CREW

Various reactions of surprise and annoyance.
Su. CU - BOMBARDIER - JIMMY

JIMMY
(sighs, shrugs)
Probably some kind of exercise.

Sv. CU - SWEETS

SWEETS

But we've been up fourteen hours.
I'm beat.

Sw. CUTS TO CREW

Who mumble throw-aways of agreement with SWEETS.
Then slowly, each man goes back to his preoccupa-
tion.

Ex. MS - T.J.

T.J.,
(annoyed)
Now ain't that just like them
damned army-chair commanders back
there to keep us up here for
nothin'!
(to ice)
Boy, we feel 'round here too long;
we're gonna miss our date, you know
that don't you?


While the Vims is air-borne, the staff work is
heavy, and the ground crews work overtime to
refit aircraft. The runways are clear, and
only the giant cicadas and the occasional whine
of an electric tool break the stillness of the
starry desert night.
10. INT. BASE COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER

It is sunken fifty feet below the administration building. Six officers man the command bridge.

A loud buzzer.

10a. M.S. GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

He lifts phone.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Combat Operations Center, Group Captain Mandrake speaking.

GENERAL RIPPER
This is General Ripper speaking.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Do you recognize my voice, Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Certainly, General. Why do you ask, sir?

11. INT. GENERAL JACEK D. RIPPER'S OFFICE - INTERCEPS WITH SCENE 10a - M.S. GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

GENERAL RIPPER
Why do you think I ask, Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(laughs nervously)
Well, I really don't know, sir. I mean, we just spoke a few minutes ago, didn't we?

GENERAL RIPPER
You don't think I'd ask if you recognized my voice unless it was important, do you, Captain?
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
No, sir. I'm sure you wouldn't.

GENERAL RIPPER
Okay, let's see if we can stay on the ball then.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Has the wing confirmed holding at their Fail-Safe points?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. The confirmations have just all come in.

GENERAL RIPPER
All right then, Captain. Now listen to me very carefully. The Base is being put on condition Red. I want this flashed to all sections immediately.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Condition Red, sir! Jolly good idea, sir. Keep the men on their toes.

GENERAL RIPPER
Group Captain, I'm afraid it's not an exercise this time.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Not an exercise?

GENERAL RIPPER
Not this time.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
You mean to say we're in for a spot of action?
GENERAL RIPPER
You're a good officer, Mandrake. You have a right to know. It looks like we're in a shooting war.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Oh - hell - are the Russians involved, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER

(laughing) Right up to their beady little eyes.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Good lord! Have they hit anything yet?

GENERAL RIPPER
Mandrake, that's all I've been told. It just came in on the Red phone and my orders are for the East to be sealed tight. And that's precisely what I mean to do - seal it tight.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
I want you to shut down all telephone lines - incoming as well as outgoing.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir, but won't that put us a bit out of the picture?

GENERAL RIPPER
We don't want to be vulnerable to communism saboteurs calling up and pretending to be different people from the President down, do we?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
No, we don't, sir.
GENERAL RIPPER

Then you have it straight, do you?
No calls from inside cut. No
calls from outside in are even
answered. No calls whatsoever.
Is that clear?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Yes, sir, absolutely clear. Nothing
comes or goes without your personal
say-so.

GENERAL RIPPER

No, Mandrake. No calls at all.
With or without my say-so. My
voice can be imitated too!

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Um — General Ripper, sir, you know
something's just occurred to me.
I know this sounds a bit odd, but
how do I know I'm talking to you,
sir?

GENERAL RIPPER

Are you trying to be funny,
Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

No, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Well then who the hell do you think
you're talking to?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, to you, naturally, sir. But I mean,
if you see the point — how is one
to be absolutely sure?

GENERAL RIPPER

Mandrake, the Officer Exchange
Programme does not give you the
right to question the orders of
your commanding officer.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

On - just a moment, sir. Will you -- just a second....

MANDRAKE dashes out of the Communications Centre, down the corridor and pokes his head into RIPPER's office.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(continued)

Are you talking to me on the phone, sir?

RIPPER looks up angrily.

GENERAL RIPPER

What the hell do you think I'm talking to?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Good, sir.

MANDRAKE dashes out of the office, down the corridor and back to his desk in the Communications Centre.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(continued)

Right, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Now, Captain, do you have a pencil in your hand?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

I'll get one, sir....yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

I want you to transmit plan-8 for Robert to the Wing.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Plan-R for Robert. Is that bad, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER
I'm afraid it's pretty hairy.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I see.

GENERAL RIPPER
Plan-R is to be a CEM transmission using the emergency base attack code group.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. A CEM transmission using the emergency base attack code group. But I'm afraid you'll have to give me the code group, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Don't you know it, Mandrake?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Why, no, sir. You sent me into town to make those social arrangements for the visiting congressmen. You set the code yourself at the briefing this morning. In fact, I daresay you're the only one on the Base who knows it today.

GENERAL RIPPER
Yes, you're quite right. Here it is - have you got your pencil?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
It is emergency base code attack index Fox George Dog. Please repeat - Fox George Dog.
GROUP CAPTAIN MAINDRAKE

Emergency base code group attack
Fox George Dog - Fox George Dog -
prefixing Plan-R for Robert, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

That is correct. Now as soon as
you've done that, I want you to
shut down the communications center.
Lock it up and assign all personnel
to base security details and other
jobs.

GROUP CAPTAIN MAINDRAKE

General Ripper, if I shut down the
communications center, we’ll have
absolutely no radio or teleprinter
contact with any other base or
headquarters. We'll be completely
out of the picture.

GENERAL RIPPER

Are you questioning my orders,
Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MAINDRAKE

No, sir, I am simply bringing the
facts to your attention, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

You're a good officer, Captain,
and you're perfectly within your
rights to bring these facts to my
attention, but I am in command
here and when I issue orders I
expect them carried out. Perhaps
we do things here a bit differently
than you do in the RA F.

GROUP CAPTAIN MAINDRAKE

Yes, sir. You certainly do, sir.
GENERAL RIPPER

Now, as soon as you've done all that, I want you to double-up on all base security teams. I want the base perimeter defended and I want road blocks set up a half-mile from the base. These commies are plenty smart and we can't rule out the possibility of an attack on the base by saboteurs.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Indeed we cannot, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Okay, now last and possibly most important, I want all privately owned radios to be immediately impounded. They might be used to issue instructions to saboteurs. As I have previously arranged, Air Police will have lists of all owners, and I want every single one of them collected with no exception.
12. DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 "LEPER COLONY"

13. DAY - INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

13a. CU - CM-114

It whirs to life again. Clicking off three letters and three numbers.

13b. CU - LE. MINELLI

reaches for his code book and starts decoding. He frowns, shows message to companion (D.S.O.) at the same time switching on intercom.

MINELLI

Hey, T.J., get a load of this, off the CMU: "Wing Attack -- Plan-R."

13c. CU - PILOT - T.J.

T.J. (frowning)

"Wing Attack -- Plan-R"? Now what the hell they talkin' about?

13d. MASTER SHOT

MINELLI

"Wing Attack -- Plan-R". That's exactly what it says.

ACE (lowering magazine)

Is he kidding?

T.J.

Well, check your code again, that can't be right.

MINELLI

I have checked it again.
13d. Continued - 2

T.J.
(standing)
You may have made a mistake.

MANDRAKE
(urgently)
I'm telling you, that's how it
decodes. Come and see for
yourself.

13e. THE WHOLE CREW converge on the CHE. Flare
cruises on auto-pilot.

JIMMY
(sotto voce)

25/1/63

11. Continued - 8

GENERAL RIPPER
Now, as soon as you've done all
that, I want you to double-up on
all base security teams. I want
the base perimeter defended and I
want road blocks set up a half-
dime from the base. These commies
are plenty smart and we can't rule
out the possibility of an attack
on the base by saboteurs.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Indeed we cannot, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Okay, now last and possibly most
important, I want all privately
owned radios to be immediately
impounded. They might be used to
issue instructions to saboteurs.
As I have previously arranged, Air
Police will have lists of all owners,
and I want every single one of them
collected with no exception.
T.J. (with quiet dignity)  
Well boys, I reckon this is it.

ACE  
What?

COMBAT.  
T.J.

JIMMY  
But we're carrying Hydrogen bombs.

T.J. (nodding gravely)  
That's right! Nu-clear com-bat!  
Toe to toe with the Russians.

JIMMY  
Maybe it's some kind of screwball exercise, just to see if we're on our toes.

T.J.  
Shoot they ain't sendin' us in there with this load on no exercise, that's fer damn sure.

JIMMY  
It could be some sort of loyalty test. You know, give the Go-code and then a Recall -- just to find out who would actually go.

T.J.  
Now, listen to me, Jimmy, that's the Go-code! It's never been given to anyone before, and it would never be given as a test.

Murmurs of agreement and discussion. T.J. walks back to Pilot's compartment alone, while the others continue to yap.

SWEETS  
It's going to be rough on the folks back home.

MARZELLI  
Yeah, real rough.

ACE  
But how could it have started?

SWEETS  
That's what I can't figure.  
How could it have started?
T.J., alone in compartment, gazes affectionately at the portrait of Bull Daddy Dawson.

T.J. (softly)
Well, old Bull Daddy...you may not be top-gun much longer.

REAR SECTION

Others continue yaking.

GOLDBERG
(suddenly excited)
Those bastards must have hit us!

MIYAJI
That's right, we wouldn't have started it.

GOLDBERG
They must have clobbered some of our cities already! Why those rotten sons of B's -- they may have clobbered Linda and the kids already!

CU - T.J.

He studies GOLDBERG with a jaundiced look.

T.J.
Okay, cut it, Lieutenant Goldberg! If you speak one more before I give you permission, you'll face a general court martial when we get back.

(looks around)
And that goes for everyone else.

He pauses for effect.

CU - LT. GOLDBERG

looks sheepish.
GOLDBERG
I guess I was way out of line,
T.J. I'm sorry.

T.J.
(Extending his hand)
Forget it, Goldy. It can happen
to the best of us. Now let's
get squared away. We got some
flying to do.

With various ad libs of agreement, the crew
scramble back to their action stations.

MIKELLI opens a small safe and searches out a
thick 5x10 sealed envelope marked "Pilz-R" from
among a dozen others. He shoots an enquiring
look to the PILOT and gets a nod. He breaks
open the seal and distributes individual folders
to each of the crew.

T.J.
Give me a first rough course as
soon as you can, Sweety.

ENGLISH
Roughly, one-zero-five. I'll
have it plotted in a minute.

He adjusts the gyro, banks the big plane, and
opens his folder.

T.J.
(Reading from folder)
Okay, here's the check-list:
"Complete radio silence. To
ensure that the enemy cannot plant
false transmissions, the CHJ-114
is to be switched into all receiver
circuits. The emergency base code-
index is to be set on the dials of
the CHM. This will block any
transmissions other than those
preceded by the code-index.
Okay, Goldy, you get that?
13m. VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS

setting the CBR-114.

SWEEPS
Here's the leading, T.J.
One-three-eight.

T.J.
Roger. One-three-eight.

While he talks, other CUTS to the crew prepar-
ing for bomb-run.

T.J.
(reading)
"Primary target the ICBM Complex
at Caputo. First weapon fused
for air burst at ten thousand
feet. Your second weapon will
be used if first malfunctions.
Otherwise proceed to secondary
target. Missile Complex seven
miles east of Barnak. Fused
air-burst at ten thousand." Any
questions?

13n. CUTS TO CREW

13o. CT - T.J.

T.J.
Okay, now, in about ten minutes
we start losing altitude to keep
under their radar. We'll cross
in over the coast at low-level,
and continue low-level on dog
legs to the primary. Okay, boys,
now how about some hot java?
14. NIGHT - EXT. SAC HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)

15. INT. SAC COMMAND OPERATIONS CENTER

15a. COLONEL PUNTRICH - SAC DUTY OFFICER

He sits with six other officers, three majors, one captain and two Lt.Colonels.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
Hello? This is Colonel Puntrich, please connect me with General O'Connor, Washington D.C., Capital -1-574. Priority one.

16. NIGHT - EXT. P统领LOUS HOTEL (STOCK)

17 & 18. OMITTED

19. INT. HOTEL ROOM

GENERAL O'CONNOR, wearing Bermuda shorts, lies under a sunlamp, his eyes protected by dark glasses. His uniform hangs in the background. MISS MILKY WAY (of "Playboy"), clad in a bikini, wearing dark glasses and doing a very small twist, mixes drinks across the room. A portable stereo phonograph is turned on very softly, as it is three a.m.

The soft purring of the phone. GENERAL O'CONNOR makes a hand sign meaning turn off the stereo, and picks up the phone.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Yes...Yes, this is General O'Conor speaking...Who is calling, operator? ...Who's calling? Hello...Yes, this is O'Conor.

INTERCUTS WITH SCENE 15a - INT. SAC

COLONEL PUNTRICH
This is Colonel Puntrich, duty officer at SAC, General.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Colonel, do you realize what time it is?
INTERCUTS WITH SC. 15a - Continued 2.

COLONEL FURTRICH

I know it's three o'clock your time, sir, but something pretty important has come up.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Something that can't wait until morning?

COLONEL FURTRICH

General, we monitored a transmission about eight minutes ago from Stormson Air Force Base. It was apparently directed to the 84th on airborne alert. It decoded as, "Vine attack - Plan-Z".

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Look, General, I've left very clear instructions I am not to be disturbed in the middle of the night for little snafus like this. Just call up the base commander and straighten the thing out.

COLONEL FURTRICH

I tried that first, General, but all communications with the base are dead.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

That's ridiculous.

COLONEL FURTRICH

I thought so, too, sir. But I tried it personally and everything's dead.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Does the threat board show anything?

COLONEL FURTRICH

That's what's really screwy, sir. It doesn't show a thing.
NIGHT - U.S. HURLBURT AIR FORCE BASE

Buttoning-up activity continues as the men listen to the GENERAL'S broadcast echoing on a public address system.

GENERAL RIPPER
(P.A. system)

Many of you may never have seen a nuclear device exploded and because of this may have some exaggerated concern for your friends and families on the base and around the country. Let me frankly assure you there is very little difference between an ordinary bullet and an H-bomb, except possibly a matter of degree. But there is one thing I have learned - if your number's up there is nothing you can do about it and in any way or another it amounts to the same thing.

PERIMETER FENCE - 10-MAN SECURITY DETAIL

Digging in a machine gun about ten yards outside the fence. Riffles are spread out at 5-yard intervals and are digging foxholes.

GENERAL RIPPER
(P.A. system)

There is, however, another form of attack which I think might be the most dangerous for us here on the base. By this I mean a conventional attack whether by individual commie saboteurs or large armed parties which may have been infiltrated into the country. A communist has no regard for human life, not even his own, and for this reason, men, I want to impress upon you the need for watchfulness. The enemy will try any tricks to fool you into letting him on the base.
22 ANOTHER AREA - PERIMETER FENCE - 8-MAN SECURITY DETAIL

They set up a light-machine gun, while a squad of riflemen dig in nearby.

GENERAL RIPPER

22 (P.A. system)
The enemy may come individually or he may come in strength. He may
even come in the uniform of our own troops, but however he comes we must
stop him. We must not allow him to gain entrance to the base. I am
going to give you three simple rules.

23 INT. CAFETERIA - AIR POLICE

assembling collected radios in enlisted men's cafeteria. There are about two hundred of
various types.

GENERAL RIPPER

23 (P.A. system)
First: trust no one, whatever his uniform or rank, who is not known to
you personally. The second:
anyone or anything that approaches
within two hundred yards of the
perimeter is to be fired on, and the
third - if in doubt shoot first and
ask questions afterwards. I would
scour accept a few casualties
through accident than lose the
entire base and its personnel
through carelessness.

24 INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - GROUP CAPTAIN MAURICE

The last of the staff are leaving. GROUP 24
CAPTAIN MAURICE wanders about checking lights
and other details.

GENERAL RIPPER

24 (P.A. system)
Any variation on these orders I have
given you must come from me personally.
i want that clearly understood, and
there are to be no exceptions to it
whatever the circumstances.
INT. GENERAL RIFFER'S OFFICE

This entire scene will be shot in master from the office with GENERAL RIFFER speaking on microphone.

GENERAL RIFFER

In conclusion, men, I'd like to say that in the two years that I have been privileged to be your commanding officer, I have always expected the best from you and you have never given me anything less than that. Today the nation is counting on us and we are not going to let them down. Good luck to you all.

GENERAL RIFFER clicks the mike button and sinks wearily back into his chair. He lights a cigarette and inhales with satisfaction.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SECTION - GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRAIE

Snaps off his desk lamp and walks down the long, deserted room, double-checking various items. He picks up a small transistor radio, which has obviously been forgotten, and idly snaps it on. A not very news and a disc jockey begins his commercial.

CLOSE - GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRAIE

He tunes in on other stations. All programmes are normal. LANDRAIE frowns, thinks a few moments, and suddenly dashes out of the room.
The crew are lined up facing T.J. who holds six plastic packages, which look something like a boy's Christmas surprise parcel.

T.J.
Okay, boys. I'm supposed to hand these survival kits out before we get over enemy coast. In then you will find -

(as reads from printing on the side)
one .45 automatic, two boxes ammunition, four days concentrated emergency rations, one fishing line and hooks, one pocket knife, one compass, one drug issue containing: anti-biotic, morphine, vitamin pills, pep pills, sleeping pills, tranquilizer pills, one miniature combination Russian phrase book and Bible, one hundred dollars in Rubles, one hundred dollars in gold, four 21 jewel Swiss watches, five gold plated fountain pens, ten packs chewing gum, one issue prophylactics, three lipsticks, three pairs nylon stockings.
Elevator lights flash indicating high speed elevator descending to eleventh sub-basement. Door opens. Exit ten secret service men, uncovering a small electric car in which PRESIDENT MUFFLEY is seated.

The car drives off at a good clip and the secret service men have to run alongside to keep up. Crack guards armed with carbines line the corridor every 25ft.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY shaves with a battery-powered electric shaver.

The small car pulls up to a heavy metal door, above which is inscribed the following sign:

"CATEGORY ONE - MAXIMUM SECURITY AREA"

It is guarded by a Captain and three Sergeants armed with carbines and 45's.

They snap smartly to attention. The PRESIDENT discount and walks rapidly to the door flanked by two of his secret service men.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (absently)
Good morning, Captain.

CAPTAIN (zombie-like)
Good morning, sir. Your pass, please.

The three secret service men nearest the CAPTAIN have already flashed their passes.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (frowning and fumbling hurriedly in his pockets)
Oh-oh, well, I'm sorry, Captain. I'm afraid I have left my wallet in my bedroom.

Starts forward. THE CAPTAIN blocks his way.
CAPTAIN
I am sorry, sir. This is a maximum security area. Security Regulations 144 - Section 7. . . . . . .

S.S. CHIEF
(firmly in hushed tone to Captain)
It's the President, Captain!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
You recognise me, don't you, Captain?

CAPTAIN
(eyes straight ahead)
Yes, sir. I believe I do, sir.
But Security Regulations 144 - Section 7 "White House ID Pass will be surrendered by all persons or personnel entering the War Room." There may be no exceptions to this regulation.

There is an embarrassed pause.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Captain, this is a very awkward and unfortunate situation. The National Security Council is already assembled and waiting for me on a matter of the gravest urgency. I'm sure my personal assurance that the rules may be overlooked on this occasion...

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry, sir. I cannot allow you to enter. Security Regulations 144 - Section . . . . .

C.S. PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
He gives an almost imperceptible sign - a slight nod of his head to the S.S. CHIEF.

S.S. CHIEF
and with a word to the three guards in one mass of bodies sweeping them from sight.

The S.S. CHIEF opens the door.
The PRESIDENT enters, followed by the S.S. CHIEF and TWO SECRET SERVICE MEN.

The PRESIDENT walks rapidly to the chair.

PRESIDENT BUFFETT
(to S.S. Chief)
Straighten this thing out, will you, Charlie? Send somebody back for the Pass.

The PRESIDENT sits down in the chair. The TWO SECRET SERVICE MEN strap him in, step back and nod to the S.S. CHIEF, who has stationed himself at a wall switch.

The S.S. CHIEF throws the switch and the chair rises smoothly and swiftly on a hydraulic shaft, straight up and out of sight through a trap door in the ceiling.

The President has a terrible cold, watery eyes and a headache.
The PRESIDENT's chair rises up into position at a huge Conference Table. Twenty-nine top ranking civilian and military officials rise.

PRESIDENT MOFFLEY
(blowing his nose)
Good morning, gentlemen. Please sit down.

All sit.

PRESIDENT MOFFLEY
Is everyone here?

There is a general stirring and clearing of throats.

STURGIS
Mr. President, the Secretary of State is in Vietnam, the Secretary of Defense is in Laos and the Vice President is in Mexico City. We can establish contact with them at any time if it is necessary.

PRESIDENT MOFFLEY
(writhed with his cold)
Fine, fine.

(looking to Four-Star General "Buck" O'Connor, the Air Force Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff)

Now, Buck, what the hell's going on here?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR rises and assumes his maximum dignity. He is a man who conceals hostility with sickening sincerity and a crinkly smile.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Mr. President, about thirty-five minutes ago General Jack Ripper, the Commanding General at Barksdale Air Force Base, issued orders to the thirty-four B-52's of his Wing which were airborne at the time as part of a special exercise we were holding called "Operation Dropkick". It appears as if the order called for the planes to attack their targets inside Russia. The planes are fully loaded with nuclear weapons and an average
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR (Cont'd.)

Load of forty nukes each.
(pointing to wall)
The central display of Russia will
indicate the planes positions -
the squares are their primary
targets, the triangles are their
secondary targets. The aircraft
will begin penetrating Russian
radar cover within twenty-five
minutes.

PRESIDENT NIXON
I find this very difficult to
understand, General O'Connor.
I am the only one who has the
authority to order the use of
nuclear weapons.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
That's right, sir. You are the
only person authorised to do so,
and, though I have to judge before
all the facts are in, it's beginning
to look like General Roper exceeded
his authority.

PRESIDENT NIXON
But that's impossible!

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Perhaps you are forgetting the
provisions of Plan-B, sir?

PRESIDENT NIXON
Plan-B???

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
That's right, sir. Plan-B is
surely you must recall - Plan-B is
an emergency war plan in which a
lower echelon commander can order
nuclear retaliation after a sneak
attack, if the normal chain of
command has been disrupted. You
approved it, sir. You must
remember.
The PRESIDENT sits in a kind of stunned silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Surely you must remember, sir, when we first talked about our deterrent looking for a safeguard.

The idea was for Plan-R to be a sort of retaliatory safeguard. A safeguard?!

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Well, sir, I admit the human element seems to have failed us here, but the idea was to discourage the Russians from any hope that they could knock out Washington and — yourself — as part of a general sneak attack and escape retaliation because of lack of proper command and control.

PRESIDENT MITFLEET
Has there been any indication whatsoever of Russian hostile intentions in the last twenty-four hours?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
No, sir, there hasn't, and the more I think about it this is really beginning to look like a very unfortunate misuse of Plan-R.

PRESIDENT MITFLEET
Well, I assume though that the planes will return automatically as soon as they reach their Safe-Safe points.
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
No, sir, I'm afraid not. The planes were holding at their Fall-Safe point when the Go-code was issued. Once they fly beyond Fall-Safe they do not require a second order to proceed. They will continue until they reach their targets.

PRESIDENT NIXON
Well, why haven't you radioed the planes countermanding the Go-code??

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
I'm afraid we are unable to communicate with any of the aircraft.

PRESIDENT NIXON
Well, that's absurd!

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
As you may recall, Mr. President, one of the provisions of Plan-R provides that once the Go-code is received the normal ASR radio is to be switched into a special coded device, which I believe is designated as CRA-114. To prevent the enemy from issuing false or confusing orders the CRA-114 is designed not to receive at all unless the message is preceded by the correct three letter code group prefix.

PRESIDENT NIXON
Well, surely this is part of the SAC Master Code.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
No, sir, it is not. Since this is an emergency war plan and has to be activated at a lower echelon, the lower echelon commander designates the code, and in this case it is known only to General Ripper since he changed it just before take-off and gave it personally to the crews at their pre-flight briefing.
Then do you mean to say you will be unable to recall the aircraft????

I'm afraid that's about the size of it, sir. We are plowing through every possible three-letter combination of the code, but there are apparently seventeen thousand permutations, and it will take us two and a half days to transmit them all.

How soon did you say the planes would penetrate Russian radar cover?

About eighteen minutes from now, sir.

Are you in contact with General Ripper?

No, sir. General Ripper has sealed off the base and cut off all communications.

Where did you get all this information?

General Ripper called Strategic Air Command Headquarters shortly after he issued the Go-code. I have a portion of the transcript of the conversation here, if you'd like me to read it.

Go ahead.
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
The duty officer asked General Ripper to confirm the fact that he had issued the Go-code and he said.
(clears throat)
"Yes, gentlemen, they are on their way in and no one can bring them back. For the sake of our country and our way of life I suggest you get the rest of SAC in after them, otherwise we will be totally destroyed by Red retaliation. My boys will give you the best kind of start - 1400 megatons worth - and you sure as hell won't stop them now. So let's get going, there's no other choice. God willing we will prevail, in peace and freedom from fear and in true health through the purity and essence of our natural fluids. God bless you all." Then he hung up.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
Did he say something about fluids???

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Yes, sir yes - "we shall prevail in peace and freedom from fear and in true health through the purity and essence of our natural fluids." We are still trying to figure out the meaning of that last phrase, sir.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
There's nothing to figure out, General O'Connor, the man's obviously a psychotic.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Well, Mr. President, I'd like to hold off judgement on a thing like that until all the facts are in.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
General O'Connor, when you instituted the Human Reliability tests you assured me there was no possibility of such a thing ever occurring.
Continued - 7

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
I don't think it's fair to condemn a whole programme for a single slip-up, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Never mind, we're wasting time. I want to speak to General Ripper on the telephone personally.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
I'm afraid that will be impossible, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(blowing up)
General O'Connor, I'm beginning to have less and less interest in your estimates of what is possible and impossible!!

There is a tense moment of silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Mr. President - if I may speak for General Facedman, Admiral Randolph, our aides, our Staff - we are all professionals, sir. We've spent our lives on this and we know our jobs. All the contingencies are being considered and you may rest assured that the departments concerned are on top of this thing. Now, we can all understand what kind of strain you must be under, just having been rousted out of a sickbed, and if I may suggest, sir, we are all on the same side. We are all trying to accomplish the same thing and perhaps it might be the best thing if you just let us handle this.
30 Continued - 8

PRESIDENT NIXON
(furiously in a quiet way)

General O'Connor, I want one thing understood and understood clearly -
I am running this! I am running this right to the end! It is my
right and it is my responsibility
and anyone who feels his professional
valents are not receiving sufficient
recognition may hand in his
resignation which will be instantly
accepted!!!

There is a deadly silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
(conjuring up a slightly smile)

Mr. President, we are here to help
you, sir, and there was certainly no
offense meant by that remark.

PRESIDENT NIXON
I'll accept that.

(The President turns
to General Faceman)

General Faceman, are there any army
units stationed anywhere near
Mylarado?

GENERAL FACEMAN
huddles with a Colonel sitting next
to him in hushed whispers.

GENERAL FACEMAN

Yes, sir - er - apparently - er -
I believe the 23rd Air-Force Ranger
Division is stationed about seven
miles away at Alvarado.

PRESIDENT NIXON

General Faceman, I want you to get
on the phone yourself and speak to
the officer in charge. Tell him
to get himself out here and moving
immediately. If they don't have
enough vehicles, commander cars
crof the highway, but tell him he
must be there within fifteen minutes
from the time he hangs up the phone.
If he can't get them all there, get
as many as he can. I want them to
Continued - 9

PRESIDENT LUPPBY (Contd.)
enter the base, locate General
Hopper and immediately put him into
telephone contact with me.

GENERAL FACOMAN
Yes, sir!

GENERAL FACOMAN picks up the phone.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Mr. President, I should like to
advise that under a condition like
it is standard procedure for the
base to be sealed off and the base
defended by base security troops.
Any forces which tried to enter the
base would surely encounter heavy
casualties.

GENERAL FACOMAN
(smiling)
General O'Connor, with all respect
to your defense teams, my Rangers
will bring them aside without too
much trouble.

GENERAL O'CONNOR fades.

TRADINGSON
Mr. President, how do you feel about
Civil Defence?

PRESIDENT LUPPBY
Hmmm... Civil Defence.
(there is a pause and
a frown)

TRADINGSON
Shall we let the situation mature
a bit, sir?

PRESIDENT LUPPBY
Yes, I think that's the best
policy for the moment.
SWETS
Make rate of descent fifteen hundred per minute. That should slide us in nicely under their radar cover.

T.J. adjusts trim, throttling back slightly to maintain correct speed. We see the rate of descent indicator steady at 1500, speed steady at Mach zero-eight-five on the Machmeter.

T.J.
Descent steady at fifteen hundred.
Speed steady at Mach zero-eight-five.

The navigator, SWETS, glances at his Ground Position Indicator, on which certain of the pilot’s instrument readings are duplicated.

SWETS
Roger. Maintain.

T.J.
Okay, ready for checks.

D.S.O. - MINELLI
Roger.

VARIOUS INSERTS - EQUIPMENT

SWETS
Main search radar all green.
Set for maximum range, maximum sweep.

T.J.
Roger.

D.S.O. - MINELLI
Both electronic detectors set to swing from spot A through B.

We see, on the bulky electronic detector, a small rotor arm moving rapidly through the sequence of stud settings, and flicking back to start again.
T.J.,
A through E, Roger.

MINELLI
Main interference linked to electronic detector. Right interference on readiness state.

T.J.
Check.

MINELLI
Missile and flight path computer showing four greens.

We see four lights winking on and off in rotation on the computer.

T.J.
Check.

JIMMY
Target approach radar tuning is right. All approach transparencies are checked, one through twenty-five.

We see bombardier take one of the transparencies, slide it over approach radarscope.

T.J.
Check target approach.

JIMMY
Bomb doors circuit is green, bomb release circuit is green, bomb fusing circuit is green.

T.J.
Check, all bomb circuits green. Okay, Lothar.

JIMMY
When do you want to arm the bomb for the primary, T.J.?

T.J.
Soon as I've checked out the approach.

SWEETS
In thirty seconds, the count-down clock should read eighty-three minutes. Eighty-three.
1/1/63

32a. COUNT-DOWN CLOCK

Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"
33 - DAWN  MURPHELSON AIR FORCE BASE  -  A CUBS  

All the security details are in position, and everything is covered by a peaceful hush.

34 - INT. GBR BIFPER'S OFFICE  
Enter GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE excitedly carrying a small transistor radio. It is playing a rock-and-roll tune.

MANDRAKE scuttles into the room, out of breath, and stops in front of BIFPER'S desk.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

I have some wonderful news, sir. Music! Listen, civilian broadcasting music. Isn't that marvelous? You see, those fellows in the Pentagon have obviously given us some sort of small exercise to test our readiness. But I think they've carried it a bit too far this time, because our chaps will be hitting Russian radar cover in about twenty minutes.

GEN. BIFPER (quietly)

Mandrake, I thought I issued orders that all radios on the base were to be impounded.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

You did, indeed, sir, and I was in the process of impounding this very one - I've done all the others - when I happened to switch this one, and I thought to myself, "Our chaps will be hitting Russian radar cover in about twenty minutes, and (laughs nervously) will be dropping all their stuff."

(Laughs nervously)

You know, I thought I'd best tell you...because...I mean...they'd probably cause a bit of a...a bit of a stink, you know.

During this speech, BIFPER rises, closes the blinds, and locks the doors. MANDRAKE trails him around.
GENERAL RIFFER
Mandrake, the Officer Exchange Program does not give you any special prerogatives to question my orders.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I'm afraid I'm not with you, sir. I thought you'd be sensibly pleased to hear the news. After all, we don't want to start a nuclear war unless we really have to, do we, sir? (laughs nervously)

GENERAL RIFFER
Please sit down and turn that thing off.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. What about the planes, sir? We must issue the recall code immediately.

GENERAL RIFFER
Group Captain Mandrake, the planes will not be recalled. My attack orders have been given, and the orders stand.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, sir, I must say that that would be, to my way of thinking, a rather odd way of looking at it. I mean, if an enemy attack were under way, we would not hear civilian broadcasting.

GENERAL RIFFER
Are you certain of that, Mandrake?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I'm absolutely certain, sir.

GENERAL RIFFER
And what if it were true?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, then, I'm afraid I'm still not quite with you, sir. Because if an enemy attack was not in progress, then your use of Plan-B, and in fact your order to the wing... oh-huh. Well, then, I should say that there's something awfully wrong somewhere, sir.
GENERAL RIPPER

Now just relax, Group Captain, and please pour me a grain-alcohol and rain-water, and help yourself to whatever you you like.

Mandraske rises.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

I’m afraid, sir, that as an officer in Her Majesty’s Royal Air Force, I must inform you that it is my duty under the present circumstances to issue the recall signal upon my own authority and to bring back the Ring. If you’ll excuse me, sir.

He turns, walks to the door and stops.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

I’m afraid I shall need the key and the recall code group. You wouldn’t happen to have them handy, would you, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER

I told you to relax, Group Captain. There’s nothing anyone can do about this thing now. I’m the only one who knows the three-letter code group.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, then, I’m afraid, sir, that I shall have to insist that you give it to me.

Ripper casually takes out a .45 caliber automatic.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Are you threatening a fellow-officer with a gun, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER

Now just cool off, Mandraske, and pour me a grain-alcohol and rain-water like I asked. Help yourself to whatever you like.

MANDRAKE walks to the bar.
GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

I have you done this, sir?

GERALD RIPPER

I've given it a lot of thought, Mundane, don't think I haven't.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

No, sir, I should imagine you have given this a great deal of thought.

GERALD RIPPER

We've come a long way since Pearl Harbor, and all the lessons we've learned are in Plan-R.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

I... I suppose they are, sir.

GERALD RIPPER

You're damned right, they are.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

How much rain-water, sir?

GERALD RIPPER

Oh, about half and half.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

Surely you know, sir, that our... our... I mean there are only 36 aircraft. They can't really do the job alone. I mean it'll be like wounded a lion. The Russians will hit us with everything they've got.

MUNDANE walks back with the drink.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

Is this the way you like it, sir?

GERALD RIPPER

Yes, thank you. And now, let's drink a toast. To peace on earth, and to the purity and essence of our natural fluids.

GROUP CAPTAIN MUNDANE

Uh... Yes.

They both down the drinks.
GENERAL RIPPER
Don't look so worried, Mandrake.
The Russians will hit us hard only
if we do not strike in full strength
at once, and that is exactly what
we shall do.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, I... I don't quite follow you,
sir. Is I say, only 35 planes...

GENERAL RIPPER
Group Captain Mandrake, at this
evry moment, while we sit here
and chat so enjoyably, a decision
is being made by the President and
the Joint Chiefs in the "War Room
at the Pentagon. Then they find
out that there's no possibility of
recalling the wing, there will be
only one course of action open -
total commitment. (RIPPER looks
intensely satisfied) Do you
remember what Clemenceau once said
about war?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I don't think so, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
He said war was too important
a matter to be left to generals.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Did he?

GENERAL RIPPER
Then he said it, fifty years ago,
he might have been right. But
today, war is too important to
be left to politicians. They
have neither the time nor
the training nor the inclination for
strategic thought. I can no
longer sit back and allow communist
infiltration, communist indoctrina-
tion, communist subversion and
the international communist
conspiracy to sap and sapacity
all of our precious bodily
fluids!!!
PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Turgidson, it's three-thirty-five in the afternoon in Moscow. Put through an urgent priority long distance telephone call to Premier Belch. Try him at his office in the Kremlin.

TURGDSON

We've never communicated with him on such an informal basis before, sir. It's possible he won't take the call.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

If the Premier won't take the call, Turgidson, you tell whoever you get on the phone that a couple of dozen of their cities may be taken out within the next hour-and-a-half. He'll take the call.

TURGDSON

Yes, sir.

TURGDSON picks up a phone and softly speaks into it, as the scene continues.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(to a senior Civilian Aide)

Frank!

FRANK

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Frank, I want a complete communications system set up between the Pentagon and the Kremlin. At least a dozen telephone circuits, radio and teleprinters - the works.
FRANK

Yes, sir, but I have a feeling none of the maintenance or installation men are on duty at this hour of the morning.

PRESIDENT WYFFLEY

Get 'em out of bed, Frank!

FRANK

Yes, sir.

FRANK picks up the telephone and softly talks into it as the scene progresses.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Mr. President, there are a few points I'd like to make.

PRESIDENT WYFFLEY

Go ahead, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

One: our hopes for retaking the Soviet Union are quickly being reduced to a very low order of probability. Two: in less than fifteen minutes, the Huskies will be making radar contacts with the planes. Three: when they do, they will go absolutely mad, and strike back with everything they've got. Four: if prior to this we've done nothing further to suppress their retaliatory capabilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation - I believe our recent studies of this contingency indicated in round numbers upwards of a hundred and fifty million killed in the United States. Five: if, on the other hand, we immediately launch a co-ordinated and all-out missile attack on their airfields and missile bases, we stand a damned good chance of catching them with their pants down. Well, we've got
Continued - 3

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR (cont'd.)
a five-to-one missile superiority
and we can easily assign three
missiles per target and still have
a very effective reserve force for
any other contingencies. Six: an
official study which we undertook
of such an eventuality indicated we
would destroy 90% of their nuclear
capabilities. We would therefore
prevail and suffer only modest and
acceptable civilian casualties
from their remaining force which
would be badly damaged and
uncoordinated.

GENERAL O'CONNOR pauses and looks confidently
around the table.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
General O'Connor, it is the avowed
policy of our country that we will
never strike first with nuclear
weapons.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Mr. President, I think General
Kipper has already invalidated that
policy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
That was not an act of national
policy, and there are still
alternatives open to us.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
There is a difference between
striking first and pre-empting a
Russian first-strike which you know
is coming.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Even if we struck first, General
O'Connor, we would still suffer
horrible civilian casualties.
Mister President, I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair missed, but I'd say no more than ten to twenty million tops depending on the breaks.

General, you're talking about mass murder, not war.

Mister President, we are rapidly approaching a moment of truth, for ourselves as human beings and for the life of our nation. Now truth is not always a pleasant thing, but it is necessary now to make a choice. To choose between two admittedly regrettable but nevertheless distinguishable post-war environments, one where we lose twenty million people and the other where we lose one hundred and fifty million people.

I will not go down in history as the greatest mass murderer since Adolph Hitler.

Perhaps it might be better, Mister President, if you were more concerned about the American people than your image in history books.

General O'Connor, I think we've heard from you on this sufficiently. (the President turns to Turgidson)

Turgidson, see what's happening with that call to the Premier.
36 Continued — 5

TURGIDSON checks the call.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

And now, I think I'd like a few more opinions. Admiral Randolph, do you agree with the General?

The ADMIRAL squirms.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH

(shaking his head)

I don't know... I just don't know.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(to CIA)

Bill?

CIA — BILL STOVER

It's a tough one, all right. I guess I'll have to go along with your thinking, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General Faceman?

GENERAL FACEMAN

I see what General O'Connor's getting at, but it's rough... I have to pass on this one, President.

A quiet electronic tone sounds. TURGIDSON picks up the phone.

TURGIDSON

Mister President, they've got the ambassador waiting upstairs.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Good, good. Any difficulty?

TURGIDSON

They say he's having a fit about that squad of K.P.'s.
Well, it can't be helped. Have him brought down here right away.

While ZURGIDSON finishes the conversation, the rest of the dialogue takes place.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Is that the Russian Ambassador you're talking about?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
That's right, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Is the Russian Ambassador to be permitted entrance to the War Room?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
That is correct, General. He is here on my orders.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Well... sir... I don't know quite how to put this, but are you aware of what a serious breach of security that would be, sir? I mean, he'll see everything... He'll see the... Big Board.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
That's precisely the idea, General. That's precisely the idea.
37 EXT. B-52 FLYING

38 INT. B-52 "LEPHER COLONY"

ZUGO

Both arming circuits are green.

T.J.
Okay, Vizzelii, you ready back there?

VIZZELII
Ready, T.J.

38a VARIOUS CU - INSERT INTERCUTS

The actual arming is depicted as needing initial action by three of the crew, i.e. pilot, BSO, and bombardier, simultaneously.

T.J.
Primary arming switch.

VIZZELII
Primary arming switch.

38b VARIOUS CU - INTERCUTS.

Both pilot and BSO depress a switch guarded by a safety trip, marked "T". On the bombardier’s control panel, two green lights glow. Bombardier depresses his own switch.

JIMMY
Primary circuit is live.

T.J.
Primary trigger switch.

VIZZELII
Primary trigger switch

Pilot and BSO again depress a switch marked TRIGGER. Again two green lights glow on bombardier’s control panel. He depresses his own trigger switch. A third green light appears.
JIMMY
Primary trigger circuit is live.

DSO has now finished his part in the action. He picks up a computer, but does not use it, merely holding it as he listens, like the rest of the crew, to the remainder of the arming procedure.

JIMMY
Release first safety.

T.J.
First safety.

The two operate their switches. Two lights again glow on Safety bank of panel.

JIMMY
Second safety.

T.J.
Second safety.

The second pair of lights glow on Safety bank. Only one pair now remains unit.

JIMMY
Pushing for ten thousand air burst.

T.J.
Check, then thousand air burst.

We see bombardier turn not setting. Needle creeps round dial to ten thousand. Bombardier presses in succession three control buttons marked: Electronic, Barometric, and Time.

He waits while the appropriate three lights glow on.

JIMMY
Electronic, barometric, and time fusing all set for ten thousand air.

Pause, pushes back hair.
Master safety.

Bomber and pilot now press the last remaining switch, clearly marked "MASTER SAFETY".

The two remaining lights on Safety panel glow, and bomber glances quickly at the banked rows of glowing lights.

Primary bomb is live.

Okay, Jimmy, that's it. Master safety on now 'til we start the run.

Master safety on.

They put the master safety switches up; and on the bombardier's panel we see the two final lights go off.

We see two enormous H-bombs. Grotesque female faces have been painted across them with the names, "Hi There" and "Bill Daddy."
Dawn - Burbank Air Force Base

Various cuts - Defense teams waiting

Machine Gun Position
Fifty yards outside wire perimeter fence, a first-sergeant and two privates are hunched over a machine gun.

They see down road
About three hundred yards away, a jeep and three troop trucks cautiously approaching.

Private Anderson
How do we know they're saboteurs?

Sergeant Mellows
(peeking through binoculars)
How do you know they're not?

Corporal Engelbach
You heard what the General said - two hundred yards.
The vehicles continue closer.

Sergeant Mellows
(swinging binoculars)
Look: There's eight more trucks on the North road!

We see the eight trucks about two miles away.

Corporal Engelbach
They must be saboteurs. Who else would be coming at four in the morning?

Private Anderson
Yeah, I guess so.
4lb OTHER CUTS AROUND BASE PERIMETER

4lc VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

SEROJANT MELLOWS
(calmly)
Okay, let 'em have it.

The machine gun fires three longish bursts which spray across the path of the lead jeep. The men ball out.

A bazooka is fired and the empty jeep explodes.

The convoy stops and we see troops leap out of the trucks, dispersing into the field on each side of the road.

4ld VARIOUS CUTS - TROOPS FIRING.

The scattered firing gradually stops. All we hear are insects and the distant sound of the second truck convoy.

A loudspeaker suddenly clicks on in the distance.

4le MS - COLONEL GUANO BEHIND TRUCK.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(loudspeaker)
This is Colonel "Bat" Guano, 701st Airborne Ranger Battalion. Why are you men firing on us?

Silence.

41c PRIVATE ANDERSON
Should we answer?

SERGEANT MELLOWS
Keep down, and open up on the first one who shows his head.
COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
This is Colonel Guano. We are on a mission from the President. We want to enter the base and speak with General Ripper.

Silence.

CORPORAL ENGELBACK
A special mission from the President - what about that?

SERGEANT MELLONS
(still glued to glasses)
I'll say one thing. You've got to give these Reds credit for organization and planning.

VARIOUS CUTS
Two hundred yards away a skirmishing party of a dozen or so men, widely spaced about thirty yards apart, rises out of the grass and begins to work its way forward.

PRIVATE ANDERSON
(under his breath)
They've got guts, too.

A machine gun fires. Three men are hit immediately, the others dive for cover.

The firing stops. Ten seconds of silence.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
This is Colonel Guano. Yes, you are firing on your own troops. Unless you surrender within sixty seconds, I am under orders to return your fire.

SERGEANT MELLONS
That's okay by me, Comrade.

Mellons opens fire.
41f CUT TO GUANO. Machine-gun fire cutting around him.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(softly, looking towards Base)
They must be crazy! What the hell's going on?
(to 1st Officer)
All right, Johnson, take C Company around to the flank.
(indicates direction)
(turns to 2nd Officer)
Rothman, you and Cooper... .

41g VARIOUS CUES - ACTION SEQUENCE

From base viewpoint we see deployment of Guano’s men towards both flanks.

Three base machine-gun positions open up.

Men moving to left enter defilade area out of sight; men moving to right are on open terrain moving from cover to cover, occasionally falling. Mortar shell explosions (from base firing) are seen among them.

42 DAY - FLYING SHOT - E-52 "LEPER COLONY"

43 INT. E-52 - NAVIGATOR

is hunched over his mastar search radarscope. See coastline coming at top of tube.

R.M. SWEEPS

We should be crossing the coast in about six minutes.

T.J.
Thanks, Sweets. Can you see Bromminger Island yet?

SWEETS
(concentrated on scope)
I don’t think so.

SwEEtS adjusts brilliance of the radarscope.
We see a fast moving trace.

MINEVLI

Missle! Sixty miles off!
Reading in fast! Steady track!
Looks like a beam-rider.

T.J.

Aright, keep callin' it.
(to Ace)

Knock off the auto-pilot, ace.

ACE reaches forward and flips two switches.

ACE

Auto-pilot off.

T.J.

Lock ECM onto master search radar.

MINEVELI

(flipping switches)

ECM locked to master search radar.

He looks at the large ECM (Electronic-Counter-Measures) control panel. It is an electronic marvel with all the appropriate blinking lights, gauges, and oscillographs. He speaks to himself.

MINEVELI

(giving panel a pat)

You big, beautiful brain, you better start thinking.

ACE

Where do you suppose it's coming from?

T.J.

Minevli, you picked up any aircraft?
MINELLI
(shaking head)
Just the missile.

T.J.
It must have been fired from
Broodinga Island — probably that
there new Vampire 202, the one with
a hundred-mile range.

MINELLI
Forty-five. Still straight and
fast. Coming in at twelve o'clock!

T.J.
What speed?

MINELLI
Between Mach 3 and 4.

T.J.
Call it every five miles.

MINELLI
Thirty-five, it's still coming.

VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

T.J.
Prepare to release Quail.

JIMMY, the Bombadier, flips a number of switches.

JIMMY
Quail ready for release.

T.J.
Open bomb doors.
41d EXT. B-52
Bomb doors opening.

41e EXT. B-52

JIMMY
Bomb doors open!

MENELLI
Thirty! Twelve o'clock and straight!

T.J.
(calmly)
Release Quail.

41f EXT. B-52
Quail decoy drops from bomb bay. A jet flame appears as it comes to life.

41g INT. B-52

T.J.
Changing course ninety degrees. Close bomb doors.

MENELLI
Twenty miles!

JIMMY
Bomb doors closed.

41h EXT. B-52
Changes course but the Quail changes with it about seventy yards below and behind.

41i INT. B-52

JIMMY looking in radarscope.

JIMMY
Something must be wrong! Quail turned with us!
Continued - 2

T.J. banks aircraft steeply.

T.J.

Changing course ninety degrees.

MINER

Fifteen miles. Twelve o'clock.

EX.

B-52 Banking.

The Quail turns with again.

VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

JILL

It's still following us!

MINER

Ten miles. Twelve o'clock.

CU - T.J.

T.J.

Okay, take the ECM over the red line!

DSO

Roger, all ECM power!

CU - ECM POWER GAUGES

Arrow quivering past red line.

DSO - MINER

MINER

Eight miles! Twelve o'clock!

JILL

Quail still there!
CU - T.J.

He begins to sweat but is still very well in command.

T.J.
Hang on, boys.

He flies the plane into a series of violent maneuvers to get away from the Quail.

EXT. B-52 - DIVING BANK

Quail stays with it keeping about a hundred yards below and behind.

INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

MINELLI
Seven - six - five - four -
Three - Two - One ...

EXT. B-52

The missile hits the Quail and there is a huge explosion about a hundred yards from the plane.

INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

The plane is hit, smoke, electrical sparks, suffocating and flame.

OMITTED

OMITTED
AMBASSADOR DE SABE
(with fantastic intensity)
You are very clever, Mister President. Send nuclear planes to destroy Russia! You call me in here and tell me the planes are coming but it is an accident. You say, do not strike back, Russia, this is an accident. So the trusting people of the Soviet Union believe you? Sit back and Kab-Bang — you destroy us. Ha! Your trick is clever, Mister President, but one thing you forget, we are chess players, and in chess there are no tricks. No tricks, Mister President! Just traps! And only the beginner falls for traps.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Mister Ambassador, you are choosing to misunderstand.

AMBASSADOR DE SABE
Understand? Understand — I understand only too well. Who could fail to understand such a clumsy trick? Trap! — at the expense of the peace-loving people of the Soviet Union. Oh... Last... Ancient... Trap!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Anger will not help us now, Mister Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SABE
Nothing will help you now, Mister President! You are not fooled by this fantastic lie! I am not fooled, and the Premier will not be fooled! We are not such fools as you may think, Mister President!
Mistress Ambassador, I have always had the greatest respect for your intelligence, for your shrewd judgment of character, and for your coolness and ability to handle a crisis. When I speak to the Premier, he must be able to authenticate what I tell him. Your presence here is perhaps the single most important hope we have to prevent a complete and final catastrophe. That is why I brought you here — that is why I revealed our classified and highly guarded procedures.

The President's flattery has had an effect. De Sade signs. An aide arrives with a bottle of vodka and several glasses on a silver tray.

Aide
Here you are, sir.

The ambassador signs again and shakily reaches for a glass. He freezes as it gets to his lips, and lowers his arm in slow motion.

Ambassador De Sade
You wouldn't put anything in it?

The president takes the glass from him and downs a large shot of vodka in one gulp, shivering as it goes down.

Ambassador De Sade
Excuse me, but I cannot be too cautious.

President Muffley
Perhaps this unfounded suspicion will better allow you to realize another.

The ambassador signs again and downs a large shot of vodka like a glass of water.
PRESIDENT MIFFLEY
Won't you have something to eat now?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Very well.

AIDE
Follow me, sir.

He follows the AIDE to a large spread of food and drink.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
You don't have any fresh fish?

AIDE
I'm afraid not, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Your eggs, then — they are fresh?

AIDE
Naturally, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
I will have poached eggs. And bring me some cigars, please — Havana cigars.

The spread of food: various hot trays, cold cuts, bread rolls, cakes, coffee, tea, whiskey, cigarettes, cigars — the works.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH
(to De Sade)
Try one of these Jamaican cigars, Ambassador. They're pretty good.

He offers a pack of Jamaican cigars.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Thank you, no. I do not support the work of imperialist stooges.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH

Only commie stooges, huh?

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH walks away angrily.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH (under his breath)

(to another officer)

Well, what the hell, Mr. Offer the guy a smoke and the lousy commie sonofa — —

Another part of the Room - GENERAL O'CONNOR speaks to the PRESIDENT.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Mister President, are you gonna let that lousy commie punk vomit all over us that way?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Look, Buck, I know how you feel. How do you think I like it? But we need him on our side. Now cool off, there's one helluva lot riding on this phone call. Okay?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

If you say so, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Good boy, Buck.

The PRESIDENT talks to FORGEIDSON.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

What's taking so long on that call?
Mister President, we haven't been able to reach him at the Kremlin. They say they don't know where he is, and he isn't expected back for another two hours.

Did you tell them what I told you?

I was hoping it would not be necessary, sir.

You are having trouble reaching the Premier?

Yes, we are, Ambassador.

On Saturday afternoon his office will not know where to find him. Try... 87... 46... 56... Moscow.

Did you get that, Turgidson?

87 - 46 - 56, Moscow.

Thank you very much, Ambassador.

You will note that I remember that number from memory, Mr. President. You understand the importance of memory to the chess master?

You have an impressive memory, Ambassador.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Thank you, Mister President. You would never have found him through his office. Our Premier is a man of the people, but he is also a man, a man of affairs, if you follow my meaning.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
(whispering to a fellow officer)
Degenerate, atheistic, Commie.

DE SADE overhears him.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Mister President, I formally request that you have this... checker-player removed from the War Room.

PRESIDENT KIFFLEY
General O'Connor, the Soviet Ambassador is here as my guest, and is to be treated as such.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
If you say so, Mister President.

TURGIDSON
Mister President, they're trying the number.

The PRESIDENT walks to TURGIDSON, and the CINEMA goes with him. Suddenly there is a tremendous commotion, and the PRESIDENT whirls around.

He sees GENERAL O'CONNOR and AMBASSADOR DE SADE grappling wildly on the floor, threshing about, rolling, and upsetting a small table.

PRESIDENT KIFFLEY
For the love of God! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! What is the meaning of this?

Others step in and separate the two struggling men.
46 Continued - 7

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

( puffing)

Sel! You had not tasted karate
before, eh, General?

(to President)

Mister President, my Government
shall hear of this personal attack
and this attempt to discredit its
Ambassador.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Why, you commie punk! I'll knock
that commie head right off your
shoulders.

PRESIDENT WHEELEY

Gentlemen! I demand an explanation!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

( coolly)

You will find the explanation,
Mister President, concealed in the
right hand of this....
war-mongering bully.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

You're not hiding there, Mister
Commie. Here is the explanation.
Mister President, at last!

GENERAL O'CONNOR extends hand and we see a tiny spy
camera, disguised as a cigarette lighter.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

This... this commie rat was taking
pictures with this thing... of the Big Board!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(with amazing coolness)

Mister President, this clumsy fool
tried to plant that ridiculous
camera on me. He tried to put it
in my coat pocket.

( he smiles convincingly)

But a taste of karate changed his
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
That's a damned lie. I saw him with my own eyes.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Look. (shows torn side pocket)
Here he put it! But my karate sent him flying.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
Way you rotten lying, commie punk, I'll...

PRESIDENT MUFFLY
Stop this!! Gentlemen, this has gone too far!!

TURSIDSON suddenly looks up, excited.

TURSIDSON
Mister President, I think they're getting the Premier.
DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52

A thin wisp of smoke trails from inside port pod.

INT. B-52

All dialogue comes rapid fire, amidst coughing, wiping eyes, etc.

T.J. (flipping switches)
Smattin' down three and four.

ACB
Fire systems operating on three and four.

SWEETS
(looking in scope)
Radar okay. Scope-field is clear.

ACB
(flipping switches)
Everyone on emergency oxygen.

T.J. (flipping switches)
Awright...we're still flyin'. I'm takin' her down on the deck.

DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 - STEEP DESCENT

T.J.
Jimme revs for maximum speed at sea level.

SWEETS
You know what that'll do to our fuel consumption.
T.J.
• Can't be helped. What kinda
  wind we got, Sweets?

SWEETS
• The wind might help. But my
  guess is we're going to have to
  paddle our way back.

T.J.
• Well, we'll worry about that when
  the time comes.
  (pause)
• Okay boys, gimme your damage
  reports.
INT. GENERAL RIPPER’S OFFICE

Outside we hear small arms fire, and an occasional burst of automatic fire shatters the venetian blind, the walls and pieces of furniture.

The two men are seated on the floor, away from the window.

GENERAL RIPPER
Group Captain Mandrake, have you ever seen a Russian drink a glass of water?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
No, sir, I don’t believe I ever have.

GENERAL RIPPER
Vodka. That’s what they drink, isn’t it? Never water.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, I— I can’t really say, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
On no account will a Russian ever drink water, and not without good reason.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I’m afraid I don’t quite see what you are getting at, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Water! That’s what I’m getting at, water! Water is the source of all life. Four-fifths of the surface of the earth is water. 96% of the human body is water. As human beings we require fresh, pure water to replenish our precious bodily fluids. Are you beginning to understand, Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
No, sir. I’m afraid I can’t say
GENERAL RIPPER
Have you ever wondered why I drink only distilled water, or rainwater - and only pure grain alcohol?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. I have wondered - yes.

GENERAL RIPPER
Have you ever heard of a thing called fluoridation, Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, I think so, sir. Isn't that something that has to do with teeth? I mean, isn't it supposed to keep you from getting cavities, or something like that?

GENERAL RIPPER smiles patronisingly.

GENERAL RIPPER
Captain, fluoridation of water is the most monstrously conceived and dangerous communist plot we have ever had to face. The fluorides form a basis of insecticides, fungicides and rodent poisons. They pollute our precious bodily fluids! They clog them, Captain! Our precious bodily fluids become thick and rank.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, sir, I should have thought the scientists had checked it - at least that's what one reads.

GENERAL RIPPER
Precisely, Captain... In order to realise the fantastic extent of communist infiltration, one has only to count the number of scientists, educators, public health officials, Congressmen and Senators who are behind it. The facts are all there...
RIPPER creeps over to a desk drawer and pulls out a thick file. A burst of automatic fire splatters the wall.

GENERAL RIPPER
(oblivious)
I have studied the facts carefully for over seventeen years. I have watched this thing grow, since the end of World War II, to the incredible proportions it has reached today. I have studied the facts, Captain, facts—and by projecting the statistics I realised the time had come to act. I realised that I had to act before the entire world and vitality of the free Western World was sapped and polluted and masked and made facsimile by this diabolical substance. Fluoride. The absolutely fantastic thing is that the facts are all there for anyone who wants to see them. Do you know any facts about fluorides, Captain Mandrake?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, no, sir. I guess I don't.

GENERAL RIPPER
Fluorine belongs to the Halogen Group VII of the Periodic Table. It is the most reactive of all elements. It is transmitted from the mother to the foetus through the placenta, and it is also present in the breast milk. It is also found in the human body in bones, teeth, thyroid, hair, liver, kidney, skin, nails, wool, feathers, horns, hooves and scales.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I see.
GENERAL RIPPER

Captain, I have been following this thing very carefully for years. Ever since the commies introduced it. The facts are all there, if anyone takes the trouble to study them. Did you know that in addition to fluoridating water, there are studies under way to fluoridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk and ice cream! - ice cream, Captain - children’s ice cream! Do you know when fluoridation first began, Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

No, sir, I can’t say that I do.

GENERAL RIPPER

It began in 1946. 1946, Captain. How does that coincide with the post war communist conspiracy? Incredibly obvious, isn’t it? A foreign substance is introduced into the precious bodily fluids, without the knowledge of the individual and certainly without any choice. That’s the way the commies work.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

General, when did you first develop this... theory about... this fluoridation?

GENERAL RIPPER

It is not a theory. It is an awareness of an absolute certainty.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Yes, sir. I see. But - when did you first become aware of this?

GENERAL RIPPER

I became aware of it first, Captain, during the physical act of love.
I see.

GENERAL RIFFER

Yes, Captain, a profound sense of fatigue, a feeling of emptiness followed. Luckily, however, I was able to interpret these feelings correctly—the loss of essence. I can assure you it has not recurred, Captain. Women sense my power, and they seek the life essence. I do not avoid women, Captain, but I deny them my essence.

The sound of small arms firing, which has been sputtering out during the conversation, finally ceases. RIFFER listens to the silence for a few seconds, then creeps to the window.

51a I.O.U. RIFFER. He sees a squad of Rangers marching 51a a party of best security troopers, hands clasped over their heads, into a hanger.

51 INT. RIFFER'S OFFICE

RIFFER looks grave and thoughtful.

GENERAL RIFFER

They've surrendered.

GROUP CAPTAIN HANDRADE

I suppose that was bound to happen, sir. And now while there's still time you must give me the code and let me recall the Wing.

GENERAL RIFFER

Those boys were like my children and now they've let me down.

GROUP CAPTAIN HANDRADE

Oh, no, sir. I'm sure they gave it their very best, and I'm equally sure they all died thinking of you, sir! Thinking of you—everyone of them, sir!

RIFFER starts glumly out of the window.
GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRUST

Look, sir; who knows? Perhaps a bit of water has gone off, I mean certainly one can never be too careful about that sort of thing. But look at me, sir. Do I look all raddled and cholicted? And I drink an enormous amount of water, sir, in fact I'm sure you might call a water man - really. And I can assure you there's not a thing wrong with my bodily fluids. Not a thing, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

(Thoughfully)

Mandrake, were you ever a prisoner-of-war?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRUST

Yes, as a matter of fact, I was, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Were you ever tortured?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRUST

Uh-huh, I was, sir - tortured - as a matter of fact - sir, by the Japanese - yes.

GENERAL RIPPER

What happened?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRUST

Well, sir, as a matter of fact, they got me on the bloody old Chicksgong railway and - well, it's not a pretty story, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Did they make you talk?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRUST

Well, no, sir. I mean I don't think they actually wanted me to talk or say anything. I think it was just their way of having a bit of fun. But really, sir -

GENERAL RIPPER

(interrupts)

Those boys outside will give me a pretty good going over if a couple of minutes - for the code.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
You mean texture you, sir? (an idea)
Tell, sir, you may have a very good
point there.

GENERAL RIPPER
I don't know how well I could stand up
to it, Mandrake.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
No one ever does. And my advice to
you, sir, is to tell me the code
right now, and then if those devils
try any rough stuff with you may I'll
close with them, sir!

RIPPER stares gloomily at the rug.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
General Ripper, sir, time is running
out. Just three letters - three
little letters - and it's all over.
And when it's over I can assure you
there won't be any hard feelings.
I mean these things happen. We all
know that. And those psychiatrist
fellas get you on those jolly old
couches and before you know it
you're a new man - a new man, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
I happen to believe in a life after
this one. I know I'll have to
answer for what I've done, and I
think I can.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Of course you can, sir. I'm a
religious man too, and I believe in
it, too. I'm a man of God. I have
hope and I'm hoping at this
very moment that you will give me
the code. That is that I'm hoping,
sir.

RIPPER walks to the bathroom, removes his jacket
and hangs it neatly on a hanger.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
That's right, sir. Have a little
spruce up. A good old wash and
brush up - always did wonders for
a man. A little rinse on the back
of the neck and the code, that's
what we need - water on the neck.
27/1/63

GROUP A. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

(continued)

Time running out! Time running out very, very fast! I'll try to guess - would you like that, sir? A-G-J? H-O-G? Am I getting warm?

(ANGRY)

MILITARY sees RIFTER sprawled dead in the bathroom.

GROUP A. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

(SOFTLY)

Sigh.
THE PRESIDENT takes a deep breath and takes the phone. Twenty nine extension phones around the table go into action as the group hurriedly take their seats.

PRESIDENT

Hello?... Hello, Dimitri... Yes, this is Martin. How are you?... Oh, fine. Just fine... Look, I'm awfully sorry to bother you at this number... Oh, ho... The Ambassador gave it to me... What? What? Oh, ho, ho, ho... yes... well next time I come to Moscow... Oh, ho, ho, ho... Yes, well look. I've got Ambassador De Sade here, and I've brought him up to date on a certain problem which I'll describe to you in just a second, but first I want him to say hello so you'll know he's here.

PRESIDENT covers telephone.

PRESIDENT

Tell him where you are and that you will enter in to the conversation if I say anything untrue. But please don't tell him anymore than that.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

But I don't have a phone.

PRESIDENT

(impatiently)

Give him your phone, Turgidson.
ZURGIDSON is miffed and crowds a Colonel to hear on his earpiece.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(Talking Russian intently. We understand a weird pronunciation of Markia. Markiya which sounds like "Meika Mofa")

AMBASSADOR finishes and nods grimly to THE PRESIDENT.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
I have done as you asked.
Be careful. Mister President.
I think he's drunk.
(swears softly in Russian)

PRESIDENT
(as talks like a progressive nursery school teacher)
Hello?. Yes, it's me again, Dimitri. Hello? That? That? Say, look, I can't hear too well. Do you suppose they could turn that music down?...
Oh-no... Yes... Ah, yes, that's much better.
(polite forced laugh)
Look, Dimitri, you know how we've always talked about the possibility of something going wrong with the bomb?
(his cold makes the pronunciation of this unclear: it sounds like "Bob")
The Bomb?... The Hydrogen Bomb?
That's right. Well, apparently, one of our base commanders suffered some sort of a mental breakdown and ordered his planes to attack your country...
PRESIDENT (contd.)

Well, look. Let me finish...
Let me finish. Let me finish!
Uh-uh... Thirty-four planes...
They won't reach their targets
for at least another hour...
I'm positive. Uh-uh...

(easy variations of Uh-uh)

Uh-uh. Well, how do you think
I feel about this?... Well, why
do you think I'm calling you?...
No. No, it is not. Look,
it is not a trick. No. Look,
I've been over all this with the
ambassador. It's not a trick!
We've been trying to cut there's
a problem about the code... the
code to recall them... You'll have
to trust me on this. Dimitri, it's
too complicated to explain.

What?... What are you talking about?...
No. I don't see why this has to
mean the end of the world. Come
on, don't talk like that, Dimitri,
that's not very constructive...

Look, we're wasting time!

We'd like to give your Air Staff
a complete rundown on the targets,
the flight plans and the defensive
systems of the planes... Uh-uh...

If we are unable to recall the
planes then I'd say we must help
you destroy them... Uh-uh...

Well, who should they call?...

Who should we call?... The People's
Central Air Defense Headquarters'..

Where is that?... In Cuba?...

Right... Uh-uh... You'll call them
first... Uh-uh... Listen, do you
happen to have the phone number handy?
Just ask Cuba information!...

How long will it take for you to get
back to your office?... Well, call
me as soon as you do. The number
is Dudley 3-3131 extension - 2365...

And listen, if you forget, just
ask for the War Room... Okay...

Bye-bye... (to ambassador)

He wants to talk to you.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(talking Russian, begins
to curse, turn white,
rage and shout, finally
ends conversation)

PRESIDENT
What happened?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
The fools! The mad fools!

PRESIDENT
What are you talking about?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
The Doomsday Machine!

Chorus of "The what?"

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
The Doomsday Machine! A device
which will destroy all human and
animal life on Earth.
(curses in Russian)
About a dozen Air Force language experts are communicating via radio, giving the information.

DAY - B-52 "LEPER COLONY" - FLYING SHOTS - SEVERAL CUTS.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
When it is detonated it will produce enough lethal radio-active fallout so within ten months the surface of the earth will be as dead as the moon.

GENERAL "BUCK" O’CONNOR
That's ridiculous, De Sade! Our studies show the worst fallout is down to a safe level after two weeks.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Have you ever heard of Cobalt-Thorium-3?

GENERAL "BUCK" O’CONNOR
What about it?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Cobalt-Thorium-3 has a radio-active half-life of ninety-three years.

A SENIOR CIVILIAN LEE nods grimly.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
If you take, say, fifty H-bombs in the hundred megaton range and jacket them with Cobalt-Thorium-3, when they are exploded they will produce a Doomsday sundown, a lethal cloud of radio-activity which will encircle the earth for ninety-three years.

Murmurs and stirring.

PRESIDENT MUDDY
I'm afraid I don't understand something. Is the Premier threatening to explode this if our planes carry through their attack?
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
No, sir. It is not a thing a
 sane man would do. The
Doomsday Machine is designed
to trigger itself automatically!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But then, surely he can disarm
it somehow.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
No! It is designed to explode
if any attempt is ever made to
untrigger it!

GENERAL O’CONNOR
(aside to a colonel)
It’s an obvious cameo trick,
and he sits there wasting precious
time.

Divided murmur around the table.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But surely, Ambassador, this is
absolute madness. Why should
you build such a thing?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
There were those of us who fought
against it, but in the end we
could not keep up in the Peace
Race, the Space Race and the Arms
Race. Our deterrent began to
lack credibility. Our people
grumbled for more nylons and
lipsticks. Our Doomsday project
cost us just a fraction of what
we had been spending in just a
single year. But the deciding
factor was when we learned your
country was working along similar
lines, and we were afraid of a
Doomsday Gap.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
That’s preposterous. I’ve
never approved anything like that!
AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
Our source was "The New York Times".

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Doctor Strangelove, have we anything like this in the works?

DR. STRANGELOVE
(German precision)
Mister President, under the authority granted me as Director of Weapons Research and Development, I commissioned a study last year of this project by the Bland Corporation. Based on the findings of the report, my conclusion was that this idea was not a practical deterrent for reasons which at this moment must be all too obvious.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Then you mean it is unquestionably possible for them to have built this thing?

AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
Mister President, the technology required is easily within the means of even the smallest nuclear power. It requires only the will to do so.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But is it really possible for it to be triggered automatically and at the same time impossible to untrigger?

DR. STRANGELOVE
Mister President, it is not only possible, it is essential. That is the whole idea of this machine. Deterrence is the art of producing in the mind of the enemy the fear to attack. And so because of the automated and irrevocable decision making process which rules out human meddling, The Doomsday Machine is terrifying, simple to understand and completely credible and convincing.
Murmurs around table.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(whispering to Colonel)
What kind of a name is that
Strangelove? That ain't no
Kraut name.

COLONEL
(whispering)
Changed it when he became a
U.S. citizen. Used to be
Muerdverdichshiebe.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(chuckles unpleasantly)
Well, a Kraut by any other
name, eh, Bill?

PRESIDENT NIPPLEY
But this is fantastic, Strangelove.
How can it be triggered automatically?

DR. STRANGELOVE
It is remarkably simple to do that.
When you merely wish to bury bombs
there is no limit to the size.
After that they are connected to
a gigantic complex of computers.
A specific and clearly defined
set of circumstances under which
the bombs are to be exploded is
programmed into the tape memory
banks. A single roll of tape can
store all the information, say, in
a twenty-five volume encyclopedia,
and analyse it in fifteen seconds.
In order for the memory banks to
decide when such a triggering
circumstance has occurred, they
are linked to a vast interlocking
network of data input sensors
which are stationed throughout our
country and orbited in satellites.
These sensors monitor heat, ground
shock, sound, atmospheric pressure
and radio-activity. Other more
sophisticated devices could even
monitor world radio broadcasts.

Murmurs.
The only thing I don't understand, Mr. Ambassador, is the whole point of the Doomsday Machine is lost if you keep it a secret. Why didn't you tell the world?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
It was to be announced at the Party Congress on Monday. As you know, the Premier loves surprises.

PRESIDENT MUDDLE
(with finality)
Ambassador, I assume then that if this attack is carried out by our planes, that this... thing will be set off.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(slowly and convincingly)
Yes, Sir. President. It will. Though I do not have the... General Paceman
(interrupts)
Excuse me, Sir. I think we're beginning to pick up yesterday. The base at Surpelson has just surrendered.

Excited murmur.

PRESIDENT MUDDLE
Have you got the General on the phone?

GENERAL PACEMAN
We will in a minute, Sir. And look, Mr. President, I hate to say this, but if you are unable to convince the General... well, you just let me have a few words with my boys there.
The scene opens with GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE standing motionless and expressionless at RIFTER's desk.

He is examining a wallet of photographs, obviously RIFTER's mother and father.

He shuffles through the clutter on RIFTER's desk, and notices a ruled yellow legal size tablet. RIFTER had been doodling on it during the previous scenes.

We see a repetition of the phrases "Peace on earth" and "Purity of essence". They are scribbled a number of times in very bold strange letters. They are surrounded by weird birds, black diamond shapes, rifles, the number 7 repeated endlessly, etc.

MANDRAKE studies them and an idea begins to form.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO enters - a tough, crew-cut, battalion commander. He creeps into the room cautiously, lunged over his carbine, ready to fire.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(to himself)

Purity of essence... peace on earth...

Purity of essence... purity of essence...

PRO... SOP... OEP... OBZ... EPO...

"BAT" GUANO peers at him suspiciously.

COLONEL GUANO
Okay, soldier, clasp your hands over your head!!

MANDRAKE looks up, startled.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I say, I'm afraid you've got this thing a bit...

His words are interrupted by two quick shots which GUANO fires into the desk as a warning. MANDRAKE throws up his hands and clamps them over his head.
Continued - 2

COLONEL GUANO
(simultaneous with firing) Quick! Quick! Hands on head, soldier! What kind of a uniform is that, soldier?

GROUP CAPTAIN HANRAHAN
I happen to be R.A.F. Group Captain Lionel Mandrake, General Ripper's acting executive officer.

He starts to lower his hands.

COLONEL GUANO
(raising his voice) Easy 'em up! Easy 'em up! Where's General Ripper?

GROUP CAPTAIN HANRAHAN
(motioning with his head) Well I'm afraid General Ripper's dead, actually.

"Bam" GUANO turns and sees RIPPER lying half out of the bathroom. He emits a series of low whistles, and moves to examine the body. More low whistles.

GROUP CAPTAIN HANRAHAN
Look here, Colonel, can't we cut out these silly games? I've got a terrific bunch on what the recall code is and I must get in touch with Strategic Air Command Headquarters.

MANDRAKE starts to move to the phone.

COLONEL GUANO
(menacingly) Just keep them up nice on your head, Group Captain whatever-your-name-is. Do you have any witnesses to this thing?
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Oh, good Lord, he shot himself, Colonel!

COLONEL GUANO
Did he shoot himself while he was shaving, fella?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Now, look here, Colonel, you've got this thing all confused in your mind, somehow. But there's not a second to lose. You see, I think it's a variation of "Peace on Earth" or "Purity of Essence". It was kind of a recurrent theme in everything he said. It could be some variation... PCE, CPC, FSC, ZPC, PEP...

COLONEL GUANO
Sure, fella, sure. Now just keep your hands nice and neat on the top of your head, and let's start walking out of here. Okay, pal?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Colonel, don't you know what's happened?

COLONEL GUANO
Now, just calm down like I said, fella, and start walking.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Well, then, I guess I suppose you're not fully in the picture, then, are you, Colonel? Don't you know that Federal Ripper went mad as a March hare? He sent the entire ruddy Wing to attack the Soviets!
The last sentence makes "BAT" GUANO think for a few seconds, but he shrugs it off.

COLONEL GUANO
Now look, don't get excited, fellas.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Colonel, if we don't get cracking on this, the whole world may go for a Burton.

A small doubt begins to grow in "BAT" GUANO's mind.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Now look, just let me pick up this nice red telephone that connects to SAC Headquarters. See, I won't try to jap you.

COLONEL GUANO can't think of a good reason not to.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(like talking to a child)
Now, you see, I'm picking up the phone, nice and slow, right? Hello? Hello? (he clicks the receiver)
Hello? Hello?... Dam!... Must be dead. I guess the lines were hit during the fighting.

COLONEL GUANO watches him like a hawk.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRALE
Now, see, I'm picking up this ordinary telephone. See? Hello? Hello? Oh, damn, the lines must still be disconnected.

(idiotically)
You see, the General had us disconnect them...

(he lets his voice trail off when he sees Guano's weird look of hatred and suspicion)

COLONEL GUANO
Now listen to me. You fruit cake. I've got wounded men outside and you've wasted enough of my time.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRALE
(excitedly)
Dammit, you blasted American idiot! Can't you get it through that thick G.I. brain of yours that we're on to something infinitely important here?

COLONEL GUANO gives MANDRALE an open-handed whack in the face.

COLONEL GUANO
Now snap out of it, fella. You hear me?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRALE
What the hell do you think you're doing???

COLONEL GUANO
Start walking.

They start walking.

COLONEL GUANO
Now, look, Admiral Fruit Cake, when this is over, if you clean yourself, I'll be happy to step outside and explain this thing. Right now we're moving out.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Colonel, while there's still time, I must ask you, just what is it that you think has been going on here this morning?

COLONEL GUANO

If you want to know what I think, I think that you're some kind of deviated prevent. (pronounced "deviated prevent") I think General Ripper discovered your prevention, and that you engineered a mutiny of prevents. On top of that my orders didn't say nothing about planes attacking Russia. All I was told was to put General Ripper on the phone with the President of the United States.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Hold on! That's it! The President!

COLONEL GUANO

What about the President?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

You said the President wants to speak to General Ripper, didn't you? Well, Ripper's dead, isn't he? And I'm his executive officer, so he'll bloody well want to speak to me, don't you see? (points to pay phone) And there's a phone box there, and that line's sure to be open.

COLONEL GUANO

You want to talk to the President of the United States?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(quietly)

Colonel, unless you stop this silly-ass nonsense and let me use that phone, I can damned well assure you the Court of Enquiry on this will give you such a prancing, you'll count yourself lucky to wear the uniform of a toilet attendant.

COLONEL GUANO

(sighs)

Okay, you see if you can get the President of the United States on the telephone. But if you try any preventions in there, I'll blow your head off!
MANDRAKE dashes into the phone box. MANDRAKE fumbles for a dime and puts it in, and dials operator.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Hello, operator?... This is Group Captain Mandrake at Burpelson Air Force Base. Something rather important has come up, and I would like to place an emergency person-to-person call to President Martin Muffley in the Pentagon, Washington DC....
No, I'm perfectly serious - that's right... that's right. The President, President of the United States.
(pause)
How much? Two dollars and seventy-five cents. Just a moment.

MANDRAKE quickly counts his change and sees it's not enough. He beats his pockets looking for more.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Can you make this a collect call, operator?... That's right - Group Captain Lionel Mandrake... Burpelson Air Force Base.
(pause)
What?... Well, look here, tell them it's terrifically important, will you?...
(pause)
All right, just a moment...

GROUP
He opens the door.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Colonel, they aren't allowed to accept any long distance collect calls at the Pentagon. Look here, I need fifty-five cents.

"BAT" GUANO
(contemptuously)
I wouldn't carry loose change going into combat.
Mandrake looks around desperately. A Coke machine stands next to the phone booth.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Operator... How much would the call be station-to-station?
Oh, I see, well I'd still be minus twenty cents. You couldn't put it through, could you? It's terrifically important.

(pause)
All right, just a second, operator.
(gathers mouthpiece)
Colonel, I want you to shoot the lock off that Coke machine.
There's bound to be a lot of change in there.

"Bat" Guano
That's private property, Captain!

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Colonel, just imagine what's going to happen to your career, when the Court of Enquiry learns that you have so completely obstructed this call to the President?
(back to operator)
Just a moment, operator, I know I have the change somewhere.

Colonel Guano apologetically fires two shots into the coin box of the Coke machine. Coins spill on the floor in profusion, and a stream of Coca Cola shoots into the Colonel's sputtering face.
As the "Lepid Colony" presses on.
All eyes are on the large display map of Russia. The arrow-like tracks indicating each aircraft suddenly begin to hook off and change direction.

At the same time we hear the crackle of short-wave transmissions acknowledging the re-call code. There is a general cheer such as one might hear at an election victory; ad-libbing, back slapping, and great spirits.

The scene continues over this exciting background of noise.

**SAMPLE RADIO MESSAGE**

(>cracklé<) Roger, Seven-Two-Zebra-Able, confirming Over-Peter-Easy, Three-niner-niner-five, acknowledge and confirm mission cancelled, returning to base.

**PRESIDENT**

(to General Faceman)

What was the name of the officer who called me from Burpelson?

**GENERAL FACEMAN**

I didn't speak to him, sir. But I believe a Colonel Quaco was commanding the Danger Battalion. I imagine he made the call.

**PRESIDENT**

I want that officer upped to Brigadier General and flown to Washington. I want to decorate him personally.

**GENERAL FACEMAN**

Yes, sir.

**PRESIDENT**

Let us know when all the recalls are acknowledged.

**FURDOSEN**

They're almost all in now.

**PRESIDENT**

How many planes did we lose?
GENERAL O'CONNOR
We're not certain, sir. You see, the Big Board is only a dead reckoning indicator. It plots the courses the planes would normally be on. It does show four splashes, but that is based entirely on enemy reports.

PRESIDENT
I see.

GENERAL O'CONNOR suddenly gets up on a chair and asks for silence.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Gentlemen, gentlemen.

ALL give their attention.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(pitifully)
Gentlemen, I'm not a sentimentalist by nature—but I wonder now if I don't know what's in every heart in this room.

(pause)
Gentlemen, I want to suggest that we get down on our knees and say a short prayer of thanks for our deliverance.

(steps down from chair, kneels)

All Air Force Officers join him; others look to General Fawcett and Admiral Bullock, and to the President. Fawcett and Bullock look to the President.

The President slowly sinks to his knees.

ALL kneel except DE SANE.
AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
Excuse me, but I'm afraid I have far more urgent matters to attend to.

Angry and astonished murmurs from the group.

AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ

(continued)

But before I leave, I wish to state unequivocally that my Government will not be satisfied with a polite note of regret over this shocking aggression against the peace-loving people of the Soviet Union.

The PRESIDENT rises slowly to his feet. Various aì Ms: "Well that cuts it!", and "Why that commie punk!".

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Damn you, de Sade! Damn you! This was the result of one man, a mentally unbalanced person, and we have no monopoly on lunatics.

AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
It is very convenient for you to place the blame on a dead man.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How dare you address me in such a manner!

AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
Please don't shout, Mr. President!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
I have warned about this danger for years. I've stuck my neck out at Geneva time and time again.

AMBASSADOR DE SADÉ
Bah! You've never wanted disarmament! It would wreck your economy.
President Muffle

That's nonsense! We could spend exactly the same amount on schools, highways, and space.

Ambassador de Sade

All you ever wanted to do was spy in our country.

President Muffle

(angry)

You know that is a lie, de Sade. You could not expect us to destroy our weapons without having the tiniest idea of what you were doing inside your country!

Ambassador de Sade

And you, Mr. President, could not expect us to let you spy in our country before you destroyed your weapons.

The following speech is delivered while in a partial rage.

President Muffle

(exploding)

Now listen to me, de Sade. Despite total mistrust and suspicion we both place an incredible trust in each other - a trust far greater than disarmament and inspection would ever require. We trust each other to maintain the balance of terror, to behave rationally and to do nothing which would cause a war by accident or miscalculation or madness. Now this is a ridiculous trust, because even assuming we both had perfect intentions, we can't honestly guarantee anything. There are too many fingers on the buttons. What a marvelous thing for the fate of the world to depend on - a state of mind, a mood, a feeling, a moment of anger, an impulse, ten minutes of poor judgment, a sleepless night.

(Continued)
And so what is the hope? The behaviour of nations has always been despicable. The great nations have always acted like gangsters, and the small nations like prostitutes. They have bribed and threatened and murdered their way through history. And now the Bomb has become an even greater enemy to every nation than they ever have been, or ever could be to each other. Even disarmament is not enough. We can never entirely get rid of the bomb because the knowledge of how to make it will always be with us. Unless we learn to create a new system of law and morality between nations, then we will surely exterminate ourselves just as we almost did today.

SURGIDEN

Mr. President, the Soviet Premier is calling again; he's back at his office.
DAY - LOW LEVEL - FLYING SHOT - B-52 - OVER ARCTIC TERRAIN.

INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW.

Low-level terrain features flashing by.

T.J.
Okay, let's have a rundown on the image. Jimmy, them firecrackers alright?

JIMMY
Everything seems to check out okay.

T.J.
Sweets?

SWEETS
Okay, T.J.

T.J.
BCM, Minelli?

MINELLI
(looking at Minelli's equipment)
BCM's okay.

T.J.
How about it, Goldy?

LT. GOLDBERG
I'm still trying to unravel the leads but it looks hopeless. All the radio gear is kaput, including the CRE-114.

CU - CRE-114 - IT IS SMASHED AND TWISTED AND CHARRED
I think the emergency self-destruct mechanism got hit and blew itself up!
PRESIDENT MUFFFLEY
Hello?...Premier Belch?...Yes, that's right...Yes...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Oh, no, there must be some mistake...No...No, I'm certain of that...Just a second.
(to General O'Connor)
He says that one of the planes hasn't turned back. He says that based on the information forwarded by our Air Staffs, they believe it is heading for a missile complex at Leputa.

GEORGE O'CONNOR
Tell, that's impossible, Mister President! Look at the Big Board. Thirty-four planes - thirty recalled acknowledged - four splashed - and one of those was targeted for Leputa.

PRESIDENT MUFFFLEY
(back to phone)
Hello?...Look, we got an acknowledgment from every plane, except the four you've shot down...Oh?...I see...Just a second...
(to General O'Connor)
He says their air defense now claims only three aircraft confirmed. The fourth may only be damaged.

A look of dread and astonishment. Also, see Big Board change over North America.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(painting)
Mister President, I should like to call your attention to the 500-plus enemy aircraft building up over the Arctic.

The PRESIDENT studies the board.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Mister President, I'm beginning to smell a big, fat, comic rat. Suppose Belch is lying about that fourth plane, just looking for an excuse to clubber us. If the spaghetti hits the fan now we're really in trouble.
The PRESIDENT distractedly shuts away O'CONNOR's advice as he watches the Russian Display Map.

The 14 tracks which were previously displayed are now removed, and only a single track continues on towards the missile complex at Lamburg.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(back to the telephone)
Hello?... Say, look, Mr. President, if this report is true, and if by some extremely unlikely possibility you are unable to destroy the plane before it bombs its target, I assume that such an isolated nuclear incident would not trigger off the Doomsday Machine?... It depends on the total megatonnage exploded?... Well, the plane carries two 20-megaton bombs - how does that sound?... What do you mean you're not sure?... General—who isn't there? Well, somebody else must know... You're checking... What?... What are we going to do if it doesn't go off? Well, I should think we'd all breathe a profound sigh of relief... Oh, you mean what are we going to do about the damage? Well, naturally, we are prepared to pay full compensation. At least we're lucky; it's just an isolated missile base - and that there aren't a helluva lot of people involved. I'd hate to have to square human lives in billions and cents... What? There is it? Two miles from (Zarhkov)? No, I didn't know - our map shows only military targets... How many people?... Two million-seven-hundred-and-twenty thousand?...

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(suspiciously whispering to Colonel)
Have we got Zarhkov down as a two-point-seven-two-megadeaths situation?

The North American display map shows more Russian build-up. The preceding glances at it.
President Murphy

Listen, Dimitri, what about the Doomsday Machine? Well, somebody must know... Well, look, there's one thing we've got to get straight -

(glances at board)

I must have your assurance that your government will not treat this as a hostile act... Well, of course, it's not a friendly act, but, I mean to say... this should not be treated as an act of war. Uh-huh... That? That? Come on now, Dimitri, that's a pretty inhuman sort of idea, isn't it?... Do you mean to say that you actually expect me to let you take out Detroit? You must be out of your mind. You can't just trade people like pieces on a chess board...

(O'Connor shows loose leaf book "World Targets in Megadeaths", pointing to a column headed "Equivalents Soviet and American Cities in Megadeaths.")

That?... Are you absolutely certain?... Well, then if the plan gets through we've had it... You're positive it's set to go off on ten megas...

(sighs)

Okay, I guess we'll just have to keep our fingers crossed and concentrate on getting that plan.

(hands phone to Togliani, who covers mouthpiece)

General O'Connor, is there really a chance for that plan to get through?
GENERAL O'CONNOR
(breathing heavily)

Mister President, if I can speak freely now, sir... The Russian talks big, but frankly we think he's short of know-how. I mean you just can't take a bunch of ignorant peasants and expect them to understand a machine like one of our boys - and I don't mean that as an insult, Ambassador. Hell, we all know what kind of guns a Russian has. Just look how many millions of them those Nazis killed.
(pronounced Nazis)
and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General, stick to the point please.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(asking diving aircraft hands)

Tell, sir, if the pilot's really a good man - I mean really sharp - Hell, he can barrel that plane along so low, well, I mean, you've just got to see it sometime. A real big plane like a 32, its jet exhaust faying chickens in the barnyard...

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Has he a chance?

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(almost conversing with excitement)

Has he a chance?... Hell, yes! He has a hell of a chance.

More gloomy murmurs around the room. Suddenly THE PRESIDENT rises.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(quickly)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I think I've got an idea of how to get the recall signal to them.
62  DAY - LOW LEVEL FLYING SHOT - B-52  62

63  INT. B-52. TERRAIN FLAKES BY.  63

63a  VARIOUS CUTS AND INSECTS.  63a

The NAVIGATOR - SWEETS - is just finishing some calculations.

SWEETS
(frowning, staring at paper)
T.J., we're using too much fuel down here. I don't think we'll be able to get back to the base even if we turn back after hitting the primary target.

VARIOUS CUTS. Others begin to show slight anxiety at this news.

T.J.
(unperturbed)
That's just what I was thinking, Sweets.

[pause] Alright, boys, here's the situation. With the ECM working and us stayin' on the deck, I don't figure they can track us with radar, am' I right? We oughta be able to make it to the primary target. Now we're burnin' a lotta juice down here and we may not have enough left to get us back to a usable base. The way I see it, after we hit the primary we'll head for Pakistan, am' I right? Out when she starts coughin'.

HAR-ELLI
(at radarscope)
T.J., I've got three blips. They must be fighters. One, two, three, four.

See insert of radarscope.
T.J.,

Are they on an intercept course?

MINELLI

Right on the button, T.J.
Coming from seven o'clock.

T.J.

They must have got lucky and made a visual contact.

MINELLI

They're fighters all right.
Closing speed about Mach one-eight.
Range thirty miles. Altitude fifteen thousand.

See radarscope.

T.J.

Prepare to fire Hornets.

Series of interesting cuts of switches and gear as LT. GOLDBERG prepares to fire the defensive air-to-air rockets.

MINELLI

Range twenty-five miles.

GOLDBERG

Hornets ready to fire, T.J.

See radarscope.

T.J.

Fire Hornet salvo.

LT. GOLDBERG flips switches and pushes buttons.

63b

We see the Hornet rockets leave the tail below two black radar blisters.
We see eleven fast traces move towards the four fighter blips. Then they touch the fighter blips flare up for a second then disappear.

MENDINI

Got 'em! Got 'em all!

Cheers from the crew. Suddenly an explosion!

A small fire breaks out in the rear of the lower bomb-bay section. JIMMY pushes button and grabs an extinguisher.

The rear DSO-Radio section is filled with smoke.

ACE, the co-pilot is wounded in the shoulder.

T.J. wrestles with the airplane.

T.J.

What the hell was that?

ACE

One of those fighters must have gotten something off before they were hit.

T.J.

You hurt bad?

ACE

I don't know.
64 OMITTED
65 INT. 3-52 - LOW LEVEL 65
66 INT. 3-52 66

The smoke is cleared. Everyone checking equipment.

ACE is stretched out in a bunk being administered
by JIMMY.

T.J.
(over shoulder)
Say, old buddy, you look like someone told you to sit up and
you thought they said STAND up.

ACE
(cigarette between
lips - weakly)
Ha-ha.

T.J.
(on intercom)
Well, the starboard fuel tanks
are leaking, number one and five
engines are out, but we're still
flying!, and I reckon that's what
counts in this business.

SWENS
(on intercom)
Correct course to two-seventy-three.
We should be about a hundred and
twenty miles from the primary.

T.J. corrects course, and suddenly sees something
ahead.

66aa POV - DISTANT HORIZON 66aa
Searchlights blinking on and off in unison.

66a INT. 3-52 66a

T.J.
(safety)
Great balls of fire!
JIMMY, finished with A-18, rises, sees lights and moves forward, leaning over back of T.J.'s seat.

JIMMY
What's that?

T.J.
Commie searchlights.

JIMMY
What's going on?

T.J.
Looks like they're signalling to each other.

JIMMY
I'll be jamed.

T.J.
Gdly! Come forward.

LT. GOLDSERG
Comes forward, followed by S2. MENESES

LOWER BOOM-WAY SECTION

SWEET
(on intercom)
That's my?

T.J.
Come on my end see.

GROUP IN COCKPIT

T.J.
Gdly, what the hell are they flashin' down there?
It's worse. (Mumbling, and jotting on a pad, while the others talk.)

T.J.

Hell, we got some Comanches Indians back home who can do better than that with a fire and dam blanket.

GOLDBERG

It's in code. Here it is.

E.6..3..5...2..0

T.J.

I'll bet that says the Yanks are coming.

GOLDBERG

Wait a minute! That's a COMI code. Yeah, three letters and four digits. C...2...E...8...1...3...2... (Dashes to rear section) Let me check my codebook.

Murmer of astonishment.

T.J.

Ain't that the limit? Rushing signalling in our code.

T.G.

Maybe they're signalling to us.

T.J.

Yeah, may be they're trying to brainwash us. (T.J. snuffles at his own joke)
JIMMY

Maybe it's meant for us.

T.J.

Jimmy, you got a funny mind on your shoulders, boy.

GOLDENBERG

(reading finger down page)

Here it is: 'It says: Cancel Wing Attack-Plan-R. It's the recall code.'

Repeated ad-libs of "The recall code."

T.J.

I'll tell you, you've got to take your hat off to those boys.

JIMMY

What do you mean?

T.J.

I mean comin' up with a stunt like that.

JIMMY

You mean you think it's a trick?

T.J.

Look, boy, don't tell me you're ready to yellow-dog-it home just because a bunch of Commis searchlights say so.

JIMMY

Yeah, but that's our code - the emergency base code.

T.J.

You startin' to tell me which end is up, boy?
JUDD
I'm just asking, T.J. Where would they get it?

T.J.
That ain't none of my concern, boy. And don't make it none of yours. Our orders warn us against the enemy trying to issue fake orders during a mission. That's why we got the CEM-LIA.

JUDD
But, T.J., it's smashed. It isn't working.

T.J.
Look, boy, maybe you'd like to read our orders and find out why that says we should go here if our CEM-LIA is cut and some Comin searchlights tell us to.

JUDD
But, T.J., how can you be sure something hasn't happened?

T.J.
You know, you almost talk like you want to see these Reds outsmart us, Judd.

JUDD
(flaring up)
Don't call me watermelon, T.J. Just don't call me that. I told you that before.

T.J.
(overlapping dialogue above)
Major Long to you, Lieutenant Zogg: Now keep off my back or we'll be takin' a little trip to first-city.
SWEETS

Hey! Hey! Wait a minute!

All ad-lib to same effect, "Calm down," etc.

T.J.
Let's get this settled now.
One thing they taught me in
War College was: Never underestimate
your enemy. Now just suppose they
got the code by knockin' down one of
our planes and torturin' holy hell
out of the boys until they told it
to 'em, then that's how they'd get it,
and that's how they got it!

Murmurs of agreement. Even JIMMY seems convinced.

T.J.
Now get back to your stations.
We got a payload to deliver.

D I S S O L V E :
Various cuts of Mr. JIMMY ZOGG anxiously flipping switches.

JIMMY
(intercut)
Major Kong.

T.J.
(intercut)
Yeah.

JIMMY

There's something wrong with the bomb-bay doors.

T.J.
What are you talkin' about?

JIMMY
They're stuck tight. I can't get 'em open.

T.J.
What????

JIMMY
It must be damaged.

T.J.
That's impossible!!!

JIMMY
I've tried everything. But the bomb floor warning light keeps flashing.
Lieutenant Zogg: if this is some kind of a trick, you'll spend the rest of your life in a Federal prison.

JIMMY
Major, I've tried everything, including emergency power.

T.J.
You open them doors! You hear me?

JIMMY
I can't! Why don't you come down and see for yourself?

T.J.
Minelli:

MINELLI comes forward.

MINELLI
What's up?

T.J.
You think you can keep this on two-seven-three and not clip any tree-tops?

MINELLI
Sure thing.

He slides into seat and takes over. T.J. dashes to rear and down compartment hatch.
70a LOWER DECK - BOMB-NAVIGATOR SECTION

T.J.

Let's see.

JIMMY

Try it yourself.

T.J. madly flips switches. He turns, grabs a fire hatchet and crawls through a small door in the rear of the section.

70b INT. BOMB BAY

A trap door slides open and T.J. drops, catlike to the floor. The huge bombs are almost as tall as he is. Bracing himself, he stamps on the doors, chops at them, kicks and beats them, trying to pry them loose. He sees a sign reading, "Nuclear Warheads. Handle with care." He leans back, cursing. He starts to climb back, stops and pats the bombs.

T.J.

Don't you worry, old buddy.

70c INT. B-52 - BOMB NAVIGATOR SECTION

T.J. scrambles up ladder.

T.J.

(to Zogg)

Stuck tighter than Dick's hat-band.

On upper deck, KONG sees GOLDENBERG kneeling next to ACE.

GOLDENBERG

He's dead.

T.J.

(softly)

Damn. Damn.
INT. B-52 - UPPER DECK
T.J. lurches into seat. MINNELLI goes back to his seat.
T.J. picks up the Ancestral Triptych of fierce looking warriors and studies it.

T.J.
(to photo)
Don't you worry, old buddy.
(intercom)
Lieutenant Zogg, arm the bombs for impact.

JIMMY
Arm them for impact?

T.J.
That's right! You set them bombs for impact, you hear?

JIMMY
But we can't get the bomb doors open.

T.J.
Lieutenant Zogg, I've given you an order. Arm them bombs for impact!

JIMMY
But how are you going to drop the bombs if the doors won't

-- (the penny drops)
Hey, T.J. you're not thinking of
-- I mean, you aren't going --

T.J.
(intercom)
That's right. There's no other way, boys. I'm going to have to take her in...the hard way.

70d. CUT TO CREW RE-ARMING BOMB
70f. JIMMY RE-ARMING BOMB

JIMMY

Bombs armed for impact, Major.

70g. COCKPIT

T.J.

You can call me T.J., Jimmy.

JIMMY

(touched)

Right, T.J.

T.J.

Now, boys, this is what we call back home a dry-hole, and that means there ain't no point in the rest of you being here. Now your orders are to prepare to eject. I'll take her up to a thousand feet.

T.J. climbs the aircraft.

70h. CUTS TO CREW INTERCUT WITH T.J.

JIMMY

Lieutenant Zogg requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

MARZELLI

Lieutenant Marzelli requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

ACE

(rising to one elbow in bunk)

Captain Owens requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

GOLDBERG

Lieutenant Goldberg requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

SWEETS

Lieutenant Quiffer requests permission to refuse the order, sir.
Continued - 2

CU - T.J. MOVED AND WEARY

T.J.
(toughly)
Permission to refuse, refused.
Now start hittin' that silk!
(waits)
That's an order, you hear?

CUTS TO CREW - MOTIONLESS

C.J.
(almost ready
to weep)

What a bunch of crazy galoots.
Did you ever see such a scraggly
collection of hair-brained,
disobedient and stubborn airmen?
Now eject, dam it! Disobeying
an order in combat is punishable
by court martial!!

CUTS TO CREW - EXITING

At-libs: "Geronimo!", "God Bless you, King!",
"See you around, ole buddy."

EXT. B-52 - SEE 3 CHUTES OPENING

INT. B-52

T. J. fighting plane through flak. JELLY flops
down into empty co-pilot's seat.

JELLY
(softly)
Mind if I sit next to you?

T.J. (moled)

Hell, no.

(stares)
That sure was a hell of a stupid
thing to go and do.
JIMMY
I thought you might want some company.

T.J. punches him affectionately on the arm.

T.J.
That sure was a hell of a stupid thing to do.

A few seconds of flak and manly silence.

T.J.
If we hit at a flat angle, do you think the deuterium mass might separate from the atomic trigger?

JIMMY
Well, it probably would be better if you took her in at a nice down angle...kind of straight down.

T.J.
Thanks.

JIMMY
T.J., would you mind if I kept my hands on the controls when you take her in?

T.J.
I'd be mighty proud if you did, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Thanks, T.J.
T.J. Have you got a cigarette on you?

JIMMY Sure thing, T.J.

T.J. Light it for me, will you?

JIMMY lights two and puts one between KING's lips.

T.J. Thanks.

JIMMY Sure thing, T.J.

T.J. Jimmy?

JIMMY Yes, T.J.

T.J. Jimmy, you know how I always used to call you "watermelon" when I got riled—

JIMMY Forget it, T.J.

T.J. Well, I just wanted you to know I never really meant nothin' by it.
70K. Continued - 2

JIMMY
Sure, T.J.

T.J.
I just wanted you to know how
I felt. Hell, I know SAC
wouldn't have taken you if you
weren't the best. And don't
think I don't know that some
of our best ball players and
entertainers are of Negro
descent.

T.J. pushes plane into dive over missile complex.

T.J.
Hold on to your hats, boys.
And God Bless us one and all!

71-72. OMITTED.

73. B-52 DIVES INTO MISSILE COMPLEX - BOOM!
732 DOCUMENTARY CUES OF DOOMSDAY MCHEDULE - QUICK CUTS

Radar stat - Radio antennas - Computers clicking - Tape memory banks whirring - tape punch - etc., whatever is available in library material.

733 DOOMSDAY MONTAGE - (FADE)

A few seconds of silence, accompanied by arctic wind, then - \textit{F I R E R A I L L E T H}!!! - for a split second -

CUT TO:

730 HYDROGEN BOMB EXPLOSION - (STOCK)

74 INT. W.I.B. ROOM

Everyone is predictably gloomy and philosophical. It should be apparent they've heard the news.

\textsc{General O'Connor}

\textit{(shaking his head, miserably)}

It's wrong.

\textit{(sighs)}

It's dead wrong.

\textsc{LIEUT. Rudolph}

\textit{(shaking his head, wretchedly)}

It's not right.

No one is really talking to anyone else.

\textsc{General O'Connor}

\textit{(indignantly)}

I don't care what anyone says, it just doesn't seem to make sense to end \textit{all} human life on Earth.

\textsc{LIEUT. Rudolph}

I suppose the fishes will be okay - at least some of them.

\textsc{General O'Connor}

Ugh-shh, that's a horrible thought.
Gerald O'Connor

It's all so pointless. I mean a man worries his whole life fighting for something, and this is what he gets.

(bitterly)

You know, I can see twenty, forty, a hundred million - but everybody? It's just a damned shame, and I don't mind saying so.

The President sits alone in the corner of the room. He says nothing.

Turgidson

(responsibility weighs heavy)

Lister President, how are we going to break it to the people? I mean it's going to do one hell of a thing to your image.

The President shrugs, irritably.

President

Lister Ambassador, how much time have we got?

The Ambassador looks up, wearily.

Ambassador De Sade

(gesturing with both hands)

Four - possibly six months in the Northern Hemisphere. Perhaps a year in the Southern latitudes.

Von Klutz

Lister President, I would not rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human specimens.

All look up amazed.

President

You mean there's a way?

Von Klutz

At the bottom of some of our deeper mine shafts.

President: Hufley

At the bottom of mines?
Of course! The radioactivity would not penetrate five or six thousand feet deep.

The PRESIDENT looks blankly at VON KLUTZ.

VON KLUTZ
In a matter of weeks, sufficient improvements for dwelling space could be provided.

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY
You mean people would stay in there for almost a hundred years??

VON KLUTZ
(smiling wisely)
Mr. President, man is an amazingly adaptable creature. After all, the conditions would be far superior to those, icy, of the so-called hat concentration camps, where there is ample evidence most of the wretched creatures clung desperately to life.

Although the PRESIDENT seems unconvinced, looking around the room, it is apparent VON KLUTZ’s proposal has not fallen upon deaf ears.

VON KLUTZ
(smiling modestly)
It would not be difficult. Nuclear reactors could provide power almost indefinitely. Greenhouses could maintain plant life. Animals could be bred and slaughtered. A quick survey would have to be made of all the suitable minesites in the country, but I shouldn’t be surprised if space for several hundred thousand of our people could be prepared.

PRESIDENT
But only a couple of hundred thousand saved...there would be panic, rioting, absolute chaos.

VON KLUTZ
I am sure the armed forces could deal with any disobedience.
PRESIDENT NUFFLEY

(striking his head)
But to make such a decision...

VON KLUGE

A special committee would have to be appointed to study and recommend the method and criteria of choice.

PRESIDENT NUFFLEY

How could anyone decide such a thing?

VON KLUGE

Off-hand, I should say that in addition to the factors of youth, health, sexual fertility, intelligence, and a cross-section of necessary skills, it was absolutely vital that our top government and military men be included.

To foster and impart the required principles of leadership and tradition.

The arrow has not missed its mark, and there is an outbreak of sober, nodding heads.

VON KLUGE

(laughs, distastefully)

Naturally, they could breed prodigiously, eh? There would be much time and little to do. With the proper breeding techniques, and starting with a ratio of, say, ten women to each man, I should estimate the progeny of the original group of 200,000 would amount a hundred years later as well over a hundred million. Naturally the group would have to continually engage in enlarging the original living space.

Much serious judgment is brought to bear around the table. Pencils are brought into motion.

VON KLUGE

When they emerge, a good deal of present real estate and machine tools will still be recoverable, if they are not killed in advance. I would guess they could then work their way back to our present gross national product within twenty years.
But, look here, Von Klute. Won't this... nucleus of survivors be so shocked, grief-stricken, and anguished that they will carry the word, and indeed, not wish to go on living?

VON KLUETE

Certainly not, sir. When they go down into the mines, everyone else will still be alive. They will have no shocking memories, and the prevailing emotion should be one of a nostalgia for those left behind, combined with a spirit of bold curiosity for the adventure ahead.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(judiciously)
You mentioned the ratio of ten women to each man. Wouldn't that necessitate abandoning the so-called monogamous form of sexual relationship— at least as far as men are concerned?

VON KLUETE

Regrettably, yes. But it is a sacrifice required for the future of the human race. I hasten to add that since each man will be required to perform prodigious service along these lines, the women will have to be selected for their sexual characteristics, which will have to be of a highly stimulating order.

VON KLUETE

(enthusiastically)
Von Klute, I must confess you have an astonishingly good idea there.

VON KLUETE

(correctly)
Thank you, sir.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(thoughtfully)
Mister President, I think we've got to look into this thing from the military point of view. I mean, if the Russians smashed away some big bombs and we didn't, when they come out in a hundred years, they could take over.
CENTRAL PLANK
I agree, Mister President. In fact, they might even try an immediate sneak attack so they could take over our mine-shaft space.

CENTRAL O'CONNOR
I think we would be extremely naïve, Mister President, to imagine that those new developments will affect the Soviet expansionist policy. We must be increasingly on the alert for their moves to take over other mine-shaft space in order to breed more predigiously than we, and to knock us out through superior numbers when we emerge.

CU – O'CONNOR

CENTRAL O'CONNOR
(with tremendous authority)
Mister President! WE MUST NOT ALLOW a [steadfast look]

Surfaced of agreement all around.

DE SLIDE has meanwhile been strolling about. He looks over to tie his shoe. Touches briskly at his tie-clasp.

CU – DE SLIDE'S TIE-CLASP. To see rapid blinking of tiny shutters.

O'CONNOR bellow something, bounces up, races, bids DE SLIDE with a flying tackle. They grapple insanely.

PRESIDENT
(muttering up)
That in God's name!

O'CONNOR has succeeded in wrenching off the tie-clasp camera.

O'CONNOR
Get the Red pre难怪, Mister President!
(aboves camera)

PRESIDENT
(over-mike it)
Ambassadors in large! This is the most important –

DE SLIDE turns helplessly away.
DE SADIE
Bah! I will not tolerate these childish insinuations!

CU - MRG SHOT

As he turns, he raises hand. To see ring-count rises like a tiny tank-turret opening and a snap of miniscule shutter.

O'CONOR
Holy shit, Buster!

(PRRA DA SADIE. THEY GRAPPLE IRRITANTLY)

O'CONOR produces Ring Camcorder.

PRESIDENT
Ambassador de Sade! Your attempts to photograph the Top Room with a series of tiny cameras is the most serious abuse of diplomatic immunity it has ever been my misfortune to behold! Moreover, if these films are found to contain small photographs of classified material or (posture) say of our assembly, you shall be formally charged with espionage. Sir, you have my word on that!

DE SADIE
(Fuming)
This is preposterous! There is such a thing as diplomatic immunity, Mister President!

O'CONOR
Mister President, I think I smell a rat - - spelled C-O-double-G-B! If my guess is any good, these are shifty cameras just to throw us off the track. I say he's got the real McCoy concealed on his person! I think we ought to be given a first-rate.ftimation.

PRESIDENT
(Frowning)
Yes, I think perhaps you're right, General. O'Connor - considering the circumstances of the situation, and the... (looks at O'Connor in his hand) and the shakiness of his equipment.
That! How dare you suggest such a thing! You will return me to my Embassy at once!

O'CONNOR has signaled to his boys. They are standing by.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Okay, boys, take Mr. Red here upstairs and examine his garments and person for... for tiny cameras and similar equipment.

EB SIDE
(outraged)
Mister President! You devise yourself! My government will not accept this treatment of its Ambassador!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(sadly)
I am sorry, Ambassador, but I have my responsibility here. You have lied to me once — regarding the first camera, and now these additional cameras...

GENERAL O'CONNOR
All right boys — and make it plenty thorough. These cameras are pretty small, so — don't overlook the orifices — the seven bodily orifices.

EB SIDE
Seven bodily orifices!! How?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(annoyed)
Inspector Rags

EB SIDE
Is your capitalistic asset?

EB SIDE picks up a huge custard pie from among a large selection on side-board, and smashes it into O'CONNOR's angry face.

O'CONNOR hurla coconut cream pie at EB SIDE, who ducks. It splatters vast tatters across face full in the face of GENERAL BULOCK.

Not realizing why he has been hit, GENERAL BULOCK flings a thick chocolate cream pie at O'CONNOR. It misses and hits PRESIDENT MUFFLEY with a tremendous spurt full in the face.
Then PRESIDENT HUFFLEY is first hit, several people rush to tend him, laboriously clean off his face, glasses, etc. No sooner is he cleaned up though, and glasses restored, than SP...T! another huge pie in his face! Thereupon he enters the fray.

And, as is the case with the great pie-throwing scenes, misunderstanding piles upon misunderstanding, until everyone in the room is hectically engaged in splattering pies into each other's face.

75 MOVING SECT - FULL 1/4 TH PMJET EARTH INTO OUTER SPACE.

ROLL-UP TABLE

Though the little-known, dead planet Earth, remotely situated in the Milky Way Galaxy, is admirably of more academic interest to us today, we have presented this quaint comedy of Galaxy pre-History... as manner in our sector, THE DEAD TERRA OF ANTIQUITY.

Narice Blacceu

Macro-Galaxie-In toy Pictures