"DR. STRANGELOVE"

Or:

How I Learned

To

Stop Worrying

And

Love The

R.O.M.B.

R.E.,
1. MAIN TITLE CARD - A WEIRD, HYDRA-HEADED, FURRY CREATURE SNAPS AT CAMERA

ROLL-UP TITLE
"MARDAG BLATESCUC PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove,

or

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a

MACRO - GALAXY - METEOR PICTURE
MOVING SHOT - THROUGH BLACK, STARLIT, 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, Simbus-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 rumors 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 643rd 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 643d's aircraft, the "Leper Colony", was approaching its Fall-Safe point, Bear Island, a small dot in the Barents Sea, where it would turn around and head for home.

5. DOWN VIEW - STRUGGLING 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-borne 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.
CU - T.J. (THE PILOT, Major, USAF) - LIEUT. B-52 E.

He is a Texan - a tough, steady, veteran flyer.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

T.J. is looking at a copy of "PLAYBOY", and
absently munching a sandwich.

ACT, the CO-PILOT, is gazing steadily into the
arctic sky.

On T.J.'s side of the compartment we see an
ANCESTRAL PHOTO TRIPSTICK -- portraits of fierce-
looking father, grandfather, etc. in the uniform
of war past.

Atmosphere of lassitude. Plane cruises on auto-
pilot.

MINELLI (THE D.S.C., lst Lt.)

Sits silent and expressionless, his hands racing
through an elaborate manipulation of playing cards.

GOLDBERG (THE RADAR-RADIO OFFICER, lst Lt.)

Sips coffee from a plastic cup and looks at a
copy of "READER'S DIGEST".

MINELLI 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.

LOWER CREW SECTION - BOMBARDEIR AND NAVIGATOR

SWEETIES (THE NAVIGATOR, lst Lt.) peruses the
"Aeronautic's Journal" and thoughtfully munches
chocolate.

JIMMY (THE BOMBARDEIR, lst Lt.)

A rather smug and intelligent young Negro, is
surveying at the navigational charts on SWEETIE'S
side of the compartment.
Se. JIMMY nudges SWEETS with his leg.

SWEETS looks up from journal to his charts, idly snaps his intercom switch.

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

Sg. 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.

Sh. 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.
 stil 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
be 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 oil well down
in San Arnon' going full tap
just to show our 'precision.'

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 yelling)

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 under-
stand — 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 yelling)

Gee-haw! And, he's tied into
some real dogs too, I'll tell you
that. But not ole Buddy, I've
got to have it prime cut and double
grade-A premium.
Sh. Continued – 3

ACE
Yeah, T.J., you're lucky you got taste.

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 half quarter. But all kiddin' 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. C'mon-bat!

61. 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.

62. CU – D.S.O. LT. MANNELI LOOKING AT SCOPE

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

63. CU – RADARSCOPE

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

64. CU – D.S.O. MANNELI

Holds deck of cards in left hand, figures on a pad with right.
81. Continued - 2

MINELLI
(routinely)
Bogey at one-four-five. Approximately a hundred and thirty-five miles.

8m. CU - NAVIGATOR - SWEETS

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

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

8m. CU - T.J.

Preoccupied in cleaning finger-nails.

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

80. CU - RAZAFOOPE

The blip suddenly vanishes as the scope goes completely white.

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

ACU
(still absorbed in "Playboy")
Wonder why he's doing that?

MINELLI
Want me to give him a taste of ours, T.J.?

T.J.
We ain't up here to play games, Minelli. You just tend to you own business back there.
Sc. Continued - 2

MELLELLI
(shrugs, goes back to his cards)
Okay, skipper.

Sp. CU - ZE6 CREW-1L4

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 wails and clocks into life, displaying three letters and three numerals.

Sp. CU - GOLDBERG - RADAR-RADIO OFFICER

Has been dozing over his magazine. Looks up at sound of CEM; 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.

Sr. CU - T.J.

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

Sr. MS - GOLDBERG RAPIDLY DECODES MESSAGE
REGARDS TO.

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

St. CUTS TO CREW

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

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

Sw. 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.

Sw. MS - T.J.

T.J.
(annoyed)
Now ain't that just like them
damn arm-chair commanders back
there to keep us up here for
nothin'!
(to Jee)
Boy, we fool 'round here too long
we'll gonna miss our date, you know
that don't you?

3. NIGHT - EXIT. MOONLIT VIEWS OF BASE - VARIOUS CUTS

While the Vics are airborne, the staff work is
hectic, 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 JACK D. RIPPER'S OFFICE - INTERCUTS 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
(laughingly, victoriously)
Right up to their teady 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 Base 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 commie 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 out. 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
Un - just a moment, sir. Will you - just a second.......

MANDRAKE dashes out of the Communications Centre, down the corridor and pops 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
Guud, 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-2 for Robert to the Wing.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Plan-B for Robert. Is that bad, sir?

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I see.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. A CKB 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 MAIDRAKE
Emergency base code group attack
Fox George Dog - Fox George Dog -
prefixing Plan-R for Robert, sir.

GENERAL ZIPPER
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 MAIDRAKE
General Zipper, 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 ZIPPER
Are you questioning my orders,
Captain?

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

GENERAL ZIPPER
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 RAF.

GROUP CAPTAIN MAIDRAKE
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 - CREW-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 CEM: "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.

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

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

JIMMY
(softly)

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
impeached. 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?

Com-bat.
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 Russkies.

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 yax.

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

MANELLI
Yeah, real rough.

ACE
But how could it have started?

SWEETS
That's what I can't figure. How could it have started?
13g. 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.

13h. REAR SECTION
Others continue yaking.

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

MIYUKI
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!

13i. 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.

13j. CU - LT. GOLDBERG

looks sheepish.
13j. Continued - 2

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.

13k. VARIOUS SHOTS - CREW

MCVIELE opens a small safe and searches out a thick envelope marked "PILOT-R" from among a dozen others. He shoots an enquiring look to the PILOT and gets a nod. He breaks 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.

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

13l. MS - PILOT - T.J.

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?
GOLDBERG
Roger, I'm setting it up.

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

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

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

T.J. (reading)
"Primary target the ICBM Complex at Laputa. 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 Zarrak. Fused air-burst at ten thousand." Any questions?

CUTS TO CREW

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 doglegs 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 lieutenants.

COLONEL PUNTRICH

Hello? This is Colonel Puntrich, please connect me with General O'Connor, Washington D.C., Capital, priority one.

16. NIGHT - EXT. FABULOUS 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'Connor speaking...Who is calling, operator? ...Who's calling? Hello...Yes, this is O'Connor.

INTERCUTS WITH SCENE 15a - INT. SAC

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Colonel, do you realise what time it is?
I know it's three o'clock your time, sir, but something pretty important has come up.

Something that can't wait until morning?

General, we monitored a transmission about eight minutes ago from Burpelson Air Force Base. It was apparently directed to the 81st on airborne alert. It decoded as, "Ving attack - Plan-R".

Well, 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.

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

That's ridiculous.

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

Does the threat board show anything?

That's what's really screwy, sir. It doesn't show a thing.
Butter-warming activity continues as the men listen to the GENERAL's broadcast echoing on a public address system.

GENERAL RIFFER
(F.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. But I can 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 one 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. Holes are spread out at 9-yard intervals and are digging foxholes.

GENERAL RIFFER
(F.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 commandos, 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, man, I want to impress upon you the need for watchfulness. The enemy will try any tricks to fool you into letting him in on the base.
They set up a light-machine gun, while a squad of riflemen dig in nearby.

**GENERAL RIFFER**

(2.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.

**INT. CAFETERIA - AIR POLICE**

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

**GENERAL RIFFER**

(2.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 sooner accept a few casualties through accident than lose the entire base and its personnel through carelessness.

**INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE**

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

**GENERAL RIFFER**

(2.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 HANRAHAN

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 so angry and a disc jockey begins his commercial.

CLOSE - GROUP CAPTAIN HANRAHAN

He tunes in on other stations. All programmes are normal. HANRAHAN 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 boys 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, morphone, 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 pound 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 discounts and walks rapidly to the door flanked by two of his secret service men.

President Muffley
(absently)
Good morning, Captain.

Captian
(s Trio-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
merrily 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 134 - Section 7.....

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

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

CAPTAIN
(eyes straight ahead)
Yes, sir. I believe I do, sir. But Security Regulations 134 - 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 greatest urgency. I put your personal assurance that the rules may be overlooked on this occasion.

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry, sir. I cannot allow you to enter. Security Regulations 134 - Section .......

C.S. PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

S.S. men rush and another the three guards in one mass of bodies sweeping them from sight.

The S.S. CHIEF opens the door.
INT. CHAIR ROOM

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 

PRESIDENT sits down in the chair. The TWO 
SECRET SERVICE MEN strap him in, step back and 

nods 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 Defence 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
(wrapped 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 3.52'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 with an average
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR (Contd.)
Load of forty megatons 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 NIFFLEY
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 Ripper exceeded
his authority.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
But that's impossible!

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

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
Plan-E???

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
That's right, sir. Plan-E.
Surely you must recall - Plan-E 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 I suggested the big hassle about our deterrent lacking credibility. The idea was for Plan-A to be a sort of retaliatory safeguard.

PRESIDENT MITTLEFELD
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 MITTLEFELD
Has there been any indication whatever 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-A.

PRESIDENT MITTLEFELD
Well, I assume though that the planes will return automatically as soon as they reach their fall-safe points.
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

No, sir. I'm afraid not. The planes were holding at their Fail-Safe point when the Go-code was issued. Once they fly beyond Fail-Safe they do not require a second order to proceed. They will continue until they reach their targets.

PRESIDENT NUFFLEY

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 NUFFLEY

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 SSR radios in the aircraft are switched into a special coded device, which I believe is designated as CMS-14. To prevent the enemy from issuing fake or confusing orders the CMS-14 is designed not to receive at all unless the message is preceded by the correct three-letter code group prefix.

PRESIDENT NUFFLEY

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.
PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Then do you mean to say you will be unable to recall the aircraft????

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
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.

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
About eighteen minutes from now, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Are you in contact with General Ripper?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
No, sir. General Ripper has sealed off the base and cut off all communications.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Where did you get all this information?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
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.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
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 and we can bring them back. For the sake of our country
and our way of life I suggest you get the rest of SAG in Italy then, 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 MIFFLY

Did he say something about fluids??

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Yes, sir, um - "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 MIFFLY

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 MIFFLY

General O'Connor, when you instituted
the Human Reliability tests you
assured me there was no possibility
of such a thing ever occurring.
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 am 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 at 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 NIFFLEY
(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 valuns are not receiving sufficient recognition may hand in his resignation which will be instantly accepted!!!

There is a deadly silence.

GENERAL "SUCK" O'CONNOR
(conjuring up a slyly smile)
Mr. President, we are here to help you, sir, and there was certainly no offense meant by that remark.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
I'll accept that.
(The President turns to General Faceeau)
General Faceeau, are there any army units stationed anywhere near Berylstan?

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

GENERAL FACEEAU
Yes, sir - en - apparently - er - I believe the 21st Air-Formed Ranger Division is stationed about seven miles away at Alvarado.

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
General Faceeau, I want you to get on the phone yourself and speak to the officer in charge. Tell him to get himself out his ten moving immediately. If they don't have enough vehicles, commander cars off 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 LIPPLY (Contd.)
enter the base, locate General Nipper and immediately put him into telephone contact with me.

GENERAL PACERAN
Yes, sir!

GENERAL PACERAN picks up the phone.

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

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR thanks.

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

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

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

PRESIDENT LIPPLY
Yes, I think that's the best policy for the moment.
SWEETS

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, SWEETS, glances at his ground Position Indicator, on which certain of the pilot's instrument readings are duplicated.

SWEETS
Roger.

T.J.
Okay, ready for checks.

D.S.O. - MINELLI
Roger.

VARIOUS INSERTS - EQUIPMENT

SWEETS

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 stud 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 M, 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.

SWEDIS
In thirty seconds, the count-down clock should read eighty-three minutes. Eighty-three.
32a. COUNT-DOWN CLOCK

Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"
Dawn  BURLINGTON AIR FORCE BASE - 4 CUES

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

INT. GENERAL RIPPER’S OFFICE

Enter GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE excitedly carrying a small transistor radio. It is playing a rock-and-roll tune.

MANDRAKE scurries into the room, out of breath, and stops in front of RIPPER’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.

GENERAL RIPPER

(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 on, 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 stir, you know.

During this speech, RIPPER rises, closes the blinds, and locks the doors. MANDRAKE tails him around.
Mandrace, the Officer Exchange Program does not give you any special prerogatives to question my orders.

GROUP OF NAVAL MANDRACE
I'm afraid I'm not with you, sir. I thought you'd be terribly 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 ZIPPER
Please sit down and turn that thing off.

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
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 ZIPPER
Are you certain of that, Mandrace?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
I'm absolutely certain, sir.

GENERAL ZIPPER
Ind what if it were true?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
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, 'll, 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 like.

MANTREK rises.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANTREK

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 MANTREK

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 MANTREK

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 MANTREK

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MANTREK walks to the bar.
GROUP CAPTAIN MILLER
"Why have you done this, sir?"

CAPTAIN RIDGER
"I've given it a lot of thought,
Mnderale, don't think I haven't."

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MILLER
"...I suppose they are, sir."

CAPTAIN RIDGER
"You are deemed right, they are."

GROUP CAPTAIN MILLER
"How much rain-water, sir?"

CAPTAIN RIDGER
"Oh, about half and half."

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

MINDERALE walks back with the drink.

GROUP CAPTAIN MILLER
"Is this the way you like it, sir?"

CAPTAIN RIDGER
"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 MILLER
"Un... 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 MANDRACE

Well, I... I don’t quite follow you, sir. Is I say, only 35 planes...

GENERAL RIPPER

Group Captain Mandrake, at this very moment, while we sit here and chat so enjoyously, 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—a total commitment. (RIPPER looks intensely satisfied.) Do you remember what Clemenceau once said about war?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE

I don’t think so, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

He said war was too important a matter to be left to Generals.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE

Did he?

GENERAL RIPPER

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

Turgidson, it's three-forty-five in the afternoon in Moscow. Put through an urgent priority long distance telephone call to Premier Belsh. 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 KENNEDY

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 KENNEDY

(to a senior civilian aide)

Frank!

FRANK

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

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 MIPSLEY
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 MIPSLEY
Go ahead, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
One: our hopes for retaliating the Soviet bomb threat 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 A.O., 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 full-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
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR (contd.)
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
unofficial 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
uncordinated.

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

PRESIDENT NUFFLY
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
Nipper has already invalidated that
policy.

PRESIDENT NUFFLY
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-supposing a
Russian first-strike which you know
is coming.

PRESIDENT NUFFLY
Even if we struck first, General
O'Connor, we would still suffer
horrible civilian casualties.
GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
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.

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
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.

PRESIDENT MURPHY
I will not go down in history as the greatest mass murderer since Adolf Hitler.

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

PRESIDENT MURPHY
(losing his temper)
General O'Connor, I think we've heard from you on this sufficiently.
(The President turns to Turgisson)
Turgisson, see what's happening with that call to the Premier.
Continued - 5

TURGDSON 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.

ADAMAL 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 Faeman?

GENERAL FAEMAN

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. TURGDSON picks up the phone.

TURGDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Good, good. Any difficulty?

TURGDSON

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MUPFLY
That's right, General.

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

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

38 INT. B-52 "LEPER COLONY"

ZOCO
Both arming circuits are green.

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

VINELLI
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.

VINELLI
Primary arming switch.

38b VARIOUS CU - INSERT 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.

VINELLI
Primary circuit is live.

T.J.
Primary trigger switch.

VINELLI
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.
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.

Release first safety.

First safety.

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

Second safety.

Second safety.

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

Pulse for ten thousand air burst.

Check, then thousand air burst.

We see bombardier turn not setting. Needle creeps round dial to ten thousand. Bombadier presses in succession three control buttons marked: Electronic, Barometric, and Time. He waits while the appropriate three lights glow on.

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

Pauses, pushes back hair.
Bombardier and pilot now press the last remaining switch, clearly marked "MASTER SAFETY".

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

**JIMMY**

Primary bomb is live.

**T.J.**

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

**JIMMY**

Master safety on.

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

---

INT. BOMB BAY

We see two enormous H-bombs. Grotesque female faces have been painted across them with the names, "Hi There" and "Bill Daddy".
39  DAWN - BURFELSON AIR FORCE BASE

40  VARIOUS CUTS - DEFENSE TEAMS WAITING

41  MACHINE GUN POSITION
 Fifty yards outside wire perimeter fence, a 
first-sergeant and two privates are hunched 
over a machine gun.

41a  THEY SEE DOWN ROAD
 About three hundred yards away, a jeep and three 
trump trucks cautiously approaching.

PRIVATE ANDERSON
How do we know they're saboteurs?

SERGEANT MELLORS
(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 MELLORS
(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.
41b OTHER CUTS AROUND BASE PERIMETER

of base defense teams watching over their weapons.

41c VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

SENERGANT MELLOWS
(calmy)
Okay, let 'em have it.

The machine gun fires three longish bursts which spray across the path of the leading 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 fields on each side of the road.

41d 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.

41e 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?

SENERGANT MELLOWS

Keep down, and open up on the first one who shows his head.
Continued - 2

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 MELLOWS
(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 skittish 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. Yet, you
are firing on your own troops.
Unless you surrender within sixty
seconds, I am under orders to
return your fire.

SERGEANT MELLOWS
That's okay by me, Guzade.

Mellows opens fire.
CUT TO GUANO. Machine-gun fire cutting around him.

COLONEL "SAM" 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...!

VARIOUS CUTS - 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 the left - outer 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.

DAY - FLATTING SHOT - B-52 "LEPER COLONY"

INT. B-52 - NAVIGATOR

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

U.S. SWEEPS
We should be crossing the coast in about six minutes.

T.J.
Thanks, Sweeps. Can you see Bromingua Island yet?

SWEEPS
(concentrated on scope)
I don't think so.

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

T.J.
Awright, 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.

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.

T.J.
(minelli)
(flipping switches)
ECM locked to master search radar.

(minelli)
(giving panel a pat)
You big, beautiful brain, you better start thinking.

ACE
Where do you suppose it's coming from?

T.J.
(minelli)
ACE, you picked up any aircraft?
MINEHALL

(Shaking head)
Just the missile.

T.J.

It must have been fired from
Bromingham Island - probably that
new Vampire 202, the one with
a hundred-mile range.

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

T.J.
What speed?

MINEHALL
Between Mach 3 and 4.

T.J.
Call it every five miles.

MINEHALL
Thirty-five, it's still coming

43c VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

43c

T.J.
Prepare to release Quail.

JIMMY, the Bombadier, flips a number of switches.

JIMMY
Quail ready for release.

T.J.
Open bomb doors.
43d  EXT.  B-52
   Bomb doors opening.

43e  INT.  B-52

JIMMY
   Bomb doors open!

NINELLI
   Thirty! Twelve o'clock and straight!

T.J.
   (calmly)
   Release Quail.

43f  EXT.  B-52

Quail decoy drops from bomb bay. A jet flame appears as it comes to life.

43g  INT.  B-52

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

NINELLI
   Twenty miles!

JIMMY
   Bomb doors closed.

43h  EXT.  B-52

Changes course but the Quail changes with it about seventy yards below and behind.

43i  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.

MINNEAPOLIS
Fifteen miles. Twelve o'clock.

EX1. B-52 Banking.
The Quail turns with again.

VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

JILL
It's still following us!

MINNEAPOLIS
Ten miles. Twelve o'clock.

CU - T.J.

T.J.
Okay, take the ECM over the red line!

DSG
Roger, all ECM power!

CU - ECM POWER GAUGES
Arrow quivering past red line.

DSG - MINNEAPOLIS

MINNEAPOLIS
Eight miles! Twelve o'clock!

JILL
Quail still there!
43c  CU - T.J.

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

T.J.

Hang on, boys.

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

43p  EX.  B-52 - DIVING BANK

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

43q  INT.  B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

MINZELLI
 seven - six - five - four -
 three - two - one...

43r  EX.  B-52

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

43s  INT.  B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

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

44  OMITTED

45  OMITTED
AMBASSADOR DE SAEDE

(with fantastic intensity
You are very clever, Mister
President! You 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 KA-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 MUPFLY

Mister Ambassador, you are choosing
to misunderstand.

AMBASSADOR DE SAEDE

Understand? Understand -
I understand you too well. Who
could fail to understand such a
clumsy trick? Tricky - at the
expense of the peace-loving people
of the Soviet Union. Oh...
Last... Ascetic... Tricky!

PRESIDENT MUPFLY

Anger will not help us now,
Mister Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SAEDE

Nothing will help you now, Mister
President! We 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!
Mister 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.
Continued - 3

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
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, whisky, 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.
Continued - 4

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, St. 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 TURGIDSON.

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 of affairs, if you follow
my meaning.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
(mumbling 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 KENNEDY
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.

TURGDSON
Mister President, they're trying
the number.

The President walks to TURGDSON, and the CINEMA
goes with him. Suddenly there is a tremendous
confrontation, 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 KENNEDY
For the love of God! Gentlemen!
Gentlemen! What is the meaning
of this?

Others step in and separate the two struggling men.
AMBASSADOR DE SANE

(puffing)

Sir! 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 HEPFLY

Gentlemen! I demand an explanation!

AMBASSADOR DE SANE

(cooly)

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

You're not kidding there, Mister
Commie. Here is the explanation,
Mister President. In full!

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 SANE

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

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

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

TURINGSON suddenly looks up, excited.

TURINGSON
Mister President, I think they're getting the Premier.
DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52
A thin wisps of smoke trails from inside port fwd.

INT. B-52
All dialogue comes rapid fire, amidst coughing, wiping eyes, etc.
T.J. (flipping switches)
Shuttin' down three and four.

AGD
Fire systems operating on three and four.

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

AGD
(flipping switches)
Everyone on emergency oxygen.

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

DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 - STEEP DESCENT.

INT. B-52

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, 98% 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 MANDRACE
Yes, sir, I have wondered — yes.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
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 patronizingly.

GENERAL RIPPER
Captains, 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 rancid.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
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 realize 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 cloaked and made fœtid by this diabolical substance, fluorides. 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 active 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.
51 Continued - 4

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. 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.

5la F.O.V. RIFFER. He sees a squad of Rangers marching 5la a party of base security troops, hands clasped over their heads, into a hangar.

51 INT. RIFFER’S OFFICE

RIFFER looks grave and thoughtful.

GENERAL RIFFER

They’ve surrendered.

GROUP CAPTAIN HANDRAKE

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 Fings!

GENERAL RIFFER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN HANDRAKE

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.
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 rambled and chattered? 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 RIFTER
(Thoughtfully)
Mandrake, were you ever a prisoner of war?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRAKE
Yes, as a matter of fact, I was, sir.

GENERAL RIFTER
Were you ever tortured?

GROUP CAPTAIN LANDRAKE
Um-hhh, I was, sir - tortured - as a matter of fact - sir, by the Japanese - yes.

GENERAL RIFTER
What happened?

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

GENERAL RIFTER
Did they make you walk?

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

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

No one ever does. And my advice to you, sir, is to tell me the code right now, and then I'm done. Try any rough stuff with you may I'll close with them, sir.

stares gloomily at the rug.

General Ripper, sir, time is running out. Just three letters - three little letters - and it's all over. And then it's over I can assure you there won't be any hard feelings. I mean these things happen. To 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.

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.

Of course you can, sir. I'm a religious man too and I believe in it, really. 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.

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

That's right, sir. I have a little spruce up. A good old mask and brush up - always did wonders for a man. A little razer on the back of the neck and the code, that's what we need - faster on the neck.
GROUP 7. PULL IN UNNAMED
(continued)
Time running out! Time running out
very, very fast! I'll try to guess -
would you like that, sir? J-S-J?
J-S-J? Am I getting warm.

(LANG)

UNNAMED sees RIFFER sprawled dead in the bathroom.

GROUP 7. PULL IN UNNAMED

Dann.

(softly)
TURGIDSON

Mister President, they've got the
Premier on the line. His
interpreter is with him. He'll
shoot a simultaneous translation
from you to the Premier, and
vice versa.

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?
That? 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.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(Talking Russian intently.
We understand a weird
pronunciation of Markin
Markay which sounds like
"Meerk Moofa")

THE 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
(his voice like a
progressive nursery
school teacher)
Hello?.. Yes, it's me again,
Dimitri. Hello?.. That?
What? 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.
(polls 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-mnh... Thirty-four planes...
They won't reach their targets
for at least another hour...
I'm positive... Uh-mnh...

(easy variations of Uh-mnh)

Uh-mnh... 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 put 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.

That?... What are you talking about?...
No, I don't see why this has to
mean the end of the world. Come
can, 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-mnh...
If we are unable to recall the
planes then I'd say we must help
you destroy that... Uh-mnh...

Well, who should they call?...
Who should we call?... The Peoples
Central Air Defense Headquarters'...
Where is that?... In Cuba?
Right. Uh-mnh... You'll call them
first... Uh-mnh... Listen, do you
happen to have the phone number handy?
Just ask Cuban 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 3-3381 extension - 2365...
I 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, turns 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 ADDS 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 smudge, a lethal cloud of radio-activity which will encircle the earth for ninety-three years.

Murmurs and stirring.

PRESIDENT HIFFLIN
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 MUFPLEY
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 wartime trick, and he sits there wasting precious time.

Divided murmurs around the table.

PRESIDENT MUFPLEY
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 lipstick. 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 MUFPLEY
That's preposterous. I've never approved anything like that!
AMBASSADOR DE SAD

Our source was "The New York Times".

PRETENT 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 in the report, my conclusion was that this idea was not a practical deterrent for reasons which at this moment must be all too obvious.

PRETENT MUFFLEY

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

AMBASSADOR DE SAD

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

PRETENT 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
Musterdichloste.

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, Mister 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 MUFFLEY
(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, Mister President. It will. Though I do not have the --

GENERAL FACEMAN
(interrupts) Excuse me, Sir. I think we’re beginning to pick up your yarriage. The base at Sperelson has just surrendered.

Excited murmurs.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Have you got the General on the phone?

GENERAL FACEMAN
We will in a minute, sir. And look, Mister 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 RIPPER's desk.

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

He shuffles through the clutter on RIPPER's desk, and notices a ruled yellow legal size tablet. RIPPER 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, knuckled over his carbine, ready to fire.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(to himself)

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

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

"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 clasps 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 MANDRAKE
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)
Keep 'em up! Keep 'em up!
What’s General Ripper?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(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 MANDRAKE
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
(assumingly)
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... POC, SCO, PSC, PCC, PPC...

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

Yow, just calm down like I said, Fella, and start walking.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, then, I mean I suppose you're not fully in the picture, then, are you, Colonel? Don't you know that Federal Alp... went mad as a March hare? He sent the entire redly 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, fellah.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRACE
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 MANDRACE
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 MANDRACE
(lke 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 MANDARIZ
Now, see. I'm picking up this ordinary telephone. See? Hello? Hello? Oh, damn, the lines must still be disconnected.

(he smiles
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 fruitcake.
I've got wounded men outside and you've wasted enough of my time.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDARIZ
(excitedly)
Damn it, you blessed 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 MANDARIZ an open-handed whack
in the face.

COLONEL GUANO
Now snap out of it, fellow, you hear me?

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

COLONEL GUANO
Start walking.

They start walking.

COLONEL GUANO
Now, look, Admiral Fruitcake, when this is over, if you keep yourself I'll be happy to step outside and called this thing. Right now we're moving out.
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 prevert. (pronounced "deviated prevert") I think General Ripper discovered your preversion, and that you engineered a mutiny of preverts. 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 (signs)
Okay, you see if you can get the President of the United States on the telephone. But if you try any preversions 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 the operator.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Hello, operator?... This is Group Captain Mandrake at Runpselson Air Force Base. Something rather important has come up, and I would like to place an emergency person-to-person call to President Marvin 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... Runpselson 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.
(goters 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.
57 DAY - B-52 - FLYING SHOT - SEVERAL CUTS

As the "Laper Colony" presses on.
INT. WAR ROOM

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 recall 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
Crackle) Roger, Seven-Two-Za-Able, confirming Over-Peter-Easy, Three-Niner-Niner-Five, acknowledge and confirm mission cancelled, returning to base.

PRESIDENT
(to General Facedman)
What was the name of the officer who called me from Spurgeon?

GENERAL FACEDMAN
I didn't speak to him, sir, but I believe a Colonel Quaco was commanding the Ranger 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 FACEDMAN
Yes, sir!

PRESIDENT
Let us know when all the recalls are acknowledged.

TURPINSON
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 you splinches, 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

(pensively)

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
Fareman and Admiral Bullock, and to the President. Fareman
and Bullock look to the President.

The President slowly sinks to his knees.

ALL kneel except DE SADIE.
58. Continued - 3

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 a’s like; “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.
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 MUFLELY
(angry)
You know that is a lie, de Sade. You could not expect us to destroy our weapons without having the slightest 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 MUFLELY
(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, an impulse, ten minutes of poor judgement, 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.

Mister 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, those 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 CR-114.

CU - CR-114 - IT IS SMASHED AND TWISTED
AND CHARRED
LT. GOLDBERG

I think the emergency self-destruct mechanism got hit and blew itself up!
PRESIDENT HUFFLEY
Hello?...Premier Belch?...Yes, that's right...Yes...Uh-uh...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.

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

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY
(back to phone)
Hello?...Look, we got an acknowledgment from every plane, except the four you've shot down...Go?...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.

I'd like of dread and astonishment. Also, see Big Board change over North America.

GENE V. 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.

GENE V. 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 clobber us. If the spaghetti hits the fan now we're really in trouble.
The President distractedly shrugs 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 Lagnya.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(back to the telephone)

Hello?... Say, look, Minter, 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 tens... What?... There is it? Two miles from Zarkhov? No, I didn't know - our map shows only military targets... How many people?... Two million - seven-hundred-and-twenty-two thousand?...

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(suspiciously whispering to Colonel)

Have we got Zarkhov down as a two-point-seven-two-megadeaths situation?

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

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 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 "Equivalent Soviet and American Cities in Megadeaths.")

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

(sighs)

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

(Hands phone to Tuzinski, who covers mouthpiece)

General O'Conner, is there really a chance for that plane to get through?
GENERAL O'CONNOR
(brushing hastily)
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 under-
stand 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 million of them
those Nazis killed,
(pronounced Nazis)
and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFLEY
General, stick to the point please.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(asking diving aircraft hands)
Tell, sir, if the pilot's really a good
son - 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 74, its jet ex-
haust firing chickens in the barnyard...

PRESIDENT MUFLEY
Has he a chance?

GENERAL O'CONNOR
(almost feverishly with excitement)
Has he a chance?... Hell, yes! He has
one hell of a chance.

Murmurs of excitement around the room. Suddenly the President
rises.

PRESIDENT MUFLEY
(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 - 3-52

63 INT. B-52. TERRAIN FLASHES BY.

63a VARIOUS CUTS AND INSECTS.

The NAVIGATOR - SWETS - is just finishing some calculations.

SWETS
(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, so we oughta be able to make it to the primary target. Now we're burnin' a lot of fuel down here an' 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, an' then bail out when she starts coughin'.

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

See insert of radarscope.
63a Continued - 2

T.J.
Are they on an intercept course?

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

T.J.
They must have got lucky and
made a visual contact.

MINEILLI
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.

MINEILLI
Range twenty-five miles.

GOLDBERG
Hornets ready to fire, T.J.

See radarscope.

T.J.
Fire Hornets salvo.

LT. GOLDBERG flips switches and pushes buttons.

63b  \[\text{HIT. B-52 - TAIL}\]  63b

We see the Hornet rockets leave the tail
below two black radar blisters.
INT. B-32 - VARIOUS CUTS CREW AND RADARSCOPE

We see eleven fast traces move towards the four fighter blips. Then they touch the fighter blips flare up for a second then disappear.

SPEAKERS
Got 'em! Got 'em all!

Cheers from the crew. Suddenly an explosion!

VARIOUS CUTS - SICKEN, BUFFETING, COUGHING

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

The rear DRO-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.
OMITTED

INT. 3-52 - LOW LEVEL

INT. 3-52

The smoke is cleared. -- Everyone checking equipment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PCW - DISTANT HORIZON

Searchlights blinking on and off in unison.

INT. 3-52

T.J.
(safely)
Great balls of fire!
JIMMY, finished with ACS, 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 signaling to each other.

JIMMY
I'll be damned.

T.J.
Golly! Come forward.

LT. GOLDNERG
Comes forward, followed by LT. CAPALDI.

LOWER BOMBER SECTION

SWEETS
(on intercom)
That's it?

T.J.
Come on up and see.

GROUP IN COCKPIT

T.J.
Golly, what the hell are they flashin' down there?
It's wrong. (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... 6..6..5..5..2..0.."""

T.J.
"I'll bet that says the Yanks are comin'"

GOLDBERG
"Wait a minute! That's a CMH code. Yeah, three letters and four digits. 6..6..5..5..2..0.." (dashes to rear section) "Let me check my code book."

Murmurs of astonishment.

T.J.
"Ain't that the limit? Russel's signalling in our code."

TJEW
"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.

GOLDBERG
(running finger down page)
Here it is: It says: Cancel Ming Attack-Plan-B. 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 more just because a bunch of Commie searchlights say so.

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

T.J.
You startin' to tell me which end is up, boy?
JELLY
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 CRM-114.

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

T.J.
Look, boy, maybe you'd like to read our orders and find the part that says we should go home if our CRM-114 is out and some Commie searchlights tells us to.

JELLY
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. Watermelon.

JELLY
(frowning)
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 Zog: How keep off my back or we'll be takin' a little trip to first-city.
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 krackin' down one of
our planes and torturin' holy hell
out of the boys until they told it
to 'em, 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.
Various cuts of Mr. JIMMY ZOGG anxiously flipping switches.

JIMMY
(intercom)
Major Kong.

T.J.
(intercom)
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 door warning light keeps flashing.
T.J.
Lieutenant Zoss; 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.
Vinelli.

VINELLI comes forward.

VINELLI
What's up?

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

VINELLI
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 Zoggi)

Stuck tighter than Dick's hat-band.

On upper deck, KUNG sees GOLDBERG kneeling next to JEE.

GOLDBERG

He's dead.

T.J.

(softly)

Damn. Damn.
70d. INT. B-52 - UPPER DECK

T.J. lurches into seat. MINELLI 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.

70e. GUTS 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 Ziggy requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

PANEL

Lieutenant Manelli 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.
T.J. (toughly)
Permission to refuse, refused.
How start kuttin' that silk?
(waits)
That's an order, you hear?

CUTS TO CREW - MOTIONLESS

D.J. (almost ready to weep)
What a bunch of crazy galoots.
Did you ever see such a scruffy collection of hair-brained, disobedient and stubborn airmen?
Now, eject, damned it, Disobeying an order in combat is punishable by court martial!

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

INT. B-52 - SEE 3 CHUTES OPENING

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. (moved)
Hell, no.

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.
Have you got a cigarette on you?

Sure thing, T.J.

Light it for me, will you?

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

Thanks.

Sure thing, T.J.

Jimmy?

Yes, T.J.

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

Forget it, 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 Sagra 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!
Everywhere is predictably gloomy and philosophical. It should be apparent they've heard the news.

**GENEAL O'CONNOR**

(sadly, his head, miserably)

It's wrong.

(sighs)

It's dead wrong.

**ANTONIUS RUDOLPH**

(sadly, his head, wretchedly)

It's not right.

No one is really talking to anyone else.

**GENEAL O'CONNOR**

(indignantly)

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

**ANTONIUS RUDOLPH**

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

**GENEAL O'CONNOR**

Ugh—shh, that's a horrible thought.
GENERAL O'CONNOR
It's all so pointless. I mean a man works
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 doomed
shame, and I don't mind saying so.

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

THURSDAY
(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

The ... DOCTOR looks up, wearily.

... DOCTOR DE SIE
(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 missed.

PRESIDENT
You mean there's a way?

VON KLUTZ
At the bottom of some of our deeper mine
shafts.

PRESIDENT: WHITLEY
At the bottom of mines?
VON KLUTZ

Of course! The radioactivity would not penetrate a mine some thousands of 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)

Mister President, man is an amazingly adaptable creature. After all, the conditions would be far superior to those, icy, of the so-called Nazi 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.
(stoking his head)

But to make such a decision...

VON KLUTZ

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLY

How could anyone decide such a thing?

VON KLUTZ

Off-hand, I would say that in addition to the factors of youth, health, sexual fertility, intelligence, and a cross-section of necessary skills, it would be 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 KLUTZ

(laughs, disgustingly)

Naturally, they would 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 emerge 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 action.

VON KLUTZ

When they emerge, a good deal of present real estate and modern tools will still be recoverable, if they are not sold in advance. I would guess they would then work their way back to our present gross national product within twenty years.
But, look here, Von Kluts. 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 onliving?

VON KLUSS: Certainly not, sir. When they go down into the mine, everyone else will still be alive. They will have no shocking memories, and the prevailing emotion should be one of a nostalgic 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 KLUSS: 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.

GENERAL DE ASE: (enthusiastically) Von Kluts, I must confess you have an astonishingly good idea there.

VON KLUSS: (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 Bandits smashed away some big bombs and we didn't, when they come out in a hundred years, they could take over.
CENTRAL BALCONY
I agree, Mister President. In fact they might even try an immediate sneak attack so they could take over our mine-shaft space.

CENTRE O'CONNOR
I think we would be extremely naive, Mister President, to imagine that those new developments will affect the Soviet expansionist policy. To insist increasingly on the alert for their moves to take over other mine-shaft space in order to boost more prodigiously than we, and so knock us out through superior numbers when we emerge.

CU - O'CONNOR

CENTRE O'CONNOR
(with tremendous authority)
Mister President! WE MUST NOT ALLOW a MINE-SHAFT GAP!

Murmur of agreement all around.

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

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

O'CONNOR bellow something, bolts up, races, hits DE SIDE with a flying tackle. They grapple madly.

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

O'CONNOR has succeeded in wrenching off the Tie-clasp Camera.

O'CONNOR
Got the red pre-coded, Mister President!

PRESIDENT
(continues it)
Ambassador is dead! This is the worst disaster -

DE SIDE turns feebly away.
De Sade

Bah! I will not tolerate these childish insinuations!

CU - MEDIUM ANGLE.

Is he turns, he raises hand. To see ring-mount rise like a tiny tank-turret opening and a snap of miniscule shutter.

O'CONNOR

Hold it, Buster!

(grabs de Sade. They grapple

Excitement)

O'CONNOR produces Ring Camera.

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 (gestures) any of our agents, you shall be formally charged with espionage. Sir, you have my word on that!

De Sade

(frowning)

This is preposterous! There is such a thing as diplomatic immunity, Mister President!

O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT

(frowning)

Yes, I think perhaps you're right, General O'Conor — considering the seriousness of the situation, we'd best...(looks at o'meara in his hand) and the immunity of his equipment.
DE SILE
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 Mister Red here upstairs and examine his garments and person for... for tiny cameras and similar equipment.

DE SILE
(outraged)
Mister President! You doze yourself! My government will not accept this treatment of its Ambassador!

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY
(adorably)
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...

SHAKES HEAD, TURNING AWAY.

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.

DE SILE
Seven bodily orifices?!! Bother?
(Comedy calculation)
(Shut-ups of rage)
May you capitalist ass!

DE SILE 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 hurl s a coconut cream pie at DE SILE, who ducks. It splatters and tatters across face full in the face of GENERAL BULLOCK.

Not realizing why he has been hit, GENERAL BULLOCK flings a thick chocolate cream pie at O'CONNOR. It misses and hits PRESIDENT HUFFLEY with a tremendous split full in the face.
Then \textbf{PRESIDENT RUFLEY} is first hit, several people rush to tend him, laboriously clean off his face, glasses, etc. No sooner is he cleared up though, and glasses restored, than \textbf{SPLAT!} 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 botanically engaged in splattering pies into each other's face.

75 MOVING \textbf{SECT - FULL \textbf{WAY FROM PLANET EARTH INTO OUTER SPACE.}}

\textbf{ROLL-UP TABLE}

\textit{Though the little-known, dead planet Earth, remotely situated in the Milky Way Galaxy, is admittedly of more academic interest to us today, we have presented this quaint comedy of Galaxy pre-History, \ldots\ as another in our series, \textit{The Dead Worlds of Antiquity.}}

\textbf{Narcos Blasco}

\textbf{Macro-Galaxy-In-Your Pockets}