"DR. STRANGELOVE"

Or:

How I Learned

To

Stop Worrying

And

Love The

BOMB

Hawk Films Ltd.,
Shepperton Studios,
Shepperton,
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1. MAIN TITLE CARD - A WEIRD, HYDRA-HEADED, FURRY CREATURE SHARLS AT CAMERA

ROLL-UP TITLE
"VARDAC BLEFESCU PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove:

or

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Love the

B.O.M.B.

a

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

MUSIC - WEIRD, EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL, ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

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

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 TO
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 workmen began a top-secret project at the base of this perpetually fog-shrouded mountain, in an Arctic waste of Northern Siberia. Terrible rumours began to circulate in the outside world but were considered far too fantastic to be taken seriously. One story had it that upon completion, in order to maintain secrecy, everyone connected with the project was killed.
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.

As part of this air-borne alert, thirty-five B-52 bombers of Strategic Air Command’s 93rd Bomb Wing left the Suppeson Air Force Base, fourteen hours before.

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.

One of the 843rd’s aircraft, the “Leper Colony”, was approaching its Fall-Safe point, Bear Island, a small dot in the Sahara desert, where it would turn around and head for home.

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.
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.

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.
He is a Texan - a tough, steady, veteran flyer.
CAMERA PULLS BACK
T.J. is looking at a copy of "Playboy", and absentmindedly munching a sandwich.
ACE, the GO-PILOT, is gazing steadily into the Arctic sky.
On T.J.'s side of the compartment we see an ANCESTRAL PICTURE PITCH -- portraits of fierce-looking father, grandfather, etc. in the uniform of wars past.
Atmosphere of lassitude. Plane cruises on autopilot.

8a. MINELLI (THE D.S.O., 1st Lt.) 8a.
Sits silent and expressionless, his hands racing through an elaborate manipulation of playing cards.

8b. GOLDBERG (THE RADAR-RADIO OFFICER, 1st Lt.) 8b.
sips coffee from a plastic cup and looks at a copy of "Readers 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.

8c. LOWER CREW SECTION - BOMBERDIER AND NAVIGATOR 8c.
SWEETS (THE NAVIGATOR, 1st Lt.) peruses the "Confectioner's Journal" and thoughtfully munches chocolate.

8d. JIMMY (THE BOMBERDIER, 1st Lt.) 8d.
a rather smug and intelligent young Negro, is staring at the navigational charts on SWEETS' side of the compartment.
Se. JIMMI 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. Reading will be three-five-three. (goes back to "Confectioner'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.

(still adjusting plane)
That's right, boy. She probably holds the world's horizontal shorthand record.

ACE

You know who she reminds me of? That blonde we had back in Houston -- 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 me 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 Antonio' going full tap just to show our 'preciation.

ACE
Is Bull Daddy still at it?

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

ACE
But he must be about seventy-five.

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

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

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

T.J.
Yeah, I guess I do, and I guess I'm lucky about a lot of things. I mean, you name it and I've had it. Prime-cut, right off the top hind 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. Combat!

81. 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.

8j. CU - D.S.O. LT. MELLONI LOOKING AT SCOPE
For a moment he continues absentmindedly raffling cards and looking at scope; frowns.

8k. CU - RADARSCOPE
The D.S.O. moves a strobe marker to the blip.

8l. CU - D.S.O. MELLONI
Holds deck of cards in left hand, figures on a pad with right.
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 "Leper 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 - RADARSCOPE

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 absenty)

Jerk.

ACE
 stil 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 your own business back there.
So. Continued - 2

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

Sp. CU - THE CM-114

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

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

Sq. CU - GOLDBERG - RADAR-RADIO OFFICER

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

Ss. MS - GOLDBERG RAPIDLY DECODES MESSAGE.

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

St. CUTS TO CREW

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

(sighs, shrugs)
Probably some kind of exercise.

Su. 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 commandos back
there to keep us up here for
nothin'!
(to Ace)
Boy, we fool 'round here too long
we gonna miss our date, you know
that don't you?

9. NIGHT - EXT. MOONLIT VIEWS OF BASE - VARIOUS CUTS

While the Wing is air-borne, the staff work is
heavy, and the ground crews work overtime to
refit aircraft. The runways are clear, and
only the giant cicadas and the occasional whine
of an electric tool break the stillness of the
starry desert night.
It is sunken fifty feet below the administration building. Six officers man the command bridge.

A loud buzzer.

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?

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
(laughs viciously)
Right up to their beady little eyes.

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

GENERAL RIPPER
Mandrake, that's all I've been told. It just came in on the Red phone and my orders are for the 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.
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?

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

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

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?

Are you trying to be funny, Captain?

No, sir.

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

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

Mandrake, the Officer Exchange Programme does not give you the right to question the orders of your commanding officer.
GROUP CAPTAIN MAJODRAKE
Um - just a moment, sir. Will you -- just a second....

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MAJODRAKE
(continued)
Are you talking to me on the phone, sir?

RIPPER looks up angrily.

GENERAL RIPPER
Who the hell do you think I'm talking to?

GROUP CAPTAIN MAJODRAKE
Good, sir.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MAJODRAKE
(continued)
Right, sir.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MAJODRAKE
I'll get one, sir....Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
I want you to transmit plan-R from Robert to the Wing.
Plan-R for Robert. Is that bad, sir?

I'm afraid it's pretty hairy.

I see.

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

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

Don't you know it, 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.

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

Yes, sir.

It is emergency base code attack index Fox George Dog. Please repeat - Fox George Dog.
GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Emergency base code group attack
Fox George Dog - Fox George Dog -
prefixing Plan-R for Robert, sir.

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER
Are you questioning my orders,
Captain?

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
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 - CBM-114

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

13b. CU - LT. 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 CBM! "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 must have made a mistake.

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

13e. THE WHOLE CREW converge on the CHI. Plane cruises on auto-pilot.

JIMMY
(softly)

25/1/63

11. Continued - 8

GENERAL RIPPER
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T.J. (with quiet dignity)
Well boys, I reckon this is it.

ACE
What?

T.J.
Combat.

JIMMY
But we're carrying Hydrogen bombs.

T.J. (nodding gravely)
That's right! Hail-Clare combat!
Toe to toe with the Ruskins.

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 for 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 yak.

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

MINELLI
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!

MINZELLI

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.
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.

VARIOUS SHOTS - CREW

MINELLI opens a small safe and searches out a thick 8x10 sealed envelope marked "Plan-R" from among a dozen others. He shouts an enquiring look to the PILOT and gets a nod. He breaks open the seal and distributes individual folders to each of the crew.

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

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

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 CBM-114 is to be switched into all receiver circuits. The emergency base code-index is to be set on the dials of the CBM. This will block any transmissions other than those preceded by the code-index."
Okay, Goldy, you git that?
GOLDBERG
Roger, I'm setting it up.

VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS

setting the CEM-114.

SWEETS
Here's the heading, 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 Karmak. 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 dog legs to the primary. Okay, boys, now how about some hot Java?
14. NIGHT - EXT. SAC HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)

15. INT. SAC COMMAND OPERATIONS CENTER

15a. COLONEL PUNTRICH - SAC DUTY OFFICER

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH
Hello? This is Colonel Puntrich, please connect me with General O'Connor, Washington D.C., Capital. P-4534. 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.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Something that can't wait until morning?

COLONEL FUTUREICH
General, we monitored a transmission about eight minutes ago from Burpelson Air Force Base. It was apparently directed to the 843rd on airborne alert. It decoded as, "Wing attack - Plan-R".

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

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR
That's ridiculous.

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Does the threat board show anything?

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

**GENERAL RIPPER**
(P.A. system)

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

**PERIMETER FENCE - 10-MAN SECURITY DETAIL**

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

**GENERAL RIPPER**
(P.A. system)

There is, however, another form of attack which I think might be the most dangerous for us here on the base. By this I mean a conventional attack whether by individual saboteurs or large armed parties which may have been infiltrated into the country. A communist has no regard for human life; not even his own, and for this reason, men, I want to impress upon you the need for watchfulness. The enemy will try any tricks to fool you into letting him on the base.
They set up a light-machine gun, while a squad of riflemen dig in nearby.

**GENERAL RIPPER**

(P.A. system)

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

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

**GENERAL RIPPER**

(P.A. system)

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

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

**GENERAL RIPPER**

(P.A. system)

Any variation on these orders I have given you must come from me personally. I want that clearly understood, and there are to be no exceptions to it whatever the circumstances.
This entire scene will be shot in master from the office with GENERAL RIPPER speaking on microphone.

GENERAL RIPPER

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 RIPPER flicks the mike button and sinks wearily back into his chair. He lights a cigarette and inhales with satisfaction.

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 pop song ends and a disc jockey begins his commercial.

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

T.J.
Okay, boys, I'm supposed to hand these survival kits out before we get over enemy coast. In them you will find - (he reads from printing on the side)

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

The car drives off at a good clip and the secret service men have to 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 dismounts and walks rapidly to the door flanked by two of his secret service men.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (absently)
Good morning, Captain.

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (frowning and fumbling hurriedly in his pockets)
Oh-mm, 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 134b - 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 134b - Section 7 "White House ID Pass will be surrendered by all persons or personnel entering the War Room." There may be no exceptions to this regulation.

There is an embarrassed pause.

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

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

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

S.S. men rush and smother 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 MUFESLY
(to S.S. Chief)
Straighten this thing out, will you, Charlie? Send somebody back for the Pass.

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

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

The President has a terrible cold, watery eyes and a headache.
I/1/63

INT. WAR ROOM

30

The PRESIDENT's chair rises up into position at a huge Conference Table. Twenty-nine top ranking civilian and military officials rise.

PRESEN'T MUFFLEY

(blowing his nose)

Good morning, gentlemen. Please sit down.

All sit.

PREESIDENT MUFFLEY

Is everyone here?

There is a general stirring and clearing of throats.

BURGESSON

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.

PRESEN'T MUFFLEY

(wretched with his cold)

Fine, fine.

(Giving General "Buck" O'Connor, the Air Force Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff a look)

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 Burpelson 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
load of forty megatons each.

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 MUFFLEY
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 hate to judge before all the facts are in, it's beginning to look like General Ripper exceeded his authority.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But that's impossible!

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Plan-Z???

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
That's right, sir. Plan-Z.
Surely you must recall - Plan-Z 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

SUMMER BUTT made that big hassel

about our dearer lacking

credibility. The idea was for

Plan-A to be a sort of retaliatory

safeguard.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

Russkis 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 MUFFLEY

Has there been any indication

whateverse of Russian hostile

inventions 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 MUFFLEY

Well, I assume though that the

planes will return automatically

as soon as they reach their

Fail-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 MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

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 SSO radio in the aircraft are switched into a special coded device, which I believe is designated as CRM-114. To prevent the enemy from issuing false or confusing orders the CRM-114 is designed not to receive at all unless the message is preceded by the correct three letter code group prefix.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

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

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

About eighteen minutes from now, sir.

Are you in contact with General Ripper?

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

There did you get all this information?

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

Go ahead.
The duty officer asked General Ripper to confirm the fact that he had issued the Go-code and he said, (clears throat)

"Yes, gentlemen, they are on their way in and no one can bring them back. For the sake of our country and our way of life I suggest you get the rest of SAC in after them, otherwise we will be totally destroyed by Red retaliation. My boys will give you the best kind of start - 1400 megatons worth - and you sure as hell won't stop them now. So let's get going, there's no other choice. God willing we will prevail, in peace and freedom from fear and in true health through the purity and essence of our natural fluids. God bless you all." Then he hung up.

PRESIDENT 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.
Continued - 7

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

PRESIDENT MUFLEY
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 MUFLEY
(slowing up)
General O'Conner, I am beginning to have less and less interest on 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 Faceman, Admiral Randolph, our ideas, 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.
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 talents are not receiving sufficient recognition may hand in his resignation which will be instantly accepted!!

There is a deadly silence.

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

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

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

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

PRESIDENT NIFFLEY
General Faceman, I want you to get on the phone yourself and speak to the officer in charge. Tell him to get himself and his men 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 MUFFLEY (Cont'd.)

enter the base, locate General
Ripper and immediately put him into
telephone contact with me.

GENERAL PACEMAN

Yes, sir!

GENERAL PACEMAN picks up the phone.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

GENERAL PACEMAN

(smiling)

General O'Connor, with all respect
to your defence teams, my Rangers
will brush them aside without too
much trouble.

GENERAL O'CONNOR fumes.

TURSHIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

TURSHIDSON

Shall we let the situation mature
a bit, sir?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Yes, I think that's the best
policy for the moment.
SWEEZES
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, SWEEZES, glances at his Ground Position Indicator, on which certain of the pilot's instrument readings are duplicated.

SWEEZES
Roger. Maintain.

T.J.
Okay, ready for checks.

D.S.O. - MINELLI
Roger.

VARIOUS INSERTS - EQUIPMENT

SWEEZES
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 E.

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 R, Roger.

MINELLI
Main interference linked to electronic detector. Flight 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, Lothary.

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

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

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

Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"
All the security details are in position, and everything is covered by a peaceful hush.

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.

G.M.RAL 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 bit of a stink, you know.

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

GROUP OF CAPT MANDRAKE
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 RIPPER
Please sit down and turn that thing off.

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

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER
Are you certain of that, Mandrake?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
I'm absolutely certain, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
And what if it were true?

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

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

Mandrake rises.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

He turns, walks to the door and stops.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GOURD RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

Ripper casually takes out a .45 caliber automatic.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GOURD RIPPER

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

Mandrake walks to the bar.
GROUP CAPTAIN (WILKINSON)
Why have you done this, sir?

CAPTAIN RIFTER
I've given it a lot of thought, Monsieur, don't think I haven't.

GROUP CAPTAIN (WILKINSON)
No, sir, I should imagine you have given this a great deal of thought.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN (WILKINSON)
I suppose they are, sir.

CAPTAIN RIFTER
You're damned right, they are.

GROUP CAPTAIN (WILKINSON)
How much rain-water, sir?

CAPTAIN RIFTER
Oh, about half and half.

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

MONSIEUR walks back with the drink.

GROUP CAPTAIN (WILKINSON)
Is this the way you like it, sir?

CAPTAIN RIFTER
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 (WILKINSON)
Us...Yes.

They both down the drinks.
GENERAL RIPPER
Don't look so worried, Sandrake.
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 SANDRACE
well, I...I don't quite follow you, sir. Is I say, only 25 planes...

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

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN SANDRACE
Did he?

GENERAL RIPPER
Then he said it, fifty years ago, he might have been right. But today, war is too important to be left to politicians. They have neither the time, 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 sapify all of our precious bodily fluids!!!!
36  INT. WAR ROOM  36

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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.

TURGIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON

Yes, sir.

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

FRANK

(to a senior Civilian Aide)

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Frank, I want a complete communications system set up between the Pentagon and the Kremlin. At least a dozen telephone circuits, radio and teleprinters - the works.
Yes, sir, but I have a feeling none of the maintenance or installation men are on duty at this hour of the morning.

PRESIDENT MIFELEBY
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 MIFELEBY
Go ahead, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
One: our hopes for recalling the 843rd Troop Wing 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.Z., and strike back with everything they've got. Four: if prior to this we've done nothing further to suppress their retaliatory capabilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation - I believe our recent studies of this contingency indicated in round numbers upwards of a hundred and fifty million killed in the United States. Five: if, on the other hand, we immediately launch a co-ordinated and all-out missile attack on their airfields and missile bases, we stand a darned good chance of catching them with their pants down. Hell, 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
uncoordinated.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
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
Ripper has already invalidated that
policy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Turgidson, see what's happening with that call to the Premier.
TURGIDSON checks the call.

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

The ADMIRAL squirms.

ADmiral Randolph
(shaking his head)
I don't know... I just don't know.

PRESIDENT MUFLELY
(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 MUFLELY
General Faceman?

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFLELY
Good, good. Any difficulty?

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFLELY
That's right, General.

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

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

38  INT. B-52 "LEEFER COLONY"

ZOGG

Bomb arming circuits are green.

T.J.

Okay, Finelli, you ready back there?

FINELLI

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, DSO, and bombardier, simultaneously.

T.J.

Primary arming switch.

FINELLI

Primary arming switch.

38b  VARIOUS CU - INSERT INTERCUTS

Both pilot and DSO depress a switch guarded by a safety trip, marked "1". On the bombardier's control panel two green lights glow. Bombadier depresses his own switch.

JIMMY

Primary circuit is live.

T.J.

Primary trigger switch.

FINELLI

Primary trigger switch

Pilot and DSO 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 unlit.

Fusing for ten thousand air burst.

Check, then thousand air burst.

We see bombardier turn nob setting. Needle creeps round dial to ten thousand. Bombardier presses in succession three control buttons marked: Electronic, Barometric, and Time.

He waits while the appropriate three lights glow on.

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

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

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

Master safety.

Primary bomb is live.

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

Master safety on.

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

We see two enormous H-bombs. Grotesque female faces have been painted across them with the names, "Hi There" and "Dad Daddy".
Fifty yards outside wire perimeter fence, a first-sergeant and two privates are hunched over a machine gun.

About three hundred yards away, a jeep and three troop trucks cautiously approaching.

PRIVATE ANDERSON

How do we know they're saboteurs?

SERGEANT MELLOWS

(peering through binoculars)
How do you know they're not?

CORPORAL ENGELBACH

You heard what the General said - two hundred yards.

The vehicles continue closer.

SERGEANT MELLOWS

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

We see the eight trucks about two miles away.

CORPORAL ENGELBACH

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

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Yeah, I guess so.
The machine gun fires three longish bursts which spray across the path of the lead jeep. The men bail 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.

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.

COLONEL “SAT” GUANO (loudspeaker)

This is Colonel “Sat” Guano, 701st Airborne Ranger Battalion. Why are you men firing on us?

Silence.

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Should we answer?

SERGEANT MELLOWS

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

Silence.

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

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

4le VARIOUS CUTS

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

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

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

The firing stops. Ten seconds of silence.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
This is Colonel Guano. 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, Comrade.

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

COLONEL "B.A." GUANO

(softly, looking towards Base)

They must be crazy! What the hell's going on?

(to lst Officer)

All right, Johnson, take C Company around to the flank.

(indicates direction)

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

DAY - FLYING SHOT - 3-52 "LEPER COLONY"

INT. 3-52 - NAVIGATOR

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

SWEETS

We should be crossing the coast in about six minutes.

T.J.

Thanks, Sweets. Can you see Brondinga Island yet?

SWEETS

(concentrated on scope)

I don't think so.

SWEETS

(de adjusts the brilliance of the radarscope)
We see a fast moving trace.

MINELLI
Missile: Sixty miles off! Heading in fast! Steady track! Looks like a beam-rider.

T.J.
Aright, keep callin' it.

(to Ace)
Knock off the auto-pilot, Ace.

ACE reaches forward and flips two switches.

ACE
Auto-pilot off.

T.J.
Lock ECM onto master search radar.

MINELLI
(ECM locked to master search radar)

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

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

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

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

T.J.
What speed?

MINELLI
Between Mach 3 and 4.

T.J.
Call it every five miles.

MINELLI
Thirty-five, it’s still coming!

43c VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

T.J.
Prepare to release Quail.

JIMMY, the Bomber, 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!

MINELLI
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.

MINELLI
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.

MINELLI
Fifteen miles. Twelve o'clock.

EXT. B-52 BANKING.
The Quail turns with again.

VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

JILLY
It's still following us!

MINELLI
Ten miles. Twelve o'clock.

CU - T.J.

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

DSO
Roger, all ECM power!

CU - ECM POWER GAUGES

Arrow quivering past red line.

DSO - MINELLI

MINELLI
Eight miles! Twelve o'clock!

JILLY
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 EXT. B-52 - DIVING BANK

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

43q EXT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

MINI-Elli

Seven - Six - Five - Four -
Three - Two - One —

43r EXT. B-52

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

43s EXT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS

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

44 OMITTED

45 OMITTED
AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(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 KER-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 WYFFLEY
Mister Ambassador, you are choosing to misunderstand.

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

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
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 sighs. An AMBASSADOR arrives with a bottle of Vodka and several glasses on a silver tray.

AMBASSADOR
Here you are, sir.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
You wouldn't put anything in it?

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Excuse me, but I cannot be too cautious.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Perhaps this unfounded suspicion will better allow you to realize another.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Very well.

AIDE
Follow me, sir.

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

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

AIDE
I'm afraid not, sir.

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

AIDE
Naturally, sir.

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

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

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

He offers a pack of Jamaican cigars.
Continued - 4

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

ADDITIONAL RADOLPH
Only commie stooges, mum?

ADDITIONAL RADOLPH walks away angrily.

ADDITIONAL RADOLPH
(under his breath to another officer)
Well, what the hell, Ed, 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 walks to TURGEDON.

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

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

TURGIDSON
Mister President, they're trying the number.

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

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

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

Others step in and separate the two struggling men.
DE SADE leaps up and assumes a karate stance.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(puffing)
So! 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 MUPFLY
Gentlemen! I demand an explanation!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(coolly)
You will find the explanation, Mister President, concealed in the right hand of this... war-mongering bully.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
You're not 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.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(with amazing coolness)
Mister President, this clumsy fool tried to plant that ridiculous camera on me! He tried to put it in my coat pocket.
(be 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 SADIE
Look.
(shows torn side pocket)
Here he put it! But my karate sent him flying.

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

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

TURGIDSON suddenly locks up, excited.

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

INT. B-52
All dialogue comes rapid fire, amidst coughing, wiping eyes, etc.

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

ACE
Fire systems operating on three and four.

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

ACE
(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.

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

SWEETS
You know what that'll do to our fuel consumption.
T.J.
Can't be hepped. 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.

Okay boys, gimme your damage reports.
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 MANDRAKE
Yes, sir, I have wondered - yes.

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER smiles patronisingly.

GENERAL RIPPER
Captain, fluoridation of water is the most monstrously concealed 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 MANDRAKE
Well, sir, I should have thought the scientists had checked it - at least that's what one reads.

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

GENERAL RIFFER

(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 will and vitality of the free Western World was sapped and polluted and dotted and made rancid by this diabolical substance, fluorine. The absolutely fantastic thing is that the facts are all there for anyone who wants to see them. Do you know any facts about fluorine, Captain Mandrake?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, no, sir, I guess I don't.

GENERAL RIFFER

Fluorine belongs to the Halogen Group VII of the period tables. 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 MANDRACE

I see.
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?

No, sir, I can't say that I do.

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.

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

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

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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. RIPPER listens to the silence for a few seconds, then creeps to the window.

51a P.O.V. RIPPER. He sees a squad of Rangers marching 51a a party of base security troops, heads clasped over their heads, into a hangar.

51 INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

RIPPER looks grave and thoughtful.

GENERAL RIPPER

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 codeword and let me recall the Wing.

GENERAL RIPPER

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!

RIPPER 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 clotted? And I drink an enormous amount of water, sir. In fact I'm what 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!

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

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

Were you ever tortured?

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

What happened?

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

Did they make you talk?

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 --

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

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

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

RIPPER stares gloomily at the rug.

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

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

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
That's right, sir, have a little spruce up - a good old wash and brush up - always did wonders for a man. A little water on the back of the neck and the code, that's what we need - Water on the neck
GROUP "MALCOLM MANDERS"

(continued)

Time running out! Time running out very, very fast! I'll try to guess — would you like that, sir? 1-2-3-4? D-0-G-? Am I getting warm.

(BANG!)

MANDERS sees RIPPLE sprawled dead in the bathroom.

GROUP "MALCOLM MANDERS"

(softly)

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

President covers telephone.

President

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

Ambassador De Sade

But I don't have a photo.

President

(implacably)

Give him your phone, Turgidson.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(Talking Russian intently.
We understand a weird pronunciation of Markin
which sounds like "Merkh Moofa")

AMBASSADOR finishes and nods grimly to
THE PRESIDENT.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

I have done as you asked.
Remember, Mister President,
I think he's drunk.

(Pauses softly
in Russian)

PRESIDENT

(it talks like a
progressive nursery
school teacher)

Hello?...Yes, it's me again,
Dimitri. Hello?...What?
That? Say, look, I can't hear
too well. Do you suppose they
could turn that music down?...
Oh-bo...Yes...ah, yes, that's
much better.

(pollite forced
laugh)

Look, Dimitri, you know how we've
always talked about the possibility
of something going wrong with the
bomb?

(bis 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...
Well, let me finish...

They won't reach their targets for at least another hour...

I'm positive... Uh-mh...

(Many variations of Uh-mh)

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 get there's a problem about the code... the code to recall them... You'll have to trust me on this, Dimitri, it's too complicated to explain.

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

Look, we're wasting time!

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

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

Well, who should they call?...

Who should we call?... "The Peoples Central Air Defense Headquarters"

Where is that?... In Omsk...

Right... Uh-mh... You'll call them first... Uh-mh... Listen, do you happen to have the phone number handy? Just ask Omsk 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 3-3333 extension - 2365... and listen, if you forget, just ask for the War Room... Okay...

Bye-bye...

(to Ambassador)

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

PRESEN'T
What happened?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
The fools! The mad fools!

PRESEN'T
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.
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-G?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR
What about it?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Cobalt-Thorium-G 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-G, when they are exploded they will produce a Doomsday aurora, a lethal cloud of radio-activity which will encircle the earth for ninety-three years.

Hums and stirring.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
I'm afraid I don't understand something. Is the Premier threatening to explode this if our planes carry through their attack?
AMBASSADOR DE SADE

No, sir. It is not a thing a sane man would do. The Doomsday Machine is designed to trigger itself automatically!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

But then, surely he can disarm it somehow.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(aside to a Colonel)

It's an obvious commie trick, and he sits there wasting precious time.

Divided murmurs around the table.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

There were those of us who fought against it, but in the end we could not keep up in the Peace Race, the Space Race and the Arms Race. Our deterrent began to lack credibility. Our people grumbled for more nylon 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 MUFFLEY

That's preposterous. I've never approved anything like that!
Our source was "The New York Times".

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

Dr. Strangelove

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

Mr. President, then you mean it is unquestionably possible for them to have built this thing?

Ambassador De Sade

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

Mr. President, but is it really possible for it to be triggered automatically and at the same time impossible to untrigger?

Dr. Strangelove

Mr. 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
Muerkverdichliebe.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
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.
DR. STRANGELOVE
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 some yardage. The base at Bureelson 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.
INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

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, hunched over his carbine, ready to fire.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
(to himself)

Purity of essence... Peace on earth...

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

PRO... PRO... OPL... OEP... EOP... EPO...

"BAT" GUANO peers at him suspiciously.

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

MANDRAKE looks up, startled.

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

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

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.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(motioning with his head)

Well, I'm afraid General Ripper's dead, actually.

“BAT” GUANO turns and sees RIPPER lying half cut off 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.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(terrifically)

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

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

GROTF 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... ROD, CID, PEO, ZOO, ZIF.

COLONEL GINGO
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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(as smiles idiotically)

You see, the General had us disconnect them...

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

COLONEL GUANO

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDERAL

(excitedly)

Damn it, you blasted American idiot! Can't you get it through that thick G.I. brain of yours that we're on to something internally important here?

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

COLONEL GUANO

Now snap out of it, fella, you hear me?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDERAL

What the hell do you think you're doing???

COLONEL GUANO

Start walking.

They start walking.

COLONEL GUANO

Now, look, Admiral Fruit Cake, when this is over, if you clean yourself, I'll be happy to step outside and settle 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 "devastated prevert")
I think General Ripper discovered your perversion, and that you engineered a mutiny of preverts. On top of that my orders didn't say anything about planes attacking Russia. All I was told was to put General Ripper on the phone with the President of the United States.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
Hold on! That's it: The President!

Colonel Guano
What about the President?

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

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

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

Colonel Guano
(sighs)
Okay, you see if you can get the President of the United States on the telephones. 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 operator.

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

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE
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.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDEKES
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 terribly important.

(Pause)
All right, just a second, operator.
(Covers 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 MANDEKES
Colonel, just imagine what's going to happen to your career, when the Court of Enquiry learns that you have so completely obstructed this call to the President?

(back to operator)
Just a moment, operator, I know I have the change somewhere.

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

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

The scene continues over this exciting background of noise.

SAMPLE RADIO MESSAGE
(recrack) Roger, Seven-Two-Zebra-Able, confirming Over-Peter-East, Three-niner-niner-five, acknowledge and confirm mission cancelled, returning to base.

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

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

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

GENERAL FACCLEAN
Yes, sir!

PRESIDENT
Let me know when all the recalls are acknowledged.

PURGEDSON
They're almost all in now.

PRESIDENT
How many planes did we lose?
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 your blips, but that is based entirely on enemy reports.

I see.

General O'Connor suddenly gets up on a chair and asks for silence.

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

All give their attention.

(piously)

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

The President slowly sinks to his knees.

All kneel except DE SAE.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Excuse me, but I'm afraid I have far more urgent matters to attend to.

Angry and astonished murmurs from the group.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(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 ad libs: "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 SADE

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 SADE

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 SADE

Bah! You've never wanted disarmament! It would wreck your economy.
PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(angry)
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 MUFFLEY
(angrier)
You know that is a lie, de Sade. You could not expect us to destroy our weapons without having the faintest 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 MUFFLEY
(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 marvellous thing for the fate of the world to depend on - a state of mind; a mood, a feeling, a moment of anger, an impulse, ten minutes of poor 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.

TURGIDSON
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 damage. Jimmy, then firecrackers alright?

JIMMY
Everything seems to check out okay.

T.J.
Sweets?

SWEETS
Okay, T.J.

T.J.
ECM, Minelli?

MINELLI
(Looking at Minelli's equipment)

ECM'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 CRU-114.

CU - CRU-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-huh...Uh-huh...Oh, no, there must be some mistake...No...No, I'm certain of that...Just a second.

(to General O'Connor)

He says that one of the planes hasn't turned back. He says that based on the information forwarded by our Air Staffs, they believe it is heading for a missile complex at Laputa.

GEORGE O'CONNOR

Tell, that's impossible, Mister President! Look at the Big Board. Thirty-four planes — thirty recalls acknowledged — four splashed — and one of those was targeted for Laputa.

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY

(back to phone)

Hello?...Look, we got an acknowledgment from every plane, except the four you've shot down...Oh?...I see...Just a second...

(to General O'Connor)

He says their air defense now claims only three aircraft confirmed. The fourth may only be damaged.

...like a dread and astonishment. Also, see Big Board change over North America.

GEORGE O'CONNOR

(pointing)

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.

GEORGE O'CONNOR

Mister President, I'm beginning to smell a big, fat, cosmic rat. Suppose Belch is lying about that fourth plane, just looking for an excuse to blobber us. If the spaghetti bites the dust now we're really in trouble.

[Page 61]
The PRESIDENT distractedly shrugs away O'CONNOR's advice as he watches the Russian Display Map.

The 34 tracks which were previously displayed are now removed, and only a single track continued on towards the missile complex at Laputa.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(Back to the telephone)

Hello?... Say, look, Dimitri, 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 compensations. At least we're lucky; it's just an isolated missile base - and that there aren't a belluwa lot of people involved. I'd hate to have to equate human lives in dollars and cents... 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-nine 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.
LISTEN, DIOMITRI, 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. UB-UB... WHAT?... WHAT? COME ON NOW. DIOMITRI, 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 SHOVES LOOSE LEAF BOOK "WORLD TARGETS IN MEGADEATHS", POINTING TO A COLUMN HEADED "EQUIVALENT SOVIET AND AMERICAN CITIES IN MEGADEATHS").
(President shoves book away)
WHAT?... 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.
(LANDS PHONE TO FORDSON, WHO COVERS MOUTHPIECE)
GENERAL O'CONNOR, IS THERE REALLY A CHANCE FOR THAT PLANE TO GET THROUGH?
GENE O'CONNOR
(breathing hoarsely)
Mister President, if I can speak freely now, sir... The Russian talks big, but frankly we think he's short of know-how. I mean you just can't take a bunch of ignorant peasants and expect them to understand a machine like one of our boys - and I don't mean that as an insult, Ambassador. Hell, we all know what kind of junk a Russian has. Just look how many million of them those Nazis killed, (pronounced Jassoes)
and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General, stick to the point please.

GENE O'CONNOR
(taking diving aircraft hands)
Tell, sir, if the pilot's really a good man - I mean really sharp - Hell, he can barrel that plane along so low, well, I mean, you've just got to see it sometime. I real big plane like a 52, its jet exhauster flying chickens in the backyard...

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Has he a chance?

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(quickly)
This a minute. This a minute. I think I've got an idea of how to get the recall signal to them.
The NAVIGATOR - SWEETS is just finishing some calculations.

SWEETS (frowning, staring at paper)

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

VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS.

Others begin to show slight anxiety at this news.

T.J. (unperturbed)

That's just about what I was thinking, Sweets.

(unpause)

Alright, boys, here's the situation. With the ECM working, an' us stayin' on the deck, I don't figure they kin track us with radar, an' we oughta be able to make it to the primary target. Now we're turnin' a lotta juice down here an' we may not have enough left to git 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'.

MARTIN

(at radarscope)

T.J., I've got three blips. They must be fighters. One, two, three, four!

See insert of radarscope.
T.J.
Are they on an intercept course?

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

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

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

See radarscope.

T.J.
Prepare to fire Hornets.

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

MINELLI
Range twenty-five miles.

GOLDBERG
Hornets ready to fire, T.J.

See radarscope.

T.J.
Fire Hornet salvo.

LT. GOLDBERG flips switches and pushes buttons.

63b We see the Hornet rockets leave the tail below two black radar blisters.
INT. B-32 - VARIOUS CUTS CREW AND RADARSCOPE

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

MINELLI

Got 'em! Got 'em all!

Cheers from the crew. Suddenly an explosion!

VARIOUS CUTS - SMOKE, BUFFETING, COUGHING

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

The rear DSO-Radio section is filled with smoke.

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

T.J. wrestles with the airplane.

T.J.

What the hell was that?

ACE

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

T.J.

You hurt bad?

ACE

I don't know.
The smoke is cleared. Everyone checking equipment.

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

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

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

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

SWING
(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.

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

66a INT. 3-52

T.J.
(softly)
Great balls of fire!
Continued - 2

JIMMY, finished with ICE, rises, sees lights and moves forward, leaning over back of T.J.'s seat.

JIMMY
What's that?

T.J.
Commie searchlights.

JIMMY
What's going on?

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

JIMMY
I'll be damned.

T.J.
Golly! Come forward.

66b

IZZIE SELIGER

Comes forward, followed by LL. MELLE

66c

LOWER BOMB-HAY. SECTION

STREETS
(on intercom)
That's up?

T.J.
Come on up and see.

66d

GROUP IN COCKPIT

T.J.
'Golly, what the hell are they flashin' down there?
LE. GOLDBERG
It's horse.

(mumbling, jotting on a pad, while the others talk)

T.J.
Hell, we got some Commanche Indians back home who can do better than that with a fire and damn blanket.

GOLDBERG
It's in code, here it is.
2. 6. 3. 5. 2. 0. 2

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

GOLDBERG
Wait a minute! That's a CRU code. Yeah, three letters and four digits. 0. 2. 2. 6. 3. 5. 2.
(dashes to rear section)
Let me check my code book.

Warrants of astonishment:

T.J.
Ain't that the limit? Rushless signalling in our code.

JIMMY
Maybe they're signalling to us.

T.J.
Yeah, maybe they're trying to brainwash us.

(T.J. sniffling at his own joke)
JELLY
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 Ping Attack-Plan-A. 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.

SWEETS
What do you mean?

T.J.
I mean comin' up with a stunt like that.

JELLY
You mean you think it's a trick?

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

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

T.J.
You startin' to tell me which end is up, boy?
JUNY
I'm just askin', 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.

JUNY
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 tell us to.

JUNY
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.

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

T.J.
(overlapping dialogue above)
Major Long to you, Lieutenant Zogg! How keep offa my back or we'll be takin' a little trip to fist-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 McCormin' down one of
our planes and torture' high 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.

D I S S O L V E:
EXT. B-32 LOW-LEVEL

INT. B-32 LOWER DECK - BOMB-NAVIGATOR SECTION

Various cuts of RE. 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 Zogg, if this is some kind of a trick, you'll spend the rest of your life in a Federal prison!

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

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

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

T.J.
Minelli:

MINELLI comes forward.

MINELLI
What's up?

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

MINELLI
Sure thing.

He slides into seat and takes over. T.J. dashes to rear and down compartment hatch.
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.

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. Scrambling 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.

INT. B-52 - BOMB NAVIGATOR SECTION

T.J. scrambles up ladder.

T.J. (to Zogg)

Stuck tighter than Dick’s hat-band.

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

GOLDBERG

He’s dead.

T.J.

(silently)

Damn. Damn.
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.
JIMMY: Bombs armed for impact, Major.

T.J.: You can call me T.J., Jimmy.

JIMMY: Right, T.J.

T.J.: Now, boys, this is what we call back home a dry-hole, 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.

JIMMY: Lieutenant Zogg requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

MALLELLI: Lieutenant Malelli requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

ACE: Captain Owens requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

GOLDBERG: Lieutenant Goldberg requests permission to refuse the order, sir.

SWEERS: Lieutenant Quifer requests permission to refuse the order, sir.
Permission to refuse, refused. 
Now start hittin' that silk!
(wait) 
That's an order, you hear?

CUTS TO CREW - MOTIONLESS

(almost ready to weep)

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

CUTS TO CREW - EXITING

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

EXT. B-52 - SEE 3 CHUTES OPENING

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

(softly)
Mind if I sit next to you?

(moved)

Hell, no.

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

T.J. punches him affectionately on the arm.

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

A few seconds of flak and manly silence.

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

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

Thanks.

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

I'd be mighty proud if you did, Jimmy.

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

JIMMY Sure thing, T.J.

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

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

T.J. Thanks.

JIMMY Sure thing, T.J.

T.J. Jimmy?

JIMMY Yes, T.J.

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

JIMMY Forget it, T.J.

T.J. Well, I just wanted you to know I never really meant nothin' by it.
Sure, T.J.

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

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

T.J.

Hold on to your hats, boys.
And God Bless us one and all!
Documentary cuts of Doomsday Clock - quick cuts

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

Doomsday Moutain - (Trick)

A few seconds of silence, accompanied by arctic wind, then - FIRE!!! - for a split second - cut to:

Hydrogen Bomb Explosion - (Stock)

INT: WAR ROOM

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

General O'Connor

(sinking his head, miserably)

It's wrong.

(sighs)

It's dead wrong.

General Randolph

(shaking his head, wretchedly)

It's not right.

No one is really talking to anyone else.

General 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.

General Randolph

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

General Frankly

Ugh-uhhh, that's a horrible thought.
Gateman 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 damned shame, and I don't mind saying so.

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

Turkeldon

(responsibility weighs heavy)

'Mister 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

'Mister Ambassador, how much time have we got?

The Under-Secretary looks up, wearily.

Undersecretary (to the President)

(responsibility weighs heavy)

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

Von Klutz

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

All look up amazed.

President

You mean there's a way?

Von Klutz

At the bottom of some of our deeper mine shafts.

President: Hufley

At the bottom of mines?
VON KLUTZ
Of course! The radioactivity would not penetrate a mile 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 MUFFLEY
You mean people would stay in there for almost a hundred years???

VON KLUTZ
(smiling modestly)
Mister President, man is an amazingly adaptable creature. After all, the conditions would be far superior to those, say, 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 unconvicted, 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 minerals 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.
But to make such a decision...

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

How could anyone decide such a thing?

Off-hand, I should say that in addition to the factors of youth, health, sexual fertility, intelligence, and a cross-section of necessary skills, it would be absolutely vital that our top governments and military men be included, to foster and import the required principles of leadership and tradition.

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

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.

Then they emerge, a good deal of present real estate and machine tools will still be recoverable, if they are not tooiled in advance. I would guess they could then work their way back to our present gross national product within twenty years.
PRESIDENT SUPPLY

But, look here, Von Klutz. Don't this... nucleus of survivors be so shocked, grieved-stricken, and anguish that they will never the land, and indeed, not wish to go on living?

VON KLOUTZ

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 nostalgia for those left behind, combined with a spirit of bold curiosity for the adventure ahead.

GENERAL O'CONOR

(judiciously)
You mentioned the ratio of ten women to each man. Could it not necessitate abandoning the so-called monogamous form of sexual relationship - at least as far as men are concerned?

VON KLOUTZ

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 O'CONOR

(pensively)
Von Klutz, I must confess you have an astonishingly good idea there.

VON KLOUTZ

(correctly)
Thank you, sir.

GENERAL O'CONOR

(thoughtfully)

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

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

CU - O’CONNOR
CULTURAL O’CONNOR
(with tremendous authority)
Mister President! WE MUST NOT ALLOW
(a NEV-BLACK GLP)
Murmur of agreement all around.
DE SLIDE has meanwhile been strolling about. He leans over to tie his shoe. Touches briefly at his tie-clip.

CU - DE SLIDE’S TIE-CLIP. To see rapid blinking of tiny shutters.

O’CONNOR bellow something, bolts up, roars, hits DE SLIDE with a flying tackle. They struggle insanely.

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

O’CONNOR has succeeded in wrenching off the tie-clip Camera.

O’CONNOR
Get the God pre-banded, Mister President!
(audible chattering)

pre-banded
(examines it)
Ambassador de Sade! This is the most serious -

DE SLIDE turns breathlessly away.
Bab! I will not tolerate these childish insinuations!

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

GENERAL O'CONOR
Hold it, Buster!

(grabs de Sade. They grapple insanely)

O'CONOR produces Ring Camer.

AMBASSADOR de Sade! Your attempts to photograph the War 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 antennas or (gestures) any of our precedents, you shall be formally charged with espionage. Sir, you have my word on that!

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

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

Yes, I think perhaps you're right, General O'Connor — considering the seriousness of the situation, and the... (looks at cameras in his hand) — and the timidity of his equipment.
DE SIDE

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.

GENEIRL O'CONNOR

Okay, boys, take Mister Red here upstairs and examine his garments and person for... for tiny cameras and similar equipment.

DE SIDE

(outraged)

Mister President! You deceive yourself! My government will not accept this treatment of its Ambassador!

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY

(admitting)

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...

GENEIRL 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 SIDE

Seven bodily orifices? Seven?

(commentary; calculation; seizure of rage)

Are you capabilities aware!

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

O'CONNOR hurrs a coconut cream pie at DE SIDE, who ducks. It splatters with terrific force full in the face of GENEIRL BULLOCK.

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

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

75 MOVING SHOT - FULL AWAY FROM PLANET EARTH INTO OUTER SPACE.

ROLL-UP TITLE

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

Jardine Blakescou

Metro-Galaxy-Actor Pictures