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"DR. STRANGELOVE"

Or:

How I Learned

To

Stop Worrying

And

Love The

B O M B

Hawk Films Ltd.,  
Shepperton Studios,  
Shepperton,  
Middlesex.

Tel: Chertsey 2611

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1/1/63

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

ROLL-UP TITLE

"WARDAC BLEFESCU PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove:

or

How I Learned to Stop Worrying

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B O M B

a

MACRO - GALAXY - METEOR PICTURE

1/1/63

1a. MOVING SHOT - THROUGH BLACK, STARRY,  
PERPETUAL NIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE

1a.

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

MUSIC - WEIRD, EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL, ELECTRONIC  
SOUNDS

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

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

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

NARRATOR

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

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

Geographic details fill the screen.

CUT TO

1/1/63

1b. AIR VIEW - FOG SHROUDED, BLACK PEAKS OF  
UNEARTHLY MOUNTAIN

1b.

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.

1/1/63

2. DAY - AIR SHOTS - B-52 BOMBERS

2.

Magnificent, swept-wing, eight-jet aircraft.

NARRATOR

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

2a. DAY - B-52 TAKING OFF

2a.

NARRATOR

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

*Burpelson*

3. B-52's - FLYING

3.

NARRATOR

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

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

4.

NARRATOR

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

5. DOWN VIEW - STING RAY - FLYING SHOT

5.

NARRATOR

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

1/1/63

6. REAR VIEW - B-52 - FLYING SHOT

6.

NARRATOR

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

7. FRONT VIEW - B-52 - FLYING SHOT

7.

NARRATOR

The crew of the "Leper Colony" knew they guarded the peace of the world just as surely as they knew the price they must pay within themselves to do it.

1/1/63

8. CU - T.J. (THE PILOT, Major, USAF) - INT. B-52 8.

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

CAMERA PULLS BACK

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

ACE, the CO-PILOT, is gazing steadily into the Arctic sky.

On T.J.'s side of the compartment we see an ANCESTRAL PHOTO TRIPTYCH -- 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 "accordian" 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 - BOMBARDIER AND NAVIGATOR 8c.

SWEETS (THE NAVIGATOR, 1st Lt.) peruses the "Confectioner's Journal" and thoughtfully munches chocolate.

8d. JIMMY (THE BOMBARDIER, 1st Lt.) 8d.

a rather smug and intelligent young Negro, is staring at the navigational charts on SWEET'S side of the compartment.

1/1/63

8e. JIMMY nudges SWEETS with his leg. 8e.

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

8f. SWEETS 8f.

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

8g. MS - T.J. 8g.

With the easy grace of the veteran pilot, T.J.  
leans forward and changes his gyro heading.  
ACE takes the copy of "Playboy".

T.J.  
(strong Texas drawl)  
Roger. Headin' three-five-three.

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

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

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

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

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

ACE  
She was a doll!



T.J.

Prime cut and double grade-A premium. You ain't never seen 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 Anton' going full tap just to show our 'preciation.

ACE

Is Bull Daddy still at it?

T.J.

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

ACE

But he must be about seventy-five.

T.J.

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

(rebel yell!)

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

(rebel yell!)

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

1/1/63

8h. Continued - 3

8h.

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. Com-bat!

8i. CU - RADARSCOPE

8i.

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. MINELLI LOOKING AT SCOPE

8j.

For a moment he continues absently raffling  
cards and looking at scope; frowns.

8k. CU - RADARSCOPE

8k.

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

8l. CU - D.S.O. MINELLI

8l.

Holds deck of cards in left hand, figures on a  
pad with right.

1/1/63

81. Continued - 2

81.

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

8m. CU - NAVIGATOR - SWEETS

8m.

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.

8n. CU - T.J.

8n.

Preoccupied in cleaning finger-nails.

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

8o. CU - RADARSCOPE

8o.

The blip suddenly vanishes as the scope goes  
completely white.

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

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

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

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

1/1/63

So. Continued - 2

So.

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

Sp. CU - THE CRM-114

Sp.

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 whirrs and clicks into life, displaying  
three letters and three numerals.

8q. CU - GOLDBERG - RADAR-RADIO OFFICER

8q.

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

8r. CU - T.J.

8r.

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

8s. MS - GOLDBERG RAPIDLY DECODES MESSAGE.  
REGARDS IT.

8s.

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

8t. CUTS TO CREW

8t.

Various reactions of surprise and annoyance.

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Su. CU - BOMBARDIER - JIMMY

Su.

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

8v. CU - SWEETS

8v.

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

8w. CUTS TO CREW

8w.

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

8x. MS - T.J.

8x.

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

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

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.

1/1/63

10. INT. BASE COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER 10.

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

A loud buzzer.

10a. M.S. GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE 10a.

He lifts phone.

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
This is General Ripper speaking.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Yes, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER  
Do you recognize my voice, Captain?

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
Why do you think I ask, Captain?

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
You don't think I'd ask if you  
recognized my voice unless it  
was important, do you, Captain?

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11. Continued - 2

11.

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?

25/1/63

11. Continued - 3

11.

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.



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11. Continued - 4

11.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Are you trying to be funny,  
Captain?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

No, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

25/1/63

11. Continued - 5

11.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Um - just a moment, sir. Will  
you -- just a second.....

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

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

RIPPER looks up angrily.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Good, sir.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
(continued)  
Right, sir.

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
I want you to transmit plan-R for  
Robert to the Wing.

25/1/63

11. Continued - 6

11.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Plan-R for Robert. Is that bad, sir?

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
I see.

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
Don't you know it, Mandrake?

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Yes, sir.

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

25/1/63

11. Continued - 7

11.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Emergency base code group attack  
Fox George Dog - Fox George Dcg -  
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 things here a bit differently  
than you do in the RAF.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Yes, sir. You certainly do, sir.

25/1/63

11. Continued - 8

11.

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

O'kay, 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.

1/1/63

12. DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 "LEPER COLONY" 12.
13. DAY - INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS 13.
- 13a. CU - CRM-114 13a.

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

- 13b. CU - LT. MINELLI 13b.

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 CRM: "Wing Attack -- Plan-R."

- 13c. CU - PILOT - T.J. 13c.

T.J.

(frowning)

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

- 13d. MASTER SHOT 13d.

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.

1/1/63

13d. Continued - 2

13d.

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

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

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

13e.

JIMMY  
(softly)

25/1/63

11. Continued - 8

11.

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.

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

ACE  
 What?

T.J.  
Com-bat.

JIMMY  
 But we're carrying Hydrogen bombs.

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

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

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

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

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

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



1/1/63

13g. T.J. alone in compartment, gazes affectionately at the portrait of Bull Daddy Dawson. 13g.

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

*San Antonio Jma*

13h. REAR SECTION

13h.

Others continue yaking.

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

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

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

13i. CU - T.J.

13i.

He studies GOLDBERG with a jaundiced look.

T.J.  
Okay, cut it, Lieutenant Goldberg!  
If you speak once 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.

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13j. Continued - 2

13j.

GOLDBERG

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

T.J.

(extending his hand)

Forget it, Goldy. It can happen  
to the best of us. Now let's  
get squared away. We got some  
flying to do.

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

13k. VARIOUS SHOTS - CREW

13k.

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

T.J.

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

SWEETS

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

13l. MS - PILOT - T.J.

13(1)

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 CRM-114  
is to be switched into all receiver  
circuits. The emergency base code-  
index is to be set on the dials of  
the CRM. This will block any  
transmissions other than those  
preceded by the code-index."  
Okay, Goldy, you git that?

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13(1) Continued - 2

13(1)

GOLDBERG  
Roger, I'm setting it up.

13m. VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS

13m.

setting the CRM-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 Karnak. Fused air-burst at ten thousand." Any questions?

13m. CUTS TO CREW

13m.

13o. CU - T.J.

13o.

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?

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14. NIGHT - EXT. SAC HEADQUARTERS (STOCK) 14.

15. INT. SAC COMMAND OPERATIONS CENTER 15.

15a. COLONEL PUNTRICH - SAC DUTY OFFICER 15a.

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., Capitol  
5-4534. Priority one.

*Change To*

16. NIGHT - EXT. FABULOUS HOTEL (STOCK) 16.

17 & 18. OMITTED 17 & 18.

19. INT. HOTEL ROOM 19.

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?

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19. INTERCUTS WITE SC. 15a - Continued 2.

19.

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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 PUNTRICH

General, we monitored a transmission about eight minutes ago from Burpelson Air Force Base. It was apparently directed to the 84<sup>th</sup>rd on airborne alert. It decded 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 PUNTRICH

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

That's ridiculous.

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Does the threat board show anything?

COLONEL PUNTRICH

That's what's really screwy, sir. It doesn't show a thing.

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20

NIGHT - EXT. BURFELSON AIR FORCE BASE

20

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
(P.A. system)

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

21

PERIMETER FENCE - 10-MAN SECURITY DETAIL

21

Digging 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 commie saboteurs or large armed parties which may have been infiltrated into the country. A communist has no regard for human life, not even his own, and for this reason, men, I want to impress upon you the need for watchfulness. The enemy will try any tricks to fool you into letting him on the base.

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22 ANOTHER AREA - PERIMETER FENCE - 8-MAN SECURITY  
DETAIL 22

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.

23 INT. CAFETERIA - AIR POLICE 23

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.

24 INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE 24

The last of the staff are leaving. GROUP 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.

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25 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

25

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.

26 INT. COMMUNICATIONS SECTION - GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

26

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.

26a CLOSE - GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

26a

He tunes in on other stations. All programmes are normal. MANDRAKE frowns, thinks a few moments, and suddenly dashes out of the room.



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26bb. INT. B-52

26bb.

The crew are lined up facing T.J. who holds six plastic packages, which look something like a boys christmas surprise parcel.

T.J.

Okay, boys, I'm supposed to hand these survival kits out before we get over enemy coast. In 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, tranquillizer 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.

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27 NIGHT - EXT. PENTAGON. (STOCK)

27

28 INT. PENTAGON - SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR

28

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 MERKIN 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.

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28 Continued - 2

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 recognise 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.U. 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.

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29 INT. CHAIR ROOM

29

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

The PRESIDENT walks rapidly to the chair.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(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.

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30 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.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
(blowing his nose)

Good morning, gentlemen. Please sit down.

All sit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Is everyone here?

There is a general stirring and clearing of throats.

TURGIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(wretched with his cold)

Fine, fine.

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

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

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30 Continued - 2

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR (Contd.)

load of forty megatons each.

(pointing to wall)

The central display of Russia will indicate the planes positions - the squares are their primary targets, the triangles are their secondary targets. The aircraft will begin penetrating Russian radar cover within twenty-five minutes.

PRESIDENT 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 authorized 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-R, sir?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Plan-R????

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

That's right, sir. Plan-R. Surely you must recall - Plan-R 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.

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30 Continued - 3

The PRESIDENT sits in a kind of stunned silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Surely you must remember, sir, when Senator Duff made that big hassel about our deterrent lacking credibility. The idea was for Plan-R to be a sort of retaliatory safeguard.

*Not listed  
in 1961  
ward above  
of all.*

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 Rusksies 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 whatsoever of Russian hostile intentions in the last twenty-four hours?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT 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 SSB radios in the aircraft are switched into a special coded device, which I believe is designated as CRM-114. To prevent the enemy from issuing fake 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.



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30 Continued - 5

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

About eighteen minutes from now, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Are you in contact with General Ripper?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Where did you get all this information?

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Go ahead.

30 Continued - 6

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

The duty officer asked General Ripper to confirm the fact that he had issued the Go-code and he said,

(clears throat)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

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

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30 Continued - 7

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

I'm afraid that will be impossible, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(blowing up)

General O'Connor, I 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 Aides, our Staff - we are all professionals, sir. We've spent our lives at this and we know our jobs. All the contingencies are being considered and you may rest assured that the departments concerned are on top of this thing. Now, we can all understand what kind of strain you must be under, just having been rousted out of a sickbed, and if I may suggest, sir, we are all on the same side. We are all trying to accomplish the same thing and perhaps it might be the best thing if you just let us handle this.

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30 Continued - 8

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(furious 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 "BUCK" O'CONNOR

(conjuring up a crinkly smile)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

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, commandeering 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

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30 Continued - 9

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

GENERAL FACEMAN  
Yes, sir!!

GENERAL FACEMAN picks up the phone.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR  
Mr. President, I should like to  
advise that under a condition Red  
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 FACEMAN  
(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.

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

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

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

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

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31. EXT. FLYING SHOT - B-52

31.

32. INT. B-52 "LEPER COLONY"

32.

SWEETS

Make rate of descent fifteen hundred per minute. That should slide us in nicely under their radar cover.

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

T.J.

Descent steady at fifteen hun'erd. Speed steady at Mach zero-eight-five.

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

SWEETS

Roger. Maintain.

T.J.

Okay, ready for checks.

D.S.O. - MINELLI

Roger.

#### VARIOUS INSERTS - EQUIPMENT

SWEETS

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

T.J.

Roger.

D.S.O. - MINELLI

Both electronic detectors set to swing from stud A through 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.

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32. Continued - 2

32.

T.J.  
A through H, Roger.

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

T.J.  
Check.

MINELLI  
Missile and flight path computer  
showing four greens.

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

T.J.  
Check.

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

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

T.J.  
Check target approach.

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

T.J.  
Check, all bomb circuits green.  
Okay, (Lothar *Jimmy*)

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.

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32a. COUNT-DOWN CLOCK

32a.

Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"



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35 - DAWN BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE - 4 CUES

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

34 - INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

34

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

MANDRAKE scurries into the room, out of breath, and  
stops in front of RIPPER's desk.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

(quietly)

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

You did, indeed, sir, and I was  
in the process of impounding this  
very one - I've done all the  
others - when I happened to switch  
this on, and I thought to myself,  
"our chaps will be hitting Russian  
radar cover in about twenty  
minutes, and (laughs nervously)  
will be dropping all their stuff."  
(laughs nervously)  
You know, I thought  
I'd best tell you...because...  
I mean...they'd probably  
cause a bit of a...a bit of a  
stink, you know.

During this speech, RIPPER rises, closes the  
blinds, and locks the doors. MANDRAKE tails  
him around.

GENERAL RIPPER

Mandrake, the Officer Exchange Program does not give you any special perogatives to question my orders.

GROUP CAPTAIN 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-hhh. Well, then, I should say that there's something awfully wrong somewhere, sir.

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34 - continued - 3

34

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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?

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

RIPPER casually takes out a .45 caliber automatic.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MANDRAKE walks to the bar.

24/1/63

34 - continued - 4

34

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Why have you done this, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER  
I've given it a lot of thought,  
Mandrake, don't think I haven't.

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
I...I suppose they are, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER  
You're damned right, they are.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
How much rain-water, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER  
Oh, about half and half.

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

MANDRAKE walks back with the drink.

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

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE  
Uh....Yes.

They both down the drinks.

24/1/63

34 - continued - 5

34

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, I...I don't quite follow you, sir. As I say, only 36 planes...

GENERAL RIPPER

Group Captain Mandrake, 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 War Room at the Pentagon. When they find out that there's no possibility of recalling the wing, there will be only one course of action open - total commitment. (RIPPER looks intensely satisfied) Do you remember what Clemenceau once said about war?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

I don't think so, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Did he?

GENERAL RIPPER

When 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 impurify all of our precious bodily fluids!!!!

1/1/63

35 - OMITTED

35

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

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.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(to a senior Civilian Aide)

Frank!

FRANK

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

1/1/63

36 Continued - 2

FRANK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

Go ahead, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

One: our hopes for recalling the 843rd Bomb Wing are quickly being reduced to a very low order of probability. Two: in less than fifteen minutes, the Ruskies will be making radar contacts with the planes. Three: when they do, they will go absolutely Ape, and strike back with everything they've got. Four: if prior to this we've done nothing further to suppress their retaliatory capabilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation - I believe our recent studies of this contingency indicated in round numbers upwards of a hundred and fifty million killed in the United States. Five: if, on the other hand, we immediately launch a co-ordinated and all-out missile attack on their airfields and missile bases, we stand a damned good chance of catching them with their pants down. Hell, we've got



1/1/63

36 Continued - 3

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  
Ruskia first-strike which you know  
is coming.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Even if we struck first, General  
O'Connor, we would still suffer  
horrible civilian casualties.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR  
 Mister President, I'm not saying we  
 wouldn't get our hair mussed, but  
 I'd say no more than ten to twenty  
 million tops depending on the breaks.

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

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
 (losing his temper)  
 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.

1/1/63

36 Continued - 5

TURGIDSON checks the call.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

The ADMIRAL squirms.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH

(shaking his head)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(to CIA)

Bill?

~~CIA - BILL STOVER~~

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General Faceman?

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

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

TURGIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Good, good. Any difficulty?

TURGIDSON

They say he's having a fit about that squad of M.P.'s.

1/1/63

36 Continued - 6

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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 MUFFLEY

That's right, General.

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

Is the Russian Ambassador to be permitted entrance to the War Room?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

That's precisely the idea, General. That's precisely the idea.

1/1/63

37 EXT. B-52 FLYING 37  
38 INT. B-52 "LEPER COLONY" 38

ZOGG  
Bomb arming circuits are green.

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

MINELLI  
Ready, T.J.

38a VARIOUS CU - INSERT INTERCUTS 38a

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.

MINELLI  
Primary arming switch.

38b VARIOUS CU - INTERCUTS 38b

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

JIMMY  
Primary circuit is live.

T.J.  
Primary trigger switch.

MINELLI  
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.

1/1/63

38b Continued - 2

JIMMY

Primary trigger circuit is live.

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

JIMMY

Release first safety.

T.J.

First safety.

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

JIMMY

Second safety.

T.J.

Second safety.

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

JIMMY

Fusing for ten thousand air burst.

T.J.

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.

JIMMY

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

Pauses, pushes back hair.

1/1/63

38b Continued - 3

JIMMY  
Master safety.

T.J.  
Master safety.

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

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

JIMMY  
Primary bomb is live.

T.J.  
Okay, Jimmy, that's it. Master safety on now 'til we start the run.

JIMMY  
Master safety on.

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

38c INT. BOMB BAY

38c

We see two enormous H-bombs. Grotesque female faces have been painted across them with the names, "Hi There" and "Sull Daddy".

1/1/63

39 DAWN - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE 39

40 VARIOUS CUTS - DEFENSE TEAMS WAITING 40

41 MACHINE GUN POSITION 41

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

41a THEY SEE DOWN ROAD 41a

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 ENGELBACK

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 ENGELBACK

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

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Yeah, I guess so.



1/1/63

41b OTHER CUTS AROUND BASE PERIMETER 41b  
of base defense teams watching over their weapons.

41c VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE 41c

SERGEANT MELLOWS

(calmly)

Okay, let 'em have it.

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

41d VARIOUS CUTS - TROOPS FIRING. 41d

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

A loudspeaker suddenly clicks on in the distance.

41e MS - COLONEL GUANO BEHIND TRUCK. 41e

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

(loudspeaker)

This is Colonel "Bat" Guano, 701st Airborne Ranger Battalion. Why are you men firing on us?

Silence.

41c 41c

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Should we answer?

SERGEANT MELLOWS

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

1/1/53

41c Continued - 2

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO  
This is Colonel Guano. We are on  
a mission from the President. We  
want to enter the base and speak  
with General Ripper.

Silence.

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

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

41e VARIOUS CUTS

41e

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. Men, 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.

1/1/63

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

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO  
(softly, looking towards  
Base)

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

(to 1st Officer)

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

(indicates direction)

(turns to 2nd Officer)

Rothman, you and Cooper. . .

41g VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE 41g

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.

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

43 INT. B-52 - NAVIGATOR 43

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

LT. SWEETS

We should be crossing the coast in  
about six minutes.

T.J.

Thanks, Sweets. Can you see  
Bromdinga Island yet?

SWEETS

(concentrated on scope)

I don't think so.

He adjusts the brilliance of the radarscope.

1/1/63

43a RADARSCOPE

43a

We see a fast moving trace.

43b VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

43b

MINELLI

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

T.J.

Awright, keep callin' it.  
(to Ace)

Knock off the auto-pilot, Ace.

ACE reaches forward and flips two switches.

ACE

Auto-pilot off.

T.J.

Lock ECM onto master search radar.

MINELLI

(flipping switches)

ECM locked to master search radar.

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

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?

1/1/63

43b Continued - 2

MINELLI  
(shaking head)  
Just the missile.

T.J.  
It must of been fired from  
Bromdingna 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

43c

T.J.  
Prepare to release Quail.

JIMMY, the Bombadier, flips a number of switches.

JIMMY  
Quail ready for release.

T.J.  
Open bomb doors.

1/1/63

43d EXT. B-52 43d  
Bomb doors opening.

43e INT. B-52 43e  
JIMMY  
Bomb doors open!

MINELLI  
Thirty! Twelve o'clock and  
straight!

T.J.  
(calmly)  
Release Quail.

43f EXT. B-52 43f  
Quail decoy drops from bomb bay. A jet  
flame appears as it comes to life.

43g INT. B-52 43g  
T.J.  
Changing course ninety degrees.  
Close bomb doors.

MINELLI  
Twenty miles!

JIMMY  
Bomb doors closed.

43h EXT. B-52 43h  
Changes course but the Quail changes with it  
about seventy yards below and behind.

43i INT. B-52 43i  
JIMMY looking in radarscope.

JIMMY  
Something must be wrong! Quail  
turned with us!

1/1/63

43i Continued - 2

T.J. banks aircraft steeply.

T.J.  
Changing course ninety degrees.

MINELLI  
Fifteen miles. Twelve o'clock.

43j EXT. B-52 BANKING. 43j

The Quail turns with again.

43k VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW 43k

JIMMY  
It's still following us!

MINELLI  
Ten miles. Twelve o'clock.

43l CU - T.J. 43l

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

DSO  
Roger, all ECM power!

43m CU - ECM POWER GAUGES 43m

Arrow quivering past red line.

43n DSO - MINELLI 43n

MINELLI  
Eight miles! Twelve o'clock!

JIMMY  
Quail still there!

43o CU - T.J. 43o

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 43p

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

43q INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS 43q

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

43r EXT. B-52 43r

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

43s INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS 43s

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

44 OMITTED 44

45 OMITTED 45



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 MUFFLEY

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. Che... last... fantastic... trick!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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!

1/1/63

46 Continued - 2

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Mister Ambassador, I have always had the greatest respect for your intelligence, for your shrewd judgement 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 AIDE arrives with a bottle of Vodka and several glasses on a silver tray.

AIDE

Here you are, sir.

The AMBASSADOR sighs 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 sighs again and downs a large shot of Vodka like a glass of water.

1/1/63

46 Continued - 3

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Won't you have something to eat now?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Very well.

AIDE

Follow me, sir.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

You don't have any fresh fish?

AIDE

I'm afraid not, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Your eggs, then — they are fresh?

AIDE

Naturally, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

I will have poached eggs. And bring me some cigars, please - Havana cigars.

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

ADMIRAL RANDOLPE

(to De Sade)

Try one of these Jamaican cigars, Ambassador. They're pretty good.

He offers a pack of Jamaican cigars.

1/1/63

46 Continued - 4

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

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH  
Only commie stooges, huh?

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH walks away angrily.

ADMIRAL RANDOLPH  
(under his breath  
to another officer)  
Well, what the hell, 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 TURGIDSON.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
What's taking so long on that  
call?

1/1/63

46 Continued - 5

TURGIDSON

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.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Did you tell them what I told you?

TURGIDSON

I was hoping it would not be necessary, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

You are having trouble reaching the Premier?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Yes, we are, Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Did you get that, Turgidson?

TURGIDSON

87 - 46 - 56, Moscow.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Thank you very much, Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

You have an impressive memory, Ambassador.

1/1/63

46 Continued - 6

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

(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 whirls 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! That is the meaning of this?

Others step in and separate the two struggling men.

1/1/63

46 Continued - 7

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 MUFFLEY

Gentlemen! I demand an explanation!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(coolly)

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(with amazing coolness)

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

(he smiles convincingly)

But a taste of karate changed his

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46 Continued - 8

GENERAL "BUCK" O'CONNOR  
That's a damned lie. I saw him  
with my own eyes.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Look.

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

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

PRESIDENT MOFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON suddenly looks up, excited.

TURGIDSON

Mister President, I think they're  
getting the Premier.



- 47 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 47  
 A thin wisp of smoke trails from inside port pod.
- 48 INT. B-52 48  
 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  
 (locking in scope)  
 Radar okay. Scope-field is clear.

ACE  
 (flipping switches).  
 Everyone on emergency oxygen.

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

- 49 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-52 - STEEP DESCENT. 49
- 50 INT. B-52 50

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

SWEETS  
 You know what that'll do to our fuel consumption.

50 Continued - 2

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.  
(pause)  
Okay boys, gimme your damage  
reports.

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51 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

51

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

51 Continued - 2

GENERAL RIPPER

Have you never 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 conceived and dangerous communist plot we have ever had to face. The fluorides form a basis of insecticides, fungicides and rodent poisons. They pollute our precious bodily fluids! They clog them, Captain! Our precious bodily fluids become thick and rancid.

GROUP CAPTAIN 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,

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51 Continued - 3

RIPPER creeps over to a desk drawer and pulls out a thick file. A burst of automatic fire splatters the wall.

GENERAL RIPPER  
(oblivious)

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Fluorine belongs to the Halogen Group VII of the 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 MANDRAKE

I see.

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51 Continued - 4

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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51 Continued - 5

51.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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, hands clasped  
over their heads, into a hanger.

51 INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

51

RIPPER looks grave and thoughtful.

GENERAL RIPPER

They've surrendered.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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 stares glumly out of the window.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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 rancid 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!

GENERAL RIPPER  
(thoughtfully)

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Were you ever tortured?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

What happened?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Did they make you walk?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

(interrupts)

Those boys outside will give me a pretty good going over 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 how well I could stand up  
to it, Mandrake.

## GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

No-one ever does. And my advice to  
you, sir, is to tell me the code  
right now, and then if those devils  
try any rough stuff with you 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. We all  
know that. And those psychiatrist  
fellas get you on those jolly old  
couches and before you know it  
you're a new man - a new man, sir.

## GENERAL RIPPER

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

## GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE.

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

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51 - continued - S

51

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(continued)

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

(BANG!)

MANDRAKE sees RIPPNER sprawled dead in the bathroom.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(softly)

Damn.

52 INT. WAR ROOM

TURGIDSON

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

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

PRESIDENT

Hello?... Hello, Dimitri... Yes, this is Merkin. 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... Ch, ho, ho, ho... Yes, well look, I've got Ambassador De Sade here, and I've brought him up to date on a certain problem which I'll describe to you in just a second, but first I want him to say hello so you'll know he's here.

PRESIDENT covers telephone.

PRESIDENT

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

But I don't have a phone.

PRESIDENT

(impatiently)

Give him your phone, Turgidson.

52 Continued - 2

TURGIDSON is miffed and crowds a Colonel to hear on his earpiece.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(Talking Russian intently.  
We understand a weird  
pronunciation of Merkin  
Muffley which sounds like  
"Meerka Moofa")

THE AMBASSADOR finishes and nods grimly to  
THE PRESIDENT.

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

PRESIDENT  
(he talks like a  
progressive nursery  
school teacher)  
Hello?... Yes, it's me again,  
Dimitri. Hello? What?  
What? Say, look, I can't hear  
too well. Do you suppose they  
could turn that music down?...  
Oh-ho... Yes... Ah, yes, that's  
much better.  
(polite forced  
laugh)  
Look, Dimitri, you know how we've  
always talked about the possibility  
of something going wrong with the  
bomb?

(his cold makes the  
pronunciation of this  
unclear: it sounds  
like "Bob")

The Bomb?... The Hydrogen-Bomb!...  
That's right. Well, apparently,  
one of our base commanders  
suffered some sort of a mental  
breakdown and ordered his planes  
to attack your country...

52 Continued - 3

PRESIDENT (contd.)

Well, look, let me finish...  
 Let me finish... Let me finish!  
 Uh-huh... Thirty-four planes...  
 They won't reach their targets  
 for at least another hour...  
 I'm positive... Uh-huh...  
 (many variations of  
 Uh-huh)

Uh-huh... 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 but 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-huh...  
 If we are unable to recall the  
 planes then I'd say we must help  
 you destroy them... Uh-huh...  
 Well, who should they call?...  
 Who should we call?... "The Peoples  
 Central Air Defense Headquarters"...  
 Where is that?... In Omsk?...  
 Right... Uh-huh... You'll call them  
 first... Uh-huh... 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.

52 Continued - 4

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(talking Russian, begins  
to curse, turn white,  
rage and shout, finally  
ends conversation)

PRESIDENT  
What happened?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
The fools! The mad fools!

PRESIDENT  
What are you talking about?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
The Doomsday Machine!

Chorus of "The what?"

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
The Doomsday Machine! A device  
which will destroy all human and  
animal life on Earth!  
(curses in Russian)

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- 53 INT. AIR COMMAND COMMUNICATIONS CENTER 53
- About a dozen Air Force language experts are communicating via radio, giving the information.
- 54 DAY - B-52 "LEPER COLONY" - FLYING SHOTS - SEVERAL CUTS. 54

1/1/63

55 INT. WAR ROOM

55

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 AIDE 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 shroud, a lethal cloud of radio-activity which will encircle the earth for ninety-three years.

Murmurs 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 nylons and lipsticks. Our Doomsday project cost us just a fraction of what we had been spending in just a single year. But the deciding factor was when we learned your country was working along similar lines, and we were afraid of a Doomsday Gap.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

That's preposterous. I've never approved anything like that!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Our source was "The New York Times".

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

DR. STRANGELOVE

(German precision)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

DR. STRANGELOVE

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

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55. Continued - 4.

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 encyclopaedia,  
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 Burpelson 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.

56 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

56

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...  
PEO..POE..OPE..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 clasps them over his head.

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

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

He starts to lower his hands.

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

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  
 of the bathroom. He emits a series of low whistles,  
 and moves to examine the body. More low whistles.

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

MANDRAKE starts to move to the phone.

COLONEL GUANO  
 (menacingly)  
 Just keep them up nice on your  
 head, Group Captain what-ever-  
 your-name-is. Do you have  
 any witnesses to this thing?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Oh, good Lord, he shot himself,  
Colonel!

COLONEL GUANO

Did he shoot himself while he was  
shaving, fella?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Now, look here, Colonel, you've got  
this thing all confused in your  
mind, somehow. But there's not  
a second to lose. You see, I think  
it's a variation of "Peace on Earth"  
or "Purity of Essence". It was  
kind of a recurrent theme in  
everything he said. It could be  
some variation... POE, ECP, PEO,  
EPO, EPE..

COLONEL GUANO

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Colonel, don't you know what's  
happened?

COLONEL GUANO

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Well, then, I mean I suppose  
you're not fully in the picture,  
then, are you, Colonel? Don't  
you know that General Ripper  
went mad as a March hare?  
He sent the entire ruddy Wing  
to attack the Soviets!

The last sentence makes "BAT" GUANO think for a few seconds, but he shrugs it off.

COLONEL GUANO

Now look, don't get excited, 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 Jap you.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(like talking  
to a child)

Now, you see, I'm picking up the phone, nice and slow, right?

Hello? Hello?

(he clicks the  
receiver)

Hello? Hello?... Damn, must be dead. I guess the lines were hit during the fighting.

COLONEL GUANO watches him like a hawk.



## GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Now, see, I'm picking up this ordinary telephone. See? Hello? Hello? Oh, damn, the lines must still be disconnected.

(he smiles  
idiotically)

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

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

## COLONEL GUANO

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

## GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(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 infernally important here?

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

## COLONEL GUANO

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

## GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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 clear yourself, I'll be happy to step outside and settle this thing. Right now we're moving out.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO

If you want to know what I think, I think that you're some kind of deviated prevert.  
(pronounced "deevated preevert")

I think General Ripper discovered your preversion, and that you engineered a mutiny of preverts. On top of that my orders didn't say nothing about planes attacking Russia. All I was told was to put General Ripper on the phone with the President of the United States.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Hold on! That's it! The President!

COLONEL GUANO

What about the President?

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

You said the President wants to speak to General Ripper, didn't you? Well, Ripper's dead, isn't he? And I'm his executive officer, so he'll bloody well want to speak to me, don't you see?  
(points to pay phone)

And there's a phone box there, and that line's sure to be open.

COLONEL GUANO

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

(quietly)

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

COLONEL GUANO

(sighs)

Okay, you see if you can get the President of the United States on the telephone. But if you try any preversions in there, I'll blow your head off!

1/1/63

56a Continued - 2

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 Merkin Muffley in the Pentagon, Washington DC.... No, I'm perfectly serious - that's right.... that's right, the President, President of the United States.

(pause)

How much? Two dollars and seventy-five cents. Just a moment.

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

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Can you make this a collect call, operator?... That's right - Group Captain Lionel Mandrake... Burpelson Air Force Base.

(pause)

What?... Well, look here, tell them it's terrifically important, will you?...

(pause)

All right, just a moment...

GROU

He opens the door.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

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

"BAT" GUANO

(contemptuously)

I wouldn't carry loose change going into combat.

1/1/63

56a Continued - 3

MANDRAKE looks around desperately. A Coke machine stands next to the phone booth.

GROUP CAPTAIN MANDRAKE

Operator... How much would the call be station-to-station?

Oh, I see, well I'd still be minus twenty cents. You couldn't put it through, could you? It's terrifically important.

(pause)

All right, just a second, operator.  
(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 MANDRAKE

Colonel, just imagine what's going to happen to your career, when the Court of Enquiry learns that you have so completely obstructed this call to the President?

(back to operator)

Just a moment, operator, I know I have the change somewhere.

COLONEL GUANO apologetically fires two shots into the coin box of the Coke machine. Coins spill on the floor in profusion, and a stream of Coca Cola shoots into the COLONEL's sputtering face.

1/1/63

57 DAY - B-52 - FLYING SHOT - SEVERAL CUTS

57

As the "Leper Colony" presses on.

1/1/63

All eyes are on the large display map of Russia. The arrow-like tracks indicating each aircraft suddenly begin to hook off and change direction.

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

The scene continues over this exciting background of noise.

SAMPLE RADIO MESSAGE

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

PRESIDENT

(to General Faceman)

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

Yes, sir!

PRESIDENT

Let me know when all the recalls are acknowledged.

TURGIDSON

They're almost all in now.

PRESIDENT

How many planes did we lose?

1/1/63

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT

I see.

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

ALL give their attention.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(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 SADE.

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)

## PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(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.

1/1/63

59 DAY - LOW LEVEL - FLYING SHOT - B-52 - 59  
OVER ARCTIC TERRAIN.

60 INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW. 60  
Low-level terrain features flashing by.

T.J.

Okay, let's have a rundown on  
the damage. Jimmy, them  
firecrackers awright?

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 CRM-114.

60a CU - CRM-114 - IS IS SMASHED AND TWISTED 60a  
AND CHARRED

1/1/63

60b LT. GOLDBERG

60b

LT. GOLDBERG

I think the emergency self-  
destruct mechanism got hit and  
blew itself up!

1/1/63

61 - INT. WAR ROOM

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Well, 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 MUFFLEY

(back to phone)

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

(to General O'Connor)

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

Ed libs of dread and astonishment. Also, see Big Board change over North America.

GENERAL 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.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

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

The 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, Dixitri, 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 helluva lot of people involved. I'd hate to have to equate human lives in dollars and cents... What? Where 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.

61 Continued - 3

## PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

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

(O'CONNOR 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-megatons...

(sighs)

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

(hands phone to TURGIDSON, who covers mouthpiece)

General O'Connor, is there really a chance for that plane to get through?

1/1/63

61 Continued - 4

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(breathing heavily)

Mister President, if I can speak freely now, sir...The Ruskio 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 guts a Ruskio has. Just look how many million of them those Nazis killed,  
(pronounced Jazzees)  
and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General, stick to the point please.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(making diving aircraft hands)

Well, sir, if the pilot's really a good man - I mean really sharp - Hell, he can barrel that plane along so low, well, I mean, you've just got to see it sometime. A real big plane like a 52, its jet exhaust frying chickens in the barnyard...

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Has he a chance?

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(almost feverish 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

(quietly)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I think I've got an idea of how to get the recall signal to them.



1/1/63

- 62 DAY - LOW LEVEL FLYING SHOT - B-52 62
- 63 INT. B-52. TERRAIN FLASHES BY. 63
- 63a VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS. 63a

The NAVIGATOR - SWEETS - is just finishing some calculations.

SWEETS

(frowning, staring  
at paper)

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

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

T.J.

(unperturbed)

That's jest about what I was thinkin', Sweets.

(pause)

Awright, boys, here's the situation. With the COM workin' 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 burnin' 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 fer Pakistan, an' then bail out when she starts coughin'.

MURPHY

(at radarscope)

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

See insert of radarscope.

1/1/63

63a Continued - 2

T.J.

Are they on an intercept course?

MINELLI

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

T.J.

They must have got lucky and  
made a visual contact.

MINELLI

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

See radarscope.

T.J.

Prepare to fire Hornets.

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

MINELLI

Range twenty-five miles.

GOLDBERG

Hornets ready to fire, T.J.

See radarscope.

T.J.

Fire Hornet salvo.

LT. GOLDBERG flips switches and pushes buttons.

63b EXT. B-52 - TAIL

63b

We see the Hornet rockets leave the tail  
below two black radar blisters.

1/1/63

63c INT. B-52 - VARIOUS CUTS CREW AND RADARSCOPE 63c

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!

63d VARIOUS CUTS - SMOKE, BUFFETTING, COUGHING 63d

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.

21/1/63

64 OMITTED 64  
65 EXT. B-52 - LOW LEVEL 65  
66 INT. B-52 66

The smoke is cleared. ~~Everyone checking~~  
equipment.

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

T.J.  
(over shoulder)  
Say, old buddy, you look like  
someone tole 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.

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

66a INT. B-52 66a

T.J.  
(softly)  
Great balls of fire!

21/1/63

66a Continued - 2

66a

JIMMY, finished with ACE, 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.

Goldy! Come forward.

66b LT. GOLDBERG

66b

Comes forward, followed by LT. MENELLI

66c LOWER BOMB-NAV. SECTION

66c

SWEETS

(on intercom)

What's up?

T.J.

Come on up and see.

66d GROUP IN COCKPIT

66d

T.J.

Goldy, what the hell are they flashin' down there?

21/1/63

66d Continued - 2

66d

LT. GOLDBERG

It's Morse.

(mumbling, and  
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 dam  
blanket.

GOLDBERG

It's in code.. here it is..  
E..6..3..5..2..0..P

T.J.

I'll betcha that says the Yanks  
are comin'

GOLDBERG

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

Murmurs of astonishment.

T.J.

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

JIMMY

Maybe they're signalling to us.

T.J.

Yeah, may be they're trying to  
brainwash us.

(T.J. snuffles  
at his own joke)

21/1/63

66d Continued - 3

JIMMY

Maybe it's meant for us.

T.J.

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

GOLDBERG

(running finger  
down page)

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

Repeated ad-libs of "The recall code."

T.J.

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

SWEETS

What do you mean?

T.J.

I mean comin' up with a stunt like that.

JIMMY

You mean you think it's a trick?

T.J.

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

JIMMY

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

T.J.

You startin' to tell me which end is up, boy?

21/1/63

66d Continued - 4

66d

JIMMY

I'm just asking, T.J. Where would they get it?

T.J.

That ain't none of my concern, boy. And don't make it none of yours. Our orders warn us against the enemy trying to issue fake orders during a mission. That's why we got the CRM-114.

JIMMY

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.

JIMMY

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.

JIMMY

(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 Kong to you, Lieutenant Zogg! Now keep offa my back or we'll be takin' a little trip to fist-city.



21/1/63

66d Continued - 5

66d

SWEETS

Hey! Hey! Wait a minute!

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

T.J.

Let's get this settled now.  
One thing they taught me in  
War College was: Never underestimate  
your enemy. Now just suppose they  
got the code by knocckin' down one of  
our planes and torturin' holy hell  
out of the boys until they told it  
to 'em, that's how they'd git 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 :

1/1/63

67 OMITTED

67

68 OMITTED

68

21/1/63

69 EXT. B-52 LOW-LEVEL 69

70 INT. B-52 LOWER DECK - BOMB-NAVIGATOR SECTION 70

Various cuts of LT. 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.

21/1/63

70a LOWER DECK - BOMB-NAVIGATOR SECTION

70a

T.J.

Let's see!

JIMMY

Try it yourself.

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

70b INT. BOMB BAY

70b

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

T.J.

Don't you worry, old buddy.

70c INT. B-52 - BOMB NAVIGATOR SECTION

70c

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.

(softly)

Damn. Damn.

1/1/63

70d. INT. B-52 - UPPER DECK

70d.

T.J. lurches into seat. MINELLI goes back to his seat.

T.J. picks up the Ancestral Triptych of fierce looking warriors and studies it.

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

JIMMY  
Arm them for impact?

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

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

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

JIMMY  
But how are you going to drop the bombs if the doors won't --  
(the penny drops)  
Hey, T.J. you're not thinking of -- I mean, you aren't going --

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

70e. CUTS TO CREW RE-ARMING BOMB

70e.

1/1/63

70f. JIMMY RE-ARMING BOMB

70f.

JIMMY  
Bombs armed for impact, Major.

70g. COCKPIT

70g.

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

JIMMY  
(touched)  
Right, T.J.

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

T.J. climbs the aircraft.

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

70h.

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

MINELLI  
Lieutenant Manelli requests  
permission to refuse the order,  
sir.

ACE  
(rising to one elbow in  
bunk)  
Captain Owens requests permission  
to refuse the order, sir.

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

SWEETS  
Lieutenant Quiffer requests  
permission to refuse the order,  
sir.

21/1/63

70h Continued - 2

70h

CU - T.J. MOVED AND WET-EYED

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

CUTS TO CREW - MOTIONLESS

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

CUTS TO CREW - EJECTING

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

70i EXT. B-52 - SEE 3 CHUTES OPENING

70i

70j INT. B-52

70j

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

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

T.J. (moved)  
Hell, no.  
(pause)  
That sure was a hell of a stupid  
thing to go and do.



21/1/63

70j Continued - 2

70j

JIMMY

I thought you might want some company.

T.J. punches him affectionately on the arm.

T.J.

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

A few seconds of flak and manly silence.

T.J.

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

JIMMY

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

T.J.

Thanks.

JIMMY

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

T.J.

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

JIMMY

Thanks, T.J.

21/1/63

70k CU'S BOBE

70k

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.

1/1/63

70k. Continued - 2

70k.

JIMMY  
Sure, T.J.

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

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

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

71-72. OMITTED.

71-72

73. B-52 DIVES INTO MISSILE COMPLEX - BOOM!

73.

73A DOCUMENTARY CUTS OF DOOMSDAY MACHINE - QUICK CUTS 1/1/63

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

73B DOOMSDAY MOUNTAIN - (TRICK).

A few seconds of silence, accompanied by arctic wind, then -  
F I R E B A L L !!! - for a split second -

CUT TO:

73C HYDROGEN BOMB EXPLOSION - (STOCK)

74 INT: WAR ROOM

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(shaking his head, miserably)

It's wrong.

(sighs)

It's dead wrong.

GENERAL RANDOLPHE

(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 RANDOLPHE

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

GENERAL FACELIN

Ugh-ahhh, that's a horrible thought.

1/1/63

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

(bitterly).

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

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

TURGIDSON

(responsibility weighs heavy)

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 AMBASSADOR looks up, wearily.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(gesturing with both hands)

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 MUFFLEY

At the bottom of mines?

1/1/63

VON KLUTZ

Of course! The radioactivity would not penetrate a mine some thousands of feet deep.

The PRESIDENT looks blankly at VON KLUTZ.

VON KLUTZ

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

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY

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

VON KLUTZ

(smiling wisely)

Mister President, man is an amazingly adaptable creature. After all, the conditions would be far superior to those, 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 unconvinced, looking around the room, it is apparent VON KLUTZ's proposal has not fallen upon deaf ears.

VON KLUTZ

(smiling modestly)

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

PRESIDENT

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

VON KLUTZ

I am sure the Armed Forces could deal with any disobedience.

1/1/63

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
 (shaking his head)  
 But to make such a decision...

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
 How could anyone decide such a thing?

VON KLUTZ  
 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 government and military men be included, to foster and impart the required principles of leadership and tradition.

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

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

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

VON KLUTZ  
 When they emerge, a good deal of present real estate and machine tools will still be recoverable, if they are moth-balled in advance. I would guess they could then work their way back to our present gross national product within twenty years.

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PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

But, look here, Von Klutz. Won't this ...nucleus of survivors be so shocked, grief-stricken, and anguished that they will envy the dead, and indeed, not wish to go on living?

VON KLUTZ

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'CONNOR

(judiciously)

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

VON KLUTZ

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.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(enthusiastically)

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

VON KLUTZ

(correctly)

Thank you, sir.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(thoughtfully)

Mr. President, I think we've got to look into this thing from the military point of view. I mean, if the Russians stashed away some big bombs and we didn't, when they come out in a hundred years, they could take over.



1/1/63

GENERAL FACELIN

I agree, Mister President. In fact they might even try an immediate sneak attack so they could take over our mine-shaft space.

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

CU - O'CONNOR

GENERAL O'CONNOR

(with tremendous authority)

Mister President! WE MUST NOT ALLOW  
A MINE-SHAFT GAP!

Murmur of agreement all around.

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

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

O'CONNOR bellows something, bolts up, races, hits DE SADE with a flying tackle. They grapple insanely.

PRESIDENT

(lurching up)

What in God's name!

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

O'CONNOR

Got the Red red-handed, Mister President!  
(shows camera)

PRESIDENT

(examines it)

Ambassador de Sade! This is the most  
serious - -

DE SADE turns haughtily away.

DE SADE

Bah! I will not tolerate these childish insinuations!

CU - RING CAMERA

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

Hold it, Buster!

(grabs de Sade. They grapple insanely)

O'CONNOR produces Ring Camera.

PRESIDENT

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

DE SADE

(fuming)

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

O'CONNOR

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

PRESIDENT

(frowning)

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 tininess of his equipment.

1/1/63

DE SADE

What! How dare you suggest such a thing!  
You will return me to my Embassy at once!

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

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

DE SADE

(outraged)

Mister President! You deceive yourself!  
My government will not accept this treat-  
ment of its Ambassador!

PRESIDENT HUFFLEY

(adamant)

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

(shakes head, turning away)

GENERAL O'CONNOR

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

DE SADE

Seven bodily orifices!?! Seven?

(momentary calculation)

(seizure of rage)

May you capitalist swine!

DE SADE 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 hurls a coconut cream pie at DE SADE, who ducks.  
It splatters with terrific force full in the face of  
ADMIRAL BULLOCK.

Not realizing why he has been hit, ADMIRAL BULLOCK flings  
a thick chocolate cream pie at O'CONNOR. It misses and  
hits PRESIDENT HUFFLEY with a tremendous splat full in  
the face.

When PRESIDENT MUFFLEY is first hit, several people rush to tend him, laboriously clean off his face, glasses, etc. No sooner is he cleaned up though, and glasses restored, than SPLAT! another huge pie in his face! Thereupon he enters the fray.

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

75 MOVING SECT - PULL 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 admittedly of mere 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.

Nardac Blofescu  
Macro-Galaxy-Meteor Pictures