DR. STRANGELOVE

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

CAST

AT BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

General Jack D. Ripper.............Base Commander
Major Mandrake......................Executive Officer to General Ripper
Colonel "Bat" Guano...............Battalion Commander
Private Charlie.....................Base Security Team
Private Tung.........................Base Security Team
Sergeant..............................Base Security Team

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IN THE WAR ROOM

Merkin Muffley......................The President
General "Buck" Schmuck.............Air Force Chief
Admiral Percy Buldike..............Navy Chief
General "Flash" Faceman............Army Chief
Ambassador de Sade...............Enemy Ambassador

Von Klutz  )
  )
Zlat  )
  )
Frankenstein  )
  )
Cadaverly  )
  )
Didley  ).........Presidential Aides
  )
Turgidson  )
WAR ROOM (Continued)

Kulnick}..........................Presidential Aides
Funkel}..........................Presidential Aides

Assorted Military Aides - about 30 altogether

M.P. Orderly

Major Nonce..........................General Schmuck's Aide

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IN THE B-90, "LEPER COLONY"

Major "King" Kong.......................Pilot
Captain "Ace" Angst....................Co-Pilot
Lieutenant............................Bombardier
Lieutenant Quentin Quiffer...........Defense Systems Officer (D.S.O)
Lieutenant "Binky" Ballmuff...........Navigator
Lieutenant Terry......................Radio-Radar

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OTHERS

Colonel Puntrich......................Air Command Duty Officer
Miss Milky Way.......................A Secretary
Miss Pietraszkiewicz...............Switchboard Operator

GENERAL NOTES:

1. The story will be played for realistic comedy - which means the essentially truthful moods and attitudes will be portrayed accurately, with an occasional bizarre or super-realistic crescendo. The acting will never be so-called "comedy" acting.

2. The sets and technical details will be done realistically and carefully. We will strive for the maximum atmosphere and sense of visual reality from the sets and locations.
3. The Flying sequences will especially be presented in as vivid a manner as possible. Exciting backgrounds and special effects will be obtained.

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

ROLL-UP TITLE

"NARDAC BLEFESCU PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove:

or

How I Learned to Stop Worrying

and

Love the

BOMB

a

MACRO - GALAXY - METEOR PICTURE

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

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

MUSIC - WEIRD, EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL, ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

NARRATOR

The bizarre and often amusing pages which make up this odd story 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 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.

NARRATOR
The quirkish author of this ancient comedy seems intentionally to have omitted the names of specific countries, possibly in the hope it would land a certain Universality to his theme.

Geographic details fill the screen.

CUT TO

2 DAY - AIR SHOTS - B-90 STING RAY BOMBERS

Magnificent, swept-wing, eight-jet, Mach 2 aircraft.

NARRATOR
In order to guard against surprise attack, the nation in question kept seventy-five B-90 Sting Ray bombers air-borne, twenty-four hours a day. They were armed with a full load of nuclear weapons.

2a DAY - B-90's TAKING OFF

NARRATOR
As part of this air-borne alert, thirty-five B-90 Sting Ray bombers of the Air Command's 843rd Bomb Wing left the Burpelson Air Force Base, fourteen hours before.

3 B-90 STING RAYS - FLYING

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

4 DAY - B-90 "LEPER COLONY" at 30,000 FEET

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

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

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.

He is a sharp-eyed, steady veteran flyer.

showing MAJOR KONG, absorbed in a copy of "Plaything" magazine and absently munching a sandwich. We feature a photograph.

PHOTOGRAPH - DOUBLE FOLD OF NUDE BLONDE
Miss Milky Way, Plaything of the Month, a top government stenographer and part-time model.

showing CAPTAIN "ACE" ANGST, the co-pilot, reading another copy of "Plaything" and taking healthy bites out of an apple. He is a lean, bronzed, muscular type.

The plane cruises on auto-pilot.

A burly, hoarse-voiced man in his early thirties, he sips coffee and chews on his sandwich.

A burly, hoarse-voiced man in his early thirties, he sips coffee and chews on his sandwich.
A tall, curly-haired, meticulous man in his late twenties, he nibbles a piece of cake.

8c BOMBARDIER - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOOG - A NEGRO

A short, bull-necked man in his early thirties, smoking and dunking a cake. He reads "Niteline" magazine.

8d D.S.O. - LIEUTENANT QUENTIN QUIFFER - READS "HI-JINKS"

The Defense Systems Officer, LIEUTENANT QUENTIN QUIFFER, a blond, pleasant mid-Westerner. He eats chocolate crackers from a box.

8e NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

He idly glances at his charts without putting down his copy of "Plaything" and snaps his intercom button.

LIEUTENANT BALLMUFF
Three minutes to turning point. Heading will be three-three-five.
(back to "Plaything")

8f MS - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

He glances up from his copy of "Plaything" and with the easy grace of a veteran pilot, leans forward and changes his gyro heading.

MAJOR KONG
Roger. Heading three-three-five.
(back to "Plaything")

8g CU - RADARSCOPE

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

8h CU - D.S.O. LIEUTENANT QUENTIN QUIFFER LOOKING UP FROM "HI-JINKS"

He studies the scope calmly and frowns.

8i CU - RADARSCOPE

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

8j CU - D.S.O.

Quickly figuring on pad.

LIEUTENANT QUIFFER
(routinely)
Bogey at one-four-five, approximately a hundred and thirty-five miles.

8k CU - NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

Turning his copy of "Plaything" 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.

LIEUTENANT BALLMUFF
Probably another radar surveillance job.

8l CU - PILOT

Without looking up from his copy of "Plaything".

MAJOR KONG
(absently)
Yes, that's probably what it is.

8m CLOSE RADARSCOPE

The blip suddenly vanishes as the scope goes completely white.

LIEUTENANT QUIFFER
(calmingly)
He's showing off his ECM - jamming us out.

MAJOR KONG
(still absorbed in "Plaything")
I wonder why he's doing that?

LIEUTENANT QUIFFER
I was thinking the same thing. Shall I give him a taste of ours?

MAJOR KONG
(still reading)
Why should we do that, Quentin?

LIEUTENANT QUIFFER
(goes back to "Plaything")
Yes, I suppose you're right, King.

8n CU - THE CRM - 114

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

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

8o CU - LIEUTENANT TERRY TOEJAM
Looks up slowly from his magazine, leans forward and jots down the coded message. He carefully flips through a code book.

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM
Major Kong, we got a message from base.

8p CU - PILOT

MAJOR KONG
 stil reading)
Good.

8q MS - LIEUTENANT TOEJAM RAPIDLY DECODES THE MESSAGE

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM
I've decoded it, Major Kong.

MAJOR KONG
Good.

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM
It reads: Wing to hold at X-points.

8r CUTS TO CREW

The magazines are lowered in slow motion.

8s CU - BOMBARDIER - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOGG

LIEUTENANT ZOGG
( into intercom)
I wonder why they're doing that.

8t CU - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

MAJOR KONG
(wisely)
They have their reasons.

8u CU - NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

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

8v CUTS TO CREW

Who mumble ad-libs of agreement with the Navigator. Then slowly, each man goes back to his magazine and his lunch.

8w CU - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOGG - READING

LIEUTENANT ZOGG
(sighing)
Probably an exercise.

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM
(reading)
Probably.

MAJOR KONG
(reading)
They have their reasons.

VARIOUS CUTS

And now the six-man crew is still again, pondering the mysteries of beautiful women and calmly digesting their lunch.

MAJOR KONG
(wistfully to co-pilot)
Ace, do you think she's really a top government secretary?

He refers to the double fold-out of Miss Milky Way.

CAPTAIN "ACE" ANGST
(cynically)
Yeah, I'll bet she holds the world's horizontal short-hand record.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE HEADQUARTERS 843rd BOMB WING"

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

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

10 INT. BASE COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER

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

A loud buzzer.

MAJOR MANDRAKE lifts special phone.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Combat Operations Center, Major Mandrake speaking.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
This is General Ripper speaking.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.
GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Do you recognize my voice?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Certainly, General. Why do you ask, sir?

11  INT. GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER'S OFFICE

Large, plush, part Air Force, part big executive - swank office decorations and furniture. A name-plate on his desk reads, "General Jack D. Ripper".

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
(sharply)
Why do you think I ask?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I don't know, sir. We just spoke a few minutes ago.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
(ruffled)
You don't think I'd ask if you recognized my voice unless it was important, do you, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
No, sir.

The scene will intercut between MANDRAKE and RIPPER.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Good. Has the Wing confirmed holding at X-points?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
All right, Major. I'm putting the base on condition Red.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Condition Red!

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
That's right. I want this flashed to all section immediately.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. What's up, General Ripper?

A significant pause.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
You're a good officer, Major Mandrake. You
have a right to know. It looks like we're in a shooting war!

MAJOR MANDRAKE
A shooting war!

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Yes, Major. This looks like it's going to be it.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
But...what kind of a shooting war? Have they hit any of our cities yet?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Major, that's all I've been told. Just got it on the red phone. The base is to be sealed tight. And I mean tight.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER.
That includes all communications and phones - incoming as well as outgoing.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
What if someone wants to call us?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Let me worry about that, Major. I've still got my red line to the Air Command.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
That's right, sir.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE
You're right, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
No calls from inside out. No calls from outside in are even answered. No calls.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I understand, sir. Nothing comes or goes without your personal say-so.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
(harshly)
No calls at all. With or without my say-so. My voice can be imitated too, Major.
MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. I just thought of something, sir. How do I know I'm talking to you now?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Who do you think you're talking to?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
To you, sir. But how do I know?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Are you trying to be insubordinate?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
No, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
I hope not. Now, as soon as you do what I told you, have Plan-R radioed to the Wing.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Plan-R????

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Are you hard of hearing, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
No, sir. Plan-R to be radioed to the Wing.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
As soon as you've done that, shut down the communications center. Lock it up and assign the personnel to base security details.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
General Ripper, if I shut down the communications center, there'll be no radio or teleprinter contact with Air Command headquarters or anyone, for that matter.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Are you questioning my orders, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
No, sir. I'm just bringing the facts to your attention, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
You're a good officer, Major, and you're perfectly right to bring these facts to my attention.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Thank you, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
Now, as soon as you've done that, double-
up on all base security teams. Our enemies are plenty smart, and there might even be an attack on the base by saboteurs.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER
And lastly, all privately owned radios are to be immediately impounded. They can be used to issue instructions to saboteurs. Air Police will have lists of all owners.

12 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90 "LEPER COLONY"

13 DAY - INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS

The crew is still wistfully absorbed in their magazines.

13a CU - CRM-114

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

13b CU - LT. TOEJAM - RADIO

He idly glances up at it. Sighs, reaches for his code book and starts decoding. He frowns.

LT. TOEJAM
Hey, King. Somebody at Burpelson has a very perverted sense of humor.

MAJOR KONG
(reading)
Yeah?

LT. TOEJAM
I just got another blast on the CRM-114, and the damned thing decodes: Wing Attack, Plan-R.

13c CU - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

He looks up pensively.

MAJOR KONG
Wing attack, Plan-R?

13d MASTER SHOT

LT. TOEJAM
Wing attack, Plan-R. That's exactly what it says.

MAJOR KONG
(lets magazine fall in lap)
Check your code again. No one at base
would pull a stunt like that, Terry.

LT. TOEJAM
That's what I'm doing, and it comes out the same.

There is a pause as they think of the unthinkable.

LT. "BINKY" BALLMUFF
(standing)
You must have made a mistake.

LT. TOEJAM
That's what it decodes. Come and see for yourself, Binky. Wing attack, Plan-R.

The whole crew comes up and hunches over the CRM-114. The plane cruises on auto-pilot.

LT. LOTHAR ZOGG
(softly)
Well, I'll be damned.

LT. TOEJAM
(holding out code book to pilot)
Here, check it yourself.

13e CU - MAJOR KONG

His cheek muscles twitch under his bronzed face. He is the picture of leadership. He turns away from the men for a moment, stares thoughtfully into space, then turns back determinedly.

MAJOR KONG
(with quiet dignity)
Then this is it.

LT. QUIFFER
What?

MAJOR KONG
(solemnly)
War.

LT. QUIFFER
(awe-struck)
War?

CAPTAIN ANGST
(nodding gravely)
Yes, that must be what it is.

LT. BALLMUFF
(aghast)
War?
LT. ZOGG
(stunned)
What else could it be?

LT. QUIFFER
Maybe it’s an exercise.

LT. BALLMUFF
Yeah, to see if we’re on our toes.

MAJOR KONG
(wisely)
No, they wouldn't send us in with bombs on an exercise.

LT. QUIFFER
Maybe they want to test our loyalty.

CAPTAIN ANGST
But we got the Go-code. It's never been given to anyone before.

MAJOR KONG
(scowling)
No, this looks like the real thing.

LT. TOEJAM
(philosophically)
Yeah, it sure looks like the real thing, all right.

They all soberly reflect on the wider implications of the news. The BOMBARDIER cracks his knuckles.

LT. ZOGG
(shaking his head)
It's going to be rough on the folks back home.

LT. BALLMUFF
Yeah - real rough.

They all shake their heads in melancholy agreement.

LT. TOEJAM
I wonder how it started?

CAPTAIN ANGST
Yes, how could it have started?

THE D.S.O. shatter the calm dignity of the crew by raising his voice.

LT. QUIFFER
The bastards must have hit us!

LT. BALLMUFF
Yeah - but why would they do that, Quentin?

LT. QUIFFER
How do I know? But they must have. We wouldn't have started it.

LT. ZOGG
He's right. We wouldn't have started it.

LT. QUIFFER
 beginnings to shout)
They must have clobbered some of our cities already!

LT. ZOGG
He's right. They must have clobbered some of our cities already.

LT. QUIFFER
The dirty, stinking, rotten, sons of B's!! They might have clobbered Marge and the kids already!

LT. QUIFFER (cont)

13f CU - MAJOR KONG

He studies LT. QUIFFER with a jaundiced look.

MAJOR KONG
(John Wayne)
Okay, cut it, Lieutenant Quiffer! 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.

13g CU - D.S.O.

LIEUTENANT QUENTIN QUIFFER looks down sheepishly.

13h CU - MAJOR KONG

MAJOR KONG
(John Wayne)
Boys, we've got a mission to carry out. It's not exactly a pleasant one, but our country's counting on us, and we're not going to let 'em down.

13i FULL SHOT - THE CREW

LT. QUIFFER
I'm sorry, Major Kong. I guess I was way out of line.

MAJOR KONG
(extend his hand)
Forget it, Quentin. It can happen to the best of us. Now let's get squared away.

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

VARIOUS SHOTS

LIEUTENANT BALLMUFF opens a small safe and searches out a thick 8 x 10 sealed envelope marked "Plan-R", from among a dozen others.

He shoots an inquiring look to the pilot and gets a nod. He breaks open the seal and distributes individual folders to each of the crew.

MAJOR KONG
Give me a first rough course as soon as you can, Lieutenant Ballmuff.

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

MAJOR KONG
(reading from his folder)
Okay. Check these points. Complete radio silence. To ensure that the enemy can't plant false transmissions and fake orders, the CRM-114 is to be switched into all receiver circuits. The three code letters of the period are to be set on the alphabet dials of the CRM-114, which will in turn block any transmissions other than those preceded by the code letters. You got it?

LT. TOEJAM
Roger, I'm setting up the CRM-114.

MAJOR KONG
Primary target the ICBM base at Laputa. One weapon fused for air burst at ten thousand. Second weapon to be used if first malfunctions. Otherwise the secondary gets it - the airfield outside of Karnak. Fused air burst at ten thousand.

LT. BALLMUFF
I've got the heading, Major. One-three-eight.

    MAJOR KONG
    Roger. One-three-eight.

While he talks, other CUTS to the crew preparing for battle.

    MAJOR KONG
    In about twenty minutes we start losing
    height to keep under coastal radar. Cross
    in over the coast low-level, continue low-
    level on zig-zag legs to primary, and climb
    for bomb run.
    (pause)
    Any questions?

    LT. ZOGG
    I've got one.

    MAJOR KONG
    Shoot, Lothar.

    LT. ZOGG
    Our targets are a missile complex and
    an airfield - not cities, right?

    MAJOR KONG
    That's what I said.

    LT. ZOGG
    Well, if there's a war, they must have
    hit us first.

    MAJOR KONG
    What's your point, Lothar?

    LT. ZOGG
    Well, if they hit us first, they've probably
    fired off their missiles and got their planes
    off the ground already. We'll just be hitting
    empty real estate.

    MAJOR KONG
    Are you saying our order don't make sense?

    LT. ZOGG
    Hellnno, Major. I was just trying to think
    the thing through.

    MAJOR "KING" KONG
    Lothar, you're down in the pay books as
    a bombardier, and you're a damned good
    bombardier. In fact, you're the best
dammed bombardier in 843rd Wing.
15

15a COLONEL PUNTRICH

He sits at a table
a phone. Six other officers are around him.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
Hello? This is Colonel Puntrich of Air
Command Headquarters. Please connect
me with General "Buck" Schmuck.

16 NIGHT - EXT. MODERN HOTEL

DISSOLVE

17 SWITCHBOARD IN HOTEL

The night GIRL is reading a paperback murder mystery.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
I'm sorry, sir. General Schmuck is
asleep and he isn't taking calls until
eight-thirty.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
What is your name, young lady?

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
Ceida Pietraszkiewicz.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
What did you say?

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
Ceida Pietraszkiewicz...P...I...E...
T...R...A...S...Z...K...I...E...W...
I...C...Z.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
(he pronounces it perfectly)
Now look here, Miss Pietraszkiewicz,
this is Air Command Headquarters
calling.

DISSOLVE

18 OMITTED

19 NIGHT - INT. HOTEL ROOM - GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Phone rings. He wakes slowly, coughing from too many
cigarettes. He snaps on the bed lamp and picks up the
phone. The night table contains tissues, nose drops, and
a glass of water. There is a pretty blonde asleep in the
next bed, Miss Milky Way, Plaything of the Month!
GENERAL SCHMUCK
(angrily)
Yes!

COLONEL PUNTRICH
General Schmuck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Yes! Who the hell is this?

Miss MILKY WAY, about nineteen, appears from under the blankets of the adjoining twin bed. She yawns and stretches, revealing her astonishing body. She is indeed the same girl we saw featured in the "Plaything" fold-out-inside the B-90.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
This is Colonel Puntrich, sir. Duty officer at Air Command. I'm sorry to disturb you, sir.

MILKY WAY
(yawning)
Who is it, Buck, honey?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(covering mouthpiece)
Go back to sleep, baby.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
What did you say, sir?

She smiles, crosses over next to the General, and begins playing with his ear. He shrugs her off, playfully.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I didn't say anything. What's the meaning of disturbing me at this hour, Colonel?

COLONEL PUNTRICH
General Schmuck, we monitored a transmission about six minutes ago from Burpelson Air Force Base, HQ 843rd Wing. It was apparently directed to their Wing on airborne alert. It decoded as - Wing attack, Plan-R.

She begins kissing his neck.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Colonel, you're not drunk, are you, man?

COLONEL PUNTRICH
No, sir.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Then why bother me with this nonsense? Get in touch with the base commander.
She pulls him flat on the bed.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
We tried to contact General Jack D. Ripper at the base, but all their communications are dead, sir.

She sprawls on top of him.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, that's ridiculous. If the teleprinter and radio links are out of order, just pick up a phone and pay for a call.

COLONEL PUNTRICH
I know it sounds crazy, sir, but we tried, and nobody answers any of the telephones.

GENERAL SCHMUCK sits up.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Does the threat board show anything?

COLONEL PUNTRICH
Well, that's the funny part of it, too, sir. It doesn't show a damned thing.

20 NIGHT - EXT. LONG SHOT - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE
Buttoning-up activity continues as the men listen to the GENERAL's broadcast echoing on a public address system.

GENERAL RIPPER
(p.a.)
I want to impress on you the need for watchfulness. A commie will try any trick to breach the security on this base.

21 PERIMETER FENCE - 10-MAN SECURITY DETAIL
Digging in a machine gun about ten yards outside fence. The riflemen are spread out at 5-year intervals and are digging foxholes.

GENERAL RIPPER
(p.a.)
He may come individually, or he may come in strength. He may come in the uniform of our own troops.

22 ANOTHER AREA - PERIMETER FENCE - 8-MEN SECURITY DETAIL
They set up another light-machine gun. A squad of riflemen dig in too.
GENERAL RIPPER
(p.a.)
Trust no one, whatever his rank, who is not known to you personally.

AIR POLICE - INT. HANGAR
Collecting radios.

GENERAL RIPPER
(p.a.)
Anyone or anything that approaches within two hundred yards of the perimeter is to be fired upon - without challenge.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - MAJOR MANDRAKE
The last of the staff are leaving.

GENERAL RIPPER
(p.a.)
There are to be no exceptions to these orders. Last of all, I want to say I know all of you are worrying about your families here on the base and all over the country.

INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

GENERAL RIPPER
Well, you can be sure other men are defending your families elsewhere with the same unyielding spirit we're going to show here at Burpelson. Good luck to you all.

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

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SECTION - MAJOR MANDRAKE

Snaps off his desk lamp and walks down the long, deserted room, double-clicking various power switches.

He picks up a small transistor radio and idly snaps it on. A pop song ends and a disc jockey begins his commercial.

CLOSE - MAJOR MANDRAKE

He tunes in a few other stations. All programs are normal.

MANDRAKE frowns, thinks for a moment, and suddenly dashes out of the room.

NIGHT - EXT. IMPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT BUILDING
Key personnel begin to arrive in cars which screech to stop.
28 NIGHT - INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING HALL - VARIOUS SHOTS

Officers hurrying to their tasks. M.P.'s guard restricted areas.

29 INT. WAR ROOM - (SEE PHOTO)

30 INT. WAR ROOM COMMAND BRIDGE

A very large conference room. One wall is an enormous soundproof glass panel opening onto the various electronic displays in the War Room.

Enter, PRESIDENT MERKIN MUFFLEY, in a fury.

Rising around a very large, polished wood conference table are the Chiefs of Staff, Army, Navy, and Air Force, as well as various military and civilian senior aides - about twenty altogether.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(seething)
Good morning, gentlemen. Please sit down.

They sit. There are readable nameplates in front of each officer.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Good morning, Mister President.

The PRESIDENT scowls.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Now, what the hell's going on?

Four-Star Air Force General, "BUCK" SCHMUCK, stands and assumes his maximum dignity.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Well, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
What kind of trouble?

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Well, sir, about forty-six minutes ago one of my base commanders, General Jack D. Ripper, sent out attack orders to the thirty-four B-90's of the 843rd Bomb Wing, under his command.

Note: 1. The name Schmuck appears on page 1431 of the 1961-62 Manhattan Telephone Directory.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Schmuck?
GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Yes, sir. He issued attack orders to --

A paroxysm of rage seizes the President, MERKIN MUFFLEY, as he pounds his fist on the table, knocking over his nameplate.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

May I be stupid enough to inquire WHY IN HELL THE BASE COMMANDER OF THE 843d BOMB WING DID A THING LIKE THAT ???

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

To be perfectly honest, Mister President, we really aren't sure.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

You aren't sure!

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Not exactly, sir. You see, Colonel Puntrich at Air Command HQ received a call from him about twenty minutes ago. He asked General Ripper if he had issued the Go-code and the attack order, and General Ripper said:

"Sure, the orders came from me. They're on their way in, and I advise you to get the rest of Air Command in after them. My boys will give you the best kind of start, and you sure as hell won't stop them now." Then he hung up.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Damn it! Damn it! I've been telling you all for years you've got too damned many psychoes in the service.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Be fair, Mister President. Didn't we initiate the Human Reliability tests for all personnel handling nuclear weapons?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Buck, when I told you to give them right up to the top, you said we couldn't insult a general officer by asking him to pass a test to see if he's a psycho.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

It was a honest mistake, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

I presume the planes are armed?
GENERAL SCHMUCK
I'm afraid so, Mister President.
Being part of the air-borne alert,
each plane is carrying a full
load - about fifty megatons apiece.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Well, what about the Positive Control,
the safety catch? Don't the planes
automatically come back unless they
get a second order?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
That's right, sir. But the planes
were at their Positive Control
points, ready to turn around when
General Ripper issued the final
Go-code.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
And I suppose there's some reason
why you haven't recalled them?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Yes, sir. The base commander,
General Ripper, selected Plan-R?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
What the hell is Plan-R?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, sir, Plan-R is an emergency
plan to be used by lower echelon
commanders if higher echelons
have been knocked out by a sneak
attack.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Why can't you cancel it?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Once the orders have been given,
Plan-R requires any new orders
to be received on the CRM-114
in the aircraft. But the CRM-114
will not receive any transmissions
unless they are preceded by the
proper three-letter code group.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
And I suppose you're going to
tell me you don't know what the
three-letter code is.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Mister President, to guard
against espionage, the three letter of the code group for Plan-R are always selected by the lower echelon commander himself, just before each mission. They are sealed in the various attack plans and are known only to the lower echelon commander and his deputy. In this case the deputy is air-borne with the Wing, and General Ripper refuses to recall the planes.

The PRESIDENT shakes his head, wrathfully.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How soon until the enemy finds out what's going on?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
We estimate the planes should be entering their coastal radar cover in about twenty-five minutes.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How could you let this happen, General Schmuck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Mister President, I know you think I've let you down, but we had to have a Plan-R. If we completely centralized the command and control, all a potential aggressor would have to worry about was knocking out maybe half a dozen headquarters and the Capitol, and we'd be out of business. We'd have planes and missiles just sitting there while we were getting clobbered.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Then there's no chance for recall?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I should say practically none, though we have our communications center plowing through every possible three-letter combination. The trouble is that there are about seventeen thousand permutations, and it will take us approximately
four and a half days to go through them all.

There is a knock at the door.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
        Yes, what is it?

        M.P. CAPTAIN
        Excuse me, sir. But the mess orderlies are outside with the breakfasts everyone ordered.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
        (waspishly)
        Captain, do you think the mess orderlies would mind waiting a few minutes until we have finished our little meeting?

        M.P. CAPTAIN
        (confused)
        No, sir...I mean, yes, sir. I'm sure they wouldn't.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
        (shouts)
        Thank you, Captain. Now shut the damned door!

He shuts the door.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (Cont)
        I want to talk to the base commander, what's his name?

        GENERAL SCHMUCK
        General Jack D. Ripper, sir.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
        I want to talk to General Ripper.

        GENERAL SCHMUCK
        But we can't communicate with the base.

The PRESIDENT leans back and thinks for a moment.

        PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
        General Faceman, are there any troops stationed near the base who are not under General Ripper's command?

All eyes go to GENERAL "FLASH" FACEMAN, the Army Chief.

        GENERAL "FLASH" FACEMAN
I believe so, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(in burning sarcasm)
Is it possible for you to
know definitely, General?

GENERAL "FLASH" FACEMAN
Yes, sir. I can confirm it, but
I believe there's a Special Services
outfit stationed just on the other
side of town, about seven miles
away.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Faceman, I want you to get
on the phone yourself and speak to
the officer in charge --

GENERAL FACEMAN
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(rapid fire)
Please don't say "yes, sir" until
I've finished speaking. Tell him
to get himself and his men moving
immediately. I don't even want
them to waste time dressing. Just
have them carry their weapons and
ammunition, and move 'em out by
any available means of transportation.
If they don't have enough vehicles,
commandeer cars off the highway.
I want them there within fifteen
minutes. And if he can't get them
all there, get as many as he can.
I want them to enter the base, locate
General Ripper, and immediately put
him in telephone contact with me.
You understand, don't you, General?

GENERAL FACEMAN
(starts out of room)
Yes, sir. One thing, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Yes?

GENERAL FACEMAN
Under a condition red alert, the
base will probably be sealed off
and defended by the base security
troops.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
I am aware of what a condition
red alert implies.

GENERAL FACEMAN
Well, sir, they may not allow the Special Service troops to enter the base.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(sarcastically)
That's a very wise deduction, General.

GENERAL FACEMAN
Thank you, sir. But what shall I tell them to do if they are denied entrance?

The PRESIDENT rocks in his chair looking as if he were about to explode.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Under the circumstances, General, what would you think they should do?

GENERAL FACEMAN
Well...I suppose penetrate the base by force.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
You see, you knew the answer all the time, General.

GENERAL FACEMAN
But that would mean some of our own boys will get hurt, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
What do you suppose is going to happen if General Ripper's planes start bombing their targets?

GENERAL FACEMAN
That certainly would be a problem, sir.

CADAVERLY
Mister President, how do you feel about Civil Defense?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Civil Defense...Hm-mmm...We don't want to cause an unnecessary panic.

CADAVERLY
Shall we allow the situation to
mature a bit, sir?

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

31 EXT. FLYING SHOT - B-90 STING RAY

Tilting down toward the sea.

32 INT. B-90

LT. BALLMUFF
(navigator)
Make rate of descent fifteen hundred per minute. That should slide us in nicely under their radar cover.

MAJOR KONG adjusts trim, throttling back slightly to maintain correct speed. We see the rate of descent indicator steady at 1500, speed steady at Mach one-three on the Machmeter.

MAJOR KONG
Steady at fifteen hundred per minute. Speed steady at Mach one-three.

The navigator, LT. BALLMUFF, glances at his Ground Position Indicator, on which certain of the pilot's instruments are duplicated.

LT. BALLMUFF
Roger, maintain.

MAJOR KONG
Lothar, take your checks now.

LT. ZOGG
Okay, Major.

LT. ZOGG, the Negro bombardier, is sitting in the midst of his equipment, which comprises several radoscopes and a battery of buttons and switch gear, as well as several banked rows of lights. He goes through the checks quickly, at ease with the familiar equipment and a familiar task.

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

Again CUT between the pilot and bombardier, as bombardier calls each piece of equipment in turn, and pilot checks them on his list.

LT. ZOGG
Both electronic detectors set to swing from stud A through H.
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.

MAJOR KONG
A through H is correct.

LT. QUIFFER
(D.S.O.)
Main interference linked to electronic detector. Fight interference on readiness state.

MAJOR KONG
Check.

LT. QUIFFER
Missile and plane flight path computer showing four greens.

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

MAJOR KONG
Check.

LT. QUIFFER
Zombies set to knock out local air defense four hundred miles from primary.

LT. ZOGG
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.

MAJOR KONG
Check target approach.

LT. ZOGG
Bomb doors circuit is green, bomb release circuit is green, bomb fusing circuit is green.

MAJOR KONG
Check, all bomb circuits green. Okay, Lothar.

LT. ZOGG
When do you want to arm the bomb for the primary, Major?

MAJOR KONG
As soon as I've checked over the route.
About five minutes. All right?

LT. BALLMUFF
In thirty seconds count-down clock should read eight-three minutes, King.

32a COUNT-DOWN CLOCK
Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"

33 DAWN - LS - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE
All the security details are in position, and everything is covered by a peaceful hush.

34 CU - GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER POINTING A 45 AUTOMATIC - INT. HIS OFFICE
He gestures with the gun in a weirdly amiable way.

GENERAL RIPPER
Sit down, Major Mandrake.

34a MASTER SHOT
MAJOR MANDRAKE closes the door behind him and sits.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(smiling nervously)
What's the gun for, General Ripper?

GENERAL RIPPER
Please don't take any notice of this weapon, Major. I love all weapons, and as of late, I've just taken to keeping a loaded weapon nearby at all times.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(laughs shakily)
Sort of like a new hobby, huh, General?

GENERAL RIPPER
That's right, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE still holds the little transistor radio which softly plays a rock and roll tune. He smiles, idiotically.

GENERAL RIPPER
(softly)
I see you're playing your radio, Major. Isn't that contrary to my instructions for the personnel of this base?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Oh, it's not my radio, sir. I picked it up in the communications center.

GENERAL RIPPER
I didn't mean for anyone to play anyone else's radio either, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. General, can I ask a question?

GENERAL RIPPER
Certainly, Major Mandrake. You're a good officer, and you can ask me a question any time you want to.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, General Ripper, sir -- I was thinking -- we're on a condition red, aren't we?

GENERAL RIPPER
That is correct, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
And a condition red means enemy attack in progress, doesn't it?

GENERAL RIPPER
You know the regulations well, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, sir, I was thinking, if an enemy attack is in progress, how come the radio's still playing music? It's supposed to go off, and all we should hear are Civil Defense broadcasts.

GENERAL RIPPER
That's a good question, Major. Maybe if you think hard, you can think of the answer yourself.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(timidly)
Well, I was thinking, maybe an enemy attack is not in progress?

GENERAL RIPPER
And if that were true?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
wrinkles his forehead apprehensively.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(cautiously)
But then, sir, why have you issued the order: Wing attack, Plan-R?

GENERAL RIPPER
Because I thought it proper, Major. Why else would you think I'd do it?
MAJOR MANDRAKE
You mean you are...starting...the War, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER
Suppose that were the case?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(awe-struck)
But -- why...that would be an awful thing to do, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Perhaps, Major. Perhaps. Pour me a scotch and soda, please. And help yourself to whatever you like.

MAJOR MANDRAKE rises unsteadily and goes to the built-in wall bar.

GENERAL RIPPER
Don't fret about it, Major. There's nothing anyone can do about it now. I'm the only one who knows the three-letter code group for the CRM-114.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I know that, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
We've come a long way since World War II, Major. And the lessons we've learned are all in Plan-R.

MANDRAKE's hands tremble as he pours the drinks.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I suppose they are, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
You're damned right they are.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
How much soda, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Just a squirt.

He gives a squirt.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
That about right?

GENERAL RIPPER
(accepting drink)
Perfect. Thank you, Major. And now let's drink a toast.

MAJOR MANDRAKE pours himself a big slug and keeps it straight.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(raising his glass)
What shall we drink to, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER
(with the eyes of a zealot)
To peace on earth.

They touch glasses.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
General Ripper, can I ask another question?

GENERAL RIPPER
Ask away, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, General -- I was wondering, why are you doing this? I mean why do you want to start the war?

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE
No, sir. I mean I didn't think you hadn't given it a lot of thought.

GENERAL RIPPER
Do you remember what Clemenceau once said about war?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I don't think so, sir.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I see.

GENERAL RIPPER
When he said it, fifty years ago, he might have been right. But today, war is too important to be left to the politicians. Do you follow me, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I'm trying to, sir.
GENERAL RIPPER
You see, Major, at this very moment, while we sit and chat, a decision is being made by the President in the War Room. He knows that the enemy will pick up our planes on their radar in about twenty minutes.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
But when they do, sir, won't they hit back with everything they've got?

GENERAL RIPPER
If we haven't taken any further action, they certainly will. Do you happen to remember the statistics on our casualties in the event of a full-scale enemy attack?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, I think I remember reading the report on that. Wasn't it something like a hundred and sixty million?

GENERAL RIPPER
That's close enough, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
But then why do you want to kill a hundred and sixty million of our people, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER
You're being dense, Major. I certainly don't

GENERAL RIPPER (Cont)
want to kill so many of our people. And neither does the President. Now look, Major Mandrake. What happens if the President immediately orders our entire missile force to hit enemy airfields, missiles and bases?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I suppose we might catch them off their guard.

GENERAL RIPPER
Our missiles would impact before my planes were even discovered by the enemy, wouldn't they?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I guess so.

GENERAL RIPPER
I know so, Major. I know so. And add to that, the whole Air Command force being committed to clobber everything they've got.
MAJOR MANDRAKE
But even then, we wouldn't get everything. I
mean some missiles would abort, or they'd miss
their targets, or maybe the enemy have some
secret bases we don't know about.

GENERAL RIPPER
You're absolutely right. You forgot to mention
their nuclear subs. But it wouldn't matter.
Sure we wouldn't get off without getting our
hair mused, but we'd prevail. I don't think
we'd lose more than fifty million people, tops.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(hesitantly)
But if you just let things alone, we wouldn't
lose anyone.

GENERAL RIPPER
Major Mandrake, I guess you don't follow what's
going on too closely, do you?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Where, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER
(smiles patronisingly)

MAJOR MANDRAKE nods, blankly.

GENERAL RIPPER (Cont)
Have you read much about the disarmament
talks, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, I know they've been going on for
years, and they haven't gotten any place.

GENERAL RIPPER
Not yet, Major. Not yet.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
And I guess they won't until they agree to
let us inspect inside their country.

GENERAL RIPPER
You're very naive, Major. Don't they say
they want disarmament?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Yes, sir. But so do we.

GENERAL RIPPER
But we mean it because we are a peace-
loving country. Are they a peace-loving
country, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I don't know, sir. But they're just as anxious to avoid a nuclear war as we are. War just doesn't make sense any more, for anybody.

GENERAL RIPPER
But war doesn't make sense precisely because the weapons can kill an entire country -- right?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Right.

GENERAL RIPPER
(the prosecutor makes his point)
Then don't you realize the Bomb gives us Peace not War? And, if that's the case, I ask you again: Why do they want disarmament?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(despairing)
Well, sir, like I said, for the same reasons we do. I mean, all the experts say the most likely way for War to start nowadays is by an accident, or a mistake, or by some mentally unbalanced person --
(lets his voice trail off)

MANDRAKE's discretion was unnecessary for it would never occur to GENERAL RIPPER that anyone would think him mentally unbalanced.

GENERAL RIPPER
Go on, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(gaining confidence)
I was just going to say, as long as the weapons exist, sooner or later something's going to happen -- and that'll be it for both countries.

GENERAL RIPPER
I've heard the arguments. Like Napoleon's quote, "There's one thing you can't do with a bayonet, and that's - sit on it."

MAJOR MANDRAKE
That's right, sir. And don't forget in a few years a lot of other countries will have the bomb. What if they start something?

GENERAL RIPPER
Go on, Major. You fascinate me.
MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, sir, I remember an example that pointed out that if a system was safe on 99.99% of the days of the year, given average luck it would fail in thirty years.

MAJOR MANDRAKE pauses to look for daylight. RIPPER returns his gaze, steadily.

GENERAL RIPPER
I still ask, why do they want disarmament?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, for the same reasons we do, sir. Don't you see?

GENERAL RIPPER
No, Major, I don't. They have no regard for human life. They wouldn't care if they lost their whole country as long as they won.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Gee, sir, that last remark doesn't exactly make all the sense in the world.

GENERAL RIPPER
(angrily)
Major, you're talking like one of them!

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(shook)
Well, I'm not, sir. Honestly, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER
Don't be offended, Major. Our President holds the same views.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Don't you think he knows something about this, General Ripper?

GENERAL RIPPER
I'll tell you what I do think. If they say they're for disarmament, I say anyone who says they're for disarmament is either a traitor or a damned fool.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
But, General, we're on our toes. We haven't agreed to anything for years. In fact, a lot of people say we never will.

GENERAL RIPPER
But if they suddenly opened up and gave us the inspection we want, we'd agree, wouldn't we?
If they gave us what we think we need, yes, I guess we would.

And you'd like to see that?

General, what's good enough for the President and all the experts he's got working on the thing, is good enough for me.

Do you think we'd cheat?

No, sir. I'm sure we wouldn't.

Do you think they would cheat?

Look, sir. I'm no expert on the subject, but I've read some pretty sharp ideas the big boys have. Like, say, both countries agreeing to a million dollar reward and international protection for anyone who gives evidence of cheating to the inspectors. You can't hide those things without a lot of people knowing about it. And if I were going to try and hide a few, I wouldn't want to depend on the fact that some poor slob isn't going to run and blab for a million bucks. We're as smart as they are, and if they cheat, or even hold back information, we'd pull right out.

(shaking his head)
Major, I hate to say this, but I think you've been enemy indoctrinated, and you don't even know it.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

In conclusion, I should like to observe that:

AIR FORCE GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK is speaking as the scene opens.

The huge, polished wood table is neatly spread with the remains of breakfast. Eggs and bacon, melon, toast, silver thermos jugs of coffee, pastries, and glasses of ice water.

In conclusion, I should like to observe that:
One, our hopes for recalling the 843rd Bomb Wing are next to nothing. Two, in about fifteen minutes the enemy will be making radar contacts with our planes. Three, when they do, they will go absolutely Ape, and strike back with everything they've got. Four, if prior to this we haven't done anything to suppress their retaliatory abilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation - in round numbers a hundred and fifty million killed. Five, if we immediately launch an all-out missile attack on their bases, we stand an excellent chance of catching them off guard. In that event, we will destroy the bulk of their retaliatory strength, prevail in the struggle, and suffer relatively modest and acceptable civilian casualties.

He pauses and confidently looks around the table. The PRESIDENT stares at him inscrutably.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
If I may, I'd like to illustrate my conclusion with a very brief story.
(a squinty-eyed smile)
I played guard on my high-school football team. I wasn't particularly big for the line, and my coach once told me something I've never forgotten. "Schmucko" he said - that was what they called me in those days - "Schmucko, always remember this. The harder you hit the other fellow, the less you'll get hurt."
(-confidently checks each game)
My recommendation is that we follow General Ripper's action to its logical end. In other words, to hit the other fellow as hard as we can!

No one says anything.

ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE
What's your estimate of casualties if we strike first?

ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE is a model of the crisp, tough Navy man. His lean, rugged features are lit by an obvious intelligence.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Under those circumstances, oh, I'd say for us twenty to fifty million, depending on the breaks. For the enemy, something on the order of fifty million, if we stick to military targets.

ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE
You are very casual about those figures, General Schmuck.
GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Not at all, Admiral Buldike. Naturally, we all deeply regret such a sad loss - and let me be the first to say, I don't like the idea one bit that we'd be clobbering their women and children. But quit a few of their bases are very close to cities and towns, and to would be unavoidable.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Well, gentlemen, do you concur with General Schmuck?

There is a nervous silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Mister President, regrettable as such a choice is, there is a quantitative difference between fifty and a hundred and fifty million of our dead.

PRESIDENT
Buck. Suppose I said to you I was going to cut away one quarter of your body - but not to worry because you'd still be three-quarters good, even if that three-quarters was rather monstrously deformed and helplessly crippled.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I don't think that's a fair analogy, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Admiral Buldike?

The ADMIRAL squirms.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
(shaking his head)
I don't know...I just don't know.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Faceman?

He hesitates like a poker player deciding whether to make a call.

GENERAL FACEMAN
(cooly)
I'm afraid I have to flatly disagree with General Schmuck's proposal. I don't see how we can just cold-bloodedly hit them.

Enter TURGIDSON, a senior Presidential aide. All eyes turn to him.

TURGIDSON
Mister President, I've got their Ambassador waiting upstairs.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Good! Any difficulty?

TURGIDSON
I'm afraid so, and he's having a fit about the squad of M.P.'s.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Can't be helped. Have him brought down here right away.

TURGIDSON
(exits)
I'd better do it myself.

PRESIDENT SCHMUCK
You're not going to let him in here - in the War Room?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
The Ambassador is here on my orders.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
But he'll hear everything we're saying. And if he just looks out of that window, he'll see everything we're doing.
(SCHMUCK refers to the War Room proper)

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(scowls)
That's the idea, General Schmuck.
(turns to ZLAT, another senior aide)
Zlat!

ZLAT
Sir?

The PRESIDENT looks up at a row of clocks which indicate world time zones.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Zlat, it's three-forty-five in the afternoon their time. Put through a blitz priority telephone call to Premier Belch. Try him at his office.

ZLAT
(hesitates)
We've never communicated with him on such an informal basis before. It's possible he won't take the call.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
If they won't, Zlat, you'll tell whoever you get on the phone, a couple of dozen of their cities may be taken out within the next hour and a half. He'll take the call.
ZLAT
(exits)
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Frankenstein!
Another senior civilian aide.

FRANKENSTEIN
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Frankenstein, I'll need a complete communications system set up between this room and the Premier. At least a dozen telephone circuits, radio, teleprinters - the works.

FRANKENSTEIN
I don't think any of the maintenance or installation men are in at this hour of the morning sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(sourly)
Try, Frankenstein! Try!

FRANKENSTEIN
(exits, unhappily)
I'll try, sir. But I don't think it'll do any good.

A phone rings.

36a VARIOUS SHOTS - EVERYONE FREEZES

ADMIRAL BULDIKE is closest to the phone.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
Hello?...Yes...Who is this?...I see...Just a moment.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(softly)
Is it him?

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
(covering phone)
No, sir. I believe it's personal for General Schmuck.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(puzzled)
Personal?

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
Yes. A Miss Milky way, I think she said.
GENERAL SCHMUCK closes his eyes slowly, then assumes a very
businesslike look and takes the phone.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Hello?...Yes, Miss Way...No, that's quite
all right...Uh-huh...I'm a little tied up
right now, Miss Way.

CUT TO

36b MISS MILKY WAY - FABULOUSLY SPRAWLED ACROSS HER BED -
INT. HOTEL ROOM

MILKY WAY
(southern accent)
Buck, I know you're a General and everything,
but if you don't learn to behave in a more
gentlemanly way, I'm going to have to give up
being a typist and take that movie offer...
Well, what's so important
(imitating him)
Yes, Miss Way. Yes, Miss Way. Well, look
now. I'm going to take a bath and have
breakfast and you come back here soon,
you hear me, "Buck" Schmuck?

37 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90 "LEPER COLONY"

38 INT. B-90

LT. LOTHAR ZOGG
Bomb arming circuits are green, Major
Kong.

MAJOR KONG
Lieutenant Toejam, are you ready for Bim and
Bam?

LT. TOEJAM
Ready, Major.

38a VARIOUS CU - INSERT INTERCUTS

The actual arming is depicted as needing initial action by three of the
and bombardier, simultaneously.

MAJOR KONG
Primary arming switch.

LT. TOEJAM
Primary arming switch.

38b VARIOUS CU - INTERCUTS

Both pilot and radio depress a switch guarded by a safety trip,
marked "1". On the bombardier's control panel two greenlights
glow.

    LT. ZOGG
    Primary circuit is live.

    MAJOR KONG
    Primary trigger switch.

    LT. TOEJAM
    Primary trigger switch.

Pilot and radio 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.

    LT. ZOGG
    Primary trigger circuit is live.

Radio 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.

    LT. ZOGG
    Release first safety.

    MAJOR KONG
    First safety.

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

    LT. ZOGG
    Second safety.

    MAJOR KONG
    Seond safety.

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

    LT. ZOGG
    Fusing for ten thousand air burst.

    MAJOR KONG
    Check, ten 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.

    LT. ZOGG
    Electronic, barometric, and time fusings all set for ten thousand air.
Pauses, pushes back hair.

    LT. ZOGG
    Master safety.

    MAJOR KONG
    Master Kong.

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

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

    LT. ZOGG
    Primary bomb is live.

    MAJOR KONG
    All right, Lothat, that does it. Master safety on now until bomb run.

    LT. ZOGG
    Master safety on.

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

39 DAWN - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

40 VARIOUS CUTS - DEFENSE TEAMS WAITING

41 MACHINE GUN POSITION

Fifty yards outside wire perimeter fence, a first-sergeant and two privates are hunched over a .30 calibre air-cooled machine gun.

41a THEY SEE DOWN ROAD

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

    PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS
    How do we know they're saboteurs?

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

    PRIVATE TUNG
    Shut up, Charlie. You heard what the General said - two hundred yards.

The vehicles continue closer.

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

We see the eight trucks about two miles away.

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS
I suppose they must be subversives or saboteurs. Why else would they suddenly be coming at four in the morning?

PRIVATE TUNG
Natch.

41b OTHER CUTS AROUND BASE PERIMETER

of base defense teams watching over their weapons.

41c VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

SERGEANT BLUNT
(calmly)
Okay, Stiffsocks, open up.

The machine gun fires three longish blasts which spray across the path of the land jeep. It swerves into a ditch and turns over.

The convoy stops and we see troops leap out of the trucks, dispersing into the fields on each side of the road. Many are only partly dressed.

Two men drag the injured from the overturned jeep.

41d VARIOUS CUTS - TROOPS WAITING

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

A loudspeaker suddenly clicks on in the distance.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(loudspeaker)
This is Colonel "Bat" Guano of the 701st Special Service Battalion. Why are you men firing on us?

Silence.

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS
Should we answer?

SERGEANT BLUNT
Keep down, you dope, and open up on the first one who shows his head.

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

Silence.

PRIVATE TUNG
Brother, that's a beauty. A special mission from the President.

SERGEANT BLUNT
I'll say one thing. You've got to give the enemy credit for organization and planning.

41e VARIOUS CUTS

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

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

The 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.

42 DAY - FLYING SHOT - B-90 "LEPER COLONY"

43 INT. B-90 - NAVIGATOR

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

LT. BALLMUFF
We should be crossing the coast in about six minutes.

MAJOR KONG
Thanks, Binky. Can you see Bromdingna Island yet?

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

He adjusts the brilliance of the radarscope.

43a RADARSCOPE
We see two flashes of light.

43b VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

LT. QUIFFER
(D.S.O.)
Missiles! Sixty miles off, heading in fast. Steady track, they look like beam riders.

MAJOR KONG
Roger, keep calling them.
(to co-pilot)
Knock off auto-pilot, Ace.

The co-pilot reaches forward and flips two switches.

CAPTAIN "ACE" ANGST
Auto-pilot off, King.

MAJOR KONG
Lock ECM onto master search radar.

LT. QUIFFER
(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.

LT. QUIFFER
(to ECM)
You big, beautiful brain, you better start thinking.

He gives the panel a pat.

CAPTAIN ANGST
Where do you suppose they were fired from?

MAJOR KONG
Quentin, have you picked up any aircraft?

LT. QUIFFER
Just the missiles.

MAJOR KONG
They must have been fired from Bromdingna - probably one of their new Vampire - 202's. They've got a range well over a hundred miles.

LT. QUIFFER
Forty-five. Still coming straight and fast. Twelve o' clock.

MAJOR KONG
Speed?

LT. QUIFFER
Between Mach 3 and 4.

MAJOR KONG
Call them every five miles.

LT. QUIFFER
Thirty-five, still straight.

43c VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW
during sequence, as they sweat it out.

LT. QUIFFER
Twenty! Twelve o' clock and straight.

43d VARIOUS CUTS TO RADARSCOPE
tracking the missiles.

LT. QUIFFER
Twenty! Twelve o' clock.

MAJOR KONG
Maximum ECM!
The bombadier flips six switches. Various indicators light up.

LT. ZOGG
Maximum ECM.

LT. QUIFFER
Fifteen! Twelve o' clock.

While D.S.O. watches it approach.

LT. QUIFFER
14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, -
Pilot sharply banks the huge jet.

44 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90 IN STEEP DIVING BANK

44a INT. B-90
Plane still in steep, diving bank.

LT. QUIFFER
Four miles, three...they're turning in on us! They're coming in!
The pilot throws the plane in a violent S-ing, corkscrewing maneuver.
There is a deafening EXPLOSION in the cabin.
45  DAWN - GOVERNMENT BUILDING

Limousine and jeeps are scattered near the entrance which is guarded by six M.P.'s.

46  INT. WAR ROOM - AMBASSADOR DE SADE

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(hysterical)
Mister President, I demand to be taken back to my embassy at once.

The AMBASSADOR is clad in striped pyjamas and black, velvet-collared coat.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Please be calm, Ambassador De Sade.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(bitterly)
You will not get away with this vicious attack on our peace-loving people.

The AMBASSADOR yammers away under the PRESIDENT's speech.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Waffel!

WAFFEL
Sir!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Please see how they're getting along on the call to Premier Belch.

WAFFEL
(exits)
Yes, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Premier Belch will not be fooled by this fantastic lie.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(doubling his fists)
Mister President, are you going to let this stooge talk to you like this?

The PRESIDENT steps in front of the AMBASSADOR to protect him.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Schmuck! Ambassador De Sade is here as my guest. He is to be treated with the proper respect.

GENERAL SCHMUCK skulks off, scowling.
GENERAL SCHMUCK
If you say so, sir.

The AMBASSADOR was obviously afraid SCHMUCK was going to slug him.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(turns after SCHMUCK)
War-mongering bully! Don't think you're going to intimidate me!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
All right, Mister Ambassador! But you must treat General "Buck" Schmuck with the respect due him.

The AMBASSADOR slumps down in his chair, miserably.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(pathetically)
Can I have a glass of water?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Certainly - how about some breakfast?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(shrugs interestedly)
Possibly some coffee?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(gesturing)
Moffo!

MOFFO, a clean-cut aide.

MOFFO
(steps forward)
Would you like anything else with it, Mister Ambassador?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(unhappily)
I really shouldn't. I'll ruin my diet.

MOFFO
Oh, surely you can break your diet a little today, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(shrugs, sourly)
All right - I'd like orange juice, three fried eggs turned over, bacon, toast, coffee, and some sweet rolls.

MOFFO and pencil catching up.

MOFFO
I'll have it brought right down.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(grudgingly)
Thank you. Oh - and can you bring me a pack of

AMBASSADOR DE SADE (cont)
cigarettes - any filtered brand?

Exit, MOFFO.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
(holds out a pack)
Here, have one of mine.

The AMBASSADOR takes a cigarette. ADMIRAL BULDIKE lights it with his Ronson.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(exhaling)
Thank you, Admiral.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Now, Mister Ambassador. In a very few moments we should have Premier Belch on the phone. I intend to tell him exactly what has happened. I merely want you to authenticate certain facts for him.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(looks up suspiciously)
The food - you wouldn't put - anything in it, would you?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Don't be ridiculous.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
I have your word, Mister President?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Yes, of course.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(savagely, from across the room)
We don't operate like you KGB boys.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Knock it off will you, General?
(to CRUDLEY, an aide)
Crudley, find out what's holding up that call!

Exit CRUDLEY.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Where are you trying to reach him?
PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
At his office in the Capitol.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
If he's not there, try...
(thinks)
87 - 43 - 56.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Did you get that, Kulnick?

KULNICK nods and exits.

During the next speech, AMBASSADOR DE SADE sidles up to the huge plate-glass window opening out to the War Room. As he talks, he Sneaks out a Minox camera, and takes a picture.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
His office won't have that number. It's a very special phone number, and the Premier can't trust his secretary not to tell his wife.

GENERAL SCHMUCK has see him take the photograph and strikes like a cat, grabbing for the camera.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(grappling for camera)
Okay, pal - I'll take that!

The both fumble for the tiny camera.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Don't you dare touch me! What the devil do you think you're doing?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I caught you red-handed, Mister Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Give that back to me.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(flourishing camera)
What do you think of this, Mister President?
(triumphant)
I told you we shouldn't let him in here.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
What's the meaning of this?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
I am sorry. Sub-miniature photography is my hobby. It's amazing what excellent enlargements you can make from the negative.
PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(annoyed)
I'll hold this, if you don't mind. You can have it back when you leave.

47 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90

A thin wisp of smoke trails from inside port pod.

48 INT. B-90

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

MAJOR KONG
(flipping switches)
Shutting down three and four.

CAPTAIN ANGST
Fire systems operating on three and four.

LT. QUIFFER
(looking in scope)
Radar okay. No more missiles.

CAPTAIN ANGST
(flipping switches)
Everyone on emergency oxygen.

MAJOR KONG
(flipping switches)
All right...we're still flying. I'm taking her down to the deck.

49 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90 - STEEP DESCENT

50 INT. B-90

MAJOR KONG
Give me revs for maximum speed at sea level.

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

MAJOR KONG
Can't help it. What's the wind like?

LT. QUIFFER
Shouldn't be bad. Might even help. But my guess is we're going to have to paddle our way back.

MAJOR KONG
We'll worry about that later. Okay, I'll take damage reports.
INT. GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER’S OFFICE

The popping of small arms fire outside. RIPPER still has MAJOR MANDRAKE at the mercy of his .45.

Stray bursts of small arms fire have smashed the windows, and occasionally a few shots tear up the wall. Both men are on the floor.

GENERAL RIPPER is philosophically drunk and very sentimental.

GENERAL RIPPER
(sitting on the floor)
You know, when I was a kid, I used to read a lot. I loved to read. One of my favorites was the "Jungle Book" by Kipling. Did you ever read it, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE lies flat on the floor and trembles with fear.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I don't think so.

A rifle shot splatters the window again. MANDRAKE flinches.

GENERAL RIPPER
You should. In particular, read the story of the little mongoose, called Riki-tiki-tavi, because of the noise he made. He was taken in as a house pet. In the garden of the house lived a couple of cobras, and pretty soon the mongoose kills the male cobra because he's laying for the man of the house.

MAJOR MANDRAKE manages a brave but idiotic smile.

GENERAL RIPPER
But the female cobra is left, and she's got a clutch of eggs which will hatch a dozen young cobras. She decides Riki has to go. She says so, and she means it. The little mongoose weighs up the odds. He can handle the cobra if she comes after him. He just has to keep his eyes open and be ready for her at any time. But once the eggs hatch and the young cobras become dangerous — he's gone. He can't handle that many at once.

A longish burst of automatic fire rakes across the wall, window height, dropping three framed 8 x 10 photographs of Air Force Generals.

GENERAL RIPPER
So he waits his chance, and when the female cobra is causing mischief somewhere else, he breaks the eggs. He has to kill the young cobras since it's just a matter of time.
before they kill him. So he acts and he lives. He is safe, the people in the house are safe. They can live their lives in peace.

GENERAL RIPPER is glassy-eyed with emotion. MAJOR MANDRAKE nods, stupidly.

GENERAL RIPPER
Major, pour two more drinks, please.

MAJOR MANDRAKE creeps to the bar.

GENERAL RIPPER
(as if MANDRAKE were somehow derelict in his duty)
Major, those are my boys out there dying.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(making drinks)
Yes, sir. Why don't you stop the fighting, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER looks at his watch and begins to nod. He keeps nodding for about thirty seconds.

GENERAL RIPPER
You're a good officer, Major Mandrake. You think of your men first.

MAJOR MANDRAKE crawls over with the drinks.

GENERAL RIPPER
(raising glass, moodily)
To peace on earth, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(mumbles)
Peace on earth.

They drink. RIPPER starts nodding again.

RIPPER picks up the p.a. mike and fumbles for the switch.

GENERAL RIPPER
This is General Ripper speaking. There has been an unfortunate mistake. You have been fighting our own troops. They are not saboteurs. You will cease fire immediately. I repeat, cease fire immediately. Good work, men. I'm proud of you.

Shuts off button.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
General, now that you've done that, I beg you to recall the Wing.
GENERAL RIPPER
Major, I happen to believe in a life
after this one, so I believe I will have
to answer for what I have done. I think
I can.

They touch glasses and drink.

GENERAL RIPPER
(choked with pride)
Major, go out there and stop the fighting.

MAJOR MANDRAKE exits, closing the door behind him.

51a CU - GENERAL RIPPER
Tears roll down his gallantly insane face. He picks up his .45 automatic.

52 INT. WAR ROOM
A telephone is placed on the conference table.

ZLAT
(speaking in a strange foreign language)

He covers the mouthpiece.

ZLAT
(excited)
They've got Premier Belch on the line.
He's at that other number.
(makes an inappropriately suggestive hint)
but his interpreter is with him. You'll actually talk to him, and he'll shoot a simultaneous translation from you to the Premier, and vice versa.

The PRESIDENT takes a deep breath, sits down, and takes the phone. He thinks for a moment, forces a relaxed look, and speaks.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Hello...Hello...Premier Belch...How are you?...This is Merkin...Yes, Merkin Muffley. How are you?...Merkin Muffley...Sure it is...Just a second, will you hold on a second?

to AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
He doesn't believe me.
(hands phone)
Please don't tell him more than that.

DE SADE nods worriedly.
AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(we hear a strange foreign language understanding the name Merkin Muffley)

I told him the call was genuine.

DE SADE hands the phone back.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Hello?...Yes...Uh-huh...certainly I understand ...Oh someone tried it on you once before...

Look, Belch, I'll tell you why I called...

Hello...Hello...Can you hear me?...Say, could they turn the music down a little?...Oh, well, could they stop playing?...Oh, good, I thought we lost the connection there for a minute...

yes, I hear you very clearly...Well, look...

(clears throat)

You know how we've always talked about the possibility of something going wrong?...With the H-bomb...uh-huh...that's right...Well, it happened...Hello?...Can you still hear me?...

What?...Not missiles - planes...that's right...
B-90's...That's right...Thirty-four of them...

In about an hour and a half...uh-huh...Uh-huh...

...Uh-huh...Well, how do you think I feel about it?...I know that...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Well, why do you think I'm calling you?...to work something out on this disarmament thing...Uh-huh...Sure, but you haven't been reasonable...Uh-huh...

Uh-huh...Look Belch...Look, we're wasting time...

Uh-huh...a base commander...We're not sure...

Well, we think he's gone psycho...Had a mental breakdown...We're trying to do that...We're doing that right now...Well, we've got our fingers crosses...we're hoping...We're trying that too...

Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...That's not fair for you to say...We're doing everything we possibly can...

Certainly...Sure I can imagine...Uh-huh...

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (cont)

Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Look, there's something else. We want to give your Air Staff a complete rundown on the targets, flight plans, and defensive systems of the planes...
No, it's on the level...Sure I hate to do a thing like that, but at this point it's got to be a case of one hand scratches the other...co-operate...Right now...Who should they call?...The People's Central Air Defense Headquarters?...Where?...In Karnak?...Right...

You'll call them first...Uh-huh...Do you happen to have the phone number?...Just ask Karnak information?...

(he gestures to GENERAL SCHMUCK who exits the room)

What's that?...Yes, I'm listening...Uh-huh...

Uh-huh...a hundred thousand megatons...Cobalt-
Thorium-G casing?...What's that for?...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Irrevocable and automatic?...Uh-huh...Why didn't you let us know?...Sure I know the Party Congress is next week...Certainly I understand, but what are we supposed to do about it now?...Right...Okay, well, how long will it take for you to get back to your office?...Right, well call me back as soon as you do...BEDlock 3-3333, extension, 2497...If you forget, just ask for me...Right...Bye-bye.

Hangs up phone.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(to AMBASSADOR DE SADE)
The Premier says that 've got a Doomsday Machine that can kill all human life on earth—is that true?

53 INT. AIR COMMAND COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

About a dozen Air Force language experts are communicating via radio, giving the information.

54 DAY - B-90 "LEPER COLONY" - FLYING SHOT - SEVERAL CUTS

55 INT. WAR ROOM

All eyes are directed to AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(shaking his head)
It was to have been announced at the party congress next week. I did not know the fools would make it operational until then.

DE SADE is plainly shaken and swallows some iced water.

GENERAL FACEMAN
(skeptical)
Well, what the hell is a Doomsday Machine?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(pale)
May I have a cigarette?

GENERAL FACEMAN gives him a cigarette and lights it, as he continues.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(shaking his head)
Well, it's ridiculously simple, really. As you all know, the intense, lethal radioactivity from a so-called normal nuclear device dissipates itself at a certain rate. Something like __________ after the first hours, __________ after twenty-four hours,
until at the end of a week, it's just______ of its lethal dose.

He takes a deep drag on the cigarette, holds it, and exhales.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Well, it has been explained to me that, if you add a thick Cobalt-Thorium-G jacket to a nuclear device, the radioactivity resulting from such a nuclear explosion will retain its lethal power for a hundred years.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(continuing)
Our scientists calculated that the detonation of fifty of our biggest nuclear devices, jacketed in Cobalt-Thorium-G would enshroud the earth in a hundred years of lethal radioactivity from which no human life could escape. In ten months the Earth would be as dead as the Moon.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Where is this...thing?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
It is buried somewhere in the Grudd Mountains.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(suspiciously)
Do you mean to say you'd set it off in your own country?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Naturally. It would kill us just as surely even if we set it off in your country. But this way we know it's safe, and we don't have the problem of delivering it.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Mister President, I can't buy this malarkey; they wouldn't set the damn thing off. Why should they?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
You're absolutely right. We wouldn't. No sane nation ever would. That's why it was designed to trigger itself automatically.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Then all you have to do is untrigger it.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Ah, but if we were able to untrigger it, that would be defeating its purpose. All our
enemies would have to do, would be to warn us in advance that they were going to violate one of our unalterable triggering conditions. We would bluff, naturally, but in the end we would be insane not to untrigger it. Now we can say: There is no point trying to intimidate us, we don't control the Doomsday Machine.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(scornfully)
Mister Ambassador, what on earth possessed your country to build this weapon?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
First of all, economic reasons. It was cheap. The entire project cost just a fraction of what we spent in a single year on our various space and missile programs. It also seemed ideal in most other respects. It was terrifying, convincing, automatic, and extremely simple to understand.

He puffs the cigarette.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Still, any of our leaders opposed it on the grounds: Yes, all well and good, but what happens if it has to be used?

He sighs.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
But, finally, one factor tipped the scales. We received information from a very reliable source that your country was going to build one.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
That's preposterous! We have no such program!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
The source was...shall we say, completely reliable.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
The report is entirely untrue. I can assure you of that.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Damn it, Mister President. I've been warning for years that we're still riddled with traitors.

While the following dialogue continues, MOFFO enters with a large tray of food. As unobtrusively as possible, he places it
on the conference table, and AMBASSADOR DE SADE pulls up a chair with gusto.

    PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
    Funkel!

A thin-faced, studious man steps forward.

    FUNKEL
    Yes, sir.

    PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
    Do we have anything like this in the works?

    FUNKEL
    I'd heard some talk, but I wouldn't like to say for sure, Mister President.

    PRESIDENT
    What??? Funkel, you're suppose to be my scientific advisor! Don't you know?

    FUNKEL
    Perhaps Didley, in Weapons Evaluation might know.

DIDLEY, a short, crew-cut, studious chap in his early forties, smoking a pipe.

    DIDLEY
    (smiling manfully)
    I'm afraid not, sir. But possibly Von Klutz in Research and Development?

    VON KLUTZ
    (firmly)
    I haven't heard of it, sir!

    AMBASSADOR DE SADE
    Perhaps you gentlemen would like to check with the source?

    GENERAL SCHMUCK
    You mean you'll tell us his name???

    AMBASSADOR DE SADE
    It's not a he, General. It was an article in the "Times" about a year and a half ago.

    VARIOUS AD LIBS
    What?
    The "Times"??
    I always knew it had subversive tendencies.

    AMBASSADOR DE SADE
    We get much of our most dependable information from the "Times". As I recall the article
said a Doctor Otto Strangelove, at the Bland Corporation, was working on the idea. Naturally, you could not expect us to believe he would be doing such a thing as a hobby!

There is a soft knock, and the door opens without waiting for a reply.

MAJOR NONCE, one of GENERAL SCHMUCK's Air Force aides, enters.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Yes, Nonce. What is it?

MAJOR NONCE
(factly)
Gentlemen, we have just received word that the base at Burpelson has surrendered.

56 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

The scene opens as if on a still photograph. MAJOR MANDRAKE stands motionless and expressionless in the bullet-splattered office.

CAMERA

moves and reveals GENERAL RIPPER grotesquely sprawled, face down, on the floor behind his desk, the .45 nearby.

MANDRAKE kneels next to RIPPER and confirms he is dead.

MANDRAKE rises and leans on the desk.

He sees a wallet of photographs neatly laid out, obviously RIPPER's mother and father.

Examining the clutter on RIPPER's desk, he notices a ruled yellow legal-size tablet. There are a number of boxes, heavily drawn.

CAMERA

moves in closer to tablet. We see a repetition of the phrase "Peace on Earth." It is scribbled about eight times.

56a COLONEL "BAT" GUANO - ENTERS - PYJAMA TOP AND BATTLE GEAR

A tough, crew-cut, youngish (35) Battalion commander. Carbine slung over his shoulder, helmet hanging from carbine, he swagger into the office standing for a moment, hands on hips, surveying the scene. MAJOR MANDRAKE is seated at the desk, staring off into space and apparently babbling utter nonsense.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(weirdly)
Peace On Earth...Peace On Earth...
Peace On Earth...

He doesn't acknowledge COLONEL "BAT" GUANO's presence. COLONEL GUANO
stares at him suspiciously.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(softly)
Major?...Major?  I'm Colonel "Bat" Guano, 701 Battalion.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(pinching the bridge of his nose and grimacing)
Come in...come in... Peace On Earth... Peace On Earth...yes...

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
Why are you saying that phrase over and over again?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
I think that just might be it!  Although it could be Riki-Tiki-Tavi.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(scowls, suspiciously)
What are you talking about, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(starting to babble)
The three-letter code group.  Or maybe some combination of the three letters. P...O...E, or P...E...O, or E...O...P... let's see, there would be six possible combinations.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
(shouting)
Get a grip on yourself, Major!

MAJOR MANDRAKE
It might still be worth trying Riki-Tiki-Tavi.  R...T...T...There's only three combinations of -- T...T...R, or T...R...T...

COLONEL GUANO gives MAJOR MANDRAKE an open-handed whack in the face!  MANDRAKE lets out a howl of pain.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO
Now, snap out of it, fella!

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(holding face)
Who the hell do you think you are, sir???

COLONEL GUANO
(John Wayne)
I did that for your own good, fella.  Now I'm not going to pull rank on you.  When this is over, I'll be happy to step outside
with you and settle this thing. Right now my orders are to locate General Ripper and put him on the phone with the President.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, you can't do that because he's dead.

He points to the floor behind the desk. COLONEL GUANO steps forward and looks at the body. He kneels and examines the body, suspiciously.

COLONEL GUANO moves carefully to the other side of the desk, unslings his carbine, and covers MAJOR MANDRAKE.

COLONEL GUANO
Do you have any witnesses, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
What?

COLONEL GUANO
What happened, Major? Some kind of private beef between the two of you?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(incredulous)
Look, I didn't shoot him!

COLONEL GUANO
We'll have to leave that up to the C.I.D. boys, won't we, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Look, Colonel. I've got to talk to somebody at Air Command.

COLONEL GUANO
Don't worry, Major. Your rights will be fully protected.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Colonel, don't you know what's going on?

COLONEL GUANO
Sure I do. There was some kind of mutiny on the base, and you killed General Ripper.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Look, General Ripper went off his rocker and ordered the 843rd Bomb Wing to attack with H-bombs.

COLONEL GUANO
(smiles)
You must think I'm an awful sap, Major.
(MAJOR MANDRAKE starts to move)
Just sit down, fella, and keep your hands on the desk!

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Didn't they tell you?

COLONEL GUANO
(shaking head)
They told me, Major. And I didn't hear anything about any atomic attack.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(talks slowly and simple)
Look, Colonel. You keep me covered, but let me just pick up this red telephone that connects to Air Command headquarters. Okay?...I won't play any tricks on you... Okay?

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

COLONEL GUANO
Okay, fella. But just move slow and don't do anything that might surprise me.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Sure...sure, Colonel. Now look, I'm picking up the phone...nice and slow. Right?...Hello?...Hello?
...Hello?
(he clicks the receiver)
Hello?...Hello?...Gee, it must be edad. Probably the lines were hit during the fighting.

COLONEL GUANO watches him like a hawk.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Now look, I'm picking up this ordinary telephone. See?...Hello?...Hello?...Nuts, the lines must still be disconnected.
(he smiles idiotically)
The General had us disconnect...
(he lets his voice trail off when he sees RUDLEY's weird look of hatred and suspicion)

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(desperately)
Look, Colonel. Maybe it's too late. Maybe they've sent Air Command in already. But we've got to try to contact somebody.

COLONEL GUANO
On your feet, fella. I've got to get outside and see how my men are.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Okay, Colonel. But look, there's a pay phone just outside in the hall. Maybe that works, huh? Maybe it'll work? What do you think?

COLONEL GUANO
You've wasted enough of my time, fella.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(snarls his fingers)
Wait a minute. The President!! That's it! The President!!

COLONEL GUANO
(suspiciously)
What about the President?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
He wanted to talk to General Ripper, didn't he?

COLONEL GUANO
(the wheel turns slowly)
So what?

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Well, I'm General Ripper's Executive officer. He'll want to talk to me.

COLONEL GUANO's mind is not prepared for this new twist. He cocks his head to one side and studies MANDRAKE.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Don't you see? He'll want to talk to me! And if he finds out that you wouldn't let

MAJOR MANDRAKE (Cont)
him talk to me...Well, I'd say you'd be in for a pretty severe reprimand, Colonel.

QUICK DISSOLVE

56b PHONE BOOTH IN HALL - MANDRAKE AND GUANO

MAJOR MANDRAKE is seated in the booth, illuminated by a bright flourescent overhead, his hand on the half-closed door. COLONEL GUANO leans against the door jamb, listening. His carbine points down, but his grip indicates he isn't taking any chances.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
(a lot of change spread out in front of him)
Operator, this is Major Mandrake at Burpelson Air Force Base. I would like to place an emergency call to Merkin Muffley at the Capitol. That's right, the President...Try the War Room.
He smiles, hopefully, at COLONEL GUANO's sinister face.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
That's right, operator, the President...
Operator, how much will that be for the first three minutes?...Two dollars and twenty-five cents?

He quickly counts his change and sees it's not enough. He starts fumbling through his pockets. No more change.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Look, operator, can you make this a collect call? That's right, Major Mandrake from Burpelson...They aren't allowed to?...Tell them it's terrifically important...Just a second...

He opens the door and addresses COLONEL GUANO.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Colonel, they aren't allowed to accept any collect long-distance calls. The operator

MAJOR MANDRAKE (Cont)
says it's policy. I need fifty-five cents.

COLONEL GUANO
(contemptuously)
I wouldn't carry loose change going into combat.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Operator...How much would the call be station-to-station?...Thirty-five cents cheaper?...I'd still be short twenty cents...Just a second, operator...
(covers mouthpiece)
Colonel, shoot the lock off the Coke machine.
(he points)
There's bound to be enough change in there.

COLONEL GUANO
(weakly)
That's government property, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE
Colonel, remember, a reprimand from the President can be pretty serious to a career officer...Just a second, operator, I know I have it somewhere.

COLONEL GUANO apologetically fires a shot into the coin box.
Coins spill on the floor in profusion, as well as a stream of Coke in the COLONEL's sputtering face.

As the "Leper Colony" presses on.

Enter, GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(with quiet majesty)
Mister President, Gentlemen, we are saved.

AD LIBS
(overlapping)
What?
Wow!
You mean that was it?
The old know-how.

GENERAL SCHMUCK basks in the grandeur of the moment.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
It was a variation of "Peace on Earth" - OPE to be exact.

AD LIBS
(overlapping)
Can you beat that?
Peace on Earth.
Brother!
The human mind sure is amazing.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Have you received acknowledgements from every plane?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
They're coming in now.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How long will it take to receive them all?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I'm not certain, Mister President. The boys in CONCOM do the pencil work.

The tone of GENERAL SCHMUCK's remark is as if to say: I am not your errand boy.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Schmuck, if you don't know the answer, please find out!
GENERAL SCHMUCK decides against a head-on collision.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I believe it will be just a few minutes, at the most.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How many planes did we lose?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I'm not certain, Mister President. But I believe it was four.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Faceman, what was the name of the officer who called me from Burpelson?

GENERAL FACEMAN
I didn't speak to him, sir. But Colonel "Bat" Guano was in command of the Special Service battalion, so I would imagine he did.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
I want him upped to Brigadier General, and recommended for the D.S.C.

GENERAL FACEMAN
(beaming)
Yes, sir.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
I don't know about the rest of you, Gentlemen, but I'm going to get down on my knees and say a short prayer of thanks.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE stands with a flourish of contempt, pushing away his breakfast tray.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Excuse me, but I'm afraid I have many more urgent things to attend to. I should appreciate it if you would delay your pious moment long enough for me to say something.

His tone of voice is loaded with contempt, challenge, and atheism.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(darkly)
Yes?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Allow me to assure you that my government will not be satisfied with a polite note of regret for this shocking example of aggression against our peace-loving people.

THE PRESIDENT has just about had it with De Sade and is stung
by the rudeness of his tone.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Damn you, de Sade! You know as well as I do that this was the act of a mentally sick man - a single individual, whose crack-up can probably be traced to the strains and tensions caused by your country.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(haughtily)
It is very convenient to place all the blame on a dead man.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(fiercely)
How dare you talk to me in this manner?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE scornfully replies with silence.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(boiling with indignation)
This dreadful accident could never have happened if your government hadn't cynically and hypocritically blocked every proposal we made for disarmament or arms control!!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(waspishly)
Bah! All you wanted to do was spy in our country!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(wrathfully)
That's nonsense, and you know it!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(acrimoniously)
I know nothing of the sort!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(exasperated)
Surely, you don't expect us to destroy our weapons without being able to verify that you are doing the same?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
And surely you don't expect us to let you spy in our country before you destroy your weapons.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(savagely)
Don't you realize that despite your incredible distrust and suspicion, that in fact, you place a far greater trust in us than inspection would require? You trust us not to cause a war accidentally - and, of course, we are obliged to place the same
trust in you.

The PRESIDENT walks close to DE SADE, eyes flashing.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(raging)
Is there a single phase of human activity that is free from the idiotic mischance? How often do we read of banks adding three zeros to a hundred dollar deposit? Or the Postal Department engraving a stamp with the wrong amount? Or an operation performed on the wrong patient?

The PRESIDENT continues with mounting fury.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(shouting rabidly)
The bomb may deter a rational leader from choosing deliberate war, but it cannot deter a madman, or a short-circuit, or an error in judgment. And since neither of us can reduce the chances for the idiotic mischance to zero, it simply becomes a question of when?

ZLAT has been holding the phone.

ZLAT
Mister President, I think Premier Belch is coming back on the line. He's back in his office.

59  DAY - LOW LEVEL - FLYING SHOT - B-90 - OVER ARCTIC TERRAIN

60  INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

Low-level terrain features flashing by.

MAJOR KONG
Let's have a rundown on the damage, Lothar?

LT. ZOGG
(bombardier)
Everything still checks out okay.

MAJOR KONG
Binky?

LT. BINKY BALLMUFF
(navigator)
Okay, Major.

MAJOR KONG
Check. Quentin?

LT. QUENTIN QUIFFER
(peevishly)
Look, I haven't really been able to check -
I'm shot.

MAJOR KONG
Are you hit bad?

LT. QUIFFER
Yeah, I got it in the thigh.

MAJOR KONG
Lieutenant Toejam, why don't you help him?

The radio man, LIEUTENANT TERRY TOEJAM, is sitting right next to the wounded D.S.O.

LT. TOEJAM
I thought I should check out the damage first.
My gear is busted up pretty bad.

MAJOR KONG
Lieutenant Toejam's going to help you in a minute. Can you check your ECM?

LT. QUIFFER
Why can't he help me now? He's sitting two feet away from me!

MAJOR KONG
Come on, Quentin, isn't that pretty selfish, putting yourself ahead of the mission?

LT. QUIFFER
Look, I'm shot - it hurts.

MAJOR KONG
(firmly)
Lieutenant Quiffer, we're all sorry you were hit, and we'll help you stick it together as soon as we get squared away.

LT. QUIFFER
Look, can't someone help me?

CAPTAIN ANGST
(unsympathetically)
King, I'm not busy.

MAJOR KONG
(shrugs)
Captain Angst is coming back to help you.

LT. TOEJAM
Major Kong, I'm still trying to unravel the leads, but it looks hopeless. All radio gear is kaput, including the CRM-114. I guess we're on our own.

60a CU - CRM-114 - IT IS SMASHED AND TWISTED AND CHARRED
MAJOR KONG
All right, then, here's the situation. With our ECM and staying on the deck, they shouldn't be able to track us on radar. We should make it to the primary and take out the missile base. We're burning up a lot of fuel at this altitude, and we may not make it back to a useable base. But I think there's an excellent chance to bail out over neutral territory.

INT. WAR ROOM

The PRESIDENT speaks with the confidence of a salesman after he has closed a deal. The Ambassador is still there.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Hello?...Belch?...I just wanted to let you know everything's all right...Uh-huh...Certainly...We broke the code...Uh-huh...Yes, they've all acknowledged the recall...Uh-huh...Thirty...Originally?...there were thirty-four...That's right - we figure four shot down...Are you sure of that?...I see...Will you hold it for a second.

The PRESIDENT covers the phone and fixes a withering look on GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General Schmuck, are you positive of your figures?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Naturally I am, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
He says they've only shot down three planes.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, if you choose to take his word over mine ---

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Look, he's there, and you're here.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
 nettled
Mister President, there were thirty-four aircraft involved. Thirty acknowledged the recall. That makes four shot down.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(back to phone)
Hello, are you still there?...Uh-huh...I'll be right back. We're still working this thing out.

Covering the phone, the PRESIDENT directs himself again to SCHMUCK.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
How do you know they were shot down, Buck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, just common sense, sir. Thirty from thirty-four equals four, or my name's not "Buck" Schmuck!

The PRESIDENT dolefully digests GENERAL SCHMUCK's logic.

There is a low, squawking sound from the telephone.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Hello?...Yes...What?...Uh-huh...You're absolutely certain?
(sighs)
Hold it a second, will you?
(covers phone)
He says they've just received a report of a single, low-flying B-90 apparently still continuing on an attack mission, to what they assume would be a missile complex at a place called Laputa.

AD LIBS
What?
Impossible!
Ridiculous!

During the last part of the PRESIDENT's speech, another phone rang several times. TURGIDSON picked it up and talked in hushed tones.

TURGIDSON
(softly)
General Schmuck, it's Miss Milky Way again. She insists on speaking to you.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Good Lord, Turgidson! I can't talk to her now.

TURGIDSON
I told her you were busy, General Schmuck, but she got rather huffy.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(wearily)
Turgidson, tell her I'll call her back in a few minutes.

ADmiral bulDIKE
(replaces phone)
Mister President, the latest radar contacts indicate the enemy are still building up over the Arctic pack. We estimate five-hundred-plus aircraft.

62 DAY - LOW LEVEL - B-90 FLYING SHOT

63 INT. B-90 - OVER PILOT'S SHOULDER

Looking out over nose of the plane. Trees, a road, a cluster of houses, a small town, all flash by.

63a VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS

The D.S.O. is bandaged up and apparently functioning again.

   LT. QUIFFER
   Major Kong, I have two blips - must be fighters.

See insert of radarscope.

   MAJOR KONG
   Roger.

   LT. QUIFFER
   (looks at radarscope again)
   Fighters closing fast - range fifty miles.

   MAJOR KONG
   They must have made a visual contact.

   LT. QUIFFER
   Must be Mach two-five stuff. Altitude fifteen thousand.

   MAJOR KONG
   They can't touch us at this height.

   LT. QUIFFER
   They're moving apart.

   DISSOLVE

64 INT. WAR ROOM

Enter GENERAL SCHMUCK, shaking his head morosely.

   GENERAL SCHMUCK
   It's beginning to look like someone's made somewhat of an error, sir.

The PRESIDENT closes his eyes and breathes heavily.

   PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
   (softly)
   Yes?
GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, sir, it looks like one aircraft, the "Leper Colony", failed to receive the recall.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
Have you tried the recall again?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Yes, sir. We're still sending it. But it's a funny thing we don't seem to be able to make any contact with the aircraft at all.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
What's the target.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Well, the Premier doped it out pretty well. Its primary is their missile base at Laputa.

The PRESIDENT slumps into a chair.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(mournfully)
Is there any chance a single aircraft can penetrate the entire enemy Air Defense, when its course and target are known?

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(glancing at the AMBASSADOR)
If I can speak freely, sir -- look, these guys talk big, but frankly, we think they're short of know-how. You can't just 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, Mister Ambassador. Hell, we all know what kind of guts your people have. Why just look how many millions of 'em those Nazis (pronounced NAZZEES) killed and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
General, stick to the point, please.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(making diving aircraft hands)
Well, sir, if the A/C's a really good man, I mean really sharp, why he can barrel that plane along so low - well you just have to see it some time. A real big plane, like a Sting Ray, zig-zagging in, its jet exhaust frying chickens in the barnyard --- (almost feverish with excitement)
Has he a chance?.....Hell, yes! He has one hell of a chance.
DUSK - LOW LEVEL - B-90

INT. B-90 VARIOUS CUTS

LT. QUIFFER
They're starting down, King. Looks like

LT. QUIFFER (Cont)
they're going to cross in port and starboard.

MAJOR KONG
If they come down low enough to make a firing pass, they'll never be able to pull up in time.

LT. QUIFFER
I think they mean business.

MAJOR KONG
Hang on, boys.

He starts a violent series of S-ing and zig-zagging.

TWO ENEMY "KILLERSHARK" ALL-WEATHER FIGHTERS

maneuver in a steep dive, trying to hang on to their slower and more maneuverable quarry.

REAR SHOT - LOW LEVEL - B-90 - S-ING AND ZIG-ZAGGING

at tree-top height, over the moonlit countryside.

VARIOUS INTERCUTS - AIRCRAFT MANEUVERING

ENEMY FIGHTERS

Each fires a salvo of rockets from above, a bad angle for heat-seeking missiles.

B-90 TAKING EVASIVE ACTION

The rockets pass over and under, exploding with bright flashes as they hit the ground.

ONE ROCKET

is exploded by its proximity fuse about nine feet from the fuselage, just behind the crew section.

INT. B-90 - VARIOUS QUICK CUTS

Flash, black smoke, choking coughs.

ENEMY FIGHTERS

Make no attempt to pull out of their dives and continue to maneuver apparently trying to ram the bomber. They swoop down and in from port and starboard like two hawks.
wildly maneuvers and manages narrowly to evade both fighters who, unable to pull up, explode against the ground in bright balls of flames.

INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS

The smoke has cleared to a greyish mist. A jagged hole about four feet at its widest has been blasted out of the rear of the crew section.

MAJOR KONG

is wounded in the back. His vision clouds with pain as he fights to maintain consciousness.

MAJOR KONG

Ace, you better take it. All fire switches... on.

He turns to the co-pilot.

CO-PILOT "ACE" ANGST IS DEAD

though no wound is apparent.

MAJOR KONG

spasmodically takes deep breaths. Summoning up all his nerve and concentration, he leans forward and flips the "fire" switches at the same time flying the plane and intermittently glancing into the moonlit terrain flashing under the nose of the big plane.

VARIOUS CUTS

MAJOR KONG

Somebody come up here quick, I'm hit.

The seating arrangement in the B-90 is such that the upper deck places the D.S.O. and the radio man about ten feet behind the pilot and co-pilot, facing the tail of the plane.

The bombardier and the navigator sit facing forward on a second and lower level.

Naturally, Major Kong expects help from the nearest crew-member, the D.S.O. or the radio man.

MAJOR KONG

Come on! Hurry up.

He twists himself painfully to look over his shoulder.

TWO SHOT - LT. QUIFFER AND LT. TOEJAM
The D.S.O. studiously attends to his work. The radio, Lieutenant TERRY TOEJAM, sits cross-legged, examining his ankle.

    LT. QUIFFER
    (without turning around)
    Sorry, King. My leg's stiff as a board.

    MAJOR KONG
    (to radio man)
    Hey, Terry, I'm hit.

    LT. TOEJAM
    (minutely studying a slight ankle wound)
    So am I.

    MAJOR KONG
    Listen, I think I'm hit bad.

    LT. TOEJAM
    (still absorbed in his ankle)
    Where'd they get you?

    MAJOR KONG
    Damn you, Lieutenant Toejam! Lothar!

    LT. ZOGG
    Yes, Major.

    MAJOR KONG
    Lothar, get up here fast, and bring your First Aid kit! I'm hit kinda bad, I think.

    LT. ZOGG
    Can't "Ace" help you?

    MAJOR KONG
    He's dead.

    LT. ZOGG
    What happened?

    MAJOR KONG
    I bit his jugular vein. Now will you shut up and get up here???

    LT. ZOGG
    Sure! Sure, I'm on my way.

While the colored bombardier works his way up the ladder, MAJOR KONG takes a long and uncomprehending look at his dead buddy, Captain "ACE" ANGST.

    LT. ZOGG
    (puffing)
    Where'd they get you?
MAJOR KONG
(grimaces)
In the back...feels like an arrowhead.

The BOMBARDIER looks at the co-pilot.

LT. ZOGG
How do you know he's dead?

MAJOR KONG
Hell, he looks dead.

The bombardier raises the co-pilot's eyelid and confirms that he is dead.

LT. ZOGG
He's dead, all right.

MAJOR KONG
Listen, give me a shot quick!

The BOMBARDIER fumbles in the first-aid kit for a morphine Syrette. While fixing syringe, BOMBARDIER looks down at back of Pilot's seat.

68f CU - SEAT
We see two small jagged holes ripped in the back of the chair.

68g CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. ZOGG
He looks and frowns.

68h MS - NAVIGATOR - LT. "BINKY" BALLMUFF

LT. BALLMUFF
Correct course to two-seven-three. We should be about a hundred and forty miles away from Laputa. Be there in about sixteen minutes.

68i MASTER SHOT

MAJOR KONG
Okay, Binky, two-seven-three.
(to LT. ZOGG)
Lothar, any damage down below?

Rolls up his sleeve.

LT. ZOGG
I don't know what we got left besides Bim and Bam.

MAJOR KONG
Quentin, how's your gear?
BOMBARDIER gives him shot.

   LT. QUENTIN QUIFFER
   I don't know.

   MAJOR KONG
   What do you mean, you don't know?

   LT. QUIFFER
   I haven't checked. I'm bleeding again.

MAJOR KONG shakes his head in disappointment.

   MAJOR KONG
   (slowly and very John Wayne)
   The hydraulic systems out, Lothar, and a lot of wiring is hanging loose. The number
   one and three port engines are hit, and the fuel's leaking. But we're still flying. And what's more, we're going to carry out our mission.

   LT. ZOGG
   (looking out over nose of plane)
   Look, Major. What's that?

68j DISTANT HORIZON - FORWARD

   Eight powerful aircraft searchlights cut long narrow streaks into the night sky. But, instead of a steady beam, they are blinking on and off in fairly close unison.

68k CU - MAJOR KONG

   Bravely trying to comprehend the distant lights.

68l CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. LOTHAR ZOGG

   Screwing up his face in bewilderment.

68m DISTANT VIEW - SEARCHLIGHTS BLINKING ON AND OFF

68n CU - MAJOR KONG

   Narrows his eyes suspiciously.

   MAJOR KONG
   (softly)
   I'll be damned.

68o CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. ZOGG

   Staring blankly.

   LT. ZOGG
Yeah.

Both men numbly stare at the distant searchlights.

**MAJOR KONG**

(softly)

**Binky, Quentin, Terry! Come forward - quick!**

The searchlights continue their signaling.

**MAJOR KONG**

Look.

The negro bombardier, **LT. LOTHAR ZOGG**, has been jotting it down.

**LT. ZOGG**

No, look! It's "OPE - Recall Mistake."

**MAJOR KONG**
Recall what mistake?

LT. ZOGG
No, I think it means, "Recall period Mistake," and the OPE is probably the CRM-114 code. Terry?

LT. TOEJAM
(shrugs)
I'll go back and check my code book.

He hops on his bad ankle back to his desk.

MAJOR KONG
(shaking his head)
You sure have to hand it to those guys.

LT. ZOGG
What do you mean?

MAJOR KONG
I mean pulling a stunt like that.

LT. ZOGG
What are you talking about?

LT. TOEJAM hops forward again.

LT. TOEJAM
Yep, it's the CRM-114 code, all right.

MAJOR KONG
Very interesting.

LT. ZOGG
What do you mean?

MAJOR KONG
Well, we sure as hell aren't going home just because the enemy tells us to.

LT. ZOGG
Wait a minute, Major. "OPE," that's the recall code. Where would they get that?

MAJOR KONG
You tell me.

LT. ZOGG
They must have gotten it from the base. No one else would know it.

MAJOR KONG
Why should they call us back?

LT. ZOGG
How the hell do I know? Maybe the war's
over.

LT. TOEJAM
(bewildered)
Could be.

LT. QUIFFER
(wistfully)
I hope we won.

MAJOR KONG
Lieutenant Zogg, what do our orders say about the authentication of orders during an attack mission?

LT. ZOGG
Look, this is different.

MAJOR KONG
Our orders warn us to expect the enemy to use ingenuity in issuing contrary and confusing orders. And therefore, to disregard anything that doesn't come on the CRM-114.

LT. ZOGG
But the CRM-114 has been smashed for almost an hour.

MAJOR KONG
Then that settles it, doesn't it?

LT. ZOGG
Like hell it does.

MAJOR KONG
(impatiently)
The CRM-114 is smashed, right?

LT. ZOGG
Right. So how could we get any messages?

MAJOR KONG
(ruffled)
That's the point.

LT. ZOGG
I don't get you, King.

MAJOR KONG
I said that's the point!

LT. ZOGG
Look, King, maybe you've lost too much blood, or something.

MAJOR KONG
(explodes)
Lieutenant Zogg, how would you like your black butt slung into a General Court Martial when we get back???

LT. ZOGG
Take it easy, Major Kong.

MAJOR KONG
Then get off my back!

LT. TOEJAM
I think Major Kong's right, Lothar. I mean we got the attack order from base, and Plan -R is an emergency plan for a base commander after a lot of other plans have been clobbered.

LT. ZOGG
Okay! You tell me how the enemy got the code! It's put in our sealed plans at the base just before we take off.

MAJOR KONG
There are plenty of traitors and spies running around loose.

LT. ZOGG
But the code is made up by General Ripper, and he's the only one left at the base who would know the code.

MAJOR KONG
Nobody's loyalty is beyond question. Besides, how do we know one of his staff didn't see it?

LT. ZOGG
Come on, King. That doesn't make sense.

MAJOR KONG
(triumphantly)
Okay, how do we know they didn't shoot down one of our planes and torture the crew? How do we know that?

LT. ZOGG frowns.

MAJOR KONG
(the clincher)
We crossed the coast over an hour ago. Okay?

LT. ZOGG
(after some thought)
You're giving them an awful lot of credit for being on the ball.

MAJOR KONG
First lesson in War College: Never under-
estimate your enemy.

LT. ZOGG
(shrugs)
Sorry, King.

MAJOR KONG
Forget it. Okay, team, let's break it up and get ready for the kick-off.

The team scatters back to their stations.

DISSOLVE

69 LOW LEVEL - B-90 - FLYING SHOT

70 INT. B-90 - LT. ZOGG

He anxiously flips switches, bangs panels with the palm of his hand, curses to himself, and flips more switches. Various insert cuts to important-looking switches and warning lights.

LT. ZOGG
King?

70a MS - PILOT - MAJOR KONG

Rocking in his seat and emitting soft groans.

MAJOR KONG
Who's that?

LT. ZOGG
It's me - Lothar. Are you okay?

MAJOR KONG
I'm okay. What's up?

LT. ZOGG
Well, I hate to say this, but I think the bomb bay doors are stuck.

MAJOR KONG
Are you sure?

LT. ZOGG
Well, I can't get out and look, King. But I don't get a green light.

MAJOR KONG
Maybe the warning system's out.

LT. ZOGG
But I get a red light.

MAJOR KONG
Have you tried the emergency system?
LT. ZOGG
I tried everything. Something must have gotten bent or twisted from the pounding we took.

70b CU - PILOT

He stares out over the nose of the plane for several seconds. A portentous look of valour seems to overcome the pain.

MAJOR KONG
Lothar, can you arm the bombs for impact?

LT. ZOGG
But I TOLD YOU, I don't think we can get the bomb bay doors open.

MAJOR KONG
I asked you a question, Lothar!

LT. ZOGG
But how are we going to drop the bombs if the doors won't ---
(the penny drops)
Hey, King....you're not thinking of ---
You don't mean you'd --- ???

70c CUTS TO OTHER CREW MEMBERS AS THEY REALIZE THE PLAN

MAJOR KONG
(firmly)
There's no other way, Lothar. Can you re-arm the bombs for impact?

LT. ZOGG
(stunned silence)
Let me check.

MAJOR KONG
There's no other way, boys. I'm going to have to take her in...the hard way.

70d CUTS TO CREW - HORRIFIED, SWEATING, TREMBLING

LT. QUIFFER
Say, King. If there was any way I could help, I wouldn't think of asking, but would you mind if I bailed out.

MAJOR KONG is clearly hurt by this lack of comradeship.

MAJOR KONG
(shrugs)
No, I wouldn't mind, Lieutenant Quiffer.

70e CUTS TO FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED CREW
LT. ZOGG
(uncertainly)
I think it's okay, King. They should go off on impact.

MAJOR KONG
(audaciously)
Would it matter if they hit at a flat angle? I mean, do you think the deuterium mass might separate from the atomic trigger?

LT. ZOGG
(faintly)
Well, it would probably help if you took it ...sort of...straight down.

MAJOR KONG
Roger.

The other crew members unhappily watch the D.S.O., LT. QUIFFER, prepare to bail out. His leg seems to have unstiffened. He pauses long enough to notice his buddies.

LT. QUIFFER
Look, King, maybe the other boys don't think it right to ask, so I'm asking for them. Can they bail out too?

MAJOR KONG stiffens at this last shattering of camaraderie.

MAJOR KONG
(in an angry sulk)
Anyone that wants to save his neck certainly ought to.

The other crew members hastily get ready to jump.

LT. TOEJAM
Gee, we hate to leave you like this, Major Kong. But there isn't anything we can really accomplish by sticking around.

MAJOR KONG
(shrugs)
Forget it.

LT. QUIFFER
Well, listen, King. Could you take her up to about eight hundred? That'll help you come in at a nice down-angle, and it'll give us a chance for our chutes to open.

MAJOR KONG
(shrugs)
Sure, I'll take her up to eight hundred.

LT. QUIFFER
Could you take her up right now, King? Otherwise we'll get kind of close to the fireball.

MAJOR KONG
(shrugs)
Sure, I'll take her up right now.

He pulls up the nose of the plane sharply. The men get ready.

71 FLYING SHOT - B-90 CLIMBING

As it reaches eight hundred feet, enemy radar, hitherto prevented from tracking the plane due to its low-level tactics, suddenly zeros in, and all kinds of flak and tracer fire open up.

LT. TOEJAM
Listen, King, old buddy. On behalf---

MAJOR KONG
Skip it and jump, damn you! This flak's so close, I can smell it.

The crew bails out.

AD LIBS
(as they go)
Good luck, King!
God bless you, King!
Geronimo!

MAJOR KONG starts to fly evasive tactics through the flak.

72 MS - NEGRO BOMBARDIER LT. ZOGG - FLOPS INTO CO-PILOT'S SEAT

LT. ZOGG
(softly)
We're on course, Major. Just fixed our position on that river back there.

MAJOR KONG
What the hell are you doing here, Lothar?

The two men are deeply touched by this Stanley Kramer-ish moment of truth.

LT. ZOGG
(with masculine simplicity)
I thought I'd go along for the ride.

MAJOR KONG
(John Wayne)
Now what the hell did you want to go and do a thing like that for, Lothar?

LT. ZOGG
I thought maybe you'd like some company.
MAJOR KONG punches him in the arm.

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

The flak rocks the plane, and the lights of the city ahead continue to flash.

LT. ZOGG
King, would you mind if I keep me hands on the wheel when you take her in?

MAJOR KONG
(John Wayne -- all the way)
I'd be mighty proud if you did, Lothar.

LT. ZOGG
Thanks, King. I've always wanted to take one of these big babies in.

MAJOR KONG
Listen, Lothar. You know that crack I made about your...butt?

LT. ZOGG
Forget it.

MAJOR KONG
I just wanted you to know I didn't mean anything by it.

LT. ZOGG
Sure, King.

MAJOR KONG
Well, I just wanted you to know how I felt. Hell, I know Air Command wouldn't have taken you if you weren't okay. And don't think I don't know some of our best ball-players and entertainers are of Negro descent.

73 NIGHT - EXT. - THE B-90 DIVES INTO THE MISSILE COMPLEX (TRICK SHOT)

There is a tremendous thermonuclear explosion caused by two 20-megaton H-bombs.

CUT TO

74 INT. WAR ROOM

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(shaking his head, miserably)
It's wrong.
(sighs)
It's dead wrong.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
(shaking his head, wretchedly)
It's not right.

No one is really talking to anyone else.

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

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
I suppose the fishes will take over the world.

GENERAL FACEMAN
Ugh-hhhh, that's a horrible thought.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
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.

ZLAT
(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.

VON KLUTZ
(with Germanic coolness)
Mister Ambassador, how long will it take?

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
(wiping his steel-rimmed glasses)
Mister President, I would not rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human
specimens, at the bottom shafts of some of our deepest mines.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(tiredly)
At the bottom of mines?

VON KLUTZ
(carefully putting on glasses)
Yes. The radioactivity could 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 a dwelling space could be provided.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But they couldn't come out for 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 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 several hundred thousand of our people could be accommodated. Every nation would undoubtedly follow suit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
But who would be chosen?

VON KLUTZ
A special committee would have to be appointed to study and recommend the criteria to be employed, but 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 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.

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

VON KLUTZ (Cont)
left behind, combined with a spirit of bold curiosity for the adventure ahead.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(judiciously)
You mentioned the ratio of ten women to each man. Wouldn't that necessitate abandoning the so-called monogamous form of sexual relationship?

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 astonish-
ingly good idea there.

VON KLUTZ
(correctly)
Thank you, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE rises.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(briskly)
And now, Mister President, I must return
at once to my embassy to communicate this
reassuring news to the Premier.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(shaking hands)
Goodbye, Mister Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(at the door)
We have many splendidly deep mines in our
country.

He exits.

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

GENERAL FACEMAN
That's right, sir. In fact, they might even
try a quick, sneak attack, so they can take
over our mine-shaft space.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
They might even try to knock over a couple
of other countries and take their mine-shaft
space. If they had more mine-shaft space
than we did, they could breed more, and possibly
take over when they come out.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
We must not allow a mine-shaft gap!!

The phone rings. ADMIRAL BULDIKE picks it up.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE
Hello?...Yes, just a minute.
(to GENERAL SCHMUCK)
It's personal.

GENERAL SCHMUCK takes the phone.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
(charmingly)
Yes?...Well, pretty soon, dear. Yes,
I've finished my business. Uh-huh...
Uh-huh...
(laughs)

Hangs up the phone.

There is a knock at the door. Enter AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(haughtily)
Excuse me, Mister President, but you forgot
to give me my camera back.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(fishes in pocket for Minox)
Oh, yes, that's right.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
Just a second, sir. He's got films of the
War Room in that thing!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take the
film out.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(annoyed)
Very well.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
You know, sir, that camera might be a dummy
he wanted us to find. He's probably got another
one secreted on his person.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(sputtering)
That's utterly ridiculous.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK
He's been here for almost two hours, and Lord
knows what he's photographed. I'd have him
stripped and give a thorough body search.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(appalled)
That's preposterous! I object!!
The PRESIDENT thinks for a moment.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(reassuringly)
I'm afraid we'll have to - purely as a formality, Ambassador de Sade. Zlat, will you call the Secret Service and have them prepare a private room upstairs for a body search.

The AMBASSADOR is shocked and angry.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
Please, Mister President, I am extremely shy and do not wish to endure this sort of personal humiliation. Here is the only other camera I have left.
(he produces a second camera)

GENERAL SCHMUCK
See! See, I told you.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY
(shaking his head)
You've lied to me twice - I'm sorry, but it will be strictly routine. These men are experts.

GENERAL SCHMUCK
Zlat, make sure the secret service boys carefully search his seven body orifices.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(horrified)
My seven body orifices????

GENERAL SCHMUCK
That's right, fella.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE
(touches ears)
One, two...
(touches each nostril)
three, four...
(touches mouth)
five...
(freezes, turns red and swallows hard)
Why you, dirty, stinking...

AMBASSADOR DE SADE picks up a thick custard pie from among a large selection of pies previously brought into the room with coffee, and smashes it into GENERAL SCHMUCK's angry face.

GENERAL SCHMUCK hurls a coconut cream pie at DE SADE, who ducks. It splatters into the face of ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE.

Not realizing why he has been hit, ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE flings a chocolate cream pie at GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK. It misses and
plops into PRESIDENT MUFFLEY's face.

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

CUT TO

75 MOVING SHOT - PULL AWAY FROM PLANET EARTH

into outer space. (A reverse of the opening shot)

NARRATOR
Though the little-known, dead planet Earth, remotely situated in the Milky Way Galaxy, is admittedly of little interest to us today, we have presented this quaint comedy of Galaxy pre-history, when the primitive organization of sovereign nation states still flourished, and the archaic institution of War had not yet been forbidden by Law, as another in our series, "The Dead Worlds of Antiquity."

Nardac Blefescu
Macro-Galaxy-Meteor Pictures

THE END