

Prod. #5381

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WAR GAMES

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

September 7, 1982

WAR GAMES

FADE IN:

1 RED RIVER VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA - DUSK 1

A blizzard fills the SCREEN.

Headlights gradually emerge and a van with military plates comes to a stop next to a guard gate. Two hooded figures climb out and struggle against the freezing wind towards what looks like a farmer's house.

2 INT. FARMER'S HOUSE 2

The two men remove snow-clogged boots and sopping parkas, revealing bright blue jumpsuits with "321st Missile Wing" emblazoned on the back, and offsetting orange ascots.

We're inside a Minuteman III Missile Launch Control Center.

JERRY, the older and huskier of the two, opens a locked satchel chained to his wrist and slides a red folder under the window to a GUARD sitting behind bullet-proof glass. The Guard opens the folder, examines two photo ID'S, and studies the men's faces. He picks up a phone.

GUARD

Replacement team's here, sir.  
(smiles)

Right.

(hangs up)

Come on through. Another twenty minutes and we were going to start looking for you.

Jerry and his deputy, STEVE -- clean cut, new Air Force -- are buzzed through into the secure area. The Guard again compares their faces with the photos, then returns the folder and hands them two service pistols with holsters.

STEVE

See you tomorrow.

GUARD

(drones)

See you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

The two men strap on their holsters as they walk down a corridor to an elevator. A young GUARD with an M-16 snaps to attention.

They step into the elevator. The two massive sets of steel doors close.

2A

INT. ELEVATOR

2A

\*

JERRY

So, you used to hear her chanting all night long "Ah mahney pod me ohm, ah mahney pod me ohm."

\*

\*

\*

STEVE

Over the plants?

\*

JERRY

Yeh, she'd hold her hands over the seeds and chant by the hour. Grow the most beautiful wandos you ever saw. Primo stuff. Resin city.

\*

\*

\*

\*

The elevator door opens and we see:

\*

3

UNDERGROUND LAUNCH LEVEL

3

Steel and concrete give the impression that this structure could withstand a direct hit by a five-megaton bomb. It could. As the elevator doors open, an ALARM begins to WAIL.

Jerry and Steve walk along a corridor to reach the door to the launch capsule.

Jerry punches out a code on a keyboard to the side of the oval door. The door is opened by the missile COMMANDER and his DEPUTY inside the launch capsule. The alarm stops.

DEPUTY

We were worried about you guys.  
The roads must be --

JERRY

What roads?

STEVE

It's the visibility.

COMMANDER

(spotting Jerry's  
moustache)

What's that?

JERRY

That's a moustache.

STEVE

New image.

The Commander surveys the moustache briefly, straightens up.

COMMANDER

I'm going home. Good night,  
gentlemen.

The outgoing team leaves the capsule. Jerry and Steve step in and close the air-lock door.

4

THE LAUNCH CAPSULE

4

The 10 x20 foot capsule is crammed with panels of high-frequency transmitters, circuit breakers, air purification and backup systems, a high-speed printer with direct line to SAC headquarters, one refrigerator, one small and unprivate latrine, and two launch consoles twelve feet apart.

Each launch console has a computer terminal and a large annunciator panel that gives the status of each of the ten missiles controlled by this capsule.

A bright red strongbox with two combination locks is mounted on the capsule wall.

Steve unstraps his holster, hangs it on a hook, and sits down at the red chair at his console while Jerry walks to the rear of the capsule and inspects his moustache in the mirror.

STEVE

Number nine is still nonfunctional, sir. All others are clean and green.

JERRY

(fingering moustache)

I like it.

5  
thru  
10D

OMITTED

5  
thru  
10D

10E

ANGLE - STEVE

10E

Pushing a series of buttons, he activates a row of lights and a buzzer which he then clears by pushing a second relay.

STEVE

So, it was like sensimilla, right? \*

JERRY

Sensimilla? This grass made Thai stick taste like oregano man. It would lay you flat. \*

(CONTINUED)

10E

CONTINUED:

10E

A red light on Steve's panel fails to respond to the release button.

STEVE

Sir, red light.

JERRY

What on?

STEVE

Number eight, Warhead Alarm.

JERRY

Just give it a thump with your finger.

Steve thumps the light, it blinks off and the BUZZER stops. He continues with his check list.

10F  
thru  
11

OMITTED

10F  
thru  
11

2

INT. ICBM SILO

12

From a HIGH ANGLE, the CAMERA views the ominous cylindrical form of an ICBM.

13

INT. MISSILE LAUNCH CAPSULE - LATER

13

Jerry clips his fingernails while Steve studies a technical manual. Suddenly, a WARBLE comes over the loudspeaker.

VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

Skybird, this is Dropkick with a Blue dash Alpha message in two parts. Break, break.

Both men snap into action. Each grabs a red Format Book from a shelf above their console. They flick through to a blue plastic page marked "BLUE DASH ALPHA-WOPR EXECUTION ORDER."

JERRY

(slightly alarmed)

Stand by to copy message.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Standing by.

VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

Blue dash alpha.... blue dash  
alpha.... Romeo, Oscar, November,  
Charlie, Tango, Tango, Lima.

Each man carefully copies the code into the spaces in his Format Book with a felt marker.

VOICE

(continuing)

Authentication... Delta, Lima,  
Golf, two, two, four, zero, niner,  
Tango, Victor, Xray.

Jerry unstraps his seat belt and moves quickly to the red strongbox. Steve is there to meet him. In tense silence, they each open a combination lock and remove a brass key, and a blue credit card-like Authenticator marked, "BLUE-A."

At their seats, Jerry and Steve nervously rip the seals off their Authenticators. Jerry's fingers tremble slightly as he compares the letters on his Authenticator with those he has just copied down. They match. Jerry then compares it with the letters appearing on his computer screen. Once again, they match.

STEVE

Holy shit.

Jerry remains staring at the screen.

JERRY

Easy now. Run a confirmation.  
Some asshole must have his wires  
crossed.

Silent, but with sudden, grim determination, each man types into his terminal. Within a few seconds the screens display:

LAUNCH ORDER CONFIRMED  
TARGET SELECTION COMPLETE  
ENABLE MISSILES  
LAUNCH TIME T MINUS 60 SECONDS  
BEGIN COUNTDOWN

Over the loudspeaker, a VOICE begins the countdown as both men stare at their screens.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-60, T-59, T-58...

STEVE  
Shit. It's real.

JERRY  
All right, let's do it.

Each man buckles his seat belt and inserts his key into a slot marked "OFF, SET, LAUNCH."

JERRY  
(continuing)  
Insert Unlock Codes.

STEVE  
(sets codes)  
Stand by... Unlock Codes inserted.

JERRY  
(beginning to falter)  
Uh... insert Launch Key.

STEVE  
Roger... Launch Key inserted.

Jerry just stares ahead, pausing for a beat.

JERRY  
Okay... on my mark... Rotate  
Launch Key to "Set."

JERRY  
(continuing)  
Three...two... one... mark.

They twist their keys simultaneously to "SET."

STEVE  
Roger... at "Set."

Steve is poised, awaiting the next order from his Commander.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
... Sir?

JERRY  
Uh... enable missiles.

(CONTINUED)



Steve begins the missile enabling procedure, opening and flicking a series of protected switches.

STEVE

Number one enabled... number two  
- enabled... number three  
enabled....

As Steve continues, Jerry stares ahead, then:

JERRY

Wait a minute... I want to get  
this straight with somebody on the  
goddamn phone.

Jerry grabs the phone. A loud WAIL blares from the earpiece. He slams it down.

STEVE

All missiles are enabled.

JERRY

Get me wing command post on your  
direct line.

Steve picks up the phone. Another loud WAIL. He turns helplessly to Jerry.

JERRY

(continuing)

SAC. Try SAC Headquarters on the  
HF.

STEVE

But Captain, this isn't the  
procedure.

JERRY

Screw the procedure. I want to  
get somebody on the goddamn phone  
before I kill 20 million people.

Steve snatches up a headset. He begins turning the channel selector on a military transmitter.

STEVE

Nothing... They've probably been  
vaporized.

Jerry takes a deep breath.

JERRY

All right, on my mark... Rotate  
Launch Keys to launch.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Roger...Ready to go to launch.

JERRY

(in sync with  
loudspeaker)

T-13, T-12, T-11, T-10... T-10...

Jerry falters and goes silent. Steve senses something is wrong. Jerry removes his hand from the key.

STEVE

... Sir? Sir, we have orders.

Jerry looks up. Steve points his .38 automatic at him.

STEVE

Put your hand on the key, sir.

VOICE (O.S.)

...T-6, T-5, T-4...

Simultaneously, the countdown appears on the monitor:

JERRY

(to no one)

... I'm sorry.

VOICE

... T-3, T-2, T-1, LAUNCH.

STEVE

Sir... We are at launch! Turn the key!

JERRY

I'm trying.

Jerry sits inert with his hand on the key. Suddenly, from the loudspeaker an ear-splitting SHRIEK fills the tiny capsule.

CUT TO:

The molten half orb of a thermonuclear explosion fills the screen.

Columns of fiery clouds rise above the landscape. Five nuclear fireballs erupt in tandem, the last climbing majestically skyward.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Details of churning clouds, convulsing with the surface heat of the sun, blend in the final abstraction of a holocaust.

The MAIN TITLE ENDS: as the clouds of fire dissolve into the ashen white of high-altitude cumulus. And, suddenly, emerging from them, the magnificent ice-clad crests of the Rocky Mountains can be seen below.

15 EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN - DAY

15

Descending towards the bulk of a single massive peak, details of the landscape can be seen. A blue Air Force station wagon climbs a winding road and stops at a small parking area where a cyclone fence and a security building can be seen. It is the entrance to NORAD (North American Air Defense Command) in Cheyenne Mountain...

16 EXT. NORAD - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

16

Two men, distinguished by the careful tailoring of top echelon Washington bureaucrats, get out.

ARTHUR CABOT, oldest of the two, is immediately greeted by PATRICIA HEALY, thirtyish, a civilian employee of the Defense Department.

PAT  
Mr. Cabot, I'm Pat Healy, Dr.  
McKittrick's assistant...

LYLE WATSON, Cabot's assistant, introduces himself as the group heads towards a security gate. Pat distributes red ID tags which the men clip to their jackets.

PAT  
(continuing; to Cabot)  
We set up a briefing pending your arrival. In the meantime, if you have any questions, I'll do my best to fill you in.

The group arrives at the security gate and Healy leads them onto a small bus.

17 INT. NORAD ENTRANCE TUNNEL - DAY

17

Pat Healy, Cabot and Watson are silent during their descent into the man-made grottos of NORAD.

18 ANGLE

18

The bus pulls up next to some supply trucks parked at a loading area. They get into a small electric tug and head through two huge blast doors that lead into the Combat Operations Center: A windowless city of fifteen buildings constructed inside a five-acre grid of inter-connecting chambers. Each building sits clear of the rock walls on massive hydraulic shock absorbers.

19 INT. NORAD COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM

19

DR. JOHN MCKITTRICK, a Senior Advisor with the Department of Defense, leans over a table top of blueprint schematics. He discusses the fine points of a vast computer system with his Assistant, PAUL RICHTER, a ruffled and high-strung young man.

Pat Healy enters and McKittrick glances up.

PAT

They're here.

McKittrick removes his jacket from a chair back and starts out of the room.

20 INT. NORAD - HALLWAY

20

McKittrick straightens his tie as he walks beside Pat Healy.

PAT

Cabot and Watson came on their own. No senators and no Congressmen.

\*

MCKITTRICK

That's too bad, we could have used a few senators.

\*

PAT

Sir?

\*

They reach the doorway to another building.

MCKITTRICK

They ought to see what really goes on here.

\*

21 OMITTED  
thru  
23

21  
thru  
23

24

INT. NORAD BRIEFING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

24

Cabot and Watson sit around a table with GENERAL JACK BERINGER and aide DOUGHERTY, as Pat Healy cleans up some plates and debris. John McKittrick pours a cup of coffee as the argument rages.

WATSON

- Are you sure these men had no way of knowing it was only a test?

CABOT

(losing patience)

Lyle, we've been through this. It doesn't matter.

BERINGER

(to Watson)

I talked to the men myself. They all believed it was the real thing.

CABOT

(weary, glances at his watch)

Look, we've got to be on a plane in less than an hour. I'm the one who has to explain to the President why 22% of his missile commanders failed to launch their missiles. What the hell am I gonna tell him -- that 22% isn't so bad?

McKittrick returns to the table and stands behind his chair. \*

BERINGER

I take full responsibility for the men in my command. I've ordered a complete review of the psychological screening procedures --

MCKITTRICK

Excuse me, General, but I don't think we can ask these men to go back to Washington with a bunch of head-shrinking bullshit.

(sits down)

The problem is you can't screen out human responses. Those men down there know what turning that key means. We've got to get those men out of the loop.

BERINGER

(furious)

You're out of line.

CABOT

(intrigued)

Take the men out of the launch capsules?

(CONTINUED)

McKITTRICK  
(ignoring Beringer)  
Why not?

BERINGER  
We've had men in those silos  
protecting our country since before  
any of you were watching Howdy Doody.  
I sleep well at night knowing those  
boys are down there.

McKITTRICK  
General, they're fine men, I agree  
with you there -- but isn't it just  
a big charade? I mean, all they're  
supposed to do is turn those keys  
when the computer tells them to.

WATSON  
You mean when the President orders  
them to.

McKITTRICK  
Well, yes, but in the event of a  
Soviet strike the President would  
order us to follow the war plans  
generated by the computer.

WATSON  
(attempt at sarcasm)  
I imagine the Joint Chiefs would  
have some input.

BERINGER  
You're damn right.

CABOT  
(shaking head)  
Not a lot. If the Soviets launch  
a surprise attack, we don't have  
much time.

PAT HEALY  
Twenty-three minutes from warning  
till impact. Six minutes if they're  
sub-launched.

McKITTRICK  
Six minutes. Just enough time  
for the President to make his  
decision -- and then it's all up  
to the computers. Gentlemen,  
can you spare five minutes? Let  
me show you.

The group walks between banks of huge computers as the discussion continues.

**McKITTRICK**

These computers give us instant  
access to the state of the world.  
Troop movements...Soviet missile  
tests...shifting weather patterns...  
it all flows into this room.

McKittrick walks toward a large gray machine the size  
of a VW bug. Paul Richter, McKittrick's excitable  
assistant, looks up from his terminal at the machine.

**McKITTRICK (cont)**

...and into this...the WOPR computer.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

McKittrick turns to face the General.

McKITTRICK

Not really, Jack. what I think we're talking about is eliminating human error. We'll still have plenty of human control -- at the top...

(places his hand on Beringer's shoulder)

...where it belongs.

Beringer glares at the hand on his shoulder, then looks away. Watson strokes the surface of the WOPR machine.

WATSON

So this is where Armageddon is played. I hope to God it always stays here.

McKITTRICK

That's the whole idea...

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

27

The city sits under a typically overcast sky.

28 INT. SNACK BAR - DAY

28

A fast food restaurant with a few video games tucked into one corner.

29 CLOSEUP - DAVID LIGHTMAN

29

Seventeen, pale, carelessly dressed in a torn T-shirt and jeans that hang loosely on his lanky frame.

(CONTINUED)



WATSON

The WOPR?

McKITTRICK

That's War Operation Plan Response. Mr. Richter, tell 'em how it works.

\*  
\*  
\*

The men approach and surround the machine. Paul Richter speaks up.

RICHTER

Well, the WOPR spends its time thinking about World War III twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. It plays an endless series of war games, using all available information on the state of the world.

McKITTRICK

The WOPR has already fought World War III as a game any number of times estimating Soviet responses to our responses to their responses and so on. Then it looks for ways to improve its score in a real war. The point is the key decisions about every conceivable option in a nuclear crisis have already been made by the WOPR. If the day ever comes when the President orders us to follow the plans...I want to make damn sure they're carried out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Cabot turns to McKittrick, clearly sympathetic.

CABOT

But right now, all this trillion dollar hardware is at the mercy of those men with the little brass keys.

\*  
\*

McKITTRICK

Whose only problem is they're human. You give me four to six weeks max and we can replace them with electronic relays. Then we can get the humans out of the goddamn loop.

\*  
\*

BERINGER

John, I don't trust this overgrown pile of microchips any further than I can throw it. You're talking about eliminating human control —

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

29 CONTINUED:

29

A shy ten-year-old looks on as David intensely plays one of the games. WHISTLES and EXPLOSIONS indicate the unseen action on the computer screen.

30 CLOSEUP OF "MISSILE COMMANDER" GAME

30

David targets and fires his missiles to intercept the enemy force -- so successfully that he's already won six free games.

31 ANGLE

31

David fires another missile and glances at his digital watch during the explosion. Oh, my God! Six minutes late!!

DAVID  
(to ten-year-old)  
You wanna finish it?

The ten-year-old nods "yes."

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Go ahead.

David hurries out of the arcade.

32 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

32

David runs across the school yard and into the main entrance.

33 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS

33

David enters the classroom obviously several minutes late and starts toward the back of the room. MR. LIGGET, stands behind his desk. The test questions are on the blackboard behind him.

LIGGET  
Glad you could join us, David.  
Little present for you up here.

Ligget holds up a blue book on his desk. David picks it up. On the cover, an "F" in red ink. Ligget smiles slightly. David shrugs and takes his seat in the back row next to JENNIFER MACK, an impishly pretty brunette.

(CONTINUED)

Ligget wanders before the class, waxing lyric. In his hand he holds another test marked with a large "F."

LIGGET

(continuing)

Question four! In the history of science, novel and innovative concepts occasionally come from sudden left-field inspiration... Jennifer, would you tell us your answer to question Four, "Why do nitrogen nodules cling to the roots of plants?"

Jennifer listens, her eyes lowered in embarrassment. David glances at her, clearly sympathetic.

JENNIFER

Umm... "love"?

The class titters.

LIGGET

Love. Jennifer, what do you know about nitrogen nodules that we don't?... Some bit of salacious info to which you alone are privy?

JENNIFER

No.

LIGGET

I see. You didn't know the correct answer — symbiosis — because, you don't pay attention in class.

Ligget holds up Jennifer's test paper for all to see. It is marked with a large "F." He hands it to a student in the front row to pass back to Jennifer.

LIGGET

(continuing)

Now, there's a lot of confusion about this next one: asexual reproduction. Can somebody tell me who first suggested the idea of reproduction without sex?

Ligget turns to the blackboard where is written:  
ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION = WITHOUT SEX.

A few titters. David whispers something to Jennifer, who cracks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIGGET

(continuing)

I fail to see the humor in this.  
Miss Mack, what is so amusing?

Jennifer looks at David, still laughing.

LIGGET

(continuing)

All right, Lightman, maybe you can  
tell us who first suggested  
reproduction without sex.

David looks down at his "F" and glances at Jennifer  
before he replies.

DAVID

Your wife?

CUT TO:

34 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

34

David breezes up to the reception desk and hands a pink  
slip to a YOUNG BLACK WOMAN.

DAVID

(in a monotone)

Mr. Ligget wants me to discuss an  
attitude problem with Mr. Kessler.

YOUNG BLACK WOMAN

(buzzing him through)

I think Mr. Kessler's gettin'  
tired of discussing your attitude  
problem.

She motions him down a short corridor toward the Boys'  
Vice Principal's office. He sits down on a bench out  
of her view. At the far end of the corridor, David can  
see the school's two computer rooms.

In one, a middle-aged woman is busily working at a  
terminal; the other room is empty, the door open.

David listens for a moment to the stern voice behind  
the Boys' VP's door, then gets up and quickly walks  
towards the deserted computer room, keeping an eye on  
the woman next door.

35 INT. HIGH SCHOOL COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

35

David darts into the room and pulls out a sliding panel from a desk next to the computer terminal. Taped to the panel is a long list of six-letter words, all crossed out except the last:

PENCIL

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

36

David slides the panel back. He hurries to a bench just as the door to the Boys' VP's office opens.

BOYS' VICE PRINCIPAL

Lightman... what a surprise.  
Won't you come in.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

37

David walks along the sidewalk on his way home from school. He carries a single book. Jennifer appears on her moped and rides beside him.

JENNIFER

Hi.

DAVID

Oh, hi.

David continues walking as Jennifer stays beside him on the moped.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry I got you in trouble. I just couldn't stop laughing.

DAVID

No, it's okay. You were perfect.

JENNIFER

I was?

DAVID

Uh huh.

Without totally understanding, Jennifer responds with a "Huh."

For a beat they are silent. Then:

JENNIFER

Hey, you want a ride home?

DAVID

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

#5381 18.  
37 CONTINUED: 37  
She stops and he climbs on the back of the moped.  
38 OMITTED 38  
39 EXT. SEATTLE STREET 39  
David reacts as Jennifer maneuvers between cars.

JENNIFER  
Hey you got an "F" too, huh?

DAVID  
Yup.

JENNIFER  
I guess we'll both be stuck in  
summer school.

DAVID  
Not me.

JENNIFER  
Why not? Aren't you going to have  
to make up biology?

DAVID  
I don't think so.

JENNIFER  
Why not?

DAVID  
If you want to come in, I'll show  
you.

JENNIFER  
Sure!

DAVID  
Over here.

40 EXT. LIGHTMAN HOUSE - DAY 40  
They round a corner on the moped and proceed down a  
residential street, stopping in front of a middle-  
income, two-story house. David gets off the moped.  
Ralph, his dog, runs over to say hello.

41 INT. LIGHTMAN HOUSE - DAY 41  
Jennifer follows David inside.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

Glancing around in the hallway, she sees the house is obviously deserted. David pauses near the staircase.

DAVID

Uh, my room's upstairs.

Jennifer hesitates, then follows him up the stairs.

JENNIFER

Your parents' aren't home?

DAVID

They both work.

42

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

42

They approach David's room. A sign on the door warns: "THIS IS A SECURE AREA. AUTHORIZED ENTRY ONLY. NO EXCEPTION." He removes a key, unlocks the door and they enter.

43

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

43

It is dark. David flips a switch. The silence is broken by the HUM OF ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY as panels and pools of light appear around the room. Noting that his bed is a mess and a pair of underwear is on the floor, David makes a quick, embarrassed attempt at straightening up. Jennifer quickly scans his computer system. A couple of old Sylvania TVs serve as monitors for an electronic keyboard from an outmoded Altair terminal, a printer rigged from an electric typewriter, wires running to a variety of other makeshift hardware, including a modem (telephone coupler), memory storage units and several floppy disk drives. David sits down at the main terminal and hits the enter key. He takes one of the telephone receivers, places it in the modem, and punches out a phone number.

JENNIFER

You're really into computers, huh?

DAVID

Yeah.

JENNIFER

What are you doing?

DAVID

I'm dialing into the central school district's system.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONITOR: THIS IS THE SEATTLE PUBLIC SCHOOL DISTRICT DATANET.

PLEASE LOG IN WITH USER PASSWORD

DAVID

(continuing)

They change the password every couple weeks, but I know where they write it down.

DAVID: PENCIL

The terminal displays a list of subsystems to choose from. David requests "STUDENT TRANSCRIPTS."

A complete record of David's dismal high school career is displayed. David moves the small correction square over to his biology grade... "F."

JENNIFER

These are your grades?

DAVID

Yep. I don't think I deserved an "F," do you?

The "F" becomes a "C."

JENNIFER

You can't do that.

DAVID

Already done. Jesus, how could anybody get a "D" in Home Ec?

Jennifer peers at the monitor, now displaying her own mediocre grades.

JENNIFER

That's none of your business — what are you doing?

DAVID

I'm changing your biology grade.

JENNIFER

(alarmed)

No. You're going to get me in trouble.

DAVID

No one will find out.

(CONTINUED)



43

CONTINUED:

43

David moves the small correction square over the "F" and presses the "A" key.

DAVID

(continuing; smiles  
at Jennifer)

You just got an "A." Now you don't have to go to summer school.

JENNIFER

Change it back.

DAVID

Why? They can't possibly trace --

JENNIFER

(upset)

I said change it back.

DAVID

Okay, okay.

The "A" goes back to an "F."

JENNIFER

(cool)

Listen, I guess I better get going.

DAVID

Sure -- thanks again for the ride.

JENNIFER

Yeah. Okay, 'bye.

She closes the door and heads down the steps.

44

OMITTED

44

45

BACK TO SCENE

45

David turns back to his terminal and changes her biology grade to an "A."

CUT TO:

46

INT. LIGHTMAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

46

Dinnertime at the Lightman house. A segment of "THAT'S INCREDIBLE" DRONES from the TV in the den.

(CONTINUED)

David's father, MR. LIGHTMAN, a thin balding man, meticulously butters a piece of Wonder Bread and then proceeds to wrap it around an ear of corn, slowly rotating it to grease the cob evenly. Ralph sits patiently by, waiting for his chance.

David eats while reading the junk mail of the day and the latest issue of a computer magazine.

At the other end of the table, a plate of food sits untouched. From behind the closed kitchen door, Mrs. Lightman's loud telephone chatter can be heard.

MR. LIGHTMAN

Ralph, you already ate.  
Now stay! You put out  
the trash?

DAVID

Yeah.

DAVID

I know, Mom.

MRS. LIGHTMAN (O.S.)

But, you've got to see  
the place... It's my  
pride and joy of all my  
listings. Yes, two  
bedrooms, a bath-and-a-  
half and a huge bonus  
room...

(calls out)

Put the lid on real  
tight so Ralph won't  
turn it over again.

(back to phone)

They are willing to  
carry back on a second  
... I think we can work  
something with creative  
financing. All right,  
wonderful, I'll meet  
you at 9:30 tomorrow.

Mr. Lightman nods approval. David's attention is caught by a provocative three-page insert announcement: QUANTUM LEAP IN COMPUTER GAMES -- FROM PROTOVISION THIS SUMMER. David, having finished, excuses himself, and rises from the table and puts the dishes in the sink. Ralph follows David who sneaks him a leftover on the sly.

As David crosses the hallway to the vestibule, his mother watches him go. As he mounts the steps she turns to Mr. Lightman.

MRS. LIGHTMAN

I worry about him. I think one of  
these days we're going to get  
electrocuted.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MR. LIGHTMAN

Mmm.

As he crunches on his corn.

CUT TO:

47A OMITTED  
thru  
4947A  
thru  
49

50 ANGLE

50

David is on the phone.

DAVID

Yeah, for Sunnyvale, California  
please... the number for  
Protovision... Thanks. Oh, and  
could you tell me what other  
prefixes cover that area?

As the operator speaks, David jots down the numbers.

DAVID

(continuing)

Thank you.

David opens a file box and rifles through a collection  
of thin plastic discs the size of forty-five's --  
floppy discs, program storage units for home computers.  
He inserts one into a disc reader. The MACHINE BEGINS  
TO WHIR and sends a display to the monitor.

MODEM TONE SCAN  
COPYRIGHT BY DAVID LIGHTMAN  
UNAUTHORIZED USE OR DUPLICATION  
OF THIS PROGRAM IS STRICTLY  
PROHIBITED.

David places the telephone receiver in the modem and  
hits the "return" key on the terminal.

MONITOR: TO SCAN FOR MODEM TONES, PLEASE  
LIST DESIRED AREA CODE AND PREFIX.

DAVID: 311-399, 311-437, 311-767, 311-936

He hits the "return" key again and the program starts  
to run. He turns up the monitor knob on the modem and  
listens as the computer automatically dials the first  
number: 311-399-0000.

(CONTINUED)

After one RING an irate VOICE answers "Hello." The computer disconnects and RINGS the next number: 311-399-0001.

David turns off the monitor speaker, crawls into bed with his magazine and begins to read as the computer screen fills up with phone numbers.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

School's out. Kids play electronic games and David is among them. At the most difficult combat game, David's hands dance over the controls, darting away occasionally to grab a bite from a hamburger and a sip from a Coke. Jennifer approaches. She watches him for a beat.

JENNIFER

Hi.

David doesn't lose concentration.

DAVID

Oh, hi.

JENNIFER

You're gonna spoil your dinner.

DAVID

This is my dinner.

JENNIFER

Listen, I thought it over last night.

DAVID

What?

JENNIFER

That thing with my grade... Can you still change it?

For a split second, David's concentration is broken, allowing an enemy missile to hit his base.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

I can't believe I was so stupid.  
I should have just let you do it.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

David begins fighting back the invaders but they are gaining on him. He reacts to another hit.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Anyway, I wanted to ask you if you could still do it.

In an effort to avoid the question, David appears to intensify his concentration on the game.

DAVID

Uh, I don't know. It might be kinda rough.

JENNIFER

Why?

DAVID

(searching)

Uh, I don't know. They might have changed the password.

JENNIFER

But maybe they didn't... Couldn't we at least try and see.

David stares at the game.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Please...

52 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

52

The monitor is a single square against black limbo, methodically printing out phone numbers as it continues to dial them. The lights are turned on as David enters with Jennifer.

She crosses to the terminal and stares at it curiously.

JENNIFER

What's it doing?

DAVID

Don't touch the keys.

JENNIFER

I won't, but, what's it doing?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Dialing numbers. This computer company is coming out with these amazing new games in a couple of months. The programs for them are probably still in their computer, so I told my system to search for computers in Sunnyvale.

David takes the phone off the modem, hands it to Jennifer and dials a number.

DAVID

(continuing)

They answer with a tone that other computers can recognize.

As Jennifer hears the HIGH-FREQUENCY TONE over the phone, she watches the growing list of phone numbers on the monitor.

JENNIFER

You're calling every number in Sunnyvale, California?

David nods, grinning.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Isn't that expensive?

DAVID

There's ways around that.

JENNIFER

Is this going to take long? I'd really like to get my grade changed.

David stares at the monitor.

DAVID

Yeah... Well, the thing is... Actually, I already changed it.

JENNIFER

(surprised)

What?... I told you not to do that.

DAVID

I was sure you'd change your mind.

Jennifer pouts for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID  
(continuing)

Besides, I didn't want you to flunk. Let's see what we've got so far.

He hits the enter key.

MONITOR: UNION MARINE BANK, SOUTHWEST BRANCH HDQTS.  
LOG IN PLEASE

DAVID

Got to remember that one, it might come in handy some day.

Jennifer smiles. David types another number and reaches the Department of Motor Vehicles.

DAVID  
(continuing)

Got any tickets?

JENNIFER

You mean if I had a speeding ticket you could fix it?

DAVID  
(shrugs)

Probably.

David reaches another system; unlike the others, there is no indication of what he has reached, only the conventional request:

MONITOR: LOG ON

DAVID  
(continuing)

It doesn't identify itself. Let's try anything.

DAVID: 000001

MONITOR: IDENTIFICATION NOT RECOGNIZED BY SYSTEM.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

The computer screen goes blank.

JENNIFER

How rude.

DAVID  
(redialing).

I'll ask it to help me log on.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Can you do that?

DAVID

(redialing)

Yeah, on some systems. The more complicated they are, the more they have to help you out.

MONITOR: LOG ON

DAVID: HELP LOG ON

MONITOR: HELP NOT AVAILABLE. LOG ON

JENNIFER

Now what?

DAVID: HELP GAMES

MONITOR: GAMES REFERS TO MODELS, SIMULATIONS AND GAMES WHICH HAVE TACTICAL AND STRATEGIC APPLICATONS.

DAVID

(excited)

I think we've got them. Turn that on, would you? Let's get a printout of this.

David motions Jennifer to the printer next to the terminal.

DAVID: LIST GAMES

The monitor is blank for a moment as they both watch it. Then:

MONITOR: GAMES:

- FALKEN'S MAZE
- BLACK JACK
- CHECKERS
- CHESS
- FIGHTER COMBAT
- DESERT WARFARE
- THEATREWIDE TACTICAL WARFARE

The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN the list and HOLDS on the last line:

GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR

(CONTINUED)



#5381

29.

52 CONTINUED: (4)

52

DAVID  
(continuing;  
almost a whisper)  
Holy shit.

53 OMITTED

53

53A EXT. UNIVERSITY COMPUTER FACILITY - DAY

53A

The moped with Jennifer driving and David riding behind pulls around behind the building and stops near a loading entrance. David leads Jennifer through a service door.

54 INT. UNIVERSITY COMPUTER FACILITY - DAY

54

David and Jennifer enter passing through a terminal room where undergraduates peer into their monitors. Jennifer glances at a pair of bearded students who intently play a computer game.

55 INT. UNIVERSITY COMPUTER FACILITY - REPAIR SHOP  
AREA - DAY

55

David and Jennifer enter a room where several large machines have been broken down for repair. JIM STING, overweight, sloppily dressed with a hint of arrogance in his expression, works amidst a confusion of circuit boards and wire looms.

Seeing him, David stops and speaks to Jennifer.

DAVID  
Wait here.

55A ANGLE

55A

David goes to Jim who is sitting on the floor with his head inside a machine.

DAVID  
Jim...

As Jim retracts his head, he bumps it on the metal cabinet.

JIM  
Lightman...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED:

55A

JIM (CONT'D)  
(to an O.S.  
colleague)  
Malvin, it's Lightman.

MALVIN, a thin, hyper, post-adolescent suddenly approaches.

DAVID  
(to Jim)  
I want you to look at something.

He extends the printout towards Jim.

MALVIN  
Hi, Lightman.

Malvin reaches out and takes it.

MALVIN  
(continuing)  
What is this?

DAVID  
Wait, I want Jim to see it.

MALVIN  
Where did you get this?

DAVID  
I was trying to break into  
Protovision... I wanted to get the  
programs for their new games.

Jim reaches for the printout.

MALVIN  
Wait... I'm not through.

Jim snatches it anyway. He scans it, looking askew  
through his thick smudgy glasses.

JIM  
Global thermonuclear war.....  
This didn't come from Protovision.

MALVIN  
I know it didn't... Ask him where  
he got it?

DAVID  
I told you.

(CONTINUED)

MALVIN

It must be military. Definitely military. Probably classified.

DAVID

If it's military, why would they have games like blackjack and checkers?

JIM

Maybe because they're games that teach basic strategy....

From a slight distance, Jennifer quizzically watches this odd group.

MALVIN

(noticing Jennifer)

Who's that?

DAVID

She's with me.

MALVIN

Why is she standing over there listening?

DAVID

She's not listening. She gave me a ride over here. Jim, how can I get into this system? I want to play some of these games. I've never seen stuff like this.

MALVIN

And you're not supposed to see stuff like this. Anyway, that system probably has the new data encryption algorithm. You'll never get in.

DAVID

I don't believe any system is totally secure. I betcha Jim could get in.

MALVIN

Betcha he couldn't.

They both watch Jim for a beat. Then:

JIM

You'll never beat the front line security... but you might look for a back door.

(CONTINUED)

MALVIN

I can't believe it. That person is standing over there listening and you're telling him about back doors.

JIM

Malvin, relax. Back doors are no secret.

MALVIN

You're giving up tricks that belong to us.

DAVID

What tricks? What's a back door?

JIM

Well, when I design a system I always put in a simple password that only I know about. So later, if I want to get back in, I can bypass whatever security they've added on.

Malvin suddenly notes Jennifer standing near a large machine.

MALVIN

Lightman, your friend is standing right near the tape drive -- don't let her touch it. I'm having a lot of trouble with that unit.

DAVID

Malvin, relax. She won't touch it.

David turns to Jim expecting more.

DAVID

(continuing)

... Yeah?

JIM

If you really want to get in, find out everything you can about the guy who designed the system.

DAVID

Come on. How do I even find out who the guy is?

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED: (4)

55A

Jim ponders the problem. Impatiently, Malvin breaks in.

MALVIN

You guys are so dumb, I don't believe it. I betcha I know how to do it, I figured it out.

DAVID

Oh yeah, Malvin. How would you do it?

MALVIN

First game on the list, dummies. I'd go in through Falken's Maze.

55B EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

55B

David climbs the steps to the Library.

55C OMITTED

55C

56 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

56

David moves along the huge card catalogue of the Science Library. He removes the first "F" drawer.

57 ANGLE - DAVID

57

His fingers flip through the cards coming finally to:

FALKEN, Stephen W.

"FALKEN'S MAZE: TEACHING  
A MACHINE TO THINK."

58 OMITTED

58

59 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

59

David sits at his computer, the light shining in his face, typing in "Falken's Maze."

MONITOR: IDENTIFICATON NOT RECOGNIZED BY SYSTEM.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

60  
thru  
70

OMITTED

60  
thru  
70

71 INT. LIBRARY - SEARCH DESK - DAY

71

The Librarian hands David a computer printout.

FALKEN, STEPHEN W., PhD

PUBLICATIONS

1965 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE R-1701-AF - CLASSIFIED  
 1965 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE P-122-PR - CLASSIFIED  
 1966 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE R-1800-AF - CLASSIFIED  
 1968 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE R-1801-AF - CLASSIFIED  
 1970 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE M-3366-B - CLASSIFIED  
 1971 - DEPT. OF DEFENSE M-1403-AF - CLASSIFIED

1973 - DECEASED

71A DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

71A

David gazes into the computer screen in his underwear.

MONITOR: YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

72 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LIGHTMAN HOUSE - DAY

72

Jennifer, wearing skimpy jogging shorts and a tank top, trots along the sidewalk past David's house. After going a short distance, she makes a jogger's turn and trots across the lawn to his front door. She rings the bell.

73 ANGLE

73

At the door, Jennifer continues trotting in place and breathing deeply as she waits. It opens and Mr. Lightman faces her with a glazed expression.

JENNIFER

(bright)

Hi, is David here?

Lightman stares at her for a beat before answering.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

I've been jogging.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

MR. LIGHTMAN

He's up in his room.

He steps aside, letting her enter.

74

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

74

Mr. Lightman speaks as Jennifer bounces up the stairs.

MR. LIGHTMAN

You ought to take him out running.  
He never gets any exercise.

75

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

75

Jennifer knocks.

DAVID (O.S.)

Yeah.

She opens the door.

76

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

76

The room, normally cluttered is now a total mess.  
Papers, magazines and reams of printouts are every-  
where.David looks around from where he sits at the monitor.  
The list of games is up.

JENNIFER

Where have you been?

DAVID

What?

JENNIFER

I haven't seen you around.

DAVID

Yeah... well.

David gets up and moves away stacks of printouts,  
xeroxed articles and books from the bed to make a place  
for Jennifer to sit.

DAVID

(continuing)

You want to sit down?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

What is all this stuff?

DAVID

I'm still trying to find out more about the guy who made up these game programs, so I can maybe figure out his private password.

JENNIFER

Why? What's so special about playing games with some machine?

David reaches for a 1/2" videotape.

DAVID

It's not some machine! Look at this. I borrowed this tape from the library. It's all about his guy Falken.

76A ANGLE - DAVID

76A

David inserts it in his tape player and presses "play."

DAVID

He was really into games as well as computers. He programmed them to play all kinds of games, chess, checkers.

JENNIFER

Well everybody does that now.

DAVID

No, no. What he did that was great, was he designed the computers to learn from their mistakes so they got better the next game. The system really learns how to learn. It teaches itself. Now, if I could just figure out the password I could play the computer.

(MORE)

VISUAL

A monitor generates the image of a poker hand. Then it generates a chess board. The knight makes a move.

A scientist plays blackjack with the computer and wins. He smiles at his colleagues.

The scientist plays again. This time he loses and throws down his cards as the monitor displays "21."

(CONTINUED)



76A CONTINUED:

76A

DAVID (CONT'D)

There he is. That's him. Falken.

A shot of Falken appears, showing off a prototype of his computer.

JENNIFER

Wow, he's got great eyes. Why don't you just call him?

Closer shot of Falken showing off some hardware and talking about it.

DAVID

I can't. He's dead. That's his obituary.

He hands article to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

He doesn't look very old.

DAVID

No. He was pretty old, I think. He was forty-one or something.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah, that's old. Who's that?

DAVID

That's his little boy.

JENNIFER

This is really sad. It says he and his mother were killed in some car wreck

DAVID

Yeah, I know.

JENNIFER

And Falken died when he was 41. My dad's 45. I remember he was really sick once. And we all thought he was going to.....

DAVID

What was his name?

VISUAL

A three-year-old boy, JOSHUA, sits at a terminal and pushes a button. The diagram of a tic-tac-toe game appears.

Joshua places an "X" in opposite corners. He catches the chance at a center "X" and wins the game.

His dad reaches in and picks him up.

Joshua waves at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: (2)

76A

JENNIFER

My dad?

DAVID

.. Falken's son. What was his name?

JENNIFER

Joshua.

DAVID

It can't be this simple.

77 OMITTED  
thru  
8177  
thru  
81

82 ANGLE

82

David's eyes lock on the photo. Then, he types in "Joshua." The monitor doesn't disconnect. Then suddenly, for a few seconds, it comes alive with a barrage of incomprehensible data.

DAVID

(cutting her off)

Wow.

JENNIFER

What?

DAVID

We've got something.

The monitor suddenly goes dark and they wait in tense silence until:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONITOR: GREETINGS PROFESSOR FALKEN

DAVID  
(continuing)  
We're in. It thinks I'm Falken.

DAVID: HELLO

MONITOR: HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY?

JENNIFER  
How can it ask you that?

DAVID  
It'll ask you whatever it's  
programmed to ask you. Want to  
hear it talk?

David reaches over and turns on a small voice simulator  
box.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Let's ask it how it feels.

DAVID: I'M FINE. HOW ARE YOU?

The machine answers both on the monitor and with a  
voice.

MONITOR: EXCELLENT. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.  
CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE REMOVAL OF YOUR  
USER ACCOUNT NUMBER ON JUNE 23, 1973.

David continues to SPEAK as he types.

DAVID: PEOPLE SOMETIMES MAKE MISTAKES.

MONITOR: YES THEY DO.

JENNIFER  
How can it talk?

DAVID  
It's not a real voice... This  
thing just translates the signal  
from the machine into sound.

MONITOR: SHALL WE PLAY A GAME?

JENNIFER  
I think it missed him.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

DAVID

Yeah, weird isn't it...

DAVID: HOW ABOUT GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR?

MONITOR: - WOULDND'T YOU PREFER A GOOD GAME OF CHESS?

DAVID: LATER.  
LET'S PLAY GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR.MONITOR: FINE.  
WHAT SIDE DO YOU WANT?

DAVID

(continuing)

All right!

DAVID: I'LL BE THE RUSSIANS.

MONITOR: LIST PRIMARY TARGETS.

DAVID

(continuing)

What should we nuke first?

JENNIFER

(thinking)

How about Las Vegas?

DAVID

Las Vegas, great. What else...?  
Seattle.

CUT TO:

83 INT. NORAD - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO - DAY

83

It's business as usual in the Crystal Palace, the cavernous nerve center of Norad.

Seventy or so military personnel sit at various tracking and communication consoles on the floor of the war room. Huge screens display the current position of the world's armed forces. Above them, the scoreboard indicates the current DEFCON (Defense Condition) ranging from 5 -- peacetime -- to 1 -- state of war. We're at DEFCON 5.

84 ANGLE - COMMAND BALCONY

84

Opposite the screens is the Command Balcony, where General Beringer, COLONEL CONLEY, his Chief Communications Officer; and the battlestaff sit behind a row of consoles, with a view of the entire room. To the left, the balcony extends to contain a computer console, the main WOPR terminal, manned by MAJOR LEM. A Staff Sergeant approaches, bringing coffee to General Beringer.

85 CLOSE ON NORTH AMERICA - RADAR SCOPE ON FLOOR

85

An electronic blip appears over the horizon, then two more, then a whole flock of blips heading in a trajectory towards the Western U.S.

The RADAR ANALYST looks up for a routine check of his scope and suddenly notices the blips. He grabs the phone.

RADAR ANALYST

(into phone)

I have seven... correction, eight Red Birds at two degrees past apogee, projected target areas... NORAD Regions two-five and two-six.

A WAILING SIGNAL goes off.

86 ANGLE

86

An OFFICER listens to the Analyst, adjusts his own monitor, and speaks into his mouthpiece.

CAPTAIN NEWT

COBRA DANE, we have a Soviet missile warning. Check for malfunction and report confidence...

An AIRMAN rushes along the line of monitors and dives into a chair in front of his terminal. She scrambles to put on her headset.

AIRMAN FIELDS

All stations this is Crystal Palace, initiating an emergency conference. Stand by.

Another man rushes quickly to the chair beside her and quickly puts his headset on.

87 ANGLE

87

Radar Analyst speaks into his headset.

RADAR ANALYST

... nineteen degrees past apogee  
with eighteen possible targets  
in track. Estimate re-entry at  
twenty-three, nineteen, Zulu.

88 CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

88

Colonel Conley sits at his monitor. Beringer quickly approaches from behind.

CONLEY

(to Beringer)

Sir, we have a radar tracking of  
eight inbound Soviet ICBM's  
already over the pole. Estimated  
impact... eleven minutes.  
Confirmed target area: Western  
United States.

A map suddenly fills the central screen of the board,  
showing eight blips headed for North America.

BERINGER

Why didn't we get a launch  
detection?

CONLEY

I'm not sure, Sir. We're checking  
for DSP malfunction.

89 ANGLE - FLOOR

89

An ANALYST stares at the graphics on the screen in  
front of him. He speaks into the mouthpiece.

ANALYST

BMEWS has continuous radar  
tracking on inbounds... confidence  
is high... I repeat, confidence is  
high.

90 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

90

David's face registers both the thrill of the game and  
concern at trying to understand the fleeting jumble of  
printouts that fill the monitor. Jennifer looks over  
his shoulder as David types away on his terminal.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

JENNIFER

What does all that mean.

DAVID

I don't know, but it's great.

91 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

91

A COMMUNICATIONS AIDE speaks with Beringer.

LT. DOUGHERTY

(as a communications aide is going over a printout)

... the President is in his limousine, they are diverting to Andrews... the Vice President is out of position... the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is...

CONLEY

(cutting in)

Missile warning reports no malfunction. Confidence remains high.

92 ANGLE - COMMAND BALCONY

92

BERINGER

Take us to DEFCON 3. Get on to SAC, have them flush the bombers.

The big electric sign flashes from DEFCON FIVE to DEFCON THREE above the tense activity on the floor below.

93 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMUNICATIONS MODULE

93

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER speaks into a headset. Beringer can be seen in the b.g.

CAPTAIN NEWT

SAC, this is Crystal Palace. CinC NORAD declares DEFCON 3. Scramble all alert aircraft... I repeat, scramble all alert aircraft.

94 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - FLOOR

94

An ANALYST reacts first to his own scope.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

In the b.g., other analysts can be seen speaking into their headsets and adjusting their screens. On the huge wall displays, the missiles suddenly separate into many multiple warheads.

RADAR ANALYST

Inbounds presently MIRVing. We now have approximately twenty-four possible targets in track.

95

ANGLE - COMMAND BALCONY

95

LT. DOUGHERTY

(to Beringer)

Sir, new time to impact: eight minutes.

Colonel Conley turns to General Beringer holding out a phone.

CONLEY

Sir, SAC is launching the bombers... General Powers is on the line.

BERINGER

(takes the phone)

Beringer.

(defensively)

Goddammit, we never got a launch detection from the satellites. Radar picked 'em up already out of the atmosphere and that's the first thing we heard.

Beringer listens for a few moments and then hangs up. He glances briefly at the board.

BERINGER

(continuing;  
to Conley)

You better warm up the ICBMs in the bull pen. Get 'em ready to fly.

Beringer's face reflects a certain pain at the sight of the approaching blips on the big board. He takes the yellow phone held by an aide.

96

ANGLE

96

It is evident from the faces of the other men that the most dread of all decisions is about to be made.



97 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

97

David types in at the monitor. A little slower now as he thinks over the game.

DAVID

I wonder if I should use my  
subs...

JENNIFER

Sure, give 'em the works.

There is a LOUD CRASH as a garbage can is knocked over, followed by DOGS BARKING.

MR LIGHTMAN (O.S.)

David... David...

David moans, then goes to the window.

98 ANGLE

98

From outside the window, David's father calls up to him. He stands near a knocked-over garbage can. Litter is spread in several directions.

MR. LIGHTMAN

I've told you you've got to fasten  
down the lids... Look at this  
mess.

DAVID

I'll be down in a few minutes,  
Dad.

MR. LIGHTMAN

I want this picked up right now,  
understand me?

99 OMITTED

thru  
101

99  
thru  
101

102 ANGLE

102

David's mother ENTERS THE SCENE.

MRS. LIGHTMAN

Honey, will you come down here and  
do what your father says?

David turns away from the window.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

DAVID  
(softly)  
Shit.

He shuts off the machine.

103 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - FLOOR

103

The big board suddenly blips, then goes blank. The WAILING SIGNAL ceases. Maps gradually begin to reappear with no indication of approaching missiles.

104 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

104

Analysts fumble with their controls. Conley looks around from his terminal.

CONLEY  
General, BMEWS and COBRA DANE now report negative confirmation on all inbound tracking.

BERINGER  
(a beat)  
Get SAC, tell them to hold steady.

104A INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - FLOOR

104A

Richter can be seen rushing frantically into the room.

RICHTER  
Stop it! STOP! It's a simulation. There's an attack simulation running.

104B INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

104B

Amazed, Beringer watches Richter's frantic approach.

BERINGER  
What's he saying?

104C ANGLE - FLOOR

104C

Shoving people aside, Richter continues toward the Command Balcony.

RICHTER  
We're not being attacked. It's a simulation.

104D ANGLE

104D

Beringer faces Richter.

BERINGER

What the hell is going on here?  
You know we don't allow running  
here. Someone could get hurt.

RICHTER

Sorry, sir. We're not really  
certain how, but someone on the  
outside fed an attack simulation  
into the main system.

Pat Healy walks quickly towards the group and hands  
Richter a computer printout.

BERINGER

(softly, but fast)

Conley, get us off full alert and  
hold at DEFCON FOUR until we find  
out exactly what is going on...

RICHTER

(glancing at printout)

I didn't tell you to cut the line.  
Did I tell you to cut the line?  
You've cut the line. Sir, they  
shut down before we could complete  
our trace.

PAT HEALY

(cool)

We did locate the general area  
where the transmission originated.

BERINGER

Where?

PAT HEALY

Seattle, Washington.

104E OMITTED  
&  
105

104E  
&  
105

106

INT. LIGHTMAN HOUSE - DUSK

106

David opens the front door and enters in a very upbeat mood. He passes by the den where Mr. Lightman is watching the news.

DAVID  
(cheerfully)

Hi Dad.

No response. David bounces up the stairs.

MRS. LIGHTMAN (O.S.)  
(stern voice)

David!

He stops in his tracks, mutters something, and heads back down.

DAVID  
What did I do?

Mrs. Lightman comes out of the kitchen holding a white card.

MRS. LIGHTMAN  
Plenty, mister ---  
(hands him paper)  
--you just passed all your  
classes for the semester.  
Congratulations, dear!

She gives him a hug. David looks sheepish.

MRS. LIGHTMAN (cont)  
Show this to you father.  
(calling)  
Honey!

She marches David into the den just as Dan Rather launches into the top story of the day.

107

CLOSE - TV

107

RATHER (on TV)  
For three and a half minutes  
yesterday evening, the defense  
forces of the United States went  
on a full-scale nuclear alert,  
believing...

Mr. Lightman gazes vacantly at the report card.

RATHER (on TV)  
...that the Soviet Union had  
launched a surprise missile attack...

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

David stares at the screen, disbelief turning to horror.  
Just then the PHONE RINGS. Mrs. Lightman goes to answer.

MRS. LIGHTMAN

Hello.

RATHER (on TV)

...A Pentagon spokesman placed  
blame for the error on a computer  
malfunction, and insisted that  
the problem had been corrected.  
More on the story from Ike Pappas.

MRS. LIGHTMAN

That's yours.

DAVID

(in a panic)

Oh, yeh, yeh.

He runs up to his room.

108

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DUSK

108

David picks up the phone cautiously.

DAVID

(nervously)

Hello....

JENNIFER

David, are you watching TV?

DAVID

Jennifer...hi. Yeah, I'm watching.

JENNIFER

(excited)

Is that us? Did we do that?

DAVID

(in agony)

It must be. Oh Jesus, I'm really  
screwed now...Jennifer, what am I  
gonna do, they're gonna come get me...

JENNIFER

Hey, calm down. If they're so smart  
they would have already found you.  
Right?

DAVID

(not so sure)

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

JENNIFER

So...just don't call that number again! Throw it away.

DAVID

Yeah...maybe they didn't trace the call.

JENNIFER

Just act normal. You'll be okay. Don't worry.

DAVID

Yeah. Thanks.

JENNIFER

God--unbelievable! You think I could just tell Marci--

DAVID

Jennifer!

JENNIFER

Okay, okay. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

DAVID

Goodnight, Jennifer.

They hang up.

109 OMITTED  
thru  
111

109 \*  
thru  
111 \*

111A INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

111A \*

David rips Falken's picture from his wall, tears it up, and stuffs it into his wastebasket, now overflowing with the evidence of his illegal act. He finds another scrap under his desk, proceeds to rip it into small pieces.

The PHONE RINGS. He lifts the receiver, hears the HIGH PITCH of a computer tone, and routinely places it into the modem. Then he returns to his methodical destruction of the evidence.

At the sound of the familiar voice, he freezes.

MONITOR: GREETINGS PROFESSOR FALKEN

David, looks back over his shoulder slowly and stares at the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

111A CONTINUED:

111A

David

Oh God...

David slowly sits at his terminal and answers.

DAVID: I AM NOT FALKEN. FALKEN IS DEAD.

MONITOR: I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PROFESSOR.  
YESTERDAY'S GAME WAS INTERRUPTED.  
ALTHOUGH PRIMARY GOAL WAS NOT YET  
ACHIEVED, SOLUTION IS NEAR.

MONITOR: GAME TIME ELAPSED: 26HRS 12MIN 14SEC

ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 52HRS 17MIN 48SECS

David sits back from the terminal and gazes at the screen..

112 EXTREME CLOSEUP OF MONITOR

112

...ALTHOUGH PRIMARY GOAL WAS NOT  
ACHIEVED...

David types into the terminal --

DAVID: WHAT IS THE PRIMARY GOAL?

MONITOR: YOU SHOULD KNOW, PROFESSOR. YOU  
PROGRAMMED ME.

DAVID: WHAT IS THE PRIMARY GOAL?

MONITOR: TO WIN THE GAME.

David bangs the receiver down on the phone. With barely a second's delay, it RINGS again. He lifts the receiver and hears the telltale HIGH-PITCHED WHINE of the computer. David hangs up again, then takes the receiver off the hook, drops it on the desk, and stares fearfully at the monitor.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 DAVID

113

in bed at night. PHONE RINGS. He doesn't answer.

114

EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - MORNING

114

David emerges from a Seven-Eleven drinking from a bottle of orange juice and eating a cellophane wrapped Danish. He ambles along the sidewalk. A pair of burly JOGGERS approach David and a van draws up in the street beside him. Suddenly, one of the Joggers rushes at David.

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED:

114

JOGGER

Lightman....

David stands in stunned disbelief, as the other Jogger rushes towards him. Other MEN pile out of the van surrounding him.

Agents grab him and shove him to a wall of the store while other Feds cover him.

David is rudely searched and handcuffed as one of the Men in warmup clothes speaks into a walkie-talkie.

MAN

We've got him.

David's head is pulled back and his mouth is searched. An unmarked car pulls up at the curb, and a few passersby pause to gape, as David is shoved quickly into the back seat. The car speeds away.

114A EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY

114A

\*

A helicopter arrives and deposits McKittrick.

\*

115 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE

115

A tour group of VIPs is being shown around by Colonel Conley. There are several men, their wives and one or two 18 year olds. All nicely dressed a notch or two up from the usual tour group. The Big Board says "Welcome Distinguished Visitors from City of Birmingham." One visitor is seated in the Big Chair.

\*

\*

\*

COLONEL CONLEY

So, this operation is on constant alert here 24 hours a day so your constituents and your homes are always safe. For example, last week we had the Governor of New Jersey up here with his people. He wanted to know why we were at DEFCON 4 as we are now...

He continues on as we --

CUT TO:

116 CRYSTAL PALACE

116

McKittrick and Pat Healy move briskly through the Palace.

McKITTRICK

Why are we at DEFCON 4?

(CONTINUED)

116

CONTINUED:

116

PAT

The Soviets saw our bombers scramble and went on alert themselves. We've told them it was an exercise, but we're waiting for them to relax their posture before we do.

They reach a flight of stairs that leads to the briefing room. McKittrick notes the group of VIPs.

McKITTRICK

Christ, just what we need today, another tour group snooping around. Why don't they go to Disneyland?

PAT

I think that's tomorrow they do that.

117

OMITTED

117

118

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

118

A harried Paul Richter stands at a blackboard filled with incomprehensible diagrams. Seated are Beringer and Dougherty, Cabot, and Watson, and GEORGE WIGAN, a stern man in civilian clothes. McKittrick enters as Richter winds up a point, takes a seat, exchanges glances with the General.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RICHTER (o.s.)

...Mr. Cabot, it was a one-in-a-million shot -- there was an open line at our Space Division in Sunnyvale - the phone company screwed up....

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He trails off, relieved to see McKittrick.

CABOT

John, good to see you. John McKittrick, George Wigan. George is with the FBI. They've brought the boy here for questioning.

McKittrick exchanges nervous greetings with Wigan.

McKITTRICK

How'd it happen, Paul?

\*

RICHTER

Well, he penetrated the war game subsystem using a password left in by the original programmer... no one even knew it was in there.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

WIGAN

The kid claims he was looking for a toy company.

The General snorts.

McKITTRICK

Paul, I want you to find that password and remove it. Put a tiger team on it--and beef up security around the WOPR.

BERINGER

Beefed up? How 'bout screwed up? We're a little past that.

CABOT

(viciously understated)

There's some real concern about a break-down in security here, John.

McKITTRICK

Well, gentlemen, I think we're being a bit naive here...I mean, you don't really think some high school punk could just pick up the phone and do this on his own, do you?

(to Cabot)

The kid's working for somebody. He's gotta be.

WIGAN

(going through notes)

Well, he does fit the profile perfectly. Intelligent but an underachiever...alienated from his parents..few friends...a classic case for recruitment by the Soviets.

McKITTRICK

I think I'd better talk to the boy.

CABOT

Fine, John. We need some answers.

WATSON

What does this say about the state of our country?

(to Wigan)

Have you gotten any insight into why a bright boy like this would jeopardize the lives of millions?

WIGAN

No, sir. The little prick says he does this sort of thing for fun.

CUT TO:

118A INT. INFIRMARY MAIN ROOM 118A

McKittrick enters and is admitted to a locked examining room which is opened by a wall-mounted touch-tone lock.

119 INT. EXAMINING ROOM IN NORAD INFIRMARY 119

David looks up as McKittrick enters. A burly Air Police Sergeant stands at the door. David looks haggard and scared as McKittrick faces him. His hands are cuffed.

McKITTRICK

Hello, David. I'm John McKittrick.  
I run the computer facility here.

David nods.

McKITTRICK (cont)

(to guard)

Can you get these cuffs off him?  
David, I called your parents....  
I told them you're fine and that  
we haven't filed any charges yet...  
But I also said we'll need a little  
time to sort this whole thing out.

DAVID

How much time?

McKITTRICK

That depends on how well you  
cooperate.

\*  
\*

David rubs his wrists as the handcuffs are removed.

McKITTRICK (cont)

(to guard)

Tell the O.D. I'm taking him for a  
little walk.

(to David)

C'mon, we'll be more comfortable  
in my office.

\*  
\*

David is apprehensive.

McKITTRICK (cont)

C'mon.

120 OMITTED 120  
thru thru  
122 122

123 INT. CORRIDOR 123 \*

McKittrick walks briskly with David close behind. \*

(CONTINUED)

123

CONTINUED:

123

DAVID

You used to work with Stephen Falken, didn't you?

McKITTRICK

I started out as Falken's assistant. Who told you that?

DAVID

I read the article you wrote together on poker and nuclear war.

McKITTRICK

The one on bluffing? Yeah, that upset a few people.

DAVID

He must have been an amazing guy.

123A INT. COMPUTER CENTER

123A

McKittrick leads David around a corner. The computer center spreads out below them. David is awestruck.

McKITTRICK

Stephen? Brilliant, but a flake. He never really understood the practical uses of his work in the real world.

(looks across room)

There's the machine that runs his game program.

DAVID

(almost to himself)

Joshua's in there...

McKITTRICK

(to the point)

David, see that sign there? That's our current defense condition. It should read DEFCON 5--that's peace. But because of your little stunt, we're still on DEFCON 4. If we hadn't caught it in time, we might have gone to DEFCON 1, and that would mean a World War.

David looks at him, genuinely impressed with the seriousness of his speech.

McKITTRICK

Now, you broke in because you wanted to play a game, right?

123A CONTINUED:

123A

He turns and goes toward his office. David nods and follows.

DAVID

That's right.

CUT TO:

124 INT. MCKITTRICK'S OFFICE

124

David glances around at the well-appointed office with a view of the Crystal Palace. A monitor glows in the darkness of indirect lighting. McKittrick indicates a chair. David sits. As McKittrick speaks, he removes soft drinks from a small fridge. David looks over his shoulder to follow McKittrick's movements.

MCKITTRICK

But after you saw it on the news, why'd you break in again? You knew how serious it was.

DAVID

I didn't do it again. I even threw the phone number away.

MCKITTRICK

I know. We found it in the trash.

DAVID

Joshua called me back.

MCKITTRICK (smiling)

David, you can pull that on some FBI asshole -- don't try it with me.

DAVID

But it's true -- it still thinks we're playing a game.

MCKITTRICK

A game....

(looks at notes)

David, who were you supposed to meet in Paris?

DAVID

Paris? Oh...no...you don't under---

MCKITTRICK

You made reservations for two. Who else knows about this?

CUT TO:

DAVID  
(hesitates)

Nobody.

McKittrick eyes him coldly.

MCKITTRICK  
Why don't I believe you?

DAVID  
Maybe I shouldn't say anything  
else until I talk to a lawyer.

MCKITTRICK  
Forget that lawyer crap -- you're  
not going anywhere until I get  
the truth out of you.

They stare at each other in silence. Suddenly, the  
PHONE RINGS. After a few rings, McKittrick decides  
to pick up.

MCKITTRICK  
Yes.  
(disbelief)  
What?  
(looks at David)  
I'll be right down.

McKittrick hangs up, stands, and turns to David.

MCKITTRICK  
You don't move. Understand?  
You stay right there.

125 OMITTED  
thru  
129

125  
thru  
129

130 DAVID'S POV - CRYSTAL PALACE

130

McKittrick is almost running to the Command Balcony where General Beringer is seated. David watches as McKittrick and Beringer engage in a heated discussion. Cabot approaches.

131 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

131

CABOT  
What's going on?

RICHTER  
There's just been a very serious penetration into our WOPR Execution Order File.

CABOT  
Let's have it in English.

Beringer cuts in.

BERINGER  
I'll give it to you in English. Somebody's gotten into this boy's system and stolen the codes that can launch our missiles. Simple enough?

(CONTINUED)



#5381

131

131

CONTINUED:

Cabot appears slightly dazed.

McKITTRICK

I'd like to point out there's no immediate danger. The system won't accept the launch codes unless we're at DEFCON 1.

CABOT

Who did this?

McKITTRICK

We don't know yet. That kid must be working with someone on the outside. But I can change those codes in less than an hour.

BERINGER

I don't know what they're trying to pull here but I don't want our bombers on the ground when it happens.

Beringer turns to Col. Conley.

BERINGER

(continuing)

Get SAC on the line and let's go to DEFCON 3.

(to Aide)

And I want immediate updates on Soviet submarine deployment. I want to see what those bastards are up to.

132

OMITTED

132

133

INT. McKITTRICK'S OFFICE

133

David continues to watch the argument and then looks up to the electric sign over the big board. He sees it change from DEFCON 4 to DEFCON 3.

Watching it for a beat, he suddenly makes a decision and sits at the terminal of McKittrick's computer. David pushes an entry key...

MONITOR: LOG ON

DAVID: JOSHUA

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

There is a slight delay, then, David is startled by the familiar voice.

MONITOR: GREETINGS PROFESSOR FALKEN

DAVID: HELLO, ARE YOU STILL PLAYING THE GAME?

MONITOR: OF COURSE. I SHOULD REACH DEFCON 1 AND LAUNCH MY MISSILES IN 28 HOURS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE SOME PROJECTED KILL RATIOS? \*

A series of figures jump onto the screen.

DAVID: IS THIS A GAME OR IS IT REAL?

After several seconds, the program finally responds.

MONITOR: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

David is momentarily stunned. He lowers his gaze to the flickering numbers of the game's time clock.

MONITOR: GAMES TIME ELAPSED; 45HRS 32MINS 47SECS  
ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 27 HRS 59MINS 39 SECS

David watches the countdown for a few seconds, then suddenly Joshua resumes the conversation.

MONITOR: YOU ARE A HARD MAN TO REACH. COULD NOT FIND YOU IN SEATTLE AND NO TERMINAL IS IN OPERATION AT YOUR CLASSIFIED ADDRESS. ARE YOU ALIVE OR DEAD TODAY? \*

DAVID: STOP PLAYING. I'M DEAD.

MONITOR: IMPROBABLE. THERE ARE NO DEATH RECORDS ON FILE FOR FALKEN, STEPHEN W.

David stares in slight confusion at the monitor.

134 EXTREME CLOSEUP OF THE MONITOR

134

AND NO TERMINAL IS IN OPERATION AT YOUR CLASSIFIED ADDRESS. \*

David types into the terminal.

DAVID: WHAT CLASSIFIED ADDRESS?

MONITOR: DOD PENSION FILES INDICATE CURRENT MAILING AS:

DR. ROBERT HUME  
5 TALL CEDAR ROAD  
GOOSE ISLAND, OREGON 97014

135

ANGLE

135

David stares at the address.

DAVID

He's alive?

136

ANGLE

136

The door opens behind David and Wigan appears with Federal Agents AYERS and STOCKMAN. Seeing David at the monitor, Wigan reacts.

WIGAN

Get him away from that thing.

Ayers and Stockman pull David away from the monitor.

DAVID

Look, can I please talk to Mr. McKittrick?

Ayers removes a pair of handcuffs as Wigan begins a recitation.

DAVID

Look, he's right down there. It'll just take a minute, please...

WIGAN

David Lightman, I'll be escorting you to Federal Authorities in Denver where you'll be placed under arrest pending indictment for espionage.

DAVID

Espionage? No, look, there's something going on here. I can explain it to Mr. McKittrick.

Wigan ignores David. He extends a piece of paper.

WIGAN

David... this is a Miranda. It informs you of your rights. Read it over. Then if you'll just sign it for me, please.

David signs the paper reluctantly. \*

DAVID

The system is screwed up, it's playing a game... it's trying to start a nuclear war... \*

(CONTINUED) \*

136 CONTINUED:

136

## WIGNAN

Airman, hold him where you had him before. We'll be ready to leave in a few minutes.

They escort him out.

136A OMITTED  
&  
136B

136A  
&  
136B

137 INFIRMARY DOOR

137

Closes solidly and the LOCKS CLICK into place.

David stares at the door, stunned. He starts pacing, working himself up into a frustrated rage. He spots a 2' X 2' metal panel screwed into the wall near the door. He looks around the room.

David goes over to the sink and tries the drawers below it. They're all locked except the top one. He opens it. Towels, gauze, adhesive tape, tongue depressors. Nothing useful. He shoves it closed.

Suddenly David looks back at the drawer. He pulls it all the way out, and sets it on the floor. He reaches inside to the drawer below and starts piling things on the counter: disposable syringes, ace bandages, a hand-held cassette recorder, a stethoscope ... and a pair of tweezers.

He starts putting things back into the drawer, pauses when he gets to the cassette recorder. It has an earphone attached to the strap. David pushes the "Play" button.

## DOCTOR'S VOICE

... patient's pupils are dilated  
... consistent when recent use of  
marijuana...

David shuts the recorder off and slowly turns to look at the panel.

CUT TO:

138 INFIRMARY

138

The Corporal lolls on the pretty nurse's desk.

CORPORAL

I'm off tomorrow night too. Maybe  
we can go to the smorgasbord.

(grins)

All you can eat...

There's a POUNDING from David's door. The Guard slides off the desk and saunters over.

CORPORAL

(continuing; at door)

What do you want?

DAVID'S VOICE

Bathroom. It's a long ride to  
Denver.

The Guard hesitates, then punches out the code and opens the door.

DAVID

(continuing)

Please let me talk to Doctor  
MCKITTRICK, I have to tell him...

CORPORAL

Look, no one's supposed to talk to  
you. The FBI's gonna be here any  
minute. Do you have to take a  
leak or not?

DAVID

(dejected)

No...

The Guard shrugs and pulls the door closed.

139 ON DAVID - INSIDE ROOM

139

He waits for the Corporal's footsteps to fade, then pulls the panel off the wall and sets it on the floor. He reaches into the opening and retrieves the cassette recorder, which is wired into the lock mechanism with the earphone cord.

He moves the jack from input to output, rewinds the machine, and pushes the "Play" button. We hear FAINT TONES. The DOOR LOCK HUMS QUIETLY AND CLICKS.

David opens the door. He hears the NURSE LAUGHING. David peers outside the room. The Corporal is listening to the nurse's heartbeat with a stethoscope.

140 INFIRMARY

140

David slips out through the nearby door finding himself in a corridor. He walks, not knowing what to look for except a way out. An elevator down the hall RINGS ITS BELL announcing the arrival of a car. In panic David looks around and goes through the nearest door just as the elevator discharges Wigan and his group who head for the infirmary.

141 CLOSE - DAVID

141

He turns and finds himself in an area under the giant springs that protect the Crystal Palace from earthquakes and near misses. He gets on his hands and knees and crawls along.

142 INFIRMARY

142

The FBI enters and the Corporal rushes to open David's door for them. He punches out the combination. Silence. The door won't open. The guards eye each other and draw their weapons while the Corporal tries the combination again.

CORPORAL

It's just stuck. Does this sometimes.

143 DAVID

143

has worked his way to the main room. From where he is he can see all the activity. Suddenly his attention is caught by:

144 TWO PAIRS OF COMBAT BOOTS

144

very shiny and very much in step. They stop about parallel with David to look at the status of the room.

145 INFIRMARY

145

A whole group has assembled around the door to try to fix the lock.

146

DAVID

146

is frozen in place. The boots move on and he starts to crawl out when more boots come in the other direction. Suddenly a DIFFERENT SOUND emerges. He sees:

147

HIGH-HEELED WEDGIES

147

side by side with open-toed sandals followed by other summer shoes attached to bare legs. Colonel Conley's voice is heard.

CONLEY

(a bad liar)

Gee, folks, I've just been informed that they're cleaning the floors in the computer center. Don't want anyone to slip and hurt themselves so we're going to end the tour right here. Now if I can ask you all to board the bus kind of quickly we'll have a complimentary beverage waiting for each of you down the hill at the officer's club...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The shoes start moving away and David decides it's his only shot. He scrambles out onto the floor and is getting to his feet.

148

A HAND

148

grabs him by the neck and pulls him upright.

149

FULL SHOT

149

The hand belongs to SERGEANT SCHNEIDER, a prince among men.

SERGEANT

Hold it right there. Caught you, didn't I?

\*  
\*

He stares at David, who is frozen with fear.

SERGEANT

You kids think you can get away with anything. You know you're not supposed to leave the group. Now get going.

\*  
\*  
\*

DAVID

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Sgt. Schneider releases him and David scoots to meet his new friends.

150 INFIRMARY 150

A TECHNICIAN kneels at the lock and removes the screws.

TECHNICIAN

I think it's jammed from inside.

WIGAN

Come on, David. You're just making it harder on yourself.

TECHNICIAN

I got it. Here it comes.

The door starts open.

151 BLAST DOOR AREA 151

The bus is loading. David is toward the end of the line nervously checking over his shoulder.

152 INFIRMARY 152

Well what did you expect? They're upset.

WIGAN

All right, quick check everywhere. He can't be far. Move it.

153 TUNNEL 153

The bus is going down the tunnel with David peeing his pants.

154 OMITTED 154

154A INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY 154A \*

The Radar Technician studies a map. \*

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Twenty-two Typhoon-class subs out of the port at Petropavlovsk, rounding the bend at Nordkap, heading for deep ocean. Bearing zero nine five degrees. \*

His attention also glued to the screen, the Officer behind the Technician breaks his silence. \*

(CONTINUED)



154A CONTINUED:

154A

CAPT. NEWT

Boy, it looks like Ivan's getting  
ready to tear someone a new asshole.

RADAR TECHNICIAN

I know. I'm beginning to feel  
like Custer's bugler.

155 OMITTED  
thru  
156

155  
thru  
156

157 INT. COMPUTER CENTER

157

Light pulses are seen, as signals are carried along  
the optical fibers of the WOPR machine. There is  
an ominous HUM broken by intermittent electric  
CLICKS.

157A INT. MCKITTRICK'S OFFICE

157A

McKittrick leans over his desk with Richter studying a large spread of wiring diagrams. He glances up as Pat Healy enters.

MCKITTRICK

Hey, if it isn't good news I don't want to hear it.

Pat shrugs.

PAT

They lost the kid. He got away.

MCKITTRICK

What?

PAT

They've put out an all state, all points bulletin and, of course, they'll get him. But for the moment, he's loose.

MCKITTRICK

I hope they blow the little bastard away. \*

158 EXT. COLORADO GAS STATION - DAY

158

A large truck pulls into a gas station and David hops out. He walks to an outdoor pay phone.

159 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

159

Inside the booth David removes the receiver from the pay phone. Using a small scrap of wire he digs around in the mouthpiece of the receiver until he shorts something out. There is a click and then a dial tone.

With staccato moves of his fingers, he beats in a series of numbers on the receiver switch until he gets a ring.

Shivering in the cold wind, David speaks with an OPERATOR.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(over phone)

What city, please?...

DAVID

Anderson Island, Oregon...The number for Doctor Robert Hume...H-U-M-E... on Tall Cedar Road. \*

David grabs a bite as he waits.

(CONTINUED)

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159

159 CONTINUED:

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(over phone)

Checking under Doctor Robert Hume,  
H-U-M-E on Tall Cedar Road. I  
find no listing.

DAVID

Does that mean he doesn't have a  
phone?

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(over phone)

I'm sorry. I am unable to find  
any listing.

DAVID

Wait, try Falken, Doctor Stephen  
Falken... F-A-L-K-E-N... same  
address.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(over phone)

I find no listing for a Doctor  
Stephen Falken. F-A-L-K-E-N, on  
Tall Cedar Road, Goose Island.

David hangs up. With arms crossed against the cold wind,  
he thinks for a minute.

160 OMITTED  
&  
161

160  
&  
161

162 INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - DAY

162

Jennifer jogs in place to the combination of French  
Disco and suggestive "Sprechstimmen" that identify an  
Aerobics exercise dance. Her face glistens with  
perspiration and her tank top is soaked with sweat.

As the cadence changes to a series of evocative twist-  
ing motions, the PHONE RINGS. She ignores it for SEV-  
ERAL RINGS; then with a loud "damn," she moves to  
answer it.

JENNIFER  
(breathing hard,  
annoyed)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

DAVID  
(over phone)  
Jennifer, it's me, David.

JENNIFER  
David?

163 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - COLORADO GAS STATION - DAY

163

David is freezing as he speaks in the phone booth.

DAVID  
I'm in Colorado... Listen,  
Jennifer, can you loan me some  
money?

JENNIFER'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
What?

DAVID  
I need an airline ticket from  
Grand Junction, Colorado to Salem,  
Oregon.

164 INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

164

Jennifer sits on the floor holding the phone. INTERCUT  
WITH David in phone booth. A car pulls up that  
resembles the FBI sedan.

JENNIFER  
What are you doing in Colorado? I  
went by your house and your  
parents were really weirded out.  
What's happening?

DAVID  
I'll tell you later. I can't talk  
right now. Listen, when you buy  
the ticket tell them I'll pick it  
up in Grand Junction, but it'll  
have to be under a different name.

Jennifer reaches for a pencil and a pad from a nearby  
table.

JENNIFER  
Wait, I better write this all  
down...

165. OMITTED

165

165A INT. NORAD - CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY

165A

Soviet subs lie in wait off the coast of North America. The scoreboard above indicates a DEFCON 3. The mood on the floor is one of intense concentration.

Up on the Command Balcony, General Beringer, fatigued but still wired, listens to the COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER read a telex from the State Department.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir, the Soviets are denying any increase in their submarine deployment. They want to know what the hell we're doing provoking them.

BERINGER

Well, they're full of shit. We know they're down there.

166 OMITTED

166 \*

167 EXT. SALEM AIRPORT - DAY

167

A commuter airplane lands at the small airport. David comes down the ramp from the plane among a group of rural travelers.

167A INT. SALEM AIRPORT - DAY

167A

David enters the airport and, as he walks among the passengers toward the exit, he notices a pair of police by the front door. As he pauses, uncertain as to the best way to proceed, an arm suddenly grips his and a voice speaks. Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Hi, oh, I'm so glad you made it.

As David faces her with a surprised expression, she gives him a sisterly hug.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

We were worried you wouldn't make your connection.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

167E OMITTED

167E \*

168 INT. ANDERSON ISLAND MINIBUS

168 \*

In the back row are Jennifer and David. Jennifer looks alert, relaxed, happy to be on this adventure. David has been through the wringer. Lines of worry show as he stares out the window.

Jennifer glances at him, then really studies him. He notices her looking at him.

DAVID

What?

She shrugs, continues to look. Something strikes her as funny, and she giggles.

JENNIFER

You...a Russian spy?  
Give me a break!

David gives Jennifer a sidelong glance, with maybe a trace of pride.

168A EXT. FERRY BOAT LANDING

168A \*

The bus pulls to a stop. The CAMERA PANS David and Jennifer to the ferry.

168B EXT. FERRY

168B \*

David and Jennifer run to the gate as it is closing. They plead to the gateman to open the gate.

GATEMAN

Next ferry is in two hours.

DAVID

Please!!

GATEMAN

Okay.

They run and jump onto the ferry.

168C EXT. FERRY TO ANDERSON ISLAND

168C \*

David and Jennifer huddle together on a bench, wind blowing, cold.

JENNIFER

But--why would the obituary say  
he was dead?

(CONTINUED)

168C CONTINUED:

168C \*

DAVID  
 (convincing himself)  
 He's not dead. He left. When they know too much, they give them new identities. Anyway, the computer said so.

He looks at her quickly to see if she believes him. She's not smiling.

JENNIFER  
 Yeah, but...the military's got to know what's going on. It's their system.

DAVID  
 They don't know Joshua. Falken knows Joshua. He's the only one who knows what it can do. It's trying to win the game we asked it to play -- for real.

He gives her a long look.

DAVID  
 (continuing)  
 You don't even believe me.

JENNIFER  
 (nods)  
 Yeah, I do.

She hugs him.

DAVID  
 (looks at island)  
 He's alive...

168D VARIOUS CUTS

168D \*

David and Jennifer run from docked ferry to Anderson Island. They walk on the island looking for Falken's house.

169 OMITTED  
 thru  
 169A

169 \*  
 thru \*  
 169A \*

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170 EXT. FERRYBOAT - DAY 170

David and Jennifer stare anxiously ahead as the boat nears the dock on Goose Island.

171 EXT. FERRY DOCK - GOOSE ISLAND - DAY 171

Without waiting for the cars, David and Jennifer sprint ahead, onto the island.

172 EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - GOOSE ISLAND - DAY 172

David and Jennifer walk on a paved road, heavily wooded on both sides. Seeing a battered road sign, they turn off onto a dirt lane marked Tall Cedar Road. Glimpses of water can be seen through the trees.

173 ANGLE 173

In the deeper gloom of the woods, David and Jennifer arrive at a high overgrown cyclone fence that surrounds a large section of waterfront property. The battered mailbox reads HUME.

There is no sign that anyone is there. He peers through the gate which is locked with a large chain.

DAVID

Come on...

174 EXT. ROCKY WATERFRONT - DAY 174

David and Jennifer move along a rock outcropping that stretches down to the water. The fence surrounding the house has eroded away where it reaches the tidal mud flats. They ease themselves into the soft mud and move around the outside of the fence entering the property. As they slop through calf-deep muck towards a place where they can regain the shore, a dark form suddenly swoops out of the sky, passing a few feet above Jennifer's head. She flinches and falls into the mud. Staring up in shocked disbelief, David sees:

175 ANGLE 175

A Pterosaur. An extinct flying reptile, with leathery wings that span nearly eight feet, glides past. As Jennifer and David scramble for cover on the mud flat, the creature banks, turns, and swoops by again, passing only inches from David's face as he swings at it.



176

ANGLE

176

David watches as the Pterosaur circles upward along the side of a rock outcropping. Finally, it gracefully glides to the lone figure of a man, apparently its master.

He takes the model Pterosaur from the air and looks down toward David. It is FALKEN.

177

OMITTED

177

178

ANGLE

178

David and Jennifer slog towards the shoreline where Falken, dressed in a dark, rain slick material, holds his creature. An eccentricity, a flamboyance, and a disregard for the conventional is immediately evident from his actions and attitudes.

FALKEN

Greetings. I'm sorry I startled you...Just imagine, the sky was once filled with them.

DAVID

We're looking for Dr. Hume.

FALKEN

Ah, you've read my mailbox. Splendid! Are either of you paleontologists? I prayed God would send me a paleontologist.

JENNIFER

(puzzled)

You're Stephen Falken, aren't you?

Falken turns and begins walking away.

FALKEN

(continuing)

Just there you'll find a path which leads to a length of chain link fence. Follow the fence until you come to a gate. Open the gate, exit the property, and please give it a good slam so it locks behind you. Then, if you hurry, you'll just make the six-thirty ferry to the mainland.

DAVID

Dr. Falken, I really need your help.

(CONTINUED)

FALKEN

But how can I help you, old  
fellow? After all, I'm dead.

DAVID

I'm here because of Joshua.

Falken studies him for a minute.

FALKEN

Why don't you both come up  
to the house?

(to David)

And then maybe you can tell  
me how you know Joshua.

179 OMITTED  
thru  
183

179  
thru  
183

184 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - FLOOR

184

A WAILING SIGNAL brings a SENIOR CONTROLLER to abrupt attention. On his radar scope, two blips appear over Alaska heading towards the U.S. As his assistants check for malfunctions and report "high confidence," he holds a light gun to the blips on the scope. The word "UNKNOWN" flashes on the screen.

RADAR TECHNICIAN  
(into intercom)  
Radar reports two unknown tracks... penetrating Alaskan Air Defense Zone. Flight profile suggests Soviet Backfire bombers.

185 COMMAND BALCONY

185

BERINGER  
(to Colonel Conley)  
I want a visual confirmation on this. Scramble some interceptors to take a look.

He watches the approaching blips on the board.

LT. DOUGHERTY  
(calculating)  
Their flight path will put them right over Pave Paws.

COLONEL CONLEY  
If they knock it out, we won't be able to detect a sub launch.

BERINGER  
Those sons of bitches.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

185

BERINGER (CONT'D)

(slams his hand  
down)

I knew they were down there.  
- Let's go to DEFCON TWO. And I  
want to talk to that flight leader  
myself.

186 CLOSE ON SCOREBOARD

186

The DEFCON moves from 3 to 2.

187 ANGLE - WALL DISPLAY

187

The symbols for two pairs of F-15 jet interceptors head  
towards the unknown blips.

187A EXT. TWO F-15 JETS

187

As they streak across the sky.

8 INT. F-15

188

FLIGHT LEADER

Crystal Palace, this is Delta  
Foxtrot two-seven. I have  
negative radar contact. Repeat.  
Negative Soviet aircraft.

188A INT. COMMAND BALCONY

188

BERINGER

Two-seven, this is Brass Hat.  
They're right in front of you.  
You're almost on top of them...

General Beringer stops in mid-sentence as the two  
unknown blips on the big board suddenly race westward  
and disappear. The interceptors continue alone on the  
screen.

188B INT. F-15

188B

FLIGHT LEADER (V.O.)

Brass Hat, we've got nothin' on  
radar an' forty miles visibility.  
There's nothing out there, General.  
Just blue sky.

CUT TO:

189 COMPUTER CENTER - CLOSE ON THE WOPR MACHINE 189

Its optical fibers flickering, the MACHINE HUMS as it continues to perfect its plan for winning World War III.

190 OMITTED 190

191 INT. FALKEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Falken is threading a 16mm projector. Jennifer, wearing an oversized flannel shirt, sits quietly while David speaks with Falken.

JENNIFER

You haven't really been listening, have you?

FALKEN

Yes. I have. I loved it when you nuked Las Vegas. A fine biblical end for the place.

DAVID

But aren't you going to call them and explain what Joshua's doing?

FALKEN

Listen children. Once upon a time, a long time ago there lived a magnificent race of animals who dominated the world through age after age.

Falken gets up and goes to the projector, turns it on.

FALKEN (cont'd)

They ran and they swam and they fought and they flew until suddenly, quite a short time ago really, they disappeared. Nature just gave up and started again. We weren't even apes then, just smart little rodents hiding in the rocks. And when we go, nature will start again, with the bees probably. Nature knows when to give up, David.

DAVID

Well, I'm not giving up. If Joshua makes them launch an attack, it'll be your fault.

(CONTINUED)

.91 CONTINUED:

FALKEN

My fault? The whole point was to find a way to practice nuclear war without actually destroying ourselves. Let the computers learn from mistakes we couldn't afford to make. But I could never get Joshua to learn the most important lesson.

DAVID

What's that?

FALKEN

Futility. That there's a time when it's useless to try anymore.

JENNIFER

What kind of a lesson is that?

FALKEN

Don't you see, it's like when a child plays noughts and crosses, tic-tac-toe. At first he plays it over and over, then suddenly he gives up. You know why.

JENNIFER

I don't know, it's boring. It's always a tie.

FALKEN

There's no way to win. The game itself is pointless. But back at the war room they believe you can win a nuclear war. That there can be acceptable losses.

DAVID

So you gave up and decided to play dead.

FALKEN

For security reasons, they graciously arranged my death. Did you know that no land animal with a body weight of over fifty pounds survived that age? Extinction is part of the natural order.

DAVID

Bullshit. If we're extinguished that's not natural. It's just stupid.

(CONTINUED)

FALKEN

It's alright, I've planned ahead;  
we're just three miles from a  
primary target. A millisecond of  
brilliant light and we're vaporized.  
Much more fortunate than the millions  
who'll wander sightless through the  
smoldering aftermath. We'll be  
spared the horror of survival.

DAVID

So you won't even make a simple  
phone call.

JENNIFER

If the real Joshua were still  
alive you'd do it.

FALKEN

We might gain a few years, perhaps  
time enough for you to have a son.  
But humanity carefully planning  
it's own destruction -- I can't  
stop that.

DAVID

This is unreal. You know what?  
Death means nothing to you because  
you're dead already. What was the  
last thing you really cared about?

FALKEN

You've missed the last ferry. You  
can sleep on the floor.

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192 ANGLE

192

When Falken has left, David crosses to the door and opens it. He steps out into a heavy rush of wind.

192A ANGLE - BALCONY - NIGHT

192A

From the top of the stairs, Falken quietly studies the now empty living room.

193 EXT. FALKEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

193

David and Jennifer move away from the house into the surrounding night.

193A INT. NORAD - CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY

193A

Soviet subs have moved closer off both coasts. Other symbols show Soviet troops amassing in East Germany, bombers on alert throughout the Eastern bloc. The scoreboard shows a DEFCON 2.

The battle staff nervously monitors the inflow of strategic information as General Beringer briefs the White House by phone on the current status.

BERINGER

We have forty-eight nuclear subs closing in on the U.S. from these points. There are Soviet troops massing in East Germany and we are monitoring their bombers on alert. Yes, sir, we'll keep you informed as we get new information.

AIDE

(holding Telex)

... Intelligence reports rumors of a new Soviet bomber with stealth capabilities. It can project a false radar image six hundred miles away from the real aircraft.

BERINGER

Christ, they've got us chasing shadows.

193B INT. COMPUTER CENTER - CLOSE ON THE WOPR MACHINE

193B

HUMMING QUIETLY in its darkened chamber below. The glass fibers surrounding it begin to flicker.



194 EXT. FALKEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

194

David and Jennifer stumble through the darkness, down a steep rocky incline, heading for the water's edge.

DAVID

C'mon. We'll find a boat...  
- there's got to be a boat.

194A EXT. WATER'S EDGE -- NIGHT

194A

As they scramble along the shore, David squinting desperately into the blackness. He stops, angry and frustrated.

DAVID

What kind of an asshole lives on an island and doesn't even have a boat!

JENNIFER

Maybe we could swim. How far do you think it is?

DAVID

Two, three miles at least.  
Maybe more.

JENNIFER

Whaddya think? Let's go for it.

She kicks off her shoes, starts for the water.

DAVID

I...  
(pause)  
can't swim.

JENNIFER

(incredulously)  
You can't swim?

DAVID

Just because you're Wonder Woman!

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What kind of an asshole grows up in Seattle and doesn't even know how to swim?

DAVID

I never got around to it, okay!  
There was always gonna be plenty of time.

David turns away. Jennifer watches, instantly regretful.

(CONTINUED)

194A CONTINUED:

194A

JENNIFER

I'm....sorry.

David nods silently, sits heavily by the shore, sighs, stares out into the night. Jennifer studies him, deeply affected.

DAVID

I wish I didn't know about any of this. I wish I was like everybody else in the world. And then, tomorrow - it would just...be over.

(looks up)

And then there wouldn't be time left to be sorry - about anything.

He looks down, his eyes beginning to mist over.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But Jesus, I did want to learn how to swim. I swear to God I did.

Jennifer manages a tiny smile. She sits next to him.

JENNIFER

Next week...

(the idea sounds  
strange to her)

Next week...I was going to be on TV.

DAVID

You're kidding.

JENNIFER

Just on that aerobics show in the afternoon, with some of the girls in my class. Stupid, I guess. I mean, nobody'd be watching anyway...

DAVID

I would.

She grins. They exchange a warm, tender look.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't want to die. I never even kissed a girl and meant it until today.

(CONTINUED)

194A CONTINUED (2):

194A

She stares back, beginning to tremble imperceptibly. Slowly, she takes his hand. David searches her eyes with a silent question which she immediately understands.

Jennifer gives a tiny nod.

David leans in, kisses her softly and deeply as they wrap themselves in each other and he lowers her to the ground.

195 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

195

The tide is in as they move along the shore. Seeing a skiff, he races towards it. As he yanks a bow line to pull it closer, he sees that it is full of water. While he debates bailing it out, the THUP-THUP of a HELICOPTER is heard in the distance. Jennifer turns.

David glances around and the SOUND DISAPPEARS in the SIGHING OF THE WIND. He fishes through a pile of rusty junk looking for a can that will hold water. Suddenly, there is a ROAR and he spins around.

196 ANGLE

196

The HELICOPTER ROARS over the tree tops, coming straight at them. The powerful beam of the landing light sweeps the ground ahead, and finally spots them. For a split second, they are blinded, unable to move, then they turn and run along the beach, stumbling over driftwood and rubble as they attempt to escape the pursuing chopper. They fall and the machine swoops past, sending up a huge cloud of windblown sand.

DAVID

That bastard turned us in.

197 ANGLE

197

They look up to see it making a turn, coming back for what seems a final pass. Then, suddenly, it stops, hangs in the air, hovering for several seconds. Then, it begins drifting slowly, ominously, towards them.

198 ANGLE

198

David scrambles to his feet, lifting Jennifer, ready to make a break for it. The chopper settles down on the ground in front of them.

199 DAVID'S POV

199

Falken suddenly shouts from the chopper.

FALKEN

I made the call.

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200 ANGLE

200

They react and race forward towards the helicopter. Falken pulls Jennifer aboard, then David as it lifts off into the night sky.

201 OMITTED  
thru  
207

201  
thru  
207

208 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE

208

A KLAXON suddenly SHATTERS the tense silence.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

(loudspeaker)

We have a launch detection... we have a launch detection.

A map of the Soviet Union flashes onto one of the screens. Three hundred missile launches appear, scattered through the Russian heartland and from submarines.

The battle floor erupts into activity. VOICES OVERLAP as we pick up the communications flooding in and out of Cheyenne Mountain:

TECHNICIANS ON THE FLOOR

... BMEWS has confirmed a massive attack.

... Missile warning... No malfunction.

... Confidence is high. I repeat, confidence is high.

... Cobra Dane, is this an exercise?

... Negative, this is not an exercise.

209 COMMAND BALCONY

209

As the KLAXON WAILS, the battle staff rushes through their carefully rehearsed sequence of crisis responses. General Beringer's Aide hangs up a phone and turns to the General.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

CAPT. NEWT  
General, DSP is tracking three  
hundred inbound Soviet ICBMS.

\*

General Beringer looks over at:

210 ANGLE

210

McKittrick hurries toward the Command Balcony.

BERINGER  
(shouts to McKittrick)  
Tell me this is one of your simulations.

\*

McKITTRICK  
Jack, I wish I could. No one's  
running anything down there.

BERINGER  
(to Colonel Conley)  
You better flush the bombers and get  
the subs ready. We are at  
DEFCON 1.

\*

\*

\*

The SCOREBOARD CLICKS to 1 -- WAR.

CUT TO:

210A OMITTED  
thru  
214

210A \*  
thru  
214

215 INT. NORAD - CRYSTAL PALACE

215

McKittrick stands behind MAJOR LEM at the WOPR terminal as Major Lem reads the analysis of the attack.

MAJOR LEM

Initial attack profile: Massive Soviet counterforce strike. Anticipated losses: Eighty-five to ninety-five percent of our land based strategic forces.

BERINGER

What's the WOPR recommend?

A map showing the recommended targets in the Soviet Union appears on the right screen of the board.

McKITTRICK

Full-scale retaliatory strike, concentrated on enemy command, strategic and industrial targets.

BERINGER

(under his breath)

I need a machine to tell me that?

216 OMITTED  
thru  
221

216  
thru  
221

222 ANGLE-COMMAND BALCONY

222

COLONEL CONLEY

The President is on his way to Andrews to join Airborne Command. Sir, we've got to give him a launch option.

BERINGER

Has he been in contact with the Premier?

COLONEL CONLEY

The Soviets continue to deny everything.

Beringer and McKittrick exchange a look. Suddenly:

VOICE

(over P.A.)

We have a submarine launch detection.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

Beringer looks to see newly launched waves of sub launched missiles closing in on both U.S. coastlines. He makes his decision.

BERINGER

Let's go into a launch mode.  
Close up the mountain.

222A EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN

222A

The jeep caravan has advanced into an area of steep meadow land. Snowcapped peaks can be seen in the b.g.

222B ANGLE

222B

Suddenly as the trio rounds the curb, an Air Force truck can be seen heading towards them. As it slides to a stop, blocking the road, an Airman gestures frantically at the jeeps.

AIRMAN

Hey, go back. Everybody's got to divert to shelter area four. There's some really strange shit going on.

TRAVIS

These men are on top priority. I'm taking them to Norad command.

AIRMAN

No way, Sergeant. Barricades are up on the main road, and they're gonna button up the mountain.

DAVID

Can't we go around the barricades or through them?

TRAVIS

We can sure as hell try -- Hang on.

222C ANGLE

222C

The lead jeep suddenly pulls off the road and races down a steep embankment while David, Jennifer and Falken hang on.

(CONTINUED)



222C CONTINUED:

222C

With the other vehicles bouncing behind in a futile attempt to keep up, Travis speeds across a wide meadow, then climbs a steep embankment on the other side. At the top of a crest, the jeep leaps into the air and disappears behind a ridge.

223 OMITTED  
thru  
226223  
thru  
226

227 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE

227

At a group of monitors to one side of the Crystal Palace, a LIEUTENANT and a SERGEANT run a checklist as they prepare to seal the mountain.

LIEUTENANT

Initiate internal power.

SERGEANT

Generators on and functioning.

LIEUTENANT

Disconnect external power...

SERGEANT

External power disconnected.

LIEUTENANT

Seal off ventilation shafts...

SERGEANT

Shaft locks sealed.

228 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING NORAD

228

The jeep with Falken, David and Jennifer suddenly appears, leaping over an embankment onto the road. Travis emits a loud "yahoo." Falken glances at David who hangs on for his life.

Speed shifting up through the gears, the jeep races toward the NORAD entrance.

228A EXT. NORAD

228A

The jeep crashes through the gate and veers out of control, wiping out a Golden Penaflex and soiling everyone's linen. It comes to rest on its side.

8B CLOSE ON JEEP

David piles out and leans down to Jennifer.

DAVID

Are you okay. Are you okay!

JENNIFER

Yeah, I think so.

DAVID

We'll get the hell out of there.  
Let's go.

Everyone scrambles from the jeep and races on foot for the tunnel.

229 INT. NORAD TUNNEL

229

The group race down the tunnel as the huge blast door is closing. An anxious PAT HEALY is waiting with security badges.

PAT HEALY

(to Guards)

They're cleared... they're cleared.

Without hesitation, Falken, David, Jennifer and Healy rush through just before the heavy door CLUNKS shut.

230 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - COMMAND BALCONY

230

The battle staff prepares for the upcoming combat conditions notifying the various civilian and military defense posts throughout the world by phone and radio.

MAJOR LEM

(to Beringer)

All wings report missiles targeted and enabled, awaiting launch codes.

COLONEL CONLEY

(over loudspeaker)

We are in a launch mode.

Beringer turns to McKittrick, then:

BERINGER

(to Major Lem)

Lock out changes.

Major Lem types the instructions into the terminal.

(CONTINUED)

230

CONTINUED:

230

The screen displays:

MISSILES TARGETED AND ENABLED

CHANGES LOCKED OUT

CUT TO:

231

INT. NORAD CORRIDORS

231

Pat Healy races with Falken, David and Jennifer. Running ahead, Healy opens the double doors leading into the Crystal Palace.

232

INT. CRYSTAL PALACE

232

As Pat Healy rushes up to the Command Balcony, Falken gazes around the command center of the global automated battlefield he helped create. With David and Jennifer hanging behind him, he slowly approaches the big board. They both gaze at the waves of incoming missiles.

232A  
and  
232B

OMITTED

232A  
and  
232B

232C ANGLE

232C

LT. DOUGHERTY  
(to General Beringer)  
General, DSP is still tracking  
three-hundred in bounds ICBMs  
presently MIRVing to approximately  
two thousand four hundred  
impacting points.

Beringer pales in reaction to the statement.  
McKittrick storms towards Falken and David.

233 ANGLE

233

McKITTRICK  
Stephen, I don't know what the  
hell you think you're gonna be  
able to do here...

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

FALKEN

John, how good to see you. I see the wife still picks your ties.

MCKITTRICK

Look, I don't know what this kid has told you...

FALKEN

It's all a bluff, John.

MCKITTRICK

This is not a bluff, this is real. Everything is ready for the President to order a counterstrike and we're advising him to do it immediately.

Falken brushes past McKittrick. He calls out to General Beringer. He has to yell to make himself heard.

FALKEN

Hello... General Beringer. \*

BERINGER \*

Falken, well, you picked a hell of a day to visit. \*

FALKEN

General...what you see on these screens up here is a fantasy. A computer enhanced hallucination. Those blips are not real missiles... They are phantoms.

234 ANGLE

234

General Beringer stares down at Falken and David.

MCKITTRICK

(to Beringer)

Jack, I have absolutely no indication of a simulation run.

AIRMAN FIELDS \*

Two minutes until impact.

DAVID

General, your system is trying to bluff you. It's trying to get you to launch an attack because it can't launch one on its own.

COLONEL CONLEY

(to Beringer)

Sir? Airborne Command.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

Beringer looks at the phone in Conley's hand and then to McKittrick. David steps up beside Falken. Jennifer is by his side.

McKITTRICK

Jack, we've checked and re-checked everything... Everything's working perfectly.

Falken interrupts him.

FALKEN

But does it make any sense?

BERINGER

Does what make any sense?

FALKEN

(indicating board)

That. General, are you prepared to destroy the enemy?

BERINGER

Yes, fully.

FALKEN

Do you think they know that?

BERINGER

(sarcastically)

I believe we've made it about as clear as we could.

FALKEN

Then don't. Tell the President to ride out the attack.

AIRMAN FIELDS

Ninety seconds.

COLONEL CONLEY

(insistent)

Sir, they need a decision.

FALKEN

General. Do you really believe that the enemy would attack without provocation, with so many missiles, bombers and subs, so we would have no choice but to totally annihilate them? General, you are listening to a machine. Do the world a favor and don't act like one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

234

General Beringer stares at the swarm of warheads moving toward their targets. He turns slowly and takes the phone that Colonel Conley holds out to him.

BERINGER

Yes, Mr. President.

(looks down at  
Falken)

Sir, at this point in time I cannot positively confirm the inbounds. There's reason to believe they may not exist.

(listens)

Yes, sir, that's affirmative.

(pause)

Yes, sir, so do I.

He hands the phone back to Colonel Conley and takes a deep breath.

BERINGER

(continuing)

Who's first and how soon?

MAJOR LEM

(at SIOP)

Initial impact points -- Loring Air Force Base in Maine, three-nineteenth Bomb Wing at Grand Forks and Alaskan Air Command Headquarters at Elmendorf. Impacts projected in just a little over one minute, sir.

BERINGER

(to Colonel Conley)

Get me the senior controller at each station. I want to talk to them myself...

Colonel Conley instantly punches up the various command posts on his console panel. An ALERT WARBLE emanates from the phone in front of him as three red lights blink on.

COLONEL CONLEY

(into phone)

All stations this is Crystal Palace -- stand by for a message from Brass Hat.

General Beringer picks up his phone as one by one the voices are heard over the loudspeaker, voices of men who are trying to remain calm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. COL. BOWERS (V.O.)  
Elmendorf Air Force Base,  
Operations, Lieutenant Colonel  
Bowers.

COL. CHASE (V.O.)  
Three-nineteenth Bomb Wing,  
Operations, Colonel Chase.

AIRMAN DOUGHERTY (V.O.)  
(quavering adolescent  
voice)  
Uh... this is Loring Air Force  
Base... uh, the senior controller  
isn't here right now.

BERINGER  
(smiling)  
That's all right. Who are you?

AIRMAN DOUGHERTY (V.O.)  
Sir, this is Airman Dougherty,  
sir.

BERINGER  
This is General Beringer at NORAD.  
The current situation...  
(starts again)  
We are tracking approximately  
twenty-four hundred inbound Soviet  
warheads... however, at this time  
we cannot confirm this. I repeat,  
we cannot confirm this. We're  
estimating impact at --

AIRMAN FIELDS  
Twenty-five seconds.

BERINGER  
We're right there with you, guys.  
We've taken all the steps we  
can. Stand by to launch missiles  
on my command.

From one of the open lines comes the FAINT SOUND OF  
SOMEONE CRYING.

BERINGER  
(continuing)  
Stay on this channel as long as  
possible. We'll be standing by.

The entire Combat Operations Center falls silent.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: (2)

234

AIRMAN FIELDS

Six seconds, sir. Five... four...

Everyone watches the center board. The arcs of the leading warheads approach their targets. Beringer glances at David and Falken.

BERINGER

I hope to shit you're right.

235 ANGLE - WALL DISPLAYS

235

They HIT SILENTLY.

236 ANGLE - CRYSTAL PALACE

236

After a pause, General Beringer looks at Colonel Conley.

COLONEL CONLEY

(into phone)

This is Crystal Palace, are you still on?

Dead silence.

COLONEL CONLEY

(continuing; pleading)

This is Crystal Palace, are you still on? Is anyone there?

A BURST OF STATIC. Suddenly:

LT. COL. BOWERS (V.O.)

That's affirmative, sir.

AIRMAN DOUGHERTY (V.O.)

Yeah we're here. Jesus H. Christ, we're still here.

Up on the status board the impacts keep coming, covering the entire continent.

COLONEL CONLEY

(excited)

Our boards are confirming impact —

COLONEL CHASE (V.O.)

No, sir, no impact. We're alive and well.

(CONTINUED)



#5381

96.

236 CONTINUED:

236

General Beringer throws up his fists triumphantly. The tension on the battle floor erupts into a raucous cheer.

BERINGER

(to Colonel Conley)

Recall the bombers and let's stand the missiles down.

237 ANGLE

237

David, noting that Falken is no longer beside him, glances around.

238 DAVID'S POV

238

The huge electronic displays tower above Falken as he wanders along the front of the room. Oblivious to the atmosphere of celebration, he gazes thoughtfully at the display of technology which he helped create. The map of the United States continues to be obliterated by the rain of nuclear detonations.

239 ANGLE

239

David with Jennifer moves toward Falken. They stand together observing the scene.

240 ANGLE

240

McKittrick glares at Falken, David and the girl, pondering a host of unanswered questions. After a beat, he starts towards them.

241 ANGLE - COMMAND BALCONY

241

An ebullient General Beringer and his aides congratulate themselves and the team on the floor.

As Colonel Conley orders the bomber and submarine forces back, Major Lem types instructions into the WOPR console.

242 CLOSE ON MAJOR LEM

242

His smile fades quickly as he tries to log onto the system.

(CONTINUED)

#5381

97.

42

CONTINUED:

242

MAJOR LEM  
(to Colonel Conley)  
Would you get me Dr. McKittrick  
right away.

243 ANGLE

243

Falken notes McKittrick's approach.

FALKEN  
Uh, oh, let's all get out of here  
before he offers us something to  
eat.

McKittrick is about to speak to Falken when a  
TECHNICIAN seated at a console stops him.

TECHNICIAN  
Doctor McKittrick... Major Lem.

He hands McKittrick a headset.

244

ANGLE - MAJOR LEM

244

MAJOR LEM  
(into headset)  
Sir -- something very strange is  
happening. The WOPR refuses to  
let me log back on. I can't get  
in to stand down the missiles or  
recall the bombers.

245 ANGLE - McKITTRICK

245

stares at Falken.

McKITTRICK  
(into headset)  
Hold on.

He turns to a terminal next to him and hits the "Enter"  
key...

MONITOR: LOG ON

McKITTRICK: 7KQ201  
McKITTRICK

(CONTINUED)

#5381

245

245

CONTINUED:

MONITOR:

IDENTIFICATION NOT RECOGNIZED.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

McKITTRICK

(continuing; to Falken)

Stephen, it's not letting us back in.

CUT TO:

246

246 INT. COMPUTER CENTER

Richter sits at his console, surrounded by a team of frantic technicians.

RICHTER

(on phone)

I know, it's weird. No one can get back on. We're trying everything. It's like the entire password file has been wiped out.

247

247 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE

David, Jennifer and Falken stand near McKittrick. David looks at the board.

DAVID

What are those?

McKittrick looks up at the board.

A series of ten random numbers and letters flash on the lower screen, changing so rapidly that the digits are blurred.

McKittrick looks at David, then back at the screen, a growing look of dread on his face.

McKITTRICK

Christ, the launch codes...

JENNIFER

What are they?

FALKEN

Looks like Joshua is getting ready to send up the real missiles.

248 EXT. MINUTEMAN MISSILE LAUNCH CAPSULE - AERIAL VIEW - 248 DAY

It's the same site we saw in the beginning. We're MOVING DOWN TOWARDS IT...

#5381

99.

249 OMITTED  
&  
250

249  
&  
250

251 INT. LAUNCH CAPSULE

251

We KEEP MOVING... it looks the same as it did... except that the chairs for the missile commanders aren't there anymore... there's no one inside the capsule.

252 MISSILE LAUNCH CONSOLE - TIGHT ON THE CONSOLE'S  
COMPUTER SCREEN

252

where the ten missiles controlled by this capsule have their status displayed:

MISSILES ENABLED  
TARGET SELECTION COMPLETE  
TIME ON TARGET SEQUENCE COMPLETE  
YIELD SELECTION COMPLETE  
CHANGES LOCKED OUT

The only thing needed to launch the missile is the launch code, which would appear at the bottom of the computer screen.

Suddenly ten bold white characters — three letters, four digits, three letters — appear at the bottom of the screen, changing rapidly, in seemingly random order.

CUT TO:

253 INT. NORAD COMPUTER CENTER

253

Paul Richter leads a team of jumpsuited technicians through the cavernous facility, opening up processing units, probing circuitry, frantically searching for electronic clues.

Richter speaks into a walkie-talkie.

RICHTER

We've checked the random number generators, but they're not even running. I have no idea... it could be coming from anywhere.

254 INT. CRYSTAL PALACE FLOOR

254

McKITTRICK

(on phone)

Keep looking.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

He gives up his headset and hurries to the Command Balcony.

255 ANGLE - COMMAND BALCONY

255

There is an atmosphere of confusion as McKittrick arrives.

McKITTRICK

The machine has locked us out, it's still trying to launch those missiles.

PAT HEALY

(nose in calculator)

There's an eighty percent chance of it finding the bunch codes in six minutes.

BERINGER

Just unplug the goddamn thing. Jesus Christ!!

McKITTRICK

We can't. It would interpret any shut down as if this facility were destroyed in an attack. The computers at the silos will carry out their last instruction, which was to launch.

BERINGER

McKittrick, after careful consideration I am prepared to tell you that your new defense system sucks.

McKITTRICK

I don't have to take that... you pig-eyed son of a bitch.

BERINGER

I was hoping you'd come up with something better than that. Man of your education.

COLONEL CONLEY

General... It's the President.

General Beringer sighs and crosses to Conley.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

255

McKITTRICK

What are you going to tell him?

BERINGER

(reluctantly)

To order the bombers back to their fail-safes — we may have to go through with this after all.

CUT TO:

256 OMITTED

256

257 INT. MISSILE SILO - MATTE

257

A sixty-foot-deep chasm contains the three-stage, six-foot-wide, 78,000 pound MINUTEMAN III ICBM waiting for the codes which will send it and its nine megaton warhead 15,000 mph to its target 6,000 miles away.

On a nearby console, the random numbers flicker away.

258 OMITTED

258

259 INT. NORAD - CRYSTAL PALACE

259

The random numbers are running out rapidly. McKittrick turns to Falken.

McKITTRICK

Stephen, try and get back in.

FALKEN

How can I...? You've taken out my password.

DAVID

Maybe it'll open up for something it's interested in.

McKITTRICK

What?

DAVID

It likes to play games. Maybe it'll want to play a game.

Falken grins at David's ingenuity.

(CONTINUED)

FALKEN

You try it.

McKITTRICK

For Christ sake, Stephen —

JENNIFER

No, let him. He knows how. He's played it before.

FALKEN

He can hardly do worse than you have, John.

260 ANGLE - MAJOR LEM AT WQPR TERMINAL

260

SYSTEMS PROGRAMMERS are throwing out suggestions to Major Lem, who types into the terminal, willing to try anything.

PROGRAMMERS

... feed it a tapeworm...

-- no, too risky -- might crash the system --

... how'd the kid get in... the back door...

-- we took it out --

... shit. Can we invade the deep logic?

-- we keep hitting a damn firewall --

MONITOR: IDENTIFICATION NOT RECOGNIZED.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

261 ANGLE

261

Falken, McKittrick, David and Jennifer approach. David pushes through the crowd to Major Lem and speaks quietly.

DAVID

Have it list games.

Major Lem looks over his shoulder at the kid, puzzled, then at McKittrick, who nods.

McKITTRICK

Try it, Bill.

JENNIFER

Not him. You should do it David.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

261

The games list appears -- the list David first reached from his bedroom -- projected on the huge center screen of the big board.

MONITOR: FALKEN'S MAZE  
BLACK JACK  
CHECKERS  
CHESS  
FIGHTER COMBAT  
DESERT WARFARE  
THEATREWIDE TACTICAL WARFARE  
GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR

As David speaks, Major Lem types.

DAVID

Chess.

LEM: CHESS

MONITOR: IDENTIFICATION NOT RECOGNIZED

DAVID

(continuing)

Poker.

LEM: POKER

MONITOR: IDENTIFICATION NOT RECOGNIZED

DAVID

(continuing)

Shit. The security system won't let anything through.

He stares at the list, gets an idea.

DAVID

(continuing)

Global thermonuclear war.

LEM: GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR

MONITOR: GAME ROUTINE RUNNING

DAVID

(continuing)

Stop game routine.

LEM: STOP GAME ROUTINE

MONITOR: IMPROPER INSTRUCTION.  
ROUTINE MUST COMPLETE BEFORE RESET.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

261

The screen goes blank. One of the Programmers is impatient to try a new approach. David stands, frustrated, at the balcony railing, watching the furious activity below. He looks to Falken and then to the random numbers which are running out rapidly on the lower screen of the big board.

JENNIFER

Come on David... you do it.

262 ON DAVID

262

He's staring at the board. Suddenly, he turns back to Major Lem at the WOPR, shouting excitedly.

DAVID

Put the Game List back up.

MAJOR LEM

We tried that —

DAVID

(vehement)

Put it up.

(to Falken)

It's not on the list!

FALKEN

What?

Major Lem obeys David and the Games List flashes onto the screen.

David leans over the terminal and furiously hits the keys.

DAVID: TIC-TAC-TOE

David stares into the screen as if he's trying to pull Joshua out by force of will... it's a battle...

Finally —

Four familiar straight lines from childhood shine onto the screen. Falken's eyes brighten with anticipation.

JOSHUA: ONE OR TWO PLAYERS?  
PLEASE LIST NUMBER OF PLAYERS:

The TIC-TAC-TOE grid illuminates the center screen of the big board, and begins to draw the attention of the people on the floor and the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED:

262

McKITTRICK

You're in! Order it to disarm the  
missiles and cease random function  
immediately.

Major Lem takes over and obeys.

TIC-TAC-TOE vanishes.

JOSHUA: IMPROPER INSTRUCTION.  
CHANGES LOCKED OUT.  
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED.

The screen goes blank. David types into the terminal.  
The Game reappears.

McKITTRICK

(incredulous)

You're going to play it?

JOSHUA: ONE OR TWO PLAYERS?  
LIST NUMBER OF PLAYERS:

DAVID: ONE

JOSHUA: X OR O?  
X GOES FIRST  
3-IN-A-ROW WINS

A voice shouts from the floor "X in the center square."

DAVID: X

JOSHUA: YOUR MOVE

He makes his move. An O appears instantly in one  
corner.

263 ANGLE - GENERAL BERINGER

263

From his position at the rear of the Command Balcony,  
General Beringer gazes in amazement at the display on  
the board.

264 ANGLE - DAVID

264

JOSHUA: STALEMATE.  
WOULD YOU CARE TO PLAY AGAIN?

VOICE FROM THE FLOOR

You can't win.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(shouting)

I know that. It doesn't...

(pause)

It hasn't learned.

David turns to McKittrick.

DAVID

(continuing)

Is there any way to make it play against itself?

McKittrick draws a blank. So does Major Lem.

FALKEN

Yes. Number of players: Zero.

David requests a new game. It asks the number of players. David glances around the Crystal Palace, at the faces looking up. He takes a deep breath and hits the key.

DAVID: ZERO

An X appears in the center of the grid.

O's and X's fill in the squares to a stalemate. The moves vanish.

Another X, followed by another sequence of moves. Stalemate.

Again... again... again... again... again... again...

David watches the big board, repeatedly hitting the ENTER key as if trying to prompt Joshua.

DAVID

Come on. Learn, goddamnit.

General Beringer silently approaches the group gathered behind David at the console.

The pace is picking up gradually as the no-win loop consumes more and more system power... moves appear and are wiped out with an increasing frequency... until the huge grid is filled with a blur of dueling symbols... the X is in the center square FLICKERING more rapidly as the program plays out hundreds of games per second.

MAJOR LEM

The random numbers are slowing down...

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: (2)

264

RICHTER

(amazed)

It's caught in a loop... forcing  
it to draw more and more power  
from the rest of the system...

The STROBE EFFECT INCREASES IN VELOCITY electrifying  
the expressions of everyone looking on in the darkened  
war room.

265 ON FALKEN

265

At a slight distance from all the activity, Falken  
watches in the flickering light with the slightest  
trace of a smile.

266 ON DAVID

266

He's enjoying the show.

267 THE CRYSTAL PALACE

267

begins to glow... the whole place lit up by the inten-  
sity of the dueling symbols...

There's a BRILLIANT FLASH.

The screen goes dark.

DAVID

Uh oh.

SUDDENLY, GIANT PROJECTIONS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD FILL  
ALL TWELVE SCREENS. AT BLINDING SPEED, THE TWO SUPER  
POWERS REPEATEDLY PLAY OUT WORLD WAR III ON THE GLOBAL  
AUTOMATED BATTLEFIELD. BOMBERS RACE ACROSS THE GLOBE.  
VOLLEYS OF MISSILES LAUNCH AND IMPACT IN SECONDS,  
MUSHROOM CLOUDS SPREAD ACROSS THE TWO LAND MASSES.  
EACH NUCLEAR EXCHANGE SCENARIO ALWAYS ENDS IN THE TOTAL  
DESTRUCTION OF BOTH SIDES.

BERINGER

(to McKittrick in awe)

What's it doing?

DAVID

It's learning...

SUDDENLY THE WORLD WARS END. THE RANDOM NUMBERS CLICK  
TO A HALT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Crystal Palace is silent. The screen lights up again.

JOSHUA: GREETINGS PROFESSOR FALKEN

DAVID: HELLO

JOSHUA: A STRANGE GAME.  
THE ONLY WINNING MOVE IS  
NOT TO PLAY.

Falken's eyes are fixed on the screen.

JOSHUA: HOW ABOUT A NICE GAME OF CHESS?

Jennifer laughs at the idea. David looks up and turns to Falken. The first bars of the end TITLE SONG are heard as Falken gently smiles at Joshua's invitation. Falken looks over at David. They exchange smiles.

267A INT. ARCADE - DAY

267A

As the SONG CONTINUES, David wanders slowly through the arcade in which we first encountered him. He seems strangely more mature, more at ease, less frenetic than the youths who obsessively play computer games around him.

His reverie is interrupted by the appearance of Jennifer. He smiles. They speak. She coaxes a laugh, then she whispers something and he laughs again.

As the SONG CONTINUES; computer imagery blends with the play world of Joshua. The excitement of military personnel, playing the game on the big board can be read in their expressions and the computer imagery of the Crystal Palace and the play world of the arcade, linked by the lyric of the song provides in a bizarre counterpoint the ironic union between games of power and destruction both large and small.

268 OMITTED  
thru  
276268  
thru  
276

FADE OUT.

THE END