

DR. STRANGELOVE

Or:

How I Learned

To

Stop Worrying

And

Love The

BOMB

CAST

AT BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

General Jack D. Ripper.....Base Commander

Major Mandrake.....Executive Officer to General Ripper

Colonel "Bat" Guano.....Battalion Commander

Private Charlie.....Base Security Team

Private Tung.....Base Security Team

Sergeant.....Base Security Team

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IN THE WAR ROOM

Merkin Muffley.....The President

General "Buck" Schmuck.....Air Force Chief

Admiral Percy Buldike.....Navy Chief

General "Flash" Faceman.....Army Chief

Ambassador de Sade.....Enemy Ambassador

Von Klutz )

)

Zlat )

)

Frankenstein )

)

Cadaverly )

)

Didley ).....Presidential Aides

)

Turgidson )

Crudley )  
Waffel )  
Moffo )

WAR ROOM (Continued)

Kulnick )  
Funkel ).....Presidential Aides

Assorted Military Aides - about 30 altogether

M.P. Orderly

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

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IN THE B-90, "LEPER COLONY"

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

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OTHERS

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

GENERAL NOTES:

1. The story will be played for realistic comedy - which means the essentially truthful moods and attitudes will be portrayed accurately, with an occasional bizarre or super-realistic crescendo. The acting will never be so-called "comedy" acting.
2. The sets and technical details will be done realistically and carefully. We will strive for the maximum atmosphere and sense of visual reality from the sets and locations.

3. The Flying sequences will especially be presented in as vivid a manner as possible. Exciting backgrounds and special effects will be obtained.

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

ROLL-UP TITLE

"NARDAC BLEFESCU PRESENTS"

Dr. Strangelove:

or

How I Learned to Stop Worrying

and

Love the

BOMB

a

MACRO - GALAXY - METEOR PICTURE

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

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

MUSIC - WEIRD, EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL, ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

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

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

NARRATOR

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

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

NARRATOR

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

Geographic details fill the screen.

CUT TO

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

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

NARRATOR

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

2a DAY - B-90's TAKING OFF

NARRATOR

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

3 B-90 STING RAYS - FLYING

NARRATOR

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

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

NARRATOR

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

5 DOWN VIEW - STING RAY - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR

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

6 REAR VIEW - STING RAY - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR

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

7 FRONT VIEW - STING RAY - FLYING SHOT

NARRATOR

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

8 CU - MAJOR "KING" KONG - PILOT - INT. STING RAY

He is a sharp-eyed, steady veteran flyer.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

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

PHOTOGRAPH - DOUBLE FOLD OF NUDE BLONDE

Miss Milky Way, Plaything of the Month, a top government stenographer and part-time model.

CAMERA PULLS BACK - CAPTAIN "ACE" ANGST

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

The plane cruises on auto-pilot.

8a NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF - READS "PLAYTHING"

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

8b RADIO-RADAR- LIEUTENANT TERRY TOEJAM - READS "SUNSHINE AND LOVE"

A tall, curly-haired, meticulous man in his late twenties, he nibbles a piece of cake.

8c BOMBARDIER - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOGG - A NEGRO

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

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

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

8e NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

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

LIEUTENANT BALLMUFF

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

8f MS - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

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

MAJOR KONG

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

8g CU - RADARSCOPE

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

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

He studies the scope calmly and frowns.

8i CU - RADARSCOPE

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

8j CU - D.S.O.

Quickly figuring on pad.

LIEUTENANT QUIFFER

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

8k CU - NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

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

LIEUTENANT BALLMUFF  
Probably another radar surveillance job.

8l CU - PILOT

Without looking up from his copy of "Plaything".

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

8m CLOSE RADARSCOPE

The blip suddenly vanishes as the scope goes completely  
white.

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

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

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

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

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

8n CU - THE CRM - 114

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

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

8o CU - LIEUTENANT TERRY TOEJAM

Looks up slowly from his magazine, leans forward and jots down the coded message. He carefully flips through a code book.

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

8p CU - PILOT

MAJOR KONG  
(still reading)  
Good.

8q MS - LIEUTENANT TOEJAM RAPIDLY DECODES THE MESSAGE

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM  
I've decoded it, Major Kong.

MAJOR KONG  
Good.

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

8r CUTS TO CREW

The magazines are lowered in slow motion.

8s CU - BOMBARDIER - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOGG

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

8t CU - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

MAJOR KONG  
(wisely)  
They have their reasons.

8u CU - NAVIGATOR - LIEUTENANT "BINKY" BALLMUFF

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

8v CUTS TO CREW

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

8w CU - LIEUTENANT LOTHAR ZOGG - READING

LIEUTENANT ZOGG  
(sighing)

Probably an exercise.

LIEUTENANT TOEJAM  
(reading)  
Probably.

MAJOR KONG  
(reading)  
They have their reasons.

VARIOUS CUTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10 INT. BASE COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER

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

A loud buzzer.

MAJOR MANDRAKE lifts special phone.

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
Combat Operations Center, Major Mandrake speaking.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER  
This is General Ripper speaking.

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER  
Do you recognize my voice?

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

11 INT. GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER'S OFFICE

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

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

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
No, sir.

The scene will intercut between MANDRAKE and RIPPER.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
Yes, sir.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
Condition Red!

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

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

A significant pause.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER  
You're a good officer, Major Mandrake. You

have a right to know. It looks like we're in a shooting war!

MAJOR MANDRAKE

A shooting war!

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Yes, Major. This looks like it's going to be it.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER.

That includes all communications and phones - incoming as well as outgoing.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

What if someone wants to call us?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

That's right, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

You're right, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

No calls from inside out. No calls from outside in are even answered. No calls.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

(harshly)

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Yes, sir. I just thought of something, sir. How do I know I'm talking to you now?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Who do you think you're talking to?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

To you, sir. But how do I know?

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Are you trying to be insubordinate?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

No, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Plan-R????

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Are you hard of hearing, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Are you questioning my orders, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Thank you, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

Now, as soon as you've done that, double-

up on all base security teams. Our enemies are plenty smart, and there might even be an attack on the base by saboteurs.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Yes, sir.

GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER

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

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

13 DAY - INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS

The crew is still wistfully absorbed in their magazines.

13a CU - CRM-114

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

13b CU - LT. TOEJAM - RADIO

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

LT. TOEJAM

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

MAJOR KONG

(reading)

Yeah?

LT. TOEJAM

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

13c CU - PILOT - MAJOR "KING" KONG

He looks up pensively.

MAJOR KONG

Wing attack, Plan-R?

13d MASTER SHOT

LT. TOEJAM

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

MAJOR KONG

(lets magazine fall in lap)  
Check your code again. No one at base

would pull a stunt like that, Terry.

LT. TOEJAM

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

There is a pause as they think of the unthinkable.

LT. "BINKY" BALLMUFF

(standing)

You must have made a mistake.

LT. TOEJAM

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

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

LT. LOTHAR ZOGG

(softly)

Well, I'll be damned.

LT. TOEJAM

(holding out code book  
to pilot)

Here, check it yourself.

13e CU - MAJOR KONG

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

MAJOR KONG

(with quiet dignity)

Then this is it.

LT. QUIFFER

What?

MAJOR KONG

(solemnly)

War.

LT. QUIFFER

(awe-struck)

War?

CAPTAIN ANGST

(nodding gravely)

Yes, that must be what it is.

LT. BALLMUFF

(aghast)

War?

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

LT. QUIFFER  
Maybe it's an exercise.

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

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

LT. QUIFFER  
Maybe they want to test our loyalty.

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

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

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

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

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

LT. BALLMUFF  
Yeah - real rough.

They all shake their heads in melancholy agreement.

LT. TOEJAM  
I wonder how it started?

CAPTAIN ANGST  
Yes, how could it have started?

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

LT. QUIFFER  
The bastards must have hit us!

LT. BALLMUFF

Yeah - but why would they do that,  
Quentin?

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

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

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

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

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

LT. QUIFFER (cont)  
kids already!

13f CU - MAJOR KONG

He studies LT. QUIFFER with a jaundiced look.

MAJOR KONG  
(John Wayne)  
Okay, cut it, Lieutenant Quiffer! If you  
speak once more before I give you per-  
mission, you'll face a general court  
martial when we get back.  
(looks around)  
And that goes for everyone else.

He pauses for effect.

13g CU - D.S.O.

LIEUTENANT QUENTIN QUIFFER looks down sheepishly.

13h CU - MAJOR KONG

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

13i FULL SHOT - THE CREW

LT. QUIFFER

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

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

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

13j VARIOUS SHOTS - CREW

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

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

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

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

13k MS - MAJOR KONG

He adjusts the gyro, banks the big plane, and opens his folder.

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

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

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

LT. BALLMUFF

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

MAJOR KONG  
Roger. One-three-eight.

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

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

(pause)  
Any questions?

LT. ZOGG  
I've got one.

MAJOR KONG  
Shoot, Lothar.

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

MAJOR KONG  
That's what I said.

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

MAJOR KONG  
What's your point, Lothar?

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

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

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

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

15

15a COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

16 NIGHT - EXT. MODERN HOTEL

DISSOLVE

17 SWITCHBOARD IN HOTEL

The night GIRL is reading a paperback murder mystery.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH

What is your name, young lady?

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Ceida Pietraszkiewicz.

COLONEL PUNTRICH

What did you say?

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

DISSOLVE

18 OMITTED

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

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
(angrily)

Yes!

COLONEL PUNTRICH  
General Schmuck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
Yes! Who the hell is this?

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

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

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

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH  
What did you say, sir?

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

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

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

She begins kissing his neck.

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH  
No, sir.

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
Then why bother me with this nonsense?  
Get in touch with the base commander.

She pulls him flat on the bed.

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

She sprawls on top of him.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK sits up.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Does the threat board show anything?

COLONEL PUNTRICH

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

20 NIGHT - EXT. LONG SHOT - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

(public address system)

I want to impress on you the need for watchfulness. A commie will try any trick to breach the security on this base.

21 PERIMETER FENCE - 10-MAN SECURITY DETAIL

Digging in a machine gun about ten yards outside fence. The riflemen are spread out at 5-yard intervals and are digging foxholes.

GENERAL RIPPER

(p.a.)

He may come individually, or he may come in strength. He may come in the uniform of our own troops.

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

They set up another light-machine gun. A squad of riflemen dig in too.

GENERAL RIPPER

(p.a.)

Trust no one, whatever his rank, who is not known to you personally.

23 AIR POLICE - INT. HANGAR

Collecting radios.

GENERAL RIPPER

(p.a.)

Anyone or anything that approaches within two hundred yards of the perimeter is to be fired upon - without challenge.

24 INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - MAJOR MANDRAKE

The last of the staff are leaving.

GENERAL RIPPER

(p.a.)

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

25 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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

26 INT. COMMUNICATIONS SECTION - MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

26a CLOSE - MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

27 NIGHT - EXT. IMPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

Key personnel begin to arrive in cars which screech to stop.

28 NIGHT - INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING HALL - VARIOUS SHOTS

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

29 INT. WAR ROOM - (SEE PHOTO)

30 INT. WAR ROOM COMMAND BRIDGE

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

Enter, PRESIDENT MERKIN MUFFLEY, in a fury.

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

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK  
Good morning, Mister President.

The PRESIDENT scowls.

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK  
Well, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
What kind of trouble?

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
General Schmuck?

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Yes, sir. He issued attack orders to --

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

You aren't sure!

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

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

(he reads from a piece of paper)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

It was a honest mistake, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

I presume the planes are armed?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

What the hell is Plan-R?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Why can't you cancel it?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Mister President, to guard

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

The PRESIDENT shakes his head, wrathfully.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

How could you let this happen, General Schmuck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Then there's no chance for recall?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

I should say practically none, though we have our communications center plowing through every possible three-letter combination. The trouble is that there are about seventeen thousand permutations, and it will take us approximately

four and a half days to go through  
them all.

There is a knock at the door.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Yes, what is it?

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

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

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

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

He shuts the door.

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
General Jack D. Ripper, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
I want to talk to General Ripper.

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

The PRESIDENT leans back and thinks for a moment.

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

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

GENERAL "FLASH" FACEMAN

I believe so, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(in burning sarcasm)

Is it possible for you to know definitely, General?

GENERAL "FLASH" FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(rapid fire)

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

(starts out of room)

Yes, sir. One thing, Mister President.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Yes?

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

I am aware of what a condition

red alert implies.

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(sarcastically)

That's a very wise deduction, General.

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

That certainly would be a problem, sir.

CADAVERLY

Mister President, how do you feel about Civil Defense?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

CADAVERLY

Shall we allow the situation to

mature a bit, sir?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

31 EXT. FLYING SHOT - B-90 STING RAY

Tilting down toward the sea.

32 INT. B-90

LT. BALLMUFF

(navigator)

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

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

MAJOR KONG

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

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

LT. BALLMUFF

Roger, maintain.

MAJOR KONG

Lothar, take your checks now.

LT. ZOGG

Okay, Major.

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

LT. ZOGG

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

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

LT. ZOGG

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

We see, on the bulky electronic detector, a small rotor arm moving rapidly through the sequence of stud settings, and flicking back to start again.

MAJOR KONG

A through H is correct.

LT. QUIFFER

(D.S.O.)

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

MAJOR KONG

Check.

LT. QUIFFER

Missile and plane flight path computer showing four greens.

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

MAJOR KONG

Check.

LT. QUIFFER

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

LT. ZOGG

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

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

MAJOR KONG

Check target approach.

LT. ZOGG

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

MAJOR KONG

Check, all bomb circuits green. Okay, Lothar.

LT. ZOGG

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

MAJOR KONG

As soon as I've checked over the route.

About five minutes. All right?

LT. BALLMUFF

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

32a COUNT-DOWN CLOCK

Pilot's hand sets clock to "83"

33 DAWN - LS - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

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

34 CU - GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER POINTING A 45 AUTOMATIC - INT. HIS OFFICE

He gestures with the gun in a weirdly amiable way.

GENERAL RIPPER

Sit down, Major Mandrake.

34a MASTER SHOT

MAJOR MANDRAKE closes the door behind him and sits.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(smiling nervously)

What's the gun for, General Ripper?

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(laughs shakily)

Sort of like a new hobby, huh, General?

GENERAL RIPPER

That's right, Major.

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

GENERAL RIPPER

(softly)

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

That is correct, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

You know the regulations well, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(timidly)

Well, I was thinking, maybe an enemy attack is not in progress?

GENERAL RIPPER

And if that were true?

MAJOR MANDRAKE wrinkles his forehead apprehensively.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(cautiously)

But then, sir, why have you issued the order: Wing attack, Plan-R?

GENERAL RIPPER

Because I thought it proper, Major. Why else would you think I'd do it?

34b CU - MAJOR MANDRAKE - AS THE FULL TRUTH SINKS IN

MAJOR MANDRAKE

You mean you are...starting...the War,  
sir?

34c MASTER SHOT

GENERAL RIPPER

Suppose that were the case?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(awe-struck)

But -- why...that would be an awful  
thing to do, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

I know that, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MANDRAKE's hands tremble as he pours the drinks.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

I suppose they are, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

You're damned right they are.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

How much soda, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

Just a squirt.

He gives a squirt.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

That about right?

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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

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

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

They touch glasses.

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
General Ripper, can I ask another question?

GENERAL RIPPER  
Ask away, Major.

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

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

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
I don't think so, sir.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
I see.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
I'm trying to, sir.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

That's close enough, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

GENERAL RIPPER (Cont)

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

I suppose we might catch them off their guard.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

I guess so.

GENERAL RIPPER

I know so, Major. I know so. And add to that, the whole Air Command force being committed to clobber everything they've got.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

But even then, we wouldn't get everything. I mean some missiles would abort, or they'd miss their targets, or maybe the enemy have some secret bases we don't know about.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(hesitatingly)

But if you just let things alone, we wouldn't lose anyone.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Where, sir?

GENERAL RIPPER

(smiles patronisingly)

Where? Everywhere, Major. Everywhere.

MAJOR MANDRAKE nods, blankly.

GENERAL RIPPER (Cont)

Have you read much about the disarmament talks, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Not yet, Major. Not yet.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Yes, sir. But so do we.

GENERAL RIPPER

But we mean it because we are a peace-loving country. Are they a peace-loving

country, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Right.

GENERAL RIPPER

(the prosecutor makes his point)

Then don't you realize the Bomb gives us Peace not War? And, if that's the case, I ask you again: Why do they want disarmament?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(despairing)

Well, sir, like I said, for the same reasons we do. I mean, all the experts say the most likely way for War to start nowadays is by an accident, or a mistake, or by some mentally unbalanced person --

(lets his voice trail off)

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Go on, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(gaining confidence)

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Go on, Major. You fascinate me.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Well, sir, I remember an example that pointed out that if a system was safe on 99.99% of the days of the year, given average luck it would fail in thirty years.

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

GENERAL RIPPER

I still ask, why do they want disarmament?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

But if they suddenly opened up and gave us the inspection we want, we'd agree, wouldn't we?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

If they gave us what we think we need, yes,  
I guess we would.

GENERAL RIPPER

And you'd like to see that?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Do you think we'd cheat?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

Do you think they would cheat?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

GENERAL RIPPER

(shaking his head)

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

35 DAWN - EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING

36 INT. WAR ROOM - COMMAND BRIDGE

Air Force General "BUCK" SCHMUCK is speaking as the scene opens.

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

In conclusion, I should like to observe that:

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

If I may, I'd like to illustrate my conclusion with a very brief story.

(a squinty-eyed smile)

I played guard on my high-school football team. I wasn't particularly big for the line, and my coach once told me something I've never forgotten. "Schmucko" he said - that was what they called me in those days - "Schmucko, always remember this. The harder you hit the other fellow, the less you'll get hurt."

(confidently checks each game)

My recommendation is that we follow General Ripper's action to its logical end. In other words, to hit the other fellow as hard as we can!

No one says anything.

ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE

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

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

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

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

ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE

You are very casual about those figures, General Schmuck.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

Not at all, Admiral Buldike. Naturally, we all deeply regret such a sad loss - and let me be the first to say, I don't like the idea one bit that we'd be clobbering their women and children. But quit a few of their bases are very close to cities and towns, and to would be unavoidable.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Well, gentlemen, do you concur with General Schmuck?

There is a nervous silence.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Admiral Buldike?

The ADMIRAL squirms.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE

(shaking his head)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General Faceman?

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

(cooly)

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

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

TURGIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Good! Any difficulty?

TURGIDSON

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON

(exits)

I'd better do it myself.

PRESIDENT SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

The Ambassador is here on my orders.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

But he'll hear everything we're saying. And if he just looks out of that window, he'll see everything we're doing.

(SCHMUCK refers to the War Room proper)

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(scowls)

That's the idea, General Schmuck.

(turns to ZLAT, another senior aide)

Zlat!

ZLAT

Sir?

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

ZLAT

(hesitates)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

ZLAT  
(exits)  
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Frankenstein!

Another senior civilian aide.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Yes, sir.

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
(sourly)  
Try, Frankenstein! Try!

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

A phone rings.

36a VARIOUS SHOTS - EVERYONE FREEZES

ADMIRAL BULDIKE is closest to the phone.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
(softly)  
Is it him?

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
(puzzled)  
Personal?

ADMIRAL BULDIKE  
Yes. A Miss Milky way, I think she said.

GENERAL SCHMUCK closes his eyes slowly, then assumes a very businesslike look and takes the phone.

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

CUT TO

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

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

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

38 INT. B-90

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

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

LT. TOEJAM  
Ready, Major.

38a VARIOUS CU - INSERT INTERCUTS

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

MAJOR KONG  
Primary arming switch.

LT. TOEJAM  
Primary arming switch.

38b VARIOUS CU - INTERCUTS

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

glow.

LT. ZOGG  
Primary circuit is live.

MAJOR KONG  
Primary trigger switch.

LT. TOEJAM  
Primary trigger switch.

Pilot and radio again depress a switch marked TRIGGER. Again two green lights glow on bombardier's control panel. He depresses his own trigger switch. A third green light appears.

LT. ZOGG  
Primary trigger circuit is live.

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

LT. ZOGG  
Release first safety.

MAJOR KONG  
First safety.

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

LT. ZOGG  
Second safety.

MAJOR KONG  
Second safety.

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

LT. ZOGG  
Fusing for ten thousand air burst.

MAJOR KONG  
Check, ten thousand air burst.

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

He waits while the appropriate three lights glow on.

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

Pauses, pushes back hair.

LT. ZOGG  
Master safety.

MAJOR KONG  
Master Kong.

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

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

LT. ZOGG  
Primary bomb is live.

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

LT. ZOGG  
Master safety on.

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

39 DAWN - BURPELSON AIR FORCE BASE

40 VARIOUS CUTS - DEFENSE TEAMS WAITING

41 MACHINE GUN POSITION

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

41a THEY SEE DOWN ROAD

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

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS  
How do we know they're saboteurs?

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

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

The vehicles continue closer.

SERGEANT BLUNT  
(swinging binoculars)

There's eight more trucks on the North road!

We see the eight trucks about two miles away.

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS

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

PRIVATE TUNG

Natch.

41b OTHER CUTS AROUND BASE PERIMETER

of base defense teams watching over their weapons.

41c VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

SERGEANT BLUNT

(calmly)

Okay, Stiffsocks, open up.

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

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

Two men drag the injured from the overturned jeep.

41d VARIOUS CUTS - TROOPS WAITING

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

A loudspeaker suddenly clicks on in the distance.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

(loudspeaker)

This is Colonel "Bat" Guano of the 701st Special Service Battalion. Why are you men firing on us?

Silence.

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS

Should we answer?

SERGEANT BLUNT

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

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

This is Colonel Guano. We are on a mission from the President. We want to enter the base

and speak to General Ripper.

Silence.

PRIVATE TUNG

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

SERGEANT BLUNT

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

41e VARIOUS CUTS

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

PRIVATE STIFFSOCKS

(under his breath)

They've got guts too.

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

The firing stops. Ten seconds of silence.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

This is Colonel Guano. Men, you are firing on your own troops. Unless you surrender within sixty seconds, I am under orders to return your fire.

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

43 INT. B-90 - NAVIGATOR

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

LT. BALLMUFF

We should be crossing the coast in about six minutes.

MAJOR KONG

Thanks, Binky. Can you see Bromdingna Island yet?

LT. BALLMUFF

(concentrated on scope)

I don't think so.

He adjusts the brilliance of the radarscope.

43a RADARSCOPE

We see two flashes of light.

43b VARIOUS CUTS - ACTION SEQUENCE

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

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

The co-pilot reaches forward and flips two switches.

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

MAJOR KONG  
Lock ECM onto master search radar.

LT. QUIFFER  
(flipping switches)  
ECM locked to master search radar.

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

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

He gives the panel a pat.

CAPTAIN ANGST  
Where do you suppose they were fired from?

MAJOR KONG  
Quentin, have you picked up any aircraft?

LT. QUIFFER  
Just the missiles.

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

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

MAJOR KONG

Speed?

LT. QUIFFER  
Between Mach 3 and 4.

MAJOR KONG  
Call them every five miles.

LT. QUIFFER  
Thirty-five, still straight.

43c VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

during sequence, as they sweat it out.

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

43d VARIOUS CUTS TO RADARSCOPE

tracking the missiles.

LT. QUIFFER  
Twenty! Twelve o' clock.

MAJOR KONG  
Maximum ECM!

The bombardier flips six switches. Various indicators light up.

LT. ZOGG  
Maximum ECM.

LT. QUIFFER  
Fifteen! Twelve o' clock.

While D.S.O. watches it approach.

LT. QUIFFER  
14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, -

Pilot sharply banks the huge jet.

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

44a INT. B-90

Plane still in steep, diving bank.

LT. QUIFFER  
Four miles, three...they're turning in  
on us! They're coming in!

The pilot throws the plane in a violent S-ing, corkscrewing maneuver.

There is a deafening EXPLOSION in the cabin.

45 DAWN - GOVERNMENT BUILDING

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

46 INT. WAR ROOM - AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Please be calm, Ambassador De Sade.

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

The AMBASSADOR yammers away under the PRESIDENT's speech.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Waffel!

WAFFEL  
Sir!

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

WAFFEL  
(exits)  
Yes, sir.

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

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

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

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK skulks off, scowling.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

If you say so, sir.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(turns after SCHMUCK)

War-mongering bully! Don't think you're going to intimidate me!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

The AMBASSADOR slumps down in his chair, miserably.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(pathetically)

Can I have a glass of water?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Certainly - how about some breakfast?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(shrugs interestedly)

Possibly some coffee?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(gesturing)

Moffo!

MOFFO, a clean-cut aide.

MOFFO

(steps forward)

Would you like anything else with it, Mister Ambassador?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(unhappily)

I reall shouldn't. I'll ruin my diet.

MOFFO

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(shrugs, sourly)

All right - I'd like orange juice, three fried eggs turned over, bacon, toast, coffee, and some sweet rolls.

MOFFO and pencil catching up.

MOFFO

I'll have it brought right down.

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

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

Exit, MOFFO.

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

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(exhaling)  
Thank you, Admiral.

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Don't be ridiculous.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
I have your word, Mister President?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Yes, of course.

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

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

Exit CRUDLEY.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
Where are you trying to reach him?

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
At his office in the Capitol.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Did you get that, Kulnick?

KULNICK nods and exits.

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

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

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

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

The both fumble for the tiny camera.

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

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
Give that back to me.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
What's the meaning of this?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
I am sorry. Sub-miniature photography is my hobby. It's amazing what excellent enlargements you can make from the negative.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(annoyed)

I'll hold this, if you don't mind. You can have it back when you leave.

47 DAY - AIR SHOT - B-90

A thin wisp of smoke trails from inside port pod.

48 INT. B-90

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

MAJOR KONG

(flipping switches)

Shutting down three and four.

CAPTAIN ANGST

Fire systems operating on three and four.

LT. QUIFFER

(looking in scope)

Radar okay. No more missiles.

CAPTAIN ANGST

(flipping switches)

Everyone on emergency oxygen.

MAJOR KONG

(flipping switches)

All right...we're still flying. I'm taking her down to the deck.

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

50 INT. B-90

MAJOR KONG

Give me revs for maximum speed at sea level.

LT. BALLMUFF

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

MAJOR KONG

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

LT. QUIFFER

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

MAJOR KONG

We'll worry about that later. Okay, I'll take damage reports.

51 INT. GENERAL JACK D. RIPPER'S OFFICE

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER is philosophically drunk and very sentimental.

GENERAL RIPPER

(sitting on the floor)

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

I don't think so.

A rifle shot splatters the window again. MANDRAKE flinches.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE manages a brave but idiotic smile.

GENERAL RIPPER

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

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

GENERAL RIPPER

So he waits his chance, and when the female cobra is causing mischief somewhere else, he breaks the eggs. He has to kill the young cobras since it's just a matter of time

before they kill him. So he acts and he lives.  
He is safe, the people in the house are safe.  
They can live their lives in peace.

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

GENERAL RIPPER  
Major, pour two more drinks, please.

MAJOR MANDRAKE creeps to the bar.

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

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

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE crawls over with the drinks.

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
(mumbles)  
Peace on earth.

They drink. RIPPER starts nodding again.

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

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

Shuts off button.

MAJOR MANDRAKE  
General, now that you've done that, I beg  
you to recall the Wing.

GENERAL RIPPER

Major, I happen to believe in a life  
after this one, so I believe I will have  
to answer for what I have done. I think  
I can.

They touch glasses and drink.

GENERAL RIPPER

(choked with pride)

Major, go out there and stop the fighting.

MAJOR MANDRAKE exits, closing the door behind him.

51a CU - GENERAL RIPPER

Tears roll down his gallantly insane face. He picks up his .45  
automatic.

52 INT. WAR ROOM

A telephone is placed on the conference table.

ZLAT

(speaking in a strange foreign language)

He covers the mouthpiece.

ZLAT

(excited)

They've got Premier Belch on the line.  
He's at that other number.

(makes an inappropriately suggestive  
hint)

but his interpreter is with him. You'll  
actually talk to him, and he'll shoot a  
simultaneous translation from you to the  
Premier, and vice versa.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

to AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

He doesn't believe me.

(hands phone)

Please don't tell him more than that.

DE SADE nods worriedly.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

I told him the call was genuine.

DE SADE hands the phone back.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

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

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

(clears throat)

You know how we've always talked about the  
possibility of something going wrong?...With  
the H-bomb...uh-huh...that's right...Well, it  
happened...Hello?...Can you still hear me?...  
What?...Not missiles - planes...that's right...  
B-90's...That's right...Thirty-four of them...  
In about an hour and a half...uh-huh...Uh-huh  
...Uh-huh...Well, how do you think I feel about  
it?...I know that...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Well, why  
do you think I'm calling you?...to work some-  
thing out on this disarmament thing...Uh-huh...  
Sure, but you haven't been reasonable...Uh-huh...  
Uh-huh...Look Belch...Look, we're wasting time...  
Uh-huh...a base commander...We're not sure...  
Well, we think he's gone psycho...Had a mental  
breakdown...We're trying to do that...We're  
doing that right now...Well, we've got our fingers  
crosses...we're hoping...We're trying that too...  
Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...That's not fair for you  
to say...We're doing everything we possibly can  
...Certainly...Sure I can imagine...Uh-huh...

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (cont)

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

(he gestures to GENERAL SCHMUCK who exits the  
room)

What's that?...Yes, I'm listening...Uh-huh...  
Uh-huh...a hundred thousand megatons...Cobalt-

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

Hangs up phone.

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

53 INT. AIR COMMAND COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

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

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

55 INT. WAR ROOM

All eyes are directed to AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

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

DE SADE is plainly shaken and swallows some iced water.

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

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

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(shaking his head)  
Well, it's ridiculously simple, really.  
As you all know, the intense, lethal radio-  
activity from a so-called normal nuclear  
device dissipates itself at a certain rate.  
Something like \_\_\_\_\_after the first  
hours, \_\_\_\_\_after twenty-four hours,

until at the end of a week, it's just \_\_\_\_\_  
of its lethal dose.

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(continuing)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Where is this...thing?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

It is buried somewhere in the Grudd Mountains.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(suspiciously)

Do you mean to say you'd set it off in your own country?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Then all you have to do is untrigger it.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Ah, but if we were able to untrigger it, that would be defeating its purpose. All our

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(scornfully)

Mister Ambassador, what on earth possessed your country to build this weapon?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

He puffs the cigarette.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

He sighs.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

That's preposterous! We have no such program!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

The source was...shall we say, completely reliable.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

While the following dialogue continues, MOFFO enters with a large tray of food. As unobtrusively as possible, he places it

on the conference table, and AMBASSADOR DE SADE pulls up a chair with gusto.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Funkel!

A thin-faced, studious man steps forward.

FUNKEL

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Do we have anything like this in the works?

FUNKEL

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

PRESIDENT

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

FUNKEL

Perhaps Didley, in Weapons Evaluation might know.

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

DIDLEY

(smiling manfully)

I'm afraid not, sir. But possibly Von Klutz in Research and Development?

VON KLUTZ

(firmly)

I haven't heard of it, sir!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Perhaps you gentlemen would like to check with the source?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

VARIOUS AD LIBS

What?

The "Times"??

I always knew it had subversive tendencies.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

We get much of our most dependable information from the "Times". As I recall the article

said a Doctor Otto Strangelove, at the Bland Corporation, was working on the idea. Naturally, you could not expect us to believe he would be doing such a thing as a hobby!

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

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
Yes, Nonce. What is it?

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

56 INT. GENERAL RIPPER'S OFFICE

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

CAMERA

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

MANDRAKE kneels next to RIPPER and confirms he is dead.

MANDRAKE rises and leans on the desk.

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

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

CAMERA

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

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

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

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

He doesn't acknowledge COLONEL "BAT" GUANO's presence. COLONEL GUANO

stares at him suspiciously.

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

(softly)

Major?...Major? I'm Colonel "Bat"  
Guano, 701 Battalion.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(pinching the bridge of his  
nose and grimacing)

Come in...come in... Peace On Earth...  
Peace On Earth...yes...

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

Why are you saying that phrase over and over  
again?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

(scowls, suspiciously)

What are you talking about, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(starting to babble)

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

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

(shouting)

Get a grip on yourself, Major!

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

COLONEL "BAT" GUANO

Now, snap out of it, fella!

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(holding face)

Who the hell do you think you are, sir???

COLONEL GUANO

(John Wayne)

I did that for your own good, fella. Now  
I'm not going to pull rank on you. When  
this is over, I'll be happy to step outside

with you and settle this thing. Right now my orders are to locate General Ripper and put him on the phone with the President.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

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

COLONEL GUANO

Do you have any witnesses, Major?

MAJOR MANDRAKE

What?

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(incredulous)

Look, I didn't shoot him!

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO

(smiles)

You must think I'm an awful sap, Major.

(MAJOR MANDRAKE starts to move)

Just sit down, fella, and keep your hands  
on the desk!

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Didn't they tell you?

COLONEL GUANO

(shaking head)

They told me, Major. And I didn't hear  
anything about any atomic attack.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(talks slowly and simple)

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

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

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

Sure...sure, Colonel. Now look, I'm picking  
up the phone...nice and slow. Right?...Hello?  
...Hello?

(he clicks the receiver)

Hello?...Hello?...Gee, it must be edad.  
Probably the lines were hit during the fighting.

COLONEL GUANO watches him like a hawk.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

(he smiles idiotically)

The General had us disconnect...

(he lets his voice trail off

when he sees RUDLEY's weird look  
of hatred and suspicion)

MAJOR MANDRAKE

(desperately)

Look, Colonel. Maybe it's too late.  
Maybe they've sent Air Command in  
already. But we've got to try to con-  
tact somebody.

COLONEL GUANO

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

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

COLONEL GUANO  
(suspiciously)  
What about the President?

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

COLONEL GUANO  
(the wheel turns slowly)  
So what?

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

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

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

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

QUICK DISSOLVE

56b PHONE BOOTH IN HALL - MANDRAKE AND GUANO

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

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

He smiles, hopefully, at COLONEL GUANO's sinister face.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

He opens the door and addresses COLONEL GUANO.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE (Cont)

says it's policy. I need fifty-five cents.

COLONEL GUANO

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

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

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO

(weakly)  
That's government property, Major.

MAJOR MANDRAKE

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

COLONEL GUANO apologetically fires a shot into the coin box.

Coins spill on the floor in profusion, as well as a stream of Coke in the COLONEL's sputtering face.

57 DAY - B-90 - FLYING SHOT - SEVERAL CUTS

As the "Leper Colony" presses on.

58 INT. WAR ROOM

Enter, GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK.

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

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK basks in the grandeur of the moment.

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
Have you received acknowledgements from every plane?

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
They're coming in now.

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
General Schmuck, if you don't know the answer, please find out!

GENERAL SCHMUCK decides against a head-on collision.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

How many planes did we lose?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

(beaming)  
Yes, sir.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(darkly)  
Yes?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

THE PRESIDENT has just about had it with De Sade and is stung

by the rudeness of his tone.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(haughtily)

It is very convenient to place all the blame on a dead man.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(fiercely)

How dare you talk to me in this manner?

AMBASSADOR DE SADE scornfully replies with silence.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(boiling with indignation)

This dreadful accident could never have happened if your government hadn't cynically and hypocritically blocked every proposal we made for disarmament or arms control!!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(waspishly)

Bah! All you wanted to do was spy in our country!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(wrathfully)

That's nonsense, and you know it!

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(acrimoniously)

I know nothing of the sort!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(exasperated)

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

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(savagely)

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

trust in you.

The PRESIDENT walks close to DE SADE, eyes flashing.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(raging)

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

The PRESIDENT continues with mounting fury.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(shouting rabidly)

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

ZLAT has been holding the phone.

ZLAT

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

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

60 INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS TO CREW

Low-level terrain features flashing by.

MAJOR KONG

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

LT. ZOGG

(bombardier)

Everything still checks out okay.

MAJOR KONG

Binky?

LT. BINKY BALLMUFF

(navigator)

Okay, Major.

MAJOR KONG

Check. Quentin?

LT. QUENTIN QUIFFER

(peevishly)

Look, I haven't really been able to check -

I'm shot.

MAJOR KONG  
Are you hit bad?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

60b CU - MAJOR KONG

MAJOR KONG

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

61 INT. WAR ROOM

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General Schmuck, are you positive of your figures?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Naturally I am, sir.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

He says they've only shot down three planes.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(nettled)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(back to phone)

Hello, are you still there?...Uh-huh...I'll be right back. We're still working this thing out.

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

How do you know they were shot down, Buck?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

The PRESIDENT dolefully digests GENERAL SCHMUCK's logic.

There is a low, squawking sound from the telephone.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Hello?...Yes...What?...Uh-huh...You're absolutely certain?

(sighs)

Hold it a second, will you?

(covers phone)

He says they've just received a report of a single, low-flying B-90 apparently still continuing on an attack mission, to what they assume would be a missile complex at a place called Laputa.

AD LIBS

What?

Impossible!

Ridiculous!

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

TURGIDSON

(softly)

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

TURGIDSON

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(wearily)

Turgidson, tell her I'll call her back in a few minutes.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE

(replaces phone)

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

62 DAY - LOW LEVEL - B-90 FLYING SHOT

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

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

63a VARIOUS CUTS AND INSERTS

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

LT. QUIFFER

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

See insert of radarscope.

MAJOR KONG

Roger.

LT. QUIFFER

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

MAJOR KONG

They must have made a visual contact.

LT. QUIFFER

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

MAJOR KONG

They can't touch us at this height.

LT. QUIFFER

They're moving apart.

DISSOLVE

64 INT. WAR ROOM

Enter GENERAL SCHMUCK, shaking his head morosely.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

The PRESIDENT closes his eyes and breathes heavily.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(softly)

Yes?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Well, sir, it looks like one aircraft, the "Leper Colony", failed to receive the recall.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

Have you tried the recall again?

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

What's the target.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

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

The PRESIDENT slumps into a chair.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(mournfully)

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(glancing at the AMBASSADOR)

If I can speak freely, sir -- look, these guys talk big, but frankly, we think they're short of know-how. You can't just take a bunch of ignorant peasants and expect them to understand a machine like one of our boys, and I don't mean that as an insult, Mister Ambassador. Hell, we all know what kind of guts your people have. Why just look how many millions of 'em those Nazis

(pronounced NAZZEES)

killed and, hell, they still wouldn't quit.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

General, stick to the point, please.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(making diving aircraft hands)

Well, sir, if the A/C's a really good man, I mean really sharp, why he can barrel that plane along so low - well you just have to see it some time. A real big plane, like a Sting Ray, zig-zagging in, its jet exhaust frying chickens in the barnyard ---

(almost feverish with excitement)

Has he a chance?.....Hell, yes! He has one hell of a chance.

65 DUSK - LOW LEVEL - B-90

66 INT. B-90 VARIOUS CUTS

LT. QUIFFER

They're starting down, King. Looks like

LT. QUIFFER (Cont)

they're going to cross in port and starboard.

MAJOR KONG

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

LT. QUIFFER

I think they mean business.

MAJOR KONG

Hang on, boys.

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

67 TWO ENEMY "KILLERSHARK" ALL-WEATHER FIGHTERS

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

67a REAR SHOT - LOW LEVEL - B-90 - S-ING AND ZIG-ZAGGING

at tree-top height, over the moonlit countryside.

67b VARIOUS INTERCUTS - AIRCRAFT MANEUVERING

67c ENEMY FIGHTERS

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

67d B-90 TAKING EVASIVE ACTION

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

67e ONE ROCKET

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

67f INT. B-90 - VARIOUS QUICK CUTS

Flash, black smoke, choking coughs.

67g ENEMY FIGHTERS

Make no attempt to pull out of their dives and continue to maneuver apparently trying to ram the bomber. They swoop down and in from port and starboard like two hawks.

67h B-90

wildly maneuvers and manages narrowly to evade both fighters who, unable to pull up, explode against the ground in bright balls of flames.

68 INT. B-90 - VARIOUS CUTS

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

68a MAJOR KONG

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

MAJOR KONG

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

He turns to the co-pilot.

68b CO-PILOT "ACE" ANGST IS DEAD

though no wound is apparent.

68c MAJOR KONG

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

68d VARIOUS CUTS

MAJOR KONG

Somebody come up here quick, I'm hit.

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

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

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

MAJOR KONG

Come on! Hurry up.

He twists himself painfully to look over his shoulder.

68e TWO SHOT - LT. QUIFFER AND LT. TOEJAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
Damn you, Lieutenant Toejam! Lothar!

LT. ZOGG  
Yes, Major.

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
He's dead.

LT. ZOGG  
What happened?

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

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

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

LT. ZOGG  
(puffing)  
Where'd they get you?

MAJOR KONG  
(grimaces)  
In the back...feels like an arrowhead.

The BOMBARDIER looks at the co-pilot.

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

MAJOR KONG  
Hell, he looks dead.

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

LT. ZOGG  
He's dead, all right.

MAJOR KONG  
Listen, give me a shot quick!

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

68f CU - SEAT

We see two small jagged holes ripped in the back of the chair.

68g CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. ZOGG

He looks and frowns.

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

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

68i MASTER SHOT

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

Rolls up his sleeve.

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

MAJOR KONG  
Quentin, how's your gear?

BOMBARDIER gives him shot.

LT. QUENTIN QUIFFER  
I don't know.

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

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

MAJOR KONG shakes his head in disappointment.

MAJOR KONG  
(slowly and very John Wayne)  
The hydraulic systems out, Lothar, and a lot of wiring is hanging loose. The number

MAJOR KONG (Cont)  
one and three port engines are hit, and the fuel's leaking. But we're still flying. And what's more, we're going to carry out our mission.

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

68j DISTANT HORIZON - FORWARD

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

68k CU - MAJOR KONG

Bravely trying to comprehend the distant lights.

68l CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. LOTHAR ZOGG

Screwing up his face in bewilderment.

68m DISTANT VIEW - SEARCHLIGHTS BLINKING ON AND OFF

68n CU - MAJOR KONG

Narrows his eyes suspiciously.

MAJOR KONG  
(softly)  
I'll be damned.

68o CU - BOMBARDIER - LT. ZOGG

Staring blankly.

LT. ZOGG

(softly)  
Yeah.

68p TWO SHOT - KONG AND ZOGG

Both men numbly stare at the distant searchlights.

MAJOR KONG  
(into intercom)  
Binky, Quentin, Terry! Come forward -  
quick!

68q CUTS OF THE CREW SCRAMBLING TO COCKPIT

68r THE GROUP - FAVORING PILOT

LT. QUIFFER, LT. ZOGG, LT. BALLMUFF, and LT. TOEJAM crowded  
behind him.

MAJOR KONG  
Look.

68s DISTANT VIEW OUT OVER INSTRUMENTS

The searchlights continue their signaling.

68t CU - LT. QUIFFER - PUZZLED

68u CU - LT. BALLMUFF - PERPLEXED

68v CU - LT. TOEJAM - CURIOUS

68w MS - THE GROUP

MAJOR KONG  
What does it look like?

LT. TOEJAM  
Some kind of signaling.

MAJOR KONG  
No kidding.

LT. TOEJAM  
(uncertainly)  
Let's see...International Morse, I think  
...K...E...O...P...E...R...E...C...A...L...  
L...M...I...S...T...A...K...E...O...P...E...  
Gee, I don't know, it seems to be some kind  
of code.

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

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

MAJOR KONG

Recall what mistake?

LT. ZOGG

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

LT. TOEJAM

(shrugs)

I'll go back and check my code book.

He hops on his bad ankle back to his desk.

MAJOR KONG

(shaking his head)

You sure have to hand it to those guys.

LT. ZOGG

What do you mean?

MAJOR KONG

I mean pulling a stunt like that.

LT. ZOGG

What are you talking about?

LT. TOEJAM hops forward again.

LT. TOEJAM

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

MAJOR KONG

Very interesting.

LT. ZOGG

What do you mean?

MAJOR KONG

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

LT. ZOGG

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

MAJOR KONG

You tell me.

LT. ZOGG

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

MAJOR KONG

Why should they call us back?

LT. ZOGG

How the hell do I know? Maybe the war's

over.

LT. TOEJAM  
(bewildered)  
Could be.

LT. QUIFFER  
(wistfully)  
I hope we won.

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

LT. ZOGG  
Look, this is different.

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

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

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

LT. ZOGG  
Like hell it does.

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
(ruffled)  
That's the point.

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

MAJOR KONG  
I said that's the point!

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

MAJOR KONG  
(explodes)

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

LT. ZOGG  
Take it easy, Major Kong.

MAJOR KONG  
Then get off my back!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LT. ZOGG frowns.

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
First lesson in War College: Never under-

estimate your enemy.

LT. ZOGG  
(shrugs)  
Sorry, King.

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

The team scatters back to their stations.

DISSOLVE

69 LOW LEVEL - B-90 - FLYING SHOT

70 INT. B-90 - LT. ZOGG

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

LT. ZOGG  
King?

70a MS - PILOT - MAJOR KONG

Rocking in his seat and emitting soft groans.

MAJOR KONG  
Who's that?

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

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
Are you sure?

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

MAJOR KONG  
Maybe the warning system's out.

LT. ZOGG  
But I get a red light.

MAJOR KONG  
Have you tried the emergency system?

LT. ZOGG  
I tried everything. Something must have gotten bent or twisted from the pounding we took.

70b CU - PILOT

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

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
I asked you a question, Lothar!

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

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

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

LT. ZOGG  
(stunned silence)  
Let me check.

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

70d CUTS TO CREW - HORRIFIED, SWEATING, TREMBLING

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

MAJOR KONG is clearly hurt by this lack of comradeship.

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

70e CUTS TO FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED CREW

LT. ZOGG  
(uncertainly)  
I think it's okay, King. They should go  
off on impact.

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

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

MAJOR KONG  
Roger.

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

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

MAJOR KONG stiffens at this last shattering of camaraderie.

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

The other crew members hastily get ready to jump.

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

MAJOR KONG  
(shrugs)  
Forget it.

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

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

LT. QUIFFER

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

MAJOR KONG

(shrugs)

Sure, I'll take her up right now.

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

71 FLYING SHOT - B-90 CLIMBING

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

LT. TOEJAM

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

MAJOR KONG

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

The crew bails out.

AD LIBS

(as they go)

Good luck, King!

God bless you, King!

Geronimo!

MAJOR KONG starts to fly evasive tactics through the flak.

72 MS - NEGRO BOMBARDIER LT. ZOGG - FLOPS INTO CO-PILOT'S SEAT

LT. ZOGG

(softly)

We're on course, Major. Just fixed our position on that river back there.

MAJOR KONG

What the hell are you doing here, Lothar?

The two men are deeply touched by this Stanley Kramer-ish moment of truth.

LT. ZOGG

(with masculine simplicity)

I thought I'd go along for the ride.

MAJOR KONG

(John Wayne)

Now what the hell did you want to go and do a thing like that for, Lothar?

LT. ZOGG

I thought maybe you'd like some company.

MAJOR KONG punches him in the arm.

MAJOR KONG

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

The flak rocks the plane, and the lights of the city ahead continue to flash.

LT. ZOGG

King, would you mind if I keep me hands on the wheel when you take her in?

MAJOR KONG

(John Wayne - all the way)  
I'd be mighty proud if you did, Lothar.

LT. ZOGG

Thanks, King. I've always wanted to take one of these big babies in.

MAJOR KONG

Listen, Lothar. You know that crack I made about your...butt?

LT. ZOGG

Forget it.

MAJOR KONG

I just wanted you to know I didn't mean anything by it.

LT. ZOGG

Sure, King.

MAJOR KONG

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

73 NIGHT - EXT. - THE B-90 DIVES INTO THE MISSILE COMPLEX  
(TRICK SHOT)

There is a tremendous thermonuclear explosion caused by two 20-megaton H-bombs.

CUT TO

74 INT. WAR ROOM

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(shaking his head, miserably)  
It's wrong.

(sighs)  
It's dead wrong.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE  
(shaking his head, wretchedly)  
It's not right.

No one is really talking to anyone else.

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

ADMIRAL BULDIKE  
I suppose the fishes will take over the world.

GENERAL FACEMAN  
Ugh-hhhh, that's a horrible thought.

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
It's all so pointless. I mean a man works his whole life fighting for something, and this is what he gets.  
(bitterly)  
You know, I can see twenty, forty, a hundred million - but everybody? It's just a damned shame, and I don't mind saying so.

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

ZLAT  
(responsibility weighs heavy)  
Mister President, how are we going to break it to the people? I mean it's going to do one hell of a thing to your image.

The PRESIDENT shrugs, irritably.

VON KLUTZ  
(with Germanic coolness)  
Mister Ambassador, how long will it take?

The AMBASSADOR looks up, wearily.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(gesturing with both hands)  
Four - possibly six months in the Northern Hemispheres. Perhaps a year in the Southern latitudes.

VON KLUTZ  
(wiping his steel-rimmed glasses)  
Mister President, I wouldnot rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human

specimens, at the bottom shafts of some of our deepest mines.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(tiredly)

At the bottom of mines?

VON KLUTZ

(carefully putting on glasses)

Yes. The radioactivity could not penetrate a mine some thousands of feet deep.

The PRESIDENT looks blankly at VON KLUTZ.

VON KLUTZ

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

But they couldn't come out for a hundred years!

VON KLUTZ

(smiling wisely)

Mister President, man is an amazingly adaptable creature. After all, the conditions would be far superior to those, say, of the Nazi concentration camps, where there is ample evidence most of the wretched creatures clung desperately to life.

Although the PRESIDENT seems unconvinced, looking around the room, it is apparent VON KLUTZ's proposal has not fallen upon deaf ears.

VON KLUTZ

(smiling modestly)

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

But who would be chosen?

VON KLUTZ

A special committee would have to be appointed to study and recommend the criteria to be employed, but off-hand, I should say that in addition to the factors of youth, health, sexual fertility, intelligence, and a cross-section of necessary skills, it would be absolutely vital that our top government and military men be

included, to impart the required principles of leadership and tradition.

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

VON KLUTZ

(laughs, distastefully)

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

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

VON KLUTZ

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

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

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

VON KLUTZ

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

VON KLUTZ (Cont)

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

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(judiciously)

You mentioned the ratio of ten women to each man. Wouldn't that necessitate abandoning the so-called monogamous form of sexual relationship?

VON KLUTZ

Regrettably, yes. But it is a sacrifice required for the future of the human race. I hasten to add that since each man will be required to perform prodigious service along these lines, the women will have to be selected for their

sexual characteristics, which will have to be of a highly stimulating order.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(enthusiastically)

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

VON KLUTZ

(correctly)

Thank you, sir.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE rises.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(briskly)

And now, Mister President, I must return at once to my embassy to communicate this reassuring news to the Premier.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(shaking hands)

Goodbye, Mister Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(at the door)

We have many splendidly deep mines in our country.

He exits.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

(thoughtfully)

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

GENERAL FACEMAN

That's right, sir. In fact, they might even try a quick, sneak attack, so they can take over our mine-shaft space.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE

They might even try to knock over a couple of other countries and take their mine-shaft space. If they had more mine-shaft space than we did, they could breed more, and possibly take over when they come out.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

We must not allow a mine-shaft gap!!

The phone rings. ADMIRAL BULDIKE picks it up.

ADMIRAL BULDIKE

Hello?...Yes, just a minute.  
(to GENERAL SCHMUCK)  
It's personal.

GENERAL SCHMUCK takes the phone.

GENERAL SCHMUCK  
(charmingly)  
Yes?...Well, pretty soon, dear. Yes,  
I've finished my business. Uh-huh...  
Uh-huh...  
(laughs)  
Yes, dear. Same here. Bye-bye.

Hangs up the phone.

There is a knock at the door. Enter AMBASSADOR DE SADE.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(haughtily)  
Excuse me, Mister President, but you forgot  
to give me my camera back.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
(fishes in pocket for Minox)  
Oh, yes, that's right.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK  
Just a second, sir. He's got films of the  
War Room in that thing!

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY  
I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take the  
film out.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(annoyed)  
Very well.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK  
You know, sir, that camera might be a dummy  
he wanted us to find. He's probably got another  
one secreted on his person.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(sputtering)  
That's utterly ridiculous.

GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK  
He's been here for almost two hours, and Lord  
knows what he's photographed. I'd have him  
stripped and give a thorough body search.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE  
(appalled)  
That's preposterous! I object!!

The PRESIDENT thinks for a moment.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(reassuringly)

I'm afraid we'll have to - purely as a formality, Ambassador de Sade. Zlat, will you call the Secret Service and have them prepare a private room upstairs for a body search.

The AMBASSADOR is shocked and angry.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

Please, Mister President, I am extremely shy and do not wish to endure this sort of personal humiliation. Here is the only other camera I have left.

(he produces a second camera)

GENERAL SCHMUCK

See! See, I told you.

PRESIDENT MUFFLEY

(shaking his head)

You've lied to me twice - I'm sorry, but it will be strictly routine. These men are experts.

GENERAL SCHMUCK

Zlat, make sure the secret service boys carefully search his seven body orifices.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(horrified)

My seven body orifices????

GENERAL SCHMUCK

That's right, fella.

AMBASSADOR DE SADE

(touches ears)

One, two...

(touches each nostril)

three, four...

(touches mouth)

five...

(freezes, turns red and swallows hard)

Why you, dirty, stinking...

AMBASSADOR DE SADE picks up a thick custard pie from among a large selection of pies previously brought into the room with coffee, and smashes it into GENERAL SCHMUCK's angry face.

GENERAL SCHMUCK hurls a coconut cream pie at DE SADE, who ducks. It splatters into the face of ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE.

Not realizing why he has been hit, ADMIRAL PERCY BULDIKE flings a chocolate cream pie at GENERAL "BUCK" SCHMUCK. It misses and

plops into PRESIDENT MUFFLEY's face.

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

CUT TO

75 MOVING SHOT - PULL AWAY FROM PLANET EARTH

into outer space. (A reverse of the opening shot)

NARRATOR

Though the little-known, dead planet Earth, remotely situated in the Milky Way Galaxy, is admittedly of little interest to us today, we have presented this quaint comedy of Galaxy pre-history, when the primitive organization of sovereign nation states still flourished, and the archaic institution of War had not yet been forbidden by Law, as another in our series, "The Dead Worlds of Antiquity."

Nardac Blefescu  
Macro-Galaxy-Meteor Pictures

T H E E N D