

DR. STRANGELOVE

by

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**Based on the novel "Red Alert" by
Peter George**

FADE IN:

SLOW TRACK over dense cloud cover. Rocky peaks visible in the distance.

NARRATOR

For more than a year, ominous rumors have been privately circulating among high level western leaders, that the Soviet Union had been at work on what was darkly hinted to be the ultimate weapon, a doomsday device. Intelligence sources traced the site of the top secret Russian project to the perpetually fog shrouded wasteland below the arctic peaks of the Zokov islands. What they were building, or why it should be located in a such a remote and desolate place, no one could say.

CUT TO:

ROLL CREDITS

Tracking shot of B-52 in mid-air refuel. Soundtrack lilts "Try a Little Tenderness." Refueling nozzle gently breaks away from receiving aircraft.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - BURPLESON AFB - NIGHT

A phone buzzes.

PETTY OFFICER

General Ripper, sir.

MANDRAKE

(to phone on his desk)

Group Captain Mandrake speaking...

Ripper sits at his desk, cigar smoke wafting up through the light of his desk lamp.

RIPPER

(to phone)

This is General Ripper speaking.

MANDRAKE

Yes, sir.

RIPPER

You recognize my voice, Mandrake?

MANDRAKE

I do sir, why do you ask?

RIPPER

Why do you think I asked?

MANDRAKE

Well I don't know, sir. We spoke just a few moments ago on the phone, didn't we?

RIPPER

You don't think I'd ask if you recognized my voice unless it was pretty damned important do you, Mandrake?

MANDRAKE

No, I don't, sir. No.

RIPPER

Alright, let's see if we stay on the ball. Has the wing confirmed holding at their failsafe points?

MANDRAKE

Yes, sir. The confirmations have all just come in.

RIPPER

Very well, now, listen to me carefully. The base is being put on condition red. I want this flashed to all sections immediately.

MANDRAKE

Condition red, sir. Yes. Jolly good idea, keeps the men on their toes.

RIPPER

Group Captain, I'm afraid this is not a exercise.

MANDRAKE

Not an exercise, sir?

RIPPER

I shouldn't tell you this, Mandrake, but you're a good officer and you have a right to know. It looks like we're in a shooting war.

MANDRAKE

Oh, hell. Are the Russians involved sir?

RIPPER

Mandrake, that's all I've been told. It just came in on the Red Phone. My orders are for this base to be sealed tight, and that's what I mean to do: seal it tight. Now, I want you to transmit plan R, R for Robert, to the wing. Plan R for Robert.

MANDRAKE
Is it that bad sir?

RIPPER
It looks like it's pretty hairy.

MANDRAKE
Yes sir. Plan R for Robert, sir.

RIPPER
Now, last, and possibly most important,
I want all privately owned radios to be
immediately impounded.

MANDRAKE
Yes sir.

RIPPER
They might be used to issue instructions
to saboteurs. As I have previously
arranged, Air Police will have lists of
all owners and I want every single one
of them collected without exception.

MANDRAKE
Yes sir.

RIPPER
And after you've done that, report back
to me.

Ripper closes the blinds on wall of windows looking out at the
base. Outside, a SIREN SOUNDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRBORNE B-52'S

With escorts.

NARRATOR
In order to guard against surprise
nuclear attack, America's Strategic Air
Command maintains a large force of B-52
bombers airborne 24 hours a day. Each B-
52 can deliver a nuclear bombload of 50
megatons, equal to 16 times the total
explosive force of all the bombs and
shells used by all the armies in World
War Two. Based in America, the Airborne
alert force is deployed from the Persian
Gulf to the Arctic Ocean, but they have
one geographical factor in common: they
are all two hours from their targets
inside Russia.

CUT TO:

INT. B-52

Machines spring to life as a transmission arrives.

GOLDIE

Major Kong, I know you're gonna think this a crazy but I just got a message from base over the CRM 114. It decodes as Wing Attack plan R. R for Romeo.

KONG

Goldie, did you say Wing Attack, plan R?

GOLDIE

Yes Sir, I have.

KONG

Goldie, how many times have I told you guys that I don't want no horsin' around on the airplane?

GOLDIE

I'm not horsin' around, sir, that's how it decodes.

KONG

Well I've been to one world fair a picnic and a rodeo and that's the stupidest thing I ever heard come over a set of earphones. You sure you got today's code?

GOLDIE

Yes sir, it is.

KONG

Ah, there's just gotta be something wrong. Wait just a second, I'm comin' back.

Kong examines the decoded message and the code book.

KONG

Maybe you better get a confirmation from base.

GOLDIE

Yes sir.

BOMBARDIER

Major Kong, is it possible that this is some kind of loyalty test. You know, give the go code and then recall to see who would actually go?

KONG

Ain't nobody ever got the go code yet. And old Ripper wouldn't be giving us plan R unless them Russkies had already clobbered Washington and alot of other towns with a sneak attack.

BOMBARDIER

Yes sir.

GOLDIE

Major Kong, message from base confirmed.

KONG

Well boys, I reckon this is it: nuclear combat, toe to toe with the Russkies.

Kong climbs back into the cockpit. Soundtrack: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

KONG

Now look boys, I ain't much of a hand at makin' speeches. But I got a pretty fair idea that something doggoned important's going on back there. And I got a fair idea of the kind of personal emotions that some of you fella's may be thinking. Heck, I reckon you wouldn't even be human beings if you didn't have some pretty strong personal feelings about nuclear combat. But I want you to remember one thing, the folks back home is a countin' on ya, and by golly we ain't about to let 'em down. Tell you somethin' else. This thing turns out to be half as important as I figure it just might be, I'd say that you're all in line for some important promotions and personal citations when this thing's over with. That goes for every last one of you, regardless of your race, color, or your creed. Now, let's get this thing on the hump. We got some flying to do.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL TURGIDSON'S STUDIO

Phone rings.

MISS SCOTT

(shouting)

Buck, should I get it?

TURGIDSON

(muffled)

Yeah. You have to.

MISS SCOTT

(to phone)

Hello? Oh, yes, General Turgidson is here, but I'm afraid he can't come to the phone at the moment. Well, this is his secretary, Miss Scott.

(softly)

Freddie, how are you? Fine and you? Oh, we were just catching up on some of the General's paperwork. Well, look Freddie, he's very tied up at the moment. I'm afraid he can't come to the phone.

(listens)

Well, just a minute.

(shouts to Tuirgidson)

General Turgidson, a General Puntridge calling.

TURGIDSON

Tell him to call back.

MISS SCOTT

(to phone)

Freddie, the General says could you call back in a minute or two? Oh.

(shouting)

He says it can't wait.

TURGIDSON

Ah, for Pete... well... Find out what he wants.

MISS SCOTT

Freddie, the thing is, the General is in the powder room right now. Could you tell me what it's about? Just a second...

(shouting)

Apparently they monitored a transmission about eight minutes ago from Burpleson Air Force Base.

(to phone)

Right.

(shouting)

It was directed to the 843'rd bomb wing on airborne alert.

(to phone)

Yeah.

(shouting)

It decoded as Wing Attack, Plan R.

TURGIDSON

Um ah, tell him to call uh what's his name. Base commander. Ripper. I have to think of everything?

MISS SCOTT
(to phone)
The General suggests you call General
Ripper, the 843rd base commander. Oh.
(shouting)
All communications are dead.

TURGIDSON
Bull! Tell him to do it himself.

MISS SCOTT
Freddie, the General asks if you could
possibly try again yourself.
(listens)
I see.
(shouting)
He says he's tried personally several
times, but everything is dead. Even the
normal phone lines are shut down.

Turgidson emerges from the bathroom, grumbling.

TURGIDSON
(to phone)
Fred. Buck. What's it look like? Yeah.
Waa... are you sure it's plan R? Huh.
What's cookin' on the threat board?
Nothin? Nothin at all? I don't like the
look of this, Fred. Alright, I tell you
what you better do, old buddy.
(slaps his belly)
You better give Elmo and Charlie a blast,
and bump everything up to condition red
and stand by the blower, I'll get back to
you.
(hangs up)

MISS SCOTT
What's up?

TURGIDSON
Nothing. Nothing. Where's my shorts?

MISS SCOTT
On the floor. Where are you going?

TURGIDSON
No place. No... no place... I just thought
I might mosey over to the War room for a
few minutes. See what's doing over there.

MISS SCOTT
It's three o'clock in the morning.

TURGIDSON
(laughs)
The Air Force never sleeps.

MISS SCOTT
Buck, honey... I'm not sleepy either.

TURGIDSON

I know how it is, baby. Tell you what you do. You just start your countdown, and old Bucky'll be back here before you can say... Blast Off!

CUT TO:

EXT. BURPLESON AFB - NIGHT

Ripper's voice booms over the PA. Ready soldiers stand listening.

RIPPER

Your commie has no regard for human life, not even his own. And for this reason, men, I want to impress upon you the need for extreme watchfulness. The enemy may come individually, or he may come in strength. He may even come in the uniform of our own troops. But however he comes we must stop him. We must not allow him to gain entrance to this base. Now, I am going to give you three simple rules. First, trust no one, whatever his uniform or rank, unless he is known to you personally. Second, anyone or anything that approaches within 200 yards of the perimeter is to be fired upon. Third, if in doubt, shoot first, and ask questions afterwards. I would sooner accept a few casualties through accident than lose the entire base and its personnel through carelessness. Any variation on these rules must come from me personally. Now, men, in conclusion, I would like to say that, in the two years it has been my privilege to be your commanding officer, I have always expected the best from you, and you have never given me anything less than that.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - INT. BURPLESON AFB

Mandrake, who has been closing up shop while listening to Ripper's speech, discovers a radio inside a line printer and switches it on. Soft jazz is playing.

RIPPER'S VOICE

Today, the nation is counting on us. We are not going to let them down. Good luck to you all.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

Soundtrack: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

AIRMAN
(to Kong)
Here's the attack profile, sir.

KONG
(announcing through headset intercom)
This is your attack profile: to insure
that the enemy cannot monitor voice
transmission or plant false transmission,
the CRM114 is to be switched into all the
receiver circuits. Emergency phase code
prefix is to be set on the dials of the
CRM. This'll block any transmission other
than those preceded by code prefix. Stand
by to set code prefix.

GOLDIE
Roger. Ready to set code prefix.

KONG
Set code prefix.

GOLDIE
(dials up letters)
OPE Code prefix set.

KONG
Lock code prefix.

GOLDIE
Code prefix locked.

KONG
Switch all receiver circuits to CRM
discriminators.

GOLDIE
All circuits switched to CRM
discriminators.

KONG
Check auto destruct circuits.

GOLDIE
Auto destruct circuits checked.

KONG

Primary target, the ICBM complex at Laputa. Target reference Yankee Golf Tango Three Six Zero. Thirty megaton nuclear device fused for airburst at ten thousand feet. Twenty megaton nuclear device will be used if first malfunctions. Otherwise proceed to secondary target, missile complex seven miles east of Barshaw. Target reference November Bravo X-Ray One Zero Eight. Fused airburst at ten, check, twelve thousand feet.

CUT TO:

INT. BURPLESON AFB

Mandrake walks hurriedly through the halls with the portable radio producing another jazz tune, now upbeat. Mandrake enters...

RIPPER'S OFFICE

MANDRAKE

Excuse me sir, something rather interesting's just cropped up. Listen to that. Music. Civilian broadcasting. I think those fellows in the Pentagon have given us some sort of exercise to test our readiness. Personally, I think it's taking it a bit too far; our fellows will be inside Russian radar cover in about twenty minutes. You listen to that. Traffic block full of stations all churning it out.

RIPPER

Mandrake.

MANDRAKE

Yes, sir?

RIPPER

I thought I issued instructions for all radios on this base to be impounded.

MANDRAKE

(follows Ripper as he rises from his chair to lock his office door)
Well you did indeed sir and I was in the process of impounding this very one when I happened to switch it on. I thought to myself our fellows hitting Russian radar cover in twenty minutes, dropping all their stuff, I'd better tell you, because if they do, it'll cause a bit of a stink, won't it?

RIPPER

Group Captain, the officer exchange program does not give you any special prerogatives to question my orders.

MANDRAKE

Well I realize that sir, but I thought you'd be rather pleased to hear the news. I mean after all, well let's face it we...we don't want to start a nuclear war unless we really have to, do we?

RIPPER

Please sit down. And turn that thing off.

MANDRAKE

Yes sir. Ah, what about the planes, sir? Surely you must issue the recall code immediately.

RIPPER

Group Captain, the planes are not going to be recalled. My attack orders have been issued and the orders stand.

MANDRAKE

Well, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir. That would be, to my way of thinking, rather... well rather an odd way of looking at it. You see, if a Russian attack was in progress we would certainly not be hearing civilian broadcasting.

RIPPER

Are you certain of that, Mandrake?

MANDRAKE

I'm absolutely positive about that, sir, yes.

RIPPER

And what if it is true?

MANDRAKE

Well I'm afraid I'm still not with you, sir. Because, I mean, if a Russian attack was not in progress then your use of plan R, in fact your orders to the entire wing... oh. Well I would say, sir, that there was something dreadfully wrong somewhere.

RIPPER

Now, why don't you just take it easy Group Captain. And please make me a drink of grain alcohol and rain water, and help yourself to whatever you'd like.

MANDRAKE

(salutes)

General Ripper, sir, as an officer in Her Majesty's Air Force, it is my clear duty, under the present circumstances, to issue the recall code, upon my own authority, and bring back the wing. If you'll excuse me sir. Mandrake tries all exits and finds them locked I'm afraid sir, I must ask you for the key and the recall code. Have you got them handy sir?

RIPPER

I told you to take it easy, Group Captain. There's nothing anybody can do about this thing now. I'm the only person who knows the three letter code group.

MANDRAKE

(voice cracking)

Then I must insist, sir, that you give them to me.

Ripper lifts a folder off of his desk and tosses it aside, revealing a blued, pearl handled .45 automatic.

MANDRAKE

Do I take it, sir, that you are threatening a brother officer with a gun?

RIPPER

Mandrake, I suppose it never occurred to you that while we're chatting here so enjoyably, a decision is being made by the President and the Joint Chiefs in the war room at the Pentagon. And when they realize there is no possibility of recalling the wing, there will be only one course of action open: total commitment. Mandrake, do you recall what Clemenzo once said about war?

MANDRAKE

No. I don't think I do sir, no.

RIPPER

He said war was too important to be left to the Generals. When he said that, fifty years ago, he might have been right. But today, war is too important to be left to politicians. They have neither the time, the training, nor the inclination for strategic thought. I can no longer sit back and allow Communist infiltration, Communist indoctrination, communist subversion, and the international Communist conspiracy to sap and impurify all of our precious bodily fluids.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - PENTAGON

MUFFLEY

Sam, is everybody here?

STAINS

Mr. President, the Secretary of State is in Vietnam, the Secretary of Defense is in Laos, and the Vice President is in Mexico City. We can establish contact with them at any time if it's necessary. The undersecretaries are all here, of course.

MUFFLEY

Right. Now, General Turgidson, what's going on here?

TURGIDSON

Mr. President, about thirty-five minutes ago, General Jack Ripper, the commanding General of Burpleson Air Force Base, issued an order to the 34 B-52's of his wing which were airborne at the time as part of a special exercise we were holding called Operation Dropkick. Now, it appears that the order called for the planes to attack their targets inside Russia. The planes are fully armed with nuclear weapons with an average load of 40 megatons each. Now the central display of Russia will indicate the position of the planes. The triangles are their primary targets, the squares are their secondary targets. The aircraft will begin penetrating Russian radar cover within 25 minutes.

MUFFLEY

General Turgidson, I find this very difficult to understand. I was under the impression that I was the only one in authority to order the use of nuclear weapons.

TURGIDSON

That's right sir. You are the only person authorized to do so. And although I hate to judge before all the facts are in, it's beginning to look like General Ripper exceeded his authority.

MUFFLEY

It certainly does. Far beyond the point I would have imagined possible.

TURGIDSON

Well perhaps you're forgetting the provisions of plan R, sir.

MUFFLEY

Plan R?

TURGIDSON

Plan R is an emergency war plan in which a lower echelon commander may order nuclear retaliation after a sneak attack if the normal chain of command is disrupted. You approved it, sir. You must remember. Surely you must recall, sir, when Senator Buford made that big hassle about our deterrent lacking credibility. The idea was for plan R to be a sort of retaliatory safeguard.

MUFFLEY

A safeguard.

TURGIDSON

I admit the human element seems to have failed us here. But the idea was to discourage the Russkies from any hope that they could knock out Washington, and yourself, sir, as part of a general sneak attack, and escape retaliation because of lack of proper command and control.

MUFFLEY

Well I assume then, that the planes will return automatically once they reach their failsafe points.

TURGIDSON

Well, sir, I'm afraid not. You see the planes were holding at their failsafe points when the go code was issued. Now, once they fly beyond failsafe they do not require a second order to proceed. They will fly until they reach their targets.

MUFFLEY

Then why haven't you radioed the planes countermanding the go code?

TURGIDSON

Well, I'm afraid we're unable to communicate with any of the aircraft.

MUFFLEY

Why?

TURGIDSON

As you may recall, sir, one of the provisions of plan R provides that once the go code is received the normal SSB radios in the aircraft are switched into a special coded device, which I believe is designated as CRM114. Now, in order to prevent the enemy from issuing fake or confusing orders, CRM114 is designed not to receive at all, unless the message is preceded by the correct three letter code group prefix.

MUFFLEY

Then do you mean to tell me, General Turgidson, that you will be unable to recall the aircraft?

TURGIDSON

That's about the size of it. However, we are plowing through every possible three letter combination of the code. But since there are seventeen thousand permutations it's going to take us about two and a half days to transmit them all.

MUFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON

About eighteen minutes from now, sir.

MUFFLEY

Are you in contact with General Ripper?

TURGIDSON

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

MUFFLEY

Where did you get all this information?

TURGIDSON

General Ripper called Strategic Air Command headquarters shortly after he issued the go code. I have a partial transcript of that conversation if you'd like me to read it.

MUFFLEY

Read it.

TURGIDSON

The duty officer asked General Ripper to confirm the fact the he had issued the go code and he said, "Yes gentlemen, they are on their way in and no one can bring them back. For the sake of our country and our way of life, I suggest you get the rest of SAC in after them, otherwise we will be totally destroyed by red retaliation. My boys will give you the best kind of start, fourteen hundred megatons worth, and you sure as hell won't stop them now. So let's get going. There's no other choice. God willing, we will prevail in peace and freedom from fear and in true health through the purity and essence of our natural fluids. God bless you all." Then he hung up. We're still trying to figure out the meaning of that last phrase, sir.

MUFFLEY

There's nothing to figure out General Turgidson. This man is obviously a psychotic.

TURGIDSON

Well, I'd like to hold off judgment on a thing like that, sir, until all the facts are in.

MUFFLEY

(anger rising)

General Turgidson, when you instituted the human reliability tests, you assured me there was no possibility of such a thing ever occurring.

TURGIDSON

Well I don't think it's quite fair to condemn a whole program because of a single slip up sir.

MUFFLEY

I want to speak to General Ripper on the telephone, personally.

TURGIDSON

I'm afraid that's impossible, sir.

MUFFLEY

General Turgidson, I am becoming less and less interested in your estimates of what is possible and impossible. General Faceman.

FACEMAN

Yes, sir.

MUFFLEY

Are there any army units stationed
anywhere near Burpleson?

FACEMAN

Well ah, I'll just check, sir.

Turgidson's phone beeps

TURGIDSON

Hello.

(pause, then whispering)

I told you never to call me here; don't
you know where I am?

(pause)

Well look, baby, I can't talk to you now.
My president needs me. Of course Bucky
would rather be there with you.

(pause)

Of course it isn't only physical. I deeply
respect you as a human being. Someday I'm
going to make you Mrs. Buck Turgidson.

(pause)

Listen, you go back to sleep. Bucky'll be
back there just as soon as he can.

Alright. Listen, sug', don't forget to say
your prayers.

(hangs up and composes himself)

FACEMAN

Apparently, the 23rd airborne division is
stationed seven miles away at Alvarado.

MUFFLEY

General Faceman, I want them to enter the
base, locate General Ripper, and put him
in immediate telephone contact with me.

FACEMAN

Yes, sir.

TURGIDSON

Mr. President, if I may advise, under
condition red it is standard procedure
that the base be sealed off, and the base
be defended by base security troops. Any
force trying to enter there would
certainly encounter very heavy casualties.

FACEMAN

General Turgidson, with all due respect
for your defense team, my boys can brush
'em aside without too much trouble.

TURGIDSON

Mr. President, there are one or two points
I'd like to make, if I may.

MUFFLEY

Go ahead, General.

TURGIDSON

One, our hopes for recalling the 843rd bomb wing are quickly being reduced to a very low order of probability. Two, in less than fifteen minutes from now the Russkies will be making radar contact with the planes. Three, when they do, they are going to go absolutely ape, and they're gonna strike back with everything they've got. Four, if prior to this time, we have done nothing further to suppress their retaliatory capabilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation. Now, five, if on the other hand, we were to immediately launch an all out and coordinated attack on all their airfields and missile bases we'd stand a damn good chance of catching 'em with their pants down. Hell, we got a five to one missile superiority as it is. We could easily assign three missiles to every target, and still have a very effective reserve force for any other contingency. Now, six, an unofficial study which we undertook of this eventuality, indicated that we would destroy ninety percent of their nuclear capabilities. We would therefore prevail, and suffer only modest and acceptable civilian casualties from their remaining force which would be badly damaged and uncoordinated.

MUFFLEY

General, it is the avowed policy of our country never to strike first with nuclear weapons.

TURGIDSON

Well, Mr. President, I would say that General Ripper has already invalidated that policy.

(laughs)

MUFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON

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

MUFFLEY

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

TURGIDSON

Mr. President, I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair mussed. But I do say... no more than ten to twenty million killed, tops. Uh... depended on the breaks.

MUFFLEY

I will not go down in history as the greatest mass murderer since Adolph Hitler!

TURGIDSON

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

MUFFLEY

General Turgidson, I think I've heard quite sufficient from you, thank you very much!

STAINS

Mr. President, they have the ambassador waiting upstairs.

MUFFLEY

Oh, good. Any difficulty?

STAINS

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

MUFFLEY

Yes, that can't be helped. Have him brought down here straight away.

STAINS

Yes, sir.

TURGIDSON

Is that the Russian Ambassador you're talking about?

MUFFLEY

Yes, it is, General.

TURGIDSON

Ahh, am I to understand the Russian Ambassador is to be admitted entrance to the War Room?

MUFFLEY

That is correct. He is here on my orders.

TURGIDSON

I... I don't know exactly how to put this, sir, but are you aware of what a serious breach of security that would be? I mean...

(begins closing his notebooks)

... he'll see everything. He'll see the big board!

MUFFLEY

That is precisely the idea, General. That is precisely the idea. Stains, get Premier Kissov on the Hotline.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

KONG

Survival Kit contents check. In them you will find: one 45 caliber automatic, two boxes of ammunition, four days concentrated emergency rations, one drug issue containing antibiotics, morphine, vitamin pills, pep pills, sleeping pills, tranquilizer pills, one miniature combination Rooshan phrase book and Bible, one hundred dollars in rubles, one hundred dollars in gold, nine packs of chewing gum, one issue of prophylactics, three lipsticks, three pair of nylon stockings - shoot, a fella could have a pretty good weekend in Vegas with all that stuff....

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

DeSadeski enters in a great coat, finishes the contents of a drinking glass, and places the glass on a banquet table covered with an ornate array of meats, breads, and pies.

DESADESKI

You don't have any fresh fish?

AIDE

I'm afraid not sir.

DESADESKI

Your eggs, then, they are fresh?

AIDE

Oh, yes, sir.

DESADESKI

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

AIDE

That will be all for you sir?

DESADESKI

Yes.

AIDE

Then I'll see to it right away.

GENERAL

Try one of these Jamaican cigars,
ambassador, they're pretty good.

DESADESKI

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

GENERAL

Oh, only commie stooges, huh?

TURGIDSON

(whispers, clutching his notebooks
to his chest)

Mr. President, you gonna let that lousy
commie punk vomit all over us like this?

STAINS

Mr. President, we haven't been able to
reach Premier Kissov in the Kremlin. They
say they don't know where he is, and he
won't be back for another two hours.

DESADESKI

Try B86543 Moscow.

STAINS

Yes, sir.

DESADESKI

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

MUFFLEY

(laughs)

Fine.

Turgidson mutters to a seated General

DESADESKI

What did you say?

TURGIDSON

I said, Premier Kissov is a degenerate
atheist commie! That's what I said.

DESADESKI

Mr. President, I formally request that you have this ignorant fool removed from the war room.

DeSadeski, Muffley, and Turgidson form a triangular spat, each waving a pointed finger at another.

STAINS

(interrupts argument)

I think they're trying the number.

TRACK ON Muffley as he walks towards Stains. A struggle begins between DeSadeski and Turgidson.

MUFFLEY

(to Turgidson and DeSadeski who is on Turgidson's lap)

Gentlemen, you can't fight in here. This is the War Room! What is going on here? I demand an explanation.

DESADESKI

This clumsy fool tried to plant that ridiculous camera on me.

TURGIDSON

Yeah, you bet your sweets, Mr. Commie. Look at this, Mr. President. This lousy commie rat was taking pictures with this thing. Of the big board!

MUFFLEY

Mr. Ambassador!

DESADESKI

This clumsy fool attempted to plant that ridiculous camera on me.

TURGIDSON

That's a damn lie! I saw him, with my own eyes!

MUFFLEY

Gentlemen, this is outrageous. I have never heard of such behavior in the war room before.

STAINS

Mr. President, I think they're getting him on the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURPLESON AFB

The attack begins.

SOLDIER #1

You sure gotta hand it to those commies.

SOLDIER #2

Yeah.

SOLDIER #3

Gee, those trucks look like the real thing, don't they?

SOLDIER #2

I wonder where they got 'em from.

SOLDIER #3

Probably bought them from the army as war surplus.

SOLDIER #1

OK. Open up at 200 yards.

Firefight begins

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

Ripper and Mandrake listen to the fighting in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

MUFFLEY

Tell him where you are, and that you'll enter the conversation if I say anything that's untrue, but please don't tell him anything more than that. Alexiy, Alexiy, please... I beg you.

DESADESKI

I don't have a phone.

MUFFLEY

(snaps fingers)

Give him your phone, Frank.

DESADESKI

Govorit DeSadeski.

(continues in Russian, then...)

I've done as you asked. Be careful Mr. President. I think he's drunk.

MUFFLEY

Hello? Hello, Dimitri? Listen, I can't hear too well, do you suppose you could turn the music down just a little? Oh, that's much better. Yes. Fine, I can hear you now, Dimitri. Clear and plain and coming through fine. I'm coming through fine too, eh? Good, then. Well then as you say we're both coming through fine. Good. Well it's good that you're fine and I'm fine. I agree with you. It's great to be fine.

(laughs)

Now then Dimitri. You know how we've always talked about the possibility of something going wrong with the bomb. The bomb, Dimitri. The hydrogen bomb. Well now what happened is, one of our base commanders, he had a sort of, well he went a little funny in the head. You know. Just a little... funny. And uh, he went and did a silly thing.

(listens)

Well, I'll tell you what he did, he ordered his planes... to attack your country.

(listens)

Well let me finish, Dimitri. Let me finish, Dimitri.

(listens)

Well, listen, how do you think I feel about it? Can you imagine how I feel about it, Dimitri? Why do you think I'm calling you? Just to say hello?

(listens)

Of course I like to speak to you. Of course I like to say hello. Not now, but any time, Dimitri. I'm just calling up to tell you something terrible has happened.

(listens)

It's a friendly call. Of course it's a friendly call. Listen, if it wasn't friendly, ... you probably wouldn't have even got it. They will not reach their targets for at least another hour.

(listens)

I am... I am positive, Dimitri. Listen, I've been all over this with your ambassador. It is not a trick.

(listens)

Well I'll tell you. We'd like to give your air staff a complete run down on the targets, the flight plans, and the defensive systems of the planes.

(listens)

Yes! I mean, if we're unable to recall the planes, then I'd say that, uh, well, we're

(more)

MUFFLEY (Cont'd)
just going to have to help you destroy
them, Dimitri.
(listens)
I know they're our boys.
(listens)
Alright, well, listen... who should we
call?
(listens)
Who should we call, Dimitri?
(listens)
The people...? Sorry, you faded away
there.
(listens)
The People's Central Air Defense
Headquarters. Where is that, Dimitri?
(listens)
In Omsk. Right. Yes.
(listens)
Oh, you'll call them first, will you?
(listens)
Uh-huh. Listen, do you happen to have the
phone number on you, Dimitri?
(listens)
What? I see, just ask for Omsk
Information. I'm sorry too, Dimitri. I'm
very sorry.
(listens)
Alright! You're sorrier than I am! But I
am sorry as well. I am as sorry as you
are, Dimitri. Don't say that you are more
sorry than I am, because I am capable of
being just as sorry as you are. So we're
both sorry, alright?
(listens)
Alright. Yes he's right here. Yes, he
wants to talk to you. Just a second.

DESADESKI
(continues in Russian. Gradually becomes
alarmed, then...)
Das voydaniya...
(rests phone on the table before him)

MUFFLEY
What... what is it, what?

DESADESKI
The fools... the mad fools.

MUFFLEY
What's happened?

DESADESKI
The doomsday machine.

MUFFLEY
The doomsday machine? What is that?

DESADESKI

A device which will destroy all human and animal life on earth.

MUFFLEY

All human and animal life?

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

Mandrake is sitting worriedly on a couch. Ripper puts a comforting arm around his shoulder.

RIPPER

(through his cigar)

Mandrake.

MANDRAKE

Yes, Jack?

RIPPER

Have you ever seen a commie drink a glass of water?

MANDRAKE

Well, no I... I can't say I have, Jack.

RIPPER

Vodka. That's what they drink, isn't it? Never water?

MANDRAKE

Well I... I believe that's what they drink, Jack. Yes.

RIPPER

On no account will a commie ever drink water, and not without good reason.

MANDRAKE

Oh, ah, yes. I don't quite.. see what you're getting at, Jack.

RIPPER

Water. That's what I'm getting at. Water. Mandrake, water is the source of all life. Seven tenths of this earth's surface is water. Why, you realize that.. seventy percent of you is water.

MANDRAKE

Uhhh God...

RIPPER

And as human beings, you and I need fresh, pure water to replenish our precious bodily fluids.

MANDRAKE

Yes. chuckles nervously

RIPPER

You beginning to understand?

MANDRAKE

Yes.

(chuckles - begins laughing/crying
quietly)

RIPPER

Mandrake. Mandrake, have you never
wondered why I drink only distilled water,
or rain water, and only pure grain
alcohol?

MANDRAKE

Well it did occur to me, Jack, yes.

RIPPER

Have you ever heard of a thing called
fluoridation? Fluoridation of water?

MANDRAKE

Ah, yes, I have heard of that, Jack. Yes.

RIPPER

Well do you now what it is?

MANDRAKE

No. No, I don't know what it is. No.

RIPPER

Do you realize that fluoridation is the
most monstrously conceived and dangerous
communist plot we have ever had to face?

Window in the office is shot through by automatic weapons fire.

RIPPER

(walks to window and shouts)

Two can play at this game soldier!

More rounds ricochet through the office, cutting down the
overhead desk lamp.

RIPPER

That's nice shooting, soldier!

Ripper produces a machine gun from a golf bag in his closet. He
turns off the lights, then sweeps his desk clear with the gun
barrel, placing the gun squarely on the desk.

RIPPER

Mandrake! Come here!

MANDRAKE

You calling me, Jack?

RIPPER

Just come over here and help me with this belt.

MANDRAKE

(prone on couch)

I ah, I haven't had very much experience, you know, with those... sort of machines, Jack. I only ever pressed a button in my old Spitfire.

RIPPER

Mandrake, in the name of Her Majesty and the Continental Congress come here and feed me this belt, boy!

MANDRAKE

Jack, I'd love to come. But, what's happened, you see, is the string in my leg's gone.

RIPPER

The what?

MANDRAKE

The string. I never told you, but, you see, I've got a gammy leg. Oh dear. Gone. Shot off.

Ripper karate-chops the receiver, cycling the action.

RIPPER

Mandrake, come over here. The Red Coats are coming. Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

DESADESKI

When it is detonated, it will produce enough lethal radioactive fallout so that within ten months, the surface of the earth will be as dead as the moon!

TURGIDSON

Ah, come on DeSadeski, that's ridiculous. Our studies show that even the worst fallout is down to a safe level after two weeks.

DESADESKI

You've obviously never heard of cobalt thorium G.

TURGIDSON

No, what about it?

DESADESKI

Cobalt thorium G has a radioactive halflife of ninety three years. If you take, say, fifty H-bombs in the hundred megaton range and jacket them with cobalt thorium G, when they are exploded they will produce a doomsday shroud. A lethal cloud of radioactivity which will encircle the earth for ninety three years!

TURGIDSON

Ah, what a load of commie bull. I mean, afterall...

MUFFLEY

I'm afraid I don't understand something, Alexiy. Is the Premier threatening to explode this if our planes carry out their attack?

DESADESKI

No sir. It is not a thing a sane man would do. The doomsday machine is designed to trigger itself automatically.

MUFFLEY

But surely you can disarm it somehow.

DESADESKI

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

MUFFLEY

Automatically?

TURGIDSON

Ahh.. it's an obvious commie trick, Mr. President.

(walks backwards towards the big board)

We're wasting valuable time.

(falls over backwards and does a somersault, and brings himself back onto his feet)

Look at the big board! They're getting ready to clobber us!

MUFFLEY

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

DESADESKI

There are those of us who fought against it, but in the end we could not keep up with the expense involved in the arms race, the space race, and the peace race. And at the same time our people grumbled for more nylons and washing machines. Our doomsday scheme cost us just a small fraction of what we'd been spending on defense in a single year. But the deciding factor was when we learned that your country was working along similar lines, and we were afraid of a doomsday gap.

MUFFLEY

This is preposterous. I've never approved of anything like that.

DESADESKI

Our source was the New York Times.

MUFFLEY

Dr. Strangelove, do we have anything like that in the works?

Stains and Turgidson, who have been listening to Muffley and DeSadeski Stains' station at the round table, slowly turn their heads in search of Strangelove.

STRANGELOVE

(in wheelchair)

A moment please, Mr. President.

Stomps one foot on the tile floor, pushes back from the table and begins wheeling towards the discussion between Muffley and DeSadeski.

STRANGELOVE

Under the authority granted me as director of weapons research and development, I commissioned last year a study of this project by the Bland corporation. Based on the findings of the report, my conclusion was that this idea was not a practical deterrent, for reasons which, at this moment, must be all too obvious.

MUFFLEY

Then you mean it is possible for them to have built such a thing?

Strangelove carefully plucks cigarette from his shaking right hand, which is in a black glove.

STRANGELOVE

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

MUFFLEY

But, how is it possible for this thing to be triggered automatically, and at the same time impossible to untrigger?

STRANGELOVE

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

TURGIDSON

Gee, I wish we had one of them doomsday machines, Stainsy.

MUFFLEY

But this is fantastic, Strangelove. How can it be triggered automatically?

STRANGELOVE

Well, it's remarkably simple to do that. When you merely wish to bury bombs, there is no limit to the size. After that they are connected to a gigantic complex of computers. Now then, a specific and clearly defined set of circumstances, under which the bombs are to be exploded, is programmed into a tape memory bank.

TURGIDSON

Strangelove. What kind of a name is that? That ain't no kraut name, is it, Stainsy?

STAINS

He changed it when he became a citizen. It used to be Merkwurkdigliebe.

TURGIDSON

Hmm. A kraut, by any other name, huh, Stainsy?

STRANGELOVE

Yes, but the... whole point of the doomsday machine... is lost... if you keep it a secret! Why didn't you tell the world, eh?

DESADESKI

It was to be announced at the Party Congress on Monday. As you know, the Premier loves surprises.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURPLESON AFB

Firefight continues.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

Bullets cut down picture frames behind the desk. Ripper, standing, shoots back at unseen machinegunner. Mandrake is now crouching by his side.

RIPPER

Stay with me Mandrake. Ripper and Mandrake crawl to one side of desk. Alright, Mandrake, now feed me. Feed me.

Ripper stands and exchanges fire with attacking troops. Enemy fire subsides.

MANDRAKE

(laughs)

Jack, don't you think we'd be better off in some other part of the room, away from all this flying glass?

RIPPER

Ah, naah. We're ok here. Mandrake, do you realize that in addition to fluoridated water, why, there are studies underway to fluoridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk, ice cream? Ice cream, Mandrake. Children's ice cream?

MANDRAKE

Good Lord.

RIPPER

You know when fluoridation first began?

MANDRAKE

No. No, I don't, Jack. No.

RIPPER

Nineteen hundred and forty six. Nineteen fortysix, Mandrake. How does that coincide with your postwar commie conspiracy, huh? It's incredibly obvious, isn't it? A foreign substance is introduced into our precious bodily fluids without the knowledge of the individual, and certainly without any choice. That's the way your hard core commie works.

MANDRAKE

Jack... Jack, listen, tell me, ah... when did you first become, well, develop this theory.

RIPPER

Well, I ah, I I first became aware of it,
Mandrake, during the physical act of love.

Mandrake sighs fearfully

RIPPER

Yes a profound sense of fatigue, a feeling
of emptiness followed. Luckily I was able
to interpret these feelings correctly:
loss of essence.

MANDRAKE

Yes...

RIPPER

I can assure you it has not recurred,
Mandrake. Women... women sense my power,
and they seek the life essence. I do not
avoid women, Mandrake, but I do deny them
my essence.

MANDRAKE

Heh heh... yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURPLESON AFB

Firefight settles into a surrender of Ripper's defending
troops.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE

RIPPER

Boys must have surrendered.

MANDRAKE

It's the way it is. Heh heh. Now Jack,
listen. While there's still time, I beg
you, let's recall the wing.

Ripper struts over to an available chair, using machinegun as a
walking stick, kicking debris en route. Sits.

RIPPER

Those boys were like my children,
Mandrake. Now they let me down.

MANDRAKE

No no, Jack. Not a bit of it. No, I'm sure they all gave you their very best. And I'm equally sure they all died thinking of you, every man jack of them, heh, Jack. Supposing a bit of water has gone off, eh? And certainly one can never be too sure about those sort of things. Would you look at me now. Do I look all rancid and clotted? You look at me, Jack, eh? Look, eh? And I drink a lot of water, you know. I'm what you might call a water man, Jack. That's what I am. And I can swear to you, my boy, swear to you, that there's nothing wrong with my bodily fluids. Not a thing, Jackie.

RIPPER

Mandrake, were you ever a prisoner of war?

MANDRAKE

Well, Jack, the time's running... very... huh?

RIPPER

Were you ever a prisoner of war?

MANDRAKE

Ah yes I was. Matter of fact, Jack, I was.

RIPPER

Did they torture you?

MANDRAKE

Ah... yes, they did. I was tortured by the Japanese, Jack, if you must know. Not a pretty story.

RIPPER

Well what happened?

MANDRAKE

Oh... well... I don't know, Jack. Difficult to think of under these conditions. But, well, what happened was they got me on the old Rangoon HNRR railway. I was laying train mines for the bloody Japanese puff puffs.

RIPPER

No, I mean when they tortured you, did you talk?

MANDRAKE

Ah, oh no, I ah... I don't think they wanted me to talk, really. I don't think they wanted me to say anything. It was just their way of having... a bit of fun, the swines. Strange thing is they make such bloody good cameras.

RIPPER

You know those clowns outside are gonna give me a pretty good going over in a few minutes. For the code.

MANDRAKE

Yes. does a double take Yes, well you may have... you may have quite a point there, Jack.

RIPPER

I don't know how well I could stand up under torture.

MANDRAKE

Well of course the answer to that is, boy, no one ever does. And my advice to you, Jack, is to give me the code now. And if those devils come back and try any rough stuff, we'll fight them together, boy, like we did just now, on the floor, eh? You with the old gun, and me with the belt and the ammo, feeding you, Jack! Feed me, you said, and I was feeding you, Jack.
(pats Ripper on the shoulder)

RIPPER

No, Mandrake. I happen to believe in a life after this one, and I know I'll have to answer for what I've done. And I think I can.

MANDRAKE

Yes, well of course you can, Jack, of course you can. You can! I'm a religious man, myself, you know, Jack. I believe in all that sort of thing, and... I'm hoping, you know, Jack.

Rises to follow Ripper, who is walking despondently about the room, dragging the 50 cal. which he lets fall.

MANDRAKE

You dropped your gun, Jack, yes...
(picks up the machine gun and carries it)
... you know what I'm...
(Ripper begins removing his jacket here)
... no, Jack. Let me take that for you. I'll take that for you, Jack.
(takes Ripper's jacket and drapes it over the gun)
And, ah, you know what I'm hoping, Jack?
(more)

MANDRAKE (Cont'd)

I'm hoping you're going to give me the code, boy. That's what I'm hoping. And, ah...

(Ripper enters the washroom)

... oh, you're going have a little wash and brush up, are you? What a good idea. Always did wonders for a man, that, Jack. A little wash and brush up. Water on the back of the neck, and... makes you feel marvelous. That's what we need, Jack! Water on the back of the neck and the code. Now, ... now supposing I play a little guessing game with you, Jack, boy.

(Ripper shuts washroom door)

I'll try and guess... I'll try and guess what the code is...

A gun shot rings out from within the washroom - Mandrake gapes at the closed door, drops the machine gun, and pushes on the door, which is blocked after opening a few inches.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

CO-PILOT

Co-pilot to navigator, I'm ready with the fuel figures now. We have one hundred and nine thousand total, seventy nine thousand in the mains, and thirty thousand in the auxiliaries. And that works out to roughly seven hours fifteen minutes endurance for this time.

DSO

DSO to Captain, I have an unidentified radar blip. Distance: 60 miles. Approximate speed: mach three. Looks like a missile tracking us! Confirmed, definite missile track. Commence evasive action right. Missile still closing range; distance: 50 miles. Continue evasive action.

CO-PILOT

Lock ECM to target intercept mode.

DSO

ECM locked to target intercept mode.
Missile still tracking and closing
distance. Range: 40 miles. Continue
evasive action. Electronic guidance
scrambler to blue grid. Missile still
tracking steady and closing distance.
Range: 30 miles. Missile still closing
true and steady. Continue evasive action.
Range: 20 miles. Missile still closing
distance... and tracking steady.

CO-PILOT

Evac range gate on maximum scan.

DSO

Range gate on maximum scan. Range: 10
miles. Missile track deflecting. Continue
evasive action. Deflection increasing;
range: 8 miles. Deflection still
increasing; range: 6 miles. Missile still
deflecting; range: 4 miles. Range: 2
miles; missile still deflecting. Range:
one mile; missile detonated!

DISTORTED VOICES AUDIBLE through headset intercom. Kong is
jolted as shock wave hits the plane. Crew scrambles to attend
to fires, regain control of aircraft.

KONG

Spot lever to cutoff... reselect to
central power... Extinguishers... Transfer
switches... boost pumps up. Fuel valves
three four and six. Give me full power.

Aircraft returns to straight and level; under control.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER'S OFFICE - BURPLESON AFB

Mandrake examines a notepad on Ripper's desk. It is covered
with doodles and an interlocking pattern of the words Peace On
Earth, and Purity Of Essence.

MANDRAKE

Peace on Earth. Peace on Earth. Peace on
Earth: P O E. Purity of essence. O P O E.
(whispers)
O P E.

Shots ring out as the doorlock is destroyed, and the door to
the office opens. Enter Bat Guano, brandishing an M-1 carbine.

GUANO

Put your hands over your head.

MANDRAKE

What the devil do you think you're doing,
shooting your way in here? Who are you?

GUANO

I said, put your hands over your head.
What kind of suit you call that, fellah?

MANDRAKE

What do you mean, suit? This happens to be
an R. A. F. uniform, sir. And I am Group
Captain Lionel Mandrake. I am General
Ripper's Executive Officer.

GUANO

Where's General Ripper?

MANDRAKE

He's dead, in the bathroom.

GUANO

Where's the bathroom?

MANDRAKE

Next to you.

Guano peers around bathroom door and whistles in exclamation.

MANDRAKE

Look, I don't know what sort of stupid
game this is you're playing, but I've got
a very good idea what the recall code is
and I have to get in touch with SAC
headquarters immediately.

GUANO

I said put your hands over your head and
keep 'em there. Got any witnesses?

MANDRAKE

Witnesses? What are you talking about,
witnesses? He shot himself!

GUANO

While he was shaving, huh?

MANDRAKE

Now look, Colonel... Bat Guano, if that
really is your name, may I tell you that I
have a very, very good idea, I think, I
hope, I pray, what the recall code is.
It's some sort of recurrent theme he kept
repeating. It's a variation on Peace on
Earth or Purity of Essence. E O P. O P E.
It's one of those!

GUANO

Put your hands up on top of your head.
Start walking.

MANDRAKE

Don't you know that General Ripper went as mad as a bloody march hare and sent the while wing to attack the Soviets? Don't you know that?

GUANO

What are you talking about?

MANDRAKE

I'll tell you what I'm talking about. I'm going to pick up this red telephone which is connected to SAC. And I hope... blast. Blast! Shot away, I expect by one of your men during this ridiculous fighting! picks up another phone Right.

(glances down to discover
this phone has no cord at
all)

GUANO

Alright, Charlie, I been wasting too much time on you. I got a lot of wounded men outside. Start walking.

CUT TO:

INT. B-52

Goldie is examining the damage to the radios.

GOLDIE

All the radio gear is out, including the CRM-114. I think the auto-destruct mechanism got hit and blew itself up.

BOMBARDIER

The fire is out. Emergency power is on. Everything seems to check out alright. Will advise.

KONG

Roger. Navigator...

NAVIGATOR

I've worked out our rate of fuel loss at approximately one six two per minute. This gives us a radius of action sufficient to take out primary and secondary targets. But we will not, repeat, not be able to make it back to any base or neutral country. However we would have enough fuel to ditch at weather ship tango delta: grid coordinates zero zero three six nine one.

KONG

Now, boys, we got three engines out; we got more holes in us than a horse trader's mule, the radio's gone and we're leaking fuel, and if we's flying any lower, why, we'd need sleigh bells on this thing. But we got one little budge on them russkies, at this this height, why, they might harpoon us but they dang sure ain't gonna spot us on no radar screen.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BURPLESON AFB

Guano is marching Mandrake out of Ripper's office at gunpoint.

GUANO

The other way.

MANDRAKE

Where are you taking me?

GUANO

The main gate.

MANDRAKE

Colonel! Colonel, I must know what you think has been going on here!

GUANO

You wanna know what I think?

MANDRAKE

Yes.

GUANO

I think you're some kind of deviated prevert. And I think General Ripper found out about your preversion, and that you were organizing some kind of mutiny of preverts. Now, move!

Mandrake replaces hands on head and begins walking.

GUANO

On top of that I don't know anything about any planes attacking Russia. All I was told to do was get General Ripper on the phone to the President of the United States.

MANDRAKE

Now just one second. You just said... the President.

GUANO

What about the President?

MANDRAKE

Now, the president wants to speak to General Ripper, doesn't he? Now, General Ripper is dead, is he not? I am General Ripper's executive officer, so the president will bloody well want to speak to me, won't he? There's a telephone box over there, and the line may be open.

GUANO

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

MANDRAKE

I don't want to talk to him, Colonel, I've got to talk to him. And I can assure you, if you don't put that gun away and stop this stupid nonsense, the court of inquiry on this'll give you such a pranging, you'll be lucky if you end up wearing the uniform of a bloody toilet attendant!

GUANO

OK. Go ahead. Try and get the President of the United States on the phone.

Mandrake enters phone booth and closes the door. Guano pushes it back open.

GUANO

If you try any preversions in there I'll blow your head off.

Mandrake places coins in the slot and dials.

MANDRAKE

Operator? This is Group Captain Lionel Mandrake, I'm speaking from Burpleson Air Force Base. Look, something very urgent has come up and I want you to place an emergency person to person call with President Merkin Muffley in the Pentagon, Washington D.C. Aaaa... Burpleson3-9180. No, I'm perfectly serious, operator, the President, yes the President of the United States. I'm sorry, I haven't got enough change. Um, could you... could you make this a collect call, operator?

Mandrake waits on the call to be placed while Guano looks on.

MANDRAKE

Just one second, operator.

(to Guano)

They won't accept the call. Have you got fifty-five cents?

GUANO

Well, you don't think I'd go into combat with loose change in my pocket, do you?

MANDRAKE

Operator, look, ah... is it possible to make this an ordinary... ordinary trunk call? Well, what do you call it... you know, ah...

(raps on phone box with knuckles)

... oh, ah... station to station.

(counts change in his palm)

Oh, blast. Still twenty cents short.

Operator, hold on one... ah... I shan't keep you a second.

(to Guano)

Colonel, that Coca-Cola machine, I want you to shoot the lock off it. There may be some change in there.

GUANO

That's private property.

MANDRAKE

(exasperated)

Colonel, can you possibly imagine what is going to happen to you, your frame, outlook, way of life and everything, when they learn that you have obstructed a telephone call to the President of the United States? Can you imagine? Shoot it off! Shoot! With the gun! That's what the bullets are for, you twit!

GUANO

OK. I'm gonna get your money for you. But if you don't get the President of the Unites States on that phone, you know what's going to happen to you?

MANDRAKE

What?

GUANO

You're going to have to answer to the Coca-Cola Company.

Turns to the Coke machine and fires into it. Change spills from the coin return slot. As Guano bends to collect it, coke streams from a bullet hole and showers his face.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

VOICE ON PA

This is SAC communications control. The recall code, OPE, is being acknowledged roger by elements of the 843 bomb wing.

Cheering starts among men in the War Room.

VOICE ON PA

These are the details: missions 12, 22, 30, and 38 are reported destroyed by enemy action. All other missions have acknowledged recall code. This is SAC communications control, over and out.

TURGIDSON

(whistles loudly)

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

War room falls silent.

TURGIDSON

Ah, gentlemen, Mr. President, I'm not a sentimentalist at all, by nature, but I think I know what's in every heart in this room. I think we ought to all just bow our heads and give a short prayer of thanks for our deliverance. Lord, we have heard the wings of the angel of death fluttering over our heads from the valley of fear. You have seen fit to deliver us from the forces of evil...

STAINS

Excuse me sir, Premier Kissov's calling again and he's hopping mad.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

GOLDIE

Fuel flow in active engines and leakage has increased. Now works out at two zero five. Estimate remaining fuel at eight seven nine zero.

NAVIGATOR

Roger. Confirm two zero five per minute and remaining fuel eight seven nine zero.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

MUFFLEY

(into phone)

No. No, Dimitri, there must be some mistake.

(listens)

No, I'm certain of that. I'm perfectly certain of that, Dimitri. Just a second.

(puts down phone)

You know what he says? He says that one of (more)

MUFFLEY (Cont'd)
the planes hasn't turned back. He says
according to information forwarded by our
air staff, it's headed for the missile
complex at Lapuda.

TURGIDSON
Whah...
(laughs in wheezing
incredulity)
That's impossible, Mr. President. I mean,
look at the big board! Thirty-four planes,
thirty recalls acknowledged, and four
splashes, and one of them was targeted for
Lapuda!

MUFFLEY
(into phone)
Dimitri? Look, we've got an
acknowledgement from every plane except
the four you've shot down.
(listens)
Oh. Oh. He says... Hang on a second,
Dimitri.
(covers phone)
He says their air staff now only claims
three aircraft confirmed. The fourth may
only be damaged.

TURGIDSON
Mr. President, I'm beginning to smell a
big fat commie rat. I mean, supposing
Kissov is lying about that fourth plane,
just looking for an excuse to clobber us.
I mean, if the spaghetti hits the fan, now
we're really in trouble.

MUFFLEY
(into phone)
Dimitri, look, if this report is true and
the plane manages to bomb the target, is
it... is this going to full.. is this
going to set off the doomsday machine?
(listens)
Are you sure?
(listens)
Well, I... I guess you're just going to
have to get that plane, Dimitri! Dimitri,
I'm sorry they're jamming your radar and
flying so low, but they're trained to do
it. You know, it's it's initiative! Look,
Dimitri, you know exactly where they're
going and I'm sure your entire air defense
can stop a single plane. Listen, I mean,
it's not going to help either one of us if
(more)

MUFFLEY (Cont'd)

a if the if the doomsday machine goes off,
now is it?

(listens)

Dom... Dimitri there's no point in you
getting you hysterical at a moment like
this! Dimitri! Keep your feet on the
ground when you're talking, Dimitri.

(listens)

I... I am not I am not getting... no,
Dimitri. I... I just am worried, that's
all. Look, now if our air staff say it's
primary target is Lapuda and it's
secondary target it Bordkov, I mean it's
it's true, Dimitri! You gotta
believe it.

Turgidson nods affirmative

MUFFLEY

Look, can I gi...

(listens)

Dimitri, can I give you just one word...
can I give you just one word of advice,
Dimitri? Listen, Dimitri, put everything
you've got into those two sectors and you
can't miss.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

NAVIGATOR

Sir, if we continue to lose fuel at the
present rate, I estimate we only have
thirty-eight minutes flying time which
will not even take us as far as the
primary.

KONG

Dog gonnit, Sweets, you told me that you'd
get me to the primary!

NAVIGATOR

I'm sorry, Sir. That estimate was based on
the original loss rate factor, not at two
zero five.

KONG

I don't give a hoot in hell how you do it,
you just get me to the primary, you hear?

NAVIGATOR

I'm sorry Sir, but those are the figures.
We'll be luck to reach weather ship at
tango delta.

KONG

Well... shoot. We ain't come this far just to dump this thing in the drink. What's the nearest target opportunity?

NAVIGATOR

Sir, if the rate of loss does not increase, we have a chance to reach target three eight four, grid coordinate zero zero three six nine one, and possibly make it from there to the tango delta weather ship.

KONG

What kind of a target is that, anyhow?

BOMBARDIER

Sir, that's the ICBM complex at Kodlosk.

KONG

Alright. Designating new target three eight four. Give me a rough heading on that just as soon as you can get it worked out, will you?

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

MUFFLEY

(into phone)

Well, we'll keep our fingers crossed, Dimitri, and remember, there's just one thing, we are all in this together. We're right behind you, Dimitri. We're with you all the way.

(listens)

Yes. Well, we'll keep the line open.

Alright Dimitri.

(rests phone on the table)

General Turgidson, is there really a chance for that plane to get through?

TURGIDSON

Mr. President, if I may speak freely, the Russkie talks big, but frankly, we think he's short of know how. I mean, you just can't expect a bunch of ignorant peons to understand a machine like some of our boys. And that's not meant as an insult, Mr. Ambassador, I mean, you take your average Russkie, we all know how much guts he's got. Hell, lookit look at all them them Nazis killed off and they still wouldn't quit.

MUFFLEY

Can't you stick to the point, General?

TURGIDSON

Well, I'm sorry. Ah... If the pilot's good, see. I mean, if he's really... sharp, he can barrel that baby in so low spreads his arms like wings., laughs you oughtta see it sometime, it's a sight. A big plane, like a '52, vroom! There's jet exhaust, fryin' chickens in the barnyard!

MUFFLEY

Yeah, but has he got a chance?

TURGIDSON

Has he got a chance? Hell Ye... ye...
(covers mouth in solemn realization)

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBORNE B-52

NAVIGATOR

Navigator to Captain, approaching target. Distance, one zero miles. Switch from green grid to target orange.

KONG

Roger. Ready for final bomb run check. Take over, Ace.

CO-PILOT

Roger.

DSO

DSO ready.

BOMBARDIER

Bombardier ready, sir.

KONG

Bomb fusing master safety on, electronics, barometrics, time and impact.

BOMBARDIER

Bomb fusing master safeties on, electronic, barometric, time and impact.

KONG

Fused for ground burst, delay factor yellow three.

BOMBARDIER

Fused for ground burst, delay factor yellow three.

KONG

Bomb fusing circuits one through four, test.

BOMBARDIER

Bomb fusing circuits one through four,
test. Lights on.

KONG

Bomb arming test lights on, one through
four.

BOMBARDIER

Bomb arming test lights on, one through
four.

KONG

Engage primary trigger switch override.

BOMBARDIER

Primary trigger switch override, engaged.

KONG

Track indicators to maximum deflection.

BOMBARDIER

Track indicators to maximum deflection.

KONG

Detonator set to zero altitude.

BOMBARDIER

Detonator set to zero altitude.

KONG

Release first safety.

AIRMAN

First safety released.

BOMBARDIER

First safety.

KONG

Release second safeties.

AIRMAN

Second safety released.

BOMBARDIER

Second safety.

KONG

Check bomb door circuits one through four.

BOMBARDIER

Ah... bomb door circuits, negative
function. Lights red.

KONG

Switch in backup circuits.

BOMBARDIER

Roger. Backup circuits switched in, still negative function.

KONG

Engage emergency power.

BOMBARDIER

Roger. Emergency power on. Still negative function.

KONG

Operate manual override!

BOMBARDIER

Roger. Ah... still negative function. The teleflex drive cable must be sheared away.

KONG

Fire the explosive bolts!

BOMBARDIER

Roger. Um... still negative, sir. The operating circuits are dead, sir.

KONG

Stay on the bomb run, Ace. I'm going down below to see what I can do.

CO-PILOT

Roger.

KONG

(to DSO and Bombardier)

Stay on the bomb run boys. I'm goin' to get them doors open if it hure lips everybody on Bear Creek.

(proceeds through hatch to bomb bay)

Kong studies a sparking tangle of wires above a suspended bomb, and then climbs atop the it, fanning the sparks with his stetson

NAVIGATOR

Target orange grid reference, checks.
Target distance, eight miles.

CO-PILOT

Roger, eight miles. Telemetric guidance computer into orange grid.

BOMBARDIER

Telemetric guidance computer into orange grid.

NAVIGATOR

Target distance, seven miles. Correct track indicator, minus seven.

CO-PILOT

Roger. Seven miles. Set GPI acceleration factor.

BOMBARDIER

GPI diversion factor set.

NAVIGATOR

Target distance, six miles.

CO-PILOT

Roger. Six miles. False ident transponder active.

BOMBARDIER

False ident transponder active.

NAVIGATOR

Target distance, five miles.

CO-PILOT

Five miles. Bundling alignment factor zero mode.

BOMBARDIER

Bundling alignment factor to zero mode.

NAVIGATOR

Target distance, four miles.

CO-PILOT

Roger. Four miles. Auto CDC into manual teleflex link.

BOMBARDIER

Auto CDC is to manual teleflex link.

NAVIGATOR

Target distance, three miles.

CO-PILOT

Roger. Three miles.

NAVIGATOR

Target in sight. Where in hell is Major Kong?

Kong busily works to splice two wires together. He finishes and then attaches an alligator clip to a patch panel above his head. The bomb doors open. He grabs his stetson to keep it from blowing away in the sudden slipstream.

KONG

Aaaaaa hooooo! Aaaaaaaa hooooo!

The bomb is dropped, and Kong along with it

BOMBARDIER

Hey, what about Major Kong?

KONG
Aaaaaa hoooo! Waaaaa hooooo!

Kong rides the bomb in its falling arc waving his hat over his head, celebrating his success in ecstatic rodeo style. On reaching the ground, the bomb detonates.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM

Strangelove executes an about face from the big board to face the camera.

STRANGELOVE
Mr. President, I would not rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human specimens. It would be quite easy... heh heh...

(rolls forward into the light)
At the bottom of ah... some of our deeper mineshafts. The radioactivity would never penetrate a mine some thousands of feet deep. And in a matter of weeks, sufficient improvements in dwelling space could easily be provided.

MUFFLEY
How long would you have to stay down there?

STRANGELOVE
Well let's see now ah...
(searches within his lapel)
... cobalt thorium G...
(notices circular slide rule in his gloved hand)
... aa... nn... Radioactive halflife of uh, ... hmm.. I would think that uh... possibly uh... one hundred years.

On finishing his calculations, he pulls the slide rule roughly from his gloved hand, and returns it to within his jacket.

MUFFLEY
You mean, people could actually stay down there for a hundred years?

STRANGELOVE

It would not be difficult mein Fuhrer!
Nuclear reactors could, heh... I'm sorry.
Mr. President. Nuclear reactors could
provide power almost indefinitely.
Greenhouses could maintain plantlife.
Animals could be bred and slaughtered. A
quick survey would have to be made of all
the available mine sites in the country.
But I would guess... that ah, dwelling
space for several hundred thousands of our
people could easily be provided.

MUFFLEY

Well I... I would hate to have to decide..
who stays up and.. who goes down.

STRANGELOVE

Well, that would not be necessary Mr.
President. It could easily be accomplished
with a computer. And a computer could be
set and programmed to accept factors from
youth, health, sexual fertility,
intelligence, and a cross section of
necessary skills. Of course it would be
absolutely vital that our top government
and military men be included to foster and
impart the required principles of
leadership and tradition.

Slams down left fist. Right arm rises in stiff Nazi salute.

STRANGELOVE

Arrrrrr!

(restrains right arm with
left)

Naturally, they would breed prodigiously,
eh? There would be much time, and little to
do. But ah with the proper breeding
techniques and a ratio of say, ten females
to each male, I would guess that they
could then work their way back to the
present gross national product within say,
twenty years.

MUFFLEY

But look here doctor, wouldn't this
nucleus of survivors be so grief stricken
and anguished that they'd, well, envy the
dead and not want to go on living?

STRANGELOVE

No sir...

His right arm rolls his wheelchair backwards

STRANGELOVE

Excuse me.

He struggles with wayward right arm, ultimately subduing it with a beating from his left

STRANGELOVE

Also when... when they go down into the mine everyone would still be alive. There would be no shocking memories, and the prevailing emotion will be one of nostalgia for those left behind, combined with a spirit of bold curiosity for the adventure ahead! Ahhhh!

Right arm reflexes into Nazi salute. He pulls it back into his lap and beats it again. Gloved hand attempts to strangle him.

TURGIDSON

Doctor, you mentioned the ration of ten women to each man. Now, wouldn't that necessitate the abandonment of the so called monogamous sexual relationship, I mean, as far as men were concerned?

STRANGELOVE

Regrettably, yes. But it is, you know, a sacrifice required for the future of the human race. I hasten to add that since each man will be required to do 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 nature.

DESADESKI

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

STRANGELOVE

Thank you, sir.

TURGIDSON

(to Muffley)

I think we should look at this from the military point of view. I mean, supposing the Russkies stashes away some big bomb, see. When they come out in a hundred years they could take over!

DeSadeski begins walking away from the crowd around Strangelove and the President, toward the banquet table.

GENERAL

I agree, Mr. President. In fact, they might even try an immediate sneak attack so they could take over our mineshaft space.

TURGIDSON

Yeah. I think it would be extremely naive of us, Mr. President, to imagine that these new developments are going to cause any change in Soviet expansionist policy.

DeSadeski kneels, unseen, and begins photographing the big board with a secret camera within a pocket watch.

TURGIDSON

I mean, we must be... increasingly on the alert to prevent them from taking over other mineshaft space, in order to breed more prodigiously than we do, thus, knocking us out in superior numbers when we emerge! Mr. President, we must not allow... a mine shaft gap!

STRANGELOVE

... Sir!

(stands up out of his
wheelchair)

I have a plan. Heh.

(pauses, realizing that he
is standing)

Mein Fuhrer, I can walk!

MULTIPLE SCENES OF EXPLODING BOMBS

Dancing to the tune of "We'll Meet Again."

FADE OUT

THE END