Dr. Strangelove: A Continuity Transcript

Dr. Strangelove: or, How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb

Fade in: Slow track over dense cloud cover. Rocky peaks visible in the distance.

Wildtrack:

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."

Columbia Pictures Corporation presents a Stanley Kubrick Production.

Starring Peter Sellers George C. Scott
Dr. Strangelove or: How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb.
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Co-starring Sterling Hayden Keenan Wynn Slim Pickens
With Peter Bull James Earl Jones Tracy Reed Jack Creeley
And Frank Berry Glen Beck Shane Rimmer Paul Tamarin Gordon Tanner Robert O'Neil Roy Stephens Hal Galili Laurence Herder John McCarthy
Art Director Peter Murton
Production Manager Clifton Brandon
Assistant Director Eric Rattray
Camera Operator Kelvin Pike
Camera Assistant Bernard Ford
Continuity Pamela Carlton
Wardrobe Bridget Sellers
The characters and incidents portrayed and the names used herein are fictitious and any similarity to the names, history, and characters of any person is entirely accidental and unintentional.

Special Effects Wally Veevers
Travelling Matte Vic Margutti
Recordist Richard Bird
Sound Supervisor John Cox
Dubbing Mixer John Aldred
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Assistant Editor Ray Lovejoy
Assembly Editor Geoffrey Fry
Make Up Stewart Freeborn
Hairdresser Barbara Ritchie
Artistic Advisor Capt. John Crewdson
Main Title Pablo Ferro

The Producers gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Solartron Electronics, Marconi's wireless telegraph-telephone manufacturing, British Oxygen.

Music Laurie Johnson
Director of Photography Gilbert Taylor, B.S.C.
Anthony Harvey Film Editor
Ken Adam Production Designer
Associate Producer Victor Lyndon

Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick, Terry Southern & Peter George, based on the book 'Red Alert' by Peter George.

Refueling nozzle gently breaks away from receiving aircraft.

Directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick

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Cut to: Burpleson AFB, night, int, computer room. 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.

_LS Ripper in his office, closing the blinds on wall of windows looking out at the base. Outside, a siren sounds._

_Cut to: ext. Airborne B-52's with escorts._

_Wildtrack:_

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 is 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, OF 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. Well, just a minute. shouts to Tuirgidson, OF 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.
It was directed to the 843'rd bomb wing on airborne alert. Yeah.

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:

The General suggests you call General Ripper, the 843rd base commander. Oh.

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.

I see.

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. Burpleson AFB, computer room. 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:
cont Today, the nation is counting on us. We are not going to let them down. Good luck to you all.

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 hurredly 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 committment.

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 to 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?
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.

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.
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 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 the 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 fellah 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 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. OF: 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. Well, I'll tell you what he did, he ordered his planes... to attack your country. Well let me finish, Dimitri. Let me finish, Dimitri. 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? 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. 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. I am... I am positive, Dimitri. Listen, I've been all over this with your ambassador. It is not a
trick. 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. Yes! I mean, if we're unable to recall the planes, then I'd say that, uh, well, we're just going to have to help you destroy them, Dimitri. I know they're our boys. Alright, well, listen... who should we call? Who should we call, Dimitri? The people...? Sorry, you faded away there. The People's Central Air Defense Headquarters. Where is that, Dimitri? In Omsk. Right. Yes. Oh, you'll call them first, will you? Uh huh. Listen, do you happen to have the phone number on you, Dimitri? What? I see, just ask for Omsk Information. I'm sorry too, Dimitri. I'm very sorry. 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? 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. 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.* 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 half-life 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, after all...

*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. 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 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 forty six, 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...

RiRipper:
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. 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*. 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? 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

Copilot:

Copilot 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.

Copilot:

*OF Lock ECM to target intercept mode.*

DSO:

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.

_Copilot:_

Evac range gate on maximum scan.

_DS0:_

Range gate on maximum scan.


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. Burpleson AFB, Ripper's office. 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:_


_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...

Nav.

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. Burpleson AFB. Hallway.*

*Guano:*

*marching Mandrake out of Ripper's office at gunpoint* 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.* 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.* If you try any preversions in there I'll blow your head off.

*Mandrake:*

places coins in the slot and dial 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.* 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. 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. 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:

to phone No. No, Dimitri, there must be some mistake. 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 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:

to phone Dimitri? Look, we've got an acknowledgement from every plane except the four you've shot down. 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:

to 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? Are you sure? 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 a if the if the doomsday machine goes off, now is it? 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. 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 Look, can I gi... 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.

*KoKong:*

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:

to 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. 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, flyin' 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.

_Copilot_: 
Roger.

_DS0_: 
DSO ready.

_Bombardier_: 
Bombardier ready, sir.

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

_Bombardier_: 
Bomb fusing master safety on, electronics, barometrics, 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.

*Copilot:
Roger.

*Kong:
*to DSO and Bombardier* Stay on the bomb run boys. I'm goin' to get them doors open if it hare 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.

*Copilot:
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.

Copilot:
Roger. Seven miles. Set GPI acceleration factor.

Bombardier:
GPI diversion factor set.

Navigator:
Target distance, six miles.

Copilot:
Roger. Six miles. False ident transponder active.

Bombardier:
False ident transponder active.

Navigator:
Target distance, five miles.

Copilot:
Five miles. Bundling alignment factor zero mode.

Bombardier:
Bundling alignment factor to zero mode.

Navigator:
Target distance, four miles.

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

Bombardier:
Auto CDC is to manual teleflex link.

Navigator:
Target distance, three miles.
Copilot:
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.* 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. Arrrrr! 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... Right arm rolls his wheelchair backwards. Excuse me. Struggles with wayward right arm, ultimately subduing it with a beating from his left.

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 are 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. 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."

THE END