

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB – SCREENPLAY

by Stanley Kubrick, Terry Southern & Peter George

Dr. Strangelove – Illustrated Screenplay & Screencap Gallery

(Screenplay transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon, Ralph Nader Library Librarian)

It is the stated position of the U.S. Air Force that their safeguards would prevent the occurrence of such events as are depicted in this film.

Furthermore, it should be noted that none of the characters portrayed in this film are meant to represent any real persons living or dead.

Narrator: For more than a year, ominous rumors had 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 Zhokhov Islands. What they were building, or why it should be located

in such a remote and desolate place, no one could say.

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

Co-Starring

Sterling Hayden

Keenan Wynn

Slim Pickens

With

Peter Bull

James Earl Jones

Tracy Reed

Jack Creley

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 Director: 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.

Approved, Certified, No. 20469

Special Effects: Wally Veevers
Travelling Matte: Vic Margutti
Recordist: Richard Bird
Sound Supervisor: John Cox
Dubbing Mixer: John Aldred
Sound Editor: Leslie Hodgson
Assistant Editor: Ray Lovejoy
Assembly Editor: Geoffrey Fry
Make-up: Stewart Freeborn
Hairdresser: Barbara Ritchie
Aviation Advisor: Capt. John Crewdson

Main Title by Pablo Ferro
Ferro, Mohammed & Schwartz, Inc .
The producers gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Solartron Electronics, Marconi's Wireless Telegraph, Telephone Manufacturing, British Oxygen

Music: Laurie Johnson
Director of Photograph: Gilbert Taylor, B.S.C.
Film Editor: Anthony Harvey
Production Designer: Ken Adam
Associate Producer: Victor Lyndon
Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick, Terry Southern & Peter George
Based on the Book: Red Alert, by Peter George

Directed and Produced by Stanley Kubrick

Clerk: General Ripper, sir.

Capt. Mandrake: Group Captain Mandrake speaking.

General Jack Ripper: This is General Ripper speaking.

Captain Mandrake: Yes, sir.

General Jack Ripper: Do you recognize my voice?

Captain Mandrake: I do, sir. Why do you ask?

General Jack Ripper: Why do you think I ask?

Captain Mandrake: Well, I don't know, sir. We spoke just a few moments ago, didn't we?

General Jack Ripper: You don't think I'd ask unless it was pretty damned important, do you?

Captain Mandrake: No, I don't, sir, no.

General Jack Ripper: Let's see if we can stay on the ball. Has the wing confirmed holding at their fail-safe points?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, sir. The confirmations have all just come in.

General Jack Ripper: Very well. Now, listen to me carefully. The base is being put on condition red. I want this flashed to all sections immediately.

Captain Mandrake: Condition red. Jolly good idea. Keeps the men on their toes.

General Jack Ripper: I'm afraid this is not an exercise.

Captain Mandrake: Not an exercise, sir?

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

Captain Mandrake: Oh, hell. Are the Russians involved?

General Jack Ripper: That's all I've been told. It came in on the red phone. I'm gonna follow orders and seal this base tight. Now, I want you to transmit Plan R, R for Robert, to the wing. Plan R for Robert.

Captain Mandrake: Is it that bad, sir?

General Jack Ripper: Looks like it's pretty hairy.

Captain Mandrake: Yes, sir. Plan R for Robert, sir.

General Jack Ripper: Now, last, and possibly most important, I want all privately-owned radios to be immediately impounded. They might be used to issue instructions to saboteurs. As I previously arranged, Air Police will have lists of all owners. I want every single one of them collected without exception. After you've done that, report back to me.

* * *

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 bomb load 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 II. 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.

* * *

Goldie: Major Kong, I know you'll think this is crazy, but I just got a message from base over the CRM 114. It decodes as wing attack Plan R. R for Romeo.

Major Kong: Goldie, did you say wing attack Plan R?

Goldie: Yes, sir, I have

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

Goldie: I'm not horsing around, sir, that's how it decodes.

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

Goldie: Yes, sir, it is.

Major Kong: There's just gotta be something wrong. Wait a second, I'm coming back. Maybe you'd better get a confirmation from base.

Goldie: Yes, sir.

Bombardier: Major Kong, is it possible this is some kind of loyalty test? Give the go code and then recall to see who would actually go?

Major Kong: Ain't nobody ever got the go code yet. Old Ripper wouldn't be giving us Plan R unless them Russkies had clobbered Washington and a lot of other towns with a sneak attack.

Bombardier: Yes, sir.

Goldie: Major Kong, message from base confirmed.

Major Kong: Well, boys, I reckon this is it. Nuclear combat toe-to-toe with the Russkies. Now, look, boys, I ain't much of a hand at making speeches. But I got a pretty fair idea that something doggone important is going on back there. Now, I've got a fair idea of the kind of personal emotions that some of you fellows may be thinking. Heck, I reckon you wouldn't even be human beings if you didn't have strong personal feelings about nuclear combat. But I want you to remember one thing: That folks back home is counting on you, and by golly, we ain't about to let them down. Tell you something else. If 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. And 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.

* * *

Miss Scott: Buck, should I get it?

General Turgidson: Yeah, you have to.

Miss Scott: Hello? Yes, General Turgidson is here, but he can't come to the phone at the moment. Well, this is his secretary, Miss. Scott. 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 tied up at the moment. I'm afraid he can't come to the phone. Just a minute. General Turgidson, a Colonel Puntrich calling.

General Turgidson: Tell him to call back.

Miss Scott: Freddie, the general says could you call back in a minute or two? – [to Buck] He says it can't wait.

General Turgidson: For Pete's – 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. – [to Buck] Apparently they monitored a transmission eight minutes ago from Burpelson Air Force Base. Right. It was directed to the 843rd bomb wing on airborne alert. It decoded as wing attack Plan R.

General Turgidson: Well, tell him to call what's-his-name, the base commander. Ripper. Do I have to think of everything?

Miss Scott: [To Freddie] The general suggests you call General Ripper, the 843rd base commander. [To Buck] All communications are dead.

General Turgidson: Bull! Tell him to do it himself.

Miss Scott: Freddie, the general asks if you could possibly try again yourself. I see. – [to Buck] He says he's tried personally several times, but everything is dead. Even the normal phone lines are shut down.

General Turgidson: Fred? Buck. What's it look like? Yeah? Well, are you sure it's Plan R? What's cooking on the threat board? Nothing? Nothing at all? I don't like the look of this, Fred. Tell you what you better do, old buddy. Give Elmo and Charlie a blast. Bump everything up to condition red. Stand by the blower. I'll get back to you.

Miss Scott: What's up?

General Turgidson: Nothing, nothing. Where's my shorts?

Miss Scott: On the floor. Where are you going?

General Turgidson: No place. I thought I might mosey over to the war room, see what's doing over there.

Miss Scott: It's 3:00 in the morning.

General Turgidson: The Air Force never sleeps.

Miss Scott: Buck, honey, I'm not sleepy either.

General Turgidson: I know how it is, baby. Tell you what you do. You just start your countdown and old Bucky will be back here before you can say "Blastoff!"

* * *

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

* * *

Copilot: Here's the attack profile, sir.

Major Kong: This is your attack profile. "To ensure that the enemy cannot monitor voice transmission, or plant false transmission, The CRM 114 is to be switched into all receiver circuits. The emergency base code prefix is to be set on the dials of the CRM. This will block any transmission other than those preceded by a code prefix." Standby by to set code prefix.

Goldie: Roger. Ready to set code prefix.

Major Kong: Set code prefix.

Goldie: Code prefix set.

Major Kong: Lock code prefix.

Goldie: Code prefix locked.

Major Kong: Switch all receiver circuits to CRM discriminators.

Goldie: All circuits switched to CRM discriminators.

Major Kong: Check auto-destruct circuits.

Goldie: Auto-destruct circuits checked.

Major Kong: Primary target: the ICBM complex at Laputa. Target reference: Yankee-Golf-Tango, 360. Thirty-megaton nuclear device fused for airburst at 10,000 feet. Twenty-megaton nuclear device will be used if first malfunctions. Otherwise, proceed to secondary target: Missile complex seven miles east of Borchov. Target reference: November-Bravo-X-ray 108. Fused airburst at 10 – Check, 12,000 feet.

* * *

Captain Mandrake: Excuse me, sir. Something rather interesting has just cropped up. Listen to that. Music. Civilian broadcasting. I think the Pentagon has given us an exercise to test our readiness. I think it's taking things too far. Our fellows will be inside Russian radar cover in 20 minutes. Listen to that. Chock-a-block full of stations, all churning it out.

General Jack Ripper: Mandrake?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, sir?

General Jack Ripper: I thought I issued instructions for all radios to be impounded.

Captain Mandrake: You did, and I was in the process of impounding this when I switched it on. I thought, our fellows hitting Russian radar, dropping all their stuff – I'd better tell you. Because if they do, it'll cause a bit of a stink.

General Jack Ripper: Group captain, the officer-exchange program does not give you any special prerogatives to question my orders.

Captain Mandrake: 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 don't want to start a nuclear war unless we really have to, do we?

General Jack Ripper: Please sit down. And turn that thing off.

Captain Mandrake: Yes, sir. What about the planes? Surely we must issue the recall code immediately.

General Jack Ripper: Group captain, the planes are not gonna be recalled. My attack orders have been issued and the orders stand.

Captain Mandrake: If you'll excuse me saying so, sir, that would be, to my way of thinking, rather an odd way of looking at it. If a Russian attack was in progress, we would certainly not be hearing civilian broadcasting.

General Jack Ripper: Are you certain of that?

Captain Mandrake: I'm absolutely positive.

General Jack Ripper: And what if it is true?

Captain Mandrake: 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 – I would say that there was something dreadfully wrong somewhere.

General Jack Ripper: Why don't you take it easy, group captain. Please make me a drink of grain alcohol and rainwater, and help yourself to whatever you'd like.

Captain Mandrake: 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. Sir, I must ask you for the key and the recall code. Have you got them handy?

General Jack Ripper: I told you to take it easy, group captain. There's nothing anybody can do about this now. I'm the only person who knows the code group.

Captain Mandrake: Then I must insist, sir, that you give them to me! Do I take it, sir, you are threatening a brother officer with a gun?

General Jack 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 Clemenceau once said about war?

Captain Mandrake: No, I don't think I do, sir. No.

General Jack Ripper: He said war was too important to be left to the generals. When he said that 50 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.

* * *

President: Staines, is everybody here?

Staines: Mr. President, the secretary of state is in Vietnam. The secretary of defense is in Laos, the vice president is in Mexico City. We can establish contact with them at any time. The undersecretaries are all here.

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

General Turgidson: Mr. President, about 35 minutes ago, General Jack Ripper, the commanding general of Burpelson Air Force Base, issued an order to the 34 B-52s 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.

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

General 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.

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

General Turgidson: Well, perhaps you're forgetting the provisions of Plan R, sir.

President: Plan R?

General 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 has been disrupted. You approved it, sir. You must remember. Surely you must recall, sir, when Senator Beaufort made that big hassle about our deterrent lacking credibility. The idea was for Plan R to be a sort of retaliatory safeguard.

President: A safeguard?

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

President: I assume, the planes will return automatically once they reach their fail-safe points.

General Turgidson: No, sir, I'm afraid not. The planes were holding at their fail-safe points when the go code was issued. Once they fly beyond fail-safe, they do not require a second order to proceed. They will continue until they reach their target.

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

General Turgidson: I'm afraid we're unable to communicate with any of the aircraft.

President: Why?

General 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 CRM 114. Now, in order to prevent the enemy from issuing fake or confusing orders, CRM 114 is designed not to receive at all unless the message is preceded by the correct three-letter code group prefix.

President: Do you mean to tell me, general, you will be unable to recall the aircraft?

General Turgidson: That's the size of it. However, we are plowing through every possible three-letter combination of the code. But since there are 17,000 permutations, it's going to take us about two days to transmit them all.

President: How soon will planes penetrate Russian radar cover?

General Turgidson: Eighteen minutes from now.

President: Are you in contact with Ripper?

General Turgidson: No, sir. General Ripper sealed off the base, and cut off communications.

President: Where did you get this information?

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

President: Read it.

General Turgidson: The duty officer asked General Ripper to confirm the fact that 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: 1400 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.

President: There's nothing to figure out. This man is obviously a psychotic.

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

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

General Turgidson: Well, I don't think it's quite fair to condemn the whole program because of a single slip-up, sir.

President: I wanna speak to General Ripper on the telephone.

General Turgidson: I'm afraid that's impossible.

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

General Faceman: Yes, sir?

President: Are there any Army units stationed near Burpelson?

General Faceman: I'll just check, sir.

General Turgidson: [picks up telephone] Hello? I told you never to call me here. Don't you know where I am? Look, baby, I can't talk to you now. My president needs me. Of course Bucky would rather be there with you. Of course it isn't only physical. I deeply respect you as a human being. Someday I'm gonna make you Mrs. Buck Turgidson. Oh, listen, you go back to sleep. Bucky will be back there just as soon as he can. All right. Listen, sug, don't forget to say your prayers.

General Faceman: Apparently, the 23rd Airborne Division is stationed seven miles away at Alvarado.

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

General Faceman: Yes, sir.

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

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

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

President: Go ahead, general.

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 15 minutes from now, the Russkies will be making radar contact with the planes. Three: when they do, they will go absolutely ape and strike back with everything they've got. Four: if, prior to this time, we have done nothing to suppress their retaliatory capabilities, we will suffer virtual annihilation. Now, five: If, on the other hand, we immediately launched an attack on their airfields and missile bases, we'd stand a good chance of catching them with their pants down. We've got a 5-to-1 missile superiority. We could easily assign three missiles to every target, and still have an effective reserve force for any other contingency. Six: an unofficial study which we undertook of this eventuality indicated that we would destroy 90 percent of their nuclear capabilities. We would therefore prevail and suffer only modest civilian casualties from their remaining force, which would be badly damaged and uncoordinated.

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

General Turgidson: Well, Mr. President, I'd say Ripper has already invalidated that policy.

President: That was not an act of national policy. There are still alternatives open to us.

General Turgidson: Mr. President, we are rapidly approaching a moment of truth, both for ourselves and for the life of our nation. Now, truth is not always a pleasant thing. But it is necessary now to make a choice. To choose between two admittedly regrettable but nevertheless distinguishable postwar environments. One where 20 million people are killed. The other, 150 million people killed.

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

General Turgidson: Mr. President, I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair mussed. But I do say no more than 10 to 20 million killed, tops. Depending on the breaks.

President: I will not go down in history as the greatest mass murderer since Hitler.

General Turgidson: It might be better if you were more concerned with the American people than with your image in history books.

President: General Turgidson, I've heard quite sufficient from you. Thank you very much.

Staines: Mr. President, they have the ambassador upstairs.

President: Oh, good. Any difficulty?

Staines: He's having a fit about the MPs.

President: That can't be helped. Have him brought here.

Staines: Yes, sir.

General Turgidson: Is that the Russian ambassador?

President: Yes, it is, General.

General Turgidson: Am I to understand the Russian ambassador is to be admitted entrance to the war room?

President: That is correct. He is here on my orders.

General Turgidson: I don't know exactly how to put this, sir, but are you aware of what a breach of security that would be? I mean, he'll see everything. He'll see the big board.

President: That is precisely the idea, General. That is precisely the idea. Staines, get Premier Kissoff on the hot line.

* * *

Major 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 Russian phrase book and Bible, \$100 in rubles, \$100 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 that stuff.

* * *

Ambassador Alexi: You don't have any fresh fish?

Waiter: I'm afraid not, sir.

Ambassador Alexi: Your eggs are fresh?

Waiter: Oh, yes, sir.

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

Waiter: And that will be all for you, sir? I'll see to it right away.

Water 2: Try one of these Jamaican cigars, Ambassador. They're good.

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

Waiter 2: Oh, only Commie stooges, huh?

General Turgidson: Mr. President. You're gonna let that lousy Commie punk vomit all over us like this?

Staines: Mr. President? They haven't reached Premier Kissoff. They don't know where he is, and he won't be back for another two hours.

Ambassador Alexi: Try B86543 Moscow.

Staines: Yes, sir.

Ambassador Alexi: You'd never have found him through his office. Our Premier is a man of the people, but he is also a man, if you follow.

General Turgidson: Degenerate, atheistic Commie.

Ambassador Alexi: What did you say?

General Turgidson: I said, Premier Kissoff is a degenerate, atheistic Commie!

Ambassador Alexi: Have this ignorant fool –

General Turgidson: I'm sorry!

Staines: Mr. President, I think they're trying the number.

President: Gentlemen, you can't fight in here. This is the war room! What is going on here? I demand an explanation.

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

General Turgidson: You bet your sweets, Mr. Commie! Look at this. This lousy Commie rat was taking pictures with this, of the big board!

President: Mr. Ambassador!

Ambassador Alexi: That's a damn lie! I saw him with my own eyes.

President: This is outrageous. I have never heard of such behavior in the war room.

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

* * *

Soldier: You gotta hand it to those Commies.

Soldier: Yeah. Those trucks sure look like the real thing, don't they? I wonder where they got them from.

Soldier: Probably bought them from the Army as war surplus.

Soldier: Okay, open up at 200 yards.

* * *

President: Tell him where you are and that you'll speak if I say anything untrue, but please don't tell him anything more than that. Alexi? Alexi, please. I beg you.

Ambassador Alexi: But I don't have a phone.

President: Give him your phone, Frank.

Ambassador Alexi: I've done as you asked. Be careful. I think he is drunk.

President: 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. Yeah. Yes. Fine. I can hear you now, Dimitri. Clear and plain and coming through fine. I'm coming through fine too? 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. 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 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. 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. 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 rundown 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, well, we're just gonna have to help you destroy them, Dimitri. I know they're our boys. All right, listen. Now, who should we call? Who should we call, Dimitri? 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? 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. All right, 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're more sorry because I'm capable of being just as sorry as you are. So we're both sorry, all right? All right. Yes, he's right here. Yes, he wants to talk to you. Just a second.

Ambassador Alexi: [Listens & makes faces]

President: What? What? What is it? What?

Ambassador Alexi: The fools. The mad fools.

President: What's happened?

Ambassador Alexi: The doomsday machine.

President: The doom —? The doomsday machine? What is that?

Ambassador Alexi: A device which will destroy all human and animal life on Earth.

President: All human and animal life?

* * *

General Jack Ripper: Mandrake?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, Jack?

General Jack Ripper: Have you ever seen a Commie drink a glass of water?

Captain Mandrake: Well, no, I can't say I have, Jack.

General Jack Ripper: Vodka. That's what they drink, isn't it? Never water.

Captain Mandrake: Well, I believe that's what they drink, Jack, yes.

General Jack Ripper: On no account will a Commie ever drink water, and not without good reason.

Captain Mandrake: Oh, yes. I can't quite see what you're getting at, Jack.

General 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, do you realize that 70 percent of you is water?

Captain Mandrake: Good Lord.

General Jack Ripper: And as human beings, you and I need fresh, pure water to replenish our precious bodily fluids. You beginning to understand?

Captain Mandrake: Yes.

General Jack Ripper: Mandrake – Mandrake, have you never wondered why I drink only distilled water or rainwater, and only pure grain alcohol?

Captain Mandrake: Well, it did occur to me, Jack, yes.

General Jack Ripper: Have you ever heard of a thing called fluoridation? Fluoridation of water?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, I have heard of that, Jack, yes. Yes.

General Jack Ripper: Well, do you know what it is?

Captain Mandrake: No. No, I don't know what it is, no.

General Jack Ripper: Do you realize that fluoridation is the most monstrosly conceived and dangerous Communist plot we have ever had to face? [shots enter through window] Two can play at that game, soldier. That's nice shooting, soldier! Mandrake, come here.

Captain Mandrake: You calling me, Jack?

General Jack Ripper: Come over here and help me with this belt.

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

General Jack Ripper: In the name of Her Majesty and the Continental Congress, feed me the belt.

Captain Mandrake: Jack, I'd love to come, but what's happened, you see, the string in my leg's gone.

General Jack Ripper: The what?

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

General Jack Ripper: Mandrake, come over here. The redcoats are coming. Come on!

* * *

Ambassador Alexi: ... when it is detonated, it will produce enough radioactive fallout so that in 10 months, the surface of the Earth will be as dead as the moon.

General Turgidson: Come on, de Sadesky! That's ridiculous! Our studies show even the worst fallout is down to a safe level after two weeks.

Ambassador Alexi: You've obviously never heard of cobalt thorium G.

General Turgidson: No, what about it?

Ambassador Alexi: Cobalt thorium G has a radioactive half-life of 93 years. If you take, say, 50 H bombs in the 100 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 93 years!

General Turgidson: What a load of Commie bull. I mean, after all ...

President: I'm afraid I don't understand something, Alexi. Is the premier threatening to explode it if we carry out the attack?

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

President: But surely you can disarm it somehow.

Ambassador Alexi: No. It is designed to explode if any attempt is made to un-trigger it.

President: Automatically?

General Turgidson: It's a Commie trick! We're wasting valuable time! Look at the big board! They're getting ready to clobber us!

President: But this is absolute madness. Why should you build such a thing?

Ambassador Alexi: Some of us fought against it. But we could not keep up with the expense involved in the arms race, the space race, and the peace race. At the same time, our people grumbled for more nylons and washing machines. Our doomsday scheme cost us a small fraction of what we had been spending on defense in a single year. The deciding factor was when we learned your country was working along similar lines. We were afraid of a doomsday gap.

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

Ambassador Alexi: Our source was The New York Times.

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

Dr. Strangelove: A moment, please, Mr. President. 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.

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

Dr. 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.

President: But how is it possible for this thing to be triggered automatically, and at the same time impossible to un-trigger?

Dr. 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. This is simple to understand. And completely credible and convincing.

General Turgidson: Gee, I wish we had one of them doomsday machines, Stainesy.

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

Dr. Strangelove: Well, it's remarkably simple to do that. When you merely wish to bury bombs, there's 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. A single role of tape can store ...

General Turgidson: Strangelove. What kind of a name is that? That ain't no Kraut name, is it?

Staines: He changed it when he became a citizen. It used to be Merkwurdichliebe.

General Turgidson: Well, a Kraut by any other name, huh, Stainesy?

Dr. Strangelove: ... is that the whole point of the doomsday machine is lost if you keep it a secret. Why didn't you tell the world?

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

* * *

General Jack Ripper: Stay with me, Mandrake. All right, Mandrake, now feed me. Feed me bullets.

Captain Mandrake: Jack, don't you think we'd be better off away from all this flying glass?

General Jack Ripper: No, we're okay here. Mandrake, do you realize that in addition to fluoridating water, why there are studies underway to fluoridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk, ice cream? Ice cream, Mandrake. Children's ice cream.

Captain Mandrake: Good Lord.

General Jack Ripper: You know when fluoridation first began?

Captain Mandrake: No, I don't, Jack.

General Jack Ripper: 1946. 1946, 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. Certainly without any choice. That's the way a hard-core Commie works.

Captain Mandrake: Jack. Listen, tell me – Tell me, Jack. When did you first become – Well, develop this theory?

General Jack Ripper: Well, I, I first became aware of it, Mandrake, during the physical act of love. Yes, a profound sense of fatigue, a feeling of emptiness followed. Luckily, I was able to interpret these feelings correctly. Loss of essence. I can assure you it has not recurred, Mandrake. Women sense my power and they seek the life essence. I do not avoid women, Mandrake.

Captain Mandrake: No.

General Jack Ripper: But I do deny them my essence.

Captain Mandrake: Yes, yes, Jack.

Soldier: Cease fire!

General Jack Ripper: My boys must have surrendered.

Captain Mandrake: Well, there it is. Now, Jack, listen. While there's still time, I beg you, let's recall the wing and –

General Jack Ripper: Those boys were like my children, Mandrake. Now they let me down.

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

General Jack Ripper: Mandrake, were you ever a prisoner of war?

Captain Mandrake: Well, Jack, the time's running very – What?

General Jack Ripper: Were you ever a prisoner of war?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, I was, as a matter of fact, Jack.

General Jack Ripper: Did they torture you?

Captain Mandrake: Yes, they did. I was tortured by the Japanese, if you must know. Not a pretty story.

General Jack Ripper: What happened?

Captain Mandrake: I don't know, Jack. It's difficult to think of under these conditions. Well, what happened was they got me on the old Rangoon-Inchinawa Railway. I was laying train lines for the bloody Japanese puff-puffs.

General Jack Ripper: No, I mean, when they tortured you, did you talk?

Captain Mandrake: No, I ... Well, I don't think they wanted me to talk, really, or say anything. It was their way of having a bit of fun, the swines. The strange thing is they make such bloody good cameras.

General Jack Ripper: Those clowns outside are gonna give me a pretty good going-over in a few minutes for the code.

Captain Mandrake: Yes – Yes, well, you may have ... May have quite a point there, Jack.

General Jack Ripper: I don't know how well I could stand up under torture.

Captain 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, like we did just now on the floor. You with your gun and me with a belt and the ammo, feeding you. "Feed me," you said, and I was feeding you, Jack.

General Jack Ripper: You know, Mandrake, I know I'll have to answer for what I've done. And I think I can.

Captain 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 ... You've dropped your gun, Jack. Yes ... You know what? No, Jack. let me take that for you. I'll take that for you, Jack. You know what I'm hoping? I'm hoping you're going to give me the code. And – You're going to have a wash and brush up? What a good idea. Always did wonders for a man, a wash and brush up. Water on the back of the neck makes you feel marvelous. That's what we need, water on the neck and the code. Now, supposing I play a little guessing game with you, Jack, boy. I'll try and guess what the code is –

* * *

Copilot: Copilot to navigator. I'm ready with the fuel figures now. We have 109,000 total ... 79,000 in the mains ... and 30,000 in the auxiliaries. And that works out to roughly seven hours, 15 minutes endurance from this time.

DSO: DSO to captain. I have an unidentified radar blip. Distance, 60 miles. Approximate speed, Mach 3. 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: 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.

Copilot: Attack range gate on maximum scan.

DSO: Range gate on maximum scan. Range, 10 miles. Missile track deflecting. Continue evasive action. Deflection increasing. Range, eight miles. Deflection still increasing. Range, six miles. Missile still deflecting. Range, four miles. Range, two miles. Missile still deflecting. Range, one mile. Missile detonated!

Major Kong: Start lever to cutoff!

DSO: Cutoff!

Major Kong: Essential power! Re-select essential power!

Copilot: Essential power re-selected.

DSO: The hatch is stuck!

Major Kong: Hit emergency power!

DSO: Roger!

Major Kong: Extinguishers!

DSO: Roger!

Major Kong: Transfer switches!

DSO: Transferred!

Major Kong: Boost pumps off!

DSO: Cut off!

Major Kong: Fuel valves three, four and six! Give me full power!

Copilot: Roger.

* * *

Captain Mandrake: "Peace on Earth.; Peace on Earth." P-O-E. "Purity of Essence." O-P-O-E. O-P-O-E. O-P-E.

Colonel: Put your hands over your head.

Captain Mandrake: What the devil do you think you're doing? Who are you?

Colonel: Put your hands over your head. What kind of suit do you call that, fella?

Captain Mandrake: What do you mean, suit? This happens to be an RAF uniform, sir. And I am Group Captain Lionel Mandrake, General Ripper's executive officer.

Colonel: Where's General Ripper?

Captain Mandrake: He's dead, in the bathroom.

Colonel: Where's the bathroom?

Captain Mandrake: Next to you. I don't know what stupid game you're playing, but I've got an idea what the recall code is. I have to get in touch with SAC headquarters.

Colonel: I said, put your hands over your head and keep them there. Go on. Got any witnesses?

Captain Mandrake: Witnesses? What are you talking about? He shot himself!

Colonel: While he was shaving, huh?

Captain 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 theme he kept repeating. A variation on "Peace on Earth" or "Purity of Essence," one of those.

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

Captain Mandrake: Don't you know that General Ripper went mad and sent the whole wing to attack the Soviets?

Colonel: What are you talking about?

Captain Mandrake: I'll tell you what I'm talking about. I'm gonna 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! Right.

Colonel: All right, Charlie, I've been wasting too much time on you. I got a lot of wounded men outside. Start walking.

* * *

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. The emergency power is on. Everything seems to check out all right. Will advise.

Major Kong: Roger. Navigator?

Navigator: I've worked out our rate of fuel loss at approximately 162 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 003 691.

Major Kong: Well, boys, we got three engines out, we got more holes in us than a horse trader's mule, the radio is gone and we're leaking fuel. If we was flying any lower, we'd need sleigh bells on this thing. But we got one little budge on them Russkies. At this height, they might harpoon us, but they sure ain't gonna spot us on no radar screen.

* * *

Colonel: The other way.

Captain Mandrake: Where are you taking me?

Colonel: To the main gate.

Captain Mandrake: Colonel! Colonel, I must know what you think has been going on here.

Colonel: You wanna know what I think?

Captain Mandrake: Yes.

Colonel: I think you're some kind of deviated "prevert." I think Ripper found out about your "preversion," and that you were organizing some kind of mutiny of preverts. Now, move! I don't know anything about any planes attacking Russia. I was told to get Ripper on the phone with the President of the United States.

Captain Mandrake: Now, just one second. You just said, "The President."

Colonel: What about the President?

Captain Mandrake: 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 want to speak to me, won't he? There's a telephone box over there and the line may be open.

Colonel: You wanna talk to the President of the United States?

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

Colonel: Okay. Go ahead. Try and get the President of the United States on the phone. If you try any preversions in there, I'll blow your head off.

Captain Mandrake: Operator? This is Group Captain Lionel Mandrake. I'm speaking from Burpelson Air Force Base. Something urgent has come up and I want you to place an emergency call with President Merkin Muffley in the Pentagon, Washington, D.C. Burpelson 39180. No, I'm perfectly serious. The President of the United States. Oh, I'm sorry, I haven't got enough change. Could you make this a collect call, operator? Just one second, operator. They won't accept the call. Have you got 55 cents?

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

Captain Mandrake: Operator, look. Is it possible to make this an ordinary trunk call? Well, what do you call it? You know ... Oh, station-to-station. Oh, blast! I'm still 20 cents short. Operator, hold on. I shan't keep you a second. Colonel, that Coca-Cola machine. I want you to shoot the lock off it. There may be some change in there.

Colonel: That's private property.

Captain Mandrake: Can you possibly imagine what is gonna happen to you, your frame, outlook, way of life and everything when they learn you have obstructed a telephone call to the President? Can you imagine? Shoot it off! Shoot with the gun! That's what the bullets are for, you twit!

Colonel: Okay. I'm gonna get your money for you. But if you don't get the President on the phone, know what's gonna happen? You're gonna have to answer to the Coca-Cola Company.

* * *

SAC: This is SAC Communications Control. The recall code O-P-E is being acknowledged "roger" by elements of the 843 bomb wing. 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.

General Turgidson: Gentlemen, gentlemen. Gentlemen. Mr. President. I'm not a sentimentalist 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 ...

Staines: Excuse me, sir. Premier Kisseff's calling again and he's hopping mad.

* * *

DSO: Fuel flow on active engines and leakage has increased. Now works out at 205. Estimate remaining fuel at 8790. Roger. Confirm 205 per minute. Roger. Confirm 205 per minute and remaining fuel 8790.

* * *

President: No, no, Dimitri, there must be some mistake. No, I'm certain of that. I'm perfectly certain of that, Dimitri. Just a second. [to advisors] You know what he says? He says one of the planes hasn't turned back. According to information forwarded by our air staffs, it's headed for the missile complex at Laputa.

General Turgidson: That's impossible, Mr. President. I mean, look at the big board. Thirty-four planes, 30 recalls acknowledged, and four splashes, and one of them was targeted for Laputa.

President: Dimitri, look, we've got an acknowledgement from every plane except the four you've shot down. He – Hang on a second, Dimitri. [to advisors] He says their air defense now only claims three aircraft confirmed. The fourth may only be damaged.

General Turgidson: Mr. President, I'm beginning to smell a big, fat, Commie rat. I mean, supposing Kissoff is lying about that fourth plane, just looking for an excuse to clobber us. If the spaghetti hits the fan now, we're in trouble.

President: Dimitri, look, if this report is true and the plane manages to bomb the target, is this gonna set off the doomsday machine? Are you sure? Well, I guess you're just gonna have to get that plane, Dimitri. I'm sorry they're jamming your radar and flying so low, but they're trained to do it, you know? 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, it's not gonna help either one of us if the doomsday machine goes off, now, is it? Dimitri, there's no point in you getting hysterical at a moment like this! Dimitri. Keep your feet on the ground while you're talking, Dimitri. I am not – I am not getting – No, Dimitri, I'm just worried, that's all. Look, if our air staff say its primary target is Laputa and its secondary target is Borchov, I mean, it's true, Dimitri. You've gotta believe it! Look, can I – ? 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!

* * *

Navigator: Sir, if we continue to lose fuel at the present rate, I estimate we only have 38 minutes flying time, which will not even take us as far as the primary.

Major Kong: Doggone it, Sweets, you told me that you could get me to the primary!

Navigator: I'm sorry, sir. That estimate was based on the original loss rate factor, not at 205.

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

Navigator: I'm sorry, sir, but those are the figures. We'll be lucky to reach weather ship at Tango Delta.

Major Kong: Well, shoot! We ain't come this far just to dump this thing in the drink. What's the nearest target of opportunity?

Navigator: Sir, if the rate of loss does not increase, we have a chance to reach target 384, grid coordinate 003 691, and possibly make it from there to the Tango Delta weather ship.

Major Kong: What kind of a target is that, anyhow?

Bombardier: Sir, that's the ICBM complex at Kotloss.

Major Kong: All right. Designating new target: 384. Give me a heading on that as soon as you get it worked out.

* * *

President: Well, we'll keep our fingers crossed. Remember, we're all in this together. We're right behind you, we're with you all the way. Yes. Well, we'll keep the line open. All right, Dimitri. General Turgidson, is there really a chance for that plane to get through?

General Turgidson: Mr. President, if I may speak freely. The Russki talks big, but frankly, we think he's short of know-how. You can't expect ignorant peons to understand a machine like our boys. And that's not meant as an insult. We all know how much guts the average Russki's got. Look at all of them the Nazis killed off, they still wouldn't quit!

President: Can't you stick to the point?

General Turgidson: Well, sir, if the pilot's good, see – I mean, if he's really sharp, he can barrel that baby in so low. You ought to see it. It's a sight! A big plane, like a '52, it's jet exhaust frying chickens in the barnyard!

President: Yeah, but has he got a chance?

General Turgidson: Has he got a chance? Hell, ye –

* * *

Navigator: Navigator to captain. Approaching target at distance 10 miles. Switch from green grid to target orange.

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

Copilot: Roger.

DSO: DSO ready.

Bombardier: Bombardier ready, sir.

Major Kong: Bomb fusing, master safety on. Electronic, barometric, time and impact.

Bombardier: Bomb fusing, master safeties on. Electronic, barometric, time and impact.

Major Kong: Fuse for ground burst. Delay factor yellow three.

Bombardier: Fuse for ground burst. Delay factor yellow three.

Major Kong: Bomb fusing circuits one through four, test.

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

Major Kong: Bomb arming test lights on, one through four.

Bombardier: Bomb arming test lights on, one through four.

Major Kong: Engage primary trigger switch override.

Bombardier: Primary trigger switch override engaged.

Major Kong: Track indicators to maximum deflection.

Bombardier: Track indicators to maximum deflection.

Major Kong: Detonator set to zero altitude.

Bombardier: Detonator set to zero altitude.

Major Kong: Release first safety.

DSO: First safety released.

Bombardier: First safety.

Major Kong: Release second safety.

DSO: Second safety released.

Bombardier: Second safety.

Major Kong: Check bomb door circuits one through four.

Bombardier: Bomb door circuits, negative function, lights red.

Major Kong: Switch in backup circuits.

Bombardier: Roger. Backup circuits switched in. Still negative function.

Major Kong: Engage emergency power.

Bombardier: Roger. Emergency power on. Still negative function.

Major Kong: Operate manual override!

Bombardier: Roger. Still negative function. The Teleflex drive cable must be sheared away.

Major Kong: Fire the explosive bolts!

Bombardier: Roger. Still negative, sir. The operating circuits are dead, sir.

Major Kong: Stay on the bomb run, Ace. I'm going down below and see what I can do.

Copilot: Roger.

Major Kong: Stay on the bomb run, boys. I'm gonna get them doors open if it harelips everybody on Bear Creek!

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 acceleration factor set.

Navigator: Target distance, six miles.

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

Bombardier: Pulse ident transponder active.

Navigator: Target distance, five miles.

Copilot: Five miles. Homing alignment factor to zero mode.

Bombardier: Homing alignment factor to zero mode.

Navigator: Target distance, four miles.

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

Bombardier: Auto CDC into manual Teleflex link.

Navigator: Target distance, three miles.

Copilot: Roger. Three miles. Target in sight! Where in hell is Major Kong?

Bombardier: What about Major Kong?

* * *

Dr. Strangelove: Mr. President, I would not rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human specimens. It would be quite easy at the bottom of 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.

President: How long would you have to stay down there?

Dr. Strangelove: Well, that's, you know ... Cobalt thorium G. Radioactive half-life of ... I would think that... Possibly 100 years.

President: You mean people could actually stay down there for 100 years?

Dr. Strangelove: It would not be difficult, mein Fuhrer. Nuclear reactors could – I'm sorry, Mr. President. Nuclear reactors could provide power almost indefinitely. Greenhouses could maintain plant life. Animals could be bred and slaughtered. A quick survey would have to be made of the available mine sites in the country. But I would guess that a dwelling space for several hundred thousand of our people could easily be provided.

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

Dr. Strangelove: Well, that would not be necessary, Mr. President. It could easily be accomplished with a computer. The 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. Naturally, they would breed prodigiously. There would be much time and little to do. But with the proper breeding techniques and a ratio of, say, 10 females to each male, they could then work their way back to the present gross national product within, say, 20 years.

President: 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 wanna go on living?

Dr. Strangelove: No, sir. Excuse me. No, sir. 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!

General Turgidson: Doctor, you mentioned the ratio of 10 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?

Dr. 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.

Ambassador Alexi: I must confess, you have an astonishingly good idea there, doctor.

Dr. Strangelove: Thank you, sir.

General Turgidson: I think we ought to look at this from the military point of view. I mean, supposing the Russkies stashed away some big bombs, see, and we didn't? When they come out in 100 years, they could take over!

General Faceman: I agree, Mr. President. In fact, they might try a sneak attack so they could take over our mineshaft space.

General Turgidson: Yeah, it'd be extremely naive of us to imagine that these new developments are gonna cause any change in Soviet expansionist policy! I mean, we must be increasingly on the alert to prevent them from taking over mineshaft space in order to breed more than we do, thus knocking us out through superior numbers when we emerge! Mr. President, we must not allow a mineshaft gap!

Dr. Strangelove: Sir! I have a plan. Mein Fuhrer – I can walk!

THE END.