Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

By Stanley Kubrick
For a year, rumours had circulated among high-level Western leaders – that the Soviet Union was at work on the "ultimate weapon". A doomsday device.

Intelligence sources traced the site of the top-secret project – to the foggy wasteland below the Arctic peaks of the Zarkov islands.

What they were building, or why they chose such a remote place, – no one could say.

- General Ripper, sir.
- Group Captain Mandrake speaking.

This is General Ripper.

Do you recognize my voice?
- I do, sir. Why do you ask?
- Why do you think I ask?

I don't know. We spoke just a moment ago on the phone. Would I ask if you recognized my voice unless it was important?
- No.
- Let's try to stay on the ball. Is the wing holding at their fail-safe points?

Yes, the confirmation just came in. Very well.

Listen to me carefully...

The base is going on Condition Red. I want it flashed to all sections. Jolly good idea.

It keeps the men on their toes.
- I'm afraid this is no exercise.
- Not an exercise?

You have a right to know. It looks like we're in a shooting war.
- Hell. Are the Russians involved?
- That's all I've been told.

My orders are to seal off this base, and I mean to seal it tight.

I want you to transmit Plan R, R for Robert, to the wing.
- R for Robert.
- Is it that bad?
- It looks like it's pretty hairy.

Last, and possibly most important:
I want all private radios impounded.
They might be used
to contact saboteurs.
The police will have a list of all owners. I want them all collected.
After you've done that,
report back to me.

To guard against
surprise nuclear attack,
- America keeps a fleet 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 force
of all the bombs and shells
- used by all the armies
in World War Two.
This force is deployed from the
Persian Gulf to the Arctic Ocean.
But they are all two hours
from their targets inside Russia.

**TOP SECRE CODES:**

WING ATTACK PLAN R
Maj. Kong,
you'll think this is crazy,
- but I just got a message from base
coded Wing Attack Plan R.
R for Romeo.
Goldy,
did you say Wing Attack Plan R?
Yes, sir.
Goldy, how many times have I said
I don't want no horsing around?
That's how it decodes.
That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard through a set of earphones.
- You're sure it's today's code?
- Yes, sir.
There's got to be something wrong.
I'm coming back.
- Get a confirmation from base.
- Yes, sir.

Is it possible it's a loyalty test, to see who'd actually go?
Ain't nobody ever got the go-code.
We wouldn't get Plan R unless the Russkies had clobbered Washington.

Maj. Kong,
message from base confirmed.

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

Boys, I ain't much of a hand in making speeches.
But I got a fair idea something doggone important is going on.
I got a fair idea of the emotions you fellas may be thinking.
You wouldn't be human if you didn't have strong feelings on nuclear war.
But folks back home are counting on you, and we won't let them down.
I'll tell you something else...
If this thing is half as important as I figure it might be, -
- you'll be in line for promotions and citations when this is over.
That goes for all of you, regardless of your race, colour or creed.
Now we've got some flying to do!
- Buck, should I get it?
- You'll have to.

Hello...?
Gen. Turgidson is here, but he can't come to the phone.
This is his secretary, Miss Scott.
Freddy, how are you...?
Fine, and you?
We were just catching up on the general's paperwork.
He's tied up at the moment. I'm afraid he can't come to the phone.
Just a minute...
General, a Col. Puntridge calling.
- Tell him to call back.
- Freddy, could you call him back?
- He says it can't wait.
- Find out what he wants.
The general is in the powder room.
Could you tell me
what it's about...?
They monitored a transmission
about eight minutes ago.
It was directed to the
It decoded as Wing Attack Plan R.
Tell him to call what's his name...
The base commander. Ripper.
The general suggests calling General
Ripper, the 843's base commander.
- All communications are dead.
- Bull! Tell him to do it himself.
Freddy, the general asks if you
can possibly try again yourself.
He's tried several times, but even
the normal phone lines are down.
Fred, what's it look like?
Are you sure it's Plan R?
What's cooking on the threat board?
Nothing at all?
I don't like the look of this, Fred.
All right,
give Elmo and Charlie a blast, -
- bump everything up
to Condition Red and stand by.
- What's up?
- Nothing...
- Where are my shorts?
- On the floor. Where are you going?
No place...
I just thought I'd mosy over
to the War Room...
- It's three in the morning!
- The Air Force never sleeps.
Buck, honey...
I'm not sleepy, either.
I know how it is, baby.
I'll tell you what you do...
You just start your countdown, -
and old Buckie will be back
before you can say "blast-off".
Your Commie has no regard
for human life, not even his own.
And so I want to impress upon you
the need for extreme watchfulness.
The enemy may come individually
or in strength.
He may come in our uniform.
However he comes, we must stop him.
He must not enter this base.
I'm going to give you
three simple rules.
First, trust no one, whatever
his uniform or rank, -
- unless he is known to you.
Secondly...
Anything approaching the perimeter
is to be fired upon. Third...
If in doubt, shoot first
and ask questions afterwards.
Better a few
accidental casualties -
- than to lose the entire base
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 I have been
your commanding officer, -
- I always expected your best, and
you never gave me anything less.
The nation is counting on us, and
we won't let them down. Good luck.
Here's the attack profile, sir.
To ensure the enemy can't monitor or
plant false voice transmission, -
- the CRM114 is to be switched in
to all receiver circuits.
The emergency prefix is to be set
on the dials of the CRM.
This will block all transmissions
not coded with a code prefix.
- Stand by to set code.
- Roger. Ready to set code prefix.
Set code prefix.
- Code prefix set.
- Lock code prefix.
- Code prefix locked.
- Switch to CRM discriminators.
All circuits switched.
Check auto destruct circuits.
Auto destruct circuits checked.

**Primary target:**
ICBM complex at Laputa.
Target reference: YGT360.
fused for air-burst at 10,000 feet.
will be used if first malfunctions.
Otherwise
proceed to secondary target:
Missile complex seven miles east of Borshov. Target reference:
NBX108.
Fused air-burst at 12,000 feet.
Sir, something rather interesting has cropped up.
Music. Civilian broadcasting.
I think the Pentagon is testing our readiness.
They're going too far. We'll be inside Russian radar in 20 minutes.
Listen. All the stations are churning it out.
Mandrake, I thought I ordered all radios impounded.
I was impounding this one when I happened to switch it on.
With our boys in Russian radar in Group Captain...
The officer exchange programme does not allow you to question my orders.
I realise that, but I thought you'd be pleased to hear the news.
After all, let's face it...
We don't want to start a nuclear war
unless we have to.
Please sit down...
and turn that thing off.
What about the planes? Surely we'll
issue the recall code immediately.
The planes will not be recalled.
My attack orders stand.
That is, to my way of thinking,
rather an odd way of looking at it.
If a Russian attack was in progress,
we'd not hear civilian broadcasting.
- Are you certain of that?
- I'm certain.
- And what if it were true?
- I'm still not with you, sir.
If an attack was not in progress,
your orders to the entire wing...
I would say, sir, that something
was dreadfully wrong somewhere.
Take it easy...
Make me a drink of grain alcohol and
rainwater, and help yourself.
Gen. Ripper, as an officer
in Her Majesty's Air Force, -
- it is my duty
to issue the recall code -
- on my own authority, and bring
back the wing. If you'll excuse me.
I must ask you for the key and the
recall code. Do you have them handy?
I told you to take it easy.
There's nothing anyone can do now.
- Only I know the three-letter code.
- Then I insist you give it to me.
Are you threatening an officer
with a gun?
Mandrake, I suppose
it never occured to you -
- that while we're chatting here,
the President is making a decision -
- with the Joint Chiefs
at the Pentagon.
When they realise they cannot
recall the wing, -
- there will be only one plan

**open to them:**
Do you recall what Clemenceau once said about war?
I don't think I do, sir.
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.
Mr. President, the Secretary of State is in Vietnam -
- and the Secretary of Defence is in Laos.
We can establish contact with them if it's necessary.
Gen. Turgidson, what's going on here?
Mr. President...
About 35 minutes ago, Gen. Jack Ripper, -
- the commanding general of Burpelson Air Force Base, -
- issued an order to his 34 B-52's which were airborne at the time, -
- as part of a special exercise called Operation Dropkick.
It appears he ordered the planes to attack their targets in Russia.
The planes are armed with nuclear
weapons averaging 40 megatons.
The central display of Russia will indicate the position of the planes.
The triangles are their primary targets, -
- and the squares are their secondary targets.
The aircraft will penetrate Russian radar cover in 25 minutes.
I find this difficult to understand.
I thought only I had the authority to order the use of nuclear weapons.
That's right, sir. You are the only person authorized to do so.
And though I hate to judge before the facts are in, -
it looks like Gen. Ripper exceeded his authority.
Far beyond the point I would have imagined possible.
Perhaps you're forgetting the provisions of Plan R, sir.
Plan R is an emergency war plan, - in which a commander may retaliate following a sneak attack.
If the normal chain of command has been disrupted. You approved it.
You must recall the hassle regarding our deterrent lacking credibility.
The idea was for Plan R to be a retaliatory safeguard.
- A safeguard?
- The human element failed us...
The idea was to deter Russia from wiping out Washington and yourself.
So they couldn't escape retaliation due to a lack of proper command.
The planes will return once they reach their fail-safe points?
No, they were at their fail-safe points when the go-code was issued.
Once beyond fail-safe they continue until they reach their targets.
Why haven't you countermanded
the go-code?
- We're unable to reach the planes.
- Why?
As you may recall, -
- one of the provisions provides
that, once the go-code is given, -
- the radios are switched to a coded
device, designated CRM114.
In order to prevent the enemy
from issuing fake orders, -
- CRM is designed
not to receive at all.
Unless the message is preceded by
the correct three-letter prefix.
Do you mean to tell me you are
unable to recall the aircraft?
That's about right. We are plowing
through three-letter combinations.
But since there are
...it'll take us 2 days.
- When do we penetrate Russian radar?
- About 18 minutes.
- Are you in contact with Ripper?
- No, he sealed off the base.
- How did you get this information?
- He called after issuing the code.
I have a partial transcript
of that conversation...
The duty officer asked Ripper to
confirm he had issued the go-code.
He said, "Yes. They're on their way,
and no one can bring them back."
"For our country's sake, I suggest
sending the rest of SAC after them."
"Otherwise we will be destroyed
by Red retaliation."
"My boys will give you a good start:
"And you won't stop them now."
"So let's get going.
There's no other choice."
"God willing, we will prevail.
In peace, in freedom from fear, -
- and in true health, through
the purity of our natural...
...fluids."
"God bless you all."
Then he hung up.
- We're working on that last phrase.
- The man's obviously a psychotic.
I'd hold off judgement on a thing
like that until the facts are in.
Gen. Turgidson, when you instituted
the human reliability tests, -
- you assured me such a thing
could never occur.
It's not fair to condemn the whole
programme because of one slip-up.
- I want to speak to Gen. Ripper.
- That's impossible.
I'm no longer interested in your
estimates of what is possible.
Gen. Faceman, are there any
Army units stationed near Burpelson?
I'll just check, sir.
Hello...
I told you never to call me here.
Don't you know where I am?
Look, baby, I can't talk now.
My President needs me.
What do you think
about civil defence?
Of course it isn't only physical.
I respect you as a human being.
Someday I'll make you
Mrs. Buck Turgidson.
You go back to sleep. Buckie
will be there as soon as he can.
Don't forget to say your prayers.
The 23rd Airborne Division
is stationed seven miles away.
I want them to locate Gen. Ripper
and put him in contact with me.
- Yes, sir.
- Mr. President...
If I may advise... Under Condition
Red the base is sealed off -
- and defended by base troops.
They'd encounter heavy casualties.
With all due respect, my boys can brush them aside without trouble. There are one or two points I'd like to make, if I may. Go ahead, General.

One:
the 843rd Bomb Wing — are quickly being reduced to a low probability.

Two:
have radar contact with the planes.

Three:
striking back with all they've got.

Four:
their retaliatory capability, — we will suffer annihilation.

Five:
— we launched an attack on all their bases, we'd stand a good chance. We have missile superiority. We can send three missiles to each target — and still have a reserve force.

Six:
undertook of this eventuality, — indicated that we would destroy We'd prevail, suffering only modest losses from their remaining force, — which would be badly damaged and uncoordinated. It is our policy never to strike first with nuclear weapons. Gen. Ripper has already invalidated that policy. That was not an act of national policy. Mr. President...

We are approaching a moment of truth for ourselves and our nation.
The truth is not always pleasant. But it is necessary now to choose — between two regrettable but distinguishable post-war scenarios: One with 20 million killed, and one with 150 million killed. You're talking about mass murder. I know we'll get our hair mussed. But no more than 10-20 million dead. Tops! Depending on the breaks... I won't go down in history as the next Hitler. Are you more concerned with the American people or with your image? General, I think I've heard sufficient from you, thank you. Mr. President, they have the ambassador waiting upstairs. He's having a fit about the MP's. Have him brought in straight away. Is that the Russian ambassador? Yes, it is. The Russian ambassador is to be admitted entrance to the War Room? He is here on my orders. Are you aware of what a serious breach of security that would be? He'll see everything. He'll see the big board. That is precisely the idea, General. Get Premier Kissoff on the hotline. Survival kit contents check. In it you'll find: A.45 automatic, two boxes of ammunition. Four days' concentrated emergency rations. One drug issue containing morphine, vitamin pills, pep pills, — sleeping pills, tranquilizer pills. One miniature combination Russian phrase book and Bible. $ 100 in roubles, $ 100 in gold.
Nine packs of chewing gum.
A pack of condoms, three lipsticks,
three pair of nylon stockings...
A fella could have a good weekend
in Vegas with all that.
- You don't have any fresh fish?
- No, sir.
If your eggs are fresh,
I'll have poached eggs.
- And bring me some Havana cigars.
- I'll see to it right away.
Try one of these Jamaican cigars.
Thank you, no. I don't support
the work of imperialist stooges.
Mr. President, are we going to
let that Commie punk vomit over us?
We haven't been able to reach
Premier Kissoff in the Kremlin.
Try B86543 Moscow.
He won't be at his office now.
Our Premier is a man of the people,
but he is also a man.
- What did you say?
- I said he's a degenerate atheist!
I formally protest...
I think they're trying the number.
You Commie bully!
You can't fight in here.
This is the war room!
What is going on here?
This clumsy fool tried to frame me.
This lousy, Commie rat was
taking pictures of the big board!
Mr. Ambassador!
This fool tried to plant
that camera on me.
That's a damn lie!
I have never heard
of such behaviour in the War Room.
Mr. President, I think
they're getting him on the line.
- You got to hand it to the Commies.
- Those trucks look real to me.
- I wonder where they got them from?
- They're probably war surplus.
Okay... open up at 200 yards.
Tell him where you are and that you
are listening to the conversation.
Tell him where you are and that you
are listening to the conversation.
But please, don't tell him
any more than that... Alexi.
- Please, I beg you.
- I don't have a phone.
Give him a phone.
I've done as you asked.
Be careful, I think he's drunk.
Hello... Dimitri.
I can't hear you too well.
Could you turn the music down?
That's much better. Yes.
I can hear you now, Dimitri.
You're coming through fine.
I'm coming through fine, too? Good.
Then as you say,
we're both coming through fine.
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 talked about
something going wrong with the bomb.
The bomb, Dimitri.
The hydrogen bomb.
Now what happened is...
One of our base commanders
had a sort off...
Well, he went a little funny
in the head. You know... funny.
He went and did a silly thing.
I'll tell you what he did.
He ordered his planes...
to attack your country.
Let me finish, Dimitri.
How do you think I feel about it?
Can you imagine how I feel about it?
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.
But now I'm calling up to tell you something terrible has happened.
Of course it's a friendly call.
If it wasn't friendly...
you probably wouldn't have got it.
They won't reach their targets for at least an hour. I am positive.
I've been over this with your ambassador. It is not a trick.
We'd like to give your air staff a complete rundown of the targets — and the flight plans of the planes.
If we're unable to recall them...
...I'd say...
...we're going to have to help you destroy them.
I know they're our boys.
All right, now who shall we call?
Who should we call?
Sorry, you faded away there.
The People's Central Air Defence Headquarters.
Where is that, Dimitri?
In Omsk.
Yes...
You'll call them first, will you?
Do you happen to have the phone number on you?
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'm sorry as well.
Don't say that you're more sorry than I am.
I'm capable of being just as sorry as you are.
All right. Yes, he's right here.
He wants to talk to you.
Just a second.
What? What is it?
- The fools. The mad fools.
- What's happened?
- The Doomsday Machine.
- What is that?
A device which will destroy all human and animal life on earth.
Mandrake, have you ever seen a Commie drink a glass of water?
No, I can't say I have, Jack.
Vodka, that's what they drink, isn't it? Never water.
I believe that's what they drink.
Yes.
A Commie will never drink water...
and not without good reason.
Yes... I can't quite see what you're getting at.
Water. That's what I'm getting at.
Water is the source of all life.
Seven tenths of this earth's surface is water.
Do you realise... that 70% of you is water?
As human beings, you and I need fresh, pure water -
- to replenish our precious bodily fluids.
- Are you beginning to understand?
- Yes.
Mandrake...
Have you never wondered why I drink only distilled water or rainwater?
And only pure grain alcohol?
It did occur to me, Jack, yes.
Have you ever heard of a thing called fluoridation of water?
Yes, I have heard of that.
- Well, you know what it is?
- No, I don't know what it is.
Do you realise that fluoridation -
- is the most monstrously-conceived Communist plot we've ever faced?
Two can play at that game, soldier.  
That's nice shooting, soldier.  
- Mandrake, come here.  
- Are you calling me, Jack?  
Come over here  
and help me with this belt.  
I... haven't had much experience  
with those sort of machines.  
I only ever pressed a button  
in my old spitfire.  
Come here and feed me this belt.  
I'd love to come...  
...but the string in my leg's gone.  
- The what?  
- The string.  
I've got a gammy leg.  
Gone. Shot off.  
Come over here.  
The Redcoats are coming.  
It will produce  
a mass of radioactive fallout.  
In ten months the earth's surface  
will be as dead as the moon.  
That's ridiculous.  
Our studies show that  
any fallout is safe after two weeks.  
You've obviously never heard  
of cobalt chlorium G.  
It has a radioactive half-life  
of 93 years.  
If you take 50 H-bombs and jacket  
them with cobalt chlorium G., -  
- when they are exploded,  
they will produce a doomsday shroud.  
A cloud of radioactivity -  
- will encircle the earth  
for 93 years!  
What a load of Commie bull!  
I'm afraid I don't understand.  
Is the Premier threatening  
to explode this device?  
No, the Doomsday Machine  
will trigger itself automatically.  
It is designed to explode if any
attempt is made to un-trigger it.
It's an obvious Commie trick.
We're wasting valuable time.
- They're ready to clobber us.
- This is absolute madness.
- Why should you build such a thing?
- It was the expense involved.
The arms race,
the space race, the peace race.
Our people grumbled for more
nylons and washing machines.
Our doomsday scheme cost a fraction
of what we'd spend on defence.
When we heard you had similar plans,
we were afraid of a doomsday gap.
- I'd never have approved that.
- Our source was The New York Times.
Dr. Strangelove,
do we have such a plan?
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.
Based on the findings
of the Bland Corporation, -
- my conclusion was that this
was not a practical deterrent, -
- for reasons which at this moment
must be all too obvious.
Then it is possible
to build such a thing?
The technology required
is easily within the means -
- of even the smallest
nuclear power.
It requires only the will to do so.
How is it possible for this thing
to be impossible to un-trigger?
It is not only possible,
it is essential.
That is the whole idea
of this machine.
Deterrence is the art of producing in the mind of the enemy - the fear to attack. Because of the automated decision-making process - which rules out human meddling, - the Doomsday Machine is terrifying and simple to understand. It is completely credible. I wish we had one of those. How can it be triggered? 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. A specific and clearly defined set of circumstances, - under which the bombs are to be exploded, - is programmed into a tape memory bank...

Strangelove? What kind of a name is that? That ain't no Kraut name. He changed it. It used to be Merkwrdigliebe. A Kraut by any other name...
The whole point of the Doomsday Machine is lost... ...if you keep it a secret. Why didn't you tell the world? It was to be announced at the Party Congress on Monday. The Premier loves surprises.

PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION Stay with me, Mandrake. Feed me the belt. Don't you think we'd be better off away from all this flying glass? No, we're okay here. In addition to flouridating water, there are studies under way - to flouridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk.
Ice cream, Mandrake!
Children's ice cream.
- You know when fluoridation began?
- No, I don't.
How does that coincide with your post-war Commie conspiracy?
It's incredibly obvious, isn't it?
A foreign substance is introduced into our precious bodily fluids.
Without our knowledge.
Certainly without any choice.
That's the way your hard-core Commie works.
Jack... tell me...
When did you first become... develop this theory.
Well, I...
I first became aware of it... ...during the physical act of love.
A profound sense of fatigue.
A feeling of emptiness followed.
Luckily I was able to interpret these feelings correctly.
- A loss of essence.
- Yes.
I can assure you it has not recurred.
Women sense my power...
...and they seek the life essence.
I do not avoid women, Mandrake.
But I do deny them my essence.
Yes...
- My boys want to surrender.
- Well, there it is.
Listen, while there's still time,
let's recall the wing...
Those boys were like my children.
Now they let me down.
No, Jack, not a bit of it. I'm sure they all gave it their very best.
I'm sure they all died thinking of you... Jack.
Suppose a bit of water has gone off.
You can never be too sure.
But you look at me.  
Do I look all rancid and clotted?  
I drink a lot of water.  
I'm what you might call a water man.  
I can swear to you that there's nothing wrong with my bodily fluids.  
- Not a thing.  
- Were you ever a prisoner of war?  
Time's running very... What?  
- Were you ever a prisoner of war?  
- Yes, I was.  
- Did they torture you?  
- Yes, they did.  
I was tortured by the Japanese.  
Not a pretty story.  
- What happened?  
- It's difficult to think just now.  
What happened was,  
they got me on the Rangoon railway.  
I was laying train lines for the Japanese puff-puffs.  
When they tortured you, did you talk?  
No...  
I don't think they wanted me to talk, really.  
They were just having a bit of fun.  
Strange that they make such good cameras.  
Those clowns outside are gonna give me a good going over for the code.  
You may have quite a point there.  
- Can I stand up to torture?  
- No one ever knows.  
My advice to you is to give me the code now, -  
- and if they try any rough stuff, we'll fight them together.  
You with your gun and me feeding you the ammo.  
I happen to believe in a life after this one.  
I know I'll have to answer for what I've done... and I think I can.
Yes, of course you can.
I'm a religious man myself, Jack.
I believe in all that sort of thing.
You've dropped your gun.
Let me take that for you.
You know what? I'm hoping you're going to give me the code.
Going to have a wash and brush up?
Always did wonders for a man, that.
Water on the back of the neck, that's what we need, and the code.
Supposing we play a guessing game.
I'll try and guess the code...
Co-pilot to navigator.
I'm ready with the fuel figures.
We have 109,000 total.
That works out to roughly
DSO to captain,
I have an unidentified radar blip.

Distance:
Approximate speed: Mach 3.
Looks like a missile tracking us.
Confirmed. Definite missile track.
Commence evasive action right.
Missile still closing range.

Distance:
Continue evasive action.
- Lock VCM to target intercept mode.
- VCM locked.
Missile still tracking and closing.
Continue evasive action.
Electronic guidance scrambler to blue grid.
Missile still closing distance.

Range:
Missile still closing.
Continue evasive action.

Range:
Missile still closing distance.
- Range gate on maximum scan.
Range:
Continue evasive action.
Deflection increasing.

Range:
Deflection still increasing.

Range:

Range:
Missile detonating!
- Start lever to shut off.
- Shut off.
- Full engine power.
- Full power.
Pre-select essential power.
Hit emergency power.
- Extinguishers.
- Roger.
Transfer switches. Push flaps up.
Full power.
Full power.
Peace on earth.
Peace on earth.
Peace on earth. P, O, E.
Purity of essence. O, P, O, E.
- Put you hands over your head.
- Who the devil are you?
Put you hands over your head.
What kind of suit do you call that?
This happens to be an RAF uniform.
I am Group Captain Mandrake.
General Ripper's executive officer.
- Where is General Ripper?
- He's dead in the bathroom.
- Where's the bathroom?
- Next to you.
Now stop playing games. I have to
contact SAC about the recall code.

Put your hands over your head
and keep them there.
- Got any witnesses?
- What? He shot himself.
- While he was shaving?
- Look, Colonel "Bat" Guano...
I have a very good idea, I hope,
I pray, of what the recall code is.
It's some sort of recurrent theme.
Peace on earth or purity of essence.
Put your hands on top of your head.
Start walking.
General Ripper went mad and sent
the whole wing to attack the Soviets?
- What are you talking about?
- I'll tell you.
This red telephone
is connected to SAC...
...and I hope... Blast!
Shot away by one of your men
during this ridiculous fighting.
Right!
I've wasted too much time on you.
I've got wounded men outside.
Start walking.
All the radio gear is out,
including the CRM114.
The auto-destruct mechanism blew up.
The fire is out.
Emergency power is on.
Navigator.
Our rate of fuel loss
is approximately 162 per minute.
This gives sufficient range to take
our primary and secondary targets.
But we will not be able to make it
back to any base or neutral country.
However, we'd have enough fuel to
ditch at weather ship tango delta.
Grid coordinates: 003,691.
We've got three engines out and more
holes than a horse trader's mule.
The radio's gone
and we're leaking fuel.
But we've got one advantage:
At this height they may harpoon us,
but they can't get us on any radar.
- Where are you taking me?
- The main gate.
Colonel, I must know what you think
has been going on here!
You know what I think?
I think you're a deviated prevert.
I think Gen. Ripper found out
about your prevertion. Now move!
I don't know about
any planes attacking Russia.
I was told to get Gen. Ripper
on the phone to the President.
- You just said the President.
- What about the President?
He wants to speak to Gen. Ripper,
and Gen. Ripper is dead, is he not?
As Gen. Ripper's executive officer,
the President must speak to me.
That telephone line may be open.
- You want to talk to the President?
- I've got to.
If you don't put that gun away, -
- the court of enquiry on this
will give such a pranging, -
- you'll be lucky to be wearing
the uniform of a toilet attendant!
Go ahead. Try and get the President
of the United States on the phone.
You try any prevertions
and I'll blow your head off.
This is Group Captain Mandrake
at Burpelson Air Force Base.
Something urgent has come up
and I want to place a call -
- with the President in Washington.
Burpelson 39180.
I'm perfectly serious.
The President of the United States.
I haven't got enough change.
Could you make this a collect call?
Just one second, operator.
Have you got 55 cents?
Do you think I'd go into combat
with loose change in my pocket?
Operator, is it possible
to make this an ordinary trunk call?
What do you call it?
You know... station to station.
Blast! I'm still 20 cents short.
Hold on. I shan't keep you a second.
Colonel, that Coca-Cola machine.
Shoot the lock off it.
- There may be some change in there.
- That's private property.
Can you imagine
what's going to happen to you -
- when they learn that you have
obstructed a call to the President?
Can you imagine? Shoot it off!
With a gun!
That's what the bullets are for!
Okay, I'll get your money for you.
But if you don't get
the President on that phone...
...you'll have to answer
to the Coca-Cola Company.
This is SAC Communications Control.
This is SAC Communications Control.
The recall code O, P, E,
is being acknowledged -
- 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.
SAC Communications Control,
over and out.
Gentlemen!
Gentlemen... Mr. President.
I'm not a sentimentalist, but I know
what's in every heart in this room.
I think we should all bow our heads
and give a short prayer of thanks.
Lord...!

We have heard
the wings of the angel of death —
— fluttering over our heads.
You have delivered us from evil...

Excuse me, sir. Premier Kissoff's
calling and he's hopping mad.
Fuel leakage from active engines
has increased.
It now works out at 205.
Estimate remaining fuel at 8790.
Roger, confirm.
and remaining fuel 8790.

No, Dimitri,
there must be some mistake.
No, I'm certain of that.
I'm perfectly certain of that.
Just a second. He says that one
of the planes hasn't turned back.
He says that it's headed
for the missile complex at Laputa.
That's impossible, Mr. President...
Look at the big board.
We've recalled every plane
except the four you've shot down.
Oh!

Hang on a second, Dimitri.

They claim three aircraft confirmed.
The fourth may only be damaged.
Mr. President... I'm beginning
to smell a big, fat Commie rat.
Suppose Kissoff is lying,
that he's looking to clobber us...
If the report is true, and the plane
manages to bomb the target, —
— is this going to set off
the Doomsday Machine?
Are you sure?
I guess you're just going to
have to get that plane, Dimitri.

Jamming your radar and flying low
is what they're trained to do.
I'm sure your entire air defence
can stop a single plane.
It won't help either one of us
if the Doomsday Machine goes off.
There's no point in you getting
hysterical at a moment like this.
Keep your feet on the ground.
I'm not...
I'm just worried, that's all.
Its primary target is Laputa
and its secondary target is Borkov.
It's true, you've got to believe it.
Can I give you just one word...
...one word of advice?
Put everything you've got into those
two sectors and you can't miss.
If we continue to lose fuel
at the present rate, -
- the remaining 38 minutes will
not even take us to the primary.
You said we'd get to the primary!
That estimate was based
on the original loss-rate factor.
You just get me to the primary,
do you hear?
I'm sorry, those are the figures.
We have to reach that weather ship.
Shoot!
We ain't come this far
to dump this thing in the drink.
New target.
At this rate of loss we have
a chance to reach target 384.
Grid coordinates: 003,691.
We could then make the weather ship.
- What kind a of target is that?
- It's an ICBM complex.
All right, designated target 384.
Get me a rough heading on that.
We'll keep our fingers crossed.
We're all in this together.
We're with you all the way.
Yes, we'll keep the line open.
All right, Dimitri.
Is there really a chance
for that plane to get through?
If I may speak freely...
The Russkie talks big,
but he's short of know-how.
 Ignorant peons can't understand
machines like we can.
 And that's not meant as an insult.
 We know the Russkies got guts.
 Look at how they fought the Nazis.
 - Can't you stick to the point?
 - Well, sir...
 If the pilot's good, real sharp...
 He can barrel that baby in.
 You ought to see it.
 A big plane like a 52.
 Frying chickens in a barnyard.
 - But has he got a chance?
 - Has he got a chance? Hell yes!
 Approaching target.

**Distance:**
Switch from green grid
to target orange.
Ready for final bomb-run check.
Take over, ace.
- DSO ready.
- Bombardier ready.
Bomb fusing on. Electronic,
barometric, time and impact.
Bomb fusing is on. Electronic,
barometric, time and impact.
Fuse for ground burst.
Delay factor yellow three.
Bomb-fusing circuits
one through four. Test.
Bomb-arming test-lights on,
one through four.
Engage
primary trigger-switch override.
Track indicators
to maximum deflection.
Set detonator to zero altitude.
Release first safety.
First safety released.
Release second safety.
Second safety released.
Check bomb-door circuits
one through four.

CLOSED:
Bomb door circuits
negative function.
- Lights red.
- Switch in back-up circuits.
- Still negative function.
- Engage emergency power.
Emergency power on.
Still negative function.
- Operate manual override.
- Roger.
Still negative function.
The drive cable must be sheered.
- Fire the explosive bolts!
- Roger.
Still negative, sir.
The operating circuits are dead.
Stay on the bomb run, ace.
I'm going down below.
Stay on the bomb run, boys.
I'll get the doors open.
HI THERE!

DEAR JOHN:
Target orange grid-reference checks.

Target distance:
Roger, 8 miles.
Guidance computer to orange grid.

Target distance:
Correct track indicator minus seven.
- Set GPI acceleration factor.
- GPI acceleration factor set.
- Target distance: 6 miles.
- Roger. 6 miles.
Pulse transponder active.

Target distance:
Alignment factor to zero mode.
- Target distance: 4 miles.
- Roger. 4 miles.
Auto CDC to manual telefax link.
- Target distance: 3 miles.
- Roger. 3 miles.
Target in sight!
Where the hell is Major Kong?
What about Major Kong?
There is a chance to preserve a nucleus of human specimens.
It would be quite easy.
At the bottom of some of our deeper mine shafts.
The radioactivity wouldn't penetrate a mine thousands of feet deep.
In a matter of weeks, improvements in dwelling space could be provided.
- How long would we stay there?
- Let's see now...
Cobalt chlorium G...
A radioactive half-life of...
I would think possibly 100 years.
Could people stay down there for 100 years?
It would not be difficult, mein Führer...
...Mr. President. Nuclear reactors could provide power indefinitely.
Greenhouses could grow plants.
Animals could be bred and slaughtered.
A quick survey would have to be made of available mine sites.
I'd guess there would be space for several hundred thousand people.
I'd hate to have to decide who stays up and who goes down.
That could easily be accomplished with a computer.
It could be set to accept factors of youth, health, sexual fertility, - - intelligence and a cross-section of necessary skills.
It'd be vital that top government and military men be included, to impart the required principles of leadership and tradition. They'd breed prodigiously, with so little else to do. With a ratio of ten females to each male, they could achieve current gross national product within 20 years. Wouldn't this nucleus of survivors be so grief-stricken that they'd envy the dead and not want to go on living? No, sir... Excuse me. When they enter the mine, everyone will still be alive. There'll be no shocking memories, just a feeling of nostalgia. And a spirit of bold curiosity for the adventure ahead. Doctor... You mentioned a ratio of ten women to each man. Would we abandon monogamous sexual relationships? As far as men were concerned? Regrettably, the sacrifice must be made for the future of our race. Since each man will be required to do prodigious service... the woman must be selected for their sexual characteristics, which will have to be of a highly stimulating nature. What an astonishingly good idea. Thank you, sir. We ought to look at this from a military point of view. Supposing the Russkies stashed away some bombs and we didn't. In 100 years they could take over. I agree, Mr. President. They might even try
to take over our mine shaft spaces. It's naive of us to imagine that this would change Soviet policy. We must be increasingly alert to prevent them taking over. If they breed more prodigiously than we do, they'd have superior numbers! Mr. President, we must not allow a mine-shaft gap! Sir, I have a plan... Mein Führer, I can walk!