

SCRIPT TITLE

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IN BLACK AND WHITE:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A key turns.

EXT. RUSSIAN NUCLEAR SILO - DAY

A missile fires into the air. It ascends, higher and higher.

EXT. NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: NATO Headquarters, Palais de Chaillot, Paris, France.

A clear day with no traffic.

INT. NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

THE NATO COUNCIL sits at a large table in front of a large glass window. LIONEL ISMAY, the Secretary General (also known as LORD HASTINGS), speaks with PRESIDENT DEWEY on a telephone.

PRESIDENT DEWEY (V.O.)

The dropping of the bomb on your country is quite shocking but according to some reports there were no casualties except for maybe a few farmers.

LORD HASTINGS

A few farmers?! They were innocent men! And what about their families?

PRESIDENT DEWEY (V.O.)

I can assure you, these reports came directly from the Prime Minister.

(beat)

Wait a minute. I've just been informed. Russia has launched another missile. I'll be back with further news.

LORD HASTINGS

President Dewey-!

The line goes dead.

LORD HASTINGS (CONT'D)
(to the council)
What do you suppose has happened?

FRENCH COUNCIL MEMBER
For all I know, they could be firing it at London given the success of the previous bomb.

LORD HASTINGS
The Soviet Union wouldn't dare go that far!

AMERICAN COUNCIL MEMBER
Of course they wouldn't. There are plenty of places in America they could strike. New York, Washington, Delaware...maybe even the St. Andreas Fault. My family lives in California.

GERMAN COUNCIL MEMBER
And if a warhead were to hit the fault?

AMERICAN COUNCIL MEMBER
It'll trigger a major earthquake. I mean, it's better than being vaporized, but...It is still deadly.

ITALIAN COUNCIL MEMBER
Then what are we waiting for? Call the American president! They must destroy that warhead.

AMERICAN COUNCIL MEMBER
Their missiles are too fast. It would take a man like Superman to dispose of them.

LORD HASTINGS
Then unless the Soviets see sense, we must condone a course of action to stop these attacks altogether.

CUT TO BLACK.

FRONT TITLE SEQUENCE.

FADE IN:

INT. RALPH'S FAMILY FARM, KITCHEN - EVENING

RALPH'S FATHER and several of his NAVAL friends are in a meeting around a table, sharing drinks and cigars. Ralph himself peeks from behind a wall. Curious, he goes over to them.

RALPH

Can I join this meeting?

RALPH'S FATHER

Son, this is a grown up meeting.

RALPH

But I'm almost twelve. I'm grown up enough.

RALPH'S FATHER

I said "no". When you're my age, you can have meetings like this.

Defeated, Ralph turns back and leaves.

INT. RALPH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ralph slumps to his bed and climbs in.

RALPH

I wish I was old enough to have my own meetings now.

He closes his eyes. WE PUSH IN.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

The image SATURATES with color. DOLLY OUT to reveal Ralph blowing the conch. The platform is crowded with his schoolmates. Some of the boys are sunburned and dressed in their clothes. The choirboys have their cloaks off and lying on the ground.

Ralph stops blowing and sits down on a fallen trunk. The sun is off to the left side of his face, glowing the hidden side of his face into shadow. He brings the conch down to his knees and clears his throat.

RALPH

Well, then. We're on an island.
We've been on the mountain top and
seen water all round. We saw no
houses, no smoke, no footprints, no
boats, no people. We're on an
uninhabited island with no other
people on it.

JACK MERRIDEW butts in without raising an arm.

JACK

All the same you need an army-for
hunting. Hunting pigs-

RALPH

Yes, there are pigs on the island.

SIMON CAMBOURNE speaks up.

SIMON

We saw...

RALPH

Squealing-

JACK

It broke away before I could kill
it-but next time!

He slams his knife into the trunk.

RALPH

So you see...we need hunters to get
us meat. And another thing. There
aren't any grownups, so we shall
have to look after ourselves. And
another thing. We can't have
everybody talking at once. We'll
have to have 'Hands up' like at
school.

Ralph holds the conch before his face and glances round the
mouth.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Then I'll give him the conch.

JOHNNY

Conch?

RALPH

That's what this shell's called.
I'll give the conch to the next
person to speak. He can hold it
when he's speaking.

JOHNNY

But-

MAURICE

Look-

RALPH

And he won't be interrupted. Except
by me.

Jack gets to his feet.

JACK

We'll have ruled! Lots of rules!
Then when anyone breaks 'em-

BOYS

(ad-lib)

Whee-oh! Wacco! Boing! Doink!

PIGGY takes the conch and stands. The shouting dies down.
Jack sits. Piggy takes off his glasses and blinks around the
assembly while he wipes them with his shirt.

PIGGY

You're hindering Ralph. You're not
letting him get to the most
important thing.

Pause.

RALPH

Who knows we're here?

BOYS

(ad-lib)

They knew at the airport...the man
with the trumpet-thing...my
daddy...my mummy.

Piggy puts on his glasses.

PIGGY

Nobody knows where we are. Perhaps
they knew where we was going to;
and perhaps not. But they don't
know where we are 'cos we never got
there.

He gapes at them for a moment, sways and sits down. Ralph takes the conch from his hands.

RALPH

That's what I was going to say, when you all, all...The plane was shot down in flames. Nobody knows where we are. We may be here a long time.

(beat)

So we may be here a long time.

Everyone is silent. Ralph grins suddenly.

RALPH (CONT'D)

But this is a good island. We-Jack, Simon and me- we climbed the mountain. It's wizard. There's food and drink, and-

JACK

Rocks-

SIMON

Blue flowers-

Piggy points to the conch in Ralph's hands. Jack and Simon fall silent.

RALPH

While we're waiting we can have a good time on this island.

He gesticulates wildly.

RALPH (CONT'D)

It's like in a book.

BOYS

(ad-lib)

Treasure Island...Swallows and Amazons...Coral Island...

Ralph waves the conch.

RALPH

Everyone, please!

Silence.

RALPH (CONT'D)

This is our island. It's a good island. Until the grownups come to fetch us, we'll have fun.

WILFRED raises an arm.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Yes?

WILFRED

What are we going to do about food?
I'm hungry.

RALPH

We'll take whatever's left in the
plane cabin. There is a kitchen
cupboard for food in there.

Jack takes the conch.

JACK

And when the food runs out, that's
where the pigs come in.

ROGER ELWIN is curious.

ROGER

Pigs?

He smiles deviously, smacking his lips.

JACK

There's pigs. There's food; and
bathing water in that little stream
along there-and everything. Didn't
anyone find anything else?

Jack hands the conch back to Ralph as the other boys shake
their heads no. Then, the older boys notice DONALD, who
stands out, boring into the coarse grass with one toe,
muttering and about to cry.

DONALD

I want Mummy and Daddy.

RALPH

Bring him forward.

The other boys push him towards Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Not to worry, you'll see Mummy and
Daddy again soon.

(fearfully)

I hope.

The small boy looks round in panic then holds out his hand
for the conch.

PIGGY

What are you waiting for? Let him
have the conch! Let him have it!

Ralph induces him to hold the shell, but the boys start laughing. Donald is able to mouth a few words. Piggy kneels by him, one hand on the shell, listening. He addresses the assembly.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

He wants to know what you're going
to do about the snake thing.

Ralph laughs and so do the other boys. Donald twists further into himself.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Tell us about the snake-thing.

DONALD

It's-it's...a, b-b-beastie.

RALPH

Beastie? Where?

DONALD

In the woods.

A breeze blows through the trees. The boys stir restlessly.

RALPH

(kindly)

You couldn't have a beastie, a
snake-thing, on an island this
size. You only get them in big
countries, like Africa or India.

The boys gravely nod their heads.

DONALD

The beastie came in the dark.

RALPH

Then you couldn't see it!

Laughter and cheers break out.

DONALD

I saw the thing in the dark!

FLASHBACK: Donald is walking along when he hears a noise. He looks into the dark part of the forest and...a pair of red eyes emerge from the darkness. Donald steps back in fear.

BEAST
I will eat you up...

BACK TO SCENE:

Ralph shakes his head.

RALPH
I think you were dreaming.

He looks around for confirmation around the ring of faces.
The older boys agree. The little boys are doubtful.

RALPH (CONT'D)
He must have had a nightmare.
Stumbling all those creepers.

DONALD
Will it come back tonight?

RALPH
It will not come back because there
isn't a beastie!

Jack seizes the conch.

JACK
Ralph's right of course. There
isn't a snake-thing. But if there
was a snake we'd hunt it and kill
it. We're going to hunt pigs to get
meat for everybody. And we'll look
for the snake too-

RALPH
But there isn't a snake!

JACK
We'll make sure when we go hunting.

Ralph shoots Jack an annoyed look.

RALPH
But there isn't a beast. I tell you
there isn't a beast!

The assembly is silent.

Ralph lifts the conch and composes himself.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Now we come to the most important
thing. I've been thinking.
(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

I was thinking while we were climbing the mountain. And on the beach just now. This is what I thought. We want to have fun and we want to be rescued.

Everyone nods.

RALPH (CONT'D)

We want to be rescued; and of course we shall be rescued.

There is a chatter amongst the boys. Ralph waves the conch.

RALPH (CONT'D)

My father's in the navy. He said there aren't any unknown islands left.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUEEN'S MAP ROOM - DAY (DREAM)

QUEEN ELIZABETH II walks into the room. She walks along, admiring the maps. She comes across a very big one pinned to a wall. She points the island as Ralph speaks.

RALPH (V.O.)

He says the Queen has a big room full of maps and all the islands in the world are drawn there. So the Queen's got a picture of this island.

(NOTE: As this is Ralph's imagination, the room should look slightly cartoonish and be filmed in color.)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

Ralph speaks to the boys.

RALPH

And sooner or later a ship will put in here. It might even be Daddy's ship. So you see, sooner or later, we shall be rescued.

Everyone claps for joy. Ralph waves the conch.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Shut up! Wait! Listen!

The boys fall silent.

RALPH (CONT'D)
There's another thing. We can help them to find us. If a ship comes near the island they may not notice us. So we must make smoke on top of the mountain. We must make a fire.

BOYS
A fire! Make a fire!

The boys get on their feet, yelling excitedly.

JACK
Come on! Follow me.

Ralph gets on his feet too.

RALPH
Quiet! Quiet!

No one hears him. The crowd follows Jack. The smaller ones come in last. Ralph stands with Piggy, holding the conch, defeated.

PIGGY
Like kids! Acting like a crowd of lads!

Ralph looks at him doubtfully and lays the conch on the tree trunk.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
I bet it's gone tea-time. What do they think they're going to do on that mountain.

Ralph caresses the shell, then stops and looks up. He clammers over a branch.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
Hey, Ralph! Where are you going?!

Piggy races after him. PAN UP to the sky.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA GAS STATION - DAY

The image desaturates into BLACK AND WHITE. PAN DOWN to show a white car speeding down the road. It pulls up next to the gas station. It's an old shack and the ATTENDANT (60s, gruff-looking.) is resting on a chair.

The driver of the car, an AMERICAN MOTHER (Early 30s, Mara Corday type) steps out of the car. In the backseat is her five year old SON.

AMERICAN MOTHER

Sir excuse me?

The attendant awakens.

ATTANDENT

Oh, need gas?

AMERICAN MOTHER

Yes, I'm in a hurry. Believe or not, my husband's in NATO and he told me to get out as fast as possible, said something about a missile.

EXT. SKIES - DAY

The missile flies over Long Island Sound.

INT. RUSSIAN NUCLEAR SILO - DAY

The GENERAL and TECHNICIANS are overlooking the missile's progress on a radar screen.

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

The buildings stands proudly under a clear day.

INT. PENTAGON GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A GENERAL and several of his LIEUTENANTS are in a meeting.

AMERICAN GENERAL

We must shoot this thing down at once.

AMERICAN LIEUTENANT

At the rate it's going, it's flying as fast as lightning, it would take someone the likes of Superman to stop it. Our defenses won't be able to destroy it in time.

AMERICAN GENERAL

Do we have any idea as to where it is heading?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

The missile soars overhead. SATURATE TO COLOR as we PAN DOWN to a platform on the mountain where the boys are gathering wood. Piggy is watching them with disgust.

PIGGY

Like a crowd of lads...

Jack and his choir take their piles of wood and head down a path to the top. SAM and ERIC have a log, others have their trunk in one piece.

At the top, the boys add their sticks into a huge pile. Ralph and Jack grin at each other as they carry a huge limb onto the pile.

RALPH

Almost too heavy.

Jack grins back.

JACK

Not for the two of us.

The boys stagger up the last steep.

BOYS

One! Two! Three!

They throw the log onto the great pile. They step back, laughing triumphantly. Ralph stands on his head.

EXT. MOUNTAIN FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The other boys are laboring. A small one drops his sticks and begins looking around. He finds a bush growing fruit and eats it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - LATER

The pile of wood is complete. Ralph and Jack stand before it.

RALPH
Will you?
(clears throat)
Will you light the fire?

Jack blushes.

JACK
(muttering)
You rub two sticks. You rub-

He glances at Ralph, who addresses the others.

RALPH
Has anyone got any matches?

BILL
I think there was some on the
plane.

ROGER
We don't need any matches, we just
make a bow and spin the arrow.

He rubs his hands in mime. Piggy comes along , holding the conch under his arm.

RALPH
Piggy! Have you got any matches?

Piggy just shakes his head and comes to the pile.

PIGGY
My You've made a big heap, haven't
you?

Jack notices something.

IN SLOW-MOTION: A glint of sunlight reflects off of his glasses.

NORMAL SPEED: Jack points.

JACK
His sepcs-use them as burning
glasses.

The other boys gang on Piggy.

PIGGY

Here-let me go! Mind out! Give 'em
back! I can hardly see! You'll
break the conch!

Ralph comes along and elbows him to one side and kneels by
the pile.

RALPH

Stand out of the light.

Ralph moves the lenses back and forth.

EXT. SKIES - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

The missile flies over Colorado.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

IN COLOR:

Jack is kneeling and blowing gently.

EXT. SAN ANDREAS FAULT - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

The missile soars down, striking smack dab into the fault and
explodes. The SCREEN FILLS WITH WHITE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

IN COLOR:

A tiny flame pops up from the pile. It grows. It reaches a
branch that explodes with a sharp crack. The boys begin to
cheer.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAN ANDREAS FAULT - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

A mushroom cloud rises above the fault.

EXT. CALIFORNIA GAS STATION - DAY

The mother and the attendant feel the ground shudder. The boy in the car feels it as well. A gas pump falls, so does a power line. The gas pump spills gas while the power line falls onto the puddle. Electricity crackles and the gas station explodes into a ball of flame. The flames SATURATE WITH COLOR AS WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

COLOR RESUMES:

The boys are cheering. Piggy being the odd boy out.

PIGGY

My specs! Give me my specs!

Ralph brings the glasses back to Piggy.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Jus' blurs, that's all. Hardly see my hand.

The boys are dancing wildly. Their shouts and cheers drawing into a crescendo.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

BLACK AND WHITE RESUMES:

The earthquake has begun. People panic and scream. An innocent girl is hit by a falling lamppost. Others run or trip or fall. A boy falls into a growing crevasse. HOLD on his open mouthed face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

COLOR RESUMES:

One of the boys is yelling excitedly. He throws one stick into the pile and it grows. One of the smaller boys accidentally throws one towards the ocean.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

The bridge collapses. Cars fall into the sea.

Cliffs crumble and fall.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - EVENING

COLOR RESUMES:

Some boys are pausing to enjoy the fresh wind blowing against them. Others are lying about, panting like dogs.

Ralph raises his head off of his forearms.

RALPH

That was no good.

Roger spits efficiently into the hot dust.

ROGER

What do you mean?

RALPH

There wasn't any smoke. Only flame.

Piggy settles himself between two rocks, sitting with the conch in his knees.

PIGGY

We haven't made a fire. What's any use. We couldn't keep a fire like that going, not if we tried.

JACK

(contemptuously)

A fat lot you tried. You just sat.

SIMON

We used his specs. He helped that way.

PIGGY

(indignantly)

I got the conch. You let me speak!

JACK

The conch doesn't count on top of the mountain, so you shut up.

PIGGY

I got the conch in my hand.

MAURICE

Put on green branches. That's the best way to make smoke.

PIGGY

I got the conch-

JACK

(fiercely)

You shut up!

Piggy wilts. Ralph takes the conch and looks around the circle of boys.

RALPH

We've got to have special people for looking after the fire. Any day there may be a ship out there and if we have a signal going they'll come and take us off. And another thing. We ought to have more rules. Where the conch is, that's a meeting. The same up here as down there.

Piggy opens his mouth to speak again. Jack shoots him a look. Piggy shuts his mouth. Jack holds out his hands for the conch and stands up, holding it in his hands.

JACK

I agree with Ralph. We've got to have rules and obey them. After all, we're not savages. We're English, and the English are best at everything. So we've got to do the right things.

As Jack speaks, a SUPERIMPOSE of the Union Jack flies in the background. It fades out once he finishes his speech. Jack turns to Ralph.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ralph, I'll split up the choir-my hunters, that is-into groups, and we'll be responsible for keeping the fire going-

The boys applaud.

JACK (CONT'D)

We'll let the fire burn out now. Who would see smoke at night-time, anyway? And we can start the fire again whenever we like.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 Altos, you can keep the fire going
 this week, and trebles the next-

The assembly assents gravely.

JACK (CONT'D)
 And we'll be responsible for
 keeping a lookout too. If we see a
 ship out there...we'll put green
 branches on. Then there'll be more
 smoke.

Jack points to the dense blue horizon. The other boys follow
 his direction.

EXT. BANAL SEA - AFTERNOON

The sun is now a drop of burning gold, sliding nearer and
 near towards the sill of the world.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

Roger takes the conch and looks around, gloomily.

ROGER
 I've been watching the sea. There
 hasn't been the trace of a ship.
 Perhaps we'll never be rescued.

Ralph takes back the conch.

RALPH
 I said before we'll be rescued
 sometime. We've just got to wait,
 that's all.

Piggy takes the conch.

PIGGY
 That's what I said! I said about
 our meetings and things and then
 you said shut up-

The boys shout him down.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
 (bitter realism)
 You said you wanted a small fire
 and you been and built a pile like
 a hayrick. If I say anything, you
 say shut up; but if Jack or Maurice
 or Simon-

He pauses standing. Then he looks beyond the boys at the patch of wood and gives a strange laugh.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
You got your small fire all right.

Smoke is rising into the sky. A patch of fire touches a tree trunk and scrambles upwards. The smoke increases. The boys brake into excited cheering. The flames creep up the tree. The branches catch fire as well. The forest is now savage with smoke and flame.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
You got your small fire all right.

Ralph takes a look at the boys, they are falling still and silent.

RALPH
Oh, shut up.

PIGGY
(hurt voice)
I got the conch! I got a right to speak.

They loo kat him with uninterested eyes. Piggy glances nervously and cradles the conch.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
We got to let that burn out now.
And that was our firewood.

He licks his lips.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
There ain't nothing we can do. We ought to be more careful. I'm-scared.

Jack looks away from the fire.

JACK
You're always scared, Fatty!

PIGGY
My name is not Fatty and I got the conch!
(to Ralph)
I got the conch, ain't I, Ralph?

Ralph, gazing at the fire, turns to Piggy.

RALPH
What's that?

PIGGY
The conch. I got a right to speak.

Sam and Eric giggle.

SAM
We wanted smoke-

ERIC
Now look!

A pall of laughter echoes across the island. Piggy grows angry.

PIGGY
I got the conch! Just you listen!
The first thing we ought to have
made was shelters down there by the
beach. It wasn't half cold down
there in the night. But the first
time Ralph says 'fire' you goes
howling and screaming up this here
mountain. Like a pack of kids!

The boys are listening.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
How can you expect to be rescued if
you don't put first things first
and act proper.

He takes off his glasses and tucks the conch under his arm.
He crouches on a rock.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
Then when you get here you build a
bonfire that isn't no use. Now you
been and set the whole island on
fire. Won't we look funny if the
whole island burns up? Cooked
fruit, that's what we'll have to
eat, and roast pork. And that's
nothing to laugh at! You said Ralph
was chief and you don't give him
time to think. Then when he says
something you rush off, like, like-
(pause)
And that's not all. Them kids. The
little 'uns. Who took any notice of
'em? Who knows how many we got?

Ralph takes a step forward.

RALPH

I told you to. I told you to get a list of names!

PIGGY

(indignantly)

How could I? All by myself? They waited for two minutes, then they fell in the sea: they went into the forest they just scattered everything. How was I to know which was which?

Ralph licks his lips.

RALPH

Then you don't know how many of us there ought to be?

PIGGY

How could I with them little 'uns running round like insects? Then when you three came back, as soon as you said make a fire, they all ran away, and I never had a chance-

RALPH

That's enough!

He snatches back the conch.

RALPH (CONT'D)

If you didn't, you didn't.

PIGGY

Then you come up here an' pinch my specs.

JACK

You shut up!

PIGGY

And them little 'uns was wandering about down there where the fire is. How d'you know they aren't still there?

Piggy stands up and points to the smoke and flames. He starts gasping for breath.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

That little 'un. Him with the mark
on his face, I don't see him. Where
is he now?

The crowd is silent.

Under a flaming pile of sticks, the head of HAROLD, his
mulberry marked forehead visible for all to see, lies still
and motionless.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

A child's corpse lies face first on the ground.

The city is in ruins. Survivors are sobbing, traumatized.
Others walk aimlessly. A woman cradles the body of her
teenaged son. One father hugs his daughter.

A car lies toppled. A house is flattened. Telephone poles are
crooked, the wires.

INT. NATO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The council members are seated, watching the news on
television.

FRENCH COUNCIL MEMBER

It seems like it worked.

GERMAN COUNCIL MEMBER

At least they did not hit the city.

LORD HASTINGS

It would have been worse.

(beat)

But for all that is decent. We must
appeal to end this war right now?

AMERICAN COUNCIL MEMBER

Now? It feels too late for us,
we're fucked.

LORD HASTINGS

My optimism says otherwise. If we
carry the Dunkirk spirit, we will
never surrender.

(MORE)

LORD HASTINGS (CONT'D)

But if the Kremlin were to understand the major losses caused by the nuclear attacks, perhaps he will call off the arms and focus on traditional firepower.

EXT. KREMLIN - MORNING

The grand complex towers over a nearly frozen river.

INT. STALIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

JOSEPH STALIN watches the news of the San Francisco destruction on television. His face is of slight concern.

A KGB OFFICER steps in, greets Stalin with the Soviet salute.

KGB OFFICER

I trust the missile was a success?

STALIN

At least my generals have seen a safer means to use our nuclear missiles on some without firing upon the actual city.

KGB OFFICER

And yet, the NATO powers have considered the possibility to end all nuclear arms in favor of traditional warfare. Things will be less destructive if we go this route and perhaps we can save more civilians.

STALIN

Very well, Fakov, prepare your men for the next phase of the campaign. But for now, we will address a formal apology to the Americans.

FADE TO BLACK.