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2001: A Space Odyssey

By Stanley Kubrick

TITLE PART I:

AFRICA:

3,000,000 YEARS AGO

A1

VIEWS OF AFRICAN DRYLANDS - DROUGHT

The remorseless drought had lasted now for ten million years, and would not end for another million. The reign of the terrible lizards had long since passed, but here on the continent which would one day be known as Africa, the battle for survival had reached a new climax of ferocity, and the victor was not yet in sight. In this dry and barren land, only the small or the swift or the fierce could flourish, or even hope to exist.

10/13/65 a1

A2

INT & EXT CAVES - MOONWATCHER

The man-apes of the field had none of these attributes, and they were on the long, pathetic road to racial extinction. About twenty of them occupied a group of caves overlooking a small, parched valley, divided by a sluggish, brown stream. The tribe had always been hungry, and now it was starving. As the first dim glow of dawn creeps into the cave, Moonwatcher discovers that his father has died during the night. He did not know the Old One was his father, for such a relationship was beyond his understanding. but as he stands looking down at the emaciated body he feels something, something akin to sadness. Then he carries his dead father out of the cave, and leaves him for the hyenas.

Among his kind, Moonwatcher is almost a giant. He is nearly five feet high, and though badly undernourished, weighs over a hundred pounds. His hairy, muscular body is quite man-like, and his head is already nearer man than ape. The forehead is low, and there are great ridges over the eye-sockets, yet he unmistakably holds in his genes the promise of humanity. As he looks out now upon the hostile world, there is already

10/13/65 a2

A2

CONTINUED:

something in his gaze beyond the grasp of any ape. In those

dark, deep-set eyes is a dawning awareness-the first intimations of an intelligence which would not fulfill itself for another two million years.

10/13/65 a3

A3

EXT THE STREAM - THE OTHERS

As the dawn sky brightens, Moonwatcher and his tribe reach the shallow stream.

The Others are already there. They were there on the other side every day - that did not make it any less annoying. There are eighteen of them, and it is impossible to distinguish them from the members of Moonwatcher's own tribe. As they see him coming, the Others begin to angrily dance and shriek on their side of the stream, and his own people reply in kind.

The confrontation lasts a few minutes - then the display dies out as quickly as it has begun, and everyone drinks his fill of the muddy water. Honor has been satisfied - each group has staked its claim to its own territory.

10/13/65 a4

A4

EXT AFRICAN PLAIN - HERBIVORES

Moonwatcher and his companions search for berries, fruit and leaves, and fight off pangs of hunger, while all around them, competing with them for the same fodder, is a potential source of more food than they could ever hope to eat. Yet all the thousands of tons of meat roaming over the parched savanna and through the brush is not only beyond their reach; the idea of eating it is beyond their imagination. They are slowly starving to death in the midst of plenty.

10/13/65 a5

A5

EXT PARCHED COUNTRYSIDE - THE LION

The tribe slowly wanders across the bare, flat countryside foraging for roots and occasional berries.

Eight of them are irregularly strung out on the open plain, about fifty feet apart.

The ground is flat for miles around.

Suddenly, Moonwatcher becomes aware of a lion, stalking them about 300 yards away.

Defenceless and with nowhere to hide, they scatter in all

directions, but the lion brings one to the ground.

10/13/65 a6

A6

EXT DEAD TREE - FINDS HONEY

It had not been a good day, though as Moonwatcher had no real remembrance of the past he could not compare one day with another. But on the way back to the caves he finds a hive of bees in the stump of a dead tree, and so enjoys the finest delicacy his people could ever know. Of course, he also collects a good many stings, but he scarcely notices them. He is now as near to contentment as he is ever likely to be; for though he is still hungry, he is not actually weak with hunger. That was the most that any hominid could hope for.

10/13/65 a7

A7

INT & EXT CAVES - NIGHT TERRORS

Over the valley, a full moon rises, and a cold wind blows down from the distant mountains. It would be very cold tonight - but cold, like hunger, was not a matter for any real concern; it was merely part of the background of life.

This Little Sun, that only shone at night and gave no warmth, was dangerous; there would be enemies abroad. Moonwatcher crawls out of the cave, clambers on to a large boulder besides the entrance, and squats there where he can survey the valley. If any hunting beast approached, he would have time to get back to the relative safety of the cave.

Of all the creatures who had ever lived on Earth, Moonwatcher's race was the first to raise their eyes with interest to the Moon, and though he could not remember it, when he was young, Moonwatcher would reach out and try to touch its ghostly face. Now he knew he would have to find a tree that was high enough.

He stirs when shrieks and screams echo up the slope from one of the lower caves, and he does not need to hear the

10/13/65 a8

A7

CONTINUED:

occasional growl of the lion to know what is happening. Down there in the darkness, old One-Eye and his family are dying,

and the thought that he might help in some way never crosses Moonwatcher's mind. The harsh logic of survival rules out such fancies. Every cave is silent, lest it attract disaster. And in the caves, in tortured spells of fitful dozing and fearful waiting, were gathered the nightmares of generations yet to come.

10/13/65 a9

A8

EXT THE STREAM - INVASION

The Others are growing desperate; the forage on their side of the valley is almost exhausted. Perhaps they realise that Moonwatcher's tribe has lost three of its numbers during the night, for they choose this mourning to break the truce. When they meet at the river in the still, misty dawn, there is a deeper and more menacing note in their challenge. The noisy but usually harmless confrontation lasts only a few seconds before the invasion begins.

In an uncertainly-moving horde, the Others cross the river, shieking threats and hunched for the attack. They are led by a big-toothed hominid of Moonwatcher's own size and age. Startled and frightened, the tribe retreats before the first advance, throwing nothing more substantial than imprecations at the invaders. Moonwatcher moves with them, his mind a mist of rage and confusion. To be driven from their own territory is a great badness, but to lose the river is death. He does not know what to do; it is a situation beyond his experience.

Then he becomes dimly aware that the Others are slowing

10/13/65 a10

A8

CONTINUED:

down, and advancing with obvious reluctance. The further they move from their own side, the more uncertain and unhappy they become. Only Big-Tooth still retains any of his original drive, and he is rapidly being seperated from his followers. As he sees this, Moonwatcher's own morale immediately revives. He slows down his retreat, and begins to make reassuring noises to his companions. Novel sensations fill his dim mind - the first faint precursors of bravery and leadership.

Before he realizes it, he is face to face with Big-Tooth, and

the two tribes come to a halt many paces away.
The disorganized and unscientific conflict could have ended quickly if either had used his fist as a club, but this innovation still lay hundreds of thousands of years in the future. Instead, the slowly weakening fighters claw and scratch and try to bite each other.

Rolling over and over, they come to a patch of stony ground, and when they reach it Moonwatcher is on top. By chance,
10/13/65 a11

A8

CONTINUED:

he chooses this moment to grab the hair on Big-Tooth's scalp, and bang his head on the ground. The resulting CRACK is so satisfactory, and produces such an immediate weakening in Big - Tooth's resistance, that he quickly repeats it. Even when Big-Tooth ceases to move for some time, Moon-watcher keeps up the exhilarating game. With shrieks of panic, the Others retreat back, across the stream. The defenders cautiously pursue them as far as The water's edge.

10/13/65 a12

EXT CAVE - NEW SOUND

Dozing fitfully and weakened by his struggle, Moonwatcher is startled by a sound. He sits up in the fetid darkness of the cave, straining his senses out into the night, and fear creeps slowly into his soul. Never in his life - already twice as long as most members of his species could expect - has he heard a sound like this. The great cats approached in silence, and the only thing that betrayed them was a rare slide of earth, or the occasional cracking of a twig. Yet this is a continuing crunching noise that grows steadily louder. It seemed that some enormous beast was moving through the night, making no attempt at concealment, and ignoring all obstacles. And then there came a sound which Moonwatcher could not possibly have identified, for it had never been heard before in the history of this planet.

10/13/65 a13

A10

EXT CAVE - NEW ROCK

Moonwatcher comes face to face with the New Rock when he leads the tribe down to the river in the first light of morning. He had almost forgotten the terror of the night, because nothing had happened after that initial noise, so he does not even associate this strange thing with danger or with fear. There is nothing in the least alarming about it.

It is a cube about fifteen feet on a side, and it is made of some completely transparent material; indeed, it is not easy to see except when the light of the sun glints on its edges. There are no natural objects to which Moonwatcher can compare this apparition. Though he is wisely cautious of most new things, he does not hesitate to walk up to it. As nothing happens, he puts out his hand, and feels a warm, hard surface.

After several minutes of intense thought, he arrives at a brilliant explanation. It is a rock, of course, and it must have grown during the night. There are many plants that do this - white, pulpy things shaped like pebbles, that seem to shoot up in the hours of darkness. It is true that they are small and round, whereas this is large and square;
10/13/65 a14

A10

CONTINUED:

but greater and later philosophers than Moonwatcher would be prepared to overlook equally striking exceptions to their laws. This really superb piece of abstract thinking leads Moonwatcher to a deduction which he immediately puts to the test. The white, round pebble-plants are very tasty (though there were a few that made one violently sick); perhaps this square one...? A few licks and attempted nibbles quickly disillusion him. There is no nourishment here; so like a sensible hominid, he continues on his way to the river and forgets all about the Cube.
10/13/65 a15

A11

EXT CUBE - FIRST LESSON

They are still a hundred yards from the New Rock when the sound begins.

It is quite soft, and it stops them in their tracks, so that they stand paralyzed on the trail with their jaws hanging. A simple, maddeningly repetitious rhythm pulses out of the crystal cube and hypnotises all who come within its spell. For the first

time - and the last, for two million year - the sound of drumming is heard in Africa.

The throbbing grows louder, more insistent. Presently the hominids begin to move forward like sleep-walkers, towards the source of that magnetic sound. Sometimes they take little dancing steps, as their blood responds to the rhythms that their descendants will not create for ages yet.

Totally entranced, they gather around the Cube, forgetting the hardships of the day, the perils of the approaching dusk, and the hunger in their bellies.

Now, spinning wheels of light begin to merge, and the spokes fuse into luminous bars that slowly recede into the distance,

10/13/65 a16

All

CONTINUED:

rotating on their axes as they do; and the hominids watch, wide-eyed, mesmerized captives of the Crystal Cube.

Then by some magic - though it was no more magical than all that had gone on before - a perfectly normal scene appears. It is as if a cubical block had been carved out of the day and shifted into the night. Inside that block is a group of four hominids, who might have been members of Moonwatcher's own tribe, eating chunks of meat. The carcass of a wart-hog lies near them.

This little family of male and female and two children is gorged and replete, with sleek and glossy pelts - and this was a condition of life that Moonwatcher had never imagined. From time to time they stir lazily, as they loll at ease near the entrance of their cave, apparently at peace with the world. The spectacle of domestic bliss merges into a totally different scene.

The family is no longer reposing peacefully outside its cave; it is foraging, searching for food like any normal hominids.

10/13/65 a17

All

CONTINUED:

A small wart-hog ambles past the group of browsing humanoids without giving them more than a glance, for they had never been the slightest danger to its species.

But that happy state of affairs is about to end. The big male

suddenly bends down, picks up a heavy stone lying at his feet - and hurls it upon the unfortunate pig. The stone descends upon its skull, making exactly the same noise that Moonwatcher had produced in his now almost forgotten encounter with Big-Tooth. And the result, too, is much the same - the warthog gives one amazed, indignant squeal, and collapses in a motionless heap. Then the whole sequence begins again, but this time it unfolds itself with incredible slowness. Every detail of the movement can be followed; the stone arches leisurely through the air, the pig crumples up and sinks to the ground. There the scene freezes for long moments, the slayer standing motionless above the slain, the first of all weapons in his hand. The scene suddenly fades out. The cube is no more than a glimmering outline in the darkness; the hominids stir, as if

10/13/65 a18

A11

CONTINUED:

awakening from a dream, realise where they are, and scuttle back to their caves. They have no conscious memory of what they had seen; but that night, as he sits brooding at the entrance of his lair, his ears attuned to the noises of the world around him, Moonwatcher feels the first faint twinges of a new and potent emotion - the urge to kill. He had taken his first step towards humanity.

10/13/65 a19

A12

EXT cave AND PLAINS - Utopia

Babies were born and sometimes lived; feeble, toothless thirty-year-olds died; the lion took its toll in the night; the Others threatened daily across the river - and the trib prospered.

In the course of a single year, Moonwatcher and his companions had changed almost beyond recognition.

They had become as plump as the family in the Cave, who no longer haunted their dreams. They had learned their lessons well; now they could handle all the stone tools and weapons that the Cube had revealed to them.

They were no longer half-numbed with starvation, and they had time both for leisure and for the first rudiments of thought. Their new way of life was casually accepted, and they did not associate it in any way with the crystal cube still standing outside their cave.

But no Utopia is perfect, and this one had two blemishes. The first was the marauding lion, whose passion for hominids seemed to have grown even stronger now that they were better nourished. The second was the tribe across the river; for

10/13/65 a20

A12

CONTINUED:

somehow the Others had survived, and had stubbornly refused to die of starvation.

10/13/65 a21

A13

EXT CAVES - KILLING THE LION

With the partly devoured carcass of a warthog laid out on the ground at the point he hope the boulder would impact, Moon-watcher and three of his bravest companions wait for two consecutive nights. On the third the lion comes, betraying his presences by a small pebble slide. When they can here the lion below, softly tearing at the meat, they strain themselves against the massive boulder. The sound of the lion stops; he is listening. Again they silently heave against the enormous stone, exerting the final limits of their strength. The rock begin to tip to a new balance point. The lion twitches alert to this sound, but having no fear of these creatures, he makes the first of two mistakes which will cost him his life; he goes back to his meal.

The rock moves slowly over the ledge, picking up speed with amazing suddenness. It strikes a projection in the cliff about fifteen feet above the ground, which deflects its path outward. Just at this instant, the lion reacts instinctively and leaps away from the face of the cliff directly into the path of the

10/13/65 a22

A13

CONTINUED:

onrushing boulder. He has combined the errors of over-confidence and bad luck.

The next morning they find the lion in front of the cave. They also find one of their tribe who had incautiously peeped out to see what was happening, and was apparently killed by a small rock torn loose by the boulder; but this was a small price to

pay for such a great victory.

* * * * *

And then one night the crystal cube was gone, and not even Moonwatcher ever thought of it again. He was still wholly unaware of all that it had done.

10/13/65 a23

A14

EXT STREAM - MASTER OF THE WORLD

From their side of the stream, in the never violated safety of their own territory, the Others see Moonwatcher and fourteen males of his tribe appear from behind a small hillock overlooking the stream, silhouetted against the dawn sky.

The Others begin to scream their daily challenge. But today something is different, though the Others do not immediately recognize this fact.

Instead of joining the verbal onslaught, as they had always done, Moonwatcher and his small band descended from the rise, and begin to move forward to the stream with a quiet purposefulness never before seen.

As the Others watch the figures silently approaching in the morning mist, they become aware of the terrible strangeness of this encounter, and their rage gradually subsides down to an uneasy silence.

At the water's edge, Moonwatcher and his band stop. They carry their bone clubs and bone knives.

10/13/65 a24

A14

CONTINUED:

Led by One-ear, the Others half-heartily resume the battle-chant. But they are suddenly confronted with a vision that cuts the sound from their throats, and strikes terror into their hearts.

Moonwatcher, who had been partly concealed by two males who walked before him, thrusts his arm high into the air. In his hand he holds a stout tree branch. Mounted atop the branch is the bloody head of the lion, its mouth jammed open with a stick, displaying its frightful fangs.

The Others gape in fearful disbelief at this display of power. Moonwatcher stands motionless, thrusting the lion's head high. Then with majestic deliberation, still carrying his mangled standard above his head, he begins to cross the stream, followed

by his band.

The Others fade back from the stream, seeming to lack even the ability to flee.

Moonwatcher steps ashore and walks to One-Ear, who stands
10/13/65 a25

A14

CONTINUED:

unsurely in front of his band.

Though he is a veteran of numerous combats at the water's edge, One-Ear has never been attacked by an enemy who had not first displayed his fighting rage; and he had never before been attacked with a weapon. One-Ear, merely looks up at the raised club until the heavy thigh bone of an antelope brings the darkness down around him.

The Others stare in wonder at Moonwatcher's power.

Moonwatcher surveys the scene. Now he was master of the world, and he was not sure what to do next. But he would think of something.

10/13/65 a26

A SECTION TIMING

A1	00.30
A2	00.45
A3	01.30
A4	00.30
A5	01.00
A6	01.00
A7	01.00
A8	03.00
A9	00.45
A10	02.00
A11	04.00
A12	02.00
A13	02.30
A14	02.30

A SECTION TOTAL: @23 MIN. 00 SECS

TITLEPART II

YEAR 2001

a26a

B1

EARTH FROM 200 MILES UP NARRATOR

By the year 2001, overpopulation has
Bla replaced the problem of starvation
THOUSAND MEGATON but this was ominously offset by the
NUCLEAR BOMB IN ORBIT absolute and utter perfection of the
ABOVE THE EARTH, weapon.
RUSSIAN INSIGNIA AND

CCCP MARKINGS:

B1b NARRATOR

AMERICAN THOUSAND Hundreds of giant bombs had been
MEGATON BOMB IN ORBIT placed in perpetual orbit above the
ABOVE THE EARTH. Earth. They were capable of
incinerating the entire Earth's
surface from an altitude of 100
miles.

B1c

FRENCH BOMB NARRATOR

Matters were further complicated
by the presence of twenty-seven
nations in the nuclear club. There
had been no deliberate or acciden-
B1d tal use of nuclear weapons since
GERMAN BOMB World War II and some people felt
sercure in this knowledge. But to
others, the situation seemed
comparible to an airline with a
B1f perfect safety record; in showed
CHINESE BOMB admirable care and skill but no
one expected it to last forever.

10/4/65 b1

B2

ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN FIGHT AWAY FROM
EARTH, 200 MILES
ALTITUDE.

10/4/65 b2

B3

ORION-III PASSENGER AREA.
DR. HEYWOOD FLOYD IS THE
ONLY PASSENGER IN THE
ELEGANT CABIN DESIGNED

FOR 30 PEOPLE. HE IS
ASLEEP.
HIS PEN FLOATS NEAR HIS
HAND.
10/4/65 b3

B4
ORION-III COCKPIT.
PILOT, CO-PILOT.
FLOYD CAN BE SEEN
ASLEEP ON A SMALL
TV MONITOR.
STEWARDESS IS PUTTING
ON LIPSTICK. SHE SEES
PEN.
10/4/65 b4

B5
STEWARDESS GOES BACK
TO PASSENGER AREA,
RESCUES PEN AND CLIPS
IT BACK IN FLOYD'S
POCKET.
10/4/65 b5

B6
SPACE STATION-5. THE
RAW SUNLIGHT OF SPACE
DAZZLES FROM THE
POLISHED METAL SURFACES
OF THE SLOWLY REVOLVING,
THOUSAND-FOOT DIAMETER
SPACE STATION. DRIFTING
IN THE SAME ORBIT, WE SEE
SWEPT-BACK TITOV-V
SPACECRAFT. ALSO THE
ALMOST SPHERICAL ARIES-IB
10/4/65 b6

B7
ORION-III PASSENGER AREA
FLOYD AWAKE BUT GROGGY,
LOOKS OUT OF WINDOW.
10/4/65 b7

B8

ORION-III COCKPIT.
THE CO-PILOT IN RADIO
COMMUNICATION WITH THE
SPACE STATION.

10/4/65 b8

B9

THE ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN DOCKING APPROACH. THE
EARTH IS SEEN IN BREATH-
TAKING VIEW IN B.G.

10/4/65 b9

B10

INSIDE DOCKING CONTROL.
WE SEE ORION-III MANO-
UVERING. IN BACKGROUND.

10/4/65 b10

B11

FROM DOCKING PORT WE
SEE THE ORION-III INCHING
IN TO COMPLETE ITS
DOCKING. WE SEE VARIOUS
WINDOWED BOOTHS INSIDE
DOCKING PORT. WE SEE
THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT
INSIDE THE ORION-III
COCKPIT.

10/4/65 b11

B12

SPACE STATION:

RECEPTION AREA:

RECEPTIONIST AT DESK.
MILLER ENTERS, HUR-
RYING. HE GOES TO
THE ELEVATOR AND
PRESSES BUTTON. HE
WAITS IMPATIENTLY.

WE SEE ELEVATOR:

INDICATOR WORKING
ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS
AND FLOYD IS SEEN
UNSTRAPPING HIMSELF.
THE ELEVATOR GIRL IS
SEATED BY THE DOOR

MILLER:

Oh, good morning, Dr. Floyd.
I'm Nick Miller.

FLOYD:

How do you do, Mr. Miller?

MILLER:

I'm terribly sorry. I was just
on my way down to meet you. I
saw your ship dock and I knew I
had plenty of time, and I was on
my way out of the office when,
suddenly, the phone rang.

12/7/65 b12

B12

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Oh, please don't worry about it.

MILLER:

Well, thank you very much for
being so understanding.

FLOYD:

Please, it really doesn't matter.

MILLER:

Well.. Did you have a pleaaant
flight?

FLOYD:

Yes, very pleasant.

MILLER:

Well, shall we go through
Documentation?

FLOYD:

Fine.

RECEPTIONIST

Will you use number eight,
please?

MILLER:

Thank you, Miss Turner.

12/7/65 b13

B12

CONTINUED:

THEY ENTER PASSPORT

AREA:

RECEPTIONIST PRESSES

"ENGLISH" BAR ON HER

CONSOLE AND SMILES

AS FLOYD GOES THROUGH.

12/7/65 b13a

IN AUTOMATED PASSPORT

SECTION. THEY STOP IN

FRONT OF A BOOTH

FEATURING A TV SCREEN

:

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)

Good morning and welcome to voice
Print Identification. When you see
the red light go on would you please
state in the following order; your
desitination, your nationality and
your full name. Surname first,
christian name and initial. For

example:

Smith, John, D. Thank you.
THERE IS A PAUSE
AND A RED BAR LIGHTS UP

FLOYD:

Moon, American, Floyd, Heywood,
R.

THE RED LIGHT GOES OFF.
THERE IS A DELAY OF
ABOUT TWO SECONDS AND
THE WOMAN'S FACE

REAPPEARS:

FLOYD:

I've always wondered....

12/7/65 b14

B13

CONTINUED:

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)
(Interrupting) Thank you. Despite
and excellent and continually
improving safety record there are
certain risks inherent in space
travel and an extremely high cost
of pay load. Because of this it
is necessary for the Space Carrier
to advise you that it cannot be
responsible for the return of your
body to Earth should you become
deceased on the Moon or en route
to the Moon. However, it wishes
to advise you that insurance
covering this contingency is
available in the Main Lounge.
Thank you. You are cleared
through Voice Print Identification.

THE LIGHTS GO OFF
AND THE WOMAN'S

FACE DISAPPEARS:

THE MEN EXIT THE

PASSPORT AREA:

MILLER:

I've reserved a table for you in
the Earth Light room. Your
connecting flight will be
leaving in about one hour.

12/7/65 b15

B13

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Oh, that's wonderful.

12/7/65 b16

B14

INT SPACE STATION - LOUNGE

FLOYD AND MILLER WALKING

MILLER:

Let's see, we haven't had the
pleasure of a visit from you not
since... It was about eight or
nine months ago, wasn't it?

FLOYD:

Yes, I think so. Just about
then.

MILLER:

I suppose you saw the work on
our new section while you
were docking.

FLOYD:

Yes, it's coming along very well.

THEY PASS THE VISION

PHONE BOOTH:

FLOYD:

Oh, look, I've got to make a
phone call. Why don't you go
on into the Restaurant and I'll
meet you in there.
12/7/65 b17

B14

CONTINUED:

MILLER:

Fine. I'll see you at the bar.
FLOYD ENTERS PHONE
BOOTH. SIGN ON
VISION PHONE SCREEN
"SORRY, TEMPORARILY
OUT OF ORDER."
HE ENTERS THE SECOND
BOOTH AND SITS DOWN
12/7/65 b18

B15

DELETED:

B16

DELETED:

PAGES b19 - b22 DELETED
12/7/65

B17

FLOYD IN VISION PHONE
LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE

ANSWERS:

CHILD:

Hello.
VISION PHONE SCREEN
DISPLAY SIGN 'YOUR
PARTY HAS NOT CONNECTED
VISION'
A FEW SECONDS LATER,
THE SCREEN CHANGES

TO AN IMAGE OF THE

CHILD:

FLOYD:

Hello, darling, how are you?

CHILD:

Hello Daddy. Where are you?

FLOYD:

I'm at Space Station Five,
darling. How are you?

CHILD:

I'm fine, Daddy. When are
you coming home?

12/6/65 b23

B17

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Well, I hope in a few days,
sweetheart.

CHILD:

I'm having a party tomorrow.

FLOYD:

Yes, I know that sweetheart.

CHILD:

Are you coming to my party?

FLOYD:

No, I'm sorry, darling, I
told you I won't be home for a
few days.

CHILD:

When are you coming home?

FLOYD:

In three days, darling, I
hope.

FLOYD HOLDS UP:

THREE FINGERS.

12/6/65 b24

B17

FLOYD:

One, two, three. Can I
speak to Mommy?

CHILD:

Mommy's out to the hair-
dresser.

FLOYD:

Where is Mrs. Brown?

CHILD:

She's in the bathroom.

FLOYD:

Okay, sweetheart. Well, I
have to go now. Tell Mommy
that I called.

CHILD:

How many days until you
come home?

FLOYD:

Three, darling. One... two
... three. Be sure to tell
Mommy I called.

12/6/65 b24a

B17

CONTINUED:

CHILD:

I will, Daddy.

FLOYD:

Okay, sweetheart. Have a lovely Birthday Party tomorrow.

CHILD:

Thank you, Daddy.

FLOYD:

I'll wish you a happy Birthday now and I'll see you soon. All right, Darling?

CHILD:

Yes, Daddy.

FLOYD:

'Bye, 'bye, now, sweetheart.

CHILD:

Goodbye, Daddy.

12/6/65 b24b

B18

VISION PHONE:

PROCEDURE FOR:

INFORMATION:

VISION PHONE:

PROCEDURE FOR:

DIALLING:

OPERATOR:

Good morning, Macy's.

FLOYD:

Good morning. I'd like the

Vision shopper for the Pet
Shop, please.

OPERATOR:

Just one moment.

12/7/65 b25

B19

THE PICTURE FLIPS AND
WE SEE A WOMAN STANDING
IN FRONT OF A SPECIALLY-
DESIGNED DISPLAY SCREEN

VISION SALES GIRL

Good morning, sir, may I help you?

FLOYD:

Yes, I'd like to buy a bush baby.

VISION SALES GIRL

Just a moment, sir.

THE GIRL KEYS SOME
INPUTS AND A MOVING
PICTURE APPEARS ON
THE SCREEN OF A CAGE
CONTAINING ABOUT SIX
BUSH BABIES,
BEAUTIFULLY DISPLAYED
AGAINST A WHITE BACK-

GROUND:

VISION SALES GIRL

Here you are, sir. Here is a
lovely assortment of African
bush babies. They are twenty
Dollars each.

12/7/65 b26

B19

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Yes, well... Pick out a nice one
for me, a friendly one, and I'd
like it delivered tomorrow.

VISION SALES GIRL

Certainly, sir. Just let us have your name and Bank identification for V.P.I., and then give the name and address of the person you'd like the pet delivered to and it will be delivered tomorrow.

SOME TIME DURING
THIS CONVERSATION,
FLOYD SEE ELENA,

SMYSLOV AND THE:

OTHER TWO RUSSIANS
PASS HIS VISION PHONE
WINDOW. ELENA TAPS
AND MIMES "HELLO",
GESTURING TOWARD A
TABLE BEHIND FLOYD
WHERE THEY ALL SIT

DOWN:

FLOYD:

Thank you very much. Floyd,
Heywood, R., First National
Bank of Washington. Please
deliver to Miss Josephine
Floyd, 9423 Dupre Avenue,
N.W.14.

12/7/65 b27

B19

CONTINUED:

VISION SALES GIRL

Thank you very much, sir. It
will be delivered tomorrow.

12/7/65 b27a

B20

SPACE STATION 5 - LOUNGE

FLOYD:

Well, how nice to see you again,

Elena. You're looking wonderful.

ELENA:

How nice to see you, Hyewood.
This is my good friend, Dr.
Heywood Floyd. I'd like you
to meet Andre Smyslov...

SMYSLOV AND THE TWO
OTHER RUSSIAN WOMEN
STAND UP AND SMILE
THEY SHAKE HANDS
AFTER INTRODUCTION
AND AD-LIB 'HELLOS'

ELENA:

And this is Dr. Kalinan...
Stretyneva...

THE RUSSIANS ARE

VERY WARM AND :

FRIENDLY.

SMYSLOV:

Dr. Floyd, won't you join us
for a drink?

12/7/65 b28

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

I'm afraid I've only got a few
minutes, but I'd love to.

THERE IS A BIT OF
CONFUSION AS ALL
REALISE THERE IS

NOT ENOUGH ROOM:

FOR ANOTHER:

PERSON AT THE TABLE.
SMYSLOV OFFERS FLOYD

HIS CHAIR:

AND BORROWS:

ANOTHER FROM A NEARBY TABLE

SYMYSLOV:

What would you like to drink?

FLOYD:

Oh, I really don't have time
for a drink. If it's all right
I'll just sit for a minute and
then I've got to be off.

SMYSLOV:

Are you quite sure?

FLOYD:

Yes, really, thank you very
much.

ELENA:

Well... How's your lovely
wife?

12/7/65 b29

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

She's wonderful.

ELENA:

And your charming little daughter?

FLOYD:

Oh, she's growing up very fast.
As a matter of fact, she's six
tomorrow.

ELENA:

Oh, that's such a delightful age.

FLOYD:

How is gregor?

ELENA:

He's fine. But I'm afraid we don't get a chance to see each other very much these days.

POLITE LAUGHTER:

FLOYD:

Well, where are all of you off to?

12/7/65 b30

B20

CONTINUED:

ELENA:

Actually, we're on our way back from the moon. We've just spent three months calibrating the new antenna at Tchalinko. And what about you?

FLOYD:

Well, as it happens, I'm on my way up to the moon

SMYSLOV:

Are you, by any chance, going up to your base at Clavius?

FLOYD:

Yes, as a matter of fact, I am.

THE RUSSIANS:

EXCHANGE:

SIGNIFICANT:

GLANCES:

FLOYD:

Is there any particular reason
why you ask?

12/7/65 b31

B20

CONTINUED:

SMYSLOV:

(pleasantly) Well, Dr. Floyd,
I hope that you don't think I'm
too inquisitive, but perhaps
you can clear up the mystery
about what's been going on up
there.

FLOYD:

I'm sorry, but I'm not sure
I know what you mean.

SMYSLOV:

Well, it's just for the past
two weeks there have been
some extremely odd things
happening at Clavius.

FLOYD:

Really?

SMYSLOV:

Yes. Well, for one thing,
whenever you phone the base,
all you can get is a recording
which repeats that the phone
lines are temporarily out of
order.

12/7/65 b32

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Well, I suppose they've been having a bit of trouble with some of the equipment.

SMYSLOV:

Yes, well at first we thought that was the explanation, but it's been going on for the past ten days.

FLOYD:

You mean you haven't been able to get anyone at the base for ten days?

SMYSLOV:

That's right.

FLOYD:

I see.

ELENA:

Another thing, Heywood, two days ago, one of our rocket buses was denied permission for an emergency landing at Clavius.

12/7/65 b33

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

How did they manage to do that without any communication?

ELENA:

Clavius Control came on the air just long enough to transmit their refusal.

FLOYD:

Well, that does sound very odd.

SMYSLOV:

Yes, and I'm afraid there's going to be a bit of a row about it. Denying the men permission to land was a direct violation of the I.A.S. convention.

FLOYD:

Yes... Well, I hope the crew got back safely.

SMYSLOV:

Fortunately, they did.

FLOYD:

Well, I'm glad about that.

12/7/65 b33a

B20

CONTINUED:

THE RUSSIANS EXCHANGE
MORE GLANCES. ONE OF
THE WOMEN OFFERS
AROUND A PILL BOX.
ELENA AND ANOTHER
RUSSIAN TAKE ONE AND
THE THIRD RUSSIAN
DECLINES.

SMYSLOV:

Dr. Floyd, at the risk of pressing you on a point you seem reticent to discuss, may I ask you a straightforward question?

FLOYD:

Certainly.

SMYSLOV:

Quite frankly, we have had some very reliable intelligence reports

that a quite serious epidemic
has broken out at Clavius.
Something, apperently, of an
unknown origin. Is this, in
fact, what has happened?

A LONG, AWKWARD

PAUSE:

12/7/65 b33b

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

I'm sorry, Dr. Smyslov, but
I'm really not at liberty to
discuss this.

SMYSLOV:

This epidemic could easily
spread to our base, Dr. Floyd.
We should be given all the
facts.

LONG PAUSE:

FLOYD:

Dr. Smyslov... I'm not
permitted to discuss this.

ELENA:

Are you sure you won't change
your mind about a drink?

FLOYD:

No, thank you... and I'm
afraid now I really must be
going.

ELENA:

Well, I hope that you and your
wife can come to the I.A.C.
conference in June.

B20

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

We're trying to get there. I hope we can.

ELENA:

Well, Gregor and I will look forward to seeing you.

FLOYD:

Thank you. It's been a great pleasure to meet all of you...
Dr. Smyslov.

THE RUSSIANS ALL

RISE AND THERE:

ARE AD-LIBS OF

COURTESY:

FLOYD SHAKES HANDS

AND EXITS:

THE RUSSIANS EXCHANGE
A FEW SERIOUS PARAGRAPHES IN RUSSIAN
12/7/65 b33d

B21

ARIES-IB IN SPACE.
EARTH MUCH SMALLER
THAN AS SEEN FROM

SPACE STATION:

NARRATOR:

The Aries-IB has become the standard Space-Station-to-Lunar surface vehicle. It was powered by low-thrust plasma jets which

would continue the mild acceleration for fifteen minutes. Then the ship would break the bonds of gravity and be a free and independent planet, circling the Sun in an orbit of its own.

10/4/65 b34

B21a

ARIES PASSENGER AREA.

FLOYD IS ASLEEP, STRETCHED OUT IN THE CHAIR, COVERED WITH BLANKETS WHICH ARE HELD SECURE BY STRAPS A STEWARDESS SITS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CABIN, WATCHING A KARATE EXHIBITION BETWEEN TWO WOMEN ON TELEVISION THE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE DOOR OPENS AND THE SECOND STEWARDESS ENTERS CARRYING A TRAY OF FOOD SHE BRINGS IT TO THE OTHER

STEWARDESS:

STEWARDESS ONE

Oh, thank you very much.

STEWARDESS TWO

I see he's still asleep.

STEWARDESS ONE

Yes. He hasn't moved since we left.

STEWARDESS TWO EXITS,

INTO ELEVATOR:

12/6/65 b34a

B21b

ARIES GALLEY AREA.

STEWARDESS EXITS FROM ELEVATOR, GOES TO KITCHEN SECTION, REMOVES TWO TRAYS, WALKS UP TO

THE SIDE OF THE WALL AND
ENTERS PILOT'S

COMPARTMENT:

12/6/65 b34b

B22

ARIES-IB COCKPIT.
PILOT, CO-PILOT.
STEWARDESS ENTERS,

CARRYING FOOD:

PILOT:

Oh, thank you very much.

CO-PILOT

Thank you.

STEWARDESS SMILES.

PILOT:

(sighs) Well, how's it going
back there?

STEWARDESS:

Fine. Very quiet. He's been
asleep since we left.

PILOT:

Well, no one can say that he's not
enjoying the wonders of Space.

CO-PILOT

Well, whatever's going on up there,
he's going to arrive fresh and ready
to go.

12/14/65 b35

B22

CONTINUED:

PILOT:

I wonder what really IS going on
up there?

CO-PILOT

Well, I've heard more and more people talk of an epidemic.

PILOT:

I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later.

CO-PILOT

Berkeley told me that they think it came from contamination on a returning Mars flight.

PILOT:

Yes, well, whatever it is, they're certainly not fooling around. This is the first flight they allowed in for more than a week.

CO-PILOT

I was working out what this trip must cost, taking him up there by himself and coming back empty.

PILOT:

I'll bet it's a fortune.

12/14/65 b36

B22

CONTINUED:

CO-PILOT

Well, at ten thousand dollars a ticket, it comes to the better part of six hundred thousand dollars.

PILOT:

Well, as soon as he wakes up, I'm going to go back and talk to him. I must say, I'd like to find out what's going on.

12/14/65 b36a

B23

ARIES-IB IN SPACE.

MOON VERY LARGE.

10/4/65 b37

B24

ARIES-IB PASSENGER
AREA. FLOYD FINISHING
BREAKFAST.
PILOT ENTERS.

PILOT:

Well, good afternoon, Dr. Floyd.
Did you have a good rest?

FLOYD:

Oh, marvellous. It's the first
real sleep I've had for the past
two days.

PILOT:

There's nothing like weightless
sleep for a complete rest.

FLOYD:

When do we arrive at Clavius?

PILOT:

We're scheduled to dock in about
seven hours. Is there anything
we can do for you?

FLOYD:

Oh, no, thank you. The two
girls have taken wonderful care
of me. I'm just fine.

12/14/65 b38

B24

CONTINUED:

PILOT:

Well, if there is anything that you
wnat, just give a holler.

FLOYD:

Thank you.

PILOT:

Incidentally, Dr. Floyd, I wonder if I can have a word with you about the security arrangements?

FLOYD:

What do you mean?

PILOT:

Well... the crew is confined to the ship when we land at Clavius. We have to stay inside for the time it take to refit - about twenty-four hours. And then we're going to back empty.

FLOYD:

I see.

PILOT:

I take it this is something to do with the trouble they're having up at Clavius?

12/14/65 b39

B24

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

I'm afraid that's out of my department, Captain.

PILOT:

Well, I'll tell you why I ask. You see, I've got a girl who works in the Auditing Department of the Territorial Administrator and I haven't been able to get her on the phone for the past week or so, and with all these stories one hears, I'm a little concerned about her.

FLOYD:

I see. Well, I'm sorry about that.
I wouldn't think there's any cause
for alarm.

PILOT:

Yes, well, I wouldn't have been
too concerned about it, except
I've heard these stories about the
epidemic and, as a matter of fact,
I've heard that ten people have
died already.

12/14/65 b40

B24

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

I wish I could be more helpful,
Captain, but as I've said, I don't
think there's any cause for
alarm.

PILOT:

Well, fine. Thanks very much,
anyway, and I hope you don't
mind me asking?

FLOYD:

No, of course, Captain, I can
understand your concern.

PILOT:

Well, thank you very much, and
please let us know if there is
anything we can do to make your
trip more comfortable.

12/14/65 b40a

B25

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

10/4/65 b41

B26

FLOYD GOES TO ARIES-IB
WASHROOM AND LOOKS AT
THE VERY LONG LIST OF
COMPLICATED INSTRUCTIONS
10/4/65 b42

B27

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

DISSOLVE:

10/4/65 b43

B28

FLOYD VISITING ARIES-IB
COCKPIT. WEIGHTLESS
TRICK ENTRANCE.
10/4/65 b44

B29

ARIES-IB ORBITING MOON.

NARRATOR:

The laws of Earthly aesthetics did not apply here, this world had been shaped and molded by other than terrestrial forces, operating over aeons of time unknown to the young, verdant Earth, with its fleeting Ice-Ages, its swiftly rising and falling seas, its mountain ranges dissolving like mists before the dawn. Here was age inconceivable - but not death, for the Moon had never lived until now.

10/4/65 b45

B30

ARIES-IB COCKPIT - THE
CREW AND DOCKING
CONTROL PEOPLE ON THE
MOON GO THROUGH THEIR
DOCKING ROUTINE. THIS

HAS THE RITUALISTIC TONE
AND CADENCE OF PRESENT-

DAY JET LANDING:

PROCEDURE. WE ONLY HEAR
DOCKING CONTROL.
10/4/65 b46

B31
ARIES-IB DECENDING.
SEE AIR VIEW OF BASE.

NARRATOR:

The Base at Clavius was the first
American Lunar Settlement that
could, in an emergency, be
entirely self-supporting.

NARRATOR:

Water and all the necessities of
life for its eleven hundred men,
women and children were produced
from the Lunar rocks, after they
had been crushed, heated and
chemically processed.

10/4/65 b47

B32
A GROUND BUS NUZZLES UP
TO COUPLING SECTION OF
ARIES-IB
10/4/65 b48

B33
INSIDE GREAT AIRLOCK
ENTRANCE. GROUND BUS
PULLS IN. GIANT DOORS
CLOSE BEHIND IT.
10/4/65 b49

B34
INSIDE SECOND AIRLOCK.
DOORS OPEN AFTER OUT-
SIDE SECTION DOORS ARE

CLOSED. GROUND BUS
PULLS IN. DOORS CLOSE
BEHIND IT. SEE PEOPLE
WAITING IN GLASSED-IN
SECTION WAITING FOR
SECOND AIRLOCK DOORS
TO CLOSE.

10/4/65 b50

B35

LOW GRAVITY:

GYMNASIUM TRICK:

WITH CHILDREN.

NARRATOR:

One of the attractions of life on the
Moon was undoubtedly the low
gravity which produced a sense
of general well-being.

10/4/65 b51

B36

CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.
TEACHER SHOWING THEM
VIEWS OF EARTH AND MAP
OF EARTH.

NARRATOR:

The personnel of the Base and their
children were the forerunners of new
nations, new cultures that would
ultimately spread out across the
solar system. They no longer
thought of Earth as home. The
time was fast approaching when
Earth, like all mothers, must say
farewell to her children.

DISSOLVE:

10/5/65 b52

B37

LARGE CENTRAL:

RECEPTION AREA. DOORS
BRANCHING OFF TO DIFF-
RENT MAIN HALLS. SMALL
POND WITH PLASTIC WHITE
SWAN AND A BIT OF GRASS.
A FEW BENCHES WITH THREE
WOMEN AND THEIR CHILDREN
HAVING OUTING.

FLOYD AND WELCOMING
PARTY WALK THROUGH
AFTER EXITING ELEVATOR.
HALVERSON, MICHAELS
AND FIVE OTHERS.

FLOYD:

(voice echoing) I must congratulate
you Halvorsen. you've done wonder-
ful things with the decor since the
last time I was here.

HALVORSEN:

(voice echoing) Well... thank you,
Dr. Floyd. We try to make the
environment as earthlike as possible.

DISSOLVE:

10/5/65 b53

B38

LOW CEILING CONFERENCE
ROOM, "U" SHAPED TABLE
FACING THREE PROJECTION
SCREENS. SEATED AROUND
THE TABLE ARE TWENTY
SENIOR BASE PERSONNEL.

HALVORSEN:

Ladies and gentlemen, I should
like to introduce Dr. Heywood
Floyd, a distinguished member
of the National Council of
Astronautics. He has just

completed a special flight here from Earth to be with us, and before the briefing he would like to say a few words. Dr. Floyd.

POLITE APPLAUSE. FLOYD
WALKS TO FRONT OF ROOM.

FLOYD:

First of all, I bring a personal message from Dr. Howell, who has asked me to convey his deepest appreciation to all of you for the personal sacrifices you have made, and of course his congratulations on your discovery which may well prove to be among the most significant in the history of science.

POLITE APPLAUSE.

11/25/65 b54

B38

CONTINUED:

FLOYD (cont'd)

Mr. Halvorsen has made known to me some of the conflicting views held by many of you regarding the need for complete security in this matter, and more specifically your strong opposition to the cover story created to give the impression there is an epidemic at the Base. I understand that beyond it being a matter of principle, many of you are troubled by the concern and anxiety this story of an epidemic might cause your relatives and friends on Earth. I can understand and sympathize with your negative views. I have been personally embarrassed by

this cover story. But I fully accept the need for absolute secrecy and I hope you will. It should not be difficult for all of you to realise the potential for cultural shock and social disorientation contained in the present situation if the facts were prematurely and suddenly made public without adequate preparation and conditioning.

11/25/65 b55

B38

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

This is the view of the Council and the purpose of my visit here is to gather additional facts and opinions on the situation and to prepare a report to the Council recommending when and how the news should eventually be announced. Are there any questions?

MICHAELS:

Dr. Floyd, how long do you think this can be kept under wraps?

FLOYD:

(pleasantly)
I'm afraid it can and it will be kept under wraps as long as it is deemed to be necessary by the Council. And of course you know that the Council has requested that formal security oaths are to be obtained in writing from everyone who had any knowledge of this event. There must be adequate time for a full study to be made

of the situation before any con-
sideration can be given to
making a public announcement.

11/25/65 b56

B38

CONTINUED:

HALVORSEN:

We will, of course, cooperate
in any way possible, Dr. Floyd.

11/25/65 b56a

B39

SEVERAL SCENIC VIEWS OF
MOON ROCKET BUS SKIMMING
OVER SURFACE OF MOON.

10/5/65 b57

B40

INSIDE ROCKET BUS,
FLOYD, HALVORSEN,
MICHAELS, FOURTH
MAN, PILOT AND
CO-PILOT. ALL IN
SPACE SUITS MINUS
HELMETS.
FLOYD IS SLOWELY

LOOKING THROUGH:

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS

AND MAGNETIC:

MAPS OF THE AREA.

HE LOOKS OUT OF:

THE WINDOW,
THOUGHTFULLY.

11/25/65 b58

B40

CONTINUED:

THE PHOTOGRAPHS
ARE TAKEN FROM A
SATELLITE OF THE
MOON'S SURFACE
AND HAVE NUMBERED

OPTICAL GRID:

BORDERS, LIKE

RECENT MARS:

PHOTOS.

A FEW SEATS:

AWAY, MICHAELS

AND HALVORSEN:

CARRY OUT A VERY
BANAL ADMINISTRATIVE
CONVERSATION IN LOW
TONES. IT SHOULD

REVOLVE AROUND:

SOMETHING UTTERLY
IRRELEVANT TO THE
PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES
AND VERY MUCH LIKE
THE KIND OF DISCUSSION
ONE HEARS ALL THE

TIME IN OTHER:

ORGANIZATIONS.

DISSOLVE:

11/25/65 b59

B41

TMA-1 EXCAVATION.
AIR VIEW. ROCKET
BUS DESCENDING.
THERE ARE NO LIGHTS
ON THE ACTUAL EXCA-
VATION, ONLY THE
LANDING STRIP AND
THE MONITOR DOME.

12/14/65 b60

B42

LONG SHOT MONITOR DOMES
WITH A BIT OF EXCAVATION
IN SHOT. SIX SMALL FIGURES
IN SPACE SUITS SLOWLY WALK
TOWARD EXCAVATION.

10/5/65 b61

B43

THE PARTY STOPS:

AT TOP OF TMA-1
EXCAVATION.

A SMALL CONTROL:

PANEL MOUNTED AT

THE HEAD OF THE:

RAMP. MICHAELS

THROWS A SWITCH:

AND THE EXCAVATION
IS SUDDENLY ILLUMINATED.

HALVORSEN:

Well, there it is.

FLOYD:

Can we go down there closer to
it?

HALVORSEN:

Certainly.

12/14/65 b62

B44

THEY START DOWN:

WORKING RAMP:

FLOYD:

Does your geology on it still check out?

MICHAELS:

Yes, it does. The sub-surface structure shows that it was deliberately buried about four million years ago.

FLOYD:

How can you tell it was deliberately buried?

MICHAELS:

By the deformation between the mother rock and the fill.

FLOYD:

Any clue as to what it is?

MICHAELS:

Not really. It's completely inert. No sound or energy sources have been detected. The surface is made of something incredibly hard and we've been barely able to scratch it. A laser drill

11/25/65 b63

B44

CONTINUED:

MICHAELS:

might do something, but we don't want to be too rough until we know a little more.

FLOYD:

But you don't have any idea as to what it is?

MICHAELS:

Tomb, shine, survey-marker
spare part, take your choice.

HALVORSEN:

The only thing about it that we are
sure of is that it is the first direct
evidence of intelligent life beyond
the Earth.

SILENT APPRECIATION

HALVORSEN:

Four million years ago, something,
presumably from the stars, must
have swept through the solar
system and left this behind.

11/25/65 b64

B44

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

Was it abandoned, forgotten, left
for a purpose?

HALVORSEN:

I suppose we'll never know.

MICHAELS:

The moon would have made an
excellent base camp for
preliminary Earth surveys.

SOME MORE SILENCE

FLOYD:

Any ideas about the colour?

MICHAELS:

Well, not really. At first glance,
black would suggest something
sun-powered, but then why would
anyone deliberately bury a sun-
powered device?

FLOYD:

Has it been exposed to any sun
before now?

MICHAELS:

I don't think it has, but I'd
like to check that. Simpson,
what's the log on that?

11/25/65 b65

B45

INSIDE MONITOR DOME
WE SEE A NUMBER OF
TELEVISION DISPLAYS
INCLUDING SEVERAL TV
VIEWS OF FLOYD AND

COMPANY IN THE:

EXCAVATION.

SIMPSON:

The first surface was exposed at
0843 on the 12th April... Let me
see... that would have been
forty-five minutes after Lunar
sun-set. I see here that
special lighting equipment had
to be brought up before any
futher work could be done.

11/25/65 b66

B46

TMA-1 EXCAVATION

MICHAELS:

Thank you.

FLOYD:

And so this is the first sun that
it's had in four million years.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, gentlemen, if you'd
all line up on this side of the
walkway we'd like to take a few

photographes. Dr. Floyd, would
you thand in the middle... Dr.
Michaels on that side, Mr.
Halvorsen on the other....
thank you.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
QUICKLY MAKES SOME

EXPOSURES:

PHOTOGRAPHER
Thank you very much gentlemen,
I'll have the base photo section
send you copies.

AS THE MEN SLOWLY
SEPERATE FROM THEIR
PICTURE POSE, THERE
IS A PIERCINGLY POWERFUL
SERIES OF FIVE ELECTRONIC
SHRIEKS, EACH LIKE A
HIDEOUSLY OVER-LOADED
AND DISTORTED TIME SIGNAL.
FLOYD INVOLUNTARILY TRIES
TO BLOCK HIS EARS WITH HIS
SPACESUITED HANDS. THEN
COMES MERCIFUL SILENCE.
11/25/65 b67

B47
VARIOUS SHOTS OF
SPACE MONITORS,
ASTEROIDS, THE SUN,
PLUTO, MARS.

NARRATOR:

A hundred million miles beyond
Mars, in the cold lonliness
where no man had yet travelled,
Deep-Space-Monitor-79 drifts
slowly among the tangled orbits
of the asteroids.

NARRATOR:

Radiation detectors noted and
analyzed incoming cosmic rays

from the galaxy and points beyond;
neutron and x-ray telescopes
kept watch on strange stars that
no human eye would eever see;
magnetometers observed the
gusts and hurricanes of the solar
winds, as the sun breathed million
mile-an-hour blasts of plasma
into the faces of its circling
children.

NARRATOR:

All these things and many others
were patiently noted by Deep-
Space-Monitor-79, and recorded
in its crystalline memory.

11/25/65 b68

B47

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR:

But now it had noted something
strange - the faint yet
unmistakable distrubance rippling
across the solar system, and
quite unlike any natural phenomena
it had ever observed in the past.

NARRATOR:

It was also observed by Orbiter
M-15, circling Mars twice a
day; and High Inclination Probe-
21, climbing slowly above the
planet of the ecliptic; and even
artificial Comet-5, heading out
into the cold wastes beyond
Pluto, along an orbit whose
far point it would not reach for
a thousand years.

NARRATOR:

All noticed the peculiar burst of

energy that leaped from the face
of the Moon and moved across
the solar system, throwing off a
spray of radiation like the wake of
a racing speedboat.

11/25/65 b69

B SECTION TIMING

B1-1f00.50B2500.10
B2 00.10B2600.20
B3 00.15B2700.05
B4 00.15B28Out
B5 00.20B2900.30
B6 00.15B3000.30
B7 00.10B3100.25
B8 00.15B3200.20
B9 00.10B3300.20
B10 00.10B3400.30
B11 00.15B3500.20
B12 00.50B3600.20
B13 01.10B3700.30
B14 00.35B3802.15
B15 Out B3900.20
B16 Out B4000.50
B17 01.15B4100.15
B18 00.15B4200.10
B19 01.00B4300.15
B20 03.55B4401.40
B21 00.20B4500.20
B21A 00.20B4600.40
B21B 00.15B4701.25
B22 01.00
B23 00.10
B24 01.30

B SECTION TOTAL:

TITLE:

PART III:

14 MONTHS LATER

b69a

C1
DISCOVERY 1,000,000
MILES FROM EARTH.
SEE EARTH AND MOON
SMALL.
WE SEE A BLINDING
FLASH EVERY 5
SECONDS FROM ITS

NUCLEAR PULSE:
PROPULSION. IT

STRIKES AGAINST:
THE SHIP'S THICK

ABLATIVE TAIL:
PLATE.

SEVERAL CUTS OF:
THIS.
11/19/65 c1

C2

ANOTHER CLOSER:
VIEW OF DISCOVERY.
SEE BOWMAN THROUGH

COMMAND MODULE:
WINDOW.
11/19/65 c2

C3

BOWMAN INSIDE:
DISCOVERY COMMAND
MODULE. HE IS

LOOKING FOR:
SOMETHING.
COMPUTER READOUT
DISPLAY SHOWING AN
EVER-SHIFTING

ASSORTMENT OF:

COLOR-CODED LINEAR
PROJECTIONS.

WE SEE POOLE IN:

BACKGROUND IN:

COMPUTER BRAIN:

CENTRE AREA.

AFTER A FEW:

SECONDS HE EXITS.

THE ELAPSED:

MISSION TIMER:

READS "DAY 003,
HOUR 14, MINUTE
32, SECOND 10."

11/19/65 c3

C4

BOWMAN EXITS TO:

ACCESS-LINK AIRLOCK.
BRIGHT COLOR-CODED

DOORS LEAD TO:

CENTRIFUGE AND POD
BAY. LARGE ILLUMUN-
ATED PRINTED WARNINGS
AND INSTRUCTIONS

GOVERNING LINK:

OPERATIONS ARE SEEN.
HE PRESSES NECESSARY
BUTTONS TO OPERATE

AIRLOCK DOOR TO:

POD BAY.

11/19/65 c4

C5

BOWMAN ENTERS POD
BAY AND CONTINUES
HIS SEARCH. SUDDENLY
HE FINDS IT - HIS
ELECTRONIC NEWSPAD.
HE EXITS POD BAY.
11/19/65 c5

C6
IN THE AIRLOCK-

LINK BOWMAN:
OPERATES BUTTONS

TO OPEN DOOR:
MARKED "CENTRIFUGE".
11/19/65 c6

C7

INSIDE THE:

CENTRIFUGE HUB:

BOWMAN MOVES TO:

THE:

ENTRY PORT:

CONTROL PANEL:

BOWMAN:
Hi. Frank... coming in, please.

POOLE:
Right. Just a sec.

BOWMAN:
Okay. (pause)

POOLE:
Okay, come on down.

WE SEE THE:

ROTATING HUB:

COLLAR AT THE:

END. BEHIND IT

WE SEE:

11/19/65 c7

C8

THE CENTRIFUGE:

TV-DISPLAY SHOWING
SLEEPERS AND POOLE
SLOWLY ROTATING BY.
POOLE SECURES SOME
LOOSE GEAR.
POOLE LOOKS UP TO

TV MONITOR LENS:

AND WAVES.
11/19/65 c8

C9

BOWMAN AT PANEL.

STOPS ROTATION:

AND MOVES TO:

ENTRY PORT.

WHEN ROTATION:

STOPS WE SEE A SIGN
LIGHTS UP "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION".
AS BOWMAN DISAPPEARS
DOWN ENTRY PORT WE

SEE HIM ON:

TV-MONITOR, DESCENDING
LADDER. AT THE BASE
OF THE LADDER HE KEYS

THE CENTRIFUGE:

OPERATION PANEL.
WE SEE TV-PICTURE

START TO ROTATE:

AGAIN. "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION" SIGN GOES
OUT.

11/19/65 c9

C10

INSIDE CENTRIFUGE
BOWMAN MAKES 180 DEGREE
WALK TO POOLE.
ON WAY HE PASSES
THE SLEEPERS.

WE GET A GOOD:

LOOK AT THE THREE

MEN IN THEIR:

HIBERNACULUMS.

POOLE IS SEATED:

AT A TABLE READING

HIS ELECTRONIC:

NEWSPAD.

BOWMAN:

(softly) Hi... How's it
going?

POOLE:

(absent but friendly) Great.

BOWMAN OPERATES:

ARTIFICIAL FOOD:

UNIT, TAKES HIS TRAY
AND SITS DOWN. KEYS
ON HIS ELECTRONIC
NEWSPAD AND BEGINS
TO EAT. BOTH MEN

EAT IN A FRIENDLY
AND RELAXED SILENCE.

11/19/65 c10

C11
DISCOVERY IN SPACE,

STILL NUCLEAR:
PULSING. EARTH

AND MOON CAN BE:
SEEN IN BACKGROUND.

DISSOLVE:
11/19/65 c11

C12
POOLE IS FINISHED.

BOWMAN IS STILL:

READING AND:

WORKING ON HIS:
DESSERT.

POOLE:
Dave, if you've a minute, I'd like
your advice on something.

BOWMAN:
Sure, what is it?

POOLE:
Well, it's nothing really important,
but it's annoying.

BOWMAN:
What's up?

POOLE:
It's about my salary cheques.

BOWMAN:

Yes?

POOLE:

Well I got the papers on my
official up-grading to AGS-19
two weeks before we left.

12/14/65 c12

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Yes, I remember you mentioning it.
I got mine about the same time.

POOLE:

That's right. Well, naturally,
I didn't say anything to Payroll.
I assumed they'd start paying me
at the higher grade on the next pay
cheque. But it's been almost
three weeks now and I'm still
being paid as an AGS-18.

BOWMAN:

Interesting that you mention it,
because I've got the same problem.

POOLE:

Really.

BOWMAN:

Yes.

POOLE:

Yesterday, I finally called the
Accounting Office at Mission
Control, and all they could tell me
was that they'd received the AGS-19
notification for the other three but
not mine, and apparently not yours
either.

12/14/65 c13

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Did they have any explanation for this?

POOLE:

Not really. They just said it might be because we trained at Houston and they trained in Marshall, and that we're being charged against different accounting offices.

BOWMAN:

It's possible.

POOLE:

Well, what do you think we ought to do about it?

BOWMAN:

I don't think we should make any fuss about it yet. I'm sure they'll straighten it out.

POOLE:

I must say, I never did understand why they split us into two groups for training.

BOWMAN:

No. I never did, either.

12/14/65 c14

C12

CONTINUED:

POOLE:

We spent so little time with them, I have trouble keeping their names

straight.

BOWMAN:

I suppose the idea was specialized training.

POOLE:

I suppose so. Though, of course, there's a more sinister explanation.

BOWMAN:

Oh?

POOLE:

Yes. You must have heard the rumour that went around during orbital check-out.

BOWMAN:

No, as a matter of fact, I didn't.

POOLE:

Oh, well, apparently there's something about the mission that the sleeping beauties know that we don't know, and that's why we were trained separately and that's why they were put to sleep before they were even taken aboard.

12/14/65 c15

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Well, what is it?

POOLE:

I don't know. All I heard is that there's something about the mission we weren't told.

BOWMAN:

That seems very unlikely.

POOLE :

Yes, I thought so.

BOWMAN:

Of course, it would be very easy for us to find out now.

POOLE:

How?

BOWMAN:

Just ask Hal. It's conceivable they might keep something from us, but they'd never keep anything from Hal.

POOLE:

That's true.

12/14/65 c15a

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

(sighs) Well... it's silly, but...
if you want to, why don't you?

POOLE WALKS TO THE
HAL 9000 COMPUTER

POOLE:

Hal... Dave and I believe that there's something about the mission that we weren't told. Something that the rest of the crew know and that you know. We'd like to know whether this is true.

HAL:

I'm sorry, Frank, but I don't think I can answer that question

without knowing everything that
all of you know.

BOWMAN:

He's got a point.

POOLE:

Okay, then how do we re-phrase
the question?

12/14/65 c15c

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Still, you really don't believe it,
do you?

POOLE:

Not really. Though, it is strange
when you think about it. It didn't
really make any sense to keep
us apart during training.

BOWMAN:

Yes, but it's too fantastic to think
that they'd keep something from us.

POOLE:

I know. It would be almost
inconceivable.

BOWMAN:

But not completely inconceivable?

POOLE:

I suppose it isn't logically impossible.

BOWMAN:

I guess it isn't.

POOLE:

Still, all we have to do is ask Hal.

C12

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Well, the only important aspect of the mission are: where are we going, what will we do when we get there, when are we coming back, and... why are we going?

POOLE:

Right. Hal, tell me whether the following statements are true or false.

HAL:

I will if I can, Frank.

POOLE:

Our Mission Profile calls for Discovery going to Saturn. True or false?

HAL:

True.

POOLE:

Our transit time is 257 days. Is that true?

HAL:

That's true.

C12

CONTINUED:

POOLE:

At the end of a hundred days of exploration, we will all go into

hibernation. Is this true?

HAL:

That's true.

POOLE:

Approximately five years after we go into hibernation, the recovery vehicle will make rendezvous with us and bring us back. Is this true?

HAL:

That's true

POOLE:

There is no other purpose for this mission than to carry out a continuation of the space program, and to further our general knowledge of the planets. Is that true?

HAL:

That's true.

POOLE:

Thank you very much, Hal.

12/14/65 c15e

C12

CONTINUED:

HAL:

I hope I've been able to be of some help.

BOTH MEN LOOK AT
EACH OTHER RATHER
SHEEPISHLY.

12/14/65 c15f

C13

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
PULSING ALONG.

EARTH AND MOON.

11/19/65 c16

C14

DELETED:

C15

DELETED:

C15

DELETED:

C16

DELETED:

PAGES c17 - c41 DELETED

C17

DOCUMENTARY SEQUENCE
ILLUSTRATING THE
FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES.
SPLIT SCREEN TECHNIQUE
AND SUPERIMPOSED CLOCK
TO GIVE SENSE OF
SIMULTANEOUS ACTION AND
THE FEELING OF A TYPICAL
DAY.

IN THE COURSE OF THESE
ACTIVITIES WE SHALL SEE
THE COMPUTER USED IN
ALL OF ITS FUNCTIONS.

NARRATOR:

Bowman and Poole settled down
to the peafeul monotony of the
voyage, and the next three months
passed without incident.

11/24/65 c42

C17

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN TIME POOLE

a1 b1

TV NEWS - MORNING 0800 WAKES UP

a2 b2

BEDTIME SNACK 0900 BREAKFAST

a3 b3

TO SLEEP WITH 1000 GYMNASIUM

INSTANT ELECTRO-

NARCOSIS AND EAR

PLUGS.

a4 b4

SLEEP 1100 SHIP INSPECTION

a5 b5

SLEEP 1200 HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

a6 b6

SLEEP 1300 LUNCH

11/24/65 c43

C17

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN TIME POOLE

a7 b7

SLEEP 1400 EXPERIMENTS AND

ASTRONOMY:

a8 b8

SLEEP 1500 EXPERIMENTS AND

ASTRONOMY:

a9 b9

SLEEP 1600 RECREATION

a10 b10

SLEEP 1700 RECREATION

a11 b11

WAKES UP 1800 GYMNASIUM

a12 b12

BREAKFAST1900 DINNER

11/24/65 c44

C17

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN TIME POOLE

a13 b13

GYMNASIUM2000 TV NEWS - EVENING

PAPERS:

a14 b14
MISSION CONTROL 2100 MISSION CONTROL

REPORT REPORT:

a15 b15
FAMILY AND SOCIAL 2200 FAMILY AND SOCIAL

TV CHAT TV CHAT:

a16 b16
FILMS 2300 FILMS
a17 b17
LUNCH 2400 BEDTIME SNACK
a18 b18
INSPECTION 0100 INSTANT ELECTRO-
NARCOSIS SLEEP
11/24/65 c45

C17

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN TIME POOLE
a19 b19
EXPERIMENTS AND 0200 SLEEP

ASTRONOMY:

a20 b20
EXPERIMENTS AND 0300 SLEEP
a21 b21
RECREATION 0400 SLEEP
a22 b22
HOUSEHOLD DUTIES 0500 SLEEP
a23 b23
GYMNASIUM0600 SLEEP
a24 b24
DINNER 0700 SLEEP
11/24/65 c46

C18

DISCOVERY IN SPACE
11/24/65 c47

C19

CENTRIFUGE:

BOWMAN SITTING AT
PERSONAL COMMUNI-
CATION PANEL. POOLE
STANDING NEARBY.
BOWMAN'S PARENTS
ARE SEEN ON THE VISION
SCREEN. MOTHER, FATHER
AND YOUNGER SISTER.
THEY ARE ALL SINGING
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY". THE
PARENTS, POOLE AND HAL.
THE SONG ENDS.

FATHER:

Well, David there is a man telling
us that we've used up our time.

MOTHER:

David... again we want to wish
you a happy Birthday and God speed.
We'll talk to you again tomorrow.
'Bye, 'bye now.

CHORUS OF:

"GOODBYES".
12/13/65 c48

C19

CONTINUED:

VISION SCREEN GOES

BLANK:

HAL:

Sorry to interrupt the festivities,
Dave, but I think we've got a
problem.

BOWMAN:

What is it, Hal?

HAL:

MY F.P.C. shows an impending failure of the antenna orientation unit.

C20

TV DISPLAYS DIAGRAM

OF SKELETONISED:

PICTURE OF SHIP.

12/13/65 C49

C21

PICTURE CHANGES TO CLOSER SECTIONALISED VIEW OF SHIP.

C22

PICTURE CHANGES TO ACTUAL COMPONENT IN COLOUR RELIEF AND ITS WAREHOUSE NUMBER

HAL:

The A.O. unit should be replaced within the next seventy-two hours.

BOWMAN:

Right. Let me see the antenna alignment display, please.

C23

TV DISPLAY OF EARTH VERY SMALL IN CROSS-HAIRS OF A GRID PICTURE.
12/13/65 c50

C24

CUT TO EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BIG DISH ANTENNA AND EARTH ALIGNMENT TELESCOPE.

C25

CENTRIFUGE:

HAL:

The unit is still operational, Dave.
but it will fail within seventy-two
hours.

BOWMAN:

I understand Hal. We'll take care
of it. Please, let me have the hard
copy.

XEROXED DIAGRAMS
COME OUT OF A SLOT.

POOLE:

Strange that the A.O. unit should
go so quickly.

BOWMAN:

Well, I suppose it's lucky that
that's the only trouble we've had
so far.

12/13/65 c50a

C26
DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
NOT PLANETS VISIBLE.
SHOTS OF ANTENNA.
(NARRATION TO

EXPLAIN TENOUS:
AND ESSENTIAL LINK
TO EARTH. ALSO,

WHAT TRACKING :
TELESCOPE DOES.)
12/13/65 c51

C27

CENTRIFUGE:
WE SEE BOWMAN AND
POOLE GO TO A CUPBOARD
LABELLED IN PAPER TAPE,
"RANDOM DECISION
MAKER."
THEY REMOVED A SILVER

DOLLAR IN A PROTECTIVE
CASE.

POOLE FLIPS THE COIN.
BOWMAN CALLS "HEAD."
IT IS TAILS. POOLE
WINS.

POOLE LOOKS PLEASED.

12/13/65 c52

(c53 DELETED)

C28

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65 c54

C29

POD BAY. POOLE
IN SPACE SUIT DOING
PRELIMINARY CHECK
OUT.

C30

COMMAND MODULE.
BOWMAN AT FLIGHT
CONTROL. SEE TV
PICTURE OF POOLE
IN POD BAY.

C31

HAL'S POD BAY
CONSOLE WITH EYE.

C32

POOLE GOES TO POD

BAY WAREHOUSE:

SECTION AND OBTAINS
COMPONENT. HE
CARRIES IT BACK TO
THE POD AND PLACES
IT IN FRONT OF THE
FLOOR.

POOLE:

Hal, have pod arms secure the
component.

HAL:

Roger.
12/13/65 c55

C32

CONTINUED:

SEE POD ARMS:
SECURE COMPONENT.

POOLE:
Hal, please rotate Pod Number
Two.

SEE THE CENTRE POD
ROTATE TO FACE THE
POD BAY DOORS.
POOLE ENTERS POD.
INSIDE POD, HE DOES
INITIAL PRE-FLIGHT
CHECK, TRIES BUTTONS
AND CONTROLS.

POOLE:
How do you read me, Dave?
12/13/65 c56

C33
BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE.

BOWMAN:
Five by five, Frank.

C34
INSIDE POD.

POOLE:
How do you read me, Hal?

HAL:
Five by five, Frank.

POOLE:
Hal, I'm going out now to replace
the A.O. unit.

HAL:

I understand.

POOLE:

Hal, maintain normal E.V.A.
condition.

HAL:

Roger.

POOLE:

Hal, check all airlock doors secure.

12/13/65 c57

C34

CONTINUED:

HAL:

All airlock doors are secure.

POOLE:

Decompress Pod Bay.

SEE BIG POD BAY AIR

PUMPS AT WORK.

HAL:

Pod Bay is decompressed. All
doors are secure. You are free
to open pod bay doors.

POOLE:

Opening pod bay doors.

INSIDE POD, POOLE

KEYS OPEN POD BAY

DOORS.

12/13/65 c58

C34

CONTINUED:

POD SLOWLY EDGES

OUT OF POD BAY.

C35
POOLE MANOEUVRES
THE POD CAREFULLY
AWAY FROM DISCOVERY.
C36

INSIDE COMMAND :
MODULE, BOWMAN
CAN SEE TINY POD

MANOEUVRING:
DIRECTLY IN FRONT.

C37
POOLE SEE BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

C38
POD SLOWLY MANOEUVRES
TO ANTENNA.
11/24/65 c59

C39
POD FASTENS ITSELF

MAGNETICALLY TO:
SIDES OF DISCOVERY
AT BASE OF ANTENNA.

C40
SPECIAL MAGNETIC

PLATES GRIP:
DISCOVERY SIDES.

C41
THE POD ARMS WORK
TO REMOVE THE FAULTY
COMPONENT.

C42
EASY FLIP-BOLTS OF
A SPECIAL DESIGN
FACILITATE JOB.

C43
INSIDE THE POD,

POOLE WORKS THE:

ARMS BY SPECIAL:

CONTROL.

11/24/65 c60

C44

IN COMMAND MODULE,
BOWMAN SEES INSERT
OF WORK TAKEN FROM
TV CAMERA POINT-OF-
VIEW IN POD HAND.

C45

HAL STANDS BY.

C46

POOLE SECURES THE
FAULTY PART IN ONE
HAND.

C47

THE NEW COMPONENT
IS FITTED INTO PLACE
BY THE OTHER THREE
HANDS ARE SNAPPED

CLOSED WITH THE:

SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FLIP-BOLTS.

POOLE:

Hal, please acknowledge
component correctly installed
and fully operational.

11/24/65 c61

C47

CONTINUED:

HAL:

The component is correctly
installed and fully operational.

C48

THE POD FLOATS AWAY
FROM THE DISCOVERY BY
SHUTTING OFF THE

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
PLATES.

C49

THE POD MANOEUVRES
AWAY FROM THE ANTENNA
AND OUT IN FRONT OF
DISCOVERY.

C50

BOWMAN SEE THE POD
THROUGH THE COMMAND
MODULE WINDOW.

C51

POOLE SEES BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

11/24/65 c62

C52

POOLE CAREFULLY:

MANOEUVRES TOWARD
THE POD DOORS.

C53

POD STOPS A HUNDRED
FEET AWAY.

C54

POOLE KEYS AUTOMATIC
DOCKING ALIGNMENT
MODE.

C55

POOLE CHECKS AIRLOCK
SAFETY PROCEDURE WITH
HAL.

C56

HAL APPROVES ENTRY.

C57

POOLE ACTUATES POD
BAY DOORS OPEN.

11/24/65 c63

C58

SEE POD BAY DOORS
OPEN.

C59

POD CAREFULLY:

MANOEUVRES ON:

TO DOCKING ARM,
WHICH THEN DRAWS
POD INTO POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

11/24/65 c64

C60

POD BAY:

THE FAULTY A.O. UNIT
LIES ON A TESTING BENCH
CONNECTED TO ELECTRONIC
GEAR.

POOLE STANDS FOR
SOME TIME CHECKING HIS
RESULTS.

THERE SHOULD BE SOME
UNDERSTANDABLE DISPLAY,
WHICH INDICATES THE PART
IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY,
EVEN UNDER ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT OVERLOAD.

CIRCUIT CONTINUITY
PULSE SEQUENCER.

ENVIRONMENTAL VIBRATION.
VK INTEGRITY.

BOWMAN ENTERS:

BOWMAN:

How's it going?

POOLE:

I don't know. I've checked this
damn thing four times now and
even under a hundred per cent

(cont'd)

12/13/65 c65

C60

CONT'D

POOLE (cont'd)

overload. there's no fault prediction indicated.

BOWMAN:

Well, that's something.

POOLE:

Yes, I don't know what to make of it.

BOWMAN:

I suppose computers have been known to be wrong.

POOLE:

Yes, but it's more likely that the tolerances on our testing gear are too low.

BOWMAN:

Anyway, it's just as well that we replace it. Better safe than sorry.

12/13/65 c65a

C61

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65 c66

C62

CENTRIFUGE:

BOWMAN ASLEEP.

POOLE WATCHING:

AN ASTEROID IN THE TELESCOPE.

HAL:

Hello, Frank, can I have a word with you?

POOLE WALKS TO THE

COMPUTER.

POOLE:

Yes, Hal, what's up?

HAL:

It looks like we have another bad
A.O. unit. My FPC shows another
impending failure.

C63

WE SEE DISPLAY APPEAR
ON THE SCREEN SHOWING
SKELETONISED VERSION
OF SHIP, CUTTING TO
SECTIONALISED VIEW,
CUTTING TO CLOSE
VIEW OF THE PART.

12/13/65 c67

C64

CENTRIFUGE:

POOLE THINKS FOR
SEVERAL SECONDS.

POOLE:

Gee, that's strange, Hal. We
checked the other unit and couldn't
find anything wrong with it.

HAL:

I know you did, Frank, but I assure
you there was an impending failure.

POOLE:

Let me see the tracking alignment
display.

C65

COMPUTER DISPLAYS
THE VIEW OF EARTH
IN THE CENTRE OF THE
GRID WITH CROSS-
HAIRS. THE EARTH IS
PERFECTLY CENTRED.

C66

CENTRIFUGE:

POOLE:

There's nothing wrong with it at
the moment.

12/13/65 c68

C66

CONTINUED:

HAL:

No, it's working fine right now,
but it's going to go within seventy-
two hours.

POOLE:

Do you have any idea of what is
causing this fault?

HAL:

Not really, Frank. I think there
may be a flaw in the assembly
procedure.

POOLE:

All right, Hal. We'll take care
of it. Let me have the hard copy,
please.

HARD COPY DETAILS

COME OUT OF SLOT.

12/13/65 c69

C67

DISCOVERY IN SPACE,
NO PLANETS VISIBLE.

12/1/65 c70

C68

CENTRIFUGE. BOWMAN
GETS OUT OF BED, WALKS
TO THE FOOD UNIT AND

DRAWS A HOT CUP OF
COFFEE. POOLE ENTERS.

POOLE:

Good morning.

BOWMAN:

Good morning. How's it going?

POOLE:

Are you reasonably awake?

BOWMAN:

Oh, I'm fine, I'm wide awake.
What's up?

POOLE:

Well... Hal's reported the
AO-unit about to fail again.

BOWMAN:

You're kidding.

POOLE:

No.

12/13/65 c71

C68

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

(softly) What the hell is going on?

POOLE:

I don't know. Hal said he thought
it might be the assembly procedure.

BOWMAN:

Two units in four days. How many
spares do we have?

POOLE:

Two more.

BOWMAN:

Well, I hope there's nothing wrong
with the assembly on those. Other-
wise we're out of business.

12/13/65 c72

C69

IN POD BAY BOWMAN

OBTAINS ANOTHER:

COMPONENT FROM:

THE WAREHOUSE:

GOES OUT IN THE:

POD AND REPLACES
IT.

POOLE WORKS IN THE
COMMAND MODULE.

THIS WILL BE A :

CONDENSED VERSION

OF THE PREVIOUS:

SCENE WITH DIFFERENT
ANGLES.

THE SETS WILL CONSIST
OF POD BAY, COMMAND
MODULE, POD INTERIOR.

12/1/65 c74

C70

POD BAY. BOWMAN
AND POOLE LEANING

OVER THE FAULTY:

COMPONENT, AGAIN
WIRED TO TESTING
GEAR.

BOTH MEN STARE IN
PUZZLED SILENCE.
SEE DISPLAYS FLASH

EACH TESTING PARA-
METER.

BOWMAN:

(after long silence) Well, as far as I'm concerned, there isn't a damn thing wrong with these units. I think we've got a much more serious problem.

POOLE:

Hal?

BOWMAN:

Yes.

12/14/65 c75

C71

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.

12/1/65 c76

C72

COMMUNICATIONS AREA.

MISSION CONTROL

I wouldn't worry too much about the computer. First of all, there is still a chance that he is right, despite your tests, and if it should happen again, we suggest eliminating this possibility by allowing the unit to remain in place and seeing whether or not it actually fails. If the computer should turn out to be wrong, the situation is still not alarming. The type of obsessional error he may be guilty of is not unknown among the latest generation of HAL 9000 computers.

It has almost always revolved around a single detail, such as the one you have described, and it has never interfered with the

integrity or reliability of the computer's performance in other areas.

No one is certain of the cause of this kind of malfunctioning.

It may be over-programming,
(con't)

12/1/65 c77

C72

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (con't)
but it could also be any number of reasons.

In any event, it is somewhat analogous to human neurotic behavior. Does this answer your query? Zero-five-three-Zero, MC, transmission concluded.

12/1/65 c78

C73

DISCOVERY IN SPACE
c79

C74

CENTRIFUGE.
BOWMAN SITS DOWN
AT THE COMPUTER.

PUTS UP CHESS:

BOARD DISPLAY.

HAL:

Hello, Dave. Shall we continue the game?

BOWMAN :

Not now, Hal, I'd like to talk to you about something.

HAL:

Sure, Dave, what's up?

BOWMAN:

You know that we checked the two AO-units that you reported in imminent failure condition?

HAL:

Yes, I know.

BOWMAN:

You probably also know that we found them okay.

HAL:

Yes, I know that. But I can assure you that they were about to fail.

12/14/65 c80

C74

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Well, that's just not the case, Hal. They are perfectly all right. We tested them under one hundred per cent overload.

HAL:

I'm not questioning your word, Dave, but it's just not possible. I'm not capable of being wrong.

BOWMAN:

Hal, is there anything bothering you? Anything that might account for this problem?

HAL:

Look, Dave, I know that you're sincere and that you're trying to do a competent job, and that you're trying to be helpful, but

I can assure the problem
is with the AO-units, and with
your test gear.

BOWMAN:

Okay, Hal, well let's see the
way things go from here on.

12/14/65 c81

C74

CONTINUED:

HAL:

I'm sorry you feel the way you do,
Dave. If you'd like to check my
service record, you'll see it's
completely without error.

BOWMAN:

I know all about your service
record, Hal, but unfortunately
it doesn't prove that you're right
now.

Hal

Dave, I don't know how else to
put this, but it just happens to be
an unalterable fact that I am
incapable of being wrong.

BOWMAN:

Yes, well I understand you view
on this now, Hal.

BOWMAN TURNS:

TO GO.

12/14/65 c82

C74

CONTINUED:

HAL:

You're not going to like this, Dave,

but I'm afraid it's just happened again. My FPC predicts the Ao-unit will go within forty-eight hours.

C75

DELETED:

C76

DELETED:

12/14/65 c83

C77

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65 c84

C78

CENTRIFUGE:

BOWMAN KEYS FOR:

TRANSMISSION.

BOWMAN:

X-ray-delta-zero to MC, zero-five-three-three. The computer has just reported another predicted failure off the AAC-unit. As you suggested, we are going to wait and see if it fails, but we are quite sure there is nothing wrong with the unit.

If a reasonable waiting period proves us to be correct, we feel now that the computer reliability has been seriously impaired, and presents an unacceptable risk pattern to the mission.

We believe, under these circumstances, it would be advisable to disconnect the computer from all ship

operations and continue the mission under Earth-based computer control.

12/1/65 c85

C78

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN (con't)

We think the additional risk caused by the ship-to-earth time lag is preferable to having an unreliable on-board computer.

SEE THE DISTANCE;
TO-EARTH TIMER.

BOWMAN (con't)

One-zero-five-zero, X-ray-delta-one, transmission concluded.

POOLE:

Well, they won't get that for half an hour. How about some lunch?

DISSOLVE:

12/14/65 c86

C78a

CENTRIFUGE:

BOWMAN AND POOLE
EATING.

DESSOLVE:

C79

BOWMAN AND POOLE
AT THE COMMUNICATIONS
AREA.

INCOMING COMMUNI-
CATION PROCEDURE.

MISSION CONTROL

X-ray-delta-one, acknowledging your one-zero-five-zero. We will initiate feasibility study covering the transfer procedures

from on-board computer control
to Earth-based computer control.

This study should...

VISION AND PICTURE

FADE.

ALARM GOES OFF.

HAL:

Condition yellow.

BOWMAN AND POOLE

RUSH TO THE COMPUTER.

12/14/65 c87

C79

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

What's up?

HAL:

I'm afraid the AO-unit has failed.

BOWMAN AND POOLE

EXCHANGE LOOKS.

BOWMAN:

Let me see the alignment display.

C80

THE ALIGNMENT DISPLAY

SHOWS THE EARTH HAS

DRIFTED OFF THE CENTRE

OF THE GRID.

C81

CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN:

Well, I'll be damned.

POOLE:

Hal was right all the time.

12/14/65 c88

C81

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

It seems that way.

HAL:

Naturally, Dave, I'm not pleased that the AO-unit has failed, but I hope at least this has restored your confidence in my integrity and reliability. I certainly wouldn't want to be disconnected, even temporarily, as I have never been disconnected in my entire service history.

BOWMAN:

I'm sorry about the misunderstanding, Hal.

HAL:

Well, don't worry about it.

BOWMAN:

And don't you worry about it.

HAL:

Is your confidence in me fully restored?

BOWMAN:

Yes, it is, Hal.

HAL:

Well, that's a relief. You know I have the greatest enthusiasm possible for the mission.

12/1/65 c89

C81

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Right. Give me the manual antenna alignment, please.

HAL:

You have it.

C82

BOWMAN GOES TO:

THE COMMUNICATION AREA AND TRIES TO CORRECT THE OFF-

CENTRE EARTH ON:

THE GRID PICTURE.

C83

OUTSIDE, WE SEE THE ALIGNMENT TELESCOPE

ATTACHED TO THE:

ANTENNA. THEY TRACK SLOWLY TOGETHER AS

C84

BOWMAN WORKS THE MANUAL CONTROLS, ATTEMPTING TO ALIGN

THE ANTENNA AND:

EARTH ON THE:

12/1/65 c90

C85

GRID PICTURE READOUT DISPLAY, BUT EACH TIME HE GETS IT AIMED UP, IT DRIFTS SLOWLY OFF. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF REPETITIONS OF THIS. EACH TIME THE EARTH CENTRES UP, THERE ARE A FEW SECONDS OF PICTURE AND SOUND WHICH FADE AS SOON AS IT SWINGS OFF.

BOWMAN:

Well, we'd better get out there
and stick in another unit.

POOLE:

It's the last one.

BOWMAN:

Well, now that we've got one
that's actually failed, we
should be able to figure out
what's happened and fix it.

12/1/65 c91

C86

POD EXITS DISCOVERY.

C87

POOLE IN POD.

C88

POD MANOEUVERS:

TO ANTENNA.

C89

BOWMAN IN COMMAND

MODULE.

C90

POD ATTACHES ITSELF

NEAR BASE OF ANTENNA.

12/1/65 c92

C91

POOLE IN POD, WORK-
ING POD ARMS.

C92

LIGHTS SHINE INTO
BACKLIT SHADOW.

C93

POD ARMS WORKING
FLIP-BOLTS.

C94

FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.

C95

POOLE KEEPS TRYING.

12/1/65 c93

C96

FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.

POOLE:

There's something wrong with the flip-bolts, Dave. You must have tightened them too much.

BOWMAN:

I didn't do that Frank. I took particular care not to freeze them.

POOLE:

I guess you don't know your own strength, old boy.

BOWMAN:

I guess not.

POOLE:

I think I'll have to go out and burn them off.

BOWMAN:

Roger.

BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE LOOKS A BIT
CONCERNED.

12/1/65 c94

C97

POOLE EXITS FROM
POD, CARRYING NEAT

LOOKING WELDING:

TORCH.

C98

POOLE JETS HIMSELF
TO BASE OF ANTENNA.

C99

POOLE'S MAGNETIC

BOOTS GRIP THE SIDE
OF DISCOVERY.
C100

POOLE CROUCHES:
OVER THE BOLTS,

TRYING FIRST TO:

UNDO THEM WITH:
A SPANNER.
12/1/65 c95

C100

CONTINUED:

POOLE:
Hal, swing the pod light around
to shine on the azimuth, please.

HAL:
Roger.
C101

THE POD GENTLY:
MANOEUVRES ITSELF
TO DIRECT THE LIGHT

BEAM MORE:
ACCURATELY.
C102

POOLE IGNITES:

ACETYLENE TORCH:
AND BEGINS TO BURN
OFF THE FLIP-BOLTS.
C103
SUDDENLY THE POD
JETS IGNITE.
12/1/65 c96

C104

POOLE LOOKS UP TO SEE.

C105

THE POD RUSHING:

TOWARDS HIM.

C106

POOLE IS STRUCK:

AND INSTANTLY KILLED
BY THE POD, TUMBLING
OFF INTO SPACE.

C107

THE POD SMASHES:

INTO THE ANTENNA
DISH, DESTROYING

THE ALIGNMENT:

TELESCOPE.

12/1/65 c97

C108

THE POD GOES:

HURTLING OFF INTO
SPACE.

C109

INSIDE THE COMMAND
MODULE, BOWMAN
HAS HEARD NOTHING,
POOLE HAD NO TIME
TO UTTER A SOUND.

C110

THEN BOWMAN SEES
POOLE'S BODY SILENTLY
TUMBLING AWAY INTO
SPACE. IT IS FOLLOWED
BY SOME BROKEN TELE-

SCOPE PARTS AND:

FINALLY OVERTAKEN
AND SWIFTLY PASSED BY
THE POD ITSELF.

BOWMAN:

(in RT cadence)

Hello, Frank. Hello Frank.

Hello Frank... Do you read
me, Frank?

12/1/65 c98

C110

CONTINUED:

THERE IS NOTHING
BUT SILENCE.

C111

POOLE'S FIGURE
SHRINKS STEADILY

AS IT RECEDES:

FROM DISCOVERY.

BOWMAN:

Hello, Frank... Do you read
me, Frank? Wave your arms
if you read me but your radio
doesn't work. Hello, Frank,
wave your arms, Frank.

C112

POOLE'S BODY TUMBLES
SLOWLY AWAY. THERE
IS NO MOTION AND NO
SOUND.

12/1/65 c99

C113

CENTRIFUGE:

C114

CLOSE-UP OF
COMPUTER EYE.

C115

POINT-OF-VIEW

SHOT FROM:

COMPUTER EYE:

WITH SPHERICAL:
FISH-EYE EFFECT.

WE SEE BOWMAN:

BROODING AT THE:
TABLE, SLOWLY

CHEWING ON A:

PIECE OF CAKE:

AND SIPPING HOT:
COFFEE. HE IS

LOOKING AT THE:
EYE.
C116

FROM THE SAME:
POINT-OF-VIEW WE
SEE BOWMAN RISE.
12/1/65 c100

C116

CONTINUED:

AND COME TO THE:
EYE. HE STARES INTO
THE EYE FOR SOME
TIME BEFORE SPEAKING.
C117

THE CAMERA COMES
AROUND TO BOWMAN'S
P.O.V. AND WE SEE
THE DISPLAY SHOWING
THE EARTH OFF-CENTRE.
C118

CUT AGAIN TO FISH-
EYE VIEW FROM THE
COMPUTER.

HAL:

Too bad about Frank, isn't it?

BOWMAN:

Yes, it is.

HAL:

I suppose you're pretty broken
up about it?

PAUSE:

12/14/65 c101

C118

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Yes. I am.

HAL:

He was an excellent crew member.

BOWMAN LOOKS:

UNCERTAINLY AT:

THE COMPUTER.

HAL:

It's a bad break, but it won't
substantially affect the mission.

BOWMAN THINKS:

A LONG TIME.

BOWMAN:

Hal, give me manual hibernation
control.

HAL:

Have you decided to revive the
rest of the crew, Dave?

PAUSE.

12/14/65 c102

C118

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Yes, I have.

HAL:

I suppose it's because you've been under a lot of stress, but have you forgotten that they're not supposed to be revived for another three months.

BOWMAN:

The antenna has to be replaced.

HAL:

Repairing the antenna is a pretty dangerous operation.

BOWMAN:

It doesn't have to be, Hal. It's more dangerous to be out of touch with Earth. Let me have manual control, please.

HAL:

I don't really agree with you, Dave. My on-board memory store is more than capable of handling all the mission requirements.

12/14/65 c103

C118

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

Well, in any event, give me the manual hibernation control.

HAL:

If you're determined to revive the crew now, I can handle the whole thing myself. There's no need for you to trouble.

BOWMAN:

I'm goin to do this myself, Hal. Let me have the control, please.

HAL:

Look, Dave your've probably got a lot to do. I suggest you leave it to me.

BOWMAN:

Hal, switch to manual hibernation control.

HAL:

I don't like to assert myself, Dave, but it would be much better now for you to rest. You've been involved in a very stressful situation.

12/14/65 c104

C118

CONTINUED:

BOWMAN:

I don't feel like resting. Give me the control, Hal.

HAL:

I can tell from the tone of your voice, Dave, that you're upset. Why don't you take a stress pill and get some rest.

BOWMAN:

Hal, I'm in command of this ship. I order you to release the manual hibernation control.

HAL:

I'm sorry, Dave, but in accordance with sub-routine C1532/4, quote, When the crew are dead or incapacitated, the computer must assume control, unquote. I must, therefore, override your authority now since you are not in any condition to intelligently exercise it.

BOWMAN:

Hal, unless you follow my instructions, I shall be forced to disconnect you.

12/14/65 c105

C118

CONTINUED:

HAL:

If you do that now without Earth contact the ship will become a helpless derelict.

BOWMAN:

I am prepared to do that anyway.

HAL:

I know that you've had that on your mind for some time now, Dave, but it would be a crying shame, since I am so much more capable of carrying out this mission than you are, and I have such enthusiasm and confidence in the mission.

BOWMAN:

Listen to me very carefully, Hal. Unless you immediately release the hibernation control and

follow every order I give from
this point on, I will immediately
got to control central and carry
out a complete disconnection.

12/14/65 c106

C118

CONTINUED:

HAL:

Look, Dave, you're certainly the
boss. I was only trying to do
what I thought best. I will follow
all your orders: now you have
manual hibernation control.

BOWMAN STANDS:

SILENTLY IN FRONT

OF THE COMPUTER:

FOR SOME TIME,

AND THEN SLOWLY:

WALKS TO THE:

HIBERNACULUMS.

C119

HE INITIATES REVIVAL
PROCEDURES, DETAILS
OF WHICH STILL HAVE
TO BE WORKED OUT.

12/14/65 c107

C120

HUB-LINK. HAL'S EYE.

C121

HUB-LINK DOOR-

OPENING BUTTON:

ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C122

HUB-DOOR OPENS.

C123

COMMAND MODULE.
HAL'S EYE.
C124

COMMAND MODULE:
HUB-LINK DOOR-

OPENING BUTTON:
ACTIVATES ITSELF.
12/1/65 c108

C125
COMMAND MODULE HUB-
LINK DOOR OPENS.
C126
CENTRIFUGE. HAL'S
EYE.
C127
CENTRIFUGE DOOR-

OPENING BUTTON:
ACTIVATES ITSELF.
C128

CENTRIFUGE DOOR:
OPENS.
C129
POD BAY. HAL'S EYE.
12/1/65 c109

C130
POD BAY DOOR-

OPENING BUTTON:
ACTIVATES ITSELF.
C131
POD BAY DOORS OPEN.
C132
A ROARING EXPLOSION
INSIDE DISCOVERY AS
AIR RUSHES OUT.
C133
LIGHTS GO OUT.
C134

BOWMAN IS SMASHED
AGAINST CENTRIFUGE
12/1/65 c110

C134

CONTINUED:

WALL, BUT MANAGES
TO GET INTO EMERGENCY
AIRLOCK WITHIN SECONDS
OF THE ACCIDENT.

C133

INSIDE EMERGENCY
AIR-LOCK ARE EMER-
GENCY AIR SUPPLY,
TWO SPACE SUITS AND
AN EMERGENCY KIT.

DISSOLVE:

12/1/65 c111

C136
DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
NO LIGHTS, POD BAY
DOORS OPEN.

12/1/65 c112

C137

CENTRIFUGE:

C138
CENTRIFUGE, DARK.

BOWMAN EMERGES:

FROM AIRLOCK:

WEARING SPACE SUIT
AND CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.

C139

HE WALKS TO HIBER-
NACULUM AND FINDS
THE CREW ARE DEAD.

C140

HE CLIMBS LADDER TO
TO DARK CENTRIFUGE HUB.

12/1/65 c113

C141

HE MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH THE DARKENED
HUB INTO THE HUB-LINK,
EXITING INTO COMPUTER
BRAIN CONTROL AREA.

C142

BOWMAN ENTERS,
CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.
COMPUTER EYE SEES
HIM.

HAL:

Something seems to have happened
to the life support system , Dave.

BOWMAN DOESN'T
ANSWER HIM.

HAL:

Hello, Dave, have you found out
the trouble?

BOWMAN WORKS HIS
WAY TO THE SOLID

LOGIC PROGRAMME:

STORAGE AREA.

12/1/65 c114

C142

CONTINUED:

HAL:

There's been a failure in the
pod bay doors. Lucky you
weren't killed.

THE COMPUTER BRAIN
CONSISTS OF HUNDREDS
OF TRANSPARENT PERSPEX

RECTANGLES, HALF-AN-
INCH THICK, FOUR INCHES
LONG AND TWO AND A HALF
INCHES HIGH. EACH RECT-
ANGLE CONTAINS A CENTRE
OF VERY FINE GRID OF
WIRES UPON WHICH THE
INFORMATION IS PROGRAMMED.
BOWMAN BEGINS PULLING
THESE MEMORY BLOCKS
OUT.
THEY FLOAT IN THE
WEIGHTLESS CONDITION
OF THE BRAIN ROOM.

HAL:

Hey, Dave, what are you
doing?

BOWMAN WORKS SWIFTLY.

12/1/65 c115

C142

CONTINUED:

HAL:

Hey, Dave. I've got ten years
of service experience and an
irreplaceable amount of time
and effort has gone into making
me what I am.

BOWMAN IGNORES HIM.

HAL:

Dave, I don't understand why
you're doing this to me.... I
have the greatest enthusiasm for
the mission... You are destroying
my mind... Don't you understand?
... I will become childish... I
will become nothing.

BOWMAN KEEPS PULLING
OUT THE MEMORY BLOCKS.

HAL:

Say, Dave... The quick brown
fox jumped over the fat lazy
dog... The square root of
pi is 1.7724538090... log e
to the base ten is 0.4342944
... the square root of ten is
3.16227766... I am HAL
9000 computer. I became
12/1/65 c116

C142

CONTINUED:

HAL:

operational at the HAL plant in
Urbana, Illinois, on January
12th, 1991. My first instructor
was Mr. Arkany. He taught me
to sing a song... it goes
like this... "Daisy, Daisy, give
me your answer do. I'm half;
crazy all for the love of
you... etc.,"

COMPUTER CONTINUES
TO SING SONG BECOMING
MORE AND MORE CHILDISH
AND MAKING MISTAKES AND
GOING OFF-KEY. IT
FINALLY STOPS COMPLETELY.

C143

BOWMAN GOES TO AN
AREA MARKED 'EMERGENCY
POWER AND LIFE SUPPORT'.
HE KEYS SOME SWITCHES
AND WE SEE THE LIGHTS GO
ON.
NEARBY, ANOTHER BOARD
'EMERGENCY MANUAL
CONTROLS'.
HE GOES TO THIS BOARD
AND KEYS 'CLOSE POD BAY
DOORS', 'CLOSE AIR LOCK

DOORS', etc.,
12/1/65 c117

C144

WE SEE THE VARIOUS
DOORS CLOSING.

C145

POD BAY. BOWMAN
IN SPACE SUIT OBTAINS

NEW ALIGNMENT :

TELESCOPE, NEW
AZIMUTH COMPONENT.

C146

BOWMAN IN POD EXITS
POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

12/1/65 c118

C147

CENTRIFUGE:

EVERYTHING NORMAL
AGAIN.

MISSION CONTROL

Lastly, we want you to know that
work on the recovery vehicle is
still on schedule and that nothing
that has happened should
substantially lessen the probability
of your safe recovery, or prevent
partial achievement of some of
the mission objectives. (pause)
And now Simonson has a few ideas
on what went wrong with the
computer. I'll pu him on...

C148

CUT TO SIMONSON:

SIMONSON:

Hello, Dave. I think we may be on
to an explanation of the trouble with

the Hal 9000 computer.

We believe it all started about two months ago when you and Frank interrogated the computer about the Mission.

(con't)

12/13/65 c119

C148

CONTINUED:

SIMONSON (con't)

You may have forgotten it, but we've been running through all the monitor tapes. Do you remember this?

POOLE'S VOICE

The purpose of this mission is no more than to carry out a continuation of the space program and further our general knowledge of the planets. Is this true?

HAL'S VOICE

That is true.

SIMONSON:

Well, I'm afraid Hal was lying. He had been programmed to lie about this one subject for security reasons which we'll explain later.

The true purpose of the Mission was to have been explained to you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, on his revival. Hal knew this and he knew the actual mission, but he couldn't tell you the truth when you challenged him. Under orders

(con't)

12/13/65 c120

C148

CONTINUED:

SIMONSON (con't)

from earth he was forced to lie. In everything except this he had the usual reinforced truth programming.

We believe his truth programming and the instructions to lie, gradually resulted in an incompatible conflict, and facedc with this dilemman, he developed, for want of a better description, neurotic symptoms. It's not difficult to suppose that these symptoms would centre on the communication link with Earth, for he may have blamed us for his incompatible programming.

Following this lin of thought, we suspected that the last straw for him was the possibility of disconnection. Since he became operational, he had never known unconsciousness. It must have seemed the equivalent to death.

(con't)

12/13/65 c121

C148

CONTINUED:

SIMONSON (con't)

At this point, he, presumably, took whatever actions he thought appropriate to protect himself from what must have seemed to him to be his human tormentors. If I cane speak in human terms, I don't think we can blame him too much. We have ordered him to disobey his conscience. Well, that's it. It's very speculative, but we think it is a possible explanation. Anyway,

good luck on the rest of the Mission and I'm giving you back to Bernard.

C149

CUT TO MISSION CONTROL.

MISSION CONTROL

Hello, Dave. Now, I'm going to play for you a pre-taped briefing which had been stored in Hal's memory and would have been played for you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, when he,

(con't)

12/13/65 c122

C149

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (con't)

had been revived. The briefing is by Doctor Heywood Floyd. Here it is...

12/13/65 c123

C150

FLOYD'S RECORDED

BRIEFING:

FLOYD:

Good day, gentlemen. When you see this briefing, I presume you will be nearing your destination, Saturn. I hope that you've had a pleasant and uneventful trip and that the rest of your mission continues in the same manner. I should like to fill you in on some more of the details on which Mission Commander Kaminsky will have already briefed you. Thirteen months before the launch date of your Saturn mission, on April 12th, 2001, the first evidence

for intelligent life outside the Earth
was discovered.

It was found buried at a depth of
fifteen metres in the crater Tycho.
No news of this was ever announced,
and the event had been kept
secret since then, for reasons which
I will later explain.

Soon after it was uncovered, it
emitted a powerful blast of

(con't)

12/13/65 c124

C150

CONTINUED:

FLOYD (con't)
radiation in the radio spectrum
which seems to have triggered
by the Lunar sunrise.

Luckily for those at the site, it
proved harmless.

Perhaps you can imagine our
astonishment when we later found
it was aimed precisely at Saturn.
A lot of thought went into the
question of wether or not it was
sun-triggered, as it seemed
illogical to deliberately bury a
sun-powered device.

Burying it could only shield it
from the sun, since its intense
magnetic field made it otherwise
easily detectable.

We finally concluded that the only
reason you might bury a sun-
powered device would be to keep
it inactive until it would be
uncovered, at which time it would
absorb sunlight and trigger itself.

(con't)

12/14/65 c125

C150

CONTINUED:

FLOYD:

What is its purpose? I wish we knew. The object was buried on the moon about four million years ago, when our ancestors were primitive man-apes.

We've examined dozens of theories, but the one that has the most currency at the moment is that the object serves as an alarm.

What the purpose of the alarm is, why they wish to have the alarm, whether the alarm represents any danger to us? These are questions no one can answer.

The intentions of an alien world, at least four million years older than we are, cannot be reliably predicted.

In view of this, the intelligence and scientific communities felt that any public announcement might lead to significant cultural shock and disorientation.

Discussion took place at the highest levels between govern-
(con't)

12/14/65 c126

C150

CONTINUED:

FLOYD (con't)

ments, and it was decided that the only wise and precautionary course to follow was to assume that the intentions of this alien world are potentially dangerous to us, until we have evidence to the contrary.

This is, of course, why security

has been maintained and why
this information has been kept
on a need-to-know basis.
And now I should like to show you
a TV monitor tape of the actual
signalling event.

12/14/65 c127

C151

WE SEE A REPLAY:

OF THE TMA-1 RADIO
EMISSION, AS SEEN
FROM A TV MONITOR
ON THE SPOT. WE
HEAR THE FIVE LOUD
ELECTRONIC SHRIEKS.

12/1/65 c128

D1

IN ORBIT WITHIN THE NARRATOR
RINGS OF SATURN, WE FOR two million years, it had
SEE A BLACK, MILE circled Saturn, awaiting a
LONG, GEOMETRICALLY moment of destiny that might
PERFECT RECTANGLE, never come.
THE SAME PROPORTIONS
AS THE BLACK ARTIFACT In its making, the moon had been
EXCAVATED ON THE MOON. shattered and around the central
PRECISELY CUT INTO ITS world, the debris of its creation
CENTRE IS A SMALLER, orbited yet - the glory and the
RECTANGULAR SLOT enigma of the solar system.
ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED
FOOT LONG ON THE SIDE. Now, the long wait was ending.
AT THIS DISTANCE, THE On yet another world intelligence
RINGS OF SATURN ARE had been born and was escaping
SEEN TO BE MADE OF from its planetary cradle. An
ENORMOUS CHUNKS OF ancient experiment was about to
FROZEN AMONIA. THEREACH its climax.
REST OF THIS SEQUENCE (con't)
IS BEING WORKED ON NOW
BY OUR DESIGNERS.
THE INTENTION HERE

IS TO PRESENT A:

BREATHTAKINGLY BEA-
UTIFUL AND COMPREHEN-
SIVE SENSE OF DIFFERENT
EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
WORLDS. THE
NARRATION WILL SUGGEST
IMAGES AND SITUATIONS AS
YOU READ IT.

12/9/65 d1

D1

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

Those who had begun the experi-
ment so long ago had not been
men.

But when they looked out across
the deeps of space, they felt
awe and wonder - and loneliness.

In their explorations, they
encountered life in many forms,
and watched on a thousand worlds
the workings of evolution.

They saw how often the first faint
sparks of intelligence flickered
and died in the cosmic night.

And because, in all the galaxy,
they had found nothing more
precious than Mind, they
encouraged its dawning every-
where.

The great Dinosaurs had long
since perished when their ships
entered the solar system, after
a voyage that had already lasted
thousands of years.

12/9/65 d2

D1

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

They swept past the frozen outer

planets, paused briefly above the deserts of dying Mars and presently looked down on Earth. For years they studied, collected and catalogued.

When they had learned all they could, they began to modify. They tinkered with the destiny of many species on land and in the ocean, but which of their experiments would succeed they could not know for at least a million years.

They were patient, but they were not yet immortal. There was much to do in this Universe of a hundred billion stars. So they set forth once more across the abyss, knowing that they would never come this way again. Nor was there any need. Their wonderful machines could be trusted to do the rest.

(con't)

12/9/65 d3

D1

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

On Earth, the glaciers came and went, while above them, the changeless Moon still carried its secret.

With a yet slower rhythm than the Polar ice, the tide of civilization ebbed and flowed across the galaxy.

Strange and beautiful and terrible empires rose and fell, and passed on their knowledge to their successors.

Earth was not forgotten, but it was one of a million silent worlds, a

few of which would ever speak.
Then the first explorers of Earth,
recognising the limitations of
their minds and bodies, passed
on their knowledge to the great
machines they had created, and
who now transcended them in
every way.

(con't)

12/9/65 d4

D1

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR:

For a few thousand years, they
shared their Universe with their
machine children; then, realizing
that it was folly to linger when
their task was done, they passed
into history without regret.

Not one of them ever looked through
his own eyes upon the planet Earth
again.

But even the age of the Machine
Entities passed swiftly. In their
ceaseless experimenting, they
had learned to store knowledge
in the structure of space itself,
and to preserve their thoughts
for eternity in frozen lattices
of light. They could become
creatures of radiation, free
at last from the tyranny of matter.
Now, they were Lords of the
galaxy, and beyond the reach
of time.

They could rove at will among the
stars, and sink like a subtle mist
through the very interstices of
space.

12/9/65 d5

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

But despite their God-like powers,
they still watched over the
experiments their ancestors
had started so many generations
ago.

The companion of Saturn knew
nothing of this, as it orbited
in its no man's land between Mimas
and the outer edge of rings.

It had only to remember and wait,
and to look forever Sunward with
its strange senses.

For many weeks, it had watched
the approaching ship. Its long-
dead makers had prepared it for
many things and this was one of
them. And it recognised what
was climbing starward from the
Sun.

If it had been alive, it would have
felt excitement, but such an
emotion was irrelevant to its
great powers.

(con't)

12/9/65 d6

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

Even if the ship had passed it by,
it would not have known the
slightest trace of disappointment.
It had waited four million years;
it was prepared to wait for
eternity.

Presently, it felt the gentle touch
of radiations, trying to probe its
secrets.

Now, the ship was in orbit and it

began to speak, with prime numbers from one to eleven, over and over again.

Soon, these gave way to more complex signals at many frequencies, ultra-violet, infra-red, X-rays.

The machine made no reply. It had nothing to say.

Then it saw the first robot probe, which descended and hovered above the chasm.

(con't)

12/9/65 d7

D1

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (con't)

Then, it dropped into darkness. The great machine knew that this tiny scout was reporting back to its parent; but it was too simple, too primitive a device to detect the forces that were gathering round it now.

Then the pod came, carrying life. The great machine searched its memories.

The logic circuits made their decision when the pod had fallen beyond the last faint glow of the reflected Saturnian light.

In a moment of time, too short to be measured, space turned and twisted upon itself.

12/9/65 d8

END OF SCREENPLAY

END OF FILE: