

2001: a space odyssey (1965)

por Stanley Kubrick & Arthur C. Clarke

Este documento, de gran valor histórico y cinéfilo, está escrito originalmente en inglés. Cuando hayas comprobado su enorme tamaño, verás porqué está traducido sólo en parte. Si te animas a traducir un fragmento, mandanoslo. GRACIAS

2001: UNA ODISEA DEL ESPACIO

Guión por

Stanley Kubrick y Arthur C. Clark

Hawk Films Ltd.,

c/o. M-G-M Studios,

Boreham Wood,

Herts.

----- TITULO

PARTE I

AFRICA

HACE 3.000.000 DE AÑOS

A1

VISTAS DE LAS TIERRAS ARIDAS AFRICANAS - SEQUIA

La implacable sequía duraba ya diez millones de años, y no terminaría en otro millón. El reinado de los terribles saurios había pasado hacia tiempo, pero aquí, en el continente que un día sería conocido como Africa, la batalla por la supervivencia había alcanzado un nuevo clímax de ferocidad, y el vencedor aun no estaba a la vista. En esta seca y árida tierra, solo el pequeño, o el veloz o el más fiero podía florecer, o incluso esperar existir.

10/13/65

a1

A2

INT & EXT CUEVAS - MOONWATCHER

Los hombres-simio del campo no tenían ninguno de estos atributos, y estaban en el largo y patético camino de su extinción como raza. Alrededor de veinte de ellos ocupaba unas cuevas sobre un pequeño, reseco valle, dividido por un ínfimo y marron arroyo. La tribu siempre ha estado hambrienta, y ahora se muere de hambre. Cuando el primer rayo de sol del amanecer se introduce en la cueva, Moonwatcher descubre que su padre se ha muerto durante la noche. El no sabia que el Viejo era su padre, porque las relaciones estan lejos de su entendimiento, pero mientras esta de pie mirando hacia el demacrado cuerpo siente algo, algo cercano a la tristeza. Lleva el cuerpo de su padre muerto fuera de la cueva, y se lo deja las hienas. Entre los de su especie, Moonwatcher es casi un gigante. Mide cerca de cinco pies de altura, y a pesar de su mala alimentacion, pesa cerca de cien libras. Su peludo cuerpo musculoso es cuasi-humano, mientras que su cabeza es ya mas cercana

a la humana que a la simia. La frente es baja, y tiene grandes arcos sobre la cuenca de sus ojos, pero sin lugar a dudas lleva en sus genes la promesa de humanidad. Conforme mira ahora hacia afuera, hacia el mundo hostil, ya hay...

10/13/65

a2

A2

CONTINUA

...algo en su mirada, mas alla del dominio de cualquier simio. En esos oscuros, profundos ojos, se aprecia un atisbo de inteligencia que no se completara hasta dos millones de años despues.

10/13/65

a3

A3

EXT. EL ARROYO - LOS OTROS

Conforme el cielo del amanecer va aumentando su brillo, Moonwatcher y su tribu se acercan al arroyo. Los otros ya estan alli. Estan cada dia en el otro lado, lo cual no hace que sean menos molestos. Son dieciocho, y es imposible distinguirlos de los miembros de la tribu de Moonwatcher. Cuando lo ven venir, los Otros comienzan a gesticular y chillar en direccion al arroyo, y su propia tribu replica de la misma manera. La confrontacion termina en pocos minutos, entonces el fragor cesa tan rapido como comenzo y todo el mundo sacia su sed con la embarrada agua. El honor ha sido satisfecho; cada grupo ha marcado su propio territorio.

10/13/65

a4

A4

EXT LLANURA AFRICANA - HERBIVOROS

Moonwatcher y sus compañeros buscan frambuesas, fruta y hojas, 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 country-side 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 new 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, Moonwatcher 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

A11
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

A11
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 begins 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 stoud 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.

Moonwatchers 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 heavey 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

TITLE PART II

YEAR 2001

a26a

B1

EARTH FROM 200 MILES UP

NARRATOR

By the year 2001, overpopulation has replaced the problem of starvation but this was ominously offset by the absolute and utter perfection of the weapon.

B1a

THOUSAND MEGATON
NUCLEAR BOMB IN ORBIT
ABOVE THE EARTH,
RUSSIAN INSIGNIA AND
CCCP MARKINGS

NARRATOR

Hundreds of giant bombs had been placed in perpetual orbit above the Earth. They were capable of incinerating the entire Earth's surface from an altitude of 100 miles.

B1b

AMERICAN THOUSAND
MEGATON BOMB IN ORBIT
ABOVE THE EARTH

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 accidental use of nuclear weapons since World War II and some people felt secure in this knowledge. But, to others, the situation seemed comparable to an airline with a perfect safety

B1d

GERMAN BOMB

B1f

CHINESE BOMB

record; in showed admirable care and skill but no one expected it to last forever.

10/4/65

b1

B2

NAVE ESPACIAL ORION-III EN VUELO
DESDE LA TIERRA, A 200 MILLAS DE ALTITUD.

10/4/65

b2

B3

ZONA DE PASAJEROS DE LA ORION-III.
EL DR. HEYWOOD FLOYD ES EL UNICO PASAJERO
EN LA ELEGANTE CABINA DISEÑADA PARA
30 PERSONAS. ESTA DORMIDO.

SU BOLIGRAFO FLOTA CERCA DE SU MANO.

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

LA AZAFATA SE DIRIGE A LA ZONA
DE PASAJEROS, RESCATA EL BOLIGRAFO Y
LO COLOCA EN EL BOLSILLO DE FLOYD.

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 SWEEPED-BACK
TITOV-V SPACECRAFT. ALSO THE ALMOST SPHERICAL ARIES-IB

10/4/65

b6

B7

AREA DE PASAJEROS DE LA NAVE ORION-III.
FLOYD DESPIERTO PERO AUN ATONTADO,
MIRA A TRAVES DE LA VENTANA.

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 BREATHTAKING VIEW IN B.G.

10/4/65

b9

B10

INSIDE DOCKING CONTROL WE SEE ORION-III MANOUVERING.
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
BOOTHES INSIDE DOCKING PORT. WE SEE THE PILOT AND
CO-PILOT INSIDE THE ORION-III COCKPIT.

10/4/65

b11

B12

AREA DE RECEPCION DE LA ESTACION ESPACIAL

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

VEMOS EL INDICADOR DEL ASCENSOR FUNCIONANDO

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

MILLER

Oh, buenos dias, Dr. Floyd.
Soy Nick Miller.

FLOYD

¿Como está Sr. 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

CONTINUA

FLOYD

Oh, por favor, no se preocupe por eso.

MILLER

Bien, muchas gracias por ser tan comprensivo.

FLOYD

Por favor, realmente no tiene importancia.

MILLER

Bien. ¿Tuvo un viaje agradable?

FLOYD

Si, muy agradable.

MILLER

Bien, ¿pasamos por Documentación?

FLOYD

De acuerdo.

RECEPTIONIST

¿Utilizaran el número ocho, por favor?

MILLER

Gracias señorita Turner.

12/7/65

b13

B12

CONTINUA

ENTRAN EN EL AREA DE PASAPORTES

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 destination, your nationality and your full name. Surname first, christian name and initial. For example: Moon, American, 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 BACKGROUND

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

SMYSLOV
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.

12/7/65

b33c

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 PARAGRAPHS 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 want, 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 OUTSIDE 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 DIFFERENT 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. HALVORSEN, MICHAELS AND FIVE OTHERS.

FLOYD

(voice echoing) I must congratulate you Halvorsen. you've done wonderful 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 addition 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 consideration 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 SLOWLY 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
EXCAVATION, 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 further 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
photographs. Dr. Floyd, would you stand 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 SEPARATE 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 loneliness 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 ever 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 disturbance 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

B1-1f	00.50	B24	01.30
B2	00.10	B25	00.10
B3	00.15	B26	00.20
B4	00.15	B27	00.05
B5	00.20	B28	Out
B6	00.15	B29	00.30
B7	00.10	B30	00.30

B8	00.15	B31	00.25
B9	00.10	B32	00.20
B10	00.10	B33	00.20
B11	00.15	B34	00.30
B12	00.50	B35	00.20
B13	01.10	B36	00.20
B14	00.35	B37	00.30
B15	Out	B38	02.15
B16	Out	B39	00.20
B17	01.15	B40	00.50
B18	00.15	B41	00.15
B19	01.00	B42	00.10
B20	03.55	B43	00.15
B21	00.20	B44	01.40
B21A	00.20	B45	00.20
B21B	00.15	B46	00.40
B22	01.00	B47	01.25
B23	00.10		.

B SECTION TOTAL: 28 MIN. 10 SECS.

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 ILLUMINATED
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
CONINUED

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.

12/14/65

c15b

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.

12/14/65

c15d

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 peaceful 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
BREAKFAST 1900 DINNER

11/24/65 c44

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN TIME POOLE

a13 b13
GYMNASIUM 2000 TV NEWS - EVENING PAPERS

a14
MISSION CONTROL
REPORT

b14
2100

MISSION CONTROL REPORT

a15
FAMILY AND SOCIAL
TV CHAT

b15
2200

FAMILY AND SOCIAL
TV CHAT

a16
FILMS

2300

b16
FILMS

a17
LUNCH

2400

b17
BEDTIME SNACK

a18
INSPECTION

0100

b18
INSTANT ELECTRO-
NARCOSIS SLEEP

11/24/65

c45

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN	TIME	POOLE
a19 EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY	b19 0200	SLEEP
a20 EXPERIMENTS AND	b20 0300	SLEEP
a21 RECREATION	b21 0400	SLEEP
a22 HOUSEHOLD DUTIES	b22 0500	SLEEP
a23 GYMNASIUM	b23 0600	SLEEP
a24 DINNER	b24 0700	SLEEP

11/24/65

c46

C18
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65

c47

C19
CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN SITTING AT PERSONAL COMMUNICATION

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. Otherwise 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 PARAMETER.

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 COMMUNICATION 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, WORKING 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 TELESCOPE PARTS AND FINALLY
OVERTAKEN AND SWIFTLY PASSED BY THE POD ITSELF.

BOWMAN
(in RT cadence)
Hello, Frank. Hello Frank. Hello Frank...
Do you rad 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 get 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 EMERGENCY 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 HIBERNACULUM 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 faced with this dilemma, 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 line 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 can 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 whether 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 RINGS OF SATURN, WE SEE A BLACK, MILE LONG, GEOMETRICALLY PERFECT RECTANGLE, THE SAME PROPORTIONS AS THE BLACK ARTIFACT EXCAVATED ON THE MOON. PRECISELY CUT INTO ITS CENTER IS A SMALLER, RECTANGULAR SLOT ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED FOOT LONG ON THE SIDE. AT THIS DISTANCE, THE RINGS OF SATURN ARE SEEN TO BE MADE OF ENORMOUS CHUNKS OF FROZEN AMONIA. THE REST OF THIS SEQUENCE IS BEING WOKED ON NOW BY OUR DESIGNERS. THE INTENTION HERE IS TO PRESENT A BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL AND COMPREHENSIVE SENSE OF DIFFERENT EXTRA-TERRESTIAL WORLDS. THE NARRATION WILL SUGGEST IMAGES AND SITUATIONS

NARRATOR

For two million years, it had circled Saturn, awaiting a moment of destiny that might never come.

In its making, the moon had been shattered and around the central world, the debris of its creation orbited yet - the glory and the enigma of the solar system.

Now, the long wait was ending. On yet another world intelligence had been born and was escaping from its planetary cradle. An ancient experiment

AS YOU READ IT.
(con't)

was about to reach its climax.

12/9/65

d1

D1

CONTINUED

NARRATOR (con't)

Those who had begun the experiment
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 everywhere.

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

D1

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

D1

CONTINUED

NARRATOR (con't)

Even if the ship had passed it by, it would not have known the lightest 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