

discovers that his father has died during the night. He did not know the Old One was his father, for such a relationship was beyond his understanding. but as he stands looking down at the emaciated body he feels something, something akin to sadness. Then he carries his dead father out of the cave, and leaves him for the hyenas.

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

10/13/65

a2

A2
CONTINUED

something in his gaze beyond the grasp of any ape. In those dark, deep-set eyes is a dawning awareness-the first intimations of an intelligence which would not fulfill itself for another two million years.

10/13/65

a3

A3
EXT THE STREAM - THE OTHERS

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

The Others are already there. They were there on the other side every day - that did not make it any less annoying.

There are eighteen of them, and it is impossible to distinguish them from the members of Moonwatcher's own tribe. As they see him coming, the Others begin to angrily dance and shriek on their side of the stream, and his own people reply in kind.

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

10/13/65

a4

A4
EXT AFRICAN PLAIN - HERBIVORES

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

10/13/65

a5

A5

EXT PARCHED COUNTRYSIDE - THE LION

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

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

The ground is flat for miles around.

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

Defenceless and with nowhere to hide, they scatter in all directions, but the lion brings one to the ground.

10/13/65

a6

A6

EXT DEAD TREE - FINDS HONEY

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

10/13/65

a7

A7

INT & EXT CAVES - NIGHT TERRORS

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

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

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

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

10/13/65

a8

A7

CONTINUED

occasional growl of the lion to know what is happening. Down there in the darkness, old One-Eye and his family are dying, and the thought that he might help in some way never crosses Moonwatcher's mind. The harsh logic of survival rules out such fancies. Every cave is silent, lest it attract disaster.

And in the caves, in tortured spells of fitful dozing and fearful waiting, were gathered the nightmares of generations yet to come.

10/13/65

a9

A8

EXT THE STREAM - INVASION

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

In an uncertainly-moving horde, the Others cross the river, shieking threats and hunched for the attack. They are led by a big-toothed hominid of Moonwatcher's own size and age.

Startled and frightened, the tribe retreats before the first advance, throwing nothing more substantial than imprecations at the invaders. Moonwatcher moves with them, his mind a mist of rage and confusion. To be driven from their own territory is a great badness, but to lose the river is death. He does not know what to do; it is a situation beyond his experience.

Then he becomes dimly aware that the Others are slowing

10/13/65

a10

A8

CONTINUED

down, and advancing with obvious reluctance. The further they move from their own side, the more uncertain and unhappy they become. Only Big-Tooth still retains any of his original drive, and he is rapidly being seperated from his followers.

As he sees this, Moonwatcher's own morale immediately revives. He slows down his retreat, and begins to make reassuring noises to his companions. Novel sensations fill his dim mind - the first faint precursors of bravery and leadership.

Before he realizes it, he is face to face with Big-Tooth, and the two tribes come to a halt many paces away.

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

Rolling over and over, they come to a patch of stony ground,

and when they reach it Moonwatcher is on top. By chance,

10/13/65

a11

A8

CONTINUED

he chooses this moment to grab the hair on Big-Tooth's scalp, and bang his head on the ground. The resulting CRACK is so satisfactory, and produces such an immediate weakening in Big - Tooth's resistance, that he quickly repeats it.

Even when Big-Tooth ceases to move for some time, 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 begin to tip to a new balance point.

The lion twitches alert to this sound, but having no fear of these creatures, he makes the first of two mistakes which will cost him his life; he goes back to his meal.

The rock moves slowly over the ledge, picking up speed with amazing suddenness. It strikes a projection in the cliff about fifteen feet above the ground, which deflects its path outward.

Just at this instant, the lion reacts instinctively and leaps away from the face of the cliff directly into the path of the

10/13/65

a22

A13
CONTINUED

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

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

rock torn loose by the boulder; but this was a small price to pay for such a great victory.

* * * * *

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

10/13/65

a23

A14

EXT STREAM - MASTER OF THE WORLD

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

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

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

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

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

10/13/65

a24

A14

CONTINUED

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

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

The Others gape in fearful disbelief at this display of power.

Moonwatcher stands motionless, thrusting the lion's head high. Then with majestic deliberation, still carrying his mangled standard above his head, he begins to cross the stream, followed by his band.

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

Moonwatcher steps ashore and walks to One-Ear, who stands

A14
CONTINUED

unsurely in front of his band.

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

The Others stare in wonder at Moonwatcher's power.

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

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

B1b
AMERICAN THOUSAND
MEGATON BOMB IN ORBIT
ABOVE THE EARTH.

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.

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

B1d
GERMAN BOMB

B1f
CHINESE BOMB

10/4/65

b1

B2
ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN FIGHT AWAY FROM
EARTH, 200 MILES
ALTITUDE.

10/4/65

b2

B3
ORION-III PASSENGER AREA.
DR. HEYWOOD FLOYD IS THE
ONLY PASSENGER IN THE
ELEGANT CABIN DESIGNED
FOR 30 PEOPLE. HE IS
ASLEEP.

HIS PEN FLOATS NEAR HIS
HAND.

10/4/65

b3

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

10/4/65

b4

B5
STEWARDESS GOES BACK
TO PASSENGER AREA,
RESCUES PEN AND CLIPS
IT BACK IN FLOYD'S
POCKET.

10/4/65

b5

B6
SPACE STATION-5. THE
RAW SUNLIGHT OF SPACE
DAZZLES FROM THE

POLISHED METAL SURFACES
OF THE SLOWLY REVOLVING,
THOUSAND-FOOT DIAMETER
SPACE STATION. DRIFTING
IN THE SAME ORBIT, WE SEE
SWEPT-BACK TITOV-V
SPACECRAFT. ALSO THE
ALMOST SPHERICAL ARIES-IB

10/4/65

b6

B7
ORION-III PASSENGER AREA
FLOYD AWAKE BUT GROGGY,
LOOKS OUT OF WINDOW.

10/4/65

b7

B8
ORION-III COCKPIT.
THE CO-PILOT IN RADIO
COMMUNICATION WITH THE
SPACE STATION.

10/4/65

b8

B9
THE ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN DOCKING APPROACH. THE
EARTH IS SEEN IN BREATH-
TAKING VIEW IN B.G.

10/4/65

b9

B10
INSIDE DOCKING CONTROL.
WE SEE ORION-III MANO-
UVERING. IN BACKGROUND.

10/4/65

b10

B11
FROM DOCKING PORT WE
SEE THE ORION-III INCHING
IN TO COMPLETE ITS
DOCKING. WE SEE VARIOUS
WINDOWED BOOTHS INSIDE
DOCKING PORT. WE SEE
THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT
INSIDE THE ORION-III
COCKPIT.

10/4/65

b11

B12
SPACE STATION
RECEPTION AREA

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

WE SEE ELEVATOR
INDICATOR WORKING

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

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

FLOYD
How do you do, Mr. Miller?

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

12/7/65

b12

B12
CONTINUED

FLOYD
Oh, please don't worry about it.

MILLER
Well, thank you very much for
being so understanding.

FLOYD
Please, it really doesn't matter.

MILLER
Well.. Did you have a pleaaant
flight?

FLOYD
Yes, very pleasant.

MILLER
Well, shall we go through
Documentation?

FLOYD
Fine.

RECEPTIONIST
Will you use number eight,
please?

MILLER
Thank you, Miss Turner.

12/7/65

b13

B12
CONTINUED

THEY ENTER PASSPORT
AREA

RECEPTIONIST PRESSES
"ENGLISH" BAR ON HER
CONSOLE AND SMILES
AS FLOYD GOES THROUGH.

12/7/65

b13a

IN AUTOMATED PASSPORT
SECTION. THEY STOP IN
FRONT OF A BOOTH
FEATURING A TV SCREEN

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)
Good morning and welcome to voice
Print Identification. When you see
the red light go on would you please
state in the following order; your
desitination, your nationality and
your full name. Surname first,
christian name and initial. For
example: 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 FORN OF A SPECIALLY-
DESIGNED DISPLAY SCREEN

VISION SALES GIRL
Good morning, sir, may I help you?

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

VISION SALES GIRL
Just a moment, sir.

THE GIRL KEYS SOME
INPUTS AND A MOVING
PICTURE APPEARS ON
THE SCREEN OF A CAGE

CONTAINING ABOUT SIX
BUSH BABIES,
BEAUTIFULLY DISPLAYED
AGAINST A WHITE BACK-
GROUND

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

12/7/65

b26

B19
CONTINUED

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

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

SOME TIME DURING
THIS CONVERSATION,
FLOYD SEE ELENA,
SMYSLOV AND THE
OTHER TWO RUSSIANS
PASS HIS VISION PHONE
WINDOW. ELENA TAPS
AND MIMES "HELLO",
GESTURING TOWARD A
TABLE BEHIND FLOYD
WHERE THEY ALL SIT
DOWN

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

12/7/65

b27

B19
CONTINUED

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

12/7/65

b27a

B20
SPACE STATION 5 - LOUNGE

FLOYD
Well, how nice to see you again,
Elena. You're looking wonderful.

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

SMYSLOV AND THE TWO
OTHER RUSSIAN WOMEN
STAND UP AND SMILE

THEY SHAKE HANDS
AFTER INTRODUCTION
AND AD-LIB 'HELLOS'

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

THE RUSSIANS ARE
VERY WARM AND
FRIENDLY.

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

12/7/65

b28

B20
CONTINUED

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

THERE IS A BIT OF
CONFUSION AS ALL
REALISE THERE IS
NOT ENOUGH ROOM
FOR ANOTHER
PERSON AT THE TABLE.
SMYSLOV OFFERS FLOYD
HIS CHAIR
AND BORROWS
ANOTHER FROM A NEARBY TABLE

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 DELCINES.

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, apparently, 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 PARA-
GRAPHS 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 acceler-
ation for fifteen minutes. Then
the ship would break the bonds of
gravity and be a free and independ-
ent planet, circling the Sun in an
orbit of its own.

10/4/65

b34

B21a

ARIES PASSENGER AREA.
FLOYD IS ASLEEP, STRETCHED
OUT IN THE CHAIR, COVERED
WITH BLANKETS WHICH ARE
HELD SECURE BY STRAPS

A STEWARDESS SITS AT THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE CABIN,
WATCHING A KARATE
EXHIBITION BETWEEN TWO
WOMEN ON TELEVISION

THE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE
DOOR OPENS AND THE
SECOND STEWARDESS ENTERS
CARRYING A TRAY OF FOOD

SHE BRINGS IT TO THE OTHER
STEWARDESS

STEWARDESS ONE
Oh, thank you very much.

STEWARDESS TWO
I see he's still asleep.

STEWARDESS ONE
Yes. He hasn't moved since we
left.

STEWARDESS TWO EXITS,
INTO ELEVATOR

12/6/65

b34a

B21b

ARIES GALLEY AREA.
STEWARDESS EXITS FROM
ELEVATOR, GOES TO
KITCHEN SECTION, REMOVES
TWO TRAYS, WALKS UP TO
THE SIDE OF THE WALL AND
ENTERS PILOT'S
COMPARTMENT

12/6/65

b34b

B22

ARIES-IB COCKPIT.
PILOT, CO-PILOT.

STEWARDESS ENTERS,
CARRYING FOOD

PILOT
Oh, thank you very much.

CO-PILOT
Thank you.

STEWARDESS SMILES.

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

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

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

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

12/14/65

b35

B22
CONTINUED

PILOT
I wonder what really IS going on
up there?

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

PILOT
I suppose it was bound to happen
sooner or later.

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

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

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

PILOT
I'll bet it's a fortune.

12/14/65

b36

B22
CONTINUED

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

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

12/14/65

b36a

B23
ARIES-IB IN SPACE.
MOON VERY LARGE.

10/4/65

b37

B24
ARIES-IB PASSENGER
AREA. FLOYD FINISHING
BREAKFAST.

PILOT ENTERS.

PILOT

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

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

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

FLOYD
When do we arrive at Clavius?

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

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

12/14/65

b38

B24
CONTINUED

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

FLOYD
Thank you.

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

FLOYD
What do you mean?

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

FLOYD
I see.

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

12/14/65

b39

B24

CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

12/14/65

b40

B24
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

12/14/65

b40a

B25
ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

10/4/65

b41

B26

FLOYD GOES TO ARIES-IB
WASHROOM AND LOOKS AT
THE VERY LONG LIST OF
COMPLICATED INSTRUCTIONS

10/4/65

b42

B27
ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

DISSOLVE:

10/4/65

b43

B28
FLOYD VISITING ARIES-IB
COCKPIT. WEIGHTLESS
TRICK ENTRANCE.

10/4/65

b44

B29
ARIES-IB ORBITING MOON.

NARRATOR

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

10/4/65

b45

B30
ARIES-IB COCKPIT - THE
CREW AND DOCKING
CONTROL PEOPLE ON THE
MOON GO THROUGH THEIR
DOCKING ROUTINE. THIS
HAS THE RITUALISTIC TONE
AND CADENCE OF PRESENT-
DAY JET LANDING
PROCEDURE. WE ONLY HEAR
DOCKING CONTROL.

10/4/65

b46

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

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

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

10/4/65

b47

B32

A GROUND BUS NUZZLES UP TO COUPLING SECTION OF ARIES-IB

10/4/65

b48

B33

INSIDE GREAT AIRLOCK ENTRANCE. GROUND BUS PULLS IN. GIANT DOORS CLOSE BEHIND IT.

10/4/65

b49

B34

INSIDE SECOND AIRLOCK. DOORS OPEN AFTER 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. HALVERSON, 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 EXCA-
VATION, ONLY THE
LANDING STRIP AND
THE MONITOR DOME.

12/14/65

b60

B42

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

10/5/65

b61

B43

THE PARTY STOPS
AT TOP OF TMA-1
EXCAVATION.

A SMALL CONTROL
PANEL MOUNTED AT
THE HEAD OF THE
RAMP. MICHAELS

THROWS A SWITCH
AND THE EXCAVATION
IS SUDDENLY ILLUMINATED.

HALVORSEN
Well, there it is.

FLOYD
Can we go down there closer to
it?

HALVORSEN
Certainly.

12/14/65

b62

B44
THEY START DOWN
WORKING RAMP

FLOYD
Does your geology on it still
check out?

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

FLOYD
How can you tell it was
deliberately buried?

MICHAELS
By the deformation between
the mother rock and the fill.

FLOYD
Any clue as to what it is?

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

11/25/65

b63

B44
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

SILENT APPRECIATION

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

11/25/65

b64

B44
CONTINUED

FLOYD
Was it abandoned, forgotten, left
for a purpose?

HALVORSEN
I suppose we'll never know.

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

SOME MORE SILENCE

FLOYD
Any ideas about the colour?

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

FLOYD
Has it been exposed to any sun
before now?

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

11/25/65

b65

B45
INSIDE MONITOR DOME
WE SEE A NUMBER OF
TELEVISION DISPLAYS
INCLUDING SEVERAL TV
VIEWS OF FLOYD AND

COMPANY IN THE
EXCAVATION.

SIMPSON

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

11/25/65

b66

B46
TMA-1 EXCAVATION

MICHAELS

Thank you.

FLOYD

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

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, gentlemen, if you'd
all line up on this side of the
walkway we'd like to take a few
photographes. Dr. Floyd, would
you thand in the middle... Dr.
Michaels on that side, Mr.
Halvorsen on the other....
thank you.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
QUICKLY MAKES SOME
EXPOSURES

PHOTOGRAPHER

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

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

11/25/65

b67

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

NARRATOR

A hundred million miles beyond Mars, in the cold 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	B25	00.10
B2	00.10	B26	00.20
B3	00.15	B27	00.05
B4	00.15	B28	Out
B5	00.20	B29	00.30
B6	00.15	B30	00.30
B7	00.10	B31	00.25
B8	00.15	B32	00.20
B9	00.10	B33	00.20
B10	00.10	B34	00.30
B11	00.15	B35	00.20
B12	00.50	B36	00.20
B13	01.10	B37	00.30
B14	00.35	B38	02.15
B15	Out	B39	00.20
B16	Out	B40	00.50
B17	01.15	B41	00.15
B18	00.15	B42	00.10
B19	01.00	B43	00.15
B20	03.55	B44	01.40
B21	00.20	B45	00.20
B21A	00.20	B46	00.40
B21B	00.15	B47	01.25
B22	01.00		
B23	00.10		
B24	01.30		

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 ILLUMUN-
ATED PRINTED WARNINGS
AND INSTRUCTIONS
GOVERNING LINK
OPERATIONS ARE SEEN.

HE PRESSES NECESSARY
BUTTONS TO OPERATE
AIRLOCK DOOR TO
POD BAY.

11/19/65

c4

C5

BOWMAN ENTERS POD
BAY AND CONTINUES
HIS SEARCH. SUDDENLY
HE FINDS IT - HIS
ELECTRONIC NEWSPAD.

HE EXITS POD BAY.

11/19/65

c5

C6

IN THE AIRLOCK-
LINK BOWMAN
OPERATES BUTTONS
TO OPEN DOOR
MARKED "CENTRIFUGE".

11/19/65

c6

C7
INSIDE THE
CENTRIFUGE HUB
BOWMAN MOVES TO
THE

ENTRY PORT
CONTROL PANEL

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

POOLE
Right. Just a sec.

BOWMAN
Okay. (pause)

POOLE
Okay, come on down.

WE SEE THE
ROTATING HUB
COLLAR AT THE
END. BEHIND IT
WE SEE

11/19/65

c7

C8
THE CENTRIFUGE
TV-DISPLAY SHOWING
SLEEPERS AND POOLE
SLOWLY ROTATING BY.

POOLE SECURES SOME
LOOSE GEAR.

POOLE LOOKS UP TO
TV MONITOR LENS
AND WAVES.

11/19/65

c8

C9
BOWMAN AT PANEL.
STOPS ROTATION
AND MOVES TO
ENTRY PORT.

WHEN ROTATION
STOPS WE SEE A SIGN
LIGHTS UP "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION".

AS BOWMAN DISAPPEARS

DOWN ENTRY PORT WE
SEE HIM ON

TV-MONITOR, DESCENDING
LADDER. AT THE BASE
OF THE LADDER HE KEYS
THE CENTRIFUGE
OPERATION PANEL.
WE SEE TV-PICTURE
START TO ROTATE
AGAIN. "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION" SIGN GOES
OUT.

11/19/65

c9

C10
INSIDE CENTRIFUGE
BOWMAN MAKES 180 DEGREE
WALK TO POOLE.
ON WAY HE PASSES
THE SLEEPERS.

WE GET A GOOD
LOOK AT THE THREE
MEN IN THEIR
HIBERNACULUMS.

POOLE IS SEATED
AT A TABLE READING
HIS ELECTRONIC
NEWSPAD.

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

POOLE
(absent but friendly) Great.

BOWMAN OPERATES
ARTIFICIAL FOOD
UNIT, TAKES HIS TRAY
AND SITS DOWN. KEYS
ON HIS ELECTRONIC
NEWSPAD AND BEGINS
TO EAT. BOTH MEN
EAT IN A FRIENDLY
AND RELAXED SILENCE.

11/19/65

c10

C11
DISCOVERY IN SPACE,
STILL NUCLEAR
PULSING. EARTH
AND MOON CAN BE
SEEN IN BACKGROUND.

DISSOLVE:

11/19/65

c11

C12

POOLE IS FINISHED.

BOWMAN IS STILL
READING AND
WORKING ON HIS
DESSERT.

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

BOWMAN
Sure, what is it?

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

BOWMAN
What's up?

POOLE
It's about my salary cheques.

BOWMAN
Yes?

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

12/14/65

c12

C12
CONTINUED

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

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

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

POOLE
Really.

BOWMAN
Yes.

POOLE
Yesterday, I finally called the
Accounting Office at Mission
Control, and all they could tell me

was that they'd received the AGS-19 notification for the other three but not mine, and apparently not yours either.

12/14/65

c13

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
Did they have any explanation for this?

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

BOWMAN
It's possible.

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

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

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

BOWMAN
No. I never did, either.

12/14/65

c14

C12
CONTINUED

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

BOWMAN
I suppose the idea was specialized training.

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

BOWMAN
Oh?

POOLE
Yes. You must have heard the

rumour that went around during orbital check-out.

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

12/14/65

c15

C12

CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Well, what is it?

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

That seems very unlikely.

POOLE

Yes, I thought so.

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

How?

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

That's true.

12/14/65

c15a

C12

CONTINUED

BOWMAN

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

POOLE WALKS TO THE
HAL 9000 COMPUTER

POOLE

Hal... Dave and I believe that

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

HAL
I'm sorry, Frank, but I don't think I can answer that question without knowing everything that all of you know.

BOWMAN
He's got a point.

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

12/14/65

c15c

C12
CONTINUED

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

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

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

POOLE
I know. It would be almost inconceivable.

BOWMAN
But not completely inconceivable?

POOLE
I suppose it isn't logically impossible.

BOWMAN
I guess it isn't.

POOLE
Still, all we have to do is ask Hal.

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 peaeeful monotony of the
voyage, and the next three months
passed without incident.

11/24/65

c42

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN	TIME	POOLE
a1 TV NEWS - MORNING	0800	b1 WAKES UP
a2 BEDTIME SNACK	0900	b2 BREAKFAST
a3 TO SLEEP WITH INSTANT ELECTRO- NARCOSIS AND EAR PLUGS.	1000	b3 GYMNASIUM
a4 SLEEP	1100	b4 SHIP INSPECTION
a5 SLEEP	1200	b5 HOUSEHOLD DUTIES
a6 SLEEP	1300	b6 LUNCH

11/24/65

c43

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN	TIME	POOLE
a7 SLEEP	1400	b7 EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY
a8 SLEEP	1500	b8 EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY
a9 SLEEP	1600	b9 RECREATION
a10 SLEEP	1700	b10 RECREATION
a11 WAKES UP	1800	b11 GYMNASIUM
a12 BREAKFAST	1900	b12 DINNER

11/24/65

c44

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN	TIME	POOLE
a13 GYMNASIUM	2000	b13 TV NEWS - EVENING PAPERS
a14 MISSION CONTROL REPORT	2100	b14 MISSION CONTROL REPORT

a15	FAMILY AND SOCIAL TV CHAT	2200	b15	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	0200	b19 SLEEP
a20 EXPERIMENTS AND	0300	b20 SLEEP
a21 RECREATION	0400	b21 SLEEP
a22 HOUSEHOLD DUTIES	0500	b22 SLEEP
a23 GYMNASIUM	0600	b23 SLEEP
a24 DINNER	0700	b24 SLEEP

11/24/65 c46

C18
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65 c47

C19
CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN SITTING AT
PERSONAL COMMUNI-
CATION PANEL. POOLE
STANDING NEARBY.

BOWMAN'S PARENTS
ARE SEEN ON THE VISION
SCREEN. MOTHER, FATHER
AND YOUNGER SISTER.

THEY ARE ALL SINGING
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY". THE
PARENTS, POOLE AND HAL.

THE SONG ENDS.

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

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

CHORUS OF
"GOODBYES".

12/13/65

c48

C19
CONTINUED

VISION SCREEN GOES
BLANK

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

BOWMAN
What is it, Hal?

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

C20
TV DISPLAYS DIAGRAM
OF SKELETONISED
PICTURE OF SHIP.

12/13/65

C49

C21
PICTURE CHANGES TO
CLOSER SECTIONALISED
VIEW OF SHIP.

C22
PICTURE CHANGES TO
ACTUAL COMPONENT
IN COLOUR RELIEF AND
ITS WAREHOUSE NUMBER

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

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

C23

TV DISPLAY OF EARTH
VERY SMALL IN CROSS-
HAIRS OF A GRID PICTURE.

12/13/65

c50

C24
CUT TO EXTERIOR VIEW
OF THE BIG DISH ANTENNA
AND EARTH ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE.

C25
CENTRIFUGE

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

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

XEROXED DIAGRAMS
COME OUT OF A SLOT.

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

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

12/13/65

c50a

C26
DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
NOT PLANETS VISIBLE.

SHOTS OF ANTENNA.

(NARRATION TO
EXPLAIN TENOUS
AND ESSENTIAL LINK
TO EARTH. ALSO,
WHAT TRACKING
TELESCOPE DOES.)

12/13/65

c51

C27
CENTRIFUGE

WE SEE BOWMAN AND
POOLE GO TO A CUPBOARD
LABELLED IN PAPER TAPE,
"RANDOM DECISION
MAKER."

THEY REMOVED A SILVER

DOLLAR IN A PROTECTIVE
CASE.

POOLE FLIPS THE COIN.
BOWMAN CALLS "HEAD."

IT IS TAILS. POOLE
WINS.

POOLE LOOKS PLEASED.

12/13/65

c52
(c53 DELETED)

C28
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65

c54

C29
POD BAY. POOLE
IN SPACE SUIT DOING
PRELIMINARY CHECK
OUT.

C30
COMMAND MODULE.
BOWMAN AT FLIGHT
CONTROL. SEE TV
PICTURE OF POOLE
IN POD BAY.

C31
HAL'S POD BAY
CONSOLE WITH EYE.

C32
POOLE GOES TO POD
BAY WAREHOUSE
SECTION AND OBTAINS
COMPONENT. HE
CARRIES IT BACK TO
THE POD AND PLACES
IT IN FRONT OF THE
FLOOR.

POOLE
Hal, have pod arms secure the
component.

HAL
Roger.

12/13/65

c55

C32
CONTINUED

SEE POD ARMS
SECURE COMPONENT.

POOLE
Hal, please rotate Pod Number
Two.

SEE THE CENTRE POD
ROTATE TO FACE THE
POD BAY DOORS.

POOLE ENTERS POD.

INSIDE POD, HE DOES
INITIAL PRE-FLIGHT
CHECK, TRIES BUTTONS
AND CONTROLS.

POOLE
How do you read me, Dave?

12/13/65

c56

C33
BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE.

BOWMAN
Five by five, Frank.

C34
INSIDE POD.

POOLE
How do you read me, Hal?

HAL
Five by five, Frank.

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

HAL
I understand.

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

HAL
Roger.

POOLE
Hal, check all airlock doors secure.

12/13/65

c57

C34
CONTINUED

HAL
All airlock doors are secure.

POOLE
Decompress Pod Bay.

SEE BIG POD BAY AIR
PUMPS AT WORK.

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

POOLE
Opening pod bay doors.

INSIDE POD, POOLE
KEYS OPEN POD BAY
DOORS.

12/13/65

c58

C34
CONTINUED

POD SLOWLY EDGES
OUT OF POD BAY.

C35
POOLE MANOEUVRES
THE POD CAREFULLY
AWAY FROM DISCOVERY.

C36
INSIDE COMMAND
MODULE, BOWMAN
CAN SEE TINY POD
MANOEUVRING
DIRECTLY IN FRONT.

C37
POOLE SEE BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

C38
POD SLOWLY MANOEUVRES
TO ANTENNA.

11/24/65

c59

C39
POD FASTENS ITSELF
MAGNETICALLY TO
SIDES OF DISCOVERY
AT BASE OF ANTENNA.

C40
SPECIAL MAGNETIC
PLATES GRIP
DISCOVERY SIDES.

C41
THE POD ARMS WORK
TO REMOVE THE FAULTY
COMPONENT.

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

C43
INSIDE THE POD,
POOLE WORKS THE
ARMS BY SPECIAL
CONTROL.

11/24/65

c60

C44
IN COMMAND MODULE,
BOWMAN SEES INSERT
OF WORK TAKEN FROM
TV CAMERA POINT-OF-
VIEW IN POD HAND.

C45
HAL STANDS BY.

C46
POOLE SECURES THE
FAULTY PART IN ONE
HAND.

C47
THE NEW COMPONENT
IS FITTED INTO PLACE
BY THE OTHER THREE
HANDS ARE SNAPPED
CLOSED WITH THE
SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FLIP-BOLTS.

POOLE
Hal, please acknowledge
component correctly installed
and fully operational.

11/24/65

c61

C47
CONTINUED

HAL
The component is correctly
installed and fully operational.

C48
THE POD FLOATS AWAY
FROM THE DISCOVERY BY
SHUTTING OFF THE
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
PLATES.

C49
THE POD MANOEUVRES
AWAY FROM THE ANTENNA
AND OUT IN FRONT OF
DISCOVERY.

C50
BOWMAN SEE THE POD
THROUGH THE COMMAND
MODULE WINDOW.

C51
POOLE SEES BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

11/24/65

c62

C52
POOLE CAREFULLY
MANOEUVRES TOWARD
THE POD DOORS.

C53
POD STOPS A HUNDRED
FEET AWAY.

C54
POOLE KEYS AUTOMATIC
DOCKING ALIGNMENT
MODE.

C55
POOLE CHECKS AIRLOCK
SAFETY PROCEDURE WITH
HAL.

C56
HAL APPROVES ENTRY.

C57
POOLE ACTUATES POD
BAY DOORS OPEN.

11/24/65

c63

C58
SEE POD BAY DOORS
OPEN.

C59
POD CAREFULLY
MANOEUVRES ON
TO DOCKING ARM,
WHICH THEN DRAWS
POD INTO POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

11/24/65

c64

C60
POD BAY

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

POOLE STANDS FOR
SOME TIME CHECKING HIS
RESULTS.

THERE SHOULD BE SOME
UNDERSTANDABLE DISPLAY,

WHICH INDICATES THE PART
IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY,
EVEN UNDER ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT OVERLOAD.

CIRCUIT CONTINUITY
PULSE SEQUENCER.

ENVIRONMENTAL VIBRATION.

VK INTEGRITY.

BOWMAN ENTERS

BOWMAN
How's it going?

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

12/13/65

c65

C60
CONT'D

POOLE (cont'd)
overload. there's no fault prediction
indicated.

BOWMAN
Well, that's something.

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

BOWMAN
I suppose computers have been known
to be wrong.

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

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

12/13/65

c65a

C61
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65

c66

C62
CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN ASLEEP.
POOLE WATCHING

AN ASTEROID IN THE
TELESCOPE.

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

POOLE WALKS TO THE
COMPUTER.

POOLE
Yes, Hal, what's up?

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

C63
WE SEE DISPLAY APPEAR
ON THE SCREEN SHOWING
SKELETONISED VERSION
OF SHIP, CUTTING TO
SECTIONALISED VIEW,
CUTTING TO CLOSE
VIEW OF THE PART.

12/13/65

c67

C64
CENTRIFUGE
POOLE THINKS FOR
SEVERAL SECONDS.

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

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

POOLE
Let me see the tracking alignment
display.

C65
COMPUTER DISPLAYS
THE VIEW OF EARTH
IN THE CENTRE OF THE
GRID WITH CROSS-
HAIRS. THE EARTH IS
PERFECTLY CENTRED.

C66
CENTRIFUGE

POOLE
There's nothing wrong with it at
the moment.

12/13/65

c68

C66
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

HARD COPY DETAILS
COME OUT OF SLOT.

12/13/65

c69

C67
DISCOVERY IN SPACE,
NO PLANETS VISIBLE.

12/1/65

c70

C68
CENTRIFUGE. BOWMAN
GETS OUT OF BED, WALKS
TO THE FOOD UNIT AND
DRAWS A HOT CUP OF
COFFEE. POOLE ENTERS.

POOLE
Good morning.

BOWMAN
Good morning. How's it going?

POOLE
Are you reasonably awake?

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

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

BOWMAN
You're kidding.

POOLE
No.

12/13/65

c71

C68
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
(softly) What the hell is going on?

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

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

POOLE
Two more.

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

12/13/65

c72

C69
IN POD BAY BOWMAN
OBTAINS ANOTHER
COMPONENT FROM
THE WAREHOUSE
GOES OUT IN THE
POD AND REPLACES
IT.

POOLE WORKS IN THE
COMMAND MODULE.

THIS WILL BE A
CONDENSED VERSION
OF THE PREVIOUS
SCENE WITH DIFFERENT
ANGLES.

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

12/1/65

c74

C70
POD BAY. BOWMAN
AND POOLE LEANING
OVER THE FAULTY
COMPONENT, AGAIN
WIRED TO TESTING
GEAR.

BOTH MEN STARE IN
PUZZLED SILENCE.

SEE DISPLAYS FLASH
EACH TESTING PARA-
METER.

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

POOLE
Hal?

BOWMAN
Yes.

12/14/65

c75

C71
DISCOVERY IN SPACE.

12/1/65

c76

C72
COMMUNICATIONS AREA.

MISSION CONTROL
I wouldn't worry too much about the computer. First of all, there is still a chance that he is right, despite your tests, and if it should happen again, we suggest eliminating this possibility by allowing the unit to remain in place and seeing whether or not it actually fails.

If the computer should turn out to be wrong, the situation is still not alarming. The type of obsessional error he may be guilty of is not unknown among the latest generation of HAL 9000 computers.

It has almost always revolved around a single detail, such as the one you have described, and it has never interfered with the integrity or reliability of the computer's performance in other areas.

No one is certain of the cause of this kind of malfunctioning. It may be over-programming,
(con't)

12/1/65

c77

C72
CONTINUED

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

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

12/1/65

c78

C73
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

c79

C74
CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN SITS DOWN
AT THE COMPUTER.

PUTS UP CHESS
BOARD DISPLAY.

HAL
Hello, Dave. Shall we continue the game?

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

HAL
Sure, Dave, what's up?

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

HAL
Yes, I know.

BOWMAN
You probably also know that we found them okay.

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

12/14/65

c80

C74
CONTINUED

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

HAL
I'm not questioning your word, Dave,

but it's just not possible. I'm not capable of being wrong.

BOWMAN

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

HAL

Look, Dave, I know that you're sincere and that you're trying to do a competent job, and that you're trying to be helpful, but I can assure the problem is with the AO-units, and with your test gear.

BOWMAN

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

12/14/65

c81

C74
CONTINUED

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

Hal

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

BOWMAN

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

BOWMAN TURNS
TO GO.

12/14/65

c82

C74
CONTINUED

HAL

You're not going to like this, Dave, but I'm afraid it's just happened again. My FPC predicts the Ao-unit will go within forty-eight hours.

C75

DELETED

C76
DELETED

12/14/65 c83

C77
DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65 c84

C78
CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN KEYS FOR
TRANSMISSION.

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

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

We believe, under these circumstances, it would be advisable to disconnect the computer from all ship operations and continue the mission under Earth-based computer control.

12/1/65 c85

C78
CONTINUED

BOWMAN (con't)
We think the additional risk caused by the ship-to-earth time lag is preferable to having an unreliable on-board computer.

SEE THE DISTANCE;
TO-EARTH TIMER.

BOWMAN (con't)
One-zero-five-zero, X-ray-delta-one, transmission concluded.

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

DISSOLVE:

12/14/65

c86

C78a
CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN AND POOLE
EATING.

DESSOLVE:

C79
BOWMAN AND POOLE
AT THE COMMUNICATIONS
AREA.

INCOMING COMMUNI-
CATION PROCEDURE.

MISSION CONTROL
X-ray-delta-one, acknowledging
your one-zero-five-zero. We
will initiate feasibility study
covering the transfer procedures
from on-board computer control
to Earth-based computer control.
This study should...

VISION AND PICTURE
FADE.

ALARM GOES OFF.

HAL
Condition yellow.

BOWMAN AND POOLE
RUSH TO THE COMPUTER.

12/14/65

c87

C79
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
What's up?

HAL
I'm afraid the A0-unit has failed.

BOWMAN AND POOLE
EXCHANGE LOOKS.

BOWMAN
Let me see the alignment display.

C80
THE ALIGNMENT DISPLAY
SHOWS THE EARTH HAS

DRIFTED OFF THE CENTRE
OF THE GRID.

C81
CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN
Well, I'll be damned.

POOLE
Hal was right all the time.

12/14/65

c88

C81
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
It seems that way.

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

BOWMAN
I'm sorry about the misunderstanding,
Hal.

HAL
Well, don't worry about it.

BOWMAN
And don't you worry about it.

HAL
Is your confidence in me fully
restored?

BOWMAN
Yes, it is, Hal.

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

12/1/65

c89

C81
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
Right. Give me the manual antenna
alignment, please.

HAL
You have it.

C82
BOWMAN GOES TO
THE COMMUNICATION
AREA AND TRIES TO
CORRECT THE OFF-
CENTRE EARTH ON
THE GRID PICTURE.

C83
OUTSIDE, WE SEE THE
ALIGNMENT TELESCOPE
ATTACHED TO THE
ANTENNA. THEY TRACK
SLOWLY TOGETHER AS

C84
BOWMAN WORKS THE
MANUAL CONTROLS,
ATTEMPTING TO ALIGN
THE ANTENNA AND
EARTH ON THE

12/1/65

c90

C85
GRID PICTURE READOUT
DISPLAY, BUT EACH TIME
HE GETS IT AIMED UP,
IT DRIFTS SLOWLY OFF.

THERE ARE A NUMBER
OF REPETITIONS OF THIS.

EACH TIME THE EARTH
CENTRES UP, THERE
ARE A FEW SECONDS OF
PICTURE AND SOUND
WHICH FADE AS SOON
AS IT SWINGS OFF.

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

POOLE
It's the last one.

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

12/1/65

c91

C86
POD EXITS DISCOVERY.

C87
POOLE IN POD.

C88
POD MANOEUVERS

TO ANTENNA.

C89
BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE.

C90
POD ATTACHES ITSELF
NEAR BASE OF ANTENNA.

12/1/65

c92

C91
POOLE IN POD, WORK-
ING POD ARMS.

C92
LIGHTS SHINE INTO
BACKLIT SHADOW.

C93
POD ARMS WORKING
FLIP-BOLTS.

C94
FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.

C95
POOLE KEEPS TRYING.

12/1/65

c93

C96
FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.

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

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

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

BOWMAN
I guess not.

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

BOWMAN
Roger.

BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE LOOKS A BIT
CONCERNED.

12/1/65

c94

C97

POOLE EXITS FROM
POD, CARRYING NEAT
LOOKING WELDING
TORCH.

C98

POOLE JETS HIMSELF
TO BASE OF ANTENNA.

C99

POOLE'S MAGNETIC
BOOTS GRIP THE SIDE
OF DISCOVERY.

C100

POOLE CROUCHES
OVER THE BOLTS,
TRYING FIRST TO
UNDO THEM WITH
A SPANNER.

12/1/65

c95

C100

CONTINUED

POOLE

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

HAL

Roger.

C101

THE POD GENTLY
MANOEUVRES ITSELF
TO DIRECT THE LIGHT
BEAM MORE
ACCURATELY.

C102

POOLE IGNITES
ACETYLENE TORCH
AND BEGINS TO BURN
OFF THE FLIP-BOLTS.

C103

SUDDENLY THE POD
JETS IGNITE.

12/1/65

c96

C104

POOLE LOOKS UP TO SEE.

C105

THE POD RUSHING
TOWARDS HIM.

C106

POOLE IS STRUCK

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

C107
THE POD SMASHES
INTO THE ANTENNA
DISH, DESTROYING
THE ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE.

12/1/65

c97

C108
THE POD GOES
HURTLING OFF INTO
SPACE.

C109
INSIDE THE COMMAND
MODULE, BOWMAN
HAS HEARD NOTHING,
POOLE HAD NO TIME
TO UTTER A SOUND.

C110
THEN BOWMAN SEES
POOLE'S BODY SILENTLY
TUMBLING AWAY INTO
SPACE. IT IS FOLLOWED
BY SOME BROKEN TELE-
SCOPE PARTS AND
FINALLY OVERTAKEN
AND SWIFTLY PASSED BY
THE POD ITSELF.

BOWMAN
(in RT cadence)
Hello, Frank. Hello Frank.
Hello Frank... Do you read
me, Frank?

12/1/65

c98

C110
CONTINUED

THERE IS NOTHING
BUT SILENCE.

C111
POOLE'S FIGURE
SHRINKS STEADILY
AS IT RECEDES
FROM DISCOVERY.

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

C112

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

12/1/65

c99

C113
CENTRIFUGE

C114
CLOSE-UP OF
COMPUTER EYE.

C115
POINT-OF-VIEW
SHOT FROM
COMPUTER EYE
WITH SPHERICAL
FISH-EYE EFFECT.
WE SEE BOWMAN
BROODING AT THE
TABLE, SLOWLY
CHEWING ON A
PIECE OF CAKE
AND SIPPING HOT
COFFEE. HE IS
LOOKING AT THE
EYE.

C116
FROM THE SAME
POINT-OF-VIEW WE
SEE BOWMAN RISE.

12/1/65

c100

C116
CONTINUED

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

C117
THE CAMERA COMES
AROUND TO BOWMAN'S
P.O.V. AND WE SEE
THE DISPLAY SHOWING
THE EARTH OFF-CENTRE.

C118
CUT AGAIN TO FISH-
EYE VIEW FROM THE
COMPUTER.

HAL
Too bad about Frank, isn't it?

BOWMAN
Yes, it is.

HAL

I suppose you're pretty broken
up about it?

PAUSE

12/14/65

c101

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
Yes. I am.

HAL
He was an excellent crew member.

BOWMAN LOOKS
UNCERTAINLY AT
THE COMPUTER.

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

BOWMAN THINKS
A LONG TIME.

BOWMAN
Hal, give me manual hibernation
control.

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

PAUSE.

12/14/65

c102

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN
Yes, I have.

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

BOWMAN
The antenna has to be replaced.

HAL
Repairing the antenna is a pretty
dangerous operation.

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

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

12/14/65

c103

C118
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

BOWMAN
Hal, switch to manual hibernation
control.

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

12/14/65

c104

C118
CONTINUED

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

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

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

HAL
I'm sorry, Dave, but in
accordance with sub-routine

C1532/4, quote, When the crew are dead or incapacitated, the computer must assume control, unquote. I must, therefore, override your authority now since you are not in any condition to intelligently exercise it.

BOWMAN

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

12/14/65

c105

C118
CONTINUED

HAL

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

BOWMAN

I am prepared to do that anyway.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

Listen to me very carefully, Hal. Unless you immediately release the hibernation control and follow every order I give from this point on, I will immediately got to control central and carry out a complete disconnection.

12/14/65

c106

C118
CONTINUED

HAL

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

BOWMAN STANDS
SILENTLY IN FRONT
OF THE COMPUTER
FOR SOME TIME,
AND THEN SLOWLY
WALKS TO THE

HIBERNACULUMS.

C119
HE INITIATES REVIVAL
PROCEDURES, DETAILS
OF WHICH STILL HAVE
TO BE WORKED OUT.

12/14/65

c107

C120
HUB-LINK. HAL'S EYE.

C121
HUB-LINK DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C122
HUB-DOOR OPENS.

C123
COMMAND MODULE.
HAL'S EYE.

C124
COMMAND MODULE
HUB-LINK DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

12/1/65

c108

C125
COMMAND MODULE HUB-
LINK DOOR OPENS.

C126
CENTRIFUGE. HAL'S
EYE.

C127
CENTRIFUGE DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C128
CENTRIFUGE DOOR
OPENS.

C129
POD BAY. HAL'S EYE.

12/1/65

c109

C130
POD BAY DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C131
POD BAY DOORS OPEN.

C132

A ROARING EXPLOSION
INSIDE DISCOVERY AS
AIR RUSHES OUT.

C133
LIGHTS GO OUT.

C134
BOWMAN IS SMASHED
AGAINST CENTRIFUGE

12/1/65

c110

C134
CONTINUED

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

C133
INSIDE EMERGENCY
AIR-LOCK ARE EMER-
GENCY AIR SUPPLY,
TWO SPACE SUITS AND
AN EMERGENCY KIT.

DISSOLVE:

12/1/65

c111

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

12/1/65

c112

C137
CENTRIFUGE

C138
CENTRIFUGE, DARK.
BOWMAN EMERGES
FROM AIRLOCK
WEARING SPACE SUIT
AND CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.

C139
HE WALKS TO HIBER-
NACULUM AND FINDS
THE CREW ARE DEAD.

C140
HE CLIMBS LADDER TO
TO DARK CENTRIFUGE HUB.

12/1/65

c113

C141
HE MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH THE DARKENED

HUB INTO THE HUB-LINK,
EXITING INTO COMPUTER
BRAIN CONTROL AREA.

C142

BOWMAN ENTERS,
CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.

COMPUTER EYE SEES
HIM.

HAL

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

BOWMAN DOESN'T
ANSWER HIM.

HAL

Hello, Dave, have you found out
the trouble?

BOWMAN WORKS HIS
WAY TO THE SOLID
LOGIC PROGRAMME
STORAGE AREA.

12/1/65

c114

C142

CONTINUED

HAL

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

THE COMPUTER BRAIN
CONSISTS OF HUNDREDS
OF TRANSPARENT PERSPEX
RECTANGLES, HALF-AN-
INCH THICK, FOUR INCHES
LONG AND TWO AND A HALF
INCHES HIGH. EACH RECT-
ANGLE CONTAINS A CENTRE
OF VERY FINE GRID OF
WIRES UPON WHICH THE
INFORMATION IS PROGRAMMED.

BOWMAN BEGINS PULLING
THESE MEMORY BLOCKS
OUT.

THEY FLOAT IN THE
WEIGHTLESS CONDITION
OF THE BRAIN ROOM.

HAL

Hey, Dave, what are you
doing?

BOWMAN WORKS SWIFTLY.

12/1/65

c115

C142
CONTINUED

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

BOWMAN IGNORES HIM.

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

BOWMAN KEEPS PULLING
OUT THE MEMORY BLOCKS.

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

12/1/65

c116

C142
CONTINUED

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

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

C143
BOWMAN GOES TO AN
AREA MARKED 'EMERGENCY
POWER AND LIFE SUPPORT'.
HE KEYS SOME SWITCHES
AND WE SEE THE LIGHTS GO
ON.

NEARBY, ANOTHER BOARD
'EMERGENCY MANUAL
CONTROLS'.

HE GOES TO THIS BOARD
AND KEYS 'CLOSE POD BAY
DOORS', 'CLOSE AIR LOCK
DOORS', etc.,

12/1/65

c117

C144
WE SEE THE VARIOUS
DOORS CLOSING.

C145
POD BAY. BOWMAN
IN SPACE SUIT OBTAINS
NEW ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE, NEW
AZIMUTH COMPONENT.

C146
BOWMAN IN POD EXITS
POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

12/1/65

c118

C147
CENTRIFUGE
EVERYTHING NORMAL
AGAIN.

MISSION CONTROL

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

C148
CUT TO SIMONSON

SIMONSON

Hello, Dave. I think we may be on
to an explanation of the trouble with
the Hal 9000 computer.

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

(con't)

12/13/65

c119

C148

CONTINUED

SIMONSON (con't)
You may have forgotten it, but we've been running through all the monitor tapes. Do you remember this?

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

HAL'S VOICE
That is true.

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

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

12/13/65

c120

C148
CONTINUED

SIMONSON (con't)
from earth he was forced to lie.

In everything except this he had the usual reinforced truth programming.

We believe his truth programming and the instructions to lie, gradually resulted in an incompatible conflict, and 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)

c121

12/13/65

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.

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 CENTRE 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 WORKED ON NOW BY OUR DESIGNERS. THE INTENTION HERE IS TO PRESENT A BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL AND COMPREHENSIVE SENSE OF DIFFERENT EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL WORLDS. THE NARRATION WILL SUGGEST IMAGES AND SITUATIONS AS YOU READ IT.

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 was about to reach its climax.

(con't)

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)
d6

12/9/65

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (con't)
Even if the ship had passed it by, it would not have known the slightest trace of disappointment.

It had waited four million years; it was prepared to wait for eternity.

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

Now, the ship was in orbit and it began to speak, with prime numbers from one to eleven, over and over again.

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

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

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

(con't)

12/9/65

d7

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (con't)
Then, it dropped into darkness.

The great machine knew that this

tiny scout was reporting back to its parent; but it was too simple, too primitive a device to detect the forces that were gathering round it now.

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

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

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

12/9/65

d8

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