

Note from poster to Kubrick newsgroup:

I found this on a bbs a while ago and I thought I'd pass it along to all of you Kubrick freaks out there.

02/23/89

Transcriber's note:

For all you Clarke/Kubrick/2001 fans,

I found the original paper copy of this screenplay a while back and felt compelled to transcribe it to disk and upload it to various bulletin boards for the enjoyment of all.

The final movie deviates from this screenplay in a number of interesting ways. I've tried to maintain the format of the original document except the number of lines per page of the original. In order to reduce the length of this file I've used a bar of "-----" to delimit the pages as there was a lot of whitespace per original screenplay page.

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2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Screenplay

by

Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clark

Hawk Films Ltd.,  
c/o. M-G-M Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.

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TITLE	PART I
	AFRICA
	3,000,000 YEARS AGO

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A1

VIEWS OF AFRICAN DRYLANDS - DROUGHT

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

10/13/65

a1

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A2

INT & EXT CAVES - MOONWATCHER

The man-apes of the field had none of these attributes, and they were on the long, pathetic road to racial extinction. About twenty of them occupied a group of caves overlooking a small, parched valley, divided by a sluggish, brown stream.

The tribe had always been hungry, and now it was starving. As the first dim glow of dawn creeps into the cave, Moonwatcher

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

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

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a2

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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

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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.

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a4

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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

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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.

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a6

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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

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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

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a8

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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

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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, shrieking 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

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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 separated 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,

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a11

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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.

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a12

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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.

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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;

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a14

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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.

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a15

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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,

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a16

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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.

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a17

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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

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a18

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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.

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a19

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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

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a20

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A12  
CONTINUED

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

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a21

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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

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a22

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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

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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.

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a24

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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

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

10/4/65

b2

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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

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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

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

10/4/65

b5

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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

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

10/4/65

b7

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

10/4/65

b8

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

10/4/65

b9

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

10/4/65

b10

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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

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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.

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b12

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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

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B12  
CONTINUED

THEY ENTER PASSPORT  
AREA

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

12/7/65

b13a

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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

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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

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B13  
CONTINUED

FLOYD  
Oh, that's wonderful.

12/7/65

b16

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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

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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

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B15  
DELETED

B16  
DELETED

PAGES b19 - b22 DELETED

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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

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

12/1/65

c112

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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c122

C149  
CONTINUED

MISSION CONTROL (con't)  
had been revived. The briefing is by Doctor Heywood Floyd. Here it is...

12/13/65

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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

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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

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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

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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)

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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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END OF SCREENPLAY  
END OF FILE