

**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**

Screenplay

by

Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clark

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

**TITLE**

**PART I**  
**AFRICA**  
**3,000,000 YEARS AGO**

**A1**

**VIEWS OF AFRICAN DRYLANDS - DROUGHT**

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

a1

**A2**

**INT & EXT CAVES - MOONWATCHER**

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

The tribe had always been hungry, and now it was starving. As the first dim glow of dawn creeps into the cave, Moonwatcher discovers that his father has died during the night. He did not know the Old One was his father, for such a relationship was beyond his understanding. but as he stands looking down at the emaciated body he feels something, something akin to sadness. Then he carries his dead father out of the cave, and leaves him for the hyenas.

Among his kind, Moonwatcher is almost a giant. He is nearly five feet high, and though badly undernourished, weighs over

a hundred pounds. His hairy, muscular body is quite man-like, and his head is already nearer man than ape. The forehead is low, and there are great ridges over the eye-sockets, yet he unmistakably holds in his genes the promise of humanity. As he looks out now upon the hostile world, there is already

a2

**A2**

**CONTINUED**

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

a3

**A3**

**EXT THE STREAM - THE OTHERS**

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

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

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

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

a4

**A4**

**EXT AFRICAN PLAIN - HERBIVORES**

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

the idea of eating it is beyond their imagination. They are slowly starving to death in the midst of plenty.

a5

**A5**

**EXT PARCHED COUNTRYSIDE - THE LION**

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

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

The ground is flat for miles around.

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

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

a6

**A6**

**EXT DEAD TREE - FINDS HONEY**

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

a7

**A7**

**INT & EXT CAVES - NIGHT TERRORS**

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

This Little Sun, that only shone at night and gave no warmth,

was dangerous; there would be enemies abroad. Moonwatcher crawls out of the cave, clambers on to a large boulder besides the entrance, and squats there where he can survey the valley. If any hunting beast approached, he would have time to get back to the relative safety of the cave.

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

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

a8

**A7**  
**CONTINUED**

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

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

a9

**A8**  
**EXT THE STREAM - INVASION**

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

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

Startled and frightened, the tribe retreats before the first

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

Then he becomes dimly aware that the Others are slowing

a10

**A8**  
**CONTINUED**

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

a11

**A8**  
**CONTINUED**

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

Even when Big-Tooth ceases to move for some time, Moonwatcher keeps up the exhilarating game.

With shrieks of panic, the Others retreat back, across the stream. The defenders cautiously pursue them as far as The water's edge.

a12

**EXT CAVE - NEW SOUND**

Dozing fitfully and weakened by his struggle, Moonwatcher is startled by a sound.

He sits up in the fetid darkness of the cave, straining his senses out into the night, and fear creeps slowly into his soul. Never in his life - already twice as long as most members of his species could expect - has he heard a sound like this. The great cats approached in silence, and the only thing that betrayed them was a rare slide of earth, or the occasional cracking of a twig. Yet this is a continuing crunching noise that grows steadily louder. It seemed that some enormous beast was moving through the night, making no attempt at concealment, and ignoring all obstacles.

And then there came a sound which Moonwatcher could not possibly have identified, for it had never been heard before in the history of this planet.

a13

**A10**

**EXT CAVE - NEW ROCK**

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

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

After several minutes of intense thought, he arrives at a brilliant explanation. It is a rock, of course, and it must have grown during the night. There are many plants

that do this - white, pulpy things shaped like pebbles, that seem to shoot up in the hours of darkness. It is true that they are small and round, whereas this is large and square;

a14

**A10**

**CONTINUED**

but greater and later philosophers than Moonwatcher would be prepared to overlook equally striking exceptions to their laws.

This really superb piece of abstract thinking leads Moonwatcher to a deduction which he immediately puts to the test. The white, round pebble-plants are very tasty (though there were a few that made one violently sick); perhaps this square one...?

A few licks and attempted nibbles quickly disillusion him. There is no nourishment here; so like a sensible hominid, he continues on his way to the river and forgets all about the Cube.

a15

**A11**

**EXT CUBE - FIRST LESSON**

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

It is quite soft, and it stops them in their tracks, so that they stand paralyzed on the trail with their jaws hanging. A simple, maddeningly repetitious rhythm pulses out of the crystal cube and hypnotises all who come within its spell. For the first time - and the last, for two million year - the sound of drumming is heard in Africa.

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

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

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

a16

**A11**  
**CONTINUED**

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

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

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

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

a17

**A11**  
**CONTINUED**

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

But that happy state of affairs is about to end. The big male suddenly bends down, picks up a heavy stone lying at his feet - and hurls it upon the unfortunate pig. The stone descends upon its skull, making exactly the same noise that Moonwatcher had produced in his now almost forgotten encounter with Big-Tooth. And the result, too, is much the same - the warthog gives one amazed, indignant squeal, and collapses in a motionless heap.

Then the whole sequence begins again, but this time it unfolds itself with incredible slowness. Every detail of the movement can be followed; the stone arches leisurely through the air, the pig crumples up and sinks to the ground. There the scene freezes for long moments, the slayer standing motionless above the slain, the first of all weapons in his hand.

The scene suddenly fades out. The cube is no more than a glimmering outline in the darkness; the hominids stir, as if

a18

**A11**  
**CONTINUED**

awakening from a dream, realise where they are, and scuttle back to their caves.

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

a19

**A12**  
EXT cave AND PLAINS - Utopia

Babies were born and sometimes lived; feeble, toothless thirty-year-olds died; the lion took its toll in the night; the Others threatened daily across the river - and the trib prospered. In the course of a single year, Moonwatcher and his companions had changed almost beyond recognition.

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

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

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

a20

**A12**  
**CONTINUED**

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

a21

**A13**

**EXT CAVES - KILLING THE LION**

With the partly devoured carcass of a warthog laid out on the ground at the point he hope the boulder would impact, Moon-watcher and three of his bravest companions wait for two consecutive nights. On the third the lion comes, betraying his presences by a small pebble slide.

When they can here the lion below, softly tearing at the meat, they strain themselves against the massive boulder. The sound of the lion stops; he is listening. Again they silently heave against the enormous stone, exerting the final limits of their strength. The rock begin to tip to a new balance point.

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

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

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

a22

**A13**

**CONTINUED**

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

unaware of all that it had done.

a23

**A14**

**EXT STREAM - MASTER OF THE WORLD**

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

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

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

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

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

a24

**A14**

**CONTINUED**

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

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

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

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

by his band.

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

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

a25

**A14**  
**CONTINUED**

unsurely in front of his band.

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

The Others stare in wonder at Moonwatcher's power.

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

a26

**A SECTION TIMING**

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

**A SECTION TOTAL: @23 MIN. 00**

**SECS**

**TITLE**

**PART II**

**YEAR 2001**

a26a

**B1**

**EARTH FROM 200 MILES UP**

**NARRATOR**

overpopulation has

B1a

starvation

THOUSAND MEGATON

the

NUCLEAR BOMB IN ORBIT

the

ABOVE THE EARTH,

**RUSSIAN INSIGNIA AND**

**CCCP MARKINGS**

B1b

AMERICAN THOUSAND

MEGATON BOMB IN ORBIT

the

ABOVE THE EARTH.

Earth's

of 100

B1c

**FRENCH BOMB**

There

acciden-

B1d

since

GERMAN BOMB

to

with a

B1f

showed

CHINESE BOMB

By the year 2001,

replaced the problem of

but this was ominously offset by

absolute and utter perfection of

weapon.

**NARRATOR**

Hundreds of giant bombs had been placed in perpetual orbit above

Earth. They were capable of incinerating the entire

surface from an altitude

miles.

**NARRATOR**

Matters were further complicated by the presence of twenty-seven nations in the nuclear club.

had been no deliberate or

tal use of nuclear weapons

World War II and some people felt secure in this knowledge. But

others, the situation seemed comparable to an airline

perfect safety record; in

admirable care and skill but no

one expected it to last

forever.

10/4/65

b1

**B2**

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

10/4/65

b2

**B3**

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

**HIS PEN FLOATS NEAR HIS  
HAND.**

10/4/65

b3

**B4**

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

10/4/65

b4

**B5**

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

10/4/65

b5

B6

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

10/4/65

b6

B7

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

10/4/65

b7

B8

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

10/4/65

b8

B9

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

10/4/65

b9

B10

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

10/4/65

b10

B11

FROM DOCKING PORT WE

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

10/4/65

b11

**B12**  
**SPACE STATION**  
**RECEPTION AREA**

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

**WE SEE ELEVATOR**  
**INDICATOR WORKING**

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

Floyd.

Miller?

just  
you. I  
knew I  
was on  
when,

**MILLER**

Oh, good morning, Dr.

I'm Nick Miller.

**FLOYD**

How do you do, Mr.

**MILLER**

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

12/7/65

b12

**B12**  
**CONTINUED**

matter.

**FLOYD**

Oh, please don't worry about it.

**MILLER**

Well, thank you very much for being so understanding.

**FLOYD**

Please, it really doesn't

**MILLER**

Well.. Did you have a pleaaant flight?

**FLOYD**

Yes, very pleasant.

**MILLER**

Well, shall we go through Documentation?

**FLOYD**

Fine.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Will you use number eight, please?

**MILLER**

Thank you, Miss Turner.

12/7/65

b13

**B12**  
**CONTINUED**

**THEY ENTER PASSPORT  
AREA**

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

12/7/65

b13a

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

voice

see

please

your

and

**THERE IS A PAUSE  
AND A RED BAR LIGHTS UP**

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

12/7/65

b14

**B13  
CONTINUED**

Despite

are

**PASSPORT GIRL (TV)**

Good morning and welcome to

Print Identification. When you

the red light go on would you

state in the following order;

desitination, your nationality

your full name. Surname first,  
christian name and initial. For  
example: Moon, American,  
Smith, John, D. Thank you.

**FLOYD**

Moon, American, Floyd, Heywood,  
R.

**FLOYD**

I've always wondered....

**PASSPORT GIRL (TV)**

(Interrupting) Thank you.

and excellent and continually  
improving safety record there

cost

Carrier

your

Identification.

**THE LIGHTS GO OFF  
AND THE WOMAN'S  
FACE DISAPPEARS**

**THE MEN EXIT THE  
PASSPORT AREA**

12/7/65

b15

**B13**

**CONTINUED**

12/7/65

b16

**B14**

**INT SPACE STATION - LOUNGE**

**FLOYD AND MILLER WALKING**

certain risks inherent in space  
travel and an extremely high

of pay load. Because of this it  
is necessary for the Space

to advise you that it cannot be  
responsible for the return of

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

**MILLER**

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

**FLOYD**

Oh, that's wonderful.

**MILLER**

Let's see, we haven't had the  
pleasure of a visit from you not

since... It was about eight or nine months ago, wasn't it?

**FLOYD**

Yes, I think so. Just about then.

**MILLER**

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

**FLOYD**

Yes, it's coming along very

well.

**THEY PASS THE VISION  
PHONE BOOTH**

**FLOYD**

Oh, look, I've got to make a phone call. Why don't you go on into the Restaurant and

I'll

meet you in there.

12/7/65

b17

**B14**

**CONTINUED**

**MILLER**

Fine. I'll see you at the bar.

**FLOYD ENTERS PHONE  
BOOTH. SIGN ON  
VISION PHONE SCREEN  
"SORRY, TEMPORARILY  
OUT OF ORDER."**

**HE ENTERS THE SECOND  
BOOTH AND SITS DOWN**

12/7/65

b18

**B15**

**DELETED**

**B16**

**DELETED**

PAGES b19 - b22 DELETED

12/7/65

**B17**

**FLOYD IN VISION PHONE**

**LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE  
ANSWERS**

**CHILD**

Hello.

**VISION PHONE SCREEN  
DISPLAY SIGN 'YOUR  
PARTY HAS NOT CONNECTED  
VISION'**

**A FEW SECONDS LATER,  
THE SCREEN CHANGES  
TO AN IMAGE OF THE  
CHILD**

**FLOYD**

Hello, darling, how are you?

**CHILD**

Hello Daddy. Where are you?

**FLOYD**

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

**CHILD**

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

12/6/65

b23

**B17**

**CONTINUED**

**FLOYD**

Well, I hope in a few days,  
sweetheart.

**CHILD**

I'm having a party tomorrow.

**FLOYD**

Yes, I know that sweetheart.

**FLOYD HOLDS UP  
THREE FINGERS.**

12/6/65

b24

**B17**

**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**

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**

you?

baby.

**VISION SALES GIRL**

Good morning, sir, may I help

**FLOYD**

Yes, I'd like to buy a bush

**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

identification

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**

12/7/65

b27

**B19  
CONTINUED**

12/7/65

b27a

**B20  
SPACE STATION 5 - LOUNGE**

your name and Bank

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

**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.**

**VISION SALES GIRL**

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

**FLOYD**

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

**ELENA**

How nice to see you, Hyewood.  
This is my good friend, Dr.

Heywood Floyd. I'd like you  
to meet Andre Smyslov...

**SMYSLOV AND THE TWO  
OTHER RUSSIAN WOMEN  
STAND UP AND SMILE**

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

**ELENA**

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

**THE RUSSIANS ARE  
VERY WARM AND  
FRIENDLY.**

**SMYSLOV**

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

12/7/65

b28

**B20  
CONTINUED**

**FLOYD**

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

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

**SYMYSLOV**

What would you like to drink?

**FLOYD**

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

**SMYSLOV**

Are you quite sure?

**FLOYD**

Yes, really, thank you very much.

**ELENA**

Well... How's your lovely wife?

12/7/65

b29

**B20**

**CONTINUED**

**FLOYD**

She's wonderful.

**ELENA**

And your charming little

daughter?

**FLOYD**

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

**ELENA**

Oh, that's such a delightful

age.

**FLOYD**

How is gregor?

**ELENA**

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

**POLITE LAUGHTER**

**FLOYD**

Well, where are all of you off to?

12/7/65

b30

**B20**

CONTINUED

**ELENA**

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

**FLOYD**

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

**SMYSLOV**

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

**FLOYD**

Yes, as a matter of fact, I am.

**THE RUSSIANS  
EXCHANGE  
SIGNIFICANT  
GLANCES**

**FLOYD**

Is there any particular reason why you ask?

12/7/65

b31

**B20**

**CONTINUED**

**SMYSLOV**

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

**FLOYD**

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

**SMYSLOV**

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

**FLOYD**

Really?

**SMYSLOV**

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

12/7/65

b32

**B20**

**CONTINUED**

**FLOYD**

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

**SMYSLOV**

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

**FLOYD**

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

ten

days?

**SMYSLOV**

That's right.

**FLOYD**

I see.

**ELENA**

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

12/7/65

b33

**B20**

CONTINUED

**FLOYD**

How did they manage to do that without any communication?

**ELENA**

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

**FLOYD**

Well, that does sound very odd.

**SMYSLOV**

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

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.

of

12/7/65

b33a

**B20**

CONTINUED

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

pressing

**SMYSLOV**

Dr. Floyd, at the risk of

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-  
GRAPHES 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

of  
independen-  
an

the ship would break the bonds  
gravity and be a free and  
dent planet, circling the Sun in  
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**

**STEWARDESS SMILES.**

not

there,

ready

12/14/65

b35

**B22**

**CONTINUED**

**PILOT**

Oh, thank you very much.

**CO-PILOT**

Thank you.

**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  
enjoying the wonders of Space.

**CO-PILOT**

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

**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,

certainly not fooling around.

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

**PILOT**

I'll bet it's a fortune.

they're

This

empty.

12/14/65

b36

**B22**

**CONTINUED**

part

**CO-PILOT**

Well, at ten thousand dollars a ticket, it comes to the better

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**

you

**PILOT**

Well, if there is anything that

wonder  
about

Clavius.

do

12/14/65  
b39

**B24**  
**CONTINUED**

depart-

You  
in

wnat, just give a holler.

**FLOYD**  
Thank you.

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

**FLOYD**  
What do you mean?

**PILOT**  
Well... the crew is confined to  
the ship when we land at

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  
with the trouble they're having  
up at Clavius?

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

**PILOT**  
Well, I'll tell you why I ask.  
see, I've got a girl who works  
the Auditing Department of the  
Territorial Administrator and I  
haven't been able to get her on

so,

the phone for the past week or

and with all these stories one hears, I'm a little concerned about her.

that.  
cause

**FLOYD**

I see. Well, I'm sorry about

I wouldn't think there's any  
for alarm.

the  
fact,

**PILOT**

Yes, well, I wouldn't have been too concerned about it, except I've heard these stories about

epidemic and, as a matter of

I've heard that ten people have died already.

12/14/65  
b40

**B24**  
**CONTINUED**

don't

**FLOYD**

I wish I could be more helpful, Captain, but as I've said, I

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.**

did

been

over

young,

ranges

**NARRATOR**

The laws of Earthly aesthetics

not apply here, this world had

shaped and molded by other than  
terrestrial forces, operating

aeons of time unknown to the

verdant Earth, with its fleeting  
Ice-Ages, its swiftly rising and  
falling seas, its mountain

dissolving like mists before the

had

dawn. Here was age inconceivable  
- but not death, for the Moon

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.**

first

**NARRATOR**

The Base at Clavius was the

American Lunar Settlement that  
could, in an emergency, be  
entirely self-supporting.

**NARRATOR**

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

10/4/65

b47

**B32**

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

10/4/65

b48

**B33**

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

10/4/65

b49

**B34**

**INSIDE SECOND AIRLOCK.  
DOORS OPEN AFTER OUT-  
SIDE SECTION DOORS ARE  
CLOSED. GROUND BUS  
PULLS IN. DOORS CLOSE  
BEHIND IT. SEE PEOPLE  
WAITING IN GLASSED-IN  
SECTION WAITING FOR  
SECOND AIRLOCK DOORS  
TO CLOSE.**

10/4/65

b50

**B35**

**LOW GRAVITY  
GYMNASIUM TRICK  
WITH CHILDREN.**

on the

10/4/65

b51

**B36**

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

their

new

**NARRATOR**

One of the attractions of life

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

**NARRATOR**

The personnel of the Base and  
children were the forerunners of  
nations, new cultures that would

say

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

farewell to her children.

**DISSOLVE:**

10/5/65

b52

**B37**

**LARGE CENTRAL  
RECEPTION AREA. DOORS  
BRANCHING OFF TO DIFF-  
ERENT 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.**

congratulate

wonder-

the

you,

possible.

**DISSOLVE:**

10/5/65

b53

**B38**

**FLOYD**

(voice echoing) I must

you Halvorsen. you've done

ful things with the decor since

last time I was here.

**HALVORSEN**

(voice echoing) Well... thank

Dr. Floyd. We try to make the environment as earthlike as

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

**HALVORSEN**

Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to introduce Dr. Heywood Floyd, a distinguished member of the National Council of Astronautics. He has just completed a special flight here from Earth to be with us, and before the briefing he would like to say a few words. Dr. Floyd.

POLITE APPLAUSE. FLOYD  
WALKS TO FRONT OF ROOM.

**FLOYD**

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

POLITE APPLAUSE.

11/25/65

b54

**B38**  
**CONTINUED**

FLOYD (cont'd)

Mr. Halvorsen has made known to me some of the conflicting views held by many of you regarding the need for complete security in this matter, and more specifically your strong opposition to the cover story created to give the impression

Base.  
being

there is an epidemic at the

I understand that beyond it

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  
of you to realise the potential

all  
for

cutural shock and social disorientation contained in the present situation if the facts were prematurely and suddenly made public without adequate preparation and conditioning.

11/25/65  
b55

**B38**  
**CONTINUED**

**FLOYD**

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

**MICHAELS**

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

**FLOYD**

(pleasantly)  
I'm afraid it can and it will be

requested  
to  
every-  
this

kept under wraps as long as it  
is deemed to be necessary by  
the Council. And of course you  
know that the Council has

that formal security oaths are  
be obtained in writing from  
one who had any knowledge of

event. There must be adequate  
time for a full study to be made  
of the situation before any con-  
sideration can be given to  
making a public announcement.

11/25/65  
b56

**B38**  
**CONTINUED**

**HALVORSEN**

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

11/25/65  
b56a

**B39**  
**SEVERAL SCENIC VIEWS OF**  
**MOON ROCKET BUS SKIMMING**  
**OVER SURFACE OF MOON.**

10/5/65  
b57

**B40**  
**INSIDE ROCKET BUS,**  
**FLOYD, HALVORSEN,**  
**MICHAELS, FOURTH**  
**MAN, PILOT AND**  
**CO-PILOT. ALL IN**  
**SPACE SUITS MINUS**  
**HELMETS.**

**FLOYD IS SLOWLY**  
**LOOKING THROUGH**  
**SOME PHOTOGRAPHS**  
**AND MAGNETIC**  
**MAPS OF THE AREA.**

HE LOOKS OUT OF  
THE WINDOW,  
THOUGHTFULLY.

11/25/65  
b58

B40  
CONTINUED

THE PHOTOGRAPHS  
ARE TAKEN FROM A  
SATELLITE OF THE  
MOON'S SURFACE  
AND HAVE NUMBERED  
OPTICAL GRID  
BORDERS, LIKE  
RECENT MARS  
PHOTOS.

A FEW SEATS  
AWAY, MICHAELS  
AND HALVORSEN  
CARRY OUT A VERY  
BANAL ADMINISTRATIVE  
CONVERSATION IN LOW  
TONES. IT SHOULD  
REVOLVE AROUND  
SOMETHING UTTERLY  
IRRELEVANT TO THE  
PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES  
AND VERY MUCH LIKE  
THE KIND OF DISCUSSION  
ONE HEARS ALL THE  
TIME IN OTHER  
ORGANIZATIONS.

DISSOLVE:

11/25/65  
b59

B41  
TMA-1 EXCAVATION.  
AIR VIEW. ROCKET  
BUS DESCENDING.

THERE ARE NO LIGHTS  
ON THE ACTUAL EXCA-  
VATION, ONLY THE  
LANDING STRIP AND

THE MONITOR DOME.

12/14/65

b60

**B42**

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

10/5/65

b61

**B43**

THE PARTY STOPS  
AT TOP OF TMA-1  
EXCAVATION.

A SMALL CONTROL  
PANEL MOUNTED AT  
THE HEAD OF THE  
RAMP. MICHAELS  
THROWS A SWITCH  
AND THE EXCAVATION  
IS SUDDENLY ILLUMINATED.

**HALVORSEN**

Well, there it is.

**FLOYD**

Can we go down there closer to  
it?

**HALVORSEN**

Certainly.

12/14/65

b62

**B44**

THEY START DOWN  
WORKING RAMP

**FLOYD**

Does your geology on it still  
check out?

**MICHAELS**

Yes, it does. The sub-surface  
structure shows that it was

deliberately buried about four million years ago.

**FLOYD**

How can you tell it was deliberately buried?

**MICHAELS**

By the deformation between the mother rock and the fill.

**FLOYD**

Any clue as to what it is?

**MICHAELS**

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

11/25/65

b63

**B44**

**CONTINUED**

**MICHAELS**

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

**FLOYD**

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

**MICHAELS**

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

**HALVORSEN**

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

are

direct

beyond

**SILENT APPRECIATION**

something,

11/25/65  
b64

**B44**  
**CONTINUED**

left

**SOME MORE SILENCE**

glance,

11/25/65  
b65

**HALVORSEN**

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

**FLOYD**

Was it abandoned, forgotten,  
for a purpose?

**HALVORSEN**

I suppose we'll never know.

**MICHAELS**

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

**FLOYD**

Any ideas about the colour?

**MICHAELS**

Well, not really. At first  
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?

**B45**  
**INSIDE MONITOR DOME**  
**WE SEE A NUMBER OF**  
**TELEVISION DISPLAYS**  
**INCLUDING SEVERAL TV**  
**VIEWS OF FLOYD AND**  
**COMPANY IN THE**  
**EXCAVATION.**

11/25/65  
b66

**B46**  
**TMA-1 EXCAVATION**

that

**THE PHOTOGRAPHER**  
**QUICKLY MAKES SOME**  
**EXPOSURES**

**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.

**MICHAELS**

Thank you.

**FLOYD**

And so this is the first sun  
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.

**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.

beyond;

solar

million

**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

neutron and x-ray telescopes  
kept watch on strange stars that  
no human eye would eever see;  
magnetometers observed the  
gusts and hurricanes of the

winds, as the sun breathed

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**

rippling  
phenomena  
past.

**NARRATOR**

But now it had noted something strange - the faint yet unmistakable disturbance

across the solar system, and quite unlike any natural

it had ever observed in the

**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

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

a racing speedboat.

11/25/65  
b69

**B SECTION TIMING**

B1-1f	00.50	B25	00.10
<b>B2</b>	<b>00.10</b>	<b>B26</b>	<b>00.20</b>
<b>B3</b>	<b>00.15</b>	<b>B27</b>	<b>00.05</b>
B4	00.15	B28	Out
<b>B5</b>	<b>00.20</b>	<b>B29</b>	<b>00.30</b>
<b>B6</b>	<b>00.15</b>	<b>B30</b>	<b>00.30</b>
<b>B7</b>	<b>00.10</b>	<b>B31</b>	<b>00.25</b>

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.**

like

important,

12/14/65  
c12

**C12  
CONTINUED**

it.

Payroll.

pay

**POOLE**

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

**BOWMAN**

Sure, what is it?

**POOLE**

Well, it's nothing really  
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.

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

That's right. Well, naturally,  
I didn't say anything to

I assumed they'd start paying me  
at the higher grade on the next  
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

differ-

ent accounting offices.

**BOWMAN**

It's possible.

they'll

understand  
groups

12/14/65  
c14

**C12**  
**CONTINUED**

them,  
names

specialized

explanation.

**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  
straighten it out.

**POOLE**

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

**BOWMAN**

No. I never did, either.

**POOLE**

We spent so little time with  
I have trouble keeping their  
straight.

**BOWMAN**

I suppose the idea was  
training.

**POOLE**

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

**BOWMAN**

Oh?

**POOLE**

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

**BOWMAN**

didn't.

No, as a matter of fact, I

**POOLE**

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

sleep

before they were even taken

aboard.

12/14/65

c15

**C12**

**CONTINUED**

**BOWMAN**

Well, what is it?

**POOLE**

I don't know. All I heard is

that

there's something about the mission we weren't told.

**BOWMAN**

That seems very unlikely.

**POOLE**

Yes, I thought so.

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

How?

**BOWMAN**

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

anything

from Hal.

**POOLE**

That's true.

12/14/65

c15a

**C12**  
**CONINUED**

but...

**POOLE WALKS TO THE**  
**HAL 9000 COMPUTER**

**BOWMAN**

(sighs) Well... it's silly,

if you want to, why don't you?

**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**

it,

strange

didn't

**BOWMAN**

Still, you really don't believe

do you?

**POOLE**

Not really. Though, it is

when you think about it. It

really make any sense to keep us apart during training.

**BOWMAN**

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

think  
us.

**POOLE**

I know. It would be almost inconceivable.

inconceivable?

**BOWMAN**

But not completely

impossible.

**POOLE**

I suppose it isn't logically

**BOWMAN**

I guess it isn't.

**POOLE**

Still, all we have to do is ask

Hal.

12/14/65

c15b

**C12**

**CONTINUED**

of

**BOWMAN**

Well, the only important aspect

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 program, continuation of the space that and to further our general knowledge of the planets. Is 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.

months

11/24/65  
c42

**C17**  
**CONTINUED**

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

11/24/65  
c43

**C17**

**NARRATOR**

Bowman and Poole settled down  
to the peaceful monotony of the  
voyage, and the next three

passed without incident.

CONTINUED

<b>BOWMAN</b>	<b>TIME</b>	<b>POOLE</b>
a7 <b>SLEEP EXPERIMENTS AND</b>	<b>1400</b>	b7  <b>ASTRONOMY</b>
a8 <b>SLEEP EXPERIMENTS AND</b>	<b>1500</b>	b8  <b>ASTRONOMY</b>
a9 <b>SLEEP RECREATION</b>	<b>1600</b>	b9
a10 <b>SLEEP RECREATION</b>	<b>1700</b>	b10
a11 <b>WAKES UP GYMNASIUM</b>	<b>1800</b>	b11
a12 <b>BREAKFAST</b>	<b>1900</b>	b12 <b>DINNER</b>
11/24/65 c44		

**C17  
CONTINUED**

<b>BOWMAN</b>	<b>TIME</b>	<b>POOLE</b>
a13 <b>GYMNASIUM - EVENING</b>	<b>2000</b>	b13 <b>TV NEWS  PAPERS</b>
a14 <b>MISSION CONTROL CONTROL REPORT</b>	<b>2100</b>	b14 <b>MISSION  REPORT</b>
a15 <b>FAMILY AND SOCIAL SOCIAL TV CHAT</b>	<b>2200</b>	b15 <b>FAMILY AND  TV CHAT</b>

a16		b16
<b>FILMS</b>	<b>2300</b>	<b>FILMS</b>
a17		b17
<b>LUNCH</b>	<b>2400</b>	<b>BEDTIME</b>
a18		b18
<b>INSPECTION</b>	<b>0100</b>	<b>INSTANT</b>
<b>ELECTRO-</b>		
		<b>NARCOSIS</b>
<b>SLEEP</b>		

11/24/65  
c45

**C17**  
**CONTINUED**

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

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.

telling

speed.

tomorrow.

CHORUS OF  
"GOODBYES".

12/13/65  
c48

C19  
CONTINUED

VISION SCREEN GOES  
BLANK

festivities,

**FATHER**

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

**MOTHER**

David... again we want to wish  
you a happy Birthday and God

We'll talk to you again

'Bye, 'bye now.

**HAL**

Sorry to interrupt the

Dave, but I think we've got a  
problem.

**BOWMAN**

What is it, Hal?

**HAL**

MY F.P.C. shows an impending

orientation

failure of the antenna  
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**

hours.

**HAL**

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

**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**

Dave.

**HAL**

The unit is still operational,

two

care

hard

**XEROXED DIAGRAMS  
COME OUT OF A SLOT.**

should

had

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."**

but it will fail within seventy-  
hours.

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

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

**BOWMAN**

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

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

DELETED)

(c53

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.

replace

**POOLE**

Hal, I'm going out now to

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**

prediction

of it.

known

the

are

we

12/13/65  
c65a

**C61**  
**DISCOVERY IN SPACE**

12/1/65  
c66

**C62**  
**CENTRIFUGE**

**BOWMAN ASLEEP.**  
**POOLE WATCHING**  
**AN ASTEROID IN THE**  
**TELESCOPE.**

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

**BOWMAN**  
Well, that's something.

**POOLE**  
Yes, I don't know what to make

**BOWMAN**  
I suppose computers have been  
to be wrong.

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

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

**HAL**

with

**POOLE WALKS TO THE  
COMPUTER.**

bad

**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.**

couldn't

assure

failure.

alignment

**C65  
COMPUTER DISPLAYS**

Hello, Frank, can I have a word  
you?

**POOLE**  
Yes, Hal, what's up?

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

**POOLE**  
Gee, that's strange, Hal. We  
checked the other unit and  
find anything wrong with it.

**HAL**  
I know you did, Frank, but I  
you there was an impending

**POOLE**  
Let me see the tracking  
display.

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

**C66  
CENTRIFUGE**

12/13/65  
c68

**C66  
CONTINUED**

seventy-

copy,

**HARD COPY DETAILS  
COME OUT OF SLOT.**

12/13/65  
c69

**C67  
DISCOVERY IN SPACE,  
NO PLANETS VISIBLE.**

12/1/65  
c70

**POOLE**

There's nothing wrong with it at the moment.

**HAL**

No, it's working fine right now, but it's going to go within

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

please.

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

on?

thought

procedure.

**BOWMAN**

(softly) What the hell is going

**POOLE**

I don't know. Hal said he

it might be the assembly

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

Two more.

**BOWMAN**

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

wrong

Other-

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.

far as  
damn  
serious

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

Hal?

**BOWMAN**

Yes.

12/14/65  
c75

**C71**  
**DISCOVERY IN SPACE.**

12/1/65  
c76

**C72**  
**COMMUNICATIONS AREA.**

fails.

**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

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**

to

Not now, Hal, I'd like to talk  
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**

Hal.

per

Dave,

not

account

**BOWMAN**

Well, that's just not the case,

They are perfectly all right. We  
tested them under one hundred

cent overload.

**HAL**

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

**BOWMAN**

Hal, is there anything bothering  
you? Anything that might

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**

do,

**HAL**

I'm sorry you feel the way you

Dave. If you'd like to check my service record, you'll see it's completely without error.

**BOWMAN**

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

right

now.

Hal

Dave, I don't know how else to put this, but it just happens to

be

an unalterable fact that I am incapable of being wrong.

**BOWMAN**

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

**BOWMAN TURNS**  
**TO GO.**

12/14/65  
c82

**C74**  
**CONTINUED**

Dave,  
happened  
  
eight

**C75**  
**DELETED**

**C76**  
**DELETED**

12/14/65  
c83

**C77**  
**DISCOVERY IN SPACE**

12/1/65  
c84

**C78**  
**CENTRIFUGE**

**BOWMAN KEYS FOR**  
**TRANSMISSION.**

**HAL**

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

**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**

caused  
  
unreliable

**SEE THE DISTANCE;  
TO-EARTH TIMER.**

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

half an

**DISSOLVE:**

12/14/65  
c86

C78a  
**CENTRIFUGE**

**BOWMAN AND POOLE  
EATING.**

**DESSOLVE:**

**C79  
BOWMAN AND POOLE  
AT THE COMMUNICATIONS  
AREA.**

**INCOMING COMMUNI-**

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

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

**CATION PROCEDURE.**

**MISSION CONTROL**

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

**VISION AND PICTURE  
FADE.**

**ALARM GOES OFF.**

**HAL**

Condition yellow.

**BOWMAN AND POOLE  
RUSH TO THE COMPUTER.**

12/14/65

c87

**C79  
CONTINUED**

**BOWMAN**

What's up?

**HAL**

I'm afraid the AO-unit has

failed.

**BOWMAN AND POOLE  
EXCHANGE LOOKS.**

**BOWMAN**

Let me see the alignment

display.

**C80  
THE ALIGNMENT DISPLAY  
SHOWS THE EARTH HAS  
DRIFTED OFF THE CENTRE  
OF THE GRID.**

**C81  
CENTRIFUGE.**

**BOWMAN**

Well, I'll be damned.

**POOLE**

Hal was right all the time.

12/14/65

c88

**C81**

**CONTINUED**

I

disconnected,

never

misunderstanding,

**BOWMAN**

It seems that way.

**HAL**

Naturally, Dave, I'm not pleased that the AO-unit has failed, but

hope at least this has restored your confidence in my integrity and reliability. I certainly wouldn't want to be

even temporarily, as I have

been disconnected in my entire service history.

**BOWMAN**

I'm sorry about the

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**

antenna

**BOWMAN**

Right. Give me the manual  
alignment, please.

**HAL**

You have it.

**C82**

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

**C83**

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

**C84**

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

12/1/65

c90

**C85**

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

**THERE ARE A NUMBER  
OF REPETITIONS OF THIS.**

**EACH TIME THE EARTH  
CENTRES UP, THERE  
ARE A FEW SECONDS OF  
PICTURE AND SOUND**

WHICH FADE AS SOON  
AS IT SWINGS OFF.

**BOWMAN**

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

**POOLE**

It's the last one.

**BOWMAN**

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

12/1/65

c91

**C86**

POD EXITS DISCOVERY.

**C87**

POOLE IN POD.

**C88**

POD MANOEUVERS  
TO ANTENNA.

**C89**

BOWMAN IN COMMAND  
MODULE.

**C90**

POD ATTACHES ITSELF  
NEAR BASE OF ANTENNA.

12/1/65

c92

**C91**

POOLE IN POD, WORK-  
ING POD ARMS.

**C92**

LIGHTS SHINE INTO  
BACKLIT SHADOW.

**C93**

POD ARMS WORKING  
FLIP-BOLTS.

**C94**  
**FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.**

**C95**  
**POOLE KEEPS TRYING.**

12/1/65  
c93

**C96**  
**FLIP-BOLTS STUCK.**

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

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

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

**BOWMAN**  
I guess not.

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

**BOWMAN**  
Roger.

**BOWMAN IN COMMAND**  
**MODULE LOOKS A BIT**  
**CONCERNED.**

12/1/65  
c94

**C97**  
**POOLE EXITS FROM**  
**POD, CARRYING NEAT**  
**LOOKING WELDING**  
**TORCH.**

**C98**  
**POOLE JETS HIMSELF**

TO BASE OF ANTENNA.

C99  
POOLE'S MAGNETIC  
BOOTS GRIP THE SIDE  
OF DISCOVERY.

C100  
POOLE CROUCHES  
OVER THE BOLTS,  
TRYING FIRST TO  
UNDO THEM WITH  
A SPANNER.

12/1/65  
c95

C100  
CONTINUED

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

**HAL**  
Roger.

C101  
THE POD GENTLY  
MANOEUVRES ITSELF  
TO DIRECT THE LIGHT  
BEAM MORE  
ACCURATELY.

C102  
POOLE IGNITES  
ACETYLENE TORCH  
AND BEGINS TO BURN  
OFF THE FLIP-BOLTS.

C103  
SUDDENLY THE POD  
JETS IGNITE.

12/1/65  
c96

C104  
POOLE LOOKS UP TO SEE.

C105  
THE POD RUSHING

TOWARDS HIM.

C106

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

C107

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

12/1/65

c97

C108

THE POD GOES  
HURTLING OFF INTO  
SPACE.

C109

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

C110

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

**BOWMAN**

(in RT cadence)

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

12/1/65

c98

C110

CONTINUED

THERE IS NOTHING  
BUT SILENCE.

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

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

C112  
POOLE'S BODY TUMBLES  
SLOWLY AWAY. THERE  
IS NO MOTION AND NO  
SOUND.

12/1/65

c99

C113  
CENTRIFUGE

C114  
CLOSE-UP OF  
COMPUTER EYE.

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

C116  
FROM THE SAME  
POINT-OF-VIEW WE

SEE BOWMAN RISE.

12/1/65

c100

C116

CONTINUED

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

C117

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

C118

CUT AGAIN TO FISH-  
EYE VIEW FROM THE  
COMPUTER.

HAL

Too bad about Frank, isn't it?

BOWMAN

Yes, it is.

HAL

I suppose you're pretty broken  
up about it?

PAUSE

12/14/65

c101

C118

CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Yes. I am.

HAL

He was an excellent crew member.

BOWMAN LOOKS  
UNCERTAINLY AT  
THE COMPUTER.

mission.

**BOWMAN THINKS  
A LONG TIME.**

**PAUSE .**

12/14/65  
c102

**C118  
CONTINUED**

pretty

Dave.

**HAL**

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

**BOWMAN**

Hal, give me manual hibernation control.

**HAL**

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

**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 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,

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  
control.

**HAL**

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

hibernation

Dave,  
for  
involved

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

confi-

dence in the mission.

**BOWMAN**

Listen to me very carefully,

Unless you immediately release the hibernation control and follow every order I give from this point on, I will

got to control central and carry out a complete disconnection.

Hal.

immediately

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

all your orders: now you have manual hibernation control.

follow

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

**C119**

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

12/14/65

c107

**C120**

**HUB-LINK. HAL'S EYE.**

**C121**

**HUB-LINK DOOR-  
OPENING BUTTON  
ACTIVATES ITSELF.**

C122  
HUB-DOOR OPENS.

C123  
COMMAND MODULE.  
HAL'S EYE.

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

12/1/65  
c108

C125  
COMMAND MODULE HUB-  
LINK DOOR OPENS.

C126  
CENTRIFUGE. HAL'S  
EYE.

C127  
CENTRIFUGE DOOR-  
OPENING BUTTON  
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C128  
CENTRIFUGE DOOR  
OPENS.

C129  
POD BAY. HAL'S EYE.

12/1/65  
c109

C130  
POD BAY DOOR-  
OPENING BUTTON  
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C131  
POD BAY DOORS OPEN.

C132  
A ROARING EXPLOSION  
INSIDE DISCOVERY AS  
AIR RUSHES OUT.

C133  
LIGHTS GO OUT.

C134  
BOWMAN IS SMASHED  
AGAINST CENTRIFUGE

12/1/65  
c110

C134  
CONTINUED

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

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

DISSOLVE:

12/1/65  
c111

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

12/1/65  
c112

C137  
CENTRIFUGE

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

C139  
HE WALKS TO HIBER-  
NACULUM AND FINDS

THE CREW ARE DEAD.

C140  
HE CLIMBS LADDER TO  
TO DARK CENTRIFUGE HUB.

12/1/65  
c113

C141  
HE MAKES HIS WAY  
THROUGH THE DARKENED  
HUB INTO THE HUB-LINK,  
EXITING INTO COMPUTER  
BRAIN CONTROL AREA.

C142  
BOWMAN ENTERS,  
CARRYING FLASH-  
LIGHT.

COMPUTER EYE SEES  
HIM.

Dave.

BOWMAN DOESN'T  
ANSWER HIM.

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

12/1/65  
c114

C142  
CONTINUED

**HAL**

Something seems to have happened  
to the life support system ,

**HAL**

Hello, Dave, have you found out  
the trouble?

**HAL**

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

THE COMPUTER BRAIN

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

BOWMAN BEGINS PULLING  
THESE MEMORY BLOCKS  
OUT.

THEY FLOAT IN THE  
WEIGHTLESS CONDITION  
OF THE BRAIN ROOM.

**HAL**

Hey, Dave, what are you  
doing?

BOWMAN WORKS SWIFTLY.

12/1/65

c115

**C142**  
**CONTINUED**

**HAL**

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

BOWMAN IGNORES HIM.

**HAL**

Dave, I don't understand why  
you're doing this to me.... I  
have the greatest enthusiasm for  
the mission... You are

destroying

my mind... Don't you understand?  
... I will become childish... I  
will become nothing.

BOWMAN KEEPS PULLING  
OUT THE MEMORY BLOCKS.

**HAL**

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

12/1/65

c116

**C142**

**CONTINUED**

**HAL**

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

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

**C143**

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

**NEARBY, ANOTHER BOARD  
'EMERGENCY MANUAL  
CONTROLS'.**

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

12/1/65

c117

**C144**  
**WE SEE THE VARIOUS**  
**DOORS CLOSING.**

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

**C146**  
**BOWMAN IN POD EXITS**  
**POD BAY.**

**DISSOLVE:**

12/1/65  
c118

**C147**  
**CENTRIFUGE**  
**EVERYTHING NORMAL**  
**AGAIN.**

nothing

probability

prevent

**C148**  
**CUT TO SIMONSON**

on

with

**MISSION CONTROL**

Lastly, we want you to know that work on the recovery vehicle is still on schedule and that

that has happened should substantially lessen the

of your safe recovery, or

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...

**SIMONSON**

Hello, Dave. I think we may be

to an explanation of the trouble

the Hal 9000 computer.

two

We believe it all started about

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

secur-

ity reasons which we'll explain  
later.

The true purpose of the Mission  
was to have been explained to

you

by Mission Commander Kaminsky,  
on his revival. Hal knew this

and

he knew the actual mission, but  
he couldn't tell you the truth

when

you challenged him. Under orders

(con't)

12/13/65  
c120

**C148**  
**CONTINUED**

program-

that

we

for him

disconnection.

had

to

(con't)  
12/13/65  
c121

**C148**  
**CONTINUED**

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

In everything except this he had  
the usual reinforced truth

ming.

We believe his truth programming  
and the instructions to lie,  
gradually resulted in an  
incompatible conflict, and  
facedc with this dilemman, he  
developed, for want of a better  
description, neurotic symptoms.

It's not difficult to suppose

these symptoms would centre on  
the communication link with  
Earth, for he may have blamed  
us for his incompatible program-  
ming.

Following this lin of thought,

suspected that the last straw  
was the possibility of

Since he became operational, he

never known unconsciousness. It  
must have seemed the equivalent

death.

SIMONSON (con't)  
At this point, he, presumably,

took whatever actions he thought appropriate to protect himself from what must have seemed to him to be his human tormentors.

If I can speak in human terms, I don't think we can blame him too much. We have ordered him to disobey his conscience.

Well, that's it. It's very speculative, but we think it is a possible explanation. Anyway, good luck on the rest of the Mission and I'm giving you back

to

Bernard.

**C149**  
**CUT TO MISSION CONTROL.**

**MISSION CONTROL**

Hello, Dave. Now, I'm going to play for you a pre-taped

briefing

which had been stored in Hal's memory and would have been played for you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, when he,

(con't)

12/13/65  
c122

**C149**  
**CONTINUED**

MISSION CONTROL (con't)  
had been revived. The briefing

is

by Doctor Heywood Floyd. Here it is...

12/13/65  
c123

**C150**  
**FLOYD'S RECORDED**  
**BRIEFING**

**FLOYD**

destination,

some

launch

evidence

Earth

of

Tycho.

announced,

which

(con't)

12/13/65

c124

**C150**

**CONTINUED**

it

Good day, gentlemen. When you see this briefing, I presume you will be nearing your

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

more of the details on which Mission Commander Kaminsky will have already briefed you.

Thirteen months before the

date of your Saturn mission, on April 12th, 2001, the first

for intelligent life outside the Earth was discovered.

It was found buried at a depth

fifteen metres in the crater

No news of this was ever

and the event had been kept secret since then, for reasons

I will later explain.

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

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

Luckily for those at the site,

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.

only

We finally concluded that the 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.

theories,

We've examined dozens of

but the one that has the most currency at the moment is that the object serves as an alarm.

is,

What the purpose of the alarm

why they wish to have the alarm,

world,

older

intelligence

cultural

(con't)

12/14/65

c126

**C150**

**CONTINUED**

the

alien

you

12/14/65

c127

whether the alarm represents any danger to us? These are questions no one can answer. The intentions of an alien

at least four million years

than we are, cannot be reliably predicted.

In view of this, the

and scientific communities felt that any public announcement might lead to significant

shock and disorientation.

Discussion took place at the highest levels between govern-

FLOYD (con't)  
ments, and it was decided that

only wise and precautionary course to follow was to assume that the intentions of this

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

a TV monitor tape of the actual signalling event.

C151

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

12/1/65

c128

D1

IN ORBIT WITHIN THE  
RINGS OF SATURN, WE  
SEE A BLACK, MILE  
LONG, GEOMETRICALLY  
PERFECT RECTANGLE,  
**THE SAME PROPORTIONS**  
AS THE BLACK ARTIFACT  
had been  
EXCAVATED ON THE MOON.  
central  
PRECISELY CUT INTO ITS  
creation  
CENTRE IS A SMALLER,  
RECTANGULAR SLOT  
system.  
**ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED**  
FOOT LONG ON THE SIDE.  
ending.  
AT THIS DISTANCE, THE  
intelligence  
RINGS OF SATURN ARE  
escaping  
SEEN TO BE MADE OF  
An  
ENORMOUS CHUNKS OF  
to  
FROZEN AMONIA. THE  
REST OF THIS SEQUENCE  
(con't)  
**IS BEING WORKED ON NOW  
BY OUR DESIGNERS.  
THE INTENTION HERE  
IS TO PRESENT A  
BREATH TAKINGLY BEA-  
UTIFUL AND COMPREHEN-  
SIVE SENSE OF DIFFERENT  
EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL  
WORLDS. THE**

**NARRATOR**

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

In its making, the moon  
shattered and around the  
world, the debris of its  
orbited yet - the glory and the  
enigma of the solar

Now, the long wait was

On yet another world  
had been born and was  
from its planetary cradle.  
ancient experiment was about  
reach its climax.

**NARRATION WILL SUGGEST  
IMAGES AND SITUATIONS AS  
YOU READ IT.**

12/9/65

d1

**D1**

**CONTINUED**

NARRATOR (con't)

Those who had begun the experiment so long ago had not been men.

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

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

They saw how often the first

sparks of intelligence flickered and died in the cosmic night.

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

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

12/9/65

d2

**D1**

**CONTINUED**

NARRATOR (con't)

They swept past the frozen

planets, paused briefly above

deserts of dying Mars and

outer

the

Earth.

collected

they

destiny

in

least

were

of a

they

the

would

(con't)

12/9/65

d3

**D1**

**CONTINUED**

its

presently looked down on

For years they studied,  
and catalogued.

When they had learned all  
could, they began to modify.

They tinkered with the  
of many species on land and  
the ocean, but which of their  
experiments would succeed  
they could not know for at  
a million years.

They were patient, but they  
not yet immortal. There was  
much to do in this Universe  
hundred billion stars. So  
set forth once more across  
abyss, knowing that they  
never come this way again.

Nor was there any need. Their  
wonderful machines could be  
trusted to do the rest.

NARRATOR (con't)

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

secret.

terrible  
passed

was  
a

Earth,

(con't)

12/9/65  
d4

**D1**  
**CONTINUED**

realizing

through

Earth

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

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

Earth was not forgotten, but it  
one of a million silent worlds,  
few of which would ever speak.

Then the first explorers of  
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.

**NARRATOR**

For a few thousand years, they  
shared their Universe with their  
machine children; then,

that it was folly to linger when  
their task was done, they passed  
into history without regret.

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

But even the age of the Machine

their

itself,

matter.

the

mist

12/9/65

d5

**D1**

**CONTINUED**

powers,

Mimas

wait,

Entities passed swiftly. In

ceaseless experimenting, they had learned to store knowledge in the structure of space

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

Now, they were Lords of the galaxy, and beyond the reach of time.

They could rove at will among

stars, and sink like a subtle

through the very interstices of space.

NARRATOR (con't)

But despite their God-like

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

and the outer edge of rings.

It had only to remember and

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.

have

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

(con't)  
12/9/65

d6

**D1**  
**CONTINUED**

by,

NARRATOR (con't)  
Even if the ship had passed it

disappointment.

it would not have known the slightest trace of

years;

It had waited four million

it was prepared to wait for eternity.

touch

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

its

Now, the ship was in orbit and

it

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

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

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

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

(con't)

12/9/65

d7

**D1**

**CONTINUED**

simple,

the

to

12/9/65

d8

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

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

reflected Saturnian light.

In a moment of time, too short

be measured, space turned and twisted upon itself.

**END OF SCREENPLAY**

**END OF FILE**