

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick
Arthur C. Clark

Produced by Stanley Kubrick

Directed by Stanley Kubrick

Cast List:

<i>Keir Dullea</i>	<i>David Bowman</i>
<i>Gary Lockwood</i>	<i>Frank Poole</i>
<i>William Sylvester</i>	<i>Dr. Heywood Floyd</i>
<i>Daniel Richter</i>	<i>Moonwatcher</i>
<i>Leonard Rossiter</i>	<i>Smyslov</i>
<i>Margaret Tyzack</i>	<i>Elena</i>
<i>Robert Beatty</i>	<i>Halvorsen</i>
<i>Sean Sullivan</i>	<i>Michaels</i>
<i>Frank Miller</i>	<i>Mission Controller</i>
<i>Alan Gifford</i>	<i>Poole's Father</i>

Douglas Rain

Voice of HAL

TITLE CARD:

"PART I

AFRICA

3,000,000 YEARS AGO"

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.

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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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 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.

EXT. THE STREAM - INVASION

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

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

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

Then he becomes dimly aware that the Others are slowing 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, 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.

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.

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; 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.

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, rotating on their axes as they do; and the hominids watch, wideeyed, 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.

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 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.

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

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, Moonwatcher 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 onrushing boulder. He has combined the errors of overconfidence 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.

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 over-looking 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 recognise 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. 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.

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

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

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

TITLE CARD:

"PART II
YEAR 2001"

EARTH FROM 200 MILES UP

NARRATOR

By the year 2001, overpopulation has replaced the problem of starvation, but this was ominously offset by the absolute and utter perfection of the weapon. Hundreds of giant bombs had been placed in perpetual orbit above the Earth. They were capable of incinerating the entire Earth's surface from an altitude of 100 miles.

FRENCH BOMB NARRATOR

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

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

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.

ORION-III COCKPIT

Pilot, Co-Pilot and Floyd can be seen asleep on a small TV monitor.

Stewardess is putting on lipstick. She sees pen.

Stewardess goes back to passenger area, rescues pen and clips it back in Floyd's pocket.

SPACE STATION-5

The raw sunlight of space dazzles from the polished metal surfaces of the slowly revolving, thousand-foot diameter space station. Drifting in the same orbit, we see swept-back titov-v spacecraft. Also the almost spherical aries-ib

ORION-III PASSENGER AREA

Floyd awake but groggy, looks out of window.

ORION-III COCKPIT

The Co-Pilot in radio communication with the space station.

THE ORION-III SPACECRAFT IN DOCKING APPROACH

The Earth is seen in breath-taking view in background.

INSIDE DOCKING CONTROL

We see Orion-III manoeuvring in background.

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.

SPACE STATION RECEPTION AREA

Receptionist at desk. Miller enters, hurrying. he goes to the elevator and presses button. He waits impatiently.

We see elevator indicator working

Elevator door opens and Floyd is seen unstrapping himself.

The Elevator Girl is seated by the door.

MILLER

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

FLOYD

How do you do, Mr. Miller?

MILLER

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

FLOYD

Oh, please don't worry about it.

MILLER

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

FLOYD

Please, it really doesn't matter.

MILLER

*Well... Did you have a pleasant
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.

They enter the passport area.

Receptionist presses "ENGLISH" bar on her console and smiles as Floyd goes through.

The automated passport section. They stop in front of a booth featuring a TV screen.

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)

Good morning and welcome to Voice Print Identification. When you see the red light go on would you please state in the following order; your destination, your nationality and your full name. Surname first, Christian name and initial. For example: Moon, American, Smith, John, D. Thank you.

There is a pause and a red bar lights up.

FLOYD

Moon, American, Floyd, Heywood, R.

The red light goes off. there is a delay of about two seconds and the woman's face reappears.

FLOYD

I've always wondered...

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)

(interrupting)

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

*cleared through Voice Print
Identification.*

The lights go off and the woman's face disappears.

The men exit the passport area.

MILLER

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

FLOYD

Oh, that's wonderful.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOUNGE

Floyd and Miller walking.

MILLER

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

FLOYD

Yes, I think so. Just about then.

MILLER

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

FLOYD

Yes, it's coming along very well.

They pass the Vision Phone booth.

FLOYD

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

MILLER

Fine. I'll see you at the bar.

Floyd enter phone booth.

Sign on Vision Phone screen: "SORRY, TEMPORARILY OUT OF ORDER."

He enters the second booth and sits down.

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?

FLOYD

Well, I hope in a few days, sweetheart.

CHILD

I'm having a party tomorrow.

FLOYD

Yes, I know that sweetheart.

CHILD

Are you coming to my party?

FLOYD

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

CHILD

When are you coming home?

FLOYD

In three days, darling, I hope.

Floyd holds up three fingers.

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.

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.

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.

*The picture flips and we see a Woman standing in front
of a specially designed display screen.*

VISION SALES GIRL

Good morning, sir, may I help you?

FLOYD

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

VISION SALES GIRL

Just a moment, sir.

*The Girl keys some inputs and a moving picture appears
on the screen of a cage containing about six bush
babies, beautifully displayed against a white
background.*

VISION SALES GIRL

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

FLOYD

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

VISION SALES GIRL

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

Some time during this conversation, Floyd sees Elena, Smyslov and the other two Russians pass his Vision Phone window. Elena taps and mimes "Hello", gesturing toward a table behind Floyd where they all sit down.

FLOYD

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

VISION SALES GIRL

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

SPACE STATION 5 - LOUNGE

FLOYD

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

ELENA

How nice to see you, Heywood. 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?

FLOYD

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

There is a bit of confusion as all realise there is not enough room for another person at the table. Smyslov offers Floyd his chair and borrows another from a nearby table.

SMYSLOV

What would you like to drink?

FLOYD

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

SMYSLOV

Are you quite sure?

FLOYD

Yes, really, thank you very much.

ELENA

Well... How's your lovely wife?

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?

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?

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.

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.

FLOYD

How did they manage to do that without any communication?

ELENA

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

FLOYD

Well, that does sound very odd.

SMYSLOV

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

FLOYD

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

SMYSLOV

Fortunately, they did.

FLOYD

Well, I'm glad about that.

The Russians exchange more glances. One of the Women offers around a pill box. Elena and another Russian take one and the third Russian declines.

SMYSLOV

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

FLOYD

Certainly.

SMYSLOV

Quite frankly, we have had some very reliable intelligence reports that a quite serious epidemic has broken out at Clavius. Something, apparently, of an unknown origin. Is this, in fact, what has happened?

A long, awkward pause.

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.

FLOYD

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

ELENA

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

FLOYD

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

*The Russians all rise and there are ad-libs of
courtesy.*

Floyd shakes hands and exits.

*The Russians exchange a few serious paragraphs in
Russian.*

ARIES-IB IN SPACE

Earth much smaller than as seen from space station.

NARRATOR

*The Aries-IB has become the
standard Space-Station-to-Lunar
surface vehicle. It was powered by
low-thrust plasma jets which would
continue the mild acceleration for
fifteen minutes. Then the ship
would break the bonds of gravity
and be a free and independent
planet, circling the Sun in an
orbit of its own.*

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 TV.*

*The elevator entrance door opens and the second
Stewardess enters carrying a tray of food.*

She brings it to the other Stewardess.

STEWARDESS #1

Oh, thank you very much.

STEWARDESS #2

I see he's still asleep.

STEWARDESS #1

Yes. He hasn't moved since we left.

Stewardess #2 exits into elevator.

ARIES GALLEY AREA

Stewardess exits from elevator, goes to the kitchen section, removes two trays, walks up to the side of the wall and enters Pilot's compartment.

ARIES-IB COCKPIT

Pilot, Co-Pilot.

Stewardess enters, carrying food.

PILOT

Oh, thank you very much.

CO-PILOT

Thank you.

Stewardess smiles.

PILOT

(sighs)

Well, how's it going back there?

STEWARDESS

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

PILOT

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

CO-PILOT

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

PILOT

I wonder what really is going on up there?

CO-PILOT

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

PILOT

I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later.

CO-PILOT

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

PILOT

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

CO-PILOT

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

PILOT

I'll bet it's a fortune.

CO-PILOT

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

PILOT

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

ARIES-IB IN SPACE

Moon very large.

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.

PILOT

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

FLOYD

Thank you.

PILOT

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

FLOYD

What do you mean?

PILOT

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

FLOYD

I see.

PILOT

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

FLOYD

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

PILOT

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

FLOYD

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

PILOT

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

FLOYD

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

PILOT

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

FLOYD

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

PILOT

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

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

*Floyd goes to Aries-IB washroom and looks at the very
long list of complicated instructions.*

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON

*DISSOLVE
TO:*

FLOYD VISITING ARIES-IB COCKPIT

Weightless trick entrance.

ARIES-IB ORBITING MOON

NARRATOR

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

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.

ARIES-IB DECENDING

See air-view of base.

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

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

A ground bus nuzzles up to coupling section of Aries-IB.

INSIDE GREAT AIRLOCK ENTRANCE

Ground bus pulls in. Giant doors close behind it.

INSIDE SECOND AIRLOCK

Doors open after outside section doors are closed. Ground bus pulls in. See people waiting for second airlock doors to close.

LOW GRAVITY GYMNASIUM TRICK WITH CHILDREN

NARRATOR

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

CHILDREN IN SCHOOL

Teacher showing Children views of Earth and map of Earth.

NARRATOR

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

*DISSOLVE
TO:*

LARGE CENTRAL RECEPTION AREA

Doors branching off to different main halls. Small pond with plastic white swan and a bit of grass. A few benches with three women and their children having outing.

Floyd and Welcoming Party walk through after exiting elevator. Halverson, Michaels and five Others.

FLOYD

(voice echoing)

I must congratulate you Halvorsen. you've done wonderful things with the decor since the last time I was here.

HALVORSEN

(voice echoing)

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

DISSOLVE
TO:

LOW CEILING CONFERENCE ROOM

U-shaped table facing three projecting 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.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

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

impression there is an epidemic at the Base. I understand that beyond it being a matter of principle, many of you are troubled by the concern and anxiety this story of an epidemic might cause your relatives and friends on Earth. I can understand and sympathise with your negative views. I have been personally embarrassed by this cover story. But I fully accept the need for absolute secrecy and I hope you will. It should not be difficult for all of you to realise the potential for cultural shock and social disorientation contained in the present situation if the facts were prematurely and suddenly made public without adequate preparation and conditioning.

Pause.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

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

MICHAELS

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

FLOYD

(pleasantly)

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

for a full study to be made of the situation before any consideration can be given to making a public announcement.

HALVORSEN

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

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

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.

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 organisations.

*DISSOLVE
TO:*

TMA-1 EXCAVATION

Air-view. Rocket bus descending.

There are no lights on the actual excavation, only the landing strip and the monitor dome.

Long shot monitor domes with a bit of excavation in

shot. Six small figures in space suits slowly walk toward excavation.

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.

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

FLOYD

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

MICHAELS

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

HALVORSEN

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

Silent appreciation.

HALVORSEN

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

FLOYD

Was it abandoned, forgotten, left for a purpose?

HALVORSEN

I suppose we'll never know.

MICHAELS

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

Some more silence.

FLOYD

Any ideas about the colour?

MICHAELS

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

FLOYD

Has it been exposed to any sun before now?

MICHAELS

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

INSIDE MONITOR DOME

We see a number of television-displays including several TV-views of Floyd and company in the excavation.

SIMPSON

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

TMA-1 EXCAVATION

MICHAELS

Thank you.

FLOYD

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

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, gentlemen, if you'd all line up on this side of the walkway we'd like to take a few photographs. Dr. Floyd, would you stand in the middle... Dr. Michaels on that

side, Mr. Halvorsen on the other....
thank you.

The Photographer quickly makes some exposures.

PHOTOGRAPHER

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

As the Men slowly separate from their picture pose,
there is a piercingly powerful series of five
electronic shrieks, each like a hideously over-loaded
and distorted time signal. Floyd involuntarily tries to
block his ears with his spacesuited hands. Then comes
mercily silence.

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

NARRATOR

A hundred million miles beyond
Mars, in the cold loneliness where
no man had yet travelled, Deep-
Space-Monitor-79 drifts slowly among
the tangled orbits of the asteroids.
Radiation detectors noted and
analysed incoming cosmic rays from
the galaxy and points beyond;
neutron and x-ray telescopes kept
watch on strange
stars that no human eye would ever
see; magnetometers observed the
gusts and hurricanes of the solar
winds, as the sun breathed million
mile-an-hour blasts of plasma into
the faces of its circling children.

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

But now it had noted something
strange - the faint. Yet

*unmistakable disturbance rippling
across the solar system, and quite
unlike any natural phenomena it had
ever observed in the past.*

NARRATOR

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

NARRATOR

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

TITLE CARD:

**"PART III
14 MONTHS LATER"**

DISCOVERY 1,000,000 MILES FROM EARTH

See Earth and Moon small.

*We see a blinding flash every five seconds from its
nuclear pulse propulsion. It strikes against the ship's
thick ablative tail plate.*

Several cuts of this.

ANOTHER CLOSER VIEW OF DISCOVERY

See Bowman through command module window.

BOWMAN INSIDE DISCOVERY COMMAND MODULE

He is looking for something.

Computer readout display showing an ever-shifting assortment of colour-coded linear projections.

We see Poole in the 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".

BOWMAN EXITS TO ACCESS-LINK AIRLOCK

Bright colour-coded doors lead to centrifuge and Pod Bay. Large illuminated printed warnings and instructions governing link operations are seen.

He presses necessary buttons to operate airlock door to Pod Bay.

POD BAY

Bowman enters Pod Bay and continues his search.

Suddenly he finds it - his electronic newspad.

He exits Pod Bay.

AIRLOCK-LINK

In the airlock-link Bowman operates buttons to open door marked "CENTRIFUGE".

CENTRIFUGE HUB

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:

CENTRIFUGE HUB

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.

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 The TV-picture start to rotate again. "WEIGHTLESS CONDITION" sign goes out.

INSIDE CENTRIFUGE

Bowman makes 180° walk to Poole. On way he passes the Sleepers.

We get a goos look at the three Men in their

hibernaculums.

Poole is seated at a table reading his electronic newspaper.

BOWMAN

(softly)

Hi... How's it going?

POOLE

(absent but friendly)

Great.

Bowman operates artificial food unit, takes a tray and sits down. Keys on his electronic newspaper and begins to eat. Both Men eat in a friendly and relaxed silence.

DISCOVERY IN SPACE, STILL NUCLEAR PULSING

Earth and Moon can be seen in background.

DISSOLVE

TO:

POOLE IS FINISHED

Bowman is still reading and working on his dessert.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

Sure, what is it?

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

What's up?

POOLE

It's about my salary cheques.

BOWMAN

Yes?

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

Really.

BOWMAN

Yes.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

Did they have any explanation for this?

POOLE

Not really. They just said it might be because we trained at Houston and they trained in Marshall, and

*that we're being charged against
different accounting offices.*

BOWMAN

It's possible.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

No. I never did, either.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

*I suppose the idea was specialised
training.*

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

Oh?

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

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.

BOWMAN

(sighs)

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

Poole walks to the HAL 9000 computer.

POOLE

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

HAL

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

BOWMAN

He's got a point..

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

I know. It would be almost inconceivable.

BOWMAN

But not completely inconceivable?

POOLE

I suppose it isn't logically impossible.

BOWMAN

I guess it isn't.

POOLE

Still, all we have to do is ask
Hal.

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

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

HAL

I will if I can, Frank.

POOLE

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

HAL

True.

POOLE

Our transit time is 257 days. Is
that true?

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

At the end of a hundred days of
exploration, we will all go into
hibernation. Is this true?

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

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

HAL

That's true

POOLE

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

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

Thank you very much, Hal.

HAL

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

Both men look at each other rather sheepishly.

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

Pulsing along. Earth and Moon.

DOCUMENTARY SEQUENCE ILLUSTRATING THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES

Split screen technique and superimposed clock to give sense of simultaneous action and the feeling of a typical day.

In the course of these activities we shall see the computer used in all of its functions.

NARRATOR

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

BOWMAN TIME POOLE

TV NEWS - MORNING - 0800 - WAKES UP

BEDTIME SNACK - 0900 - BREAKFAST

TO SLEEP WITH - 1000 - GYMNASIUM INSTANT
ELECTRONARCOSIS AND EAR PLUGS

SLEEP - 1100 - SHIP INSPECTION

SLEEP - 1200 - HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

SLEEP - 1300 - LUNCH

SLEEP - 1400 - EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY

SLEEP - 1500 - EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY

SLEEP - 1600 - RECREATION

SLEEP - 1700 - RECREATION

WAKES UP - 1800 - GYMNASIUM

BREAKFAST - 1900 - DINNER

GYMNASIUM - 2000 - TV NEWS - EVENING PAPERS

MISSION CONTROL - 2100 - MISSION CONTROL REPORT REPORT

FAMILY AND SOCIAL - 2200 - FAMILY AND SOCIAL TV CHAT TV
CHAT

FILMS - 2300 - FILMS

LUNCH - 2400 - BEDTIME SNACK

INSPECTION - 0100 - INSTANT ELECTRONARCOSIS SLEEP

EXPERIMENTS - 0200 - SLEEP ASTRONOMY

EXPERIMENTS - 0300 - SLEEP

RECREATION - 0400 - SLEEP

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES 0500 - SLEEP

GYMNASIUM - 0600 - SLEEP

DINNER - 0700 - SLEEP

CENTRIFUGE

Bowman sitting at personal communication panel. Poole standing nearby.

Bowman's parents are seen on the Vision Screen. Mother, father and younger sister.

They are all singing "Happy Birthday". The parents, Poole and HAL.

The song ends.

FATHER

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

MOTHER

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

Chorus of "Good-byes".

Vision Screen goes blank.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

What is it, Hal?

HAL

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

TV display diagram of skeletonized picture of the ship.

Picture changes to closer sectionalised view of the ship.

Picture changes to actual component in colour relief and its warehouse number.

HAL

The AO-unit should be replaced within the next. Seventy-two hours.

BOWMAN

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

TV-display of Earth very small in cross-hairs of grid picture.

Exterior view of the big dish antenna and Earth alignment telescope.

CENTRIFUGE

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

Xeroxed diagrams come out of a slot.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

No planets visible.

Shots of antenna.

CENTRIFUGE

We see Bowman and Poole go to a cupboard labelled in paper tape, "RANDOM DECISION MAKER".

They removed a silver dollar in a protective case.

Poole flips the coin. Bowman call "Head",

It is tails. Poole wins.

Poole looks pleased.

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

POD BAY

Poole in space suit doing preliminary check out.

COMMAND MODULE

Bowman at flight control. See TV-picture of Poole in Pod Bay.

HAL's Pod Bay console with eye.

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.

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?

BOWMAN IN COMMAND MODULE

BOWMAN

Five by five, Frank.

INSIDE POD

POOLE

How do you read me, Hal?

HAL

Five by five, Frank.

POOLE

Hal, I'm going out now to replace the AO-unit.

HAL

I understand.

POOLE

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

HAL

Roger.

POOLE

Hal, check all airlock doors secure.

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.

Pod slowly edges out of Pod Bay.

Poole manoeuvres the pod carefully away from Discovery.

INSIDE COMMAND MODULE

Bowman can see tiny pod manoeuvring directly in front.

POOLE SEE BOWMAN IN COMMAND MODULE WINDOW

Pod slowly manoeuvres to antenna.

*Pod fastens itself magnetically to sides of discovery
at base of antenna.*

Special magnetic plates grip discovery sides.

The pod arms work to remove the faulty component.

Easy flip-bolts of a special design facilitate job.

*Inside the pod, Poole works the arms by special
control.*

IN COMMAND MODULE

*Bowman sees insert of work taken from TV camera POV in
pod hand.*

HAL stands by.

Poole secures the faulty part in one hand.

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.

HAL

The component is correctly installed and fully operational.

The pod floats away from the discovery by shutting off the electro-magnetic plates.

The pod manoeuvres away from the antenna and out in front of discovery.

Bowman sees the pod through the command module window.

Poole sees Bowman in command module window.

Poole carefully manoeuvres toward the pod doors.

Pod stops a hundred feet away.

Poole keys automatic docking alignment mode.

Poole checks airlock safety procedure with HAL.

HAL approves entry.

Poole actuates pod bay doors open.

See pod bay doors open.

Pod carefully manoeuvres on to docking arm, which then draws pod into pod bay.

DISSOLVE

TO:

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 overload. There's no fault prediction indicated.

BOWMAN

Well, that's something.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

I suppose computers have been known to be wrong.

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

CENTRIFUGE

Bowman asleep.

Poole watching an asteroid in the telescope.

HAL

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

Poole walks to the computer.

POOLE

Yes, Hal, what's up?

HAL

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

We see display appear on the screen showing
skeletonised version of ship, cutting to sectionalised
view, cutting to close view of the part.

CENTRIFUGE

Poole thinks for several seconds.

POOLE

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

HAL

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

POOLE

Let me see the tracking alignment
display.

Computer displays the view of Earth in the centre of

the grid with cross-hairs. the earth is perfectly centred.

CENTRIFUGE

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 seventy-two hours.

POOLE

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

HAL

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

POOLE

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

Hard copy details come out of slot.

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

No planets visible.

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.

BOWMAN

(softly)

What the hell is going on?

POOLE

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

BOWMAN

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

POOLE

Two more.

BOWMAN

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

POD BAY

*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 the Pod Bay, Command Module, pod interior.

POD BAY

Bowman and Pole leaning over the faulty component, again wired to testing gear.

Both men stare in puzzled silence.

See displays flash each testing parameter.

BOWMAN

(after long silence)

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

POOLE

Hal?

BOWMAN

Yes.

COMMUNICATIONS AREA

MISSION CONTROL

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

described, and it has never interfered with the integrity or reliability of the computer's performance in other areas. No one is certain of the cause of this kind of malfunctioning. It may be over-programming, 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.

CENTRIFUGE

Bowman sits down at the computer.

Puts up chess board display.

HAL

Hello, Dave. Shall we continue the game?

BOWMAN

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

HAL

Sure, Dave, what's up?

BOWMAN

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

HAL

Yes, I know.

BOWMAN

You probably also know that we found them okay.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

Bowman turns to go.

HAL

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

CENTRIFUGE

Bowman keys for transmission.

BOWMAN

X-ray-delta-zero to MC, zero-five-three-three. The computer has just reported another predicted failure off the AAC-unit. As you suggested, we are going to wait and see if it fails, but we are quite sure there is nothing wrong with the unit. If a reasonable waiting period proves us to be correct, we feel now that the computer reliability has been seriously impaired, and presents an unacceptable risk pattern to the mission. We believe, under these circumstances, it would be advisable to disconnect the computer from all ship operations and continue the mission under Earth-based computer control. We think the additional risk caused by the ship-to-earth time lag is preferable to having an unreliable on-board computer.

See the distance. To-Earth timer.

BOWMAN (CON'T)

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

POOLE

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

DISSOLVE
TO:

CENTRIFUGE

Bowman and Poole eating.

DISSOLVE
TO:

COMMUNICATIONS AREA

Bowman and Poole at the communications area.

Incoming communication procedure.

MISSION CONTROL

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

Vision and picture fade.

Alarm goes off.

*HAL
Condition yellow.*

Bowman and Poole rush to the computer.

*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.*

The alignment display shows the Earth has drifted off the centre of the grid.

CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN

Well, I'll be damned.

POOLE

Hal was right all the time.

BOWMAN

It seems that way.

HAL

Naturally, Dave, I'm not pleased that the AO-unit has failed, but I hope at least this has restored your confidence in my integrity and

reliability. I certainly wouldn't want to be disconnected, even temporarily, as I have never been disconnected in my entire service history.

BOWMAN

I'm sorry about the misunderstanding, Hal.

HAL

Well, don't worry about it.

BOWMAN

And don't you worry about it.

HAL

Is your confidence in me fully restored?

BOWMAN

Yes, it is, Hal.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

Right. Give me the manual antenna alignment, please.

HAL

You have it.

Bowman goes to the communication area and tries to correct the off-centre Earth on the grid picture.

Outside, we see the alignment telescope attached to the antenna. They track slowly together as Bowman works the manual controls, attempting to align the antenna and Earth on the grid 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.

POD EXITS DISCOVERY

Poole in pod.

Pod manoeuvres to antenna.

Bowman in Command Module.

Pod attaches itself near base of antenna.

Poole in pod, working pod arms.

Lights shine into backlit shadow.

Pod arms working flip-bolts.

Flip-bolts stuck.

Poole keeps trying.

Flip-bolts still 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.

*Poole exits from pod, carrying neat-looking welding
torch.*

Poole jets himself to base of antenna.

Poole's magnetic boots grip the side of discovery.

*Poole crouches over the bolts, trying first to undo
them with a spanner.*

POOLE

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

HAL

Roger.

*The pod gently manoeuvres itself to direct the light
beam more accurately.*

*Poole ignites acetylene torch and begins to burn off
the flip-bolts.*

Suddenly the pod jets ignite.

Poole looks up to see.

The pod rushing towards him.

*Poole is struck and instantly killed by the pod,
tumbling off into space.*

*The pod smashes into the antenna dish, destroying the
alignment telescope.*

The pod goes hurtling off into space.

*Inside the Command Module, Bowman has heard nothing,
Poole had no time to utter a sound.*

*Then Bowman sees Poole's body silently tumbling away
into space. It is followed by some broken telescope
parts and finally overtaken and swiftly passed by the
pod itself.*

BOWMAN

(in RT cadence)

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

There is nothing but silence.

*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.

Pools' body tumbles slowly away. There is no motion and no sound.

CENTRIFUGE

CLOSEUP of Computer eye

POV 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.

SAME POV

We see Bowman rise and come to the eyes. He stares into the eye for some timing.

The camera comes around to Bowman's POV and we see the display showing the Earth off-centre.

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.

BOWMAN

Yes. I am.

HAL

He was an excellent crew member.

Bowman looks uncertainly at the computer.

HAL

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

Bowman thinks a long time.

BOWMAN

*Hal, give me manual hibernation
control.*

HAL

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

Pause.

BOWMAN

Yes, I have.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

The antenna has to be replaced.

HAL

*Repairing the antenna is a pretty
dangerous operation.*

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

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 going to do this myself, Hal. Let me have the control, please.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

Hal, switch to manual hibernation control.

HAL

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

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.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

I am prepared to do that anyway.

HAL

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

BOWMAN

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

HAL

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

Bowman stands silently in front of the computer for some time, and then slowly walks to the Hibernaculum.

He initiates revival procedures, details of which still have to be worked out.

HUB-LINK - HAL'S EYE

Hub-link door-opening button activates itself.

Hub-door opens.

Command Module. HAL's eye.

Command Module hub-link door-opening button activates itself.

Command Module hub-link door opens.

CENTRIFUGE - HAL'S EYE

Centrifuge door-opening button activates itself.

Centrifuge door opens.

POD BAY - HAL'S EYE

Pod Bay door-opening button activates itself.

Pod Bay doors open.

A roaring explosion inside discovery as air rushes out.

Lights go out.

Bowman is smashed against Centrifuge.

Wall, but manages to get into Emergency Airlock within seconds of the accident.

Inside Emergency Airlock are emergency air supply, two space suits and an emergency kit.

*DISSOLVE
TO:*

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

No lights, Pod Bay doors open.

CENTRIFUGE

Dark. Bowman emerges from airlock wearing space suit and carrying flash-light.

He walks to Hibernaculum and finds the crew are dead.

He climbs ladder to dark Centrifuge hub.

He makes his way through the darkened hub into the hub-link exiting into computer brain control area.

Bowman enters, carrying flash-light.

Computer eye sees him.

HAL

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

Bowman doesn't answer him.

HAL

Hello, Dave, have you found out the trouble?

Bowman works his way to the solid logic program storage area.

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 rectangle contains a centre of 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.

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 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..."

Computer continues to sing song becoming more and more childish and making mistakes and going off-key. It finally stops completely.

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.

We see various doors closing.

POD BAY

Bowman in space suit obtains new alignment telescope,
new azimuth component.

Bowman in pod exits Pod Bay.

DISSOLVE
TO:

CENTRIFUGE

Everything normal again.

MISSION CONTROL

Lastly, we want you to know that
work on the recovery vehicle is
still on schedule and that nothing
that has happened should
substantially lessen the probability
of your safe recovery, or prevent
partial achievement of some of the
mission objectives.

(pause)

And now Simonson has a few ideas on
what went wrong with the computer.
I'll put him on...

CUT TO:

SIMONSON

SIMONSON

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

believe it all started about two months ago when you and Frank interrogated the computer about the Mission. You may have forgotten it, but we've been running through all the monitor tapes. Do you remember this?

POOLE'S VOICE

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

HAL'S VOICE

That is true.

SIMONSON

Well, I'm afraid Hal was lying. He had been programmed to lie about this one subject for security reasons which we'll explain later. The true purpose of the Mission was to have been explained to you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, on his revival. Hal knew this and he knew the actual mission, but he couldn't tell you the truth when you challenged him. Under orders from earth he was forced to lie. In everything except this he had the usual reinforced truth programming. We believe his truth programming and the instructions to lie, gradually resulted in an incompatible conflict, and faced with this dilemma, he developed, for want of a better description, neurotic symptoms. It's not difficult to suppose that these symptoms would centre on the communication link with Earth, for he may have blamed us for his incompatible programming. Following this line of thought, we suspected that the last straw for him was the possibility of disconnection. Since

he became operational, he had never known unconsciousness. It must have seemed the equivalent to death. 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.

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

Floyd's recorded briefing.

FLOYD

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

your Saturn mission, on April 12th, 2001, the first evidence for intelligent life outside the Earth was discovered. It was found buried at a depth of fifteen metres in the crater Tycho. No news of this was ever announced, and the event had been kept secret since then, for reasons which I will later explain. Soon after it was uncovered, it emitted a powerful blast of radiation in the radio spectrum which seems to have triggered by the Lunar sunrise. Luckily for those at the site, it proved harmless. Perhaps you can imagine our astonishment when we later found it was aimed precisely at Saturn. A lot of thought went into the question of whether or not it was sun-triggered, as it seemed illogical to deliberately bury a sun-powered device. Burying it could only shield it from the sun, since its intense magnetic field made it otherwise easily detectable. We finally concluded that the only reason you might bury a sun-powered device would be to keep it inactive until it would be uncovered, at which time it would absorb sunlight and trigger itself. What is its purpose? I wish we knew. The object was buried on the moon about four million years ago, when our ancestors were primitive man-apes. We've examined dozens of theories, but the one that has the most currency at the moment is that the object serves as an alarm. What the purpose of the alarm is, why they wish to have the alarm, whether the alarm represents any danger to us? These are questions no one can answer. The intentions of an alien world, at least four million years older than we are, cannot be reliably predicted. In view of this,

the intelligence and scientific communities felt that any public announcement might lead to significant cultural shock and disorientation. Discussion took place at the highest levels between governments, and it was decided that the only wise and precautionary course to follow was to assume that the intentions of this alien world are potentially dangerous to us, until we have evidence to the contrary. This is, of course, why security has been maintained and why this information has been kept on a need-to-know basis. And now I should like to show you a TV monitor tape of the actual signalling event.

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.

IN ORBIT WITHIN THE NARRATOR

Rings of Saturn, we see a black, mile long, geometrically perfect rectangle, the same proportions as the black artefact excavated on the Moon.

NARRATOR

For two million years, it had circled Saturn, awaiting a moment of destiny that might never come. In its making, the moon had been shattered and around the central...

Precisely cut into its centre is a smaller, rectangular slot about five hundred foot long on the side.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

... world, the debris of its creation, orbited yet - the glory and the enigma of the solar system...

At this distance, the rings of Saturn are seen to be

made of enormous chunks of frozen ammonia.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

The rest of this sequence is being worked on now by our
designers. The intention here is to present a
breathtakingly beautiful and comprehensive sense of
different extra-terrestrial worlds. The Narration will
suggest images and situations as you read it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Those who had begun the experiment
so long ago had not been men. But
when they looked out across the
depths of space, they felt awe and
wonder - and loneliness. In their
explorations, they encountered life
in many forms, and watched on a
thousand worlds the workings of
evolution. They saw how often the
first faint sparks of intelligence
flickered and died in the cosmic
night. And because, in all the
galaxy, they had found nothing more
precious than Mind, they encouraged
its dawning everywhere. The great
Dinosaurs had long since perished
when their ships entered the solar
system, after a voyage that had
already lasted thousands of years.
They swept past the frozen outer
planets, paused briefly above the
deserts of dying Mars and presently
looked down on Earth. For years they
studied, collected and catalogued.
When they had learned all they
could, they began to modify. They
tinkered with the destiny of many
species on land and in the ocean,
but which of their experiments
would succeed they could not know

for at least a million years. They were patient, but they were not yet immortal. There was much to do in this Universe of a hundred billion stars. So they set forth once more across the abyss, knowing that they would never come this way again. Nor was there any need. Their wonderful machines could be trusted to do the rest. On Earth, the glaciers came and went, while above them, the changeless Moon still carried its secret. With a yet slower rhythm than the Polar ice, the tide of civilisation ebbed and flowed across the galaxy. Strange and beautiful and terrible empires rose and fell, and passed on their knowledge to their successors. Earth was not forgotten, but it was

one of a million silent worlds, a few of which would ever speak. Then the first explorers of Earth, recognising the limitations of their minds and bodies, passed on their knowledge to the great machines they had created, and who now transcended them in every way. For a few thousand years, they shared their Universe with their machine children; then, realising that it was folly to linger when their task was done, they passed into history without regret. Not one of them ever looked through his own eyes upon the planet Earth again. But even the age of the Machine Entities passed swiftly. In their ceaseless experimenting, they had learned to store knowledge in the structure of space itself, and to preserve their thoughts for eternity in frozen lattices of light. They could become creatures of radiation, free at last from the tyranny of matter. Now, they were Lords of the galaxy, and beyond the

reach of time. They could rove at will among the stars, and sink like a subtle mist through the very interstices of space. But despite their God-like powers, they still watched over the experiments their ancestors had started so many generations ago. The companion of Saturn knew nothing of this, as it orbited in its no man's land between Mimas and the outer edge of rings. It had only to remember and wait, and to look forever Sunward with its strange senses. For many weeks, it had watched the approaching ship. Its long-dead makers had prepared it for many things and this was one of them. And it recognised what was climbing starward from the Sun. If it had been alive, it would have felt excitement, but such an emotion was irrelevant to its great powers. Even if the ship had passed it by, it would not have known the slightest trace of disappointment. It had waited four million years; it was prepared to wait for eternity. Presently, it felt the gentle touch of radiation, trying to probe its secrets. Now, the ship was in orbit and it began to speak, with prime numbers from one to eleven, over and over again. Soon, these gave way to more complex signals at many frequencies, ultra-violet, infra-red, X-rays. The machine made no reply. It had nothing to say. Then it saw the first robot probe, which descended and hovered above the chasm. Then, it dropped into darkness. The great machine knew that this tiny scout was reporting back to its parent; but it was too simple, too primitive a device to detect the forces that were gathering round it now. Then the pod came, carrying

*life. The great machine searched
its memories. The logic circuits
made their decision when the pod
had fallen beyond the last faint.
glow of the reflected Saturnian
light. In a moment of time, too
short to be measured, space turned
and twisted upon itself.*

THE END