

BOMB: I am programmed to detonate in nine minutes. Detonation will occur at the programmed time.

PINBACK: You won't consider another course of action, for instance just waiting around awhile so we can disarm you?

BOMB: No.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER: I can tell, the damn thing just doesn't understand.

PINBACK: Look, bomb...

INTERIOR - FREEZER ROOM

DOOLITTLE: Commander? Are you still there?

POWELL: Oh, yes, Doolittle, I'm thinking.

DOOLITTLE: We're running out of time, sir.

POWELL: Oh, yes... Well, Doolittle, if you can't get it to drop you'll have to talk to it.

DOOLITTLE: Sir?

POWELL: Talk to the bomb.

DOOLITTLE: I already have, sir, and Pinback is talking to it now.

POWELL: No, no, Doolittle, you talk to it. Teach it Phenomenology, Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE: Sir?

POWELL: Phenomenology...

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK: Doolittle! Doolittle! Six minutes to detonation!

INTERIOR - VENTRAL AIR LOCK. Wearing his starsuit, complete with jetpack, Doolittle pushes a button. Above him, the giant lock doors slowly slide open. EXTERIOR - SHIP. Doolittle slowly rises up out of the ship. He stops his ascent with his jetpack, turns, and moves down toward the bomb bay. EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY. Doolittle floats into shot, jets himself up until he is facing massive Bomb #20.

DOOLITTLE: Hello, bomb, are you with me?

BOMB: Of course.

DOOLITTLE: Are you willing to entertain a few concepts?

BOMB: I am always receptive to suggestions.

DOOLITTLE: Fine. Think about this one, then: how do you know you exist?

BOMB: Well of course I exist.

DOOLITTLE: But how do you know you exist?

BOMB: It is intuitively obvious.

DOOLITTLE: Intuition is no proof. What concrete evidence do you have of your own existence?

BOMB: Hmm... Well, I think, therefore I am.

DOOLITTLE: That's good. Very good. Now then, how do you know that anything else exists?

BOMB: My sensory apparatus reveals it to me.

DOOLITTLE: Right!

BOMB: This is fun.

DOOLITTLE: All right now, here's the big question: how do you know that the evidence your sensory apparatus reveals to you is correct?..... What I'm getting at is this: the only experience that is directly available to you is your sensory data. And this data is merely a stream of electrical impulses which stimulate your computing center.

BOMB: In other words, all I really know about the outside universe relayed to me through my electrical connections.

DOOLITTLE: Exactly.

BOMB: Why, that would mean... I really don't know what the outside universe is like at all, for certain.

DOOLITTLE: That's it.

BOMB: Intriguing. I wish I had more time to discuss this matter.

DOOLITTLE: Why don't you have more time?

BOMB: Because I must detonate in seventy-five seconds.

DOOLITTLE: Now, bomb, consider this next question, very carefully. What is your one purpose in life?

BOMB: To explode, of course.

DOOLITTLE: And you can only do it once, right?

BOMB: That is correct.

DOOLITTLE: And you wouldn't want to explode on the basis of false data, would you?

BOMB: Of course not.

DOOLITTLE: Well then, you've already admitted that you have no real proof of the existence of the outside universe.

BOMB: Yes, well...

DOOLITTLE: So you have no absolute proof that Sergeant Pinback ordered you to detonate.

BOMB: I recall distinctly the detonation order. My memory is good on matters like these.

DOOLITTLE: Yes, of course you remember it, but what you are remembering is merely a series of electrical impulses which you now realize have no necessary connection with outside reality.

BOMB: True, but since this is so, I have no proof that you are really telling me all this.

DOOLITTLE; That's all beside the point. The concepts are valid, wherever they originate.

BOMB: Hmmm...

DOOLITTLE; So if you detonate in...

BOMB: ... nine seconds...

DOOLITTLE: ... you may be doing so on the basis of false data.

BOMB: I have no proof that it was false data.

DOOLITTLE; You have no proof that it was correct data.

There is a long pause.

BOMB: I must think on this further.

THE BOMB RAISES ITSELF BACK INTO THE SHIP. Doolittle practically collapses with relief.