

# The Golden Record

by  
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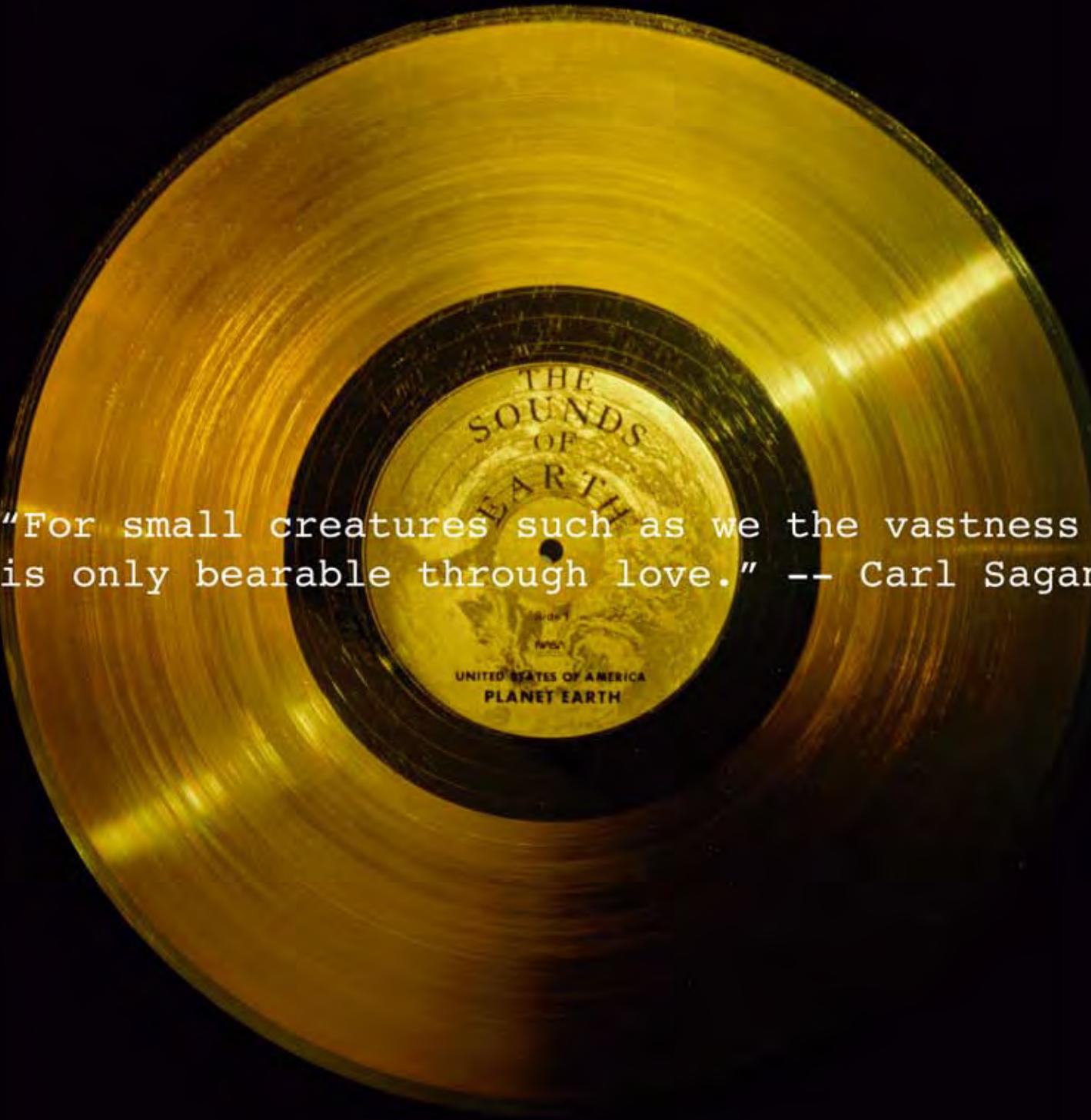
Inspired by a true story

*Note: this script references actual music and images sent on the Voyager Golden Record. To download the contents of the record:*

[PLEASE CLICK THIS LINK](#)

Sukee Chew  
Hopscotch Pictures  
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"For small creatures such as we the vastness  
is only bearable through love." -- Carl Sagan

OPEN ON A STAGE

Stark, framed by black. Just a podium with NASA's iconic logo. And a WOMAN (65) who shyly takes the mic. Gathers herself like a lighthouse awaiting a storm. Then looks up... right at US.

WOMAN

Many believe that science kills romance. That the search for truth diminishes our world of wonder. I know because I once shared this view. But that was before I met Carl.

She breaks off, a private moment of reflection. Who she is and where we are remain a mystery. All we know is she is beautiful impassioned, eloquent. When she speaks it's like a confession.

WOMAN

We can't circle back, but we can remember. Time is not a wheel but a heartbeat. Everything we made and everything we lost. This is my memory, but it's about something more: a mission. A golden record. And the greatest love I know.

She stares into camera. And as she slowly smiles...

FADE TO:

PROFOUND DARKNESS

Punctuated by ten thousand pinpoints of light. A sprawling kaleidoscope of suns, worlds, stars, at the center of which--

OUR PALE BLUE DOT

Glimmers like a precious jewel. Fifty million miles out it's smaller than a marble. All life, all history, our entire world nothing more than a sapphire speck on the vast cosmic ocean.

AND PULLING BACK

We realize it's really A REFLECTION in the metal of an antique spaceship. VIKING 1. Its name inscribed below a American flag.

A VOICE (CARL'S)

*Are we alone in the universe?*

The Viking orbiter spins, revealing MARS: red sand seas beckoning below. A probe detaches; begins a fiery descent.

THE VOICE

*Today we take a giant leap toward answering mankind's biggest question.*

Safely through the martian atmosphere, a mushroom parachute opens and a VW bus sized lander separates from its aeroshell. Retrorockets slow the lander's final approach to the surface.

THE VOICE  
*Will we find life on other worlds?*

TOUCHDOWN! Viking 1 settles like a leaf onto alien soil: man's 1st mark on a planet not our own. A robotic camera snaps a PHOTO. An antenna aims at the distant dust mote we call Earth.

THE PHOTO

Fills screen: downloading line by vertical bit line as we...

CUT TO:

A PRIMETIME NEWS BROADCAST

Of 41 year old CARL SAGAN: in trademark turtleneck sweater, broadcasting from NASA Mission Control. Hair sideswept across his prominent forehead, thick eyebrows accentuating his almost boyish, unconventional good looks. VOICE like a rolling wave.

CARL  
The images you are seeing now are the first ever from the surface of Mars.

A second shot of the Red Planet FILLS FRAME. Flickering as--

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

TIMOTHY FERRIS (32) leans in and SLAPS the side of his 1976 trinitron TV. Suited up in a tux, Tim is the dashing Science Editor for *Rolling Stone*. He fast-scrawls notes on a flip-pad.

TIM  
Ann, are you seeing this?

ANN DRUYAN: aspiring author, activist and absolute knockout with Farah Fawcett hair enters, checking her watch. A woman in a man's world she owns herself completely; holds nothing back.

ANN  
What's with Carl Sagan and the turtlenecks? Seriously, it's May.

TIM  
I finally land an exclusive with the most famous scientist in the world and you're stuck on his sweater?

He cranes to watch the TV but Ann blocks his view.



## Viking takes vivid Mars photos

PASADENA (UPI) — Viking 1 rode a parachute and a cushion of rocket power to a smooth landing on Mars Tuesday and discovered a rocky, rolling desert with sand dunes under an unusually bright late afternoon sky.

Its first two black and white pictures, displaying clarity never before seen from a robot

explorer, appeared as if they had been taken at sunset in a desert in Nevada.

"It's a very exciting place," said astronomer Carl Sagan. "Mars is extraordinarily interesting."

The seven-foot tall spacecraft landed only 17 seconds late after an 11-month voyage from Earth 214 million

miles away. Viking was quickly transformed into a nuclear-powered science observatory bearing the flag of the United States and a Bicentennial emblem honoring the nation's 200th birthday.

"For Viking today, the search is just beginning," said Viking mission director Thomas Young two hours after the big parachute and then three rocket engines eased the spacecraft to a gentle touchdown.

the fourth planet out from the sun.

Dr. Thomas Mutch, chief of the photographic experiment, said there was no obvious evidence that water had a role in shaping the surface. Pictures from orbit suggested the landing area was in a drainage basin for once-mighty rivers that geologists believe existed a billion years ago.

He said one picture showed a middle altitude cloud layer on the horizon.

## Nation's growth

New York Times, July 20, 1976

Below is a link to Carl (left side of image) on ABC News, July 20, 1976 (scroll to 2:11 in):

<http://abcnews.go.com/Archives/video/july-20-1976-viking-lands-mars-10252193>



ANN

You're making me meet your parents,  
don't make me look bad being late.

TIM

You look great.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Simultaneously maneuvering her ever so subtly so he can still see the set.

ANN

You know in Eskimo culture it's a  
criminal act to kiss with eyes open.

TIM

If that were true they'd have a lot  
more broken noses. Seriously though--

He rubs his nose lightly against hers, an Eskimo kiss.

TIM

I need to cover this for my magazine.

ANN

But first you've got a deadline with  
me. C'mon, Sagan isn't going anywhere-

She drags him out the door. As it shuts we push INTO THE TV... video growing larger, more vibrant; Carl shedding pixels, COMING TO LIFE as we morph right through the screen into--

INT. NASA'S JET PROPULSION LAB (JPL) - PASADENA

The brain center of NASA Mission Control. Carl stands before a CBS News crew, overlooking a room of jubilant scientists.

CARL

Mark this moment: July 20th, 1976.  
The day man for the first time  
reached another world: our closest  
neighbor in a vast cosmos. From NASA  
mission control, I'm Carl Sagan.

The cameras go dark. The instant he's off-air the room erupts: champagne, applause and handshakes all around. Carl's team rush in to congratulate him, but he heads past them, to lift--

NICK SAGAN: his precocious, 6 year old son. A mini-Carl.

CARL

There's my little spaceman. Tell me,  
Copernicus what do you think of Mars?

NICK

It looks like Arizona.

Carl laughs, flies his son around like a rocket.

NICK  
And where's all the Martians?

CARL  
We only just landed! We'll find them.

NICK  
And what if they eat your ship, dad?

CARL  
We'll take a picture of them doing  
it. Which will prove they exist.

He locks eyes with the one man in the room not celebrating...

MEET BRUCE MURRAY

JPL's Mission Director and Carl's most outspoken critic.

BRUCE  
You should teach your son real  
science, Sagan, not science fiction.  
You keep telling everyone we'll find  
life on Mars, you only set them up  
for disappointment.

CARL  
You don't know that we won't, Bruce.

BRUCE  
There's no evidence yet that we will.  
Life beyond Earth is a lovely idea,  
but that's all it is. An idea.

CARL  
Like putting a man on the moon? Like  
landing on Mars?

He points to the images just coming in from the Mars lander.

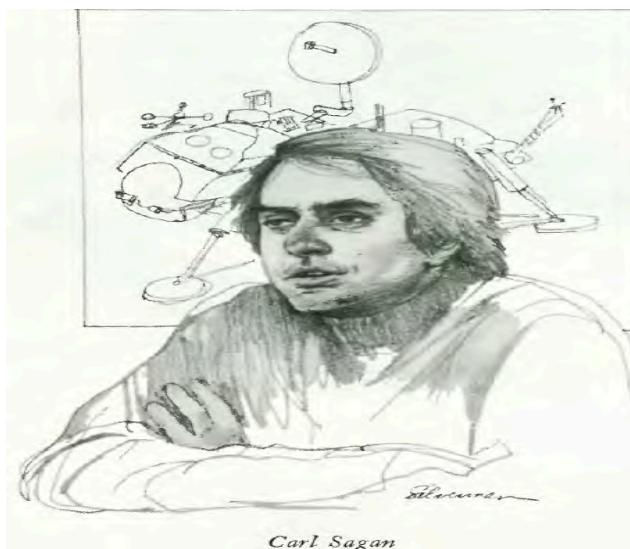
CARL  
It's the craziest, most impossible  
ideas that tend to change our world.

BRUCE  
Passion is one thing, Carl, but don't  
let your obsession ruin you. Because  
NASA won't be there when you fall.

He masks his threat with a smile that does nothing to hide the  
rivalry. LINDA SALZMAN, Carl's bombshell blonde wife, cuts in.

# ••• PROFILES •••

A RESONANCE WITH SOMETHING ALIVE—I



Carl Sagan

AMONG those who won't devote much time to examining the photographs for life is Dr. Bruce C. Murray, a geologist who was a member, along with Sagan, of the imaging team of Mariner 9, the spacecraft that began orbiting Mars in mid-November of 1971 and, over almost an entire year, sent photographs covering the whole planet. Murray, a thickset, solidly built man, is a professor of planetary science at the California Institute of Technology; following a stint as leader of the imaging team of Mariner 10, which flew by Venus and Mercury, he was made director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, which Caltech runs for NASA, and which is the flight-operations center for Viking. (NASA's Langley Research Center, in Hampton, Virginia, is in overall charge of the project.) As a geologist, Murray is fundamentally interested in the earth, and, unlike Sagan, he has studied the other planets primarily to learn more about this one. Many scientists regard Murray as being, in his own fashion, as impressive as Sagan in his outspokenness. "Bruce is as good in

Currently, the most ardent advocate

of the possibility of life on Mars, and of a lot of other places distant from our planet, is Dr. Carl Sagan, a professor of astronomy at Cornell, who has been on the scientific teams planning several of NASA's unmanned spacecraft missions. On August 10th last year, the day before *Viking 1* was supposed to be launched from the Kennedy Space Center, in Cape Canaveral, Florida, Sagan was addressing a dozen or so children seated on the hot cement near the pool of the Ramada Inn at Cocoa Beach, about twelve miles from the launching pad. A youthful-looking man of forty-one, with long, straight black hair combed at a sloping angle across a high forehead, Sagan (who pronounces his name to rhyme with "pagan") is a controversial figure, but most scientists will agree that if he doesn't embody the spirit of the whole *Viking* enterprise he at least supplies its imagination. On this

his ultra-conservative way as Carl is in his ultra-far-out way," a colleague of both said recently. Sagan's ideas about life on Mars irritate Murray. At a symposium on November 12, 1971, the day before Mariner 9 went into orbit around Mars, Murray and Sagan shared a platform at Caltech with Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke, the science-fiction writers, and Walter Sullivan, the science editor of the *Times*, for a discussion later published as a book, entitled "Mars and the Mind of Man." Murray, who considered himself the solid dough amidst the general leavening, said:

I really don't think there is any life on Mars. There never has been any evidence of it. It has just been a very attractive idea. You cannot completely disprove the possibility of life there any more than you can disprove life on the moon.... It just becomes less and less likely. And it has become very less likely as we have gotten more information about Mars. When you go back to find out why people thought there might be life there, it was in part, if not entirely, the result of this wishful thinking and the Edgar Rice Burroughs kind of popularization.

The New Yorker, June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1976.

Excerpted from a two-part profile on Carl and Bruce's rivalry

LINDA  
Sorry to break up the festivities,  
but Carl's running late for Carson.

Before Carl can argue further, she pulls him and Nick away.

CARL  
Just as the gloves were coming off.

LINDA  
What would you do without me?

CARL  
Win more arguments probably.

LINDA  
As brilliant as you are, it's unwise  
to win every battle. Especially  
against your boss.

Like a dog to a higher pitch, Carl hears her tone's subtlety.

CARL  
We talking about Bruce or you and me?

LINDA  
With me you're always losing.

She shoves a schedule into his hands and marches him out an  
exit to a waiting limo. As they climb in the CAMERA PANS PAST--

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - MATCH-CUT

And continues panning to the other end of the limo -- where  
Ann and Tim climb out: LA morphed to NYC. Ann grins at Tim.

ANN  
So this is why we're all glammed up.

She heads for the marquee but Tim blocks her. He's nervous.

TIM  
Annie, I need to tell you something.

He never calls her Annie. And she knows instantly:

ANN  
We're not meeting your parents.

Tim shakes his head. Ann is NOT pleased.

ANN  
So why the hell did you drag me here!

TIM

I asked the driver to take us to the most romantic place in New York, but since he didn't speak English--

He pulls out a ring. Actually more like a large pebble bound by rusty paperclips into a sort of DIY band. Ann stares at it.

*What the hell is that?*

TIM

It's the biggest rock I could find.

He slips it on her finger as a sewer vent billows smog nearby.

TIM

I think we should get married.

*You're kidding.*

TIM

I'm serious.

*You're proposing next to a sewer.*

TIM

You want me to get on one knee?

He starts to bend down but Ann quickly pulls him back up.

ANN

I don't want any more fumes going to your head.

TIM

I mean it Annie, marry me. I know it's only been a year but honestly--

He points at himself like a game show hostess would a prize.

TIM

Who are you gonna find that's better?

ANN

Boy you really know how to sweep a girl off her feet.

Tim takes the cue. Hefting her ungracefully into his arms.

TIM

Did I forget to mention I love you.

He leans in for the kiss but she stops his lips with her hand.

TIM

Is that a no?

She looks into his eyes, a long contemplative beat.

ANN

No.

TIM

To the marriage or--

She kisses him.

ANN

No to the "no".

Tim laughs relieved. Twirls her. Romantic despite the setting.

ANN

Now please carry me away from here.  
It smells like shit.

Lips locked he hauls her back into the limo as we SWITCH BACK--

INT. LIMO - HOLLYWOOD

To Linda and Carl. Who's gazing deep in thought at the stars twinkling to life outside his window, Nick asleep in his lap.

LINDA

If you can pull your head out of the clouds I could use you here on Earth.

Linda rolls his window up, opens his overambitious schedule.

LINDA

Our redeye gets into JFK at 8. You're meeting Random House at 10. Here's the manuscript to proof on the plane.

She gives him his unbound book: The Dragons of Eden.

LINDA

After that you've an interview for Rolling Stone. And PBS wants a time to discuss the *Cosmos* miniseries.

CARL

Schedule it for when we return to LA.

LINDA

And your family... when's a good time to pencil them in?

Carl sighs. Rubs his forehead, suddenly very tired.

CARL

I was right, you are mad at me.

LINDA

No I'm exhausted. And lonely. If you aren't crusading for NASA, you're off writing your next opus, teaching too many classes at Cornell, or booked on TV. There's no space for Nick or me.

CARL

Everything I do is for you and Nick. That's why you're here with me.

He ruffles his sleeping son's hair. Linda's a pot on high heat-

LINDA

As your secretary, maid, editor, chef... everything BUT your wife.

Carl cups her face, a tender moment, genuine and heartfelt.

CARL

You're my gravity.

LINDA

Then why does it feel like we're out of orbit?

The limo pulls to a stop outside *The Tonight Show* studio.

CARL

I'll do better. Tell me what you need-

He takes her hand, calmly. She's simmering. So much unsaid...

LINDA

(instead)

Go on, you can't be late for Carson.

Carl slides to the door. Pauses. Leans back and kisses Linda, cold, cursory. And as he opens the door and exits--

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Another door SLAMS open, and Tim stumbles in. Still carrying Ann. Still passionately kissing. She full-body straddles him. Two bound magnets. Mouths melted together. Clothes coming off. They fall backwards over the couch, out of view, to the floor.

IN FRAME ABOVE THEM

The TV's still on. ARCHIVE FOOTAGE now of "*The Tonight Show*".

ED MCMAHON

Please welcome the "Voice of Science"  
world famous astronomer Caaarl Sagan!



From The Tonight Show in 1980: Johnny Carson impersonating Carl Sagan, while Ed McMahon plays it straight.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1jVQg87MA9s>



Carl on Carson in 1978. A regular guest, he appeared 26 times between 1973-1986.

JOHNNY CARSON enters in black turtle neck and Carl Sagan wig.

JOHNNY CARSON  
(a spot-on impersonation)  
Why thank you, Ed. Good to be back.

ED MCMAHON  
Is it possible, doctor, to sum up  
briefly the vastness of the universe?

JOHNNY CARSON  
(stressing each syllable)  
The universe is made up of billions  
and biiiiillyuns of galaxies...

Tim's head appears as the audience bursts into laughter.

TIM  
I have to write this into my article.

He reaches for a pen. Ann's hand rises, pulls Tim back down.

SMASH TO BLACK  
INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Light streams in. Tim awakes on the floor. Sits up to find Ann in a suit, clacking away at a typewriter.

TIM  
Morning man pants. You're up early.

ANN  
Or late. Since I didn't sleep at all.

She slams the last key. Triumphantly yanks the page out and drops it with a flourish on top an unbound manuscript. It's the title page to her first novel: A Famous Broken Heart.

TIM  
Is that...

ANN  
I finally finished it. My 1st novel.  
Feels like I just summited Everest.

TIM  
And how's the view?

She grins down at him on the floor.

ANN  
Disappointing.

He laughs, pulls her in as she gathers her purse and keys.

TIM

What's the rush I don't work till 10.

ANN

It's 11. And I'm late for my big  
publisher's meeting.

TIM

I thought you said it was next week.

ANN

I said that last week now it's today.

TIM

Don't worry they're gonna love it.

ANN

Not everyone's as easily seduced as  
you. You interviewing Sagan today?

TIM

Tonight at Nora's. Come with me.

ANN

I can't. I'm on double-shift at the  
bookstore, then the museum.

TIM

Reschedule. I really want you to meet  
Carl. He's the most--

ANN

Incredible man you've ever met. I  
know. I'll see if I can make it.

She kisses him quickly on the lips, like a manic hummingbird.

TIM

That's all I get?

ANN

You've got me forever, what more do  
you want?She kisses him again, this time on the cheek. He goes for more  
but Ann's already fluttering out the door. As it closes--

TIM

There goes the future Miss Timothy  
Ferris TITAN of the literary world!

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE TOWER - NYC - DAY

PAN DOWN from the banner on the world's largest publishing  
house to find Carl and Linda swinging Nick between them.

CARL

Ok Nicarus, I need my arms back now.

NICK

(clinging to him)

Can't I come to your meeting, Dad?

CARL

I'd rather go with you, FAO Schwartz  
is way more fun than publisher notes.

NICK

Why, they gonna tear you a new one?

Carl shoots Linda a look: *who taught him that?*

LINDA

See what happens when you're away, he  
spends too much time with Frank.

She means Frank Drake, Carl's best friend who we'll soon meet.

LINDA

You sure you want to do this book?

CARL

You still think it's a risk?

LINDA

I think you'll either win the  
Pulitzer or ruin your career.

CARL

According to Bruce and half the  
science world I'm doing that already.

LINDA

Why stop now?

Her sarcasm hints at the edge of a deeper issue here.

CARL

When you believe something deeply,  
you have to follow it wherever it  
leads. Even if that's off a cliff.

LINDA

Funny, you said the same thing when  
you married me.

CARL

And was I wrong?

LINDA

Depends. Am I the belief or the  
cliff?

Carl leans in. Cracks her stony expression with his grin.

CARL

Cancel dinner. I'll take you out  
instead. We'll celebrate, you and me.

LINDA

We can't. You committed to interview  
with Rolling Stone tonight.

CARL

I'm trying to make it up to you.

Linda smiles. Kisses her husband softly on the cheek.

LINDA

I know.

She strolls off with Nick. Carl stares after them a long beat.  
Then heads inside. As he disappears through a revolving door--

ANN EXITS OUT THE OTHER SIDE

She stares up at the Random House sign. Then angrily tosses  
her manuscript into the trash. And storms out of frame.

A BEAT as a homeless guy rescues it and a half-eaten burrito  
from the garbage; flips through her book while enjoying lunch.  
Until Ann RUNS BACK out of breath. He takes one look at her...

HOMELESS GUY

Just 'cause someone tells you so,  
don't mean it's trash.

...and hands it over. To his surprise, Ann hugs him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - MAGIC HOUR

A setting sun glows gold over Manhattan as Ann and Tim stroll  
arm-in-arm out of Central Park and into a fancy brownstone.  
Tim swings a champagne bottle, cheery to Ann's moody silence.

TIM

Listen, your book is terrific. Forget  
Random House. What do they know?

ANN

They're only the biggest publishing  
house on earth. And they're right, my  
novel is derivative.

TIM

So what. Good writers borrow, great  
writers steal. Oscar Wilde said that.

ANN

I'm pretty sure it was Shakespeare.

TIM

Wilde stole it from Shakespeare.

ANN

That's my point. I need my own story.

TIM

You can't beat yourself up over one  
rejection. I've had hundreds.

ANN

Is that supposed to cheer me up?

TIM

No, but what if I spoke to my editor--

ANN

Tim, I asked you not to pull favors!

TIM

He called me. He has major notes but--

ANN

(excited now)

Anything he asks but the title stays.

TIM

He's already changed it.

They step into an elevator, each floor named. Tim hits EPHRON.

ANN

To what?

TIM

*The Red Limit.*

ANN

From *A Famous Broken Heart*?

TIM

(confused)

No. From *The Search for the Edge of  
the Universe*.

ANN

Wait, I've lost the thread... are we  
still talking about *my* book?

TIM

No, mine. They're gonna publish it!

It's huge news. Ann genuinely tries to share Tim's excitement,  
but his timing is, unfortunately, dreadful.

ANN  
That's great. Your first book.

The elevator opens into a apartment. Tim steps out. Ann stays.

TIM  
Did I miss something?

ANN  
No, I'm thrilled for you. Really.

TIM  
So why are you still in the elevator?

ANN  
You go ahead. You've a big interview  
with Sagan. I don't want to spoil it.

TIM  
I'm sorry if my good news ruined your  
bad. I thought it'd lift your spirit.

ANN  
For such a smart, charming man...  
sensitivity is not your strong suit.

TIM  
And for an empowered, talented woman,  
it's cute how *oversensitive* you are.

Ann crosses her arms, he's not exactly helping his cause here.

ANN  
It's not just the book. What have I  
done with my life that matters? That  
makes a difference. That lasts.

TIM  
Annie, your expectations are too high  
for everyone... especially yourself.

He takes her hands, pulls her playfully out of the elevator.

TIM  
Now c'mon, let me show you how boring  
"successful" writers really are.

With that he drags a reluctant Ann into the apartment to find--

INT. DINNER PARTY - CLOSE-ON

Carl standing on top the dining table, waving a wine bottle  
like a conductor's baton. Happy-drunk and mid-joke.

CARL

So then the reporter asks: "How often do you get high?" And I swear to god, without cracking a smile, Buzz Aldrin replies: "Whenever NASA lets me!"

The dinner guests burst into laughter: Linda, plus hosts NORA EPHRON and CARL BERNSTEIN (young and still madly in love).

TIM

And Carl wonders why the scientific community doesn't take him seriously.

Everyone at the party turns, then rises to greet Ann and Tim.

CARL

Says the man who talked me into being profiled in a rock 'n roll magazine.

TIM

You can still say no.

Carl hops off the table. Clasps Tim's arm affectionately.

CARL

To the best science writer I know?

TIM

Flattery won't get you a fluff piece, even if it's the biggest compliment I've ever had. Meet my fiancée Ann.

ANN

You're all Tim's been talking about.

CARL

Then I already owe you an apology.

The sparkle of his smile spreads to Ann. With his sleeves rolled up, he's more charming than she imagined, in spite of his turtleneck. They hold on each other... a locked-in beat.

BERNSTEIN

Careful Tim, Sagan looks like he's just discovered a new star.

He cuts in, taking Ann's hand and kissing it flirtatiously.

BERNSTEIN

But even they don't shine so bright.

NORA

It's you she should worry about. Every marriage needs at least one good secret. Clearly mine's falling for shameless flirts.

LINDA

And mine's marrying a man who's idea  
of foreplay is probing the surface of  
Mars. Don't mind our halfwit  
husbands. I'm Linda and this is--

ANN

Nora Ephron, I know. I loved your  
*Esquire* exposé on small breasts.

NORA

I wish I had more to expose! My wit  
is unfortunately bigger than my tits.

ANN

Well I envy both. It's an honor.

NORA

Honor is for saints and soldiers.

She links arms with Ann, sweeping her into this charmed world.

NORA

Let's not stand here like marble  
statues! This is a party after all.

LINDA

Speaking of which...

She grabs Tim's wine bottle, pops off the cork with her teeth.

LINDA

LET'S DRINK!

SMASH TO:

INT. PARTY - LATER

A stonehenge of empty bottles and plates litter the table -- Ephron and Bernstein stacking them in a game of drunken jenga. The rest of the party (the Sagans, Ann and Tim) have migrated to the floor. A joint passes around as Tim interviews Carl.

TIM

Say we do find life on Mars. So what?

CARL

It will be the greatest discovery--

TIM

In the history of history. I know  
that's what everyone says. But why?

CARL

Because it'll prove we're not alone.

TIM

It'll prove life CAN exist elsewhere,  
but you can't talk to a microbe.

CARL

If basic life can survive Mars' harsh  
environment, it's a near mathematical  
certainty intelligent life has  
evolved *somewhere* in the universe.

LINDA

I think the jury's still out for  
intelligent life here on earth.

She blows a perfect smoke ring as everyone laughs.

Carl takes the roach, inhales an expert hit, passes it to Ann.  
Who stares at the most famous scientist in America, shocked.

TIM

Say we are alone, Carl. And there's  
nothing out there but dust and rock  
and endless cold.

CARL

We keep looking.

ANN

But at what cost?

Everyone turns and stares at Ann who's been quiet up till now.

CARL

Any. Though our country pays peanuts.  
Less than 1% of our budget on science-

ANN

Which is still billions that could go  
to solving this world's issues versus  
sending rockets to other ones.

Her passion takes the room by surprise, especially Carl. He  
smiles at her... but it's a challenge. She struck a chord.

CARL

This nation spends more every year on  
bubblegum than we do on outer space.

ANN

And both are a waste.

CARL

Every major advance man's made is the  
result of science. Our 1st ancestor  
picked up a stone and made a tool.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

Innovation has been the key to our survival ever since.

ANN

Or it's how we'll destroy ourselves. That 1st tool was a knife. Now it's a bomb. We'll never reach life on other worlds if we don't preserve our own.

Fire in her voice, her eyes burning hot. And Carl's her moth.

CARL

What ended the Cold War wasn't a missile but a man on the moon. That's the only thing that brings small creatures such as we together: a truth bigger than ourselves.

ANN

And I think the only thing that makes the vastness bearable is love.

On her feet now, surprising even herself. But she can't stop--

ANN

You want to find life? You're looking too far. It's here. It's US. It's now. Excuse me.

She shakes off Tim's calming hand and EXITS. Leaving a stunned silence behind and Tim at a loss. Linda hands him the joint.

LINDA

Surprise Tim, your lamb has fangs.

Her wild laugh cuts the tension. As Tim slowly joins in... Carl stares after Ann, lost in thought.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Laughter spills out of the party onto a rooftop balcony overlooking Central Park and Manhattan beyond. Carl steps out to find Ann, staring up at the faint few stars above.

CARL

It's ironic isn't it. The brighter our world gets, the harder it is to see the stars.

ANN

Sorry I went after you in there.

CARL

Never apologize for being passionate. It's a thing I find most people lack.

# Lucky Ann Druyan Enjoys A Life Of Curiosity

Like many of us, Ann Druyan would like to know everything.

``I have so many questions I want to get to the bottom of,`` she said recently during the Chicago stop on a national book promotion tour. ``I really want to know how the universe is put together and why we are this way. And I'm really lucky enough to do that as a daytime job.``

A lifetime of such luck and happiness, Druyan says, has prompted friends to dub her ``Miss Bliss.`` Druyan traces that good fortune to her birth in Queens, N.Y., to Harry and Pearl Druyan, who met on a subway train. ``Even that was luck,`` she says. ``What if they hadn't been on that train, in that car?``

She always had love, intelligence and self-confidence, but she did not have a distinguished academic career, Druyan says. She was ``derailed`` from her interest in science and math when a junior high school teacher ridiculed her excitement over the universality of pi, the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter.

``I raised my hand and said, `You mean this applies to every circle in the universe?' and the teacher told me not to ask stupid questions,`` she recalls. ``And there I was having this religious experience, and she made me feel like such a fool. I was completely flummoxed from then on until after college.``

Druyan describes her three years at New York University as disastrous, but after leaving school without graduating, she says, she discovered the pre-Socratic philosophers and began to educate herself. It was the logical, scientific methods used by these men that renewed her interest in science.

She met Carl Sagan in 1974 at a dinner party hosted by writer Nora Ephron. Sagan was there with his second wife, and Druyan was with another man. It was not love at first sight, she says, but the laughter and conversation were intense.

The two couples became friends, and Sagan asked Druyan to help him create a compilation of music and messages to send to alien civilizations on NASA's space probes Voyager I and II. The 90-minute recording, with an apparent shelf-life of a billion years, includes sounds from Chuck Berry, Bach, whales and kissing lovers.

``Since making that record I have never been afraid of death,`` Druyan says. ``I feel like I've touched something that will live forever, or as close to forever as humans can reach.``

ANN

Funny, most people claim I have too  
much. Tim says I chase the impossible-

CARL

My critics accuse me of the same.

ANN

But that hasn't stopped you?

CARL

It's driven me to question more.

ANN

And if you don't find your answers?

That sparkle reenters Carl's smile as he leans into the night.

CARL

When I was five my parents took me to  
the 1939 World's Fair and it was like  
magic. Moving images in a box called  
TV. Future cities powered by cars and  
electricity. "The World of Tomorrow".

He points to the lights of the cityscape below.

CARL

Science fiction then, reality today.  
I don't believe in impossible --  
History's proven it false too often.

ANN

Which is why you believe there are  
other worlds out there?

They look up together at the stars twinkling dimly overhead.

CARL

I believe somewhere, something  
incredible is waiting to be known.

ANN

That sounds an awful lot like faith.

CARL

The only difference between science  
and religion is one has proof and the  
other god.

ANN

Yet here you are chasing stars.

CARL

(smiles)

And what do you believe?

ANN

What I know: that we exist. That life is sacred. That we should cherish what we have. Because as far as we know, we're it.

(locking eyes with Carl)

And if we're not... why wait, or pray for contact when we can make our own.

On Carl truly disarmed. And as his smile now spreads to Ann--

CARL (V.O.)

*Man has always been drawn toward the beauty of the unknown...*

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - CAPE CANAVERAL - DAY

The Florida sun sparkles on a crowd gathered before a stage on which Carl speaks; the metal towers of NASA's famous launchpad rising dramatically behind him. Beside him Bruce Murray hovers on edge, as Carl addresses the press with electric intensity.

CARL

5000 years ago, using only the stars as guides man's 1st voyagers set sail across the vast ocean for worlds then unknown. This summer NASA will launch a new voyage inspired by that past.

He pulls a cloth, covering a model of the VOYAGER SPACESHIPS. Cameras FLASH. Pens scribble. Bruce claims the mic from Carl.

BRUCE

In 2 months, Voyagers 1 & 2 will set sail to map Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune. Worlds never explored.

CARL

And that's just the start. From there they will journey on. To the edge of our solar system and by 2013...

(quoting Tennyson)

"Beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars." Man's first explorer into the uncharted cosmos.

A forest of hands go up. Bruce picks. A reporter aims at Carl.

REPORTER

Dr. Sagan, why should the public care about unmanned missions? Especially now, after the spectacular failure of the Viking landers on Mars.

Carl leans into the mic to answer, but Bruce blocks him out.

BRUCE

I wouldn't call sending two ships 50 million miles to land on another planet a failure. The issue here is one of expectations. See popularizers like Sagan got everyone so excited about life out there, the public would've been disappointed with anything less than little green men.

CARL

Who knows maybe you scared them away.

He leans in as the press eat this up. Bruce is sweating.

CARL

Look, I know robots digging on Mars was as exciting as watching an art farm. Less cause we didn't find ants--

Chuckles from the journalists. Carl at home in the spotlight.

CARL

But the only way to find life in the universe is to explore.

Bruce cuts back in, a controlled boil, to reclaim Carl's spin.

BRUCE

Finding life is not Voyagers mission.

CARL

Discovering the New World wasn't Columbus's either. Just as 5000 years ago, those first voyagers sailed into the unknown of the Pacific in their ancient canoes with nothing but a yearning. And a hope.

And now he turns to address Bruce directly. A challenge.

CARL

The truth is we have no idea what's out there. And that's why the public should care. Because this mission is our best chance of finding out.

BRUCE

Okay, that's it for questions. NASA will be releasing a press kit soon.

Bruce pulls Carl away from the mic, all smiles, shaking Carl's hand a bit too tight as the cameras FLASH and FLASH and...



# MARS PROBE SHOWED NO SURE SIGN OF LIFE

**Viking Soil Test Produced Gases,  
but Scientists Are Not Certain  
the Reaction Was Biological**

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

Special to The New York Times

**BOSTON.** Sept. 17—After a year of analysis and perplexity, American scientists are now all but certain of one thing about the results of the Viking landings on Mars: They produced no proof of life in any form there.

EXT. COCOA BEACH - FLORIDA - DAY

FLASH! Linda lowers a polaroid as Carl poses with Nick and a pack of wide-eyed 6 year olds in NASA tees. Bruce observes while 'mission directing' a company BBQ up the beach.

CARL

Ok, does everybody have a bottle?

He hands out vintage glass coke bottles to each excited kid, as Nick helps pass around paper and crayons.

CARL

Now before we cast them out, I want you to each write a message.

NICK

What should we say?

CARL

Good question. What do you want whoever finds it to know about you?

Nick thinks a long moment. Smiles, scribbles. One by one the kids slide their crayon notes inside their bottles, and Carl corks each one. Then in his best NASA mission control voice:

CARL

Houston we are go-no-go for launch.  
In T-minus 3-2-1...

ALL THE KIDS

BLASTOFF!

They arc their bottles far out into the tide. Watch as they drift out toward the horizon.

NICK

Do you think anyone will find them?

CARL

Well your bottle is pretty small and the ocean immensely big, so the odds are pretty slim...

Nick's face drops. Linda frowns at Carl, *what are you doing?*

CARL

But let it drift long enough and it's bound to wash up somewhere. It's the same with the Voyager spaceships...

He slips his own message into a bottle. Sets it out to sea.

CARL

Imagine each of your bottles floating across the vast sea of interstellar space. Endlessly adrift. And then...

He scoops up a handful of sand, holds it out.

CARL

How many grains of sand do you think are in my hand. Hundreds?

NICK

More like thousands.

CARL

And how many grains on this beach?

TIMID BOY

Millions?

SMART-ALEC

Billions!

CARL

And what if I told you there's more stars in the sky than all the sand on all the beaches of the world?

A crazy fact, but true. We almost hear little minds exploding.

NERDY GIRL

That'd be like a gazillion worlds!

CARL

Even more.

NICK

So how can we possibly be alone?

Carl smiles at his son, the same childlike wonder as the kids.

CARL

That my little astronomer is what I'd like to know... more than anything.

He lets the sand run through his fingers, where the sun makes each grain sparkle as they fall.

NICK

So what message are you putting on Voyager, Dad?

Carl looks at his son, incredulous. The answer surprises him.

CARL

We're not.

NICK

Why?

Such an innocent question -- a simple connection that until now no one at NASA has made.

CARL  
That's a good question...

And just like that the seed of a BIG IDEA begins to take root.

CARL  
(echoing Ann)  
Why wait for contact when we can make  
our own.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CAPE CANAVERAL - NIGHT

Linda carries Nick in astronaut pjs to bed, as Bobby Darin's "Beyond the Sea" wafts over a balcony overlooking the Indian River and moonlit Atlantic Ocean beyond. Carl's huddled over a scrapbook, scribbling furiously.

LINDA  
Come to bed now, Carl.

CARL  
I'm having an epiphany.

LINDA  
Save your epiphanies for Monday.

But he can't and she sees he's a lost cause. She exits annoyed as the record skips: *Beyond the Sea, beyond the sea, beyond...*

Frustrated Carl crumples his sketches. Moves to the turntable, lifts the needle off vinyl. Inspects the record for damage.

Across the water, a FULL MOON breaches cloud. And the disk in Carl's hand suddenly lines up perfectly with the bright disk in the sky. It hits Carl at once.

CARL  
That's it!

He drops the record, needle falling in groove, song crooning: *I know beyond a doubt / My heart will lead me there soon...* as Carl's scrapbook fills with diagrams.

BRUCE (V.O.)  
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!

EXT. COCOA BEACH - POOLSIDE TIKI BAR - NIGHT

Bruce sits at a kitschy bamboo bar, Carl's proposal laid out between tiki-mug maitais. His face a formidable shade of rage.

BRUCE  
A Golden Record?

CARL  
Listen we've sent messages to space before, but those were radio signals, shots fired in the dark. What if we sent something tangible, something we can attach to the Voyager satellites.

BRUCE  
Like a record made out of gold?

His sarcasm is met and drowned by a tidal wave of sincerity.

CARL  
It's the one thing that can endure the rigors of space travel. Think about it, paper will decompose. A tape would erase in Earth's magnetic field. Any other transmitter will run out of power. But a record...

He flips through his drawings: 2 parts brilliant 1 part manic.

CARL  
Is light, durable and technologically simple enough that any advanced life who finds it should be able to play it. And think of the message we can encode! Sounds, images, music. Plus--

Bruce downshifts from angry to annoyed. He signals his check.

CARL  
Gold doesn't oxidize so it'll survive millions of years. If not forever.

BRUCE  
And you want NASA to fund this?

CARL  
And put it on Voyagers 1 and 2.

BRUCE  
A GOLD Record.

CARL  
A time-capsule of life on Earth. That captures the spirit of all we are.

Bruce shakes his head, not buying it.

BRUCE  
It's a publicity stunt, Sagan. Just like everything else you do.  
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have 4000  
actual scientists working on a  
billion dollar mission that needs  
attention.

He rises and heads for the door. Carl doesn't quit so easily.

CARL

And who funds that mission, Bruce?  
You heard the press back there, NASA  
is losing the support of the public.

BRUCE

And as the 'face of space', that's  
your fault! You turned our Mars  
mission into a talk show punchline.  
Now you wanna send up some cosmic  
kumbaya?

CARL

This is our chance to ignite peoples'  
imagination. The record is a symbol--

BRUCE

Of what! And for whom? I'd like to  
believe there's someone else out  
there too, but if there is this won't  
reach them. It'd be like...

CARL

Casting a message in a bottle into  
the sea, hoping it washes ashore?

BRUCE

Exactly! And even if it did, it would  
take tens of thousands of years to  
reach whatever life might be out  
there. And then, *IF* they understood  
it, 100,000 more to reply. If they  
even cared. If they even could.

CARL

And what if they do find it? You're  
already casting Voyager into space...  
why send an empty bottle?

Bruce chews on this. A small opening that Carl dives through.

CARL

A billion years from now when mankind  
has come and gone, this will live on.

BRUCE

So will the plastic umbrella in my  
piña colada.

He bites off his pineapple chunk for emphasis and stands up.

CARL

All I'm asking for is a small team.  
And I will claim full responsibility.

BRUCE

You want to hang your career on this noose, go ahead. I'm not giving you any funding. Nor do you have official NASA support. All content you select is subject to my review and approval.

CARL

But you'll put it on Voyager?

BRUCE

I promise nothing. You got 6 weeks. It fails, you take the heat. It hits the press, I kill the whole thing.

Carl shakes Bruce's hand though it wasn't offered. Heads out.

BRUCE

And Carl? One last thing...

Carl turns back. Bruce tosses him a copy of *Rolling Stone*: the April 7th, 1977 profile Tim wrote on Carl gracing its cover.

BRUCE

No rock and roll.

We PUSH IN on the magazine's title as it transforms now into--

INT. ROLLING STONE HEADQUARTERS - NYC - DAY

The company marquee. Beneath which a cover shoot is underway. Fleetwood Mac in their 1977 prime -- Mick, Stevie, Buckingham, the McVies -- all cuddled together on a giant bed as a young Annie Liebovitz snaps her infamous photos from atop a ladder.

The band's hit *You Make Loving Fun* pumps over the scene as Tim leads Carl past on a fastpaced walk-n-talk through the office.

TIM

That's great. That's the cover!

CARL

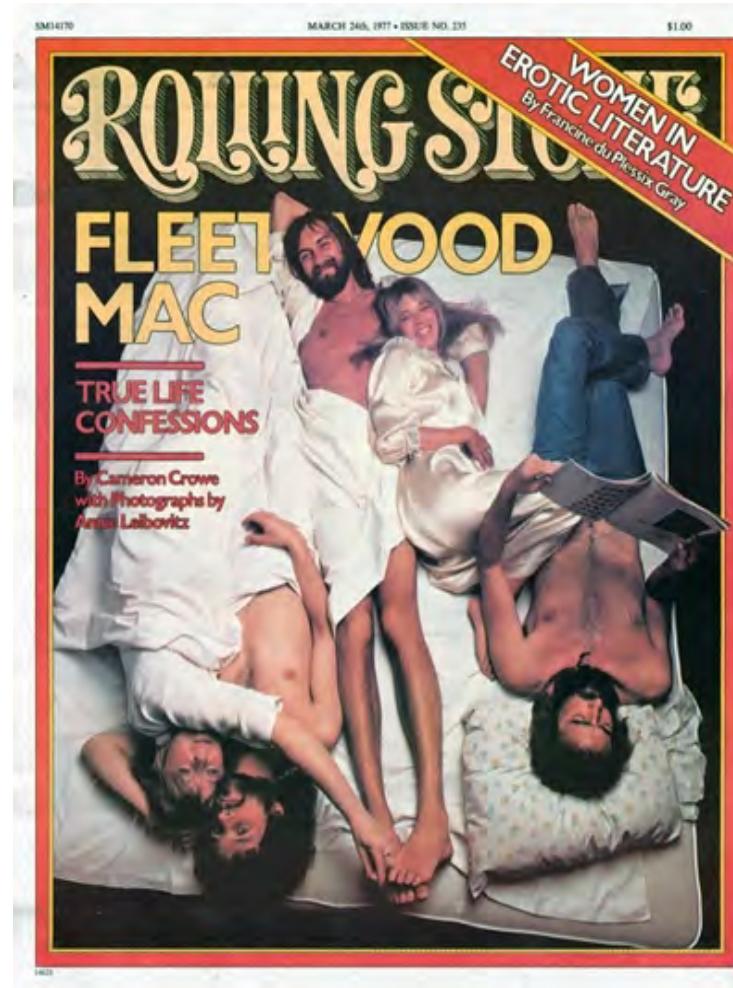
Who's the band?

TIM

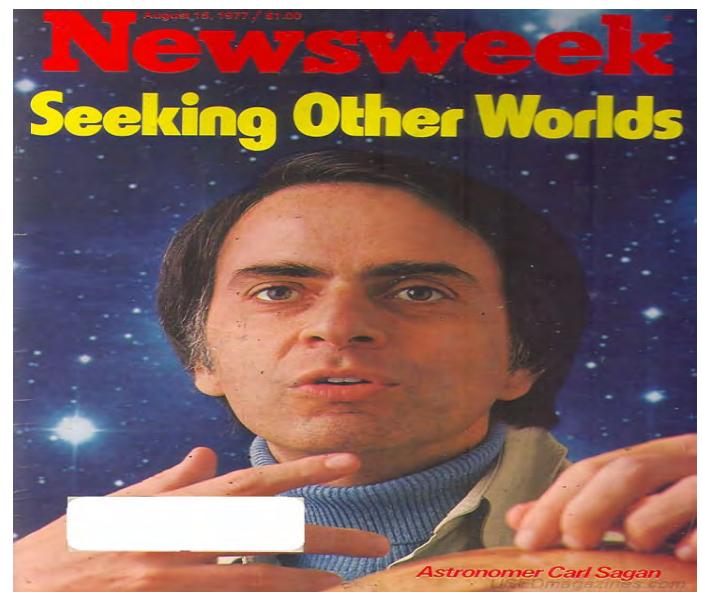
You've never heard of Fleetwood Mac?  
Their album *Rumours* is #1.



Rolling Stone, April 7<sup>th</sup>, 1977. Tim's profile of Carl is the second feature listed on cover.



Rolling Stone, March 24<sup>th</sup>, 1977.



Newsweek Cover, Aug 15, 1977

CARL

I see why. Sex sells but that bed is--

TIM

A bit much? Not after you read  
Cameron Crowe's exclusive. Apparently  
they're all sleeping together.

He ducks through the writers bullpen into his editor's office.

TIM

So tell me about this record. A human  
mixtape? Sounds too hippie for NASA.

CARL

It is. That's why I'm *unofficially*  
asking for your help.

TIM

I'd love to but I've got a publisher  
pouring kerosene down my throat, an  
editor lighting fire under my ass...  
plus a wedding to plan.

CARL

I'll write the foreword to your book.

TIM

If I ever get through my edit! I'm  
sorry, Carl. I can't.

CARL

This is a chance, Tim, to create  
something that will last longer than  
anything anyone has ever made. Don't  
you want to be a part of that?

TIM

You're preaching to the wrong choir.  
I'm a journalist. You need a dreamer,  
not a skeptic like me.

CARL

I need both.

TIM

Who else have you asked?

CARL

Only everyone I know.

TIM

Well I know one person you forgot...

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NYC - DAY

Ann's working her 2nd job, bored at a desk in museum uniform, renting audio guides to tourists. Carl steps up, next in line.

CARL

How much for a tour?

Ann lights up surprised and happy to see him. She plays along.

ANN

\$3 sir, for the self-guided audio.

CARL

I haven't had much luck recently with unmanned missions. How much are you?

ANN

More than this museum can afford.

CARL

All I can offer you is a great story.

Ann looks at him, a strange smile. Slowly rises from her desk.

ANN

(to a coworker)

Tell Martin I'm on my lunch break.

COWORKER

But it's 4 o'clock!

Ignoring this Ann takes Carl's arm; leads him into the museum--

ANN (V.O.)

*What makes anything a masterpiece?*

INT. PERMANENT COLLECTION - MOMA

Ann guides Carl through the masters' wing of the gallery.

ANN

Is it the craft of the artist? The quality or fame of a work?

She pauses before Picasso's *Three Musicians*.

ANN

For me it's the way something moves me. Captures what words never can.

Carl squints at the Cubist classic. Shakes his head.

CARL

I have to confess I'm art illiterate.  
Linda paints, and I've been to the  
Louvre... but I just don't get it.

ANN

That's because you think too much.  
Art is for the heart, not the mind.

She steers Carl over to the museum's most famous painting.

ANN

Here, take Van Gogh's *Starry Night*.  
Intellectually we see his perspective  
is skewed: the stars are too big and  
close to earth. But emotionally it  
makes sense. They're almost in reach.

Carl studies the canvas as though seeing it for the 1st time.

CARL

So this one image achieves what I've  
spent my career trying to express.

ANN

Which is exactly where science fails  
and art succeeds. Art tells us we're  
special, sacred. Science reminds us  
we're not. We're just a lonely speck  
in a vacuum of darkness.

CARL

But that is exactly what makes us  
special: that despite impossible odds  
life exists. Science proves we are  
the greatest miracle in the universe.

ANN

I guess I never looked at it that way-

Carl points at *Starry Night*.

CARL

Because your perspective is skewed.  
But I could use your point of view.

ANN

On what?

CARL

A real way to reach those stars...

INT. MOMA - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Carl returns Ann to work, the two locked in a lively exchange.

ANN

So let me get this straight. You want to condense the entire human experience into an hour long record?

CARL

Not just human, all life on Earth.

ANN

Well if you're gonna overreach may as well go all the way. And to be clear you have no approval, no guarantee it'll even launch...

CARL

And no funding.

ANN

So you're asking me to work for free?

Ann's supervisor Martin interrupts, pointing to his watch.

SUPERVISOR

Hey Druyan, this museum isn't your private showroom! You're on the clock and if you wanna keep working here--

ANN

I don't.

She removes her badge, dumps it in his hands. Turns to Carl.

ANN

When do we start?

The contagiousness of her smile is impossible to deny as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tim in a total state of denial.

TIM

You quit your job!

He's mid argument with Ann who clips on earrings by the door.

ANN

Jobs plural, I quit them both. I don't know why you're upset. You're the one who told Carl to recruit me.

TIM

As a passion project. On the side. I didn't think you'd drop everything.

He fumbles with a tie. Taking his frustration out on the silk.

ANN

I needed this push. Now I can focus  
on what I really want to be doing.

TIM

How does sending a message into space  
advance your writing career?

Ann knots the tie for him, pulling it intentionally tight.

ANN

Unlike you, writing isn't the ONLY  
thing I care about.

TIM

No, you care about everything. That's  
your problem.

ANN

I don't see how that's a problem.

She heads out the door. Tim follows, arguing down the hall.

TIM

You can't change the whole world,  
Annie. You have to pick and choose.

ANN

I just did.

They step into an elevator. At odds as the doors BING closed--

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

BING! The elevator opens, only Linda and Carl step out. Locked  
in a similar argument as they move through the hotel lobby.

LINDA

This isn't a discussion if you've  
already made up your mind.

CARL

I thought you'd be excited about--

LINDA

A space record? It's career suicide.

CARL

You're missing the bigger picture.

LINDA

It only ever is the big picture with  
you, Carl. Forget the cosmos for a  
damn minute! I'm here on Earth.

She spins on him, the middle of the lobby.

LINDA

Your book's done, Viking mission's  
over... this is our time together.

CARL

Which is why I want you on the team.

LINDA

That's the opposite of what I mean.

CARL

We have the opportunity to build  
something important here: a cultural  
Noah's ark. Don't you want to share  
that with me?

LINDA

I'd rather share a life with you.

She takes his hand, fire trying to melt ice.

LINDA

But you never stop. Even when you're  
here, you're still up here--

(she taps his head)

And when you work, nothing else does.

CARL

That's why we should do this  
together. I promise it'll be better.

LINDA

And if I won't?

Carl clenches his jaw, determination fused with defiance.

CARL

Then I'll do it without you.

She pulls her hands away from his.

LINDA

So I'm losing you either way.

She pushes out a REVOLVING DOOR, Carl following as it SPINS--

INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

--a complete 360° CIRCLE: carrying us into the famous NY eatery into which Ann and Tim now ENTER, still arguing.

TIM

All I'm saying is your decisions affect me. From now on we should be making the major ones together.

ANN

Like you postponing our wedding?

An iceberg below this tip. Tim quickly tacks to avoid impact.

TIM

That wasn't a choice. You know how much I have on my plate. And this will only delay everything further.

ANN

Carl's project is 5 weeks. You act as if it's gonna ruin your whole life.

TIM

No, I fear it's gonna consume yours.

Their tension is cut by a cheerful hostess.

HOSTESS

Good evening. Dinner for two?

CARL (O.S.)

Actually it's six.

Ann and Tim turn as Carl and Linda ENTER the restaurant now. Both couples greet each other warmly; smiles plastering over their relationship issues still simmering below the surface.

ANN

Who are the other two?

INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amid a sea of high heels and fancy suits, 'Astral Artist' JON LOMBERG sits in overalls and tie-dye shirt across from FRANK DRAKE, Carl's best friend and infamous SETI astronomer (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence). On the table before them, they've rearranged 12 wine glasses into a makeshift xylophone.

As the others approach both men strike up Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*: fingers gliding circles around the wine rims, each glass tuned a different note. It's ludicrous and mesmerizing.

# SEEKING AN END TO COSMIC LONELINESS

Among scientists, there is growing acceptance of the idea that the universe may be filled with intelligent life. Now their effort is to find it.

By Timothy Ferris



*Dr. Frank Drake. Arecibo, Puerto Rico*

The New York Times Magazine (excerpt)  
October 27, 1977

Simple in conception, SETI is difficult in practice. The conception has been set forth by Drake: "At this very minute," he writes, "with almost absolute certainty, radio waves sent forth by other intelligent civilizations are falling on the Earth. A telescope . . . pointed in the right place, and tuned to the right frequency could discover these waves.' That's all there is to it. Aim the radiotelescope in the right direction, tune its receiver to the right frequency, and if the signal is strong enough, you will make the greatest discovery in the history of exploration.



Jon Lomberg was the principal artistic collaborator of astronomer Carl Sagan. From 1972 until Sagan's death in 1996, Lomberg illustrated most of Sagan's books and magazine articles, and he was Chief Artist for Sagan's classic television series. For his work on COSMOS Lomberg received in 1981 a Prime Time EMMY Award for "Outstanding Individual Achievement in Creative Technical Crafts." Lomberg has art directed many other science programs for television and videotape.

[www.JohnLomberg.com](http://www.JohnLomberg.com)

CARL

I'd apologize for keeping you, but it seems you made good use of your time.

FRANK

Lomberg here showed me how to arrange the glasses into a harp.

JON

And Drake figured out how to tune the pitch by adjusting the level of wine.

LINDA

I bet it works in reverse too.

Linda grabs a glass and drains it.

LINDA

Yup, I feel more harmonious already.

FRANK

Try another, it'll make you less shrill.

He hands her another glass, clear animosity between these two. This whole gathering's a powder keg and everyone has a match.

CARL

Ann, Tim may I introduce Jon Lomberg, my artistic collaborator. And my son Nick's godfather: the honorable Dr...

TIM

Frank Drake, the yeti of SETI. Never thought I'd see you in the wild.

(explaining to Ann)

The good doctor here believes aliens communicate with him via radio waves.

FRANK

And you misquote me in every article.

TIM

You're welcome. I make you sound like an eccentric lunatic versus a raving one.

He offers Frank a hand. Frank grins. Pulls Tim into a hug.

CARL

Great we're all friends. Let's begin.

JON

Shouldn't we wait for the rest of the team?

LINDA

There isn't enough wine in here to  
keep either of us amused that long.

Frank and Jon spin on Carl as the situation sinks in.

JON

It's just the six of us?

TIM

5 Actually. Ann's yet to convince me.

LINDA

And Carl me.

She shares a knowing look with Tim. Frank breaks into a grin.

FRANK

Perfect! People, in my experience,  
only tend to complicate things.

WHOOSH! Everyone jumps as a waiter ignites a flambé beside the table, breaking the tension. Jon hands out wine to the team.

JON

Plus nothing's ever fun if it's easy.

He raises his glass in toast. As everyone joins with a CLINK.

INT. DINNER BOOTH - MOVABLE FEAST

The CAMERA CIRCLES with the waiters as they continuously bus plates of food to and from the table where Frank, Jon, Carl, Ann, and eventually Linda and Tim, engage in a lively debate.

CARL

If you could send any message to an  
alien world, what would it be?

JON

Not even a question. I'd send the  
great works of art: Monet, Da Vinci--

Scientist Frank cuts artist Jon off, passions stirred quickly.

FRANK

Please, if I'm an alien who's never  
seen a human being, how would I even  
begin to process *Water Lilies*? We  
need to send more universal things.

ANN

Like music.

FRANK

Or math, the universal language. And the only thing any advanced intelligence will understand easily.

ANN

Then call me primitive cause I didn't make it past geometry. I think we need to send things that move us deeply, make us unique.

The fire of conviction in her. It pulls Carl in like a magnet.

CARL

I'm with Ann. This is our chance to capture the beauty of life on Earth. Who we are, what we believe.

At this Linda jumps in, the opposite of Ann. Not buying in.

LINDA

And who are we?

TIM

(matter of fact)

An immature species struggling to survive on a peripheral planet, in some far-flung suburb of an immense cosmos, in which there are infinitely more stars than humans.

He snaps the head off a baguette casually as Ann scowls at him-

LINDA

I MEANT who are we to speak for humanity? No one here is an expert. Not in anthropology, art, religion, history. We're at best a ragtag team.

CARL

The "experts" thought this was crazy.

LINDA

And doesn't that tell you anything?

Before Carl can reply, Ann does for him. Impassioned.

ANN

Yeah, that we're on to something.

She shares a look with Carl, the only one that gets him.

ANN

Most people spend their lives chasing meaning, some purpose to the chaos.

(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)

This is our chance to shout into the void. To sing. That we may be small, we may be insignificant, but we are here. And this is our great story.

And with that line Tim understands suddenly why she's set her mind so completely on this. But he's still a skeptic.

TIM

And if no one takes you seriously?

CARL

We'll prove why they should. Skeptics laughed at Galileo and Einstein too.

TIM

They also laughed at Daffy Duck. Honestly Carl, you want to condense all human history into an hour long record... where do you even start?

CARL

That's easy. With Beethoven.

A collective groan goes up. Tim can't help but get roped in.

TIM

You wanna inspire aliens, not put them to sleep. Let me guess, next you'll want to include opera.

CARL

What's wrong with opera?

TIM

Other than it's boring? If you send music it should be from around the globe, not just dead white Europeans.

ANN

I agree. Much as we like to think we are the only species, we should also include sounds from all life on Earth-

CARL

Good idea! Can you two organize that?

TIM

Hold on, I still haven't said I'm in.

Ann shares a charged look with Tim. His choice made for him.

ANN

He'll advise, I'll spearhead.

JON

And what about images? It's one thing to *hear* Earth but to truly comprehend the miracle of a sunset, the birth of a baby, you really have to *see* it.

FRANK

Let me help choose them. Otherwise you'll send something tacky like *Mona Lisa*, or *The Last Supper*, god forbid.

JON

You got something against religion?

FRANK

Are you asking me as a scientist, an atheist, or an educated human being?

JON

95% of humans believe in a higher power. How do you capture the human condition without mentioning faith?

FRANK

Whose? There are over 4200 religions practiced in the world. You can't show one without excluding the rest.

Carl cuts in before the religion train jumps the tracks.

CARL

It's settled. You and Jon are a team.

He looks to Linda hoping she'll join, but she is stone.

CARL

It seems we have our work cut out for us. With 20 people this project could take a year. We have 5 and a month.

ANN

Then we better get cracking. And I know exactly where to begin...

With a mischievous grin Ann pulls a "45" LP from her purse. Slides it to the center of the table. CAMERA ZOOMING IN as everything else drops away. The arm of a stylus ENTERS FRAME.

As the record spins: ***Johnny B. Goode (track 1) begins to play--***

START MONTAGE:

## INT. COLONY RECORDS - NYC

Carl and Ann squish together in a listening booth at the back of a record shop as "Johnny" spins between them. Ann's loving it, rocking out freely. Carl's not feeling it. He hands her a Beethoven LP. Ann holds up Bob Marley. Carl: Bach. Ann: Bowie.

## EXT. COLONY RECORDS - DAY

Ann and Carl exit the store, laughing as they struggle to haul a crate overstuffed with LPs. Across the street, Jon and Frank exit a bookstore -- Frank with a cart of National Geographics, Jon a pile of art books. They load up the trunk of Carl's car.

## EXT. SAGAN HOUSE - ITHACA, NY

Carl races up a wooded driveway in his orange convertible porsche (with PHOBOS license plates) to a mansion overlooking the dramatic gorges of Cornell. Nick Sagan runs out to help carry a stack of books across the yard into the foyer where--

## INT. SAGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jon and Frank stand amidst a sea of photos, arguing over the merits of art vs photography. Jon pins Michelangelo's *Sistine Chapel* to a wall. Frank replaces it with a **photo of human anatomy**. It's clear from their "REJECT PILE", Frank's winning.

## INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - MATCH-CUT

Speaking of rejection, Tim sweeps a publisher's denial note into a trash bin along with several wedding brochures. Pulling back we see he's preoccupied: typing and talking on the phone. Annoyed, Ann recovers it. Cuts it into the letter 'N' as she sorts through a tall stack of records. Tim shakes his head.

## INT. BRUCE MURRAY'S OFFICE - CROSS-CUT

To Bruce, shaking his head as he reads Carl's book at his desk overlooking Mission Control. Annoyed, he chuck's it in the can.

## INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - SPLIT-SCREEN

Ann reads Carl's book, laughing as she talks on the phone to--

## INT. CARL'S BEDROOM - SPLIT-SCREEN

Carl on the phone in bed with a red-marked copy of Ann's book.

INT. ANN'S DESK - DAY

Ann sets Carl's red-marked copy of her manuscript next to her typewriter, and with renewed conviction, begins to write. Over her desk she's cut rejection slips into the word: *MOTIVATION*.

INT. SAGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Linda comes in to find her wall now fully plastered in photos. Frank, Jon and Nick all passed out before the collage, which is arranged by theme: HUMAN - ANIMAL - NATURE - TECHNOLOGY. She storms off in search of Carl, clearly not thrilled.

INT. MILKY WAY FOYER - NIGHT

Carl now dances among the planets of a 3D model Solar System. The record of "Johnny B. Goode" spinning in a turntable, the needle running to the end of the groove as Carl sings along! Rocking out freely just like Ann did. Linda stands in the door arms-crossed, watching this new Carl. She doesn't like it.

END SONG AND MONTAGE.

TIM (V.O.)  
*I told you this crazy project was  
 gonna consume our lives...*

EXT. CORNELL CAMPUS - ITHACA, NY - DAY

The red brick towers of Sage Hall cut a crisp profile against the bucolic backdrop of Ithaca town as a *NYC-ITHACA* bus rolls into Cornell's main quad, unloading co-eds. Plus Ann and Tim.

ANN  
 You didn't have to come, Tim.

TIM  
 She says after a 5 hour bus ride from  
 hell with *The Big Red* lacrosse team.

He hauls suitcases off the bus as a drunk 'n rowdy lacrosse team pour out behind hoisting a NCAA title trophy and SINGING.

TIM  
 Thank God I'm not a sportswriter.

ANN  
 Please tell me you're not gonna be  
 like this the entire trip.

TIM  
 What, stressed? What did you expect.  
 I'm a month behind deadline.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)  
I should be working on my book, not  
your and Carl's fool quest.

ANN  
You're right, why I ever thought  
bringing you up here would be  
romantic is suddenly beyond me.

TIM  
Romance isn't something I can afford  
until after my book is complete.

ANN  
Sorry, I didn't realize passion and  
priorities were mutually exclusive.

Linda and Carl PULL UP in his infamous orange Porsche HONKING.

CARL  
You made it, welcome to Cornell! Hop  
in quick before my students spot me.

He cuts their storm cloud with his sunny energy. Linda also greets them warmly. As they pile in the car, a crowd of co-eds does in fact begin to swarm, paparazzi style.

ANN  
What's that all about?

LINDA  
Carl teaches so rarely these days  
they started a "Catch Carl" contest.

TIM  
What's the prize for winning?

CARL  
Trust me, you don't wanna know.

He peels out as the kids chase his car. Linda leans back.

LINDA  
So how was your ride up?

Ann and Tim share a tight look. In unison:

ANN/TIM  
Bumpy.

EXT/INT. SAGAN HOUSE - SUNSET

The fiery fingers of a setting sun streak the sky golden over Carl's wooded mansion overlooking Ithaca Lake. Ann pauses on the porch to admire the view as Carl leads Tim into the foyer for a tour of a lifesize 3D Solar System model that Jon built.

# The Cornell Review's I Touched Carl Sagan **WINNER!!!**

JOE NOVAK, the winner of this year's "I Touched Carl Sagan" Contest, will receive

- a year long subscription to **The Cornell Review**

- The beverage of his choice!

- The insane, undying love of Cornell



The intrepid Mr. Novak snuck up behind Dr. Sagan and snatched him a sandwich. Shortly after this photo was taken, Professor Sagan took a leave of absence to undergo surgery.



The runner up is some guy called Joe Young Lee. Notice how Dr. Sagan is helpfully finishing up Mr. Lee's sandwich for him.



Joe Novak variously stares into the camera as Dr. Sagan walks by in the background. Notice that Professor Sagan snatched a peek at the daring freshman.

## Joe Novak

Professor, 4, editor-in-chief

of "The Big Six"

Year: 17

Typecast: geeky politico

Interests: politics

and, communists

Statistics:

Homework: 9

Entertainment: 5

Sedatives: 2

Speed: 1

Majored: 14

Strength: 2

Length of body hair: 12

TIM

So it is true, Carl... I always knew  
the world revolved around you.

He spins a huge-plastic Earth on a circular track around Carl.

CARL

This took Jon 6 months to create. All  
built to scale. And the best part...

He signals Nick, standing in the center of the model alongside  
Jon and Frank. His son flips a switch and under blacklight the  
stars begin to spin and glow. A homemade planetarium. Linda  
rolls her eyes as she joins Ann outside with a bottle of wine.

LINDA

Let me save you. You didn't come all  
the way up here to be bored to death.

ANN

I'm just happy to be out of the city.  
I get so claustrophobic there.

LINDA

And I'm lonely here. We should trade.  
(hands Ann a glass)  
I'm happy you came. Carl and I need  
more non-scientist friends.

ANN

You don't think scientists are fun?

LINDA

Not when you're married to them.  
Stick with writers, they at least  
know how to drink.

She clinks glasses with Ann, then downs her pinot in one go.

LINDA

Speaking of, have you two set a date?

ANN

To be honest we aren't exactly  
rushing.

LINDA

We or HE? Because if I didn't give  
Carl an ultimatum 9 years ago, I'd  
still be reading bridal magazines.

This echoes with Ann though she tries not to show it.

ANN

It's not just Tim. Did you ever have  
doubts about marrying Carl?

LINDA

Getting married's the one thing in my life I knew I wanted with certainty.

ANN

So you're saying I shouldn't worry?

LINDA

No sweetie, I'm saying there is no such thing as a sure thing.

A deeper undercurrent here, though Linda doesn't linger on it. She links arms with Ann and as the sun fades, leads her in.

LINDA

Now come on, let's go remind these fools what they're missing...

INT. DINING ROOM - SAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The whole team lounges around a large table, doors open wide to the warm summer night. A record player sits as centerpiece. In front of each member is a stack of records. Carl toasts.

CARL

They say music is the great unifier. If our message does nothing else it's brought us misfits together. In the history of NASA, I've never seen a less qualified, harder working crew.

All clink glasses. Linda slings her arm chummily around Ann.

CARL

That said we're now 3 weeks from Voyagers launch. Our deadline is fast approaching. Time to make decisions.

He sets a record from his pile on the player. **Beethoven's 5th** (**track 2**) fills the room. Ann groans. Checks out Carl's stack.

ANN

You picked all classical!

CARL

I put "Johnny B. Goode" in there.

ANN

And three tracks by Bach.

CARL

Because no music is more beautiful or perfect in mathematical symmetry.

ANN

Yeah, it's too perfect and humans are messy. The music we send should be emotional: Jazz, Folk, Rock n' Roll.

She pulls album covers from her pile: Elvis, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan. Ann puts on **Mr. Tamborine Man (track 3)**. Frank rebels.

FRANK

No way! If I can't understand what Dylan's mumbling about, how would an alien? If we send only one song it needs to be this...

He replaces Dylan with the **Tchenhoukoumen (track 4)**.

JON

What the hell is that?

FRANK

Senegalese percussion, an example of man's first music. Kinda gets in your bones, doesn't it?

He dances erratically to the beat, like a man with epilepsy.

JON

Yeah, rattles them. Why send tin cans when we have melody, myth, Mozart--

He puts on his pick: **Mozart's Magic Flute Aria 14 (track 5)**. Piercing, operatic high notes fill the room. Frank winces.

FRANK

I can hear alien ears shattering.

TIM

Assuming aliens have ears. You all got it wrong. What they need is SOUL.

As the opera crescendoes, he swaps in Blind Willie Johnson's **Dark Was the Night (track 6)**. Hums along, low and guttural.

LINDA

This is lovely. It makes me want to draw a hot bath and slit my wrists.

She switches on Louis Armstrong's **Melancholy Blues (track 7)**.

LINDA

I'm with Ann. Let's send Jazz. Or at least music that's more uplifting.

CARL

This is a democracy. How about everyone names a pick, and we include it.

LINDA  
 Louis Armstrong: "Melancholy Blues".

TIM  
 "Dark was the Night." Blind Willie  
 Johnson.

ANN  
 If we're vetoing Dylan then I guess  
 Bach: "The Well Tempered Clavier".

CARL  
 Really?

He cocks his head at Ann, who cracks a grin. Fucking with him.

NICK (O.S.)  
 I vote "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star".

Everyone turns to find Nick, eavesdropping in astronaut pjs.

CARL  
 You're supposed to be in bed.

NICK  
 Can I be part of the team?

Ann takes his hand, with a warm smile.

ANN  
 You can help me. I have to record the  
 sounds of nature. You can be my ears.

With Linda's approval, she leads Nick into the yard outside.

EXT. FRONT YARD - SAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The silvery light of the moon shines over the Cornell gorges  
 as Ann teaches Nick how to record sound with a microphone.

NICK  
 I don't hear anything.

ANN  
 Shhh. They'll only play if we listen.

Nick squirms but stays silent. Slowly that ***Universal Nightsong*** (track 8) most of us ignore, swells to life like a symphony.

NICK  
 The frogs?

ANN  
 And the crickets.

She catches one in the grass, shows Nick how it chirps.

ANN

We aren't the only life that sings.  
Before birds, or you and me, this was  
the first music on Earth.

Impressed, Nick touches the cricket's wing. It goes silent.

NICK

Do you think they sing in outerspace?

ANN

I hope so. Otherwise it'd be an  
awfully quiet place.

NICK

Not if we send our own music.

CARL

You recruiting my son to the project?

He joins them outside as fireflies twinkle to life like stars.

ANN

Nick here just helped me record our  
first murmur of earth.

CARL

What a lucky boy. Now your crickets  
will forever sing among the stars.

NICK

Dad, do you really believe there's  
other people like us out there?

CARL

Belief is just a word for what we  
don't know. People once believed the  
world was flat, the sun orbited the  
Earth, there was a man in the moon.

NICK

A man! Who thought that was true?

CARL

Everyone. Look you can see him still.

He puts his arms around his son, uses Nick's hands to point  
out the face in the full moon's craters. Nick's not buying it.

NICK

Those are just craters.

CARL

But we had to go there to know that.  
See everything changes... even truth.

NICK  
But your record won't.

CARL  
No that, like my love for you, will  
live forever.

Linda steps onto the porch behind them, calls loudly to Nick.

LINDA  
Alright Copernicus, time for bed!

She heads back in where we see her laughing and drinking with Tim. Nick rolls his eyes, slips his hand into Ann's. Squeezes.

NICK  
Thanks for sharing your song.

He beams at her, front teeth missing. Then skips to the house.

CARL  
I think he's in love.

ANN  
He's so sweet. And smart. Must come  
from Linda.

Carl pulls an imaginary dagger from his heart. Ann laughs.

ANN  
Though clearly his flair for the  
dramatic comes from you.  
(jokes aside now)  
I'm concerned our record still isn't  
diverse enough. It's too Western. If  
our aim is to represent all humanity,  
we need to expand our chorus.

CARL  
So what do you suggest?

ANN  
Include more voices, ethnic music.  
Though I honestly wouldn't know the  
first place to start looking...

Carl squeezes her hand just like his son did.

CARL  
Good thing I know someone who will.

They linger a moment together in the nightsong and moonlight, as a **Navajo Night Chant (track 9)** begins--

## EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY - SCHOOL OF MUSIC - DAY

Summer light streams down on the bustling green quad fronting Cornell's Music School, where a WORLD FOLK FESTIVAL is under way. Carl and Ann weave through a multicultural crowd to a stage on which PROFESSOR ALAN LOMAX performs the Night Chant.

ANN

Is that him?

With his frumpy cardigan, owl eyebrows and untamed beard: the famous ethnomusicologist looks entirely out of place among his fellow dancers -- a circle of Native Americans in tribal garb. Yet he sings and dances in perfect, passionate unison.

CARL

What gave it away.

Lomax finishes the dance in a sweaty flourish, takes the mic.

LOMAX

Thank you! That was a Navajo Night Chant. Before that we had Melanesian pan pipes and a Javanese Gamelan. I'm Alan Lomax inviting all of you to support folk life, cultural equity, and the Global Jukebox.

He links hands with his fellow dancers and group-bows to wild applause. Carl and Ann push forward as he steps off-stage.

CARL

Professor Lomax, got a minute?

## INT. LOMAX'S OFFICE - COLOMBIA UNIVERSITY

Lomax wipes sweat from his brow with a music sheet as he leads Carl and Ann through a door labelled: "Dept of Cantometrics". Inside: a small office densely packed with exotic instruments, recording gear, and a wall-sized, pinmarked MAP of the world.

LOMAX

I can't tell you how exciting this is: a record to represent humanity? I spent my life working on that dream.

He fumbles manically for a key, unlocks a hidden drawer. Pulls out a carefully framed, triple laminated PLAYLIST.

LOMAX

Disclaimer: music is subjective. So no matter what you pick, some know-it-all will disagree. That said, this is objectively and without question the greatest list of music ever compiled.

He hands the list to Carl, letting go only reluctantly.

CARL  
It seems we share classical tastes.

LOMAX  
Well you can't have a complete list  
without Beethoven and Bach.

Carl shoots Ann a "I told you so" look. She rolls her eyes.

LOMAX  
But it's the indigenous music that  
matters most. These songs transcend  
boundaries; they connect the dots of  
human culture, human spirit.

ANN  
We'd love to hear them.

LOMAX  
Ah, there's the rub. I have some  
tracks, like the Georgian monks  
chanting "Tchakrulo"--

He unlocks a hidden safe. Pulls out handmade tapes. Presses  
play on **Tchakrulo (track 10)**, sings along in lilting baritone.

CARL  
But the rest of it?

LOMAX  
Beyond rare. Near impossible to find.

ANN  
So do you have a more practical list?

LOMAX  
Oh no, NO-NO. You don't understand.  
These are *perfect*. Take track 11: the  
world's most beautiful song, period.  
Unfortunately I was 23 when the Mbuti  
pygmies sang it to me in the forests  
of Zaire. I barely had money to eat  
back then let alone afford a recorder-

CARL  
What about *Flowing Streams*, track 13?

LOMAX  
Inarguably the single most important  
piece of music in 2500 years of  
Chinese history.

ANN

Let me guess, you don't have that either.

LOMAX

I have the address of the 91 year old chin master who still plays it.

CARL

Please tell me he's in the Bronx.

LOMAX

Yangshuo. And no substitute will do.

Ann shakes her head as Carl matches Lomax's song list to the pins on the map of the world: Africa, India, China, Peru.

CARL

We'd have to travel around the world to record half of these tracks.

Lomax nods enthusiastically and unblinking.

LOMAX

If you want a true blueprint of humanity all cultures should be given equal dignity on the playing field.

CARL

We'll start with the songs you have recorded. You mind if I borrow these?

LOMAX

Of course.

Carl reaches for the tapes; Lomax protectively yanks 'em back.

LOMAX

I meant of course I mind!

ANN

What if we just make copies?

She soothes Lomax with a smile, gently takes back his playlist and tapes as ***Cranes In Their Nest*** (track 11) begins to play--

EXT. FALL CREEK GORGE - AFTERNOON

Carl and Ann stroll together on Cornell's scenic gorge trail, the forest a riot of green. The waterfalls wild and swollen.

CARL

Is it just me... or is Lomax one clock short of cuckoo?

## Alan Lomax and the Voyager Golden Records

In 1977, as preparations were being made for the launch of the two unmanned Voyager spacecraft, Alan Lomax was contacted by Carl Sagan. Sagan had been tapped by NASA to chair a committee to gather images, sounds, and songs that would represent Earth on a set of phonographic records — to be affixed to the outside of both spacecraft along with stylii and graphic instructions on playing them — and he hoped Lomax would help make the musical selections. Alan ultimately suggested fifteen of the twenty-seven performances that were launched with the probes on what are now popularly known as the "Voyager golden records."

The golden record's musical inclusions, however, were not initially so diverse, as the committee had drawn solely on the Western classical canon. Dr. Sagan thus asked Alan Lomax to participate in the selection process. Lomax had just finished compiling an anthology of world song\*, in which he and his colleagues had chosen 700 pieces that they felt most effectively illustrated the breadth and depth of human musical style, and Alan ultimately contributed fifteen of the twenty seven final performances that were featured on the Voyager record. In *Murmurs of Earth*, a book recounting the Voyager experience, Sagan writes that it was Lomax "who was a persistent and vigorous advocate for including ethnic music even at the expense of Western classical music. He brought pieces so compelling and beautiful that we gave in to his suggestions more often than I would have thought possible. There was, for example, no room for Debussy among our selections, because Azerbaijanis play bagpipes and Peruvians play panpipes and such exquisite pieces had been recorded by ethnomusicologists known to Lomax."



\*This anthology appeared in Lomax's *Cantometrics: A Method In Musical Anthropology*, EMC Press, University of California, Berkeley, California, 1977.

ANN  
What's crazy is I think he's right.

CARL  
And that's what concerns me, I agree!  
Though it goes against every  
scientific atom of my being.

ANN  
So we should book the plane tickets?

They both laugh, not taking this truly seriously. Or are they?

CARL  
Honestly Ann, I'm not sure anymore  
what I'm doing.

Not just the record he means. He's questioning everything.

ANN  
You're following your belief.

CARL  
Right off a cliff.

They arrive at a gothic stone bridge overlooking Ithaca Falls.  
Carl stares over the edge at the rocks far below. Conflicted.

CARL  
In the summer this is where lovers  
come to kiss. In the winter to jump.

He faces Ann, opening up, the most vulnerable we've seen.

CARL  
There's a good chance I'm committing  
career suicide to pursue this.

ANN  
And I quit my jobs. You know why?  
Precisely BECAUSE it's so outrageous.  
And impossible. And romantic.

She opens to him. The truth at the core of her being:

ANN  
If we don't lose ourselves in  
something... we're lost.

CARL  
But how do you know you're not losing  
yourself in the wrong thing?

ANN  
You're the scientist: you either  
examine the data, test every theory--

CARL

Or?

ANN

You follow the feeling.

The sounds of the forest rush in: the roar of the falls, the wind in the leaves. And they are alone, together in the mist.

As a haunting melody: *Ugam* (**track 12**) begins to play--

INT. NASA - BRUCE MURRAY'S OFFICE - DAY

The music crescendoes as we PULL BACK on Bruce. A tape deck blaring on his desk. Carl sits anxiously across from him.

BRUCE

What the hell are we listening to?

CARL

Azerbaijani bagpipes. Played by a Turkic shepherd to bring his flock together in the dark.

Bruce closes his eyes. Listens. His brow furrowed.

BRUCE

I like it.

CARL

And that's the problem. If we want great music like this, we have to pay for the rights, which is expensive and hard to track down. OR...

Carl slides a proposal across the desk. Lomax's list and map.

CARL

We record it ourselves.

BRUCE

I sincerely hope you aren't asking me to pay for bagpipe lessons.

He flips through Carl's proposal. Eyes widening as he reads.

BRUCE

China, India, Zaire, Peru... is this a joke or did you finally crack your head on the deep end?

CARL

I have 12 days to finish my message. This is the only way to do it justice within the deadline you gave me.

BRUCE

(shakes head in disbelief)

When you first brought this to me, I thought: *Carl can't be serious*. Now I see you're taking it too seriously.

He removes *Ugam* from a tapedeck. Slides back Carl's proposal.

BRUCE

My advice as a friend: drop this now.

CARL

And if I don't?

BRUCE

Then as your boss I'm ordering you to quit. There is NO message, Carl. It's over. Trust me, I'm saving your neck.

With finality he shows Carl the door. Meeting and mission over-

INT. FIRST TITLE BANK - LATER

Carl is at a new desk now. A loan officer reviewing his Record proposal. He hands it back to Carl. Hates giving out bad news.

LOAN OFFICER

I'm sorry, Dr. Sagan. I can't approve a loan for something like this.

CARL

I understand.

The loan officer smiles, relieved. Only Carl isn't finished.

CARL

And I'd like to close my accounts.

The loan officer's smile drops.

LOAN OFFICER

You have several accounts here: joint savings, personal, and retirement. Which one would you like to cash out?

Carl's made up his mind now... and there's no going back.

CARL

(like a death sentence)

All of them.

INT. SAGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Frank and Jon both stand in front of their giant wall collage of images. In each hand, they hold a final stack of photos.

FRANK

We've narrowed it down to 200 images,  
but there's only space on the record  
for 100. So we need you to decide.

REVERSE ON -- Nick, their impartial munchkin judge.

JON

You're representing the entire human  
race. No pressure, go with your gut.

On 3, they both lift their photos -- Jon's: **a glorious sunset**  
(#1) Frank's: **a man riding an elephant** (#2). Nick picks Frank.

JON

Really? Mine has layers, clouds,  
color spectrum, birds in flight!

NICK

(shrugs)  
I like pachyderms.

JON

Fine, lightning round.

They lift two images of an **island** (#3). Nick picks Frank. Two  
of a **classroom** (#4). Frank again. Two **gymnasts** (#5). Frank.

JON

Ok Frank what did you bribe him with?

NICK

A double brownie sundae.

FRANK

I never said anything about brownies!

JON

So much for an unbiased judge.

As Nick heads for the kitchen, Jon notices Carl tapping at the  
window. He has to kick aside photobooks to pry open the door.

JON

How long you been standing there?

CARL

Long enough to never again trust  
either of you with my son.

He reaches in a closet, then tosses Frank an old camera.

CARL

Here's an idea: instead of fighting  
over the wrong images, you two should  
go take the right ones.

A loud CRASH off-screen interrupts him followed by a scream:

LINDA (O.S.)  
OH MY GOD!

All three men drop everything and race into the next room--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where they find Nick, casually eating a massive sundae as he watches Linda and Tim, entangled on the floor. Hard to tell for a beat if they're hysterically laughing... or crying.

CARL  
Is everyone alright? What happened?

LINDA  
Nothing. Except Tim's a total genius.

TIM  
All I did was phone a few contacts.  
It was Linda's brilliant idea.

Ann bursts in from the other room.

ANN  
I heard a crash. Why are you guys on  
the floor?

NICK  
They were dancing.

He gives Ann a chocolate sundae smile as if that explains it.

LINDA  
Celebrating. We figured out what the  
record's missing... a Rosetta Stone!

TIM  
See we were joking about what happens  
if aliens don't speak English. How  
will they decode our message?

LINDA  
So Tim called his contact at the UN--

TIM  
And the Secretary-General himself  
just signed on. With 30 ambassadors.

They talk so fast and giggle so much, it's hard to keep up.

CARL  
What the hell are you talking about?

LINDA

Hola. Buongiorno. Konnichiwa.

TIM

That means hello in three languages.

CARL

I know what it means.

Again they burst into hysterics. Clearly stoned, or worse.

LINDA

We're gonna record greetings in every language. A kind of human dictionary.

ANN

Terrific! I still don't understand why you're entangled on the floor?

LINDA

Because brilliant as he may be, your fiancé can't dance to save his life.

She springs to her feet. Twirls a victory dance around Carl. Happier than we've seen. Something released inside her.

CARL

Yet I leave you for two days and you turn into a ballerina. I thought you wanted nothing to do with the record?

LINDA

I changed my mind. Why should you and Ann have all the fun?

A challenge here, invisible lines being drawn.

ANN

I thought you were too busy, Tim, to work on anything but your book?

TIM

Linda needed my help so I decided to squeeze it in. Aren't you the one who wanted me to get more involved?

LINDA

I think we should all be dancing. Or did Bruce not grant your funding?

All eyes on Carl. The whole team eager to know. Their mission hinges on it. Carl locks eyes with Ann. Then lies to everyone.

CARL

Actually, he did. Can I talk to you?

He takes Linda's hand, spins her to a stop.

INT. MILKY WAY FOYER - TWILIGHT

The painted stars of the model Milky Way glow neon around Carl and Linda, who angrily reads Carl's trip proposal.

LINDA

This is what you asked Bruce for?

CARL

It's just an idea.

LINDA

I know you, Carl. Nothing's ever JUST an idea with you. You're committing.

CARL

Not without you. Come with me.

LINDA

To record pygmies?

CARL

To preserve ancient cultures that are everyday vanishing. It'll be the romantic getaway you've been wanting.

This is a turning point for Carl. His grand romantic gesture.

LINDA

8 days in 5 countries with monsoons and malaria doesn't exactly sound like a romantic getaway to me.

CARL

I don't understand. I thought you wanted to spend more time with me.

LINDA

I wanted you to spend more time with your family. Not fly off to Timbuktu. And now with these UN greetings...

CARL

Let Tim cover that.

LINDA

Tim's doing us enough favors as is. Plus this is the first thing I've done in years for me.

She glances out the window where Tim sits writing alone, while nearby Ann piggybacks Nick: recording a brewing thunderstorm.

CARL

A month ago you wanted me to ditch  
the project, now suddenly you're gung-  
ho about the least important thing?

LINDA

Because only what you do has meaning?

CARL

Linda. Help me here cause I'm trying.

LINDA

And for once I'm finally achieving...  
something on my own. Be happy for me.

CARL

I am. But I want you to come with me.

LINDA

You don't, trust me. Take Frank.

CARL

You think he's neurotic now? He's 10  
times worse jet-lagged.

LINDA

What about Jon?

CARL

Just the word *plane* makes him panic.

Outside it starts to rain. Tim runs for cover but Ann doesn't.  
Instead she spins Nick, laughing. Linda follows Carl's gaze.

LINDA

It's Ann you want to take.

CARL

It's you I'm asking.

LINDA

Though we both know you'll be happier  
without me--

She hands back Carl's proposal, decisive. A line in the sand.

LINDA

You've made up your mind. So have I.

She leaves Carl, alone amongst the stars. His eyes connect  
with Ann, as the ROAR of thunder grows louder and LOUDER and--

EXT. ITHACA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CLOSE ON:

A 747 comes barreling STRAIGHT AT US down a runway! Engines thundering as it lifts off, just clearing Frank! Who straddles the top of the tarmac fence, snapping photos on Carl's camera.

FRANK

Jon, you have to come try this, it feels like you're touching God!

He SHOUTS with glee as Jon fidgets anxiously in an idling car.

JON

That's because you're an inch away from shaking his hand in heaven.

FRANK

I'm an atheist. We don't believe in heaven.

JON

How about hell?

He points at a convoy of security cars SCREAMING toward them. Frank quick-scrambles off the fence; dives through the window.

JON

Tell me you got the shot.

FRANK

I dunno. I hope so. Let's roll!

Only Jon doesn't. He pins Frank with a glare.

JON

You don't know? If we're going to prison, you better have got the shot.

FRANK

Forget prison, if you don't drive right now, we're gonna get a whole different kind of shot.

He jams Jon's foot to the pedal and they PEEL OUT, airport security fishtailing in their dust. Both men howling like madmen as they now race past the--

EXT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Where Tim and Linda are just dropping off Carl and Ann.

CARL

We'll be back in a week. You sure you can handle the UN alone?

LINDA

I've been married to you for 9 years;  
 I think I can handle stubborn men.  
 (speaking of which)  
 It's not too late to change your mind-

CARL

It's not too late to change yours.

He leans in to kiss her, gets only a cold and cursory cheek.

CARL

I'll call you when we land in Peru.

LINDA

Call Nick, he'll be more excited to  
 talk to you.

Carl nods, stung. Ann and Tim share a more intimate parting.

ANN

You really don't mind me going?

TIM

Of course not, I'm actually looking  
 forward to the lack of distraction.

ANN

I'll give you a sec to rephrase that.

TIM

You know what I mean. I can focus on  
 finishing my book. By the time you're  
 back I should have my edits complete.

(takes her hands)

I know I haven't been so available,  
 but I promise we'll plan the wedding  
 when you return. That is, if you  
 still wanna marry me.

He leans in to kiss her playfully, but Ann stops his lips.

TIM

Is that a no?

She looks into his eyes, a long contemplative beat.

ANN

No to the "no".

She kisses him. Their routine. Only now, less passionately.  
 Carl cuts in with their bags, all heavy audio equipment.

CARL

Don't worry, Tim. I'll keep her safe.

ANN  
Me safe? Worry about yourself.

She hefts her AND Carl's bag overshoulder and without waiting, heads for the gate...as another jet ROARS OVERHEAD soaring us--

EXT. MACHU PICCHU, PERU - DAY

Into a cloudless blue sky. On the terraced slopes above the ancient Incan city, Carl and Ann now record a group of Andean llama herders playing the **Panpipes and Drum Song (track 13)**.

EXT. GATE OF THE SUN - MAGIC HOUR

The sun sets as Carl and Ann stroll together on the Incan Trail above the famous ruins, surrounded by snowcapped peaks.

ANN  
It's incredible isn't it, yesterday  
my world was the size of a shoebox  
apartment. And now--

She takes in the peaks, the stone ruins, the misty valley.

CARL  
Nothing like travel to remind you how  
tiny and insignificant we really are.

ANN  
You make that sound like a good thing-

CARL  
You think it's bad?

ANN  
These strangers just sang us a song  
passed down from generations of llama  
herders. All living and loving,  
suffering and dying. Then there's me.  
In a world with so many people, what  
difference can I make? Can anybody?

CARL  
It's not who we are that counts, it's  
our legacy. Like that song or this  
city. Nobody knows why the Inca built  
it, what purpose it served or why  
they left it. But still, it's here.

Below them Machu Picchu is bathed in the sun's last light.

ANN  
But is that it? The best we can hope  
is to leave a tiny mark on eternity?  
I mean what if no one finds Voyager.

CARL

Even if we are the only two people to ever hear this record, it's worth it. Because right now what we do makes a difference. To you and me.

Maybe it's the altitude, or the way the light touches off the mountains and settles around their feet. But for this moment, they may as well be the only two people in this world.

Until they're interrupted by one of the Andean musicians from before, accompanied by his daughter: a pretty Incan girl.

INCAN MUSICIAN

My daughter ask sing special wedding song for you. Old-time. Much beauty.

Carl and Ann both step apart, laughing awkwardly.

ANN

Oh, that's sweet...

CARL

But we're not--

The girl exchanges words with her dad, who smiles slyly.

INCAN MUSICIAN

She insists. For future blessings.

Ann shares a bemused look with Carl who pulls out a recorder.

CARL

Who knows, it may end up being our favorite song on the whole thing.

He holds out a mic, presses PLAY as the girl begins to sing ***The Wedding Song (track 14)***--

EXT. MID-TOWN EAST - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

The romantic acapella lullaby is CUT SHORT by the blare of NYC traffic as Linda wild-drives Carl's porsche toward the UN, while Tim tunes the radio to Fleetwood Mac's *Go Your Own Way*.

TIM

Slow down, Nascar. You tempted the reaper enough on the turnpike. Let's not greet him 3 blocks from the UN.

LINDA

We're meeting the head of the most important political organization in the world, I won't be late.

She swerves across two lanes, cutting off several taxis.

TIM

Death is a pretty serious delay.

LINDA

You know I appreciate you coming down  
with me but you really don't have to--

TIM

What, help you? Unfortunately I do.  
I've a weakness for pretty damsels in-

Linda SLAMS on both her brakes and HORN as a bus cuts her off.

LINDA

I'm NO damsel. And I'm certainly not--

TIM

Distressed? Tell me, when's the last  
time you painted something?

This catches Linda offguard. She measures Tim as she drives.

LINDA

How did you know that I...

TIM

There's a room under the stairs in  
your house filled with art-school  
easels, cake-dried paints and dusty  
canvases. You wanted to be an artist  
once and you were good.

(piercing her with this)

But one day you woke up and realized  
the picture you created was something  
else entirely. Beautiful yes, but not  
a painting. You wouldn't trade it of  
course: you have Carl, you have Nick,  
you're happy. But you can't help  
wonder now and then when you smell  
linseed oil or wander alone through a  
museum what your life might have been-

(beat)

Recording these greetings is not the  
same as painting. But it's a start.  
It's yours. It's *something*.Linda swerves the car to a stop outside the UNITED NATIONS,  
where flags of every country in the world flap in the breeze.  
She tries to hide it... but Tim's stripped her to the bone.

LINDA

You always snoop through peoples'  
personal lives?

TIM

I'm a journalist. I'm always looking  
for a good scoop.

By that he means her. And she knows it. And it's flattering.

LINDA

Well you should choose more wisely.  
There are 4 billion people in this  
world, all more interesting than me.

TIM

Don't sell yourself short so quickly.

LINDA

And what about you? Why not write  
your story instead of other peoples'.

TIM

Benjamin Franklin said either write  
something worth reading or do  
something worth writing. I'm still  
working on the second one.

LINDA

Well Tim, recording these greetings  
isn't the same as writing, but it's  
*something*...

She grabs a recorder and pulls Tim toward the iconic building.

LINDA

And if I can start, then so can you.

INT. UNITED NATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The two push into the United Nations' grand marble lobby where they're personally met by KURT WALDHEIM: the tall, sharp featured, piercingly blue-eyed Austrian Secretary-General.

WALDHEIM

Mrs. Sagan, we've been expecting you.  
(checks his watch)  
Here at the UN we consider tardiness  
to be the second greatest crime  
against humanity.

LINDA

Our apologies, Mr. Secretary-General.

WALDHEIM

And now you've committed the first.  
Never apologize for anything.

A joke clearly, though Waldheim doesn't smile. Instead he shakes their hands with a stiff, nazi-like vigor.

WALDHEIM

Follow me, we are very excited to help NASA record these greetings. Many ambassadors have been preparing their remarks all morning.

He guides them around a bend to the UN sound studio, where a line of ambassadors snakes down the hall. All very serious--

At the front: France gargles salt water, Spain warms up with tongue twisters, England practices what sounds like a Macbeth monologue, and China sweats as he redmarks a 4 page speech.

Linda and Tim exchange a look.

LINDA

Thank you, Mr. Secretary-General. You have made our job amazingly easy but--

TIM

We were planning to record short greetings, not speeches. You know: *hola, bonjour*, live long and prosper.

He flashes a Vulcan salute. Waldheim stares at him unblinking.

WALDHEIM

As Secretary-General speaking for the entire assembly... you WILL permit me a slightly longer greeting.

Not a question. All diplomats watching. Tim and Linda fold.

TIM/LINDA

Of course/Absolutely!

WALDHEIM

Good then let's get started shall we?

INT. SOUND STUDIO - UNITED NATIONS - CONTINUOUS

A recording light blinks on. An analog tape rolls static. A microphone lowers from above. Waldheim clears his throat then--

WALDHEIM

As Secretary General of the United Nations, I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet...

CUT TO:

THE FAMOUS APOLLO 17 PHOTO OF EARTH (FROM SPACE)

## INT. SAGAN'S HOUSE - MATCH-CUT

Our "**Blue Marble**" (photo #6) is tacked to the "winner wall" now covered in images including Jon's jet takeoff (photo #7). Onto the Earth pic Jon DRAWS symbols of the essential elements for life (water, oxygen, etc), as Frank delegates nearby.

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

*...we step out of our solar system  
into the universe seeking only peace  
and friendship...*

Frank leans in closer putting his arm around Jon's shoulder. As he fixes a mistake, Nick squeezes in between, on the phone. He studies the Earth, then pins his finger onto Africa as we--

## EXT. CONGO - DAY

TELESCOPE DOWN from god's view into the continent. Zeroing in through cloud cover past Kinshasa to a forest village.

Where Carl cradles an old phone to ear, the only one in town, as a tribe of Mbuti pygmy children surround him playfully.

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

*...to teach if we are called upon...*

Ann too is encircled by pygmy women who reach up to touch her freckles, her hair. For them she plays her tape recorder: the panpipes song she recorded in Peru. The tribeswomen jump back in shock, then press forward to listen, eyes wide with wonder.

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

*...to be taught if we are fortunate.*

One begins to sing. Voice blending in, then transcending as--

## EXT. ITURI FOREST - LATER

The music now subtly shifts, taking on new voices as sunlight filters through high rainforest canopy like strands of gold.

Ann and Carl join hands with a circle of pygmies who dance together, arms and voices raised in polyphonic harmony: ***the Pygmy Girls Initiation Song (track 15).***

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

*We know full well that our planet and  
all its inhabitants are but a small  
part of the immense universe that  
surrounds us...*

Carl and Ann lock eyes on each other, no longer just recording but joining as one in this joyous celebration of being alive.

## AS WE RETURN TO:

INT. SOUND STUDIO - UNITED NATIONS

Where the crowd of diplomats has fallen quiet as Waldheim finishes his speech.

WALDHEIM  
...and it is with humility and hope  
that we take this step.

He takes one now, back from the mic. Silence of a pin-drop.

WALDHEIM

This breaks the spell. Linda and Tim as one stop the taping.

TIM LINDA  
That was... Perfect. Inspiring.

She shakes hands with the Secretary-General enthusiastically.

LINDA  
More than we hoped for truly.

WALDHEIM

For the first time he cracks a smile. Just fucking with Tim.

TIM

WALDHEIM  
You're sending a message to space and  
you haven't seen *Star Wars* yet!

**TIM**  
That the movie that opened last week?

**WALDHEIM**

LINDA

## WALDHEIM

He shakes hands and exits. Leaving Linda alone with Tim.

TIM

You know for the first time I feel  
good about this whole thing.

They share an excited grin as the next delegate walks in.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

*Bonjour. Monsieur Secretary-General  
gave a beautiful speech, non? I feel  
it only fair my country which birthed  
the Enlightenment and Belle Epoque  
gets equal time as one which led the  
greatest genocide in history.*

She pulls out a book of Baudelaire's poetry, pushes her way to  
the mic and in dramatic fashion begins, in French, to read.

TIM

Well, so much for diplomacy.

CUT TO:

EXT. US EMBASSY - AGRA, INDIA - CLOSE-ON:

A man shouting right at us, with MUTED words. Camera circling,  
the one face becoming many. A crowd all yelling silently.

ANN (V.O.)

*Do you think we're whitewashing our  
message?*

SOUND now surges in. A barrage of Hindi catcalls surround Ann  
and Carl as they wade through a crowd of rickshaw drivers  
fighting for their fare on the oversaturated streets of India.

CARL (V.O.)

*What do you mean?*

The boldest driver half-coaxes, half-pulls them to his neon-  
painted bajaj. Their only choice is to surrender, then cling  
for dear life as he careens into the frantic crush of traffic.

ANN (V.O.)

*Well look around...*

EXT. AGRA SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Their moto-rickshaw rollercoasters down a narrow road in the  
heart of a massive slum. All around scenes of extreme poverty  
flash by at dizzying speed. The breadth of it is astounding.

ANN

Whether we like it or not the reality  
of most human existence is suffering.

They pass a mother beating a snarling mongrel away from trash scraps. Slumdog children playing cricket among the tin-can homes. A legless beggar praying in the road.

CARL

So what are you saying, we should show misery, pain, despair?

ANN

They're as much who we are as anything. Yet everything we've chosen for our record so far is positive.

CARL

Isn't that what you wanted: to make something that uplifts and inspires.

ANN

Of course, but don't we also have a responsibility to present the truth?

Their driver swerves wildly to avoid a head-on collision with a colorful overpacked bus, throwing Carl and Ann against each other. They hold here a beat. Then Carl shouts to slow down.

Instead the driver spins around, head-wagging to placate Carl. Ann shrieks as an emaciated cow wanders into the road ahead.

Their rickshaw veers last minute... slicing down an alley onto a wider road. Up ahead a mob buzzes around an ugly collision.

CARL

Now he slows.

A taxi has collided with a spice cart. Dried cumin spills out in a river from which a hysterical man lifts a bleeding child. A mob swarms like a cloud of angry hornets, shaking the taxi.

CARL

Is this really what you want an alien culture to see? Human brutality.

ANN

You told me that if we succeed, our message may become the only surviving record of life on Earth. Aren't we doing a disservice if we don't show all sides: the dark and the light.

She stops their driver, leaps out to help. But the child is already being carried off safely. And now the mob turns on the reckless cabby. Carl pulls Ann back toward the rickshaw.

CARL

Every choice we make excludes another.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

To show EVERYTHING, Ann, is impossible. And crazy as it sounds, what if one day we give up violence, solve poverty, cure disease, end hunger, unite our common humanity toward the higher goal of peace.

ANN

You're right, that is crazy.

But she smiles, relieved as the cab driver emerges. Prostrates himself in forgiveness, as Carl and Ann's rickshaw pulls away.

CARL

This message can either be a record of who we are now... or a symbol for what we'd like to be.

ANN

And what symbol is that?

But the way he's looking at her, she knows the answer already.

CARL

The only one that makes the vastness bearable.

Ahead the famed white domes of the Taj Mahal rise like a vision beyond the slums: the ultimate symbol of love. As the soaring Indian raga ***Jaat Kahan Ho* (track 16)** begins--

EXT. TAJ MAHAL - DAY

CLOSE ON: a sitar, henna-tattooed fingers plucking its many chords; an upraised face: almond eyes, red painted dot of a bindi, a mouth full and brimming with song.

Mirrored in the water of the Taj's reflecting pool, an orange-robed *swami* (holy person) intones a raw, almost mystical tune. At her feet Carl and Ann listen in awe.

As the bars on Carl's recorder rise and fall with the song, something unspoken passes between them: silent and profound.

INT. TAJ MAHAL - MAUSOLEUM

The music carries us through the high-domed halls, the vaulted arches etched in sensuous calligraphy. Ann and Carl propelled by the swirling rhythm, the spellbound beauty at every corner.

They drift across the great marble floors, a dance between them: tango of the eyes. Drawn together. Somehow woven by the music; the mystique of this moment. The push-pull of desire.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL - REFLECTING POOLS

Rain ripples across the water, shrouding the image of the Taj.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL - GREAT GATE

A wave of visitors rush for shelter from the sudden downpour. In the crush, Carl and Ann get pressed close together. That electric proximity. Hum of lightening in the air.

The music swells, hastening it's heartfelt final notes. Carl looks at Ann, their faces too close. Then she takes his hand. Where everyone pushes in, she pulls him out. Into the STORM.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL HOTEL - MONSOON

Carl and Ann run hand-in-hand down the flooded streets of Agra; monsoon rain now full-blown. The two of them as wild as free as the storm. Happy, bone-soaked, they reach their hotel.

ANN

This is crazy!

It's not the storm she means.

CARL

You're shivering.

Not from the cold. Carl wraps her in his arms, rubs her warm--

INT. SOUND STUDIO - UNITED NATIONS - SIMULTANEOUS

Linda rubs Tim's arm, jolting him awake at the mixing board, where a stack of tapes are now piled high. He checks a clock.

LINDA

Don't bother, the sun set last week.

On the mic, the Indian Ambassador reads from a 9 page speech.

TIM

I swear the amount of hot air we've collected could fuel NASA's fleet.

LINDA

Do you think we can cut him off?

TIM

As long we do it tactfully.

That's all Linda needs. She rises, clapping her hands loudly.

LINDA

Thank you, we just ran out of tape.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR

But I didn't finish...

LINDA

It was great, we've got what we need.

She quickly escorts the flustered ambassador out the door.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR

This is an outrage. As ambassador to  
the world's 2nd most populous country  
I should get the 2nd longest speech.  
Who is your supervisor at NASA? I'm  
filing a complaint immediately!

LINDA

Feel free. Just please keep your  
complaint shorter than your greeting.

Like a mute button on a TV she shuts the soundproof door.

TIM

If that was you being tactful, I'm  
eager to see you tactless.

LINDA

Then you better buy me a drink.

EXT. WORLD BAR - NIGHT

An empty shot glass SLAMS DOWN onto a bar.

TIM

Two more please. And some martinis.

He carries the drinks out to a rooftop balcony overlooking the  
lit-up UN building below where Linda is taking a **photo (#8)**.

LINDA

Imagine if every light were a star,  
every skyscraper its own galaxy...

TIM

It'd take a billion years just for  
our message to cross 34th street.

They clink glasses.

TIM

Tell me what's it like being married?

LINDA

(ala Groucho Marx)

Oh it's a wonderful institution, but  
who wants to live in an institution?

TIM

Only hopeless romantics and the  
criminally insane.

LINDA

Aren't those the same thing?

TIM

And here I took you for Cinderella  
happily swept off her feet.

LINDA

No, I was never a girl who grew up on  
fairytales. I read more philosophy,  
so my view of romance was shaped by  
Plato more than princes. You ever  
read his Symposium on Love?

TIM

The one about prisoners in a cave?

LINDA

No, this one's a bit more uplifting.

She downs her drink, leans in:

LINDA

When the world was made, men and  
women were not separate but rather  
two beings joined by one soul. Only  
together we were too powerful, so the  
gods split us with lightning bolts.  
Leaving us to wander the earth alone,  
seeking, longing for our lost half.  
So that when we find each other, if  
we ever do, we once again become  
complete, inseparable, whole.

TIM

I'm sorry but that sounds like the  
oldest fairytale of all.

LINDA

You don't believe in soulmates?

TIM

I spent the past two years writing  
about what they call the Red Limit:  
the end of the universe. And you know  
what I discovered? It doesn't exist.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)  
It's always expanding. And so are  
you, me, love, everything.

LINDA  
What does that mean exactly.

TIM  
I don't believe we were made to be  
bound to any one person absolutely.  
Nature doesn't work that way.

LINDA  
Then why marry Ann... or anybody?

TIM  
Because things expand together as  
often as they grow apart.

He's talking about himself, but it resonates deeply with her.

LINDA  
I think I need another drink.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - INDIA

Steaming chai pours into teacups as Ann enters the door  
connecting her and Carl's rooms. Two hotel robes in hand.

ANN  
My contribution to getting warm.

She passes Carl a robe. He slips it on over his wet clothes.

ANN  
No-no, you're soaking wet. Here...

She pulls his shirt up over his head, undressing him.

ANN  
What's that smirk?

CARL  
I'm a grown man. What's yours?

ANN  
Nothing, this is just the first time  
I've seen you without a turtleneck  
on. Feels like I'm seeing you naked.

CARL  
I have achalasia. It's a rare throat  
condition. If my neck muscles get too  
cold it becomes difficult to swallow.

ANN

You don't have to invent a medical  
condition to defend your awful style.

CARL

I had to get surgery; I almost died!  
And it's not awful, it's dignified.

ANN

It hides your giraffe neck at least.

He lets her wrap the robe around him. Their eyes like magnets.

ANN

Turn around.

She strips her soaked top off, hair cascading like a river  
down her naked back. Carl catches her reflection in the mirror  
by the bed. With great difficulty looks away. Ann slips on her  
robe. Turns back to Carl who hands her chai. They clink cups.

CARL

To surviving our first monsoon.

ANN

To questioning everything.

They drink slowly, something loosened between them.

ANN

I'm really happy you brought me here.

CARL

I'm glad you were fool enough to come-

ANN

Why did you? I mean of 1000 people  
you could have chosen, why pick me?

CARL

You were the only one who said yes.

ANN

So I was your last choice?

CARL

There was never anyone else.

The way he says this simply unravels her.

CARL

You have a way of seeing the world  
unlike anyone I've ever met. It's...

Hard to find the right words. But she's waiting.

CARL

You fill everything with wonder. And you challenge me. I can't remember having better conversations with any other woman in my life.

ANN

Just women?

CARL

I do work with rocket scientists.

Ann laughs, fair enough.

CARL

Though to be honest, it's our silences that scare me more.

And now her heart's beating louder than the rain on the window-

ANN

You know the heart's a funny compass. Before I met Tim, I was in love with someone else. When he left me, I was crushed. But I realized it was the bravest, most honest thing anyone had ever done. Because he knew we weren't right. That's what he told me...

She leans close. Only inches separating them. And a thousand doors they could open, a thousand doors they might close.

ANN

When you find your great love you have to follow it, wherever it leads. Whatever it takes. No matter what.

CARL

Have you?

Ann stares deep into Carl's eyes, a terrifically long pause.

ANN

I'm not sure anymore.

Silence overtakes them both. Outside the rain intensifies its rhythmic pulse until it's almost unbearable. Carl leans in.

ANN

I should call Tim.

She pulls away. And like that, their second is gone. She exits fast, a brief look back. As a RINGING PHONE carries us into--

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - WITCHING HOUR

The door SLAMS OPEN as Tim and Linda stumble in drunk and half-asleep. They trip over the couch together, laughing.

TIM

Warning: objects are closer than they appear.

LINDA

Now I understand why they call it crashing.

She climbs onto the couch. Tim throws a blanket at her.

LINDA

You know I was just as happy sleeping in that alley on the street.

TIM

What's a lumpy couch among friends.

Through all this the phone RINGS and RINGS and RINGS.

LINDA

Shouldn't you get that?

TIM

I'm in no condition to operate heavy machinery.

He crawls to the phone, his MACHINE answers before he can:

FRANK (V.O.)

*Tim, it's Frank. What happened at the UN? Bruce Murray called me screaming. He's threatening to ax our project! We gotta contact Carl immediately.*

Linda and Tim share a guilty look--

LINDA

Carl is gonna kill me.

Then they burst out laughing. For some reason right now it's the funniest thing on earth. Then, a drunken moment of truth:

TIM

You know I think your true half is still out there, looking for you.

Linda stops laughing. Shares a heartfelt moment with Tim.

LINDA

And I sincerely hope someday the universe will stop expanding for you.

Tim smiles, tucks her in. Rises to leave. Linda stops him.

LINDA  
Tim, do you really like my paintings?

He answers by kissing her forehead. Then flicks off the light.

INT. AIRPORT BOARDING GATE - INDIA - THE NEXT DAY

A line of travellers file past a HONG KONG departure sign onto a plane as the PA announces final boarding. At the back of the line, Ann checks her watch nervously. Then ditches her bags to go on a frantic search for Carl.

She finds him at a nearby payphone furiously scribbling notes.

ANN  
What are you doing, they're boarding.

CARL  
I'm not coming.

ANN  
What do you mean?

CARL  
(yelling into phone)  
I'll be there Frank. Just do whatever you can to stall Bruce till I'm back.

He slams down the receiver. A deep breath.

ANN  
What happened?

Carl points to the frontpage of the day's paper on a newsrack.

ANN  
(reading the headline)  
"Attention Outer Space Beings: UN is sending a 'message in a bottle'.

CARL  
Bruce is pulling the plug. Apparently Linda offended some UN ambassador who leaked the story. I have to fly home.

ANN  
Can't you handle it from here?

CARL  
Bruce doesn't know I'm gone.

ANN  
(realizing)  
He never gave you the funding.

# Attention outer space beings: U.N. is sending 'a note in a bottle'

By R. M. SORGE

United Press International

UNITED NATIONS — Beings in outer space — in whatever shape or dimension they may exist — have been told in 12 languages that humans on planet Earth want peace and cooperation in the universe.

The message, spoken by delegates from all over the globe, was recorded Thursday in a basement conference room of the United Nations, to be floated in the vast area beyond Earth's solar system by two U.S. spacecraft — Voyager I and II.

THEY WILL BE launched by NASA from Cape Canaveral on Aug. 20 and Sept. 1 to explore Jupiter and Saturn and from there to Uranus and Neptune.

Eventually, the two craft will leave the solar system.

NASA asked the U.N.'s Committee for the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space to record messages from its members in their native languages to be put aboard the Voyagers, on the chance that the craft may reach other intelligent life.

NASA representative Timothy Ferris said the messages will be recorded on copper discs, which theoretically will last up to

a billion years in outer space. He said they will not be broadcast and could only reach intelligent life if intercepted and "played" by other beings.

"It is like a note in a bottle for the extra-terrestrials, if they exist and if they chance upon it," Ferris said at an informal meeting of the committee.

ITS CHAIRMAN, Ambassador Peter Jankowitsch of Austria, then called the delegates in alphabetical order to record two-minute messages from their countries to the space beings.

"Friends, I speak to you from planet Earth," said the first delegate, Australian Ambassador Ralph Harry. "I represent the country Australia, the island country in the southern hemisphere of our planet. We seek to live in peace with the peoples of the whole world, of the whole universe, and to cooperate with them for the common welfare of all living persons."

Harry spoke in English and then repeated his message in Esperanto. He was followed by delegates from Belgium, Canada, Chile, France, Indonesia, Iran, Nigeria, Pakistan, Sierra Leone, Sweden and the United States. Last to read out his message was Jankowitsch, who spoke in German.

ST. PETERSBURG TIMES ■ SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1977

CARL

You're gonna miss your plane.

ANN

(shoves him in disbelief)

You paid for everything! Why didn't you tell me?

CARL

You wouldn't have come if I did.

He's right. And she's glad she did. Carl takes her hand.

CARL

Ann, if you could have anything: any wish, any dream. What would you want?

ANN

To be part of something bigger than me. Something special. That matters.

CARL

That's why you have to keep going without me. Finish our recordings.

He guides her to the gate. Gives the attendant Ann's ticket.

ANN

What about you?

CARL

I'll be fine. I can handle Bruce.

ANN

That's not what I meant. What do you want... more than anything?

Carl holds on her a terrifically long beat.

CARL

Contact.

Ann steps into Carl. Kisses him slowly on his forehead. His right eye. His left cheek. For a moment neither breathes. Then, before he can speak, she turns and walks onto the plane.

EXT. NASA JET PROPULSION LAB - THE NEXT DAY

A towncar pulls up to meet a mob of press and protestors camped outside the main entrance. Bruce steps out, alarmed.

Half the people wave signs and banners: "NASA has doomed us all" and "Guess who's coming to dinner... Aliens!" The other half throw vinyl, shout their picks for the Golden Record.

HIPPIE GIRL  
You gotta send "Here comes the sun!"

PATRIOTIC IRISHMAN  
"Danny Boy", for the Irish!

Bruce pushes his way into the building like a thunderstorm.

INT. JET PROPULSION LAB - ENGINEER BAY

Sparks fly as NASA technicians torch, bolt and assemble the Voyager spacecrafts. Carl's waiting for Bruce as he enters.

BRUCE  
Just the man I want to see.

CARL  
You can't shut our mission down.

BRUCE  
Oh, but I can. In fact I was under the impression that I already did.

He juggernauts through the bustling dock, Carl at his heels.

BRUCE  
And in case you didn't notice, this is our mission. This is our focus.

Bruce points at the impressive, expensive operation underway.

BRUCE  
Everything you've done has been a distraction from that.

CARL  
Bruce, just listen--

BRUCE  
I DID, CARL! You didn't. Do you have any idea how many wild fires I had to put out today? Everyone from NASA's top brass to the Secretary of State. It's a goddamn circus out there! You made NASA look like a pack of fools.

He pushes past, end of discussion. But Carl doesn't back down.

CARL  
You and I may disagree on many things, but we both want proof of life. This record is our best shot.

BRUCE  
The record's dead, Carl. Far as I'm concerned... so are you.  
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're off Voyager. And if I have my say, you'll be off all future NASA missions too.

He storms away leaving Carl for the first time lost for words.

INT. SAGAN HOUSE - NICK'S ROOM - MORNING

Nick lies on his space-themed bed, planet pillows pressed to his ears. Through his walls come the angry sounds of fighting--

INT. SAGAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

It's a war-zone, battle lines drawn by Linda's suitcases and clothing as she furiously packs. Carl's at a loss.

CARL

I don't know what you want me to say.

LINDA

Try ANYTHING. Try "I'm sorry".

CARL

I can fix this.

Linda's on fire and that's kerosene. She EXPLODES.

LINDA

How Carl? You lied to me. You spent our life savings on your obsession. And now it's cost us EVERYTHING!

CARL

You're right, I took a risk and I should've told you. But this record--

Linda screams.

LINDA

WHO CARES ABOUT THE FUCKING RECORD!

And now she's fighting back tears with every fiber she's got.

LINDA

I don't know how we got so far from where we started. But this isn't who I am. And I can't get back. If not to what we had... then at least to something recognizable.

A confession, a crossroad, a cry in the dark.

LINDA

You told me that of all the stars in  
the sky, even the brightest burn out.

She stuffs the last of her clothes in bags. Carl stops her.

CARL

I don't care about the stars anymore.

LINDA

But you do. You always will. And I  
can't keep holding onto the flicker  
of a light we long ago lost.

Before Carl can say another word she grabs her bags and exits.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAGAN HOUSE - DAY

Linda loads suitcases and painting supplies into a car. Nick's belted in the back seat, confused and upset. Carl races out.

CARL

Linda please...

LINDA

I'm making this easier for us both. I  
love you, Carl. But love isn't  
supposed to make you feel lost.

She gets in the car and drives off. Stronger than she thought. Nick watches in the rear window as his father fades from view.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carl reenters in a daze. His life's come unraveled. From the other room, a CRASH suddenly jolts him back. He moves to investigate as the sound of heated whispers grows louder--

FRANK (O.S.)

Oh shit, I think he's back.

JON (O.S.)

Did he hear us?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl opens the door to find Frank and Jon huddled under a red lamp: dozens of wet photos drying on towel racks; the window blacked out with aluminum. The tub a giant developing bath.

JON/FRANK

Hey Carl.

CARL

What did you do to my bathroom!

JON

We needed a photolab.

CARL

Have you been in here the whole time?

FRANK

I told Jon not to listen...

CARL

So what's that microphone for?

He points to the big boom mic Frank's hiding behind his back.

FRANK

The important thing to remember is we  
hear your heart. And it's beautiful.

He presses the boom to the wrong side of Carl's chest. Jon who  
wears headphones, nods like he's listening along; SHOUTS loud--

JON

ALSO WE FINISHED ALL THE PHOTOS!

He gives Carl an unwanted hug. Whispers in his ear, heartfelt:

JON

Don't worry, it'll all work out.

FRANK

(slightly crazed)

Will it, Jon? I mean do you know that  
for a fact. Do you possess magic?

JON

I'm just trying to be nice.

FRANK

That's too bad, 'cause for a second I  
thought you were actually psychic.

CARL

Are you two stoned?

FRANK

Absolutely not! We took mushrooms.

He joins the huddle with Jon, all 3 faces a little too close.

JON

What are you going to do now, Carl?

And for perhaps the first time in his entire life--

CARL  
I have no idea.

He lets this sink as ***Flowing Streams (track 17)*** begins to play-

EXT. YULONG RIVER - CHINA - DAY

Dawn mist drifts over emerald waters. A white crane glides past an ancient bamboo raft drifting lazily down a wide, tranquil riverscape. All around, tall green limestone peaks rise majestically like the spines of sleeping dragons.

Ann gazes out at this mystical land that has inspired painters and poets for millennia. At the flowing stream lapping against her raft: the same stream embodied in this 2500 year old song.

At the front of her raft a wizened 91 year old master MUSICIAN plays a *ch'in*: an ancient 7-stringed zither; the oldest and most revered instrument in China.

His music is incredibly simple. There are no words. Just a man and the haunting vibrato of his strings. Lomax was right...

It's the most beautiful song Ann's ever heard.

EXT. YULONG RIVER - CHINA - NIGHT

The song continues as Ann stands on the balcony of her hotel room overlooking the moonlit river and majestic peaks beyond. She cradles a phone to her ear. It rings and rings.

ANN  
Where are you? Pick up.

But no one does. She waits one more ring then goes to hang up--

TIM (V.O.)  
(answers, short of breath)  
Hello?

ANN  
(smiles)  
It's me.

TIM (V.O.)  
Oh hi, baby. I was just out the door.  
Can I call you back?

Her smile drops. Not the loving response she was expecting.

ANN  
NO. I'm in China. And I've been  
trying to reach you since I left.

TIM (V.O.)

I know it's been crazy here. Slammed.  
And I just got a new assignment last  
minute. That's why I can't talk. The  
magazine's flying me to LA right now.

ANN

Till when?

TIM (V.O.)

Monday. My driver's outside.

ANN

Then who's gonna pick me up?

TIM (V.O.)

(shit, he forgot)

You'll have to take a cab. I'm sorry,  
Annie. I'll see you when I get back.

He can't get off fast enough. Ann fights to keep him on.

ANN

Can we at least talk for a minute? So  
much has happened. Like today I found  
our last musician and he was just--

(she has no words)

I have to play you his song.

TIM (V.O.)

Sweetheart, I wanna hear all about  
it, I do... but I HAVE to run.

ANN

I understand.

A lie for him. A moment of truth for Ann.

TIM (V.O.)

I'll see you in a few days. Bye.

ANN

Tim I--

But he's gone. Ann sets down the phone. Stares up at the full  
moon, the stars. Then picks up the phone again and calls Carl.

INT. MILKY WAY FOYER - SAGAN HOUSE - DUSK

The house is empty now, quiet. Carl wanders among his stars,  
lost in thought. The phone rings, but he lets the machine pick  
up. Its blinking red eye beckons like a beacon in the dark--

ANN (V.O.)

*I know it's late but I had to call--*

EXT. YULONG RIVER - CHINA - DAWN

On the balcony of Ann's hotel, a sleepless night has given way to the gold tinged half-light of dawn. Ann gazes at the stars.

Into her phone she plays ***Flowing Streams (part 2, track 18)***.

ANN

To share with you this song. Because it's what our whole message is about.

EXT. SAGAN HOUSE - PORCH - TWILIGHT

The same gold tinged half-light fills the sky as Carl gazes at the same faint stars above. The song connecting them together.

ANN (V.O.)

*I can't explain it in words. Maybe that's the point. We can never share ourselves entirely with someone else. Yet we try regardless. We cast ourselves into the darkness and we hope. And though everything in the universe seems stacked against us, sometimes... we find each other.*

Carl wrestles with his emotions. Lifts a phone. Slowly dials. As it rings...the SCREEN SPLITS IN HALF. Ann answers, knowing:

ANN

Carl.

CARL

I've been waiting my whole life for a message like yours.

And now his truth:

CARL

I only wish you left it 10 years ago.

Across the world Ann laughs... but her heart's in her throat.

ANN

Part of me hoped you wouldn't call.

CARL

And the rest of you?

Was up all night waiting. But she won't say that.

ANN

What do you think would've happened--

CARL

If I'd gotten on that plane with you?

ANN

If I had called 10 years ago.

CARL

I don't know.

But he does. And now his moment's slipping away from him like so many grains of sand. So many stars. And then...

CARL

I would have found you, wherever you are. On the banks of the widest river. And swam into your arms.

Just like that the whole world stops.

ANN

But we can't, we're with other people-

CARL

When you find your great love, you have to follow that feeling. Wherever it leads, whatever it takes.

ANN

No matter what.

And there it is, no turning back.

CARL

If we do this it has to be for keeps.

ANN

How long will Voyager survive?

CARL

A billion years. Maybe more.

ANN

Then until our message is found.

Carl savors the romance of this, the sweep of her passion. Until reality kicks him back to earth.

CARL

But what if it never goes up?

ANN

It must. After everything we've been through. Everything we've done.

CARL

NASA's banned it from the launch.

His confession. A moment of silence as Ann lets this sink in.

CARL

It's my fault. I lied to the team, to you. I let everyone down.

ANN

You'll only let me down if you stop. We'll fix this together. For keeps.

For a man who just lost everything, Ann gives Carl a way back.

CARL

For keeps.

As one, they both hang up their phones. We linger in split-screen on their individual reactions: a stunned beat. Then... ANN's side blacks out. Hold on Carl. A smile blossoming as we--

FADE TO:

CARL (V.O.)

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
are of imagination all compact...*

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL

Carl animatedly teaches his popular Astronomy 101 class: a standing room only of bright-eyed coeds. A slideshow of images flash on a projector behind him, grounding his lecture.

CARL

Granted Shakespeare may not have been an astronomer, but he understood a fundamental truth of science: in order to understand the cosmos, we need to shrink them down.

Images of space appear. Pulsars, dwarf stars, galaxies.

CARL

The humbling reality is our sun is one of several billion stars in the Milky Way, which is just one of countless billions of galaxies that exist. When you look at the universe, it's simply too huge to comprehend.

Apollo's images of Earth appear -- a spinning blue marble.

CARL

So let's shrink it. To just our world. Let's take the many millions of species alive on earth and shrink them down to just us.

Ann slips into the back of class, unnoticed by Carl.

CARL

Now take the billions of human beings  
laughing, breathing and struggling...

The class laughs as Carl playfully kicks a sleeping coed.

CARL

...to stay awake in my ungodly early  
morning class. Then shrink that. All  
of us, down to one single person.

And now he notices Ann in the back of the class.

CARL

You.

The screen behind him fills with a National Geographic gallery  
of life in full glory: Jon and Frank's picks for the Record.

CARL

We are each of us filled with a  
billion spinning thoughts, a billion  
bursting dreams. An entire universe  
condensed and contained within.

The images shrink in, to our anatomy, the core cells of life.

CARL

We are not an island alone in the  
vast cosmic ocean. We are the ocean.

And now these images expand back out to the stars and galaxies-

CARL

The truth is life is an anomaly. A  
random collision of circumstance and  
coincidence. We should not exist.

He lets this sink in.

CARL

And yet we do. Which means our lives  
are either insignificant or--

ANN

We make every second count.

The entire class turns to look at the person brave enough to  
speak up to their god. Carl's eyes meet Ann's and never leave.

CARL

That's right. So what are you waiting  
for? Go. Live! Class dismissed.

Like a flock of geese his students take flight, a mass exodus.

Leaving Carl and Ann alone: seconds TICKING into an unhinged future. **The Wedding Song (track 14)** from earlier PLAYS now as--

EXT. FALL CREEK GORGE - FAST-PACED

Fingers entwined Carl pulls Ann breathless down a forest path. The light dances all around them as they emerge on the gothic stone bridge spanning the dramatic sweep of Ithaca Falls.

The sun sparks rainbows off the water, sets Ann's hair afire. Carl pulls her close... a flash of fear in both their eyes.

THEY KISS

As colors intensify; the spin, the song, the ticking all stop.

ANN

I love you.

CARL

I love you.

The wind sighs through the trees. A moment frozen in time.

CARL

No matter what.

They draw into each other again, holding tight.

INT. AIRPORT MOTEL - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Tim pounds away at a typewriter, pages piled high. He stops to rub his eyes. Lifts a copy of Plato's Symposium. And reads.

INT - LINDA'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Linda paints at an easel, Nick asleep beside her on a couch. Her emotions flow out in a fury to match her brush strokes. REVERSE ON HER CANVAS: soulmates sundered by lightning bolts.

ANN (V.O)

*Do you think anyone else knows...*

EXT. 30 STREET RECORDING STUDIO - MANHATTAN - MORNING

A sunny summer day in the city. Carl and Ann stroll arm-in-arm down a tree-lined street, unreasonably happy together.

CARL

About us?

ANN

(no)

What this *feeling* is like. I wish there was a way to capture it, put it on our record. To share more than just images and songs. To actually express the *feeling* of being in love.

CARL

If only humans were that emotionally and technologically evolved.

ANN

But what if life out there is? What if we could send a piece of ourselves that perhaps we don't yet know how to decode, but more advanced life could.

Now the gears start turning. A lightbulb flash inside Carl.

CARL

Like a brain scan?

ANN

Or a heartbeat.

CARL

Or both. A kind of human morse code.

ANN

That a billion years from now, when the continents have shifted and our sun has burnt out... will still echo.

CARL

(a sad smile)

If only we'd a record and ship to put it on. But I failed. It's impossible.

Ann stops him now. In front of CBS Records. Takes his hands...

ANN

When has impossible ever stopped you?

A taxi pulls up to the curb. Bruce steps out looking unhappy.

BRUCE

You better not have begun without me.

CARL

Begun what? What are you doing here?

BRUCE

(to Ann)  
You didn't tell him?

He hands Carl an envelope marked CLASSIFIED. Carl breaks the seal, lifts out a signed headshot of President Carter and his written greeting for Voyager. Carl reads an excerpt outloud:

CARL

"This is a present from a small  
distant world. We are attempting to  
survive our time so we may live into  
yours" --Jimmy Carter.

BRUCE

Seems your little publicity stunt  
worked after all, Sagan. I got an  
angry call from the White House Press  
Secretary demanding to know why NASA  
asked the UN Secretary-General to  
record a greeting for Voyager and not  
the leader of the free world. He made  
it very clear to me that the  
President's greeting will come first.

Carl's stupefied. He looks to Ann, who is grinning wide.

CARL

You knew about this?

ANN

Everyone on the team heard but you.  
We wanted to surprise you.

CARL

Does this mean our record's approved?

BRUCE

It means it's above my paygrade now.  
NASA's brass have formed a review  
committee. We're gonna take a vote.

CARL

And you intend to sway them to "NO".

BRUCE

Unless you prove me wrong.

He claps Carl's shoulder, a challenge. Then marches inside.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The E Street Band's backing a young BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN in his *Darkness on the Edge of Town* prime. A young JIMMY IOVINE, future Interscope Records mogul, waves Carl into a sound booth-

IOVINE  
You the ones making the Space Record?

Carl doesn't quite know how to reply. Iovine eyes his sweater.

IOVINE  
Well you clearly ain't here for rock  
'n roll. Come on in, I'm your sound  
engineer. Jimmy Iovine.

He shakes hands avidly, then interrupts Springsteen mid-song.

IOVINE  
Sorry, Boss. Time's up.

SPRINGSTEEN  
Don't call me "boss", you know I hate  
that. Alright E Street, pack it up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Springsteen exits the studio as Jon and Frank arrive in Carl's car. Beyond them Tim emerges from a subway, gift in hand.

TIM  
Thank god I'm not the last one. Ann  
would've killed me. Is Linda here?

FRANK  
I don't think Linda's coming. She and  
Carl...

TIM  
I know, she told me. But she's still  
part of this team. I convinced her to  
come. What's that?

Jon unbuckles a rare Honeywell photo-to-audio converter that's seatbelted in the front seat like a person. He gently lifts the machine out as Frank hefts an overstuffed crate of albums.

JON  
This magic box is gonna convert our  
photos to sound waves for the record.

FRANK  
We had to fly it in from Denver. One  
of only three in the world.

As he says it, Jon trips and smashes it on the curb.

JON  
Don't worry it's just surface damage.

He lifts it. A big chunk falls off. Frank looks ready to kill.

INT. SOUND BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS

Lights come on. The mix board powers up. Carl squeezes Ann's hand excited as Tim enters. She quickly releases Carl's hand.

TIM  
What did I miss?

More than he knows. He woos Ann with the gift and a kiss.

ANN  
(deflecting both)  
What's this?

TIM  
My book. I finished it!

Not one word about her trip or how's she's been? Ann unwraps his present: *The Red Limit*. Turns it over, almost mournfully.

ANN  
I'm happy for you. Your great story.

She hands it back. Tim expected excitement. This is different. A deeper shift in her that unglues him. Before he can respond--

FRANK  
Coming through!

He stumbles by, straining under the Honeywell. Jon hauls the crate full of all the pictures plus Carl and Ann's recordings.

IOVINE  
Whoa, wait. We're mixing all that?

JON  
I hope this studio's paying you well.

IOVINE  
(laughs, yeah right)  
If I ever get through this, remind me  
to quit and start one of my own.

He loads the top album on a turntable -- as Linda slips last minute into the studio with Nick, who dashes into Carl arms.

NICK  
Daddy!

CARL  
Hey Copernicus, I missed you.

NICK  
Can I come home now?

This breaks Carl's heart.

CARL

I don't know.

He looks to Linda, who blazes wordlessly past. Iovine starts the first song to mix onto the record: **El Cascabel (track 19)**, a frantic mariachi number that now kicks off the--

"RECORDING" MONTAGE:

INT. FACTORY - CLOSE-UP:

On a revolving mold. Molten hot copper pours into frame. A press slams down, then retracts, leaving a perfect gleaming metal disc. Which a machine gently lifts out of view as--

INT. SOUND BOOTH - CROSS-CUT

Carl lowers the next LP in line to record onto the spinning studio turntable. Over his shoulder, Bruce jots each song in his clipboard, his foot tapping unconsciously to the rhythm.

Down at foot level, Frank's FACE APPEARS. Sweating, he plugs a cable into the mix board that winds back into the--

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Where Jon is just finishing duct-taping the Honeywell back together. He powers it on. Feeds Carter's message in like a fax. Frank and Jon wait, literally holding their breath.

For a second NOTHING. Then slowly the photo starts to convert. They high-five in victory as the image becomes sound waves--

INT. FACTORY - MATCH CUT

The same red and green sound waves rise and fall on a computer screen above a "groove machine". Our copper "mother" record spins as a diamond cutter etches the picture out in grooves.

INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - CLOSE-ON:

A real diamond, in a real ring, glittering in the hard light. Tim stares at it, at himself in the bathroom mirror. Feigns a smile of confidence...but his face is filled with uncertainty.

## INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - REVERSE ON:

Carl, the same worry etched on his face as he tries not to watch Tim romantically pull Ann into the hall. His big moment. Only Ann evades, shrugging Tim off. Heads back in... to Carl.

## INT. RECORDING STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

Jon and Frank are down to the last 2 images for conversion. Bruce rejects one: **Frank's anatomy photo** of a naked man and pregnant woman holding hands. He writes something on it in red, then presses it to the sound booth glass for Carl: SMUT.

Meanwhile, Jon loads the final photo: **The Blue Marble** of earth from space. It gets stuck halfway down. Frank laughs nervously then kicks the machine. It finishes converting as--

## INT. FACTORY - MATCH CUT

Back on the assembly line, the same image of Earth is now pressed to the center of our copper record, becoming its label. Onto which is stamped a title: The Sounds of Earth.

## INT. SOUND BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS

Nick sits with Bruce cutely sharing a headset as they listen to the edited **Sounds of Earth (track 20)** audio journey Nick helped Ann record. Something changes in Bruce's face as Nick shows him the crayon drawings he made to accompany each sound--

Bruce smiles.

## EXT. STUDIO STEPS - DAY

Linda sits smoking, watching a heavy rain fall. Tim joins her and they sit quietly: alone together, lost in their thoughts. Then Tim reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out...

His BOOK. Gives it to Linda. As she opens it, Tim touches the fresh yellow paint stains on her fingers. A knowing smile.

## INT. FACTORY - CLOSE UP:

The completed Voyager Record spins center-frame. Shining, beautiful, and missing one key detail. As it rotates before our eyes: a fine metal mist turns it into pure, gleaming GOLD.

A hand lifts it, radiant in the light. Then with a hot pen etches an inscription into the takeout grooves:

"TO THE MAKERS OF MUSIC - ALL WORLDS, ALL TIMES"

END SONG AND MONTAGE.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Empty takeout boxes litter the mix board. Everyone's exhausted but amped: the last mile of a marathon recording session. Even Bruce's come around. He's smiling now, jacket off, tie undone.

IOVINE

Is that everything, are we wrapped?

Carl cross-checks a master track list tacked to the wall.

CARL

We're just missing one thing. On the sound essay. A kiss.

IOVINE

Is that it? Easy...

He sucks his arm. A loud SMACK.

IOVINE

There, print it, done!

ANN

No, this is meant to be that impossible thing: a kiss that will last forever. It has to be real.

Her eyes find Carl's. He shakes his head, subtly. Turns to--

LINDA

Don't even think about it.

The tension in the room bubbles to boil. Tim grabs Ann.

TIM

A kiss to represent all kisses. I think I can manage that.

He sweeps her up, dips her. Leans playfully in. At the last second, Ann turns away. SMACK! Lips connect with cheek.

IOVINE

Perfect!

But it's not. Ann doesn't have to say it. Tim follows her gaze to Carl's. And the truth hits like a 1000 volts. He knows.

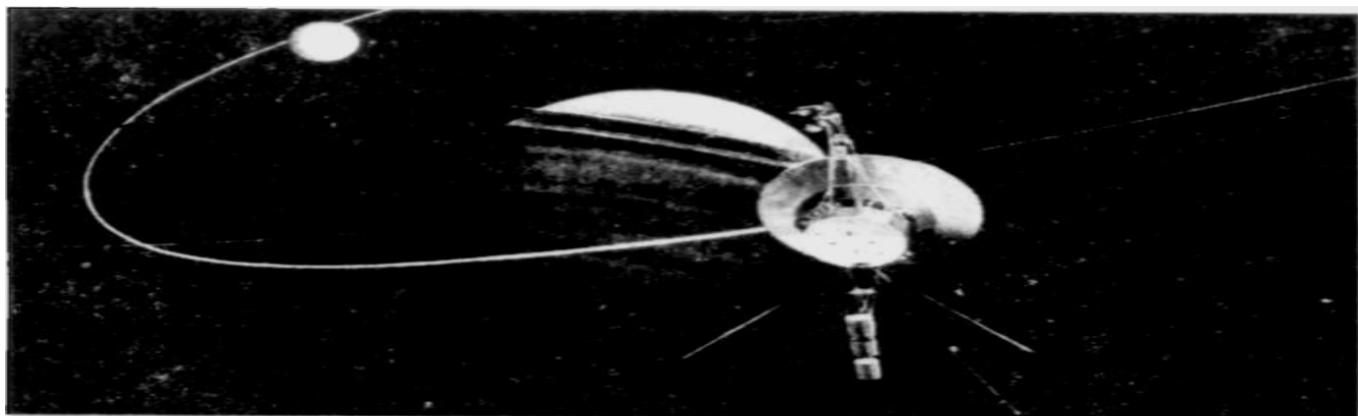
ANN

Tim...

# Hello Out There

Any Alien Beings Will Find Diverse Earth Data in 2 Voyager Spacecraft

By JAY SCRIBA of The Journal Staff



A NASA artist depicts Voyager 1 passing the planet Saturn.

What is worthy of immortality on just two hours of long play record — an engraved greeting card that could become last evidence of mankind's life on our planetary dust speck?

Such were tantalizing questions for the elite group of brainstormers — scientists, artists, musicologists, science fiction writers — who created the record on a shoestring, despite NASA's bureaucratic Catch 22s.

How to record our last kiss? **Ann Druyan** recalls that "After many unusable kisses that were either too faint or too smacky, Tim kissed me softly on the cheek and it felt and sounded fine."

And why not hold hands with **Tim Ferris**, contributing editor to *Rolling Stone*, as the Voyager rockets thunder into the sunny Florida blue: "Any creature who comes across Voyager and recognizes the record as an artifact can realize that it was dispatched with no hope of return. That gesture may speak more clearly than music. The record says: However primitive we seem, however crude this spacecraft, we knew enough to envision ourselves citizens of the cosmos. It says: However small we were, something in us was large enough to want to reach out to discoverers unknown. In times when we shall have perished or have changed beyond recognition.

"It says: Whoever and whatever you are, we too once lived in this house of stars, and we thought of you."

He doesn't stick around to celebrate. He's out the door.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A street market has sprung up. Happy families, couples in love out enjoying the day. Ann catches up to Tim in the crowd.

ANN

Tim wait...

TIM

Why, Ann? I've seen that look before.

It's the same one he gives her now. Only broken.

TIM

What happened while you were gone?

She can't answer him. Can barely meet his gaze.

TIM

Just tell me, do you still love me?

Ann looks up into his eyes now, a long contemplative beat.

TIM

Is that a no?

ANN

No.

TIM

To the no or...

She doesn't have to say it. The truth breaks both their hearts. Tim nods, no longer angry. He takes Ann's hands. Even now they're expanding together as much as breaking apart.

TIM

If you really love him, then promise  
me one thing--

The hardest thing he's ever said.

TIM

This time make it great.

Before either can pause for regret, he turns and walks away.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Ann returns, dismayed to find the whole team watching Linda confront Carl on the other side of the soundproof glass.

Even ON MUTE their argument is clearly volcanic. And when THE SLAP comes... it's even more brutal for its silent ferocity.

Linda storms from the studio, stopping only to fling her ring at Carl. A single word escaping as she slams open the door:

LINDA  
...Divorce!

This everyone hears. Jon and Frank scatter as she juggernauts right up to Ann, looking like she might just hit her.

LINDA  
There's no such thing as a sure thing-

Her punch. Both accusation and warning. Without a second look, she lifts a shell-shocked Nick into her arms. And storms out. Rocked by this sudden turn of events, Bruce confronts Carl.

BRUCE  
I was wrong about the record, I admit it deserves to go up. But I can't possibly take this to committee now.

CARL  
My personal life has nothing to do with this message, Bruce.

BRUCE  
It does when it turns into a scandal. For better or worse, you're the public face of NASA. Our reputation is more important than this record.

CARL  
The record's bigger than any of us.

BRUCE  
And you sabotaged it. I'm sorry Carl.

CARL  
Don't be sorry, Bruce. Be a leader. Stand up for what you believe in.

Bruce shakes his head, turns to go. But Ann blocks him.

ANN  
I joined this mission to be part of something greater than myself. I can't be the reason it falls apart.

She takes Bruce's hands. Pins him impassioned, doesn't let go.

ANN  
There is no scandal. What happened between Carl and I... it's over now.

Carl knows she doesn't mean this, still it breaks his heart.

CARL  
Don't do this, Ann.

But she has to.

ANN  
And no one has to know if I was never  
on the team at all. You understand?

Bruce nods, floored. Ann releases his hands. Turns to Carl.

CARL  
I won't let you go.

ANN  
The record is bigger than us, you  
said it yourself.

Eyes filling now, she bolts for the door. Only Carl stops her. Steps in close. Kisses her slowly on her forehead. Her right eye. Her left cheek. As much as it hurts her, Ann breaks away.

It hurts Carl more to watch her go.

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - AUGUST 18, 1977

A too-hot summer sun beats down on Frank and Jon, sweating uncomfortably in suits as they awkwardly fix each other's off center ties. Together they stride through heavy doors into--

INT. NASA APPROVAL COMMITTEE - DAY

Where Carl is seated at cross-examination microphones before a long table of straight-faced NASA brass. Bruce takes a seat front and center as Jon and Frank join Sagan-- 3 chairs conspicuously empty beside them.

A narrow whip of a man, the NASA CHAIRMAN, leans forward.

CHAIRMAN  
No mission at NASA is undertaken  
lightly. We are tasked with a  
tremendous responsibility: to broaden  
human understanding, advance science  
and technology, and push the  
boundaries of what's possible  
further. For the betterment of man.

He holds up the Golden Record like a false idol.

CHAIRMAN

Before this committee makes our final decision we want to know how a "gold record" conforms to those demands.

Jon and Frank rise to speak in defense but Carl takes the mic.

CARL

It doesn't.

Off the stir this causes through the committee and his team--

CARL

If you're looking for scientific justification, you'll find none. We set out on an impossible task: to define what it means to be alive here and now. We used no set logic, no calculated plan. The only compass we followed was our hearts.

Snickers through the committee; Bruce conflicted among them. But Carl doesn't care. He looks to Ann's empty chair.

CARL

And maybe that was foolish. Maybe we failed. But if our responsibility is to better understand ourselves, I believe what is etched in the thin grooves of that record before you is something precious and profound: a representation of all we are.

His conviction fills every corner of the room. Silences it.

CARL

Even if it's nothing more than a sliver, isn't that worth it? To share a tiny piece of our soul.

CHAIRMAN

Your passion is plain, Dr. Sagan. But what qualifies you to represent our "soul"?

His words like shots. This isn't a jury, it's a firing squad. And all guns aim at Carl.

CHAIRMAN

You chose to capture an experience of life on earth; an experience that, in your words, is impossible to define. You assembled a team that is, to put it mildly, unorthodox.

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

And all to reach out to an alien  
civilization who may not exist or may  
never receive your call.

He shakes his head, the decision already made.

CHAIRMAN

I'm sorry, but I don't see the point  
in sending such a pointless message.

LINDA (O.S.)

Which is exactly why we send it--

Everyone turns as Linda and Tim enter the hall together, Nick in tow. The mission transcending any personal heartbreak.

LINDA

Because the act of sending, in spite  
of the odds, is the most revealing  
message of all. If nothing else, it's  
a symbol for *us* more than THEM. And  
is it a perfect representation? No.  
But we are not a perfect species. We  
are messy and mean, full of  
contradictions and uncertainty and--  
(aimed at Carl)  
Unimaginable cruelty...

There's anger in her voice, and pain. And a newfound strength.

LINDA

But also resilience and forgiveness.

TIM

And hope.

They take their seats, joining their team in solidarity.

TIM

And isn't that, more than anything  
else, what it means to be human? That  
however small we are, however  
primitive we seem, something in us  
was large enough to reach out. To say  
we too once lived in this house of  
stars. And we thought of you.

The temperature in the room shifts. Warming to them.

CHAIRMAN

While that may be true, even if we  
wanted to, I'm afraid the record  
doesn't meet approved regulations.

FRANK

(jumping to his feet)  
What are you talking about, we met  
every quality control specification!

The Chairman clicks a projector and a magnified image of the record's takeout grooves appears: "To the makers of music..."

CHAIRMAN

Size, weight and composition of your record passed, but this inscription was made without official clearance.

JON

(up now too, outraged)  
You're rejecting on a technicality?

Carl stares at Bruce, the true architect of this decision and the only one who can turn it around. Bruce avoids Carl's eyes.

CHAIRMAN

I believe we are ready to vote...

Here it is. The end of the line; project dead. And then--

BRUCE

I wrote it.

To everyone's surprise, Bruce rises. Takes the mic.

BRUCE

The inscription. It's our only example of human handwriting. Which I believe makes it immensely valuable.

CHAIRMAN

You're in favor of sending a record?

BRUCE

It's better to light a candle than curse the darkness.

He winks at Carl as the committee erupts.

BRUCE

I'm in favor. Who supports my vote?

One-by-one all committee members but the chairman raise a forest of hands. Linda leans in as Bruce ratifies the vote.

LINDA

I did this for Nick. Like Ann did for you. Don't lose them to your stars.

The camera becomes unhinged, SPINNING ROUND the room, transforming as it circles a full 360 degrees around--

INT. NASA AMPHITHEATER - PRESENT DAY

--Till we find ourselves back on that opening stage. Framed in black. With the same older woman from page 1. Standing at a podium bearing NASA's iconic logo. And we know everything we need to about her: she's beautiful, impassioned, eloquent.

WOMAN

We can't circle back but we remember:  
everything we made everything we lost-

She looks right at us, then beyond. And finally we see who she's been addressing all along: a room of young engineers; the new generation of NASA. A banner reads: *Voyager: 35 years!*

WOMAN

People think to be a scientist means to lose your joy of discovery, your passion, the great romance of life. Yet 35 years ago the Voyagers left the pale blue dot of our world. And on them still is our golden record. Which today leaves our solar system to join the cosmos beyond.

She smiles into frame.

WOMAN

And what could be more romantic than casting yourself into the unknown?

Her wrinkles fade, her face turns young once more. And we realize who she is now: The present day ANN DRUYAN (65).

AS WE MORPH BACK TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Young Ann. Back in uniform, failing to explain to a Korean family how to use the audio guide. Carl steps up behind.

CARL

Tell them forget the words. If it's a masterpiece, it will move you in ways words never can.

ANN

Carl, you know we can't--

CARL

They approved the record.

A tornado of emotions tear through Ann.

CARL

But I told them we can't send it  
without one missing piece.

Before she can say anything more... HE KISSES HER.

The Korean family snap photos as Ann throws her arms around Carl, kissing back. The haunting notes of ***Iziel je Delyo Hagdutin (track 21)*** the record's final song strike up--

FADE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA - 1977

Technicians bolt the Golden Record to the Voyager spaceship.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - NYC - NIGHT

Ann stares into Carl's eyes while EEG nodes are placed across her scalp, their web of thin wires running to a tape recorder that translates her thoughts into a fierce electric pulse.

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - DAY

The Voyager's rocket is wheeled and locked to the launchpad.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ann reclines now on an MRI bed. As it slides her under scan--

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MISSION CONTROL

A flight director counts down the go-no-go for launch. 10-9-8--

EXT. SATELLITE BEACH - SIMULTANEOUS

Watching on the shore, Nick shouts out the launch sequence with his dad. 7-6-5--

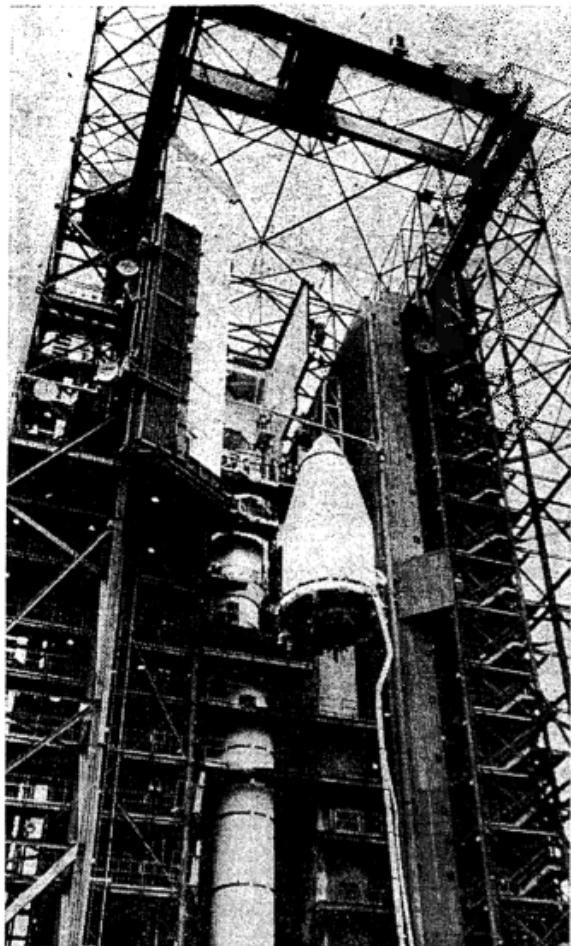
INT. MRI BRAIN-SCAN MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the white cocoon of the MRI, the sound of Ann's HEARTBEAT echoes in time to the lights slowly filling the space around her, taking form; pulsing brighter and brighter--

# Spacecraft to Be Launched Today Will Carry a Message From Earth

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

Special to The New York Times



CARRYING A MESSAGE: The Voyager spacecraft being lifted onto the Titan-Centaur booster rocket in preparation for today's launching to outer planets of solar system. Craft will carry recorded message from earth. Page 8.

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla., Aug. 19—The Voyager spacecraft scheduled for launching tomorrow to scout Jupiter, Saturn and possibly Uranus will be carrying a message from the Earth on the off chance that extraterrestrial beings will come upon the craft centuries from now, somewhere on its endless journey beyond the solar system.

The message is in the form of a recording, called "Sounds of Earth." It is a 12-inch copper phonograph record inserted in an aluminum protective jacket that is attached to the outside of the 1,820-pound spacecraft.

Dr. Carl Sagan, the Cornell University astronomer who conceived the idea, calls the recorded message a "bottle cast into the cosmic ocean."

## Languages and Nature

Inscribed on the record are nearly two hours of greetings in dozens of human languages, samples of music of various cultures and times, natural sounds such as the wind and surf and animals and birds, and a message from President Carter.

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - LAUNCHPAD

Boosters IGNITE in a cloud of fire, Ann's heartbeat BLENDING now with the steady countdown 4-3-2-1! As Voyager blazes gloriously to life, breaking its mooring lines and launching--

EXT. SATELLITE BEACH - 5 MILES OUT

Into a cloudless blue sky. As it rises, our entire team, all gathered on the shore opposite the launch-site, burst into wild, emotional celebration. Carl raises Nick into the air.

A VOICE (CARL'S)  
*Are we alone in the universe?*

INT. MRI - MINDSCAPE

All around Ann now: her thoughts form into images. PROJECTED on the MRI walls; flashing by in rhythm to her pulsing heart:

EXT. YULONG RIVER

The Chinese chin player smiles in color-saturated CLOSE-UP.

CHIN PLAYER  
Ni hao.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL

The Indian singer presses palms together before the Taj Mahal.

INDIAN SINGER  
Namaste.

EXT. MACHU PICCHU

The Incan girl bows shyly as sunset haloes her in gold light.

INCAN GIRL  
Hola.

EXT. SATELLITE BEACH

Nick holds out an open hand full of sparkling grains of sand.

NICK  
Hello from the children of planet earth.

He throws them into the sky, where they become so many stars.

THE VOICE  
*We are one world but we contain many.*

EXT. SATELLITE BEACH - DAY

Voyager's glory trail rockets higher and higher to the cosmos as Ann slips her hand into Carl's. And squeezes. No words.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Outside the MRI, Carl takes Ann's hand in his. Squeezes. As the EEG of her thoughts register like an seismic earthquake, the tape recorder emits a sound like a string of fireworks.

INT. MRI - MINDSCAPE

Ann's thoughts intensify as the grand sweep of Planet Earth cycles before her eyes in a **rotating triptych (photos #10-20)**:

SCREEN 1--*Nature's Glory: mountains, deserts, oceans, forests.*

SCREEN 2--*Animal Kingdom: gorillas, dolphins, reptiles, birds.*

SCREEN 3--*Human History: from hunter-gatherers to astronauts.*

THE VOICE  
*All that is, all that was...*

EXT. SPACE - ANGLE ON THE VOYAGER ROCKET

High above the blue skin of the earth, Voyager detaches from its booster, our gold record gleaming in the rays of the sun.

INT. MRI - MINDSCAPE

Every emotion washes over Ann as one by one the images MERGE--

UNTIL THERE IS ONLY CARL:

--*smiling under the stars on the balcony at Nora Ephron's.*

--*Carl squeezing her hand under the full moon in Ithaca.*

--*Carl running with her through the rain outside Taj Mahal.*

--*Carl kissing her on the stone bridge over Ithaca Falls.*

All the moments they've shared together in our story FLASH BY up till NOW. And then something completely unexpected happens--

THE VOICE  
*All that will be...*

THEY CONTINUE ON...

- To Carl and Ann's wedding. Kissing under grape vines in '81.
- Carl and Ann navigating the set of his famous show: COSMOS.
- Carl and Ann bringing home their first; then second child.
- Carl and Ann swimming with dolphins and grown kids in Hawaii.
- Carl and Ann proudly hugging Nick, now in cap 'n gown.
- Carl and Ann side-by-side writing CONTACT. Their great story.
- Old Carl and Ann kissing on the same bridge at Ithaca Falls.
- Carl sick, dying in a hospital, squeezing Ann's hand tight.

CARL ANN  
For keeps. For keeps.

INT. NASA AMPHITHEATER - PRESENT DAY

Older Ann opens her eyes, full of tears in CLOSE-UP.

ANN  
Time is not a wheel it's a heartbeat.  
We can't circle back. 15 times around  
the sun now we've gone without Carl--

In the front row, flush with emotion, sit the present day members of our team: Tim, Frank, Bruce, Jon. In between an aged Linda and grown-up Nick is one empty seat.

ANN  
But Voyager lives on. Carrying our  
song forever toward the heart of the  
universe. And with it, the memories  
of a young girl in love.

And now Carl's in that seat. Smiling at Ann. No one else in the theater but him and her. And as she smiles back--

# THE VOICE

*A whole universe held within us each.*

FADE TO:

## PROFOUND DARKNESS

punctuated by ten thousand pinpoints of light. A sprawling kaleidoscope of suns, worlds, stars, at the center of which--

## OUR PALE BLUE DOT

Glimmers like a precious jewel. 4 billion miles out it hangs like a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam. Our entire world nothing more than a sapphire speck on the vast cosmic ocean.

CARD #1: ON AUGUST 20, 1977, VOYAGER II ROCKETED INTO SPACE CARRYING A MIXTAPE OF HUMANITY; A GOLDEN RECORD OF EARTH.

And now we see Voyager adrift in the darkness, its golden record gleaming as it sails further and further from home.

CARD #2: TWO YEARS LATER TIMOTHY FERRIS MET HIS GREAT LOVE CAROLYN, TO WHOM HE'S BEEN HAPPILY MARRIED EVER SINCE. HE IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST SCIENCE WRITERS OF HIS GENERATION.

Angle on the spaceship as side-thrusters now fire, turning it.

CARD #3: LINDA STILL LIVES IN ITHACA WHERE SHE CONTINUES TO PAINT. NICK SAGAN BECAME A POPULAR SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER.

The far sun flares off the record as Voyager slowly rotates.

CARD #4: FRANK DRAKE REMAINS A PIONEER IN THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE (SETI). HIS FAMOUS EQUATION IS STILL USED AS STATISTICAL PROOF OF LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS.

Our Solar System now comes into Voyagers view: 9 tiny marbles.

CARD #5: JON LOMBERG REMAINED CARL'S ARTISTIC COLLABORATOR FOR OVER 20 YEARS, ILLUSTRATING DRAGONS OF EDEN, FOR WHICH CARL RECEIVED THE PULITZER PRIZE. AND *COSMOS*: SAGAN'S PBS MINISERIES WHICH HAS BEEN SEEN BY A BILLION PEOPLE WORLDWIDE.

And now Voyager's camera aligns itself with our Pale Blue Dot.

CARD #6: BRUCE MURRAY WENT ON TO BECOME ONE OF CARL'S CLOSEST FRIENDS. TOGETHER THEY CO-FOUNDED THE PLANETARY SOCIETY THAT TODAY HAS OVER 100,000 MEMBERS.

Voyager snaps **PHOTO #19**. Arguably the most famous in history.

CARD #7: CARL AND ANN MARRIED AND SPENT TWO INSEPARABLE DECADES TOGETHER, CO-AUTHORING FOUR BOOKS AND TWO KIDS. UNTIL 1997 WHEN RARE BONE MARROW LEUKEMIA ROBBED CARL OF OUR WORLD.

With a final burst of power, Voyager rotates away from Earth.

THE VOICE

*Though the question still remains if  
life exists beyond our world, we find  
we are NOT alone. We have each other.*

CARD #8: THE VOYAGERS SAIL ON. IN 2013 THEY BECAME MAN'S FIRST EMISSARIES TO LEAVE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, CARRYING THEIR MESSAGE INTO THE STARS. A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

The heart of the universe opens before Voyager. Which journeys onward into an endless kaleidoscope of distant pale blue dots.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

## **In a Breathtaking First, NASA's Voyager 1 Exits the Solar System**

*-The New York Times, September 12, 2013*

"Since the launch of the Voyager spacecraft in 1977, Voyager 1 has traveled over 11.7 billion miles from the launchpad pictured here. That is equivalent to traveling to the moon and back almost 25,000 times.

<http://www.nytimes.com/2013/09/13/science/in-a-breathtaking-first-nasa-craft-exits-the-solar-system.html>

## **Voyager spacecraft: what will it teach the universe about mankind?**

*-The Telegraph, September 13, 2013*

"Nasa has confirmed that mankind has left the solar system for the first time with its Voyager 1 spacecraft entering interstellar space after a 36 year journey."

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/science/space/10307179/Voyager-spacecraft-what-will-it-teach-the-universe-about-mankind.html>

## **The Little Spacecraft That Could**

*-The Sydney Morning Herald, September 14, 2013*

'This is historic stuff, a bit like the first exploration of Earth.'

<http://www.smh.com.au/technology/sci-tech/the-little-spacecraft-that-could-20130913-2tq9c.html>

## **Voyager 1 exits solar system; let's hope aliens don't bring it back**

*-Los Angeles Times, September 12, 2013.*

"Voyager has boldly gone where no probe has gone before, marking one of the most significant technological achievements in the annals of the history of science."

<http://www.latimes.com/science/la-sci-voyager-20130913,0,7950328.story#axzz2iwkesn4p>

## **If "E.T." finds Voyager 1, will it phone Earth?**

*-CNN, September 23, 2013.*

"Like Magellan's voyage, Voyager's achievement is a major milestone in human exploration... Forty thousand years from now, after traversing 10 trillion miles or so of interstellar space, Voyager 1 will approach the then-closest star, AC +79 3888. At that point it will be a ghost ship, representing an old civilization, gone but enshrined forever in the golden record."

<http://www.cnn.com/2013/09/13/opinion/urry-voyager-spacecraft/>

