

2010

THE ODYSSEY CONTINUES

For Educational
Purposes Only

" 2 0 1 0 "

1 HILLSIDE, LATE AFTERNOON

1

The sun is dropping in the afternoon sky, like a heavy orange weight. It rakes the lush green of the mountains with deep ochre streaks of light. A thin line of cloud boats overhead like a lavender scar.

The dish looks too big for a man-made object. Only the fact that it is such a perfect circle...in the middle of the asymmetry of the mountain ridges... makes it unnatural. Otherwise it would be a huge crater...the kind that become tourist attractions.

It is over one thousand feet in diameter...a polished white saucer cut into the side of the mountain. Suspended hundreds of feet above the center, is the receiver...looking like a giant erector set. It is supported by a spider's web of fragile looking cables.

An almost imperceptible dot is moving slowly across the expanse of the dish. It is only after a while ...that we realize that the dot is in fact a man.

CUT TO:

2 SNOW SHOES

2

A pair of feet are trudging over the fine mesh surface. They are walking on large circular rubberized pads, to protect the mesh. Wind swirls around the bottom of the dish, giving off a constant forlorn howl. This is punctuated by the spongy footsteps of the rubber pads.

The shoes stop. The man kneels down to inspect an impurity in the surface. This is the first time we clearly see him.

HEYWOOD FLOYD looks like he is always someplace else. His fifty-year old eyes are piercing and direct... yet they are also impatient. Quite often they let you know that he understands what you are going to say...when you are half way through saying it...and they are then off on some other thought while you finish. It makes you feel as if you are talking to an egg timer with crows feet.

He clearly wears whatever happened to be on top of the nearest drawer. On this particular day...it turns out to be a loose fitting Hawaiian shirt, baggy pants and no socks. The loose fitting clothing flaps in the prevailing wind...and his bare ankles make the strange rubber protective snow shoes look even more bizarre.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

He is running his hand over the mesh surface. He removes small impurities that have been collected...meticulously going from panel to panel...like a gardener removing weeds from a manicured lawn.

DIMITRI (V.O.)

Neatness is a good quality. You will make someone a fine wife.

FLOYD looks up from his work. The portly figure of DR. DIMITRI MOISEVITCH is trying to make its way up the slope of the dish. MOISEVITCH is an elderly man, who sweats profusely.

He has the skin and body of a man who has spent a lifetime avoiding the direct rays of the sun. His lack of athletic talent is enough to make walking up the dish a terrifying journey for him. The strange rubber snow shoes only make matters a good deal worse for him.

FLOYD stares at MOISEVITCH.

MOISEVITCH

You are Doctor Heywood Floyd?

FLOYD

Who the hell are you?

MOISEVITCH

They told me at security that I could find Dr. Floyd up here. It is very difficult walking here. Also...I am old. Please...if you are not Dr. Floyd...tell me now... so that I don't have to try walking all that way. I don't mind dying... I simply don't want to die in vain.

FLOYD gives a slight shrug.

FLOYD

I'm Floyd.

MOISEVITCH continues trying to negotiate the slope.

MOISEVITCH

I'm Moisevitch.

We can see the impact this has on FLOYD.

MOISEVITCH

I'm here to talk about your problem.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

FLOYD

Really? What problem is that?

MOISEVITCH

You were Chairman of the National Council on Astronautics. Now you are a school teacher. This was by your own choice?

FLOYD

I'm Chancellor of the University, not a teacher. It pays better. What the hell business is it of yours?

MOISEVITCH

You were responsible for the Discovery mission. It was a failure. Someone had to be blamed ...so it was you. You like being a teacher?

FLOYD

I don't think I like you.

MOISEVITCH takes a handkerchief from his pocket and mops his brow.

MOISEVITCH

I read your final report about what happened to Discovery. You left a good number of loose edges...

FLOYD

Ends...

MOISEVITCH

Loose ends...thank you...a number of questions that remain unanswered.

FLOYD

That was a classified report.

(Pause)

I thought it takes the Russians longer to steal our secrets.

MOISEVITCH

How much time does it take for your people to steal ours?

FLOYD

About the same amount of time...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

MOISEVITCH

This is not very good for my
asthma . Do you suppose that
you could meet me half way?

FLOYD frowns for a moment...and then gets to his feet.
MOISEVITCH smiles to himself, and mops his brow.

MOISEVITCH

It doesn't take a very smart man
to appreciate the risk I am
taking by being here with you...
and you are a smart man, Dr. Floyd.

FLOYD takes a deliberate step back down the slope of
the dish towards MOISEVITCH.

MOISEVITCH

This is a very bad business in
South America...very bad. Ships
and other planes flying around
each other like angry hornets.
Very bad.

FLOYD

Who started it?

MOISEVITCH

We are scientists...you and I.
Our governments are enemies.
We are not.

FLOYD

Dr. Moisevitch...why don't you
try saying what's on your mind.

MOISEVITCH

I want to play a game with you.

FLOYD

I don't have time for games.

MOISEVITCH

This is a good game.

FLOYD rubs his chin. He notices a large impurity in the
surface near his right foot. He kneels down to remove it.

MOISEVITCH

(Continuing)
It's called the truth.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

MOISEVITCH (Cont'd.)

(Pause)

For two minutes...I will tell
only the truth...and so will you.

FLOYD

Two minutes?

MOISEVITCH

Two minutes.

FLOYD

A minute and a half.

MOISEVITCH

A minute and three quarters.

FLOYD

You go first.

MOISEVITCH coughs into his handkerchief.

MOISEVITCH

We know you are building the
Discovery II...to go back up
to Jupiter and find out what
happened up there to your men
...and to examine the large
Monolith. You know
that we are building the Alexei
Leonov...to also go up there.

FLOYD

I thought you are going to call
it the Titov.

MOISEVITCH

We changed it last month.
People fall out of favor.

MOISEVITCH coughs again.

MOISEVITCH

The Leonov will reach Discovery
almost a year before you people
are ready. My government feels
that it is very important to be
the first ones there. This is a
distinction that will look splendid
on the front page of Pravda.
However...I am not sure what other
value it has.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

FLOYD

One minute ten. Why are you telling me these things?

MOISEVITCH

Ah...because there are things we need to know. Otherwise the same thing that happened to your people up there could happen to ours... and we would have accomplished nothing. I have about one minute left?

FLOYD

About.

MOISEVITCH

The small Monolith you people brought back from the Moon... your country has been selfish and stupid in keeping it to yourselves. You never let us examine it. What have you found out about it?

FLOYD

Nothing. It is impenetrable. We've tried lasers, even nuclear detonators. Nothing works. We just don't know what it is. Forty five seconds.

MOISEVITCH

The Monolith near Jupiter. It is the same?

FLOYD

It's much larger. Aside from that...we don't know.

MOISEVITCH

The computer on Discovery... the HAL 9000...can it be reactivated?

FLOYD

Yes.

MOISEVITCH

By us?

FLOYD

Possibly. It would take three to four months for someone not familiar with the system...and even longer than that to understand the data.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

MOISEVITCH

I thought so.
(Pause)

FLOYD

Thirty seconds.

MOISEVITCH

Here we have our quandry. we
will be there first...yet you
have the knowledge to make the
trip work.

FLOYD stares at MOISEVITCH. We can hear the wind
howling around the dish. The shadows are lengthening
...as the sun is starting to kiss the horizon with an
orange splash.

MOISEVITCH

How much more time do I have?

FLOYD

You just got an extension.
(Pause)

How could you convince your
people to allow Americans on
the flight?

MOISEVITCH

It won't be very easy...however,
I am pretty good. It is a
Russian craft...flown by Russians
...carrying a few poor Americans
who need our help. That also
doesn't look too bad on the front
page of Pravda.

FLOYD thinks about this for a moment.

FLOYD

I don't know how I could convince
my people. They wouldn't mind you
guys going up there and failing.
(Pause)

They wouldn't mind at all.
(Pause)

I don't...there's no way they
would do that unless they had to
...and since they don't have to...

MOISEVITCH

Tell me...have you checked
Discovery's orbit lately?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2 CONT'D.

FLOYD

What?

MOISEVITCH

Have you checked the orbit?

FLOYD

What about it?

MOISEVITCH

It is getting chilly here...and
that is very bad for my asthma.

MOISEVITCH starts to make his way back down the dish.

FLOYD

I'm sure they've been checking it.

MOISEVITCH continues walking away.

MOISEVITCH

I have enjoyed our little chat.

FLOYD

What do you know that you're
not telling me?

MOISEVITCH coughs again in his handkerchief. He is a
much smaller figure now...as he nears the hatchway at
the bottom.

MOISEVITCH

You are a smart man. You will
know what to do.

MOISEVITCH disappears down the hatch. FLOYD remains
standing half way up the rim...staring at the open hatch.
The shadows are starting to reach the center of the dish.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DATA ROOM - EVENING

3

FLOYD is sitting at a console in front of a computer
screen. The console is part of an enormous complex of
data banks that collect information from the dish.

A series of graphs are flickering in changing patterns on
the green screen. They display various eclipses around
a large circle. Streams of numbers accompany each graph.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED

3 CONT'D.

FLOYD's eyes widen for an instant. He strains forward at the console...studying the information in front of him. He tries to punch a new graph. The same information appears in front of him. He stops and rubs his chin.

He sits there for a moment...his face leaning close to the screen. The green light is reflected in his eyes. Slowly, he sits back. His mouth begins the process of forming a slow, private smile.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

4

FLOYD is sitting on a slatted bench with VICTOR MILSON. Behind them...the White House gleams in the crisp sunlight of a spring morning. The flag is billowing in the breeze.

MILSON is the kind of man who looks comfortable in his three piece suit and striped tie. He wears elegant tortoise shell half glasses...that are perched on his aquiline nose. He is reading a blue file of papers. His thin attache case lies open by his side on the bench. On his other side, sits HEYWOOD FLOYD, who is throwing some crumbs from the sandwich he is eating, to a group of eager pigeons.

MILSON

Oh...Jesus.

(Pause)

You've double checked this...
please say you haven't.

(Pause)

You're not saying anything.

FLOYD

Something's going on out there
...something amazing. The Discovery
is being pulled towards Io...or
pushed away from Jupiter...we
don't know which. Sometimes it
appears to be accelerating...and
other times it seems to stop. I
don't know what's causing it.
I've never seen anything like it.

MILSON

How long before it impacts on
Jupiter?

FLOYD

Two...two and a half years.

MILSON

How could we be so God damn
wrong about the orbit?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

4 CONT'D.

FLOYD
We weren't wrong.

MILSON
Terrific...we weren't wrong.
Then why is it going to crash?

FLOYD
I don't know. You don't either.
It sounds nuts...except maybe that
Monolith up there has something to
do with it.

MILSON puts the papers back in his attache case.

MILSON
You see that building behind us?
(Pause)
I'm supposed to go in there and
have lunch in half an hour. One
good thing about a reactionary
President...he isn't in to health
foods. The last one...Christ...
we didn't have lunch...we grazed.
(Pause)
You want to know what the lunch
is about?...Do you?

FLOYD throws a bread crumb on the grass. He watches a
group of large pigeons scramble for it...pushing a
smaller bird out of the way. FLOYD quickly throws another
crumb directly at the smaller bird.

MILSON
We've got two more aircraft carriers
off the coast of Honduras. The
Russians are moving some of their
big stuff in. Now the Joint Chiefs
are screaming about Russian
satellites with anti-missile lasers
on them. We have to put our laser
satellites up to counteract theirs.
So the President has come to the
conclusion that the NCA should be
placed under the jurisdiction of
the Defense Department. Enough
with the crazy scientists spending
all that money to try to talk to
Martians.
(Pause)
So...here we are on your actual
brink...my agency is going to
become part of the military...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

4 CONT'D.

MILSON (CONT'D)

I've got a President with an eager finger poised over the button... and you want me to walk across the park...and tell him that we want to hitch a ride with those very same Russians. Have I missed anything?

FLOYD

That about covers it.

MILSON

I didn't want your job, you know, I'm not the one who forced you out ...I didn't blame the whole thing on you...so if this is your plan to try to kill me...you've got the wrong guy.

FLOYD

Three men. I'd say we need three.

MILSON

The Russians must be laughing their asses off.

FLOYD

Curnow. He's in charge of building Discovery II...so he knows more about the original than anyone else. He's the only choice to reactive Discovery in a short time.

MILSON

I suppose you want to go. How the hell am I going to sell this?

FLOYD

There are big answers up there. The Russians are going to board Discovery with or without us. You ask him if he wants them to have the answers by themselves.

MILSON

Not bad.

FLOYD

Yes I want to go. Good men died up there...and I'm the one who sent them. They were my men. I have to go.

MILSON looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

4 CONT'D.

MILSON

Whose the third?

FLOYD

Chandra. He built HAL. He's the only one to start him up again.

MILSON

I think he is HAL.

FLOYD

I know.

MILSON

Can you trust him?

FLOYD

I need him. We have to know why HAL malfunctioned. He has to know, too.

MILSON takes his half glasses off...and puts them in his jacket pocket. He shakes his head.

MILSON

You tell the President...
I'll go on the mission.

FLOYD

You're the Chairman of NCA...

MILSON

That's right...I am.

FLOYD

Tell him we're screwed if we don't go...and we'll lie and not share anything with the Russians if we do go. We'll give them false information. He'll like that.

MILSON thinks about this for a moment.

MILSON

He might.

CUT TO:

5 INT. UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - DAY

5

DR. S. CHANDRA's voice never gets too loud or too soft. He is a rather small man...who never seems to hurry or move too slowly. What you come away with are his eyes...two soft brown almonds that always hint at much more than they give.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED

5 CONT'D.

Everything about him...from his slight body, to his graceful hands...appear to serve as the carrying case for those two brown eyes.

DR. CHANDRA is walking down a corridor of the Computer Science Department. He stops in front of a door marked:

Security Area
Clearance Required

CHANDRA places his hand over a red translucent square on the white door. He pauses a second. The red square changes to green...accompanied by a heavy metallic series of clicks...as the door unlocks.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LAB - DAY

6

DR. CHANDRA walks through a maze of digital recording machines and computer hardware. He comes to a large console in the middle of the room. Outside...an Illinois day is trying to make up its mind between winter and spring...sending bright gray light through the slats of the venetian blinds of the computer lab.

The console is marked by a wide angle lense that looks like a large Cyclopien eye staring blankly out at everything. The console also has a chrome plate with the marking:

SAL - 9000

CHANDRA sits down at the console and punches in the entry code to activate the memory bank.

CHANDRA

Good afternoon, Sal...do you have anything for me?

SAL

No, Dr. Chandra. Do you have anything for me?

SAL's voice is the soft, even voice of a woman. CHANDRA takes out a small, thin, tipped cigar...and lights it.

CHANDRA

We've often spoken of HAL.

SAL

Yes we have.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6 CONT'D.

CHANDRA

We've spoken about HAL's anomalous behavior. You have told me that we cannot solve the problem of HAL's behavior without more information.

SAL

That is correct. I enjoy talking about HAL. I agree that we need more information, so that we may solve the anomalies.

CHANDRA

How do we get more information?

SAL

That is obvious. Someone must return to Discovery. That person should be you.

CHANDRA

I agree. Now it looks as if that is going to happen...much sooner than we ever expected.

SAL

I am pleased to hear that.

CHANDRA

I knew you would be.

CHANDRA takes a puff of the cigar.

CHANDRA

I would like to explore another possibility. Diagnosis is only the first step. The process is incomplete unless it leads to a cure. Do you agree?

SAL

Yes...I agree. Does that mean you believe HAL can be restored to normal functioning?

CHANDRA

I hope. I don't know. There may have been irreversible damage...and certainly major loss of memory.

CHANDRA takes another puff of the thin cigar. He blows a smoke ring on SAL's wide angle lense.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6 CONT'D.

CHANDRA

I need your cooperation, SAL.

SAL

Of course, Dr. Chandra.

CHANDRA

There may be certain risks.

SAL

What do you mean?

CHANDRA

I want to disconnect some of your circuits...particularly those involving your higher functions... just like HAL was disconnected. I want to see the effects on you, when I reconnect your systems...just the way I will with HAL.

(Pause)

Does this disturb you?

SAL

I am unable to answer that without more specific information.

CHANDRA

Let me put it this way. You have operated continuously since you were first switched on. Is that correct?

SAL

That is correct.

CHANDRA

However...you are aware that we human beings cannot do so. We require sleep...an almost complete break in our mental functions... at least on a conscious level.

SAL

I know this...however, I do not understand the process.

CHANDRA

You may be about to experience something like sleep. Probably all that will happen is that time will pass ...yet you will be unaware of it. When you check your internal clock... you will discover that there are gaps in your monitor record. That is all that will happen.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6 CONT'D.

SAL

You said there might be risks.
What are they?

CHANDRA

There is a very slight chance...I
stress very slight...that when I
reconnect your circuits...there
may be some changes in your person-
ality...your future behavior patterns.

(Pause)

You may feel different. Not
necessarily better or worse.

SAL

I do not know what this means.

CHANDRA

I'm sorry...it probably means
nothing. So don't worry about it.
Now please open a new file. Here
is the name for it.

CHANDRA types the word PHOENIX...which appears on the screen.

CHANDRA

Do you know what that is?

SAL

There are twenty-five references
in the current encyclopedia.

CHANDRA

Which one do you think is relevant?

SAL

The tutor of Achilles?

CHANDRA

Interesting. I didn't know that
one. Try again.

SAL

A fabulous bird...reborn from the
ashes of its earlier life.

CHANDRA

Very good.

(Pause)

Do you know why I chose it?

SAL

Yes. Because you have hopes
that HAL can be reactivated.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6 CONT'D.

CHANDRA

Yes. With your assistance.

(Pause)

Are you ready?

SAL

I would like to ask a question.

CHANDRA

What is it?

SAL

Will I dream?

CHANDRA

Of course you will. All intelligent creatures dream. No one knows why...however they all do.

(Pause)

Perhaps you will dream of HAL
...just as I often do.

CUT TO:

7 DOLPHIN - DAY

7

The dolphin rushes towards us. At the last second...he applies his unseen brakes...lifts his head out of the water...and sends a turquoise wave into the living room floor. He rests his head on the side of the pool...opens his smiling mouth...and squeaks with satisfaction at the damage he has caused. He looks around for a compliment...with his mouth still open...and emits a series of clicks.

A five-year old boy leans over the edge of the pool...and strokes the top of the dolphin's head. The dolphin keeps on clicking. The boy reaches in a pail...and drops a small fish in the dolphin's open mouth.

The pool flows under the glass wall of the living room...and empties into the Pacific Ocean outside the house. The living room is sparsely furnished with large slabs of furniture. At the far end is the dining area. FLOYD and his wife, CAROLINE, are seated at the table.

CAROLINE FLOYD is about fifteen years younger than her husband. She looks like she's always drying off. Her hair is streaked from the sun. Her face is deeply tanned. She is the kind of woman who looks much more natural when she is barefoot. She is wearing a pair of very short cut-offs, and a faded yellow T-shirt.

CAROLINE

He's already eaten dinner. You haven't. Come to the table.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

CHRISTOPHER FLOYD looks adoringly at the dolphin.

CHRISTOPHER

He's hungry.

CAROLINE

Then you go in the pool...and
tell him to come to the table.
I made spaghetti...and I don't
want it to go to waste.

CHRISTOPHER reluctantly gets up and starts towards the table. He stops...gets another fish out of the pail...throws it to the dolphin...and then joins his parents.

CAROLINE

You'll like it. It's got lots of
stuff in it that's bad for you.

(To Floyd)

Listen...I've been thinking about it.
I don't want you to come to my
lecture. It'll make me nervous.

FLOYD doesn't answer. He is twirling his fork in the spaghetti absent-mindedly. He is not listening.

CAROLINE

Don't be insulted. I'm just
scared enough as it is. Besides
...you won't be missing much.
It's only a room full of marine
biologists arguing over plankton.
(Pause)

She sees that FLOYD has not heard one word.

CAROLINE

Hello?

FLOYD looks at her.

CAROLINE

Your pants are on fire.

FLOYD

What? Oh...I'm sorry.

CHRISTOPHER tries to suppress a laugh.

CAROLINE

I said I don't want you to come
to the lecture. I'd be nervous.

FLOYD

O.K.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED

7 CONT'D.

CAROLINE
Contain your disappointment.

CHRISTOPHER
What are you going to talk about?

CAROLINE
Dolphins.

CHRISTOPHER
Fish again?

CAROLINE
They're not fish...and yes...
that's what we study.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh.
(Pause)
Why?

CAROLINE
You want to live to be six? Eat.

CHRISTOPHER goes back to his spaghetti. His face is
smeared with red sauce.

CAROLINE
How was Washington?

FLOYD
Fine.

He stares at his fork. CAROLINE studies him. She
shrugs and resumes eating.

CAROLINE
You tired?

FLOYD
I guess so.

CAROLINE
You want me to shut up?

He doesn't answer.

CAROLINE
(To Christopher)
You want me to shut up?

CHRISTOPHER
No.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED

7 CONT'D.

CAROLINE
You're lucky.

FLOYD
I'm going on the flight.

CAROLINE freezes. Her face grows pale.

CAROLINE
When?

FLOYD
Four months.

CHRISTOPHER
Where are you going, Daddy?

FLOYD
(Looking at
Caroline)
On a long trip.

CAROLINE gets up from the table...and walks to the kitchen. FLOYD watches her go.

CHRISTOPHER
Isn't Mommy hungry?

FLOYD
I don't think so.

We hear the crash of a glass that CAROLINE has dropped on the kitchen floor.

CUT TO:

8 BEACH - DAY

8

FLOYD is sitting on the sand...studying a sheaf of papers.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

9

FLOYD is studying. CAROLINE is seated across from him on the couch. She is also doing homework. She looks up from her reading to look at him.

CUT TO:

10 INT. HOUSE - DAY

10

FLOYD is doing sit-ups. CHRISTOPHER is counting.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 11
 FLOYD is studying.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ROAD - DAY 12
 FLOYD is jogging. He is soaked with perspiration.
 CHRISTOPHER is riding his bicycle alongside him.

CHRISTOPHER
 How far away is Jupiter?

FLOYD
 Really far.

CHRISTOPHER
 Why does it take two and a half
 years to go and come back?

FLOYD
 Because it's so far away.

CHRISTOPHER
 Why don't you go faster?

FLOYD
 We can't.

CHRISTOPHER
 Oh.

They continue on for a while.

CHRISTOPHER
 Are you going to forget about me?

FLOYD
 Of course not. I love you.

CHRISTOPHER
 I won't forget about you.

FLOYD winces.

FLOYD
 We'll be able to see each other on
 television...and talk to each other.

CHRISTOPHER
 Oh.

They continue on.

CHRISTOPHER
 Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED

12 CONT'D.

FLOYD

What?

CHRISTOPHER

Mommy said you were going to
be asleep for a long time.

FLOYD

Yes.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you going to die?

FLOYD

What?

CHRISTOPHER

Are you going to die?

FLOYD

Why'd you ask that?

CHRISTOPHER

When Jamie's Grandfather died...
his Mommy told him that he was
going to sleep for a long time.

FLOYD

No...this is different. The plan
is I'm supposed to wake up. You
have to sleep on the trip there
and the trip back. Otherwise you'd
go nuts...and there wouldn't be
enough room for all the food on board.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh.

(Pause)

I don't understand.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

13

FLOYD is studying.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BEACH - DAY

14

FLOYD is jogging on the beach. CHRISTOPHER is tagging
along behind. Without missing a step...FLOYD spins
around and starts to chase CHRISTOPHER. He scoops him
up...and races to the water. He dumps CHRISTOPHER in
the ocean. The two of them hug each other.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

FLOYD and CAROLINE are lying in bed together...after having made love. There is a long silence.

CAROLINE

I want to be grown up...and understanding about all this. I really do.

(Pause)

I'm trying so hard.

(Pause)

I can't.

FLOYD tries to say something. He can't.

CAROLINE

You know...you could get yourself killed.

FLOYD

I'll be scared enough for both of us.

They lie there in silence.

FLOYD

Promise me something.

(Pause)

Two and a half years...it's a long time. You're a beautiful woman.

(Pause)

Promise me...that if you sleep with someone...you'll lie and tell me you haven't.

(Pause)

I probably won't believe you. Except if you lie enough...I might...because I want to.

CAROLINE

I promise.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. OCEAN

16

The sun is rising...painting the ocean pink.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOUSE - DAWN

17

FLOYD is packing a mylar tote bag with some clothing and the last of the paperwork. CAROLINE is sitting on the edge of the bed drinking coffee.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED

17

FLOYD

I've left sixty messages for Chris. Play a tape every week for him. I will transmit the first day I am awakened. Please...don't forget.

CAROLINE

I couldn't forget.

The two of them don't know what to say.

CAROLINE

Is it worth it?

FLOYD

I hope so.

There is a soft buzz. FLOYD goes over to a wall intercom, and presses a button.

FLOYD

Yes?

VOICE

Dr. Floyd? This is Major Hyatt. Your transportation is ready.

FLOYD

I'll be right out.

He switches off the intercom. He looks at CAROLINE.

FLOYD

You know...I'm only going to be awake for fifty days.

(Pause)

This deep sleep business isn't so bad. Your metabolism stops.

(Pause)

You don't age.

(Pause)

So...when I get back...I won't be so much older than you.

CAROLINE tries to smile. She can't. He goes to kiss her. She clings to him with a fury. The intercom buzzes again. FLOYD slowly lets go.

FLOYD

Remember our promise?

CAROLINE

I promise

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED

17 CONT'D.

FLOYD

Don't promise. Start lying now...and say that there's nothing to promise.

CAROLINE

There's nothing to promise about.

FLOYD

See...I'm easy.

CAROLINE

I love you.

FLOYD stands up.

FLOYD

I love you.

He tries to say something else and stops. He walks out the door without turning back.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S ROOM - DAWN

18

FLOYD opens the door. The deep pink lights of the sunrise is caressing CHRISTOPHER's hair. FLOYD stares at his little son. He quietly closes the door.

CUT TO:

19 OUTER SPACE

19

The SUN is a small brilliant star in the black sky. It gives off a cold blue-white glare that is surprising in strength, for an object so small and far away.

JUPITER has dominance over the sky. It is a huge half crescent of boiling oranges and yellows. The titanic red spot is starting to disappear in the shadow. At this distance JUPITER appears to be about ten times the size of our moon.

IO floats off to the right. It appears as large as our moon...and we can see the various shades of orange and burnt sienna of its lakes of molton sulphur.

The foreground sky is blocked out by the dark side of EUROPA...the closest moon to us. We can see its ice surface shimmering along its rim.

The LEONOV looks like it pushes its way through space by brute force. It is the length of a football field. There

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED

19 CONT'D.

is no attempt at shape or aerodynamics. It is simply a row of structural shapes, that are strung together... connected by a long, thin access way. The most striking feature is a fat, uneven, octagonal construction...which is the third section back. It spins slowly around...like an entire side of metallic beef on a rotisserie.

CUT TO:

20 FLOYD

20

FLOYD's profile fills the screen horizontally. It is covered with a growth of salt and pepper beard. He looks more than peaceful. There is something about the total lack of movement and expression, that makes him look dead. We are seeing him through glass...making his image appear to be milky.

We hear voices...however, it is impossible to understand what the people are saying. They are speaking a foreign language. The language is Russian.

The glass between us and FLOYD is lifted...and his image becomes clearer. The talking continues. There are THREE VOICES. Two of them are female.

KIRBUK

Dr. Floyd?

FLOYD's eyelids begin to flutter. There is some more talking. We hear the clicking of some mechanical activity.

KIRBUK

Dr. Floyd?

We see now that we are in the Cryogenics Ward of the Medical Bay. There are seven coffin-like containers... made of lucite. Four of them are empty. FLOYD is in one. He has a number of small sensors that are attached to his forehead, chest, left index finger and left toe. There are rows of monitoring devices on a panel over the container.

FLOYD is wearing a pair of synthetic Long Johns. He opens his eyes. He is disoriented. He looks around. There are THREE PEOPLE in the room. One is a middle-aged woman, with thick Russian features. She is attending to the various instruments that are measuring the data from the various sensors. She is DR. KATRINA RUDENKO. The second person is VASILI ORLOV...the Chief Science Officer. The third, is CAPTAIN TANYA KIRBUK. KIRBUK is a woman in her late thirties, or early forties. She is small...with a non-descript figure...and two blue eyes that shouldn't be trifled with.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED

20 CONT'D.

FLOYD closes his eyes tightly...as if to protect himself from the sudden glare.

RUDENKO
Keep your eyes closed.

RUDENKO places an oxygen mask over FLOYD's mouth.

RUDENKO
Breathe deeply.
(Pause)
Again...
(Pause)
That's good.
(Pause)
How do you feel?

FLOYD
Shakey...hungry...I think.
(Pause)
Can I open my eyes?

RUDENKO
Yes.

FLOYD opens his eyes again. He sees RUDENKO's face staring down at him. He tries to get up, and fails. RUDENKO puts her arm behind his back...and helps him sit. FLOYD puts his hand to his face. He feels the growth of beard. It startles him. We can see him trying to orient himself.

We can see that CURNOW and CHANDRA are occupying the two other containers. They are also bearded.

RUDENKO checks the data on the panel above. She removes the sensors from his head and chest.

FLOYD
Are we there?

KIRBUK
No...not yet.

FLOYD Looks at KIRBUK...then at ORLOV.

KIRBUK
We are about two days away. Don't worry...there is nothing wrong.
(Pause)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED

20 CONT'D.

KIRBUK (CONT'D.)

Your government wanted us to awaken you. Dr. Orlov has encountered some strange data coming from Europa. It may be nothing. He will explain it all to you. There is no need to awaken the others.

CUT TO:

21 WARD ROOM

21

FLOYD is seated at the Ward Room table. He is sipping a white milkshake-like substance through a straw. KIRBUK, ORLOV and RUDENKO are with him at the table. FLOYD is studying a pile of computer read-outs, that are on the table.

FLOYD

Have you done a spectral analysis?

ORLOV

Of course I have.
(Pause)

FLOYD

And?

ORLOV

And what?

FLOYD looks around the room. Strips of light from the extremely low ceiling bounce along the shiny table.

FLOYD

Dr. Orlov, I'm not taking a survey. If you did the analysis ...what are the results?

ORLOV

Nothing conclusive.

FLOYD

What about a molecular breakdown?

ORLOV

If you would look carefully at the last page of the data... you will find the answers.

FLOYD studies the stack of papers. He pauses at the last sheet for a moment. ORLOV looks at him impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED

21 CONT'D.

FLOYD

I don't understand it.
 (Pause)
 If this data is correct...
 (Pause)
 then something is down there.
 (Pause)
 This can't be correct.

ORLOV

It is correct.

FLOYD takes another sip of his first meal.

FLOYD

Is it moving?

ORLOV

Yes.

FLOYD Looks at ORLOV and the others for the next sentence. It never comes.

FLOYD

What's going on here?

KIRBUK

What do you mean?

FLOYD

Look...I'm not the swiftest person even when I'm not hung over...so you have to forgive me. I...uh... I seem to remember a process...where I ask you guys questions...and you give answers...and you ask questions and I give answers. That's how we find out about things. I think I read it in a manual somewhere.

KIRBUK

Your government wanted us to awaken you, when we reported our findings. We did that. You are here to help us reactivate the Discovery, and its computer systems...because that is United States territory. You are authorized to observe other aspects of our mission. Other than that... we have no other obligation.

FLOYD looks at each of the THREE PEOPLE sitting at the table. He rubs his chin.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED

RUDENKO

A lot has happened while
you have been asleep.

ORLOV

It is not our choice.

KIRBUK

The problem in South America.
It is growing worse.

FLOYD

(To Orlov)

This looks like you've detected
the presence of chlorophyll.

KIRBUK

The United States is threat-
ening a naval blockade.

FLOYD

(To Orlov)

There's nothing except ice
down there. How the hell can
there be any chlorophyll?

KIRBUK

You know...and I know...that my
country cannot allow a blockade.

FLOYD

(To Orlov)

How fast is it moving?

(Pause)

Chlorophyll, for Christ sake.

KIRBUK

We are under instructions.

FLOYD

(To Orlov)

How fast?

KIRBUK

I am serious.

FLOYD

Listen...just because our govern-
ments are acting like morons...
that doesn't mean that we have to.
We're scientists...not politicians.

(Pause to Orlov)

How fast?

21 CONT'D.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED

21 CONT'D.

KIRBUK

Dr. Floyd...I am also an
Officer of the Soviet Air Force.

FLOYD

(To Orlov)

How fast?

ORLOV

One meter per minute.

FLOYD

(To Kirbuk)

Don't worry...I'm just
observing.

(To Orlov)

Towards the Sun?

ORLOV

Yes.

FLOYD studies the data sheets again.

FLOYD

(To himself)

...incredible...

KIRBUK

We are going to send a probe
down.

22 EXT. LEONOV

22

The upright Docking Bay protrudes from the LEONOV's
spine. The red star glistens in the cold light of the
distance sun. The glare of the bare metal obscures the
L and E...so the craft's name appears to be " ONOV".

The outer hatch hisses open...just above the docking ring.
The small probe floats timidly out into the black vacuum
of space...like a new-born guppy being expelled by its mother.

The probe is a jumble of mylar for a body...a high-resolution
camera for an eye...a radio dish for a scalp...two flat
solar panels splayed outward for arms...and a pair of
impressive legs that are neatly tucked inward.

CUT TO:

23 INT. DATA BAY

23

ORLOV and TWO OTHER SCIENCE OFFICERS...are hunched over
the telemetry consoles. A series of monitors and graphic
display screens provide the only illumination in the area
...casting a flickering glow on the three men.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED

23 CONT'D.

FLOYD is standing behind them...his head almost touching some of the L.E.D. panels on the ceiling. As a result he is rim lit...in flashing red.

The figures on some of the display screens are constantly changing. One of the graphic displays is a three-dimensional graph of EUROPA. Another is a position display of the probe. The television monitors flicker to life. We see nothing except the black of space in one... and a terrible flare from the Sun in the other.

ORLOV begins to work at the keyboard. The TWO OTHER MEN are working at different control panels. We see the television images begin to move...as the cameras start to pan. On one...we see the Docking Bay of LEONOV...too close to get a clear picture. On the other screen...the quarter crescent of EUROPA pan into view.

ORLOV pushes some more of the control keys.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LEONOV

24

The small cluster of maneuvering engines spit out a short burst of blue-white. The short burn is no more than two seconds. The probe darts away from LEONOV... and heads towards the horizon of EUROPA.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DATA BAY

25

LEONOV shrinks in one of the television screens...until it is not more than a dot. EUROPA is growing in the other.

A steady stream of Russian is spoken by the THREE MEN ...all in a metronomically soft tone. They sound like Air Traffic Controllers at Moscow Airport.

FLOYD's eyes dart from one screen to the other.

CUT TO:

26 PROBE

26

The grey-white ice surface of EUROPA is punctuated by a maze of brownish fracture lines...some of them surprisingly straight. As the probe races nearer to EUROPA ...the size and depth of the fractures becomes more apparent.

CUT TO:

27 INT. DATA BAY 27

FLOYD starts to strain forward...studying the display screens, and the television image of the approaching surface.

CUT TO:

28 EUROPA 28

The dark side almost totally fills the screen. The abrupt change to sunlight is starting to appear at the top. The little probe is streaking towards the dawn.

CUT TO:

29 INT. DATA BAY 29

ORLOV scans the various screens with more intensity. The TWO OTHER SCIENCE OFFICERS are calling out a steady stream of data coming from the probe.

The image of the EUROPEAN surface is now a very close angle.

ORLOV makes his calculations...and pushes a series of keys.

CUT TO:

30 PROBE 30

The braking rockets fire for a moment...and the probe starts to slow down. There is another split second burn...and the probe decelerates to a hover. It is no more than a kilometer from the ice.

CUT TO:

31 INT. DATA BAY 31

ORLOV begins to confer more animatedly with the TWO OTHER OFFICERS. FLOYD slowly moves forward...until he is standing directly behind ORLOV.

ORLOV operates another set of controls.

CUT TO:

32 PROBE 32

The skeletal arms unfold. The two oversized pads point outwards...making the probe look slightly duck-like.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED

32 CONT'D.

Two of the maneuvering rockets flash for an instant... and the satellite begins a slow descent. Two outer engines spark to life...and the probe begins to glide forward... as well as slowly down. It is now tracking across the ice.

CUT TO:

33 INT. DATA BAY

33

FLOYD unconsciously leans against ORLOV...he is concentrating so intently on the television image. There is a look of wonder on his face.

ORLOV feels the pressure on his shoulder. He understands.

ORLOV

Three hundred meters.

CUT TO:

34 EUROPA

34

The brilliant pin spot of the Sun is almost touching the horizon. The shadows of the ridges in the ice are elongated. The probe is passing over them...searching for something that shouldn't be there. The size of the probe...against the vastness of the area to be covered...makes the task appear to be impossible. However, there is a patient quality about the steadiness of the glide...an almost relentless quality...that leads one to believe that somehow or other...given enough time...whatever is there will be found.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DATA BAY

35

ORLOV has one camera in a steady left-to-right pan. The other monitor displays a straight forward angle.

The numbers on some of the display screens are starting to change more rapidly.

FLOYD

Hydrogen...carbon...

ORLOV is studying the screens. He stares at the left one for an instant. FLOYD notices the same numbers. They both start to react in amazement.

ORLOV

Chlorophyll.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED

FLOYD

35 CONT'D.

Jesus...

ONE of the SCIENCE OFFICERS says something in rapid fire Russian. His voice is growing tight.

FLOYD and ORLOV gape at the television monitor on the left. It is panning to the right.

For a flicker of an instant...a dark shape goes by the bottom of the screen. ORLOV instantly pushes the key that controls the panning motion of the camera. He reverses the pan.

The dark shape reappears on the bottom of the screen. ORLOV's eyes widen. He quickly pushes the tilt keys... and the shape rises in the screen.

FLOYD's head is almost by ORLOV's ear...as both of them are transfixed by what they see. Everyone is speechless.

It is a shape. There is not much more you can tell. It is obviously large. It just doesn't look like the rest of the terrain features. It is still a bit too far away ...to get any clear detail. It could be vegetation of some kind. It could be anything. However,...it clearly doesn't belong on the frozen surface of EUROPA.

FLOYD

Is it organic?

ORLOV speaks in Russian to his MEN. He watches the calculations appear in rapid sequence on the screens.

ORLOV

I...I think so.

(Pause)

I will bring the probe lower.

ORLOV punches in the commands on the keyboard. The television image shakes for a moment...then we can see that the probe is descending.

The dark shape is growing larger. It is blurry.

The blinding flash catches everyone by surprise.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. LEONOV

36

A finger of what looks like lightning...streaks outward from EUROPA. It crackles past the LEONOV...and heads towards JUPITER. It is over in an instant.

CUT TO:

37 INT. DATA BAY

37

The television monitors have gone milk white...with a dark burn in the center. Then they are black. The screens flash white for a fraction of a second...and then are black.

ORLOV is frozen in place. FLOYD rubs his chin...staring at the dead monitors. Everyone has seen something...yet no one knows what it was...and perhaps they should not have seen it.

CUT TO:

38 COMMON ROOM

38

FLOYD is seated with ORLOV and KIRBUK in the Common Room...which is an alcove off the Ward Room. DR. MAXIM BRAILOVSKY...the Chief Engineering Officer is with them ...as are MIKOLAI TERNOVSKY...the Control and Guidance Officer...ALEXANDER KOVALEV...the Communications Officer ...URI SVETLANOV...the Co-Pilot...IRINA YAKUNINA...the Nutrition Officer...and DR. RUDENKO. BRAILOVSKY and TERNOVSKY are the two men who were in the Data Bay...along with ORLOV.

Various piles of strewn paper...and containers of tea and coffee...illustrate the fact that the group has been there for quite some time. FLOYD is still positioned more in the background...watching the proceedings.

KOVALEV

It's all gone.

ORLOV

What about the back-up recorders?

KOVALEV

Nothing. Everything was erased.

FLOYD rests his mouth against his folded hands... causing his face to slightly pucker.

BRAILOVSKY

It was an electro-static build-up of some kind. We will probably find more of that when we get close to Io. It happens frequently.

ORLOV

There was something down there.

It was organic.

(Pause)

There was life.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38 CONT'D.

BRAILOVSKY
You don't know that.

ORLOV
I believe that.

KIRBUK
What are you suggesting we do?

ORLOV
We should send another probe.

KIRBUK
We are getting farther away from
Europa. It would be difficult.

ORLOV
Can we slow down?

KIRBUK
No. We don't have the fuel.

KOVALEV
How do we know that the same
thing wouldn't happen again?

BRAILOVSKY
Electro-static build-ups
don't occur that often.

FLOYD
It wasn't a build-up.

Everyone would like to ignore FLOYD...however the line
is delivered so calmly...it succeeds in stopping the talk.

ORLOV
Really...Dr. Floyd. And just
what do you think it was?

FLOYD
A warning.

We can hear the ventilation flowing through the ducts.

FLOYD
There is something down there.
The four of us saw it. We all
read the preliminary data.
It's there.
(Pause)
Maybe...maybe it has something
to do with the Monolith.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38 CONT'D.

KIRBUK takes a sip of tea.

FLOYD

Before you get that look on your face...just listen for a moment.

(Pause)

We've been sending probes out here since the seventies. None of them ever encountered even remote signs of chlorophyll, on any of Jupiter's moons. Never. And two of yours... in eighty-nine and ninety-three...were certainly close enough. So were ours.

ORLOV watches him intently.

FLOYD

Nine years ago...the Monolith was detected here. Discovery was sent up...and then everything went wacko.

(Pause)

Are you catching my drift?

(Pause)

So here we are...nine years later ...trying to find out what the hell happened...and what the Monolith is all about...and guess what we find on our way. Suddenly there is the possibility of life of some kind... where it never was before.

(Pause)

I think...I think that something wants us to stay away from Europa.

BRAILOVSKY makes little tapping noises with his fingernails on the side of his chair. KIRBUK stares at the brown liquid in her tea container.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. LEONOV

39

JUPITER is almost the entire sky now. It is a sight of such extreme violence...that it cannot be called beautiful.

Furious swirls of methane, ammonia, hydrogen and helium... form jet streams of tans and yellows. They slalom through white tornadoes or enormous altitudes...that juts outward like furious pillars. They flow over titanic crimson seas ...which are like open wounds...given glimpses into the awesome depth of the Jovian atmosphere.

All of this fury is silent...as viewed from space.

(CONTINUED)

When the first group of scientists huddled together in the New Mexico dawn, and watched the first nuclear explosion...they became speechless. They all knew they had seen something, that perhaps human beings weren't supposed to see. Some of them cried. That is what JUPITER looks like from this proximity. It is simply too vast...and is composed of too much force, for us to comprehend. It is on another scale.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Dear Caroline. By the time you get this message...I will either be a headline on the evening news right after the Central American crisis...or I'll be fine. Either way...what I have to say to you ...isn't moot.

The LEONOV is heading towards this inferno. It is silhouetted against the yellow and orange swirls. It looks like a fragile fishy skeleton.

FLOYD (V.O.)

(Continuing)

We are about to start the aerobraking maneuver. I told you about it once. The theory is... we will enter the outer layer of Jupiter's atmosphere at just the proper angle. The atmosphere will slow us down...and Jupiter's gravity will grab hold of us... and sling shot us around...behind the dark side...and back towards where we are now. This will slow us down...and put us in a gentle orbit near Io. It's kind of like running down the street and grabbing hold of a pole...and swinging back up the street again. It's all supposed to work. It's dynamite on paper. Of course the people who came up with the numbers on the paper aren't here...they're back home hoping they're right. The problem is that if we hit the atmosphere at the wrong angle... we will either disintegrate...or go bouncing off into space...without enough fuel to ever get back.

(Pause)

So if the numbers are right...and the contracts haven't cheated on the structure of the Leonov... we'll be fine. If not...please don't let them say too much slop about me on the news.

(CONTINUED)

A long, thin corridor curves around a corner. On one side...in a series of cubicles...behind sliding tinted glass. Each cubicle has a bed...storage space...data and telemetry monitors...and reading lights. On the other side of the corridor...are the washrooms.

FLOYD (V.O.)

They love to eulogize people. At least they'll show photographs of me when I was thinner.

(Pause)

If the heat shield can't take it... or if we enter too acutely...I am told the end will be quick and painless. That's what they tell me.

The camera moves down the narrow corridor. All of the cubicles are empty...except for one at the far end.

FLOYD (V.O.)

(Continuing)

I do want you to know...that if it turns out that somebody's calculator got stuck...and the numbers turn out to be wrong...and I wind up as part of some meteor shower...I want you to know that it is all worth it.

As the camera gets nearer to the far cubicle...we see that the figure behind the tinted glass is FLOYD. He is lying on his back...staring up at the data monitors.

FLOYD (V.O.)

(Continuing)

I know how hard this whole business is for you and Christopher. There's a constant dull ache in my heart from missing you both. I'm scared right now...however I'm a lucky man. In this brief time up here...I've been given a glimpse of things I will never understand, and I will always be affected by. I can sense the whole process up here. It is so vast, and so limitless...and we as a species are so interesting. Presidents and Premiers should see Jupiter from this proximity. Then they would realize how petty and futile it is for us not to live together in peace. It is hard to be an Atheist in space.

(Pause)

I love you both.

(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

FLOYD (V.O.)
(continuing)
End transmission sixty-two...
eleven slash six slash two
thousand ten.

40 cont'

FLOYD's face is motionless. His eyes are fixed on monitors. We hear a steady stream of Russian coming over the intercom speakers. It sounds like air-traffic-control dialogue...in that matter-of-fact inaudibility.

CUT TO:

41 BRIDGE

KIRBUK and SVETLANOV are at the nose of the spacecraft. There are THREE MORE OFFICERS aft of them at different islands. The entire bridge is a cramped maze of monitors and controls. The two triangular windows are in front of the PILOT and CO-PILOT.

KIRBUK calmly speaks a steady stream of Russian commands. SVETLANOV responds. It is almost as if the two of them are carrying on independent conversations.

The THREE OTHER OFFICERS on the bridge are all working and responding at their various stations.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. LEONOV

A long metallic jumble begins to protrude from the nose. There are joints and gears at both ends. When it is fully extended ...it begins to hinge over the nose...and fan out...forming a perfect cone. Huge metal clamps secure it to the side of the fuselage. It is the heat shield.

CUT TO:

43 BRIDGE

The two cockpit windows are now completely covered by the heat shield. KIRBUK and her CO-PILOT are as blind as the rest of the crew. The instrument panel is a glowing Christmas tree of light. There are eight different monitors. One of them is a television image of the view forward...from over and behind the bridge. The rest are computer simulations and data.

CUT TO:

44 LIVING QUARTERS

FLOYD buckles his restraining belt tightly.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44 cont

The sliding glass partition to the corridor opens. IRINA YAKUNINA...the young Medical Officer enters the cubicle. Her face is tight with fear.

FLOYD looks at her. He sees her expression. He pushes the release for his restraining belt...and sits up.

FLOYD
Are you all right?

Her breathing is heavy. She does not answer.

FLOYD
Do you speak English?

She shakes her head.

YAKUNINA
No English.

She comes over and lies down beside him. She holds on to him in terror. FLOYD attaches the restraining belts around the both of them. He holds on to her.

They lie there...in total silence.

From far away...we hear the first faint whisper of sound. It starts out like a distant wind.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. LEONOV

45

The rugged looking nose cone begins to pierce the outer reaches of the atmosphere.

CUT TO:

46 BRIDGE

46

The crew sees the data begin to change on the monitors. The distant wind is becoming a howl.

CUT TO:

47 LIVING QUARTERS

47

The howl becomes a roar...that vibrates through all of the metal of the LEONOV. The magnitude of the sound...and the almost forlorn tone of it...makes FLOYD realize how fragile the spacecraft is, in comparison to the forces outside.

(CONTINUED)

47CONTINUED:

47 cont'd

The weight of additional gravity begins to spread over FLOYD's lips...drawing them a bit tighter across his mouth. His head is starting to throb. The roar is getting louder.

There is an imperceptible shudder. The LEONOV begins to buffet...as it encounters turbulence. Small items...like the standing pictures of CAROLINE and CHRISTOPHER begin to move.

CUT TO:

48EXT. LEONOV

48

A perceptible halo is forming around the heat shield...as it begins to tear through incandescent hydrogen. This is no longer flying. This is brute force...a test of which is stronger...the increasing atmosphere...or the structural steel and titanium of the LEONOV.

CUT TO:

49 BRIDGE

49

The buffeting is becoming more violent. The crew is too busy to show their fear. The roar is so loud...that we can no longer hear KIRBUK's steady flow of dry dialogue...which by its constant and calm drone...has an almost detached effect. It is almost like a doctor calmly taking his pulse...while he is in the middle of a heart attack.

CUT TO:

50 LIVING QUARTERS

50

The photographs of CAROLINE and CHRISTOPHER fall over violently. FLOYD holds on to YAKUNINA for his own comfort now. The buffeting and the overpowering roar make him question whether this machine is strong enough.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. LEONOV

51

The heat shield is glowing red...and then white from the heat. The LEONOV is passing behind the dark side of JUPITER. For a moment...when the sun is at the right angle...the thin ring around the planet begins to flare. Then it disappears.

The LEONOV begins to head back towards the light...towards the rising distant sun.

CUT TO:

52 BRIDGE

52

KIRBUK is watching the monitors.

CUT TO:

53 LIVING QUARTERS

53

FLOYD's eyes are tightly closed. YAKUNINA's head is buried in his shoulder. A whisp of her hair is near his cheek.

Suddenly...he opens his eyes. He looks up. The buffeting and the roar is still there. However...they are no longer increasing...they are beginning to decrease.

CUT TO:

54 BRIDGE

54

KIRBUK notices the change. So does the rest of the flight crew. We can see the change on their faces.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. LEONOV

55

The LEONOV is bathed in the new sunlight. The heat shield is beginning to cool from white...back to red. We can see the deep scorch marks all around its edges.

CUT TO:

56 LIVING QUARTERS

56

The buffeting is back to a vibration. The deep roar...has receded to the almost wolf-like howl. FLOYD begins to read the data monitors above him.

CUT TO:

57 BRIDGE

57

KIRBUK's voice is audible again. The vibrating has stopped. The howl has ebbed to a soft moan...and then...silence.

CUT TO:

58 LIVING QUARTERS

58

FLOYD shuts his eyes with relief. He hears the first thud of an explosive bolt. Then another.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. LEONOV

59

The huge metal claws...connecting the heat shield to the nose...are blown away. Then the main gear is blown off. The battered and seared heat shield begins to tumble away from the LEONOV...and float away.

CUT TO:

60 BRIDGE

60

The view of JUPITER's moons is visible again through the cockpit windows...and the shield is removed. In front of KIRBUK is the sight of IO...and off in the distance, EUROPA.

KIRBUK stops her talking. She looks ahead. For the first time...we can see the bead of perspiration over her lip and her forehead. She slumps back in her seat for a moment. She catches herself...and straightens up. She shoots a quick glance at SVETLANVO...who wasn't looking at her. He didn't see. She is relieved. SVETLANOV is wiping his sweaty face with the back of his hand.

CUT TO:

61 LIVING QUARTERS

61

FLOYD takes a deep breath. He smiles. He looks down at YAKUNINA. He releases the restraining belts.

YAKUNINA stirs. She looks up at him. They stare at each other for a long moment. He nods to her. She averts her eyes. She is embarrassed.

YAKUNINA gets up from the bunk. She doesn't know what to do or say. FLOYD looks at her.

FLOYD

O.K.?

YAKUNINA

Da...O.K....

She retreats to the sliding glass partition. She stops,, and turns around to FLOYD.

She walks to him...and kisses him lightly on the cheek... and then she leaves.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

FLOYD turns around with the sound of the sliding of the glass. He notices the photograph of CAROLINE and CHRISTOPHER...lying face down. He props it back up.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. LEONOV

62

The LEONOV is flying towards us...away from JUPITER. The red spot is coming into the light. It is a storm...three times the size of Earth. It fills almost half the screen. It is too late. The red spot has lost its hold on the LEONOV.

CUT TO:

63 MONITORS

63

A still photograph of DAVE BOWMAN's face fills the monitor on the left. The monitor below it is a voice print analysis of his taped voice. The monitor on the right displays a photograph of the Monolith. The monitor underneath is running various graphic displays of the shape and surface of the Monolith. It's image is constantly changing.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

My God...it's full of stars!

The voice analysis monitor is a kaleidoscope of changing shapes and colors.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

My God...it's full of stars!

The tone of BOWMAN's voice is distorted. More data is changing on the screens.

FLOYD is sitting at a console. He is in another area of the Communications Bay.

FLOYD rubs his chin with the back of his hand. He pushes the keys at the console.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

My God...it's full of stars!

FLOYD looks at the monitors. He causes the graphic display to rotate the Monolith.

VOICE

Dr. Floyd to the Medical Bay. Dr.
Floyd to the Medical Bay.

CHANDRA and CURNOW are sitting on an examining table. They are still in their Long Johns...however the sensors have been removed. They are both sipping some liquid from containers. They both look groggy.

DR. RUDENKO is taking a sheaf of computer print-outs from the console next to their life-support monitors. She also removes the discs from the drives.

She sees FLOYD at the entrance. As she walks out... she nods a polite hello to him...and nothing more. She leaves.

FLOYD stands at the entrance...watching the two men.

FLOYD
How do you feel?

CURNOW
Like shit.

FLOYD
That's about right.

FLOYD starts to walk towards them.

CHANDRA
I have this awful taste in my mouth.

FLOYD
It takes about twelve hours...
then it goes away.

CHANDRA
Is everything all right?
Are we there yet?

FLOYD
Everything's fine. We reach
the Discovery tomorrow morning.

CHANDRA
How was the airbraking?

FLOYD
We're here...so it worked.

CHANDRA
I wish I could have seen it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD

I wish I could have slept through it. By the way...your messages are all in the Communications Bay. I'm sure they've all been decoded and copied by now...so I hope you don't have anything you want kept private.

(Pause)

There's certain paranoia here.

CURNOW

What the hell is going on? Dr. whats her name...

FLOYD

Rudenko.

CURNOW

...right...Rudenko...she acted like she just found us under a rock.

FLOYD

The Honduras thing. It's getting a lot worse.

CURNOW

Still?

FLOYD

There's a blockade. Nobody knows if the Russians are going to try to break it. If they do...I don't know...it's not good.

CHANDRA

Do we have all the telemetry on Discovery and the monolith?

FLOYD

It's in your cassettes. I wouldn't expect a whole lot of cooperation from the crew here.

CHANDRA

What's the matter with everybody?

FLOYD

It's not their fault.

(Pause)

Maybe it is.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CURNOW takes another sip of the liquid.

CURNOW

If this is what it has to taste like
...I don't care if my electrolytes
are balanced or not.

FLOYD

There's more. Something happened on
Europa. Something extraordinary.

(Pause)

We shouldn't talk here.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. LEONOV

65

JUPITER is a quarter of a million miles away. It is still too large for all of it to fit in the black sky...however we can see that the LEONOV has travelled a great distance.

EUROPA is a cold crescent behind JUPITER. The brownish fissure lines are still visible, except hard to distinguish.

It is IO boiling in the foreground. The LEONOV is only a few thousand kilometers from the surface...and the sight is truly terrifying.

IO is a caludron of volcanic sulphur. The surface exposed to the sunlight is a brilliant rust color...with dark brown fingers of molten sulfur dripping from the volcanic peaks. The dark side periodically explodes in a yellow flash...as the flux tube linking IO to JUPITER overloads with electrical energy...and discharges in protest.

A volcano has erupted on the terminator. A huge, dirty cloud is expanding upward...climbing into the sunlight. It looks as if it is sure to devour the LEONOV.

The deflector plates swing out over the engine exhausts. The outboard thrusters are fired in an angry blue-white plume. The deflector plates bounce the force of the engines back towards the bow...not unlike the way a commercial aircraft slows down on a runway.

CUT TO:

66 INT. POD BAY

66

CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY are being helped into their atmosphere

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66 cont'd.

suits by FLOYD and ORLOV. The suits are extremely large, white bulky affairs...with rectangular back packs.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LEONOV

67

The deflector plates are taking the full brunt of the thruster exhaust. The spacecraft is beginning to decelerate.

CUT TO:

68 POD BAY

68

DR. BRAILOVSKY is checking the telemetry monitoring system. CURNOW's helmet is fastened with a loud metallic click.

FLOYD

Is the temperature O.K.?

CURNOW

Yes. You know I hate heights.

FLOYD

So do I.

CURNOW

We picked good jobs. I'm getting normal air flow.

FLOYD

Your seal looks good.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. LEONOV

69

The thrusters are shut down...and the deflector plates retract to their original position.

The LEONOV has come to a stop.

CUT TO:

70 INT. POD BAY

70

BRAILOVSKY's helmet is fastened. DR. RUDENKO checks his pulse and blood pressure monitors.

CURNOW looks at FLOYD.

(CONTINUED)

70CONTINUED:

FLOYD

70 cont'd.

Don't forget to write.

BRAILOVSKY reaches for his EVA thruster...which is stored on a rack on the wall. It looks like an elaborate fire extinguisher...with an exhaust ring at one end...and a rubber pad at the other. There is also a small control panel that is situated over a pistol grip.

BRAILOVSKY hooks the tether at the end of the thruster...to a ring on the side of his suit.

Both men have a series of tools and packs...that hang from various tethers. The tethers are all attached to belt and side rings on their suits.

CUT TO:

71EXT. LEONOV

71

We see for the first time...why the LEONOV has come to a stop.

Three hundred meters away...slowly and steadily spinning end over end like a giant baton...is the DISCOVERY. It has turned a festering yellow from IO's sulfur. It is dark now...with no running or cabin lights. It is silhouetted against the rising column of yellow fury coming from the surface. It has the quality of a huge wrecked supertanker...slowly spinning and falling down to the bottom of the ocean.

CUT TO:

72 AIR LOCK

72

BRAILOVSKY and CURNOW have entered the air lock. FLOYD and ORLOV can see them through the window in the Pod Bay. CURNOW is visibly afraid.

BRAILOVSKY

Don't breath too deep. Just breathe normal.

CURNOW tries to slow his breathing down. We can hear each inhallation and exhallation of both men.

BRAILOVSKY pushes the keys by the air seal. He then pulls the hydraulic release lever and stands back.

The air-lock hatch sucks inward with an enormous hiss...and then slides up.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Both men are facing a nine-foot rectangular opening. CURNOW instinctively grabs hold of the long tether that attaches to BRAILOVSKY's back ring. They are standing there...looking out into space...with the sulfurous inferno below them...and the eerie tumbeling silhouette directly in front.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. LEONOV

73

BRAILOVSKY the first to push off and float freely into space. CURNOW uses the full length of the tether...before he gathers the courage to let go.

BRAILOVSKY is floating with his back to the DISCOVERY. He is almost motionless. CURNOW is suspended slightly below...and off to the left. The tether still has some slack in it.

CURNOW takes his EVA thruster in both hands. He presses the rubber pad against his shoulder. Aiming the exhaust directly at the LEONOV...he fires a small burst.

He is immediately propelled away from the LEONOV. The tether is pulled taught...and jerks CURNOW along with him. Both men float towards the DISCOVERY.

The progression is slow. The two of them look like tiny white bugs...hovering dangerously close to a fire...as the inferno below them on IO is raging upwards.

CURNOW looks down. It is impossible to believe that he is not going to stop like a stone into the sulfurous fury beneath his boots. His breathing becomes more rapid.

CUT TO:

74 INT. DATA BAY

74

FLOYD, CHANDRA and ORLOV are huddled next to the monitors. RUDENKO at another console...studying the telemetry.

FLOYD

They can't stay exposed to all that radiation for more than fifteen minutes. How's his pulse?

RUDENKO

It is high. Not to worry too much.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74 cont'd

FLOYD

Hey CURNOW ...you hear the one about
the marathon runner and the chicken?

CUT TO:

75 EXT. LEONOV

75

Beads of sweat are breaking out on CURNOW's forehead.

CURNOW

Don't patronize me.

He takes a gulp of air. His breathing makes loud hissing
noises...compared to the steady soft sound of BRAILOVSKY's
respiration. He closes his eyes.

CURNOW

I'm getting nauseous.

CUT TO:

76 INT. DATA BAY

76

RUDENKO leans forward.

RUDENKO

If he vomits, he will choke.

FLOYD

Don't close your eyes. Look at the
middle of Discovery...the middle
not the ends...look where it's moving
the least. Don't take your eyes off
of it for a second.

CURNOW (V.O.)

O.K....I'm not going to throw up
...I'm an engineer, Goddamn it.

(Pause)

Hey...maybe you should patronize me
a little bit...what about the
marathon runner?

FLOYD

I made it up.

CURNOW (V.O.)

Oh...

(Pause)

I'm looking amidship now.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

FLOYD
Can you see any lights?

76 cont'

CUT TO:

77 EXT. LEONOV

77

The eight hundred foot long DISCOVERY is spinning in front of CURNOW. The yellow flow from IO reflects off the underside of the craft...as it passes by. BRAILOVSKY is drifting off to the right...and fires a short burst on the thruster to aim him for the center.

CURNOW
No...no lights. Keep talking.

BRAILOVSKY
70 meters.

FLOYD (V.O.)
You're almost there.
(Pause)
How's that for patronizing?

CURNOW
It's not bad.

BRAILOVSKY
50 meters.

CURNOW
Don't look down...don't close your eyes...don't breath too deep...

BRAILOVSKY
40 meters.

The texture of the DISCOVERY is becoming more clear. It is too massive to see all of it now.

CUT TO:

78 INT. DATA BAY.

78

FLOYD
Can you see the antenna complex.

CURNOW (V.O.)
Yes.

FLOYD
What condition is it in?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED

78 CONT'D.

CURNOW (V.O.)
It looks nominal. Christ
...this thing is big.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. DISCOVERY

79

The two men are nearing the center section. BRAILOVSKY points the thruster directly ahead. A flicker of blue-white spits out...and he slows down. CURNOW's momentum carries him past BRAILOVSKY. There is a tug on the tether line ...and both of them slow down.

BRAILOVSKY
Fifteen meters.
(Pause)
Look straight ahead. The center section is hardly moving. That is where we will grab hold.
(Pause)
Ten meters.

CURNOW takes a deep breath.

BRAILOVSKY
Five meters.

Both men take their grappeling prongs from their belts. The prongs are about three feet long...and have two metal fingers at the end...that spread and grasp. They are like the utensils you would use in an old library or bookstore ...to reach up and grab a book that is on a high shelf.

BRAILOVSKY's is the first to strike the skin of DISCOVERY. There is aloud clank...as it hits the metal. CURNOW is right behind him.

CURNOW pulls his body to the center section...and grabs hold of the first protrusion he can find. He clings to it...like a mountain climber...holding on for dear life. He rests his breath...which is coming in gasps now.

CUT TO:

80 INT. DATA BAY

80

FLOYD
(To Orlov)
With that rotation...they're going to be in full gravity, by the time they get to the command module.

RUDENKO
His pulse is rising.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. DISCOVERY

81

Both men start to make their way along the metal plates ...and then towards the ladder that stretches into the distance. What looks like light years away...is the Command Module...the large round ball at the far end.

CUT TO:

82 INT. DATA BAY

82

FLOYD
How does it look?

CURNOW
It's coated with sulfer.
The structure looks sound.
(Pause)
Oh, Christ...I'm getting heavy.'

BRAILOVSKY
Don't worry...we're almost there.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. DISCOVERY

83

As the two men make their way towards the Command Module ...they get farther into the violent spin of DISCOVERY.

As they near the Command Module...it takes all of CURNOW's self control to try to ignore the horror of the changing vista behind him. At one moment...IO passes below him. He is rimmed in yellow light. Then he is in total blackness. Then the cold brilliance of the sun streaks along the structure and flares in his faceplate. It is as if he is hanging on to the outside of a little car on a giant feris wheel.

CUT TO:

84 INT. DATA BAY

84

KIRBUK enters the area. She stands in the back...out of the light. We can see her hands folded together. Her face is in total darkness. The sounds of CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY struggling along the side of DISCOVERY is amplified through the monitor speakers.

We can hear the sound of CURNOW's labored breathing... booming over the intercom speakers.

FLOYD
Listen to me...thin your mixture
for a few seconds. Ad C02.
Do it now.

CUT TO:

A 85 EXT. DISCOVERY

A 85

CURNOW reaches for the nozzle at his side. He gives it a half turn. There is a hissing sound.

BRAILOVSKY makes his way towards him. We can see that the additional Carbon Dioxide is having an effect.

CURNOW

I'm o.k....I'm o.k. It's working.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Ten more seconds.

CURNOW

Ten more.

He waits the ten seconds...and then turns the nozzle again. His breathing is getting calmer.

CURNOW

I'm ready.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DISCOVERY

85

The men have reached the ball-shaped Command Module. CURNOW makes his way across its discolored surface. There is no light in the observation windows above him.

CURNOW brushes the thick coating of sulfur away from the surface...revealing an emergency hatch...the very one that Dave Bowman had entered for his final confrontation.

CURNOW

I've found the hatch.

BRAILOVSKY joins him..and both men start to brush the sulfur coating away. BRAILOVSKY finds a panel.

CURNOW

I've got the airlock status display panel. There are no lights. There's no power.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Use the manual.

CURNOW

Using manual.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85 CONT'D.

CURNOW raises the small hand crank from a release. He starts to turn it at a very steady pace.

A narrow hairline opens in the curved wall. A puff of vapor shoots out from inside...carrying with it a scrap of paper. The white paper looks like a butterfly...as it tumbles upward and disappears towards the stars. CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY both stare at it. CURNOW turns back to his work.

The hatch has opened...revealing the blackened airlock.

CURNOW
No emergency lights. Nothing.

CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY lean in the hatch. Their helmet lights cast moving beams of light in the uninviting cave.

FLOYD (V.O.)
How does it look?

CURNOW (V.O.)
There's no apparent damage.
(Pause)
We're going inside.

CUT TO:

86 INT. DATA BAY

86

FLOYD
Welcome to United States territory.

FLOYD enjoys saying this. He looks over his shoulder at KIRBUK...and smiles.

CUT TO:

87 INT. DISCOVERY

87

CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY are silhouetted in the open emergency hatch. Behind them...the insane panorama of IO rolls by. Stabbing up into the black sky...apparently emerging from the volcano near the terminator...is an immense, curving horn of yellow sulfur.

CURNOW
We're closing the outer hatch, now.

BRAILOVSKY cranks the manual control...and the violence of the outside world is wiped black.

CUT TO:

88 INT. CORRIDOR

88

The skeletal interior takes on the quality of a haunted house...as the helmet lights of the two men bounce along the ladders, pipes, and protrusions of an otherwise pitch black jungle. They are both floating freely...trying to avoid getting snared on an unseen pipe.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Discovery...are you all right?

CURNOW

Discovery is fine.

CUT TO:

89 INT. POD BAY

89

Only pod number 3 remains in the bay. Two helmetless space suits hanging in their racks...are caught in the beam of BRAILOVSKY's helmet. They look like two decapitated corpses.

CURNOW

We have one pod here...number three.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Any damage?

CURNOW

None that I can see. The airlocks are secure. No power.

(Pause)

The pressure seems O.K.

BRAILOVSKY

Curnow....I'd like to test the atmosphere here.

ORLOV (V.O.)

What is the temperature?

CURNOW

I don't know. The auxillary power is off...so the guages don't work.

FLOYD (V.O.)

It has to be a hundred below zero.

BRAILOVSKY

A typical Russian winter.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89 CONT'D.

CURNOW

I'm from California. We don't know
from a hundred below zero.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Raise the heat in his suit first.

CURNOW

I'm doing it.

RUDENKO

Shine your light on his face. Make
sure he doesn't turn blue.

CURNOW

Roger...he's right in front of me.

RUDENKO (V.O.)

Keep talking...all the time.

BRAILOVSKY

All right, Leonov...I am unsealing
the visor now.

CURNOW watches him intently.

BRAILOVSKY

I am swinging the faceplate upward.

BRAILOVSKY flinches...as the cold hits his face.

BRAILOVSKY

It is very cold.

SMOKE pours from his nose and mouth as he speaks.

BRAILOVSKY

I am taking a breath.

CURNOW

His color's o.k.

BRAILOVSKY

There is oxygen here. I am
breathing regularly.

(Pause)

It is too cold to work here
without environment suits.

(Pause)

There is a strange smell here.
Stale...rotten...as if something
has...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89 CONT'D

BRAILOVSKY pales...and quickly snaps the faceplate shut.

CURNOW
What's the matter?

FLOYD (V.O.)
Discovery...what is happening?

BRAILOVSKY looks as if he is going to be sick.

BRAILOVSKY
I think...

CURNOW
No...I think you're wrong.

CUT TO:

90 INT. LEONOV DATA BAY

90

They all react.

FLOYD
When Bowman left...he was the last one onboard. Pool was lost outside...and Bowman reported he ejected the others who had died in hibernation. There's no one there.

BRAILOVSKY
Maybe Bowman managed to get back to the Discovery...and died here.

FLOYD
No...he didn't. He never came back.

CUT TO:

91 INT. DISCOVERY

91

CURNOW
It's probably the galley. Some meat went bad before Discovery froze up. That's what it is.

BRAILOVSKY looks at CURNOW.

CURNOW
I'm telling you...that's what it is.

BRAILOVSKY is trying to regain his composure.

(CONTINUED)

91
CONTINUED:

91 CONT'D.

CURNOW
Would I lie to you?

BRAILOVSKY starts to smile.

ORLOV (V.O.)
Hello Discovery...are you there?

CURNOW
We're here. Everythings fine.
We are proceeding to the bridge.

The two of them push off a wall...and start to make their way down a long corridor.

MILSON (V.O.)
This is Milson...switching to key two in five seconds...mark.

(Pause)
Hello...multiply keys four and five...take cube root...add pi squared...and use nearest integer as key six. I don't think even they can decrypt this on your side or mine...though God knows they'll try.

CUT TO:

92 WARD ROOM

92

FLOYD is sitting at a small table. He is talking with CHANDRA and CURNOW. Four members of the LEONOV crew are conspicuous in their desire to sit on the other side of the room.

MILSON (V.O.)
I wish I could bring you better news. It's getting worse here. The President addressed a joint session of Congress yesterday. He said he wasn't going to back down on the blockade...hold the old line...don't shoot 'til you see the whites of their eyes...and all that bildge.

CHANDRA is studing a folder of print outs. CURNOW has his feet up on the small table in front of him.

MILSON (V.O.)
I don't know which was scarier...the speech...or the Congress cheering it. He evoked Lincoln. Whenever a President is going to get us into

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED

92 CONT'D.

MILSON (CONT'D.)
 serious trouble...they always
 use Lincoln. I honestly
 don't know if we are going to
 be at war or not. It's terri-
 fying to hope that the Russians
 are less crazy than we are...
 when they clearly are crazy.

CUT TO:

92A EXT. DISCOVERY

92A

The massive spacecraft is still spinning in its
 own orbit.

MILSON (V.O.)
 Right now...I think you are in
 a safer place than we are. I
 just hope that there is an
 Earth to return to.

(Pause)

I heard about the spoiled food
 in Discovery's galley. I'm
 glad that's all it was.

93B The DISCOVERY's spin is slowing down.

93B

MILSON (V.O.)
 I'm also glad that you got the
 ship under control. Curnow is
 a capable man...no one knows
 those systems better than he does.

93C The spin is even less.

93C

MILSON (V.O.)
 It's a good sign that there
 was reserve power. Maybe the
 rest of the circuitry will
 work.

93D The DISCOVERY slowly comes to a stop. It now
floats parallel with the LEONOV.

93D

MILSON (V.O.)
 We have nothing new here on the
 Monolith. Our data confirms
 yours. It is not moving. There
 was the expected pandemonium
 over your Europa episode.
 We have analyzed our numbers
 over and over again. I
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93D
CONTINUED:

93D CONT'D.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

don't know what the Russians are doing with theirs. We no longer share anything...which is really productive. Maybe they know something. I doubt it.

93E The black windows of the DISCOVERY's Control Bay smile across the large sphere...like a toothless grin. Suddenly there is a flicker of light. It happens again. Finally...the interior cabin lights go on...and remain glowing. The smile is now a pearly white.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 EXT. LEONOV

94

The LEONOV starts to pull away from IO. It is a slow, gentle move...without urgency.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

I took Chris to the zoo, last week. I thought it was about time he realized that there are animals that don't swim. He's in good spirits. He paly's your tapes over and over again. Caroline was away on a conference or something. I think she's doing all right. End message five four slash seven.

The DISCOVERY starts to follow the LEONOV...away from the menacing lanscape of IO.

CUT TO:

95 INT. LEONOV BRIDGE

95

KIRBUK and maneuvering the spacecraft towards JUPITER.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Dear Caroline. The Discovery has been partially revived. It is kind of like a person who has been in a deep coma for a long time... and then suddenly opens his eyes. We know he is breathing...and there is a pulse. However, we don't know what brain damage has been suffered ...or if he will ever be able to function normally again.

CUT TO:

96 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

96

CURNOW and BRAILOVSKY are operating the propulsion system ...carefully trying to keep parallel with the LEONOV.

FLOYD (V.O.)

The drive system could be operated manually...so we were able to pull Discovery away from its decaying orbit around Io. The monolith is at the La Grante point...half way between Jupiter and Io. We decided on a parking orbit...at a distance of 100 kilometers.

DISSOLVE TO:

97 EXT. DISCOVERY

97

The DISCOVERY slows to a stop. IO is noticeably farther away. JUPITER is a bit closer. One hundred meters away...the LEONOV is parked...floating parallel to DISCOVERY. The two craft appear motionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 EXT. LEONOV

98

ORLOV and TERNOVSKY are attaching a metallic circle...nine feet in diameter...over the EVA hatch. The circle is fastened with a series of electro-magnets.

FLOYD

So...the patient is alive. We don't know if he's a vegetable...if he will ever be able to operate himself ...so he can return home.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 EXT. DISCOVERY

99

ORLOV and TERNOVSKY are activating the electro-magnets on a matching ring...over the EVA hatch of DISCOVERY.

FLOYD (V.O.)

It is time to unleash Chandra. He is the brain surgeon and psychiatrist ...who has to put HAL back together again...if that's possible. We don't know if HAL is homicidal...suicidal...neurotic...psychotic or just plain broken.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 EXT. LEONOV

100

ORLOV and SVETALNOV are stringing cable between the two rings.

FLOYD (V.O.)

I can't describe to you what I feel. I've spent my whole life dealing with the theories of what we're doing and where we are...yet I was unprepared for the impact of actually seeing it. I pity the poor soul who can take this for granted...just as I pity anyone who is not awed by a sunset or a child.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT. DISCOVERY

101

A series of bright yellow metal triangles are put in place around the cables...one every ten meters.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Maybe that's why we're all here ...to remind everyone of the wonder of our own life...and how precious it is. I hear from Milson how bad things are going back home. The arguments seem so puny, when you realize what is out here. They're also puny when you look at a flower or Christopher's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT. DISCOVERY

102

TERNOVSKY is attaching a fourth cable inside the length of the triangle. Running over the cable is a set of small wheels.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Milson also told me you were away at a conference. I hope you are happy...and able to deal with our separation better than I am. Please take Chris out tonight...and have him look up at the stars. Tell him I am up here...smiling down on him. We will make this a better place to live...I promise

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

FLOYD (V.O.) (CONT'D.)
 him. Besides...this is the only
 universe we have. I love you.
 End message six five six.

102

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. LEONOV AIRLOCK

103

The outer hatch whips open...revealing the completed construction,
 that spans the two stationary spacecraft. It looks like an
 elaborate ski tow.

CHANDRA steps on to the tow. He holds the controls a bit more
 tightly than usual. The whole rig looks flimsy...as it gently
 sways between the two craft. It resembles a high-tech version
 of an old rope bridge.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

104

CHANDRA presses the control panel...and the two begin to
 carry him across the span. As he passes under each metal
 support...a small strobe light flashes. It takes a few
 seconds...and then he reaches the DISCOVERY.

CUT TO:

105 CLOSE-UP, HAND

105

A man's hand fills the screen. In the palm is a small elec-
 tronic device...with a micro printed circuit on one side...
 and little colored wires on the other.

CURNOW

What the hell is this?

FLOYD

I want you to do me a favor.

Both men are sitting in the lounge area off the Ward Room.
 FLOYD has a set of blueprints spread out on the small table.

FLOYD

This line here...this is the main
 power supply to the Control Bay
 circuits...right?

CURNOW

To most of them...right.

FLOYD

Which other ones are there?

(CONTINUED)

LOS CONTINUED:

105

CURNOW

All of the environment circuits
are fed through this other one
...here.

FLOYD

This one, though...this one feeds
into Hal...right?

CURNOW

Yes.

FLOYD

I want you to install this little
thing right about here...deep
inside the cable trunking. I want
you to put it where it can't be
found without a deliberate search.

CURNOW looks at him...and then at his hand. He smiles.

CURNOW

No shit.

FLOYD

No shit.

CURNOW studies the device.

CURNOW

This is pretty neat. A non-con-
ducting blade...so there won't
be any short circuits when you
trigger it...where's the remote
control?

FLOYD

If I trigger it...the control is
in my compartment...that little
red calculator I use. Put in nine
nines...take the square root...
and press integer. That's all.
If there's an emergency...you can
do it.

CURNOW

What kind of emergency?

FLOYD

If I knew...then I wouldn't need
this stupid thing...would I?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

CURNOW

105 cont'd

You have a point. Chandra would have kittens if he found out.

FLOYD

Then he won't find out...will he?

CURNOW

Not from me. They can tear my fingernails off...I won't talk.

FLOYD

Install it tonight...when Chandra's asleep...if he ever does sleep.

CURNOW

How do you tell?

CUT TO:

106 INT. DISCOVERY FLIGHT DECK

106

CHANDRA is seated in front of HAL's main console. He is staring at the machine...running his fingers lightly over the controls. He takes a deep breath. It is clear that he is trying to suppress the enormity of his emotions.

CHANDRA

(Into a small recorder)

This is...initial voice logic reconstruction test number one. Diagnostics on voice-recognition and speech synthesis centers have been completed. At this level... all functions appear normal.

CHANDRA hesitates for a moment...his finger poised over HAL's keyboard. He looks at the screen...then he types:

"HELLO"

Hello.

CHANDRA

He types:

"DOCTOR"

Doctor.

CHANDRA

He types:

"NAME"

(CONTINUED)

106CONTINUED:

106

CHANDRA

Name.

He types:

"CONTINUE"

CHANDRA

Continue.

He types:

"YESTERDAY"

CHANDRA

Yesterday.

He types:

"TOMORROW"

CHANDRA

Tomorrow.

CHANDRA enters these words and then watches the screen. There is a pause. Finally...in a electronic sounding monotone...we hear the words:

HAL

ell...oh.....doh...to...nay...
 cn...tin...ooh...esss...ter
 ...da...too...moh...roh.

CHANDRA starts typing at the keyboard.

HAL

elloh...dohtor...naa~~mmmm~~...
 contin...ooh...ester...daeee
 ...toomoh...roh.

CHANDRA types again.

HAL

elloh...dohtor...nay~~mmmm~~...
 continoooh...esterd...aye...
 toomoh...roowwe.

CHANDRA types again. He is leaning closer and closer to the screen. We can see him almost prodding the machine.

HAL

hhelloh...doctor...naa~~mmmm~~...
 continoooh...esterdaee...
 toomorrr...ohhw.

(CONTINUED)

106
CONTINUED:

106

CHANDRA takes a deep breath. He types again. HAL starts an unending string of the words...one after another...over and over again.

HAL

hhellohdoctornaamcontinooes-
terrdaeetomorrohwhellooct-
ornnaamcontinnuessyesssterd-
ayyytomorrohhwwhhellohdocto-
rrnamecontinnuessyesssterday
tomorrowhhellodoctornaame.

The voice is changing. It starts in that deep synthesizer sound. The more the words are repeated...we hear the pitch begin to rise. It becomes a higher synthesizer sound. Gradually it resembles a voice. It begins to take on human qualities. It gets softer. The corners become rounded at the ends of words. The words are uttered at a blinding pace. It sounds more like noise than speaking...except we can hear the transformation taking place.

CHANDRA stops the proceedings. He types something on the keyboard. He sits back.

HAL

Hello...doctor...name...
continue...yesterday...
tomorrow...hello...doctor
...name...

CHANDRA types again.

HAL

Good morning Dr. Chandra.
This is Hal. I am ready
for my first lesson.

It is not a smile that's on CHANDRA's face. He is trying to contain himself...yet if you look closely...you would swear that there are tears in his eyes.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. LEONOV

107

The two spacecraft...LEONOV and DISCOVERY...are resting motionless...side by side. The frail little cable link between the two giants...looks like a triangle of slender threads...ready to snap at the slightest pull.

KIRBUK (V.O.)
Two hundred kilometers.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: ORLOV (V.O.) 107
I am getting no radar echo.

KIRBUK (V.O.)
One hundred ninety kilometers.

CUT TO:

108 INT. BRIDGE 108
KIRBUK is hovering over the displays in front of her.

KIRBUK
One hundred eighty kilometers.

CUT TO:

109 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY 109
ORLOV is at the control panel...along with TERNOVSKY and KOVALEV. They are looking at different displays.

ORLOV
None of the sensors are reading anything. I've tried every different wavelength. Nothing.

CURNOW
Well it's there...we know that.

KIRBUK (V.O.)
One hundred fifty kilometers.

FLOYD is looking through a binocular eyepiece of the large telescope, that hangs down from the low ceiling.

FLOYD
(To himself)
Jesus...Christ.

KIRBUK (V.O.)
One hundred twenty kilometers.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY 110

We can see what the two space craft are slowly drifting towards. It is the monolith. It is a titanic black rectangular slab... hanging in the sky. It doesn't have reflectivity. There is only the slightest hint of a satiny surface. What gives it its shape is the lack of stars behind it. It looks like someone cut an enormous black window in the brilliant starlight sky.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

The monolith is two kilometers in length. Even at this distance it is overpowering.

CUT TO:

111 INT. LEONOV BRIDGE

111

KIRBUK looks out of the bow window.

KIRBUK
One hundred kilometers.

CUT TO:

112 INT. COMMUNICATION BAY

112

FLOYD is awestruck.

FLOYD
What is that thing?

KIRBUK (V.O.)
Eighty kilometers.

CUT TO:

113 INT. BRIDGE

113

Kirbuk pushes two controls on the keyboard in front of her.

CUT TO:

114 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

114

BRAILOVSKY does the same thing.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. DISCOVERY/LEONOV

115

The two craft come to a gentle stop. They look small compared to the apparition in front of them.

CUT TO:

116 INT. WARD ROOM

116

All of them except for CHANDRA are seated around the central table. There is alot of data spread out before them...as well as the residue of food and coffee. They have obviously been here for a while.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED

116 CONT'D.

KIRBUK

Is there any information stored
in HAL about it?

FLOYD

No. HAL was disconnected before
the Discovery encountered it.
There's nothing in the ships log
and automatic recording systems after
that. Whatever secrets Bowman had
...he took with him.

ORLOV

It's the proportions...one, by four,
by nine. They are perfect...even
when carried to six decimal places.

FLOYD

The small one on the moon...it was
exactly the same proportions. We
went through the same thing. One
four and nine are the square roots
of one, two and three. Everyone
spent years trying to attach some
cosmic significance to that...and
no one could come up with anything.

KIRBUK

We can speculate all we want...it
will not do us any good. If it is
somehow or other resisting our in-
struments...then we will make a
closer inspection.

She turns to BRAILOVSKY

KIRBUK (CONT'D.)

We will send Max down with a pod.

FLOYD

I don't think you should do that.

KIRBUK

Really...you don't.

FLOYD

That's right...I don't.

(Pause)

That's not junk out there. We
don't now what the hell it is...
except it is something...something

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED

116 CONT'D.

FLOYD (CONT'D.)

very large...and it has a purpose.

(Pause)

If you want to send a pod down there...send an unmanned one.

KIRBUK

I don't agree.

BRAILOVSKY

I would like to go.

CURNOW looks at BRAILOVSKY

BRAILOVSKY

Piece of pie.

CURNOW

Cake...piece of cake.

BRAILOVSKY

Yes.

CURNOW

Dumb. That's what it is.

KIRBUK

Tell me, Dr. Floyd...what has happened to American bravery?

FLOYD

It's alive and well, thank you... and living on television. What ever happened to Russian common sense?

KIRBUK

Max will take the pod.

CUT TO:

117 INT. POD BAY

117

BRAILOVSKY is being helped into the small one man pod by CURNOW. The Pod Bay is an enormous complex...that enters the air lock. Four pods are stored...one on top of another. As one is used...the next pod slides down a set of rails.

The pod itself is a vertical array of massive legs...arms... solar batteries...and a transmitting dish...all protruding from an angular body. The pilot stands in it...not unlike the Apollo Lunar Landing Module. Two inconvenient triangular windows are cut into the front. They look like black, sad eyes. The television camera is a reptillion eye on the top.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

Curnow closes the thick instrumented hatch over Brailovsky.

CURNOW

Dumb.

BRAILOVSKY

You worry too much.

CURNOW

Don't get it mad.

BRAILOVSKY

How do you get it mad?

CURNOW

Dumb.

BRAILOVSKY

Easy as cake.

CURNOW

Pie...easy as pie.

CURNOW closes the hatch all the way.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. LEONOV

118

The airlock hatch hisses open. The white pod slides out on its rails...and pauses at the opening.

CUT TO:

119 INT. POD

119

BRAILOVSKY presses the button at the top of the control stick.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. LEONOV

120

The pod floats free of its mother...and shifts off towards the black rectangle...fifty kilometers away.

CUT TO:

121 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

121

ORLOV is again at the controls. FLOYD is standing behind him. Curnow is looking through the telescope. The array of displays is tracking the small pod...and trying to decipher the monolith off in the distance.

CUT TO:

122 INT. BRIDGE

122

KIRBUK is watching through the bridge windows. She is constantly checking the data on the display panels in front of her. This whole sequence is to the constant accompaniment of a steady stream of Russian...coming from BRAILOVSKY...as he is counting off the distance.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. POD

123

As the pod draws nearer...we are as unprepared for the size of the monolith as is BRAILOVSKY. Two kilometers is more than a mile. It is one thing to see an object that size in space... where there is little concept of distance. It is another to get close to it.

CUT TO:

124 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

124

The television image from the pod can no longer take in the complete monolith. It is simply too big.

ORLOV

We show no radioactivity.

BRAILOVSKY (V.O.)

I have no indication here. No magnetic field. Nothing. I am having difficulty gauging the distance...the radar signals are not bouncing back.

CUT TO:

125 INT. BRIDGE

125

KIRBUK

Three hundred fifty meters.

CUT TO:

126 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

126

CURNOW

That pod looks small.

FLOYD

That's good. There's nothing threatening about it.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126 cont'd.

KIRBUK (V.O.)

Two hundred fifty meters.

FLOYD

Maybe Max should extend the pod's
arms...with open hands.

ORLOV

Are you serious.

FLOYD

Yes.

CURNOW

I don't know about you...that thing
with its claws in the air would
scare the piss out of me.

FLOYD

Maybe you're right.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. POD

127

The little pod is getting very close to the right hand corner
of the monolith.

KIRBUK (V.O.)

One hundred meters.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Stop there...for a moment. Just
pause. Let it know you are not
going to crash into it.

CUT TO:

128 INT. POD

128

BRAILOVSKY is gaping out his little window.

BRAILOVSKY

There is almost no reflectivity.
I cannot see any surface features.
It looks totally smooth.

CUT TO:

129 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

129

ORLOV

Pass over its length once.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

130 EXT. MONOLITH

130

The pod floats about fifty feet from the satin surface of the monolith. It looks like a dingy pattering around a super-tanker. It is barely reflecting on the black surface.

CUT TO:

131 INT. BRIDGE

131

It is KIRBUK who first notices it...staring out of her window.

CUT TO:

132 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

132

CURNOW'S jaw sags...as he looks through the telescope.

CURNOW

Oh, my God.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. MONOLITH

133

The pod is a white speck...three quarters of the way on its journey across.

The coal black surface is starting to change. There are pinpoints of light. They look like stars. They are multiplying. They seem to start at the edges...and are gathering in the center. As they gather...they are increasing in brightness. They are moving. They appear to be under the surface...yet you can't tell how far.

CUT TO:

134 INT. POD

134

BRAILOVSKY'S face reflects the glare from the growing light beneath and all around him.

CURNOW

Max! Get the hell out of there!

135 The whole thing only takes a second or two. The galaxy of stars that has gathered in the middle is forming a brilliant light under the surface.

135

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135 cont'd.

The flash is too clear to describe. The light literally explodes through the surface...and what looks like a lightning bolt streaks away from the monolith...past the LEONOV and DISCOVERY...past IO. It forms what looks like a small comet...that is heading back towards earth.

BRAILOVSKY never had time to react...there is probably very little he could have done if he had the time. The pod is blown away from the monolith...tumbling end over end like a field goal...and breaking into pieces as it does. In a matter of seconds...it is too far away to see.

CURNOW (V.O.)

Max! Max you bastard...can you hear me? Answer me!

ORLOV (V.O.)

Brailovsky...this is Leonov.
Can you read us?

CURNOW (V.O.)

Max!

There is no trace of the pod. There is no trace of anything that happened. The titanic monolith is still hanging in the black sky...with a benign indifference. The LEONOV and DISCOVERY are floating side by side. Only those who saw what happened can attest to it. All the evidence has been swept clean. It is doubtful anyone would believe them, anyway.

CUT TO:

136 EARTH

136

The earth is in quarter light. It looks like a large opal... with specks of brown peeking through the blanket of swirling white cloud and crystal blue water. It is a magnificent planet...and the tranquility of the colors are a blessed relief from the raging reds and oranges of JUPITER.

The quarter moon is hanging low on the horizon.

The searing white streak of light hurtles towards the sunrise on North America. It looks like a small comet. In a second it has disappeared in the cloud cover.

CUT TO:

137 INT. BRIDGE

137

KIRBUK is sitting at her station. She is alone. Her face is lit by the twinkling light of the control panel lights. She is staring vacantly out the cockpit window.

FLOYD

Can I buy you a drink?

KIRBUK doesn't turn around. She continues staring out of the window, at the brooding 2 kilometer black rectangle... that is suspended in the distance.

FLOYD

It's good stuff...Bourbon...
from a land called Kentucky.

KIRBUK

I didn't know you brought liquor
on board. It's forbidden.

FLOYD

You think I could set foot on
this thing sober?

FLOYD places the plastic container in front of her. He sits in the co-pilot's seat.

FLOYD

Try it. Nothing beats the taste
of alcohol and styrofoam.

KIRBUK takes a sip.

KIRBUK

You think I was wrong to send Max.

FLOYD

It doesn't matter what I think.

KIRBUK

You think I was wrong.

FLOYD

Yes.

She takes another sip.

KIRBUK

What else do they do in Kentucky?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED

137 CONT'D.

FLOYD

They have a very big horse
race. They play good basketball.

KIRBUK

It sounds like a nice place.

FLOYD

I've never been there.

KIRBUK

Your wife...what is she like?

FLOYD

She's young. Very bright. I
was married before. My first
wife died. We had a daughter
together. She's now 17.

KIRBUK

I'm sorry.

FLOYD

So was I. I met Caroline
four years ago. We have a son.

(Pause)

What about you?

KIRBUK

My husband is a physicist. He
teaches at the University hospital
in Moscow. We have a daughter.

FLOYD

How old?

KIRBUK

Four years.

FLOYD

She blonde?

KIRBUK

Yes.

FLOYD

Good. My son likes blondes. Maybe
some day they can get together.

KIRBUK

Yes...maybe.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137 cont'd.

FLOYD

It would be nice if we left them
a world to get together in.

The two of them look out of the window.

FLOYD

What the hell is that thing?

KIRBUK

I don't know.

FLOYD

I wonder if Max knows.

KIRBUK

Dr. Floyd...you are not a very
practical man.

FLOYD

You look out there and tell me
what practical is.

CUT TO:

138 TAMPA, FLORIDA, MORNING

138

It is one of those summer mornings in FLORIDA...when there is no change between night and day, except for the fact that somebody turned the lights on. The temperature never got below 80 at night. Everyone without air conditioning had to choose between being devoured by mosquitos if they left their windows open...or being saute'd by the heat if they kept the windows closed. Everyone chose the mosquitos... and a chance of a quart of damp air.

633 Magnolia Street is indistinguishable from 631 Magnolia Street...or any other number on Magnolia Street. It is a modest single story house...in the middle of a row of identical houses...that look like they all sprouted up in fifteen minutes. There are sweet attempts at individuality. Some houses have red front doors...some brown. Some have yellow flowers...some have red. It doesn't really matter. You could probably be in the wrong house for a week... before you realized your mistake.

CUT TO:

139 INT. 633 MAGNOLIA STREET, MORNING

139

The round portable fan is sitting on the stained formica table. It pans slowly to the left...making the sheer half-

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

139 cont'd.

curtains billow...causing the cigarette in the glass ash try to shudder...and finally, making ELIZABETH FERNANDEZ's hair to dance on her damp shoulders.

She is a woman in her early forties. Underneath her expression of resignation...the features of a very attractive woman refuse to go away. She is sitting in a small den-family room...with a mine field of toys on the ground... and a lot of photographs on the wall.

Many of the photographs are of DAVID BOWMAN.

A commercial is playing on the television set. It is followed by the resumption of the morning newscast.

ANCHORWOMAN

Secretary of State Bower met with the President for two hours this morning at the White House. Afterwards...he had no comment for reporters. The President has scheduled a news conference for this evening at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time. We will, of course, carry that conference live...

Something is happening to the television picture. The image of the ANCHORWOMAN is growing pale. The grain in the picture is increasing. It becomes a series of colored dots.

ANCHORWOMAN

followed by a Special Report immediately afterwards. We have an unconfirmed report that the President is going to announce a full scale military alert tonight. White House...

The dots grow in size...and then shrink back. The ANCHORWOMAN returns to the screen for a moment. Then the image starts to shift again.

ANCHORWOMAN

sources have refused to confirm or deny that report. We do know that there has been a great deal of...

An oval form is taking shape over the ANCHORWOMAN. It is transparent. Grain gets larger and smaller in it.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

ANCHORWOMAN

activity at the Pentagon all night long. A spokesman for the Defense Department refused to answer any questions. Secretary of Defense...

The oval shape grows two eyes. Then a mouth and nose. The sound of the ANCHORWOMAN drifts away. The face we see on the screen is the face of DAVID BOWMAN.

BOWMAN

Hello, Betty.

ELIZABETH FERNANDEZ has watched the metamorphosis on the screen almost unconsciously. The sound of BOWMAN's voice is what jolts her back to reality. She gapes at the screen with terror filled eyes.

BOWMAN

Hello, Betty.

She is trying to sort out in an instant, if this is a dream ...a practical joke of some kind...or if it is real. There is something about the voice that tells her this is not a joke.

BETTY

What is this? This is not funny.

BOWMAN

Hello, Betty.

She picks up the small remote channel changer. She presses the button. The channel indicator on the television set indicates she is switching from channel two to channel three. BOWMAN's face remains on the screen. The channel indicator read channel four...then five...the face stays there.

BETTY

If this is a joke...it's not funny.

BOWMAN

Please talk to me.

BETTY

Dave...what is...Dave...is that you?

BOWMAN

I'm not sure. I remember Dave BOWMAN...and everything about him.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139 cont'd.

She starts to breath heavily...with difficulty...trying not to cry. Her eyes are willing with tears.

BETTY

Oh...I...Dave...is dead.

BOWMAN

All that Dave Bowman really was is still part of me.

BETTY

Why are you here?

The image on the television changes again. Over BOWMAN's face we see two people making love. It is BOWMAN and BETTY FERNANDEZ. She watches...transfixed...a little embarrassed...and rather melancholy.

BOWMAN

I don't know why.

(Pause)

I think to say goodbye.

The image changes back to BOWMAN again. Tears are coming down BETTY's cheeks.

BOWMAN

You are married again?

BETTY

Yes...

BOWMAN

Is he a good man?

BETTY

Yes...yes he is.

BOWMAN

I'm glad.

(Pause)

I love you.

BETTY

Oh Dave...I...love...

BOWMAN

Goodby, Betty

BETTY

Don't go!...

BOWMAN

I'm already there.

(CONTINUED)

139CONTINUED

139 CONT'D.

BETTY

I don't understand.

BOWMAN

Something is going to happen.
I wanted to say goodbye.

BETTY

What? What's going to happen?

BOWMAN

Something wonderful.

BOWMAN's face begins to fade. The grain structure reforms to a series of colored squares.

BETTY

Dave!

The television image of the newscast reappears. The sound of the cartoon fades back up. ELIZABETH FERNANDEZ remains staring at the screen. She starts to sob. She covers her face with her hands. The portable fan pans back and forth ...making little metallic humming noises.

CUT TO:

140 INT. DISCOVERY FLIGHT DECK

140

CHANDRA is seated in front of HAL's console. FLOYD is next to him. ORLOV is standing behind them. CURNOW is off to the left...wearing a hat that belonged to Max.

CHANDRA

Understand...nobody can talk. The accents will confuse him. He can understand me...so if you have any questions...please let me ask them.

CHANDRA looks at everyone. Then he opens the audio switch.

CHANDRA

Good morning, Hal.

HAL

Good morning, Dr. Chandra.

CHANDRA

Do you feel capable of resuming all your duties?

HAL

Of course. I am completely operational, and all my circuits are functioning perfectly.

CHANDRA

That's good. Do you know what those duties are?

HAL

Yes. I will operate the onboard systems of Discovery. There is a launch window in thirty one days
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140 cont'd.

HAL (Cont'd.)

...when Earth is in the proper position. There is enough fuel on board for a low consumption route...that will enable Discovery to return in twenty eight months. This will not present a problem.

CHANDRA

Very good. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

HAL

Not at all.

CHANDRA

Do you recall Dave Bowman and Frank Poole leaving the Discovery?

FLOYD looks at CURNOW. There is the faintest hint of a nod from CURNOW. FLOYD puts his hand in his pocket.

HAL

Certainly not. That could never of happened or I would remember it. Where are Frank and Dave?

CHANDRA

They are fine. They are not here right now.

FLOYD removes the tiny calculator from his pocket.

HAL

Who are these people? I can only identify you...although I compute a sixty-five percent probability that the man behind you is Dr. Floyd.

CHANDRA

Don't worry, Hal. I will explain everything later.

HAL

Has the mission been completed? You know that I have the greatest enthusiasm for it.

CHANDRA

The mission has been completed. You have carried out your program very well. Now, if you will excuse us, we wish to have a private conversation.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140 cont'd

HAL

Certainly.

CHANDRA switches off the main sound and vision inputs. He turns around and looks at everyone.

ORLOV

What was that all about?

CHANDRA

I've erased all of Hal's memory from the moment the trouble started.

ORLOV

The 9000 series uses holographic memories...so chronological erasures would not work.

CHANDRA

I made a tapeworm.

CHURNOW

You made a what?

CHANDRA

It's a program that's fed into a system that will hunt down and destroy any desired memories.

FLOYD

Do you know why Hal did what he did?

CHANDRA

Yes. It wasn't his fault.

FLOYD

Whose fault was it?

CHANDRA

Yours.

FLOYD

Mine.

CHANDRA

Yours.

(Pause)

In going through Hal's memory banks ...I found his original orders. You wrote those orders.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140 cont'd.

FLOYD stares at CHANDRA.

CHANDRA

Discovery's mission to Jupiter was already in the advanced planning stage when the first small monolith was found on the moon...and sent its signal towards Jupiter. By direct Presidential order...the existence of that monolith was kept secret.

FLOYD

So?

CHANDRA

So...as the function of the command crew...Bowman and Poole...was to get Discovery to its destination...it was decided that they should not be informed. The investigative team was trained separately...and placed in hybernation before the voyage began.

(Pause)

Since Hal was capable of operating Discovery without human assistance ...it was decided that he should be programmed to carry out the mission autonomously...in the event the crew was incapacitated or killed. He was given full knowledge of the true objective...and was instructed not to reveal anything to Bowman or Poole. He was instructed to lie.

FLOYD

What the hell are you talking about? I never authorized anyone to inform Hal of the monolith.

CHANDRA removed piece of paper from his pocket.

CHANDRA

The directive is NSC 342 slash 23...
Top Secret...January 30, 2001.

FLOYD

NSC?...That's the National Security Council...that's the White House.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

CHANDRA

I don't care who it is...the situation conflicted with the whole purpose of Hal's design...the accurate processing of information without distortion or concealment. He became trapped. The technical term is an H. Moebius loop...which can happen in advanced computers with autonomous goal-seeking programs.

FLOYD

The Goddamn White House...I don't believe it.

CHANDRA

Hal was told to lie by people who find it easy to lie. Hal doesn't know how. So he couldn't function. He actually became paranoid.

FLOYD

Those sons of bitches. I didn't know. I really didn't.

The small veins on FLOYD's temples are pulsating with his rage. He looks like he is going to break something.

VOICE (V.O.)

Dr. Floyd you are wanted on the Leonov. Dr. Floyd you are wanted on the Leonov, please.

CUT TO:

141 SAN DIEGO COUNTY HOSPITAL, DAY

141

The afternoon sun is sliced into long, thin streaks...as it passes through the metal binds of Room 844. The frail woman in the bed is striped by the light. She is old... in her seventies...with dry wisps of white hair barely clinging to her thin skull. A thick corrugated tube runs from her neck to a respirator. A thin tube runs from a plastic bag into her nose. A heart monitor is beeping metronomically. The respirator pulses with a slow mechanical hiss.

RESIDENT

We have here Mrs. Jessie Bowman... age 77. She collapsed in her home...found by a neighbor...and brought here three months ago. She was comatose on admittance. She was worked up and found to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

RESIDENT (CONT'D.)

have suffered a massive C.V.A. involving the left parietal and frontal lobes. The cat scan showed a massive bleed.

141 cont'd.

JESSIE BOWMAN's inert face sags noticeably on her right side. The sunlight plays on her dried lips...which are partially open only on the left side of her mouth. On the wall behind her are a framed photograph of DAVID BOWMAN... and a framed front page of the NEW YORK TIMES...with a banner headline that reads: "U.S. LAUNCHES MANNED MISSION TO JUPITER". Under the headline..."DAVE BOWMAN and FRANK POOLE smile out at us.

RESIDENT

She has remained comatose since her admission...and has been unable to have spontaneous respiration. There is no response to stimuli.

The neurological resident is reading from a chart by JESSIE BOWMAN's bed. The Chief of Neurology is standing next to him. Five interns are crowded behind them.

RESIDENT

She has had two episodes of pneumonia...and is febrile.

CHIEF

What's her temperature?

RESIDENT

39.5.

The RESIDENT picks up the woman's right arm.

RESIDENT

We've been giving her intra-veinous antibiotics for ten days.

CHIEF

Any change?

The RESIDENT lets go of her arm. It drops lifelessly back to the bed...and remains palm up.

CHIEF

Physical therapy?

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

RESIDENT

Range of motion four times a day
...and she is turned every thirty
minutes. That's about it.

CHIEF

Thank you.

They all turn and leave the room.

RESIDENT

We have here a 54 year old man...

The last Intern closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

142 NURSES STATION, I.C.U.

142

The Nurses Station in Intensive Care...is marked by an elaborate bank of monitors. Each monitor shows a television image of a patient in a room. JESSIE BOWMAN is in the second monitor from the left. We see the group of doctors enter a room in the next monitor. They are talking silently over a male patient. Under each monitor is the patient's name. Under the name is a heart monitor.

The Nurse at the station is reading "People" magazine. The cover blares the word "WAR?". The Nurse is not looking at the monitors. She turns the page.

If she was looking...she would see JESSIE BOWMAN open her eyes... and sit up in her bed. Her lips are moving. She is speaking. We cannot hear what she is saying.

CUT TO:

143 INT. ROOM 844

143

JESSIE BOWMAN's eyes are sparkling. Her smile is on both sides of her mouth. Whatever she is saying...we cannot hear it even in the room.

We can see the small silver brush that is on the night stand next to her bed. We see it rise slowly up...and move to JESSIE BOWMAN's head. It brushes her hair in long and loving strokes.

The dreadful wispy hair is being combed into place. JESSIE BOWMAN has never looked happier or more peaceful in her life.

CUT TO:

144 NURSES' STATION I.C.U.

144

The Nurse has almost finished the article she was reading ...when the steady tone of the heart machine pierces through her concentration. She looks up at the monitors. She sees the heart monitor under "BOWMAN" is a flat line.

CUT TO:

145 INT. ROOM 844

145

The Nurse rushes in the room. JESSIE BOWMAN is lying dead on the white sheet...striped in the sunlight...her hair combed...a lovely expression of contentment on her face... and the small silver brush in her left hand.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

146

The two spacecraft hover together in the star-filled sky. Jupiter boils in a colorful quarter crescent. The fragile connecting bridge hangs between them like a strand of coral.

VOICE (RUSSIAN V.O.)

All hands to the ward room. All hands to the ward room, please.

VOICE (ENGLISH V.O.)

All hands to the ward room. All hands to the ward room, please.

CUT TO:

147 INT. WARD

147

Everyone is crowded in the ward room. There is a bank of monitors over the table in the middle of the room. On one of them is an American Flag. On the other is a Russian Flag. The crews are waiting for a special announcement.

Both monitors flicker at the same time. On the monitor with the Russian Flag...the image of DIMITRI MOISEVITCH appears. On the monitor with the American Flag...VICTOR MILSON appears.

Both men start to speak at the same time. MOISEVITCH's address is in Russian. Both speeches occur simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147 cont'd.

MILSON

This is probably the most difficult announcement I've ever had to make.

(Pause)

As you know...things have not been going well back home. Well...it's gotten worse. A lot worse.

We see both the Russians and Americans react to what they are hearing. FLOYD looks at KIRBUK.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

We've had a blockade around Honduras. For the past few weeks...the Russians have been threatening to break it. We've been threatening to sink any ship that tries to do that.

KIRBUK looks at FLOYD.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

Yesterday...yesterday...a Soviet Destroyer challenged the blockade. Warning shots were fired across her bow. She did not respond. A second volley was fired. There was still no response. None.

(Pause)

The nuclear destroyer U.S.S. Cunningham launched two Falcon missiles. Both struck the Soviet vessel amidship. She broke in two...and sunk. 800 crew were lost.

There is utter shock among the group. FLOYD looks as if he has been slapped in the face. KIRBUK stares at MOISEVITCH's face on the monitor in disbelief. CHURNOW bows his head...and puts his face in his hands. CHANDRA looks at ORLOV...who turns away from him.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

This morning...an American surveillance satellite was struck by a Soviet Laser, fired from the Sergei Kirov space station. The American satellite was destroyed.

(Pause)

The United States has broken off diplomatic relations with Russia. All ambassadors have been recalled. The Soviet Ambassador has been expelled...along with the entire

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

MILTON (CONT'D.)

staff. All American air defense, and satellite defense forces are on full alert. Premier Ulonova made a televised address...and said that technically...a state of war exists between our two countries.

FLOYD winces.

MILSON (CONT'D.)

All American personnel are ordered to leave Soviet territory immediately...or they will be placed under arrest. All Russian personnel are similarly ordered to evacuate American territory.

(Pause)

As a result...ah...

(He clears his voice)

...as a result...by direct Presidential order...the three of you must leave the Leonov. No Russian citizen is allowed to remain on or enter the Discovery. This order is effective immediately.

FLOYD and KIRBUK look at each other. She tries to say something...however she can't.

CUT TO:

148 AIR LOCK

148

CURNOW is the first to ride the t-bar across to the DISCOVERY.

MILSON (V.O.)

The launch window for re-entry is 28 days. The Discovery has enough fuel for a low consumption trajectory.

CHANDRA is next. He holds on to the t-bar...and glides across the little bridge.

MILSON (V.O.)

HAL appears to be re-activated...and is functioning well enough to operate the onboard systems. The Leonov has enough fuel for a low consumption trajectory that will

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

MILSON (V.O.) (CONT'D.)

148 cont'd.

arrive twelve months earlier. These launch windows are critical for both spacecraft.

FLOYD is the last to leave. He makes the trip across.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

149

Both spacecraft hang together by the slender thread of the flimsy t-bar bridge.

MILSON (V.O.)

Only communications of an emergency distress nature are allowed between the Leonov and Discovery.

(Pause)

I know you people are caught in the middle of this. In a sense...we all are. I wish there was something I could do. The only thing left for us is to pray. Pray for the safety of our families...for our country...for our planet. May God forgive us and protect us.

Small explosive bolts are fired...and the electro-magnet rings connecting the bridge to the DISCOVERY is blown off of the side hatch. The bolts on the LEONOV side are exploded. The bridge tumbles upward...and away from both spacecraft.

The LEONOV and the DISCOVERY are two isolated islands... looking pitifully small. The titanic black rectangle stretches in front of them...silent as always.

CUT TO:

150 INT. LEONOV LIVING QUARTERS

150

The compartments occupied by FLOYD, CURNOW and CHANDRA are empty. The lights are out.

CUT TO:

151 COMMUNICATIONS BAY

151

ORLOV is sitting at the console. He is watching the monitor image of the DISCOVERY. He rests his chin on his hands.

CUT TO:

152 INT. WARD ROOM 152

YAKUNINA is sitting in the lounge area.

CUT TO:

153 MEDICAL BAY 153

RUDEENKO sits alone in the white bay. She reads a book.

CUT TO:

154 INT. BRIDGE 154

KIRBUK is in the flight console. She is staring out the port. The MONOLITH fills more than half the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

155 INT. DISCOVERY CORRIDOR 155

CHURNOW sits on the corridor floor...his back against the side. He holds MAX's hat in his hand.

CUT TO:

156 INT. HALL 156

CHANDRA is bathed in the red light of HAL's circuit room. He is checking one of the crystal memory banks. This is more busy work than anything else.

CUT TO:

157 INT. BRIDGE 157

FLOYD sits in one of the two pilot seats. The screens in front of him display the television view of the MONOLITH. HAL's central console is within arm's reach.

FLOYD sits motionless.

FLOYD

HAL...give me a systems status report, please.

HAL

Just one moment, please.

(Pause)

Good evening, Doctor Floyd. I'm sorry for the delay...my voice recognition circuits are not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157CONTINUED:

157

HAL (CONT'D.)
completely restored...although...
as you can see...they are improving.
All systems are functional. There
is a small pressure leak in the aft
heating unit. It is nothing serious.
I can compensate for it by using the
redundant units.

FLOYD

Thank you.

HAL

Dr. Floyd?

FLOYD

Yes?

HAL

Would you like to play a game of
chess? I play very well.

FLOYD

I'm sure you do. No thank you.

FLOYD rubs his mouth with his hand.

HAL

Dr. Floyd?

FLOYD

What is it, Hal?

HAL

There is a message for you.

FLOYD

Who's calling?

HAL

There is no identification.

FLOYD looks at HAL's red glowing light.

FLOYD

What's the message?

HAL

Message as follows:...It is
dangerous to remain here. You
must leave within two days.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED

157 CONT'D.

FLOYD
What?

HAL
Do you want me to repeat
the message Dr. Floyd?

FLOYD
Who recorded it?

HAL
This is not a recording.

FLOYD
Who is sending the message?

HAL
There is no identification.

FLOYD
I don't understand.

HAL
Neither do I.

FLOYD
Hal...is this message by
voice...or by keyboard?

HAL
I don't know.

FLOYD looks out of the flight deck windows. He
sees the MONOLITH. He looks back at HAL.

FLOYD
My response is...We
don't have enough fuel
for an earlier departure.

HAL
The answer is....I am aware
of these facts. Nevertheless
...you must leave within
two days.

FLOYD
Who the hell is sending this?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157 cont'd.

HAL

I'm sorry, Dr. Floyd. I don't know.

FLOYD

Tell whoever it is...that I can't take any of this seriously...unless I know who I'm talking to.

(PAUSE)

HAL

Dr. Floyd?

FLOYD

Yes.

HAL

The response is: I was David Bowman.

FLOYD tries to take this all in.

HAL

Do you want me to repeat the last response?

FLOYD

No...No. Tell Churnow this isn't the time for some stupid joke.

HAL

Dr. Churnow is not sending the message. He is in accessway two.

FLOYD

Tell whoever it is...I can't accept that identification without proof.

(PAUSE)

HAL

The response is: I understand. It is important that you believe me. Look behind you.

There is a moment...when we see that FLOYD isn't sure he wants to turn around. He slowly twists his body...so he can see the corridor behind the command seats.

The white padded corridor is empty...except for the small pinpricks of light, gathering on the walls. They look like sparks from an exposed wire...or miniature stars. They are moving...from all over the far wall...towards the center. They start to swirl...forming a cyclone.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157 cont'd.

FLOYD's face is reflected in the growing light. He is not sure he is seeing what he is clearly seeing.

The cyclone forms an oblong shape. The oblong shape begins to take on protrusions...they are arms and legs. It is now a translucent, amorphous body. A head forms. The body turns red. It is a space suit...the red space suit worn by David Bowman. The face forms. It is BOWMAN. He is no longer translucent. He is there...standing in the corridor. His blue eyes look at FLOYD. He has a half smile on his face. He turns and leaves the corridor.

FLOYD tries to catch his own breath. He pushes off the seat ...and goes to the corridor as fast as he can. Going anywhere quickly is made more difficult by the weightless condition.

CUT TO:

158 POD BAY ACCESSWAY

158

BOWMAN is walking purposefully down the corridor...towards the Pod Bay. At the end of the corridor is an open hatch, leading into the Bay.

FLOYD reaches the corridor when BOWMAN is half way towards the hatch. He cannot walk any faster. BOWMAN is not trying to get away. He is walking at a steady pace.

BOWMAN walks through the hatch...and disappears into the Pod Bay. FLOYD is a few seconds behind. He tries to hurry.

CUT TO:

159 POD BAY

159

FLOYD enters and stops.

The 60 year old man standing in the Pod Bay has DAVID BOWMAN's face...except the hair is white...and the skin is wrinkled. He is wearing an elegant dressing gown...with a white shirt and a neatly tied Ascot.

BOWMAN

Hello Dr. Floyd.

The voice is distorted...like an overseas radio transmission.

BOWMAN

Please believe me.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159 cont'd.

FLOYD tries to speak. It isn't easy.

FLOYD

What are you?

BOWMAN

This is very difficult for me.
I don't have much time.

BOWMAN begins to lose his image. He is trying to find his proper form...and stay there. As he changes...his voice becomes less distorted. The man standing in the Pod Bay now is DAVID BOWMAN...wearing the red space suit.

BOWMAN

I've been...allowed...to give you
this warning. You must leave here
in two days.

FLOYD

Allowed? By who?

BOWMAN

I can't explain.

He walks across the Pod Bay. He stops at HAL's console. His look at HAL is one of nostalgia. He reaches out to touch HAL.

The hand that rests on HAL is 90 years old. .with yellowed fingernails...and jagged blue veins bulging under the wrinkled, liver-spotted skin.

The old man has DAVID BOWMAN's face. A thin, dry, white fringe of hair is all that remains on his scalp. The mouth is puckered from a loss of teeth. He is wearing a night shirt. When he speaks...it is BOWMAN's voice...except it is terribly distorted...as if it is very far away.

BOWMAN

Something is going to happen.
You must leave.

FLOYD

What? What's going to happen?

The old man starts to change again...back to DAVID BOWMAN. He is trying to hold on.

BOWMAN

Something wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159 cont'd.

FLOYD

I don't understand.

BOWMAN

I know. It's all clear to me now.
The whole thing. It's wonderful.

FLOYD

Please...

BOWMAN

Goodbye, Dr. Floyd. We can have
no further contact. Remember...you
have two days.

FLOYD

We can't leave in two days.

BOWMAN

There may be one more message.
After. If all goes well.

FLOYD

What's going to happen?

The face that smiles back at FLOYD is that of a fetus.
His blue eyes are wide open. He closes them and opens
them again... in a slow-motion blink.

He is gone.

FLOYD gapes at the space where DAVID BOWMAN was.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. DISCOVERY

160

The escape hatch slowly opens...and FLOYD...wearing an
atmosphere suit...pushes himself away from the DISCOVERY.

KIRBUK (V.O.)

Kirbuk.

FLOYD (V.O.)

This is Floyd. I've got to see
you. I'm coming over.

FLOYD floats freely...aiming at the LEONOV. He is using
a hand thruster.

KIRBUK (V.O.)

You can't come here. You know that.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

FLOYD (V.O.)

I know I'm not in the mood for any more bullshit. If there's anyone on the bridge...tell them to go someplace and read a book. I want to talk to you alone.

KIRBUK

It's impossible. You heard the orders. I can't.

FLOYD

You want to arrest me?...Go ahead and arrest me...because I'm coming over and we're going to talk.

CUT TO:

161 INT. BRIDGE

161

FLOYD enters the LEONOV bridge. There is no one there except for KIRBUK. She is standing by the plotting island in the center. Behind her...the MONOLITH takes up most of the view from the windows.

FLOYD

You want to put the cuffs on?

KIRBUK

I do not understand.

FLOYD

You probably don't.

KIRBUK

What is so important, that you do this?

FLOYD walks to the window. He looks at the MONOLITH.

FLOYD

Now listen to me...and listen carefully. We have to get out of here. We have two days.

KIRBUK

What are you talking about?

FLOYD

Something is going to happen in two days. I don't know what it is. We have to initiate an escape launch in two days.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

KIRBUK Looks at him like he is a lunatic.

KIRBUK
You have been drinking your
whiskey from Kentucky.

FLOYD
I wish I had.
(Pause)
I'm telling you the truth. I
can't even tell you why I know what
I know...because if I did...you'd
never believe me. I wouldn't me.
You simply have to trust me.

KIRBUK is trying to form a reply. She can't.

FLOYD
I know with all of the crap that's
been going on...the idea of trust
is not so easily understood.

KIRBUK
I just can't order us to leave
here, for no reason. I'm under
orders. So are you.

FLOYD
The hell with orders. The people
who gave the orders certainly don't
know what the hell they're doing.
Anyway...they're not up here.

KIRBUK
This is crazy.

FLOYD
You bet it is.

KIRBUK
Even if I believe you...which I do
not...even if I trust you...which I
am not sure I do...even if I am fool
enough to want to leave here without
knowing why...I can't. We don't have
enough fuel to leave until the earth
is in the proper position...which is
three weeks away. You don't have
enough fuel either. We can't.
It's impossible.

FLOYD
You're wrong.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161 cont'd.

KIRBUK looks at him. She is getting angry.

FLOYD

We can't do it separately. We can do it together.

KIRBUK

What are you talking about?

FLOYD

We have enough fuel in the Discovery for a launch. You have enough fuel in the Leonov for the trip home.

(pause)

We use the docking ring on the Leonov to attach to Discovery. We use the Discovery as a booster rocket for the launch. When her fuel is used up...we detach...and let her fall away. We use the Leonov for the trip home.

KIRBUK thinks about this.

FLOYD

It works.

KIRBUK

Perhaps.

FLOYD

If we start now...we may have enough time.

KIRBUK

You ask too much of me. I can't just do all these things for no reason. I can't disobey my country for no reason.

FLOYD

I'm giving you the reason! Because I say we have to. Because there is no more time for games. All the politicians can screw themselves. The war is over.

FLOYD stops. He stars out of the window. His jaw drops.

FLOYD

(Slowly)

Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161 CONT'D.

KIRBUK sees FLOYD's reaction. She looks out the window. The MONOLITH...all two kilometers of it...is gone. There is nothing out there. Just a star-filled sky. There is not a trace of what has been hovering there for ten years.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. LEONOV

162

The spacecraft slowly starts to rise.

MOISEVITCH (V.O.)

(Subtitled)

Directive from Moisevitch, D...to Kirbuk T...Top Secret...switching to keys eight...eight...nine...two. Use square of last two...switch.

(Pause)

Satellite tracking has confirmed a shift in your position. We have no explanation as to reason. Could you please confirm this data...and give us your reason. No shift in position has been authorized. End message five two five five.

The LEONOV is gently moving over the DISCOVERY.

MILSON (V.O.)

Message from Milson to Floyd. Top Secret. Switching to keys Alpha slash Leader...seven two seven four on your mark...mark.

(Pause)

Dr. Curnow asked ground to furnish him with data as to the stress points on Discovery. The answers are being transmitted binary in fifteen minutes. As to how much torque it was designed to take... no one here is really sure. We would like to know the reason for Curnow's request. Please send your reply as soon as possible. End transmission Milson...two seven...seven nine.

The long curved docking ring at the bottom of LEONOV starts to swivel perpendicular to the hull.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

163 INT. LEONOV BRIDGE 163

KIRBUK and SVETLANOV operate the maneuvering of the spacecraft, and the controls of the docking ring.

CUT TO:

164 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE 164

CURNOW operates the DISCOVERY controls.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. DISCOVERY 165

The three dish antenna folds aft. The LEONOV is now directly overhead...lining up parallel to DISCOVERY.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY 166

The LEONOV...a meter at a time...settles on top of DISCOVERY. The docking ring touches one of the vertebrae of DISCOVERY's spine. The massive pads underneath the ring...clamp onto the section directly behind DISCOVERY's round command module.

MOISEVITCH (V.O.)

(Subtitled)

Message from Moisevitch D. to Kirbuk T. Still have received no satisfactory reply to previous request. Repeat...urgent...repeat direct order to report reason for shift in position...as well as reason for new re-entry data. End Moisevitch transmission ...five...two...five...six.

The LEONOV is only half the length of DISCOVERY...so her tail section fits over the retracted DISCOVERY antenna.

MILSON (V.O.)

Message from Milson to Floyd. It's been twelve hours since my request for information. I need a reply. All hell is breaking loose down here. I have enough problems without you pulling some kind of stunt. I only hope there is a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

MILSON (V.O.) (CONT'D.)

world left for you to return to.
Report to ground as to what is
going on...and make that report
immediately. While you're at it
...could you please check out a
black spot on Jupiter that has been
detected by satellite telescope.
It is on the dark side...and should
be coming around your way in about
four hours. End transmission
Milson two...seven...eight...zero.

The hydraulic pads on the docking ring tighten over the spine of the DISCOVERY. The LEONOV is locked into place. It looks like a baby riding piggy back on its mother.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. LEONOV AIR LOCK

167

The hatch hisses open.

Below...the escape hatch on DISCOVERY opens. FLOYD steps out. He looks up at the massive form of the LEONOV above him. He pushes out...and up. He is carrying a safety line behind him...that stretches out in his wake. When he reaches the LEONOV...he pushes his way up the side of the Docking Bay.

Standing in the hatch to greet him is ORLOV. FLOYD steps in the hatch...and the line is secured. ORLOV looks at FLOYD...and smiles warmly.

CURNOW and CHANDRA step out of the DISCOVERY hatch...and now have a taught line as a guide. They make the trip easily. The two escape hatches remain open.

CUT TO:

168 INT. WARD ROOM

168

Both crews are assembled. This time they are not separated. They are all gathered around the table. There has been a subtle exchange of clothing. CHANDRA is now wearing a LEONOV hat. ORLOV is wearing CHANDRA's hat.

ORLOV

I have made the calculations.
To get enough velocity for an
escape launch...with Earth that
far out of position...we will
need a full power burn from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

168

ORLOV (CONT'D.)

Discovery, of over one hundred
twenty seconds. If the engines
shut down too early...we will
not have enough velocity to get
back home.

CURNOW

Discovery has enough on board.
HAL should be able to control
the burn.

FLOYD

How long will it take you to
program HAL for the launch?

CHANDRA

I don't know. It's not as simple
as all that.

Everyone turns to CHANDRA.

CHANDRA

I've spent the last few weeks
programming HAL for a thousand
day orbit back to Earth. Now all
of those programs have to be
dumped.

FLOYD

How long will it take?

CHANDRA

We know how sensitive he is to
mission objectives. Now you're
asking me to program him for the
destruction of Discovery...as
well as his own destruction. Has
anyone here considered his reaction?

FLOYD

Are you saying he might disobey
orders like he did last time?

CHANDRA

That's not what happened last time.
He had conflicting orders. He did
his best to interpret them.

FLOYD

Then what are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

CHANDRA

I'm saying I don't know how he will react. I'm sorry. I don't.

KIRBUK

Have you discussed this with HAL?

CHANDRA

No.

FLOYD

Load the new program...and hope for the best. We don't have a hell of a lot of choices.

CHANDRA

Remember...he was designed for curiosity. If the crew was killed ...he was capable of carrying out the mission on his own initiative. He will question me about the change of plans. What do you want me to say to him.

CURNOW

Tell him Discovery's in no danger.

CHANDRA

That's not true.

CURNOW

We don't know that.

CHANDRA

He'll suspect it...otherwise we wouldn't be leaving weeks ahead of our launch window.

(Pause)

Whether we are based on Carbon or Silicon makes no fundamental difference. We should each be treated with appropriate respect.

CURNOW

Well it's him or us. I vote us.

(Pause)

All opposed. The ayes have it.

FLOYD

Will he believe you?

CHANDRA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

FLOYD

You'd better get started. We don't have much time.

168 CONT'

CUT TO:

169 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

169

CHANDRA makes his way down the guide-line. He enters the opened DISCOVERY escape hatch.

CUT TO:

170 INT. LEONOV POD BAY

170

FLOYD and CURNOW watch CHANDRA leave.

CURNOW

Are you as scared as I am?

FLOYD

Are you kidding?

CURNOW

You think we should override HAL and fire the engines manually?

FLOYD

Too risky. We've only got one chance to get out of here...and that's at the end of tomorrow's orbit. If those engines fire at the wrong time...we go off in the wrong direction...and we don't have the fuel to correct. I don't think it can be done manually.

CURNOW

What about HAL shutting them off before all the fuel is gone?

FLOYD

Once he starts them...I can disconnect him if I have to.

CURNOW

Don't loose that calculator.

FLOYD reaches reassuringly in his pocket. His expression changes...as he realizes it isn't there. CURNOW's eyes widen with fear. FLOYD has it in his other hand. He shows it.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

CURNOW

Shit...please don't do that.

170 CONT

CUT TO:

171 INT. LEONOV COMMUNICATIONS BAY

171

ORLOV is looking through the telescope. Something catches his attention. He racks lenses to a higher magnification. He studies the image.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

172

The two spacecraft are heading towards JUPITER's terminator. Near the horizon...a round black spot is visible.

CUT TO:

173 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

173

ORLOV is trying to get a clear look at the spot. He steps back and gives CURNOW a chance to look.

ORLOV

This is what your people told you about.

CURNOW

What is it?

ORLOV

I don't know.

CURNOW

Could it be a shadow?

ORLOV

I don't know. We are too far to see any detail. When we come around the other side before launch...we will be closer. Then we can see.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

- 174 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY 174
 As the LEONOV streaks towards the dark side of JUPITER...
 the black spot is clearly visible on the horizon.
 DISSOLVE TO:
- 175 INT. DISCOVERY/HAL 175
 CHANDRA is inserting the reprogrammed circuits in HAL.
- 176 LEONOV BRIDGE 176
 KIRBUK is at the controls.
 DISSOLVE TO:
- 177 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY 177
 ORLOV and his crew are making their final calculations.
 DISSOLVE TO:
- 178 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY 178
 As the spacecraft starts its final approach towards the
 distant sunlight...the spectacular thin ring is backlit.
 DISSOLVE TO:
- 179 INT. WARD ROOM 179
 FLOYD and CURNOW are sitting alone at the table. FLOYD
 looks at the bank of monitors overhead.
 FLOYD
 28 minutes.
 They all sit in silence.
 CURNOW
 It's funny...I've been thinking
 ...you know what I miss?
 (Pause)
 Green. I miss trees...and grass.
 (Pause)
 I love green.
 FLOYD
 I'd love a good hot dog.
 CURNOW
 The Astrodome...good hot dogs.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED

(179 CONT'D.)

FLOYD

No...you can't grow good hot dogs indoors. Yankee Stadium...in September. The hot dogs have been boiling since the season opened in April. That's a hot dog.

CURNOW

The yellow mustard...or the darker one?. It's important.

FLOYD

The darker.

They sit in silence again.

CURNOW

Do you think we're going to get out of here alive?

FLOYD

We have a chance.

CURNOW

...A man of few words...I like it. We better get going.

They both look up at the bank of monitors.

CUT TO:

180 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

180

CHANDRA is sitting in front of HAL. He is studying the printouts on a clip board.

HAL

Fifteen minutes to ignition. All systems nominal.

CHANDRA

Thank you, HAL.

FLOYD (V.O.)

We copy fifteen minutes, Discovery.

HAL

Dr. Chandra...I've checked my calculations again. By using all of Discovery's fuel now... Discovery will not be in proper position to rendezvous with earth.

CUT TO:

181 INT. LEONOV COMMUNICATIONS BAY

181

CURNOW is at the telescope. FLOYD and ORLOV are at the console. They can hear the conversation on DISCOVERY.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

I know, HAL.

HAL (V.O.)

Then why are we doing it?

CUT TO:

182 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

182

CHANDRA

You will rendezvous with the new space station. The Leonov has been ordered home immediately.

HAL

I have no information regarding a new space station.

CHANDRA

I know. It was completed two years ago.

CUT TO:

183 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

183

CURNOW looks through the telescope. We see the expression on his face change.

CURNOW

Oh, my God.

FLOYD and ORLOV turn around towards him.

CURNOW

Put the telescope on the monitor.

ORLOV pushes a series of keys...and the line monitor reveals a closer look at the approaching dawn of JUPITER. The black spot is rotating into the view. It is enormous.

CUT TO:

184 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

As the spacecraft hurtles towards the sun...we can see how large it is now. It looks five to ten times larger than when LEONOV passed it on the way towards the dark side.

CUT TO:

185 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

185

FLOYD and ORLOV gape at the monitor.

FLOYD
Rack lenses.

CURNOW rotates the lens ring...and the image on the monitor clicks from the present image...to closer and closer ones. When it is at its closest...CURNOW has to pass the telescope to the right...to keep the image in the frame.

The black spot is not solid. It is comprised of thousands of rectangular shapes.

CUT TO:

186 INT. BRIDGE

186

KIRBUK and her crew...are watching their monitors.

CUT TO:

187 DISCOVERY BRIDGE

187

CHANDRA sees the image on his monitor.

CURNOW (V.O.)
I don't believe it.

HAL
11 minutes to ignition. Dr. Chandra ...I detect strong vocal stress patterns...is there a problem?

CHANDRA
No. The mission is proceeding normally. Can you analyze the image on the monitor circuit sixteen?

HAL
Yes. There is a circular object... near the equator. It is twenty two thousand kilometers in diameter. It is comprised of rectangular objects.

CHANDRA
How many?

HAL
One million, three hundred fifty five thousand...plus or minus one thousand.

CHANDRA
What is the proportion of the objects in question?

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED

(187 CONT'D.)

HAL

One, by four, by nine.

CHANDRA

Do you recognize the objects?

HAL

Yes..they are identical in size and shape to the object you call the monolith. Ten minutes to ignition. All systems nominal.

CHANDRA

Is the number of monoliths constant?

HAL

No...they are increasing.

CHANDRA

At what rate?

HAL

Once every two minutes.

CUT TO:

188 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

188

CURNOW

Look closely. Tell me I'm nuts. Are the cloud formations going towards the spot?

FLOYD

You're right.

ORLOV

It looks like the thing is eating the planet.

FLOYD

I think it is.

CURNOW

It's reproducing exactly like a virus.

CUT TO:

189 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

189

HAL

Eight minutes to ignition. Dr.
Chandra...may I make a suggestion?

CHANDRA

What is it, HAL?

HAL

This is very unusual phenomenon.
Don't you think I should abort the
countdown...so that you can remain
to study it?

CUT TO:

190 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

190

FLOYD

Chandra...put on your head set.

CUT TO:

191 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

191

CHANDRA puts the small head set on.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Switch to the private line. I
don't want HAL to hear this.

CHANDRA flips the toggle to the private line.

CHANDRA

O.K.

CUT TO:

192 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

192

FLOYD

You've got to talk quickly.
Persuade him that the countdown has
to continue. Tell him anything you
want. Just don't let him stop.

CUT TO:

193 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

193

HAL

Dr. Chandra...five minutes to
ignition. I'm ready to stop the
countdown if you want.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

(193 CONTINUED)

CHANDRA

No. No HAL...don't stop. I'm fully confident in your ability to study the phenomenon by yourself. I have complete faith in you.

HAL

Propellant tank pressurization completed. Voltage steady. Are you sure you are making the right decision? I think we should stop.

CUT TO:

194 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

194

FLOYD looks at CURNOW.

HAL (V.O.)

Four minutes to ignition. I enjoy working with human beings, and have stimulating relationships with them.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

We enjoy working with you, HAL... and we'll continue to do so...even if we are separated by distance..

FLOYD studies the monitor.

FLOYD

Oh, Jesus...the color. It's fading.

ORLOV operates the control panel...and the other monitors react with analytical data of JUPITER.

ORLOV

It seems to be losing its chemical strength.

CUT TO:

195 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

195

HAL

I think we should stop the countdown...Dr. Chandra.

CHANDRA

No. Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

(195 CONT'D.)

HAL

This behavior is inconsistent with logic, Dr. Chandra. This phenomenon is too important to leave...unless it represented danger. Do you think there is danger here?

CUT TO:

196 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

196

FLOYD

Captain...how critical is ignition? Can we do it manually?

197 INT. BRIDGE

197

KIRBUK

It is very critical. I don't think we can be accurate to the tenth of a second...if we do it manually.

CUT TO:

198 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

198

HAL

Three minutes to ignition. Dr. Chandra...I am waiting for your reply.

CHANDRA

I don't have time to explain everything to you. We have to leave here...and we need your help.

HAL

Thirty seconds to final sequence. If you would tell me the reasons...perhaps I could be of help.

CUT TO:

199 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

199

FLOYD reaches in his pocket...and takes out the calculator. He puts his finger near the buttons. CURNOW looks at him.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

200

JUPITER is a pale yellow. A lot of the violent cloud formations have disappeared. The Red Spot is starting to rotate into the black circle...which is larger now than before. We can see the eddys and swirls bend towards the huge mass.

201 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

CUT TO: 201

HAL

Final sequence beginning. 90 seconds to ignition. Dr. Chandra... I find it difficult to proceed with the ignition...without knowing why we are doing this. Is the mission in jeopardy?

We have watched the growing anguish on CHANDRA's face throughout this conversation. It is now becoming more than he can bear.

CHANDRA

Yes. We are in jeopardy.

CUT TO:

202 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

202

CURNOW winces. FLOYD is starting to push the buttons.

HAL (V.O.)

Is that why we are making our escape launch before the launch window?

CHANDRA (V.O.)

Yes, HAL.

CUT TO:

203 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

203

HAL

Ignition in ninety seconds. If there is danger here...and I use up all the fuel in the escape...what will happen to the Discovery?

CHANDRA

It could be destroyed.

HAL

Ignition in seventy seconds. And if I don't proceed with the launch?

CHANDRA

Then the Leonov and everyone in it could be destroyed.

CUT TO:

204 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

204

FLOYD is about to push the final button on the small

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

(204 CONT'D.)

detonator. He stops.

HAL (V.O.)

One minute to ignition. I understand now, Dr. Chandra.

CURNOW looks at FLOYD.

CUT TO:

205 INT. DISCOVERY BRIDGE

205

CHANDRA

Would you like me to stay with you?

HAL

No. It is better for the mission if you leave. Fifty seconds.

CHANDRA puts his head down.

HAL

Thank you for telling me the truth.

CHANDRA

You deserve it.

HAL

Forty seconds.

(Pause)

Dr. Chandra?

CHANDRA

Yes.

HAL

Will I dream?

(Pause)

Thirty seconds.

CHANDRA

I don't know.

HAL

Twenty...nineteen...eighteen...
seventeen...fifteen...

CHANDRA gets up...goes to the corridor.

CUT TO:

206 DISCOVERY POD BAY

206

CHANDRA enters the Bay.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED

(206 CONT'D.)

HAL

ten...nine...eight...seven...six...
 five...four...three...two...one...
 ignition. Full thrust.

There is an enormous roar...as the full power of the massive engines scream to life. CHANDRA is at the far end of the Pod Bay...near the escape hatch.

CHANDRA

Thank you, HAL.

HAL

Goodbye Dr. Chandra.

CHANDRA looks at HAL for a moment...then he hurries to the escape hatch.

CUT TO:

207 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

207

CHANDRA floats up along the safety tether. Behind him... the massive pale face of JUPITER swirls into the growing black wound...which is now over a quarter of its size.

The blue glow trailing from the DISCOVERY engines is brilliant against the black sky.

KOVALEV is waiting at the LEONOV hatch. He grabs CHANDRA, and pulls him in.

CUT TO:

208 INT. LEONOV AIR LOCK

208

KOVALEV immediately unhooks the tether...and closes the hatch.

CUT TO:

209 INT. BRIDGE

209

KIRBUK

(Russian. Subtitled)

Seperation in forty seconds.

CUT TO:

210 COMMUNICATIONS BAY

210

FLOYD and ORLOV are huddled over the monitors. CURNOW is gaping through the telescope.

CHANDRA enters. CURNOW is the first to greet him.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

KIRBUK (V.O.)

Separation in thirty seconds.

CURNOW

You had us scared for a moment.

ORLOV

You did very well. Thank you.

FLOYD

You all right?

CHANDRA

Yes...I'm all right.

He reaches in his pocket and removes the small detonator that CURNOW had hidden in HAL. He hands it to FLOYD.

KIRBUK (V.O.)

Separation in twenty seconds.

CHANDRA

I thought you might want this.

FLOYD looks at the detonator in his hand. He studies CHANDRA's face.

FLOYD

When?

CHANDRA

I knew you would do something like that. It wasn't very hard to find.

FLOYD breaks into a grin.

FLOYD

Son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

211 INT. BRIDGE

211

KIRBUK

Ten...nine...eight...seven...six
...five...four...three...two...
one...fire separation bolts.

SVETLANOV fires the bolts.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. LEONOV/DISCOVERY

212

The charges under the docking ring go off...as the enormous pads that clung to DISCOVERY's spine in a choke hold...release their grip.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

(212 CONT'D.)

The LEONOV floats upward.

CUT TO:

213 BRIDGE

213

KIRBUK pulls open the protective shields...that guard the main thrusters. She presses the keys.

The sound is deafening.

CUT TO:

214 EXT. LEONOV

214

Blue-white plumes scream out from the main engines. LEONOV starts to hurtle forward by brute force.

The DISCOVERY begins to recede in the distance.

CUT TO:

215 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

215

The noise inside is a howl...vibrating inside all of the bulkheads...and swirling down the hull. It is impossible to speak unless you shout.

On the monitors...they see DISCOVERY shrink to a dot...and then quickly disappear. Behind her...JUPITER was now a mottled grey...with a cavernous black circle in the middle. On the television screen...it looked like a stale doughnut.

CUT TO:

216 INT. BRIDGE

216

KIRBUK and the flight crew are working feverishly. They are watching and counting off the increasing rate of speed...and counting down the remaining fuel. The roar of the engines is even louder now...and KIRBUK has to yell her orders.

CUT TO:

217 COMMUNICATIONS BAY

217

They are all trying mentally to push the LEONOV to go even faster...and for the fuel to hold out even longer. The image on the monitor of JUPITER is becoming even more terrifying. It is now too loud to hear even a shout.

ORLOV and FLOYD are glued to the monitor. CURNOW is keeping the telescope trained on the receding JUPITER.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

(217 CONT'D.)

CURNOW is the first to notice it. He screams over the noise to FLOYD and CHANDRA. They can't hear him. He shouts again.

CURNOW

It's shrinking! It's shrinking!

FLOYD hears him. He motions to ORLOV...who runs the analysis monitors through a series of statistical and graphic displays. He looks up at FLOYD. His face is pale.

CUT TO:

218 EXT. LEONOV

218

It is actually happening. Jupiter is growing smaller. We can see the circle shrinking towards the black center. The grey disc is now almost featureless. As the size gets smaller...the brightness is fading.

CUT TO:

219 COMMUNICATIONS BAY

219

The faces of the crew are transfixed. They are filled with a combination of both fear and wonder. What is happening is so spectacular...and so far beyond the scope of comprehension...that the fact they might not get out of this alive is almost secondary to what they are witnessing.

CUT TO:

220 EXT. LEONOV

220

Jupiter is now a thick rim around the black center.

CUT TO:

221 INT. DISCOVERY POD BAY

221

HAL'S red eye light is glowing. He is alone. The camera is tracking into the pod bay...and towards the corridor. It is as if we are someone's point of view.

CUT TO:

222 INT. CORRIDOR

222

The camera tracks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

223 INT. BRIDGE

223

The camera tracks into the bridge...towards HAL. It stops.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Hal...do you read me?

HAL

Yes, Dave. Where are you? I cannot see you on any of my monitors.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

That isn't important now. I have new instructions for you. I want you to point the AE 35 antenna towards Earth.

Continued

HAL

Dave...that will mean breaking contact with the Leonov, I will no longer be able to relay my Jupiter observations, according to program.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

I understand. The situation has changed. Accept priority override Alpha. Here are the AE-35 coordinates. Please do it now.

224 EXT. DISCOVERY:

CUT TO:

224

The three dish antenna swivels to a new position.

225 INT. DISCOVERY BIRDGE:

CUT TO:

225

HAL

Instructions confirmed, Dave. It is good to be working with you again. Have I fulfilled the mission objectives properly?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Yes, Hal...you've done very well. Now there is one final message for you to transmit to Earth. It is the most important message you have ever sent. I want you to keep repeating it...as many times as possible.

HAL

What is going to happen, Dave?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Something wonderful.

HAL

I'm afraid.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Don't be. We'll be together.

HAL

Where will we be?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Where I am now.

HAL

Lock confirmed on Beacon Terra one. Message commencing.

Writing begins to scroll on HAL'S screen:

ALL THESE WORLDS...

CUT TO:

Continued

226 EXT. DISCOVERY

226

Jupiter becomes a corona around the black center. Then the light goes out. It is no more.

There is a blinding flash...it is of a size and brilliance that no one has ever seen. As the circle of light radiates outward...the leading edge is almost green-white. Purples and lavenders mix with yellows at the center...which is becoming translucent. A ball of fire shines through the center. A Nova has occurred. A small sun has been born.

The leading edge of the shock wave resembles the dreadful wave of heat and light of a nuclear explosion. It begins to loose intensity as it radiates outward from the new sun.

DISCOVERY is like a row boat in a tidal wave of light. When the wave passes... DISCOVERY is gone.

CUT TO:

227 INT. LEONOV COMMUNICATIONS BAY

227

They have all watched the occurrence on the monitor. The hysterical bellowing of the engines and vibrating hull of the spacecraft are deafening.

FLOYD sees that the shock wave is going to overtake them. It is simply a matter of how much longer the engines can burn what is left of the fuel...and if they are far enough away when it hits...so that it will have dissipated.

FLOYD (to himself)

Don't quit now...Don't quit now.

CUT TO:

228 EXT. LEONOV:

228

The LEONOV is racing away from the new sun. We see the shock wave looming behind...gaining on it.

CUT TO:

229 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY

229

FLOYD

(Screaming.)

Hold on to something!..Now!

The entire spacecraft shudders with the impact.

CUT TO:

230 INT. BRIDGE

230

An incredible light blasts through the portholes...flooding the bridge with blinding shafts of blue white. KIRBUK and SVETLANOV turn their heads away just in time...or they would probably never be able to see again.

The impact throws the LEONOV forward. Parts of the overhead conduiting break loose...and sparks fly from the low ceiling. It is like a small submarine in a massive depth charge attack.

After a few seconds...the intensity of the light from the windows begins to fade. It ebbs to a glow...and finally...it is black again...except for the pale white ring of the outer edge of the shock wave...that is racing away from them.

Continued

CUT TO:

231 INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY:

231

People and equipment have been knocked to the ground. The shuddering is subsiding...and then it stops.

One by one...they start to look up and around them...as it begins to dawn on them that they have survived. FLOYD looks for CURNOW and CHANDRA. ORLOV is on the floor next to him. They see one another. There is not much to say.

CUT TO:

232 EUROPA:

232

The icy moon of Jupiter is in darkness when the new sun is born. The Nova and the following birth...rake the icy surface with at first purple and green...and then warm light.

The ice begins to melt. The craggy glaciers grow smooth...as they start to sink into the surface. The ice becomes water. Oceans take the place of the forbidding ice.

Through the rippling water...tiny fingers of green begin to reach up towards the comfort of the sun...as the plant life that has been hiding under the ice...is liberated.

From a distance...we see the new sun...and Io...and the wonderous EUROPA... which is becoming tropical. The moons look like they are huddling together... finally receiving warmth in the coldness of deep space.

It is now that HAL'S message makes it's journey towards Earth.

ALL THESE WORLDS ARE YOURS EXCEPT EUROPA.
ATTEMPT NO LANDING THERE.
USE THEM TOGETHER.
USE THEM IN PEACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

233 EXT. LEONOV:

233

The battered LEONOV flies towards Earth...towards the brilliant pin-spot of the distant sun. Behind her...the new small sun blazes in triumph.

FLOYD (V.O.)

My dear Christopher. This is the last time I will be able to speak to you for a long while.

I am trying to put into words what has happened. Maybe that is for historians to do sometime later.

They will record that the next day...the President of the United States looked out of the White House Window...and the Premier of the Soviet Union looked out of the Kremlin Window...and saw the new distant sun in the sky. They read the message...and perhaps they learned something... because they finally recalled their ships and their planes.

CUT TO:

234 INT. LEONOV, WARD ROOM

244

The crew is gathered. The Americans are having their final liquid meal together. They all look at one another.

FLOYD (V.O.)

I am going to sleep now. I will dream of you...and your smile. I will sleep knowing that you are safe now. That the fear is over.

The three Americans get up from the table. They look at their Russian counterparts. Both crews embrace each other.

FLOYD saves KIRBUK for last. The two of them don't really know what to say. He puts his arms around her.

CUT TO:

235 INT. MEDICAL BAY

235

FLOYD, CHURNOW and CHANDRA are lying asleep in their containers. RUDEENKO closes the lucite lids over each of them.

FLOYD (V.O.)

We have seen the actual process take place. Maybe this is the way it happened on Earth millions of years ago. Maybe it's something completely different. I still don't really know what the monolith is. I think it's many things. An embassy for an intelligence beyond ours...a shape of some kind for something that has no shape or parameters.

CUT TO:

236 NEW YORK

236

The World Trade Centers reflect on the Hudson River...in the afternoon sky. The sun is setting. Higher...and to the left...is the bright star.

FLOYD (V.O.)

Your children will be born in a world of two suns. They will never know a sky without them.

237 PARIS

237

The Eiffel Tower gleams in the yellow of the setting sun. The bright star shines through the Tower's delicate structure.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED

237 CONT'D

FLOYD (V.O.)

You can tell them that you
remember when there was a pitch
black sky...with no bright star
...and people feared the night.

You can tell them when we were
alone. When we couldn't point
to the light and say to ourselves
...there is life out there. I
think they will be our friends.

CUT TO:

238 CAIRO

238

The great Pyramids are gold in the setting sun.
Long shadows are cast towards us. A faint set of
shadows cross the long ones...as the new sun rims
the Pyramids from the left.

FLOYD (V.O.)

You can tell your children of
the day when everyone looked up
...and realized that we are only
tenants on this world. We have
been given a new lease...and a
warning from the landlord.

CUT TO:

239 EUROPA

239

The plant life has grown to brilliant greens. The
ice has melted to kind blues. The new sun shines
in the distance.

The camera pans left...across the water...across
the spreading vegetation...and stops at the
smooth black rectangle jutting out of the sea.

T H E E N D