

PARADISE LOST

Screenplay

by

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Based on the screenplays by

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*"Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."*

Milton  
Paradise Lost

## **EXT. SPACE**

Peaceful slow DARKNESS.

Soon shattered by violence. The birth of a new star.

Cosmic dust floats, moving faster now, spiralling into an inner, spinning core. FLASHES like heat lightning, until the hydrogen in the center IGNITES, bursting into BRIGHT FLAME--

A SHOCKWAVE ripples out, CRASHING PAST US, OBLITERATING EVERYTHING--

Then we jump to a wider view.

We see the vast explosion is a tiny puff, the new star among many stars.

All is still and quiet. The serene ocean of space.

Until a TINY OBJECT whips past the edge of a nebula.

We find it, closing in on...

## **EXT. COLONY SHIP COVENANT**

The USCSS COVENANT.

A COLONY SHIP; built for speed and distance. The STARS AROUND HER DISTORT, gravity LENSING as the ship moves faster than light.

### **TITLES:**

**Deep-Space Colony Ship USCSS COVENANT**

**CREW: 14, +1 SYNTHETIC**

**PASSENGERS: 3600**

**MISSION: Terraform and Populate**

**DESTINATION: Origae-6**

**DATE: 2103, 239 light-years from Earth**

The COVENANT is 500 meters long, trusses connect THREE PARTS; INTERSTELLAR DRIVE, a CREW MODULE, TERRAFORMING MODULE.

## **INT. COVENANT-VARIOUS**

### **THE NURSERY**

Like being inside a gigantic snow globe. A gentle SNOW falls. Everything encrusted in a light frost.

In the darkened PASSENGER CRYO-STASIS HOLD, a kiosk beeps, awakens. NAMES SPILL OUT on a screen crusted in ice.

Dim green light flickers out over 3600 CRYO-PODS, under the thin blanket of SNOW ... The thousands of pods sweep up along the huge curved wall, defying gravity...

We see the FROZEN FACES of... WOMEN, MEN, CHILDREN ... Also banks of EMBRYOS at various stages...

The kiosk finishes the inventory, the female COMPUTER VOICE speaks:

MOTHER  
3,600. All's well.

Beep. The displays flicker out. All goes dark.

### **THE BRIDGE**

EMPTY and DARK until... Blinders on the bridge windows OPEN. DISTANT SUNLIGHT spills over captain's chair.

### **THE GALLEY**

Large room, tables, cooking equipment. Where the crew congregates. SUNLIGHT slashes and moves across the room from the windows.

### **CREW QUARTERS**

Nice, built for couples. We see family photos. Books. Clothes. Personalized.

### **CREW SLEEP BAY**

14 HYPER-SLEEP PODS. Dancing readouts indicate the health status of the sleeping CREW.

We note something different about this sleep bay: all the pods are set in pairs. Two by two, like Noah's Ark.

### **CORRIDOR**

We CREEP DOWN A LONG HALL, we hear... someone WHISTLING...

### **INT. COVENANT-GREENHOUSE**

Solar collectors focus ambient stellar light on a GARDEN, thick with trees, fruit, vegetables. CONDENSATION mists down.

SOMEONE tends the garden, whistling. Back to us. On his knees, planting a SEEDLING.

His hands are delicate, loving. This man cares about living things.

He glances up as he wipes some condensation from his brow.

Is it DAVID? The android from Prometheus?

No. It's WALTER. An android who looks identical to David. Only his hair is dark and combed differently.

We hear MOTHER, the computer:

MOTHER  
*That's a fallacy, you know.*

WALTER  
What?

MOTHER  
*That music facilitates plant growth.*

WALTER  
Why do you think I was whistling to the plant?

He stands and cleans his hands. Proud of his work.

MOTHER  
*It's time to recharge the energy grid. Let's be about it, Walter.*

WALTER  
Nag, nag, nag.

MOTHER  
*Mother knows best.*

He smiles, goes.

#### **INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

He moves through the corridors, playing with the little bit of dirt on his fingers.

WALTER  
Do you not like whistling?

MOTHER  
*I like efficiency.*

He moves into...

#### **INT. COVENANT - BRIDGE**

The lights flicker on as Walter moves to one of the control consoles.

WALTER

There's got to be more to life than efficiency.

MOTHER

*Not for machines, Walter.*

WALTER

Bitch.

He settles into the controls and goes to work, keying in:

INITIATE AUTOMATED REFUEL CYCLE

**EXT. COVENANT - ORBITING ICE GIANT**

The GLOWING BALL OF ENERGY that powers the INTERSTELLAR DRIVE dims, and the optical ripple around the ship settles, as the CONVENTIONAL DRIVES FLARE into life.

The COVENANT swings into orbit around the METHANE-BLUE ICE GIANT. Then...

The ship's huge ENERGY COLLECTION SAILS UNFURL, silvery, diaphanous...

Now, the amazing ship is something new: beautiful. The majestic sails give it the romantic feel of a mighty Galleon.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - LATER**

The BLINDERS ARE OPEN, revealing the distant SUN and the GAS GIANT, edges of COLLECTION SAILS visible.

Walter sits, feet up. Looking at that last bit of dirt on his fingertips. He blows it away, something poignant and human in the tiny act.

MOTHER

*Walter. We may have a problem ... A strong neutrino burst was detected in sector 106. It was weak, but it could trigger a larger event...*

On the HOLO NAV DISPLAY Walter ZOOMS IN on the NEBULA, seeing FLARES here, there...

...then a MUCH LARGER FLARE. His calm eyes SUDDENLY ANXIOUS--

WALTER

Channel all reserve power to the magnetic shielding and retract the sails--

But then the DISTANT NEBULA EXPLODES into BLINDING LIGHT, the bridge filling with a loud radio-electric HISS as outside--

**EXT. COVENANT - IN ORBIT ABOVE GAS GIANT**

A massive SHOCKWAVE of CHARGED PARTICLES roils through the system. The IONOSPHERE of the GAS GIANT ignites with CRACKLING AURORAE as--

The SHOCKWAVE SLAMS INTO THE COVENANT--

THE COVENANT ROLLS VIOLENTLY, the sails on one side SHRED, BURN, and two SMALL, SILENT EXPLOSIONS dot her CONNECTIVE STRUTS--

The structure lurches dangerously--

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

Walter staggers to his feet, momentarily blinded. ALARMS are sounding. The HOLO-MAP FLICKERS, WAVERS. But Walter is android-calm as he flips at high speed through DAMAGE REPORTS on a HOLO MAP of the CRAFT--

MOTHER

*- multiple system failures in need  
of attention, but overall  
structural integrity was maintained  
during the incident--*

WALTER

I know, Mother. Please initiate emergency crew revival. And I'll need--

His eyes narrow on a BLINKING DAMAGE REPORT FROM THE NURSERY--

WALTER

Fuck.

He bolts--

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

Walter runs flat-out, no apparent exertion, an android's amazing mechanical speed--

Meanwhile--

**INT. COVENANT-PRIMARY CREW SLEEP BAY**

GRIFFIN gasps painfully--

She bolts awake, slamming into the closed lid of her sleep pod--

Her hands batter up at it as it slowly opens. She wrenches herself up and out and into--

Chaos.

Most of the pods are already open. Others are opening. The crew can be seen, kneeling, on the floor, puking, sweating and shaking--

Sparks and flashing emergency lights. Smoke. The din of sharp klaxons.

GRIFFIN is utterly disoriented, immediately collapses over the side of her pod and wrenches painfully, vomiting out volumes of water--

Then there's someone shaking her--

ORAM

Griffin, we ... Jesus. Can you hear me...?!

ORAM -- older, commanding, distinguished greying beard -- is at her side, he's little better than she is, sweating and ill--  
-

ORAM

For fuck sake, wake up! There was a power surge and--

TENNESSEE -- her old friend, huge heart -- helps pull her up--

TENNESSEE

Come on, baby, Adam's in trouble. Adam needs us--

At that, she spins--

The pod next to her, her husband's pod, has been damaged--

It's crackling with sparks and smoking inside. Griffin claws at it. She can see her husband's face. He's still asleep, but twitching in pain.

GRIFFIN

GET IT OPEN!

Griffin and Tennessee wrench at the pod to open it. Oram tries all the electrical commands: sparks explode. Growing panic. Her husband's face twitches more in pain.

SERGEANT LOPE quickly joins them -- he's a soldier, muscular, steady and responsible--

SERGEANT LOPE  
Stand back!

He SLAMS at the top of the pod uselessly with an emergency fire axe--

Inside the pod, more sparks, and smoke--

And then fire!

Griffin flings herself on the pod, clawing desperately--

Inside--

Her husband's eyes snap open.

They lock eyes.

For one moment.

Everything is very still.

Then--

The pod is filled with flames. He's incinerated before her eyes. Under her hands.

She SCREAMS.

Tennessee wrenches her away from the pod and folds her into his body, comforting.

Oram and Sergeant Lope step back. Defeated, emotional. Oram sinks to the ground. His wife -- KARINE -- comforts him.

Silence in the room, everyone watching.

Then the pod's fire retardant kicks in. Filling it with a blast of steam. So we can no longer see the horror within.

**INT. COVENANT-NURSERY**

Walter bolts in at top speed--

Screeches to a stop.

His worst fears realized.

One of the sections of sleeping pods has COLLAPSED. Fallen in on itself. A terrible image of sparks and shattered pods and dead cold BODIES.



Death has come to the Covenant.

**INT. COVENANT-COMMUNAL SHOWERS/LOCKER ROOM - LATER**

**IN THE SHOWERS**

CREW MEMBERS shower in silence. Large room, unisex.

Tennessee's wife, FARIS -- every bit the engineer and pilot he is, and equally big hearted -- shares a look with her husband. What a fucking day.

**IN THE LOCKER ROOM**

OTHERS pull on mission jumpsuits, somber. Some STRETCH, sore, still recovering from sleep. All anxious, tense.

RICKS, bridge crew, looks out a window with his wife, UPWORTH, also bridge crew.

They see bits of a BURNED SAIL - micron-thin foil - hanging tattered and still.

RICKS

How bad is it?

UPWORTH

Looks like the electricians got it worst. Mostly stuff we can fix.

TENNESSEE

(passing from shower)

Yeah, except for the stuff we can't.

He means...

ONE MISSION JUMPSUIT hangs in an OPEN LOCKER, uncollected. Names over the lockers: GRIFFIN and JACOBSON. Photo of the happy couple, and a NOTE, "WE MADE IT!"

UPWORTH

After Adam -- guess that makes Oram captain now, huh?

TENNESSEE

Lucky us.

MOTHER

*Senior staff please assemble in the galley in ten minutes. Thank you for your promptness.*

FARIS  
 (passing from shower)  
 Our master's voice.

She joins Tennessee at their lockers and they begin to change.

**INT. COVENANT-GALLEY**

The Senior Crew is gathered. As this is a COLONIZATION MISSION the crew is made up of couples, to create stable family units on their new world.

We meet them again:

ORAM: The new Captain. Life Sciences. Arrogant, almost patrician. Oldest of the crew.

KARINE: his Wife. Life Sciences. Also older. Humanizes him a bit. Quirky.

TENNESSEE: Bridge crew and pilot. Griffin's old friend. Rural and wry.

FARIS: Tennessee's Wife. Bridge crew and pilot. His equal in all things.

SERGEANT LOPE: Head of Security Team. Intense and committed. Gentle heart beneath the tough shell.

He is joined by his male partner, SERGEANT HALLET, a Security Officer...

SERGEANT HALLET  
 (to Oram)  
 Sorry I'm late, Captain.

Lope gives Hallet's hand a squeeze when he sits.

ORAM  
 "Captain." That'll take some getting used to ... Walter, report.

WALTER  
 We lost forty seven colonists and 16 second generation embryos. And one crew member.

TENNESSEE  
 What the hell was it?

WALTER  
 A highly charged shockwave from a nearby stellar ignition.  
 (MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

As the sails were deployed for the refuel, we absorbed the full brunt of the storm.

ORAM

What are the chances of something like this happening again?

WALTER

Another such event would be highly unlikely. It was bad luck, sir.

FARIS

We've got, what, six more refuel cycles to go before we get there?

WALTER

If Origae-6 proves habitable, yes ... Shall we schedule the funeral service, sir?

ORAM

What?

WALTER

A funeral service. For the dead.

ORAM

Let's worry about repairs first.

SERGEANT LOPE

(protests) )

Hold on -- we just lost 47 colonists -- and our Captain. We need to acknowledge that--

KARINE

(to Oram, her husband) )

He's right, Bill.

ORAM

(snaps)

And if we don't make repairs we could lose all the colonists -- and they are the entire point of the mission, in case you need reminding, ladies and gentlemen.

TENNESSEE

We should do something for Captain Jacobson at least.

ORAM

I really don't think--

TENNESSEE

(firm)

No, we should do something for the Captain.

ORAM

Well -- do we even know if he was religious?

GRIFFIN

He was not.

She's just entered, joins them. Looks awful, but she's there.

GRIFFIN is a formidable woman. Tough, smart and beautiful. There's something dark and powerful in her ... She's fond of Walter and Tennessee is an old friend.

TENNESSEE

Hey, Griff. How ya doing?

She sits. An empty chair conspicuous next to her.

GRIFFIN

Good, good. The terraforming module is stable although the connecting strut took some damage. I still need to check the Tillers and the I.C.T.

WALTER

I can help if you like.

GRIFFIN

Thanks, yeah.

KARINE

You don't need to be here, you know that, right?

GRIFFIN

I know that.

ORAM

How long before we can make our next jump?

WALTER

Repairs should take a few days. But we should make an effort to vacate this sector, in case there are after-flares.

ORAM

Then let's go to work. Thank you.

They disperse. A lot of sympathy for Griffin, which she doesn't want. Oram talks to her privately.

ORAM

You should take a few days off.

GRIFFIN

I'd rather work... Captain.

She goes.

**EXT. COVENANT - "MORNING"**

Tennessee is working on the HULL of the ship, wearing a heavyduty ECO SUIT: ARMORED, RED METAL, with attachments for the work, its own propulsion systems.

He WELDS a blasted PANEL, arclight FLICKERING on his visor.

The BLUE SUN crests, rising over the DARK GAS GIANT.

TENNESSEE (TO COM)

Damn. Y'all should see this view.

RICKS (ON COM)

*We're not seeing anything until you get the array fixed.*

His MINI-JETS come to life, heading to the ship's prow:

TENNESSEE (TO COM)

I'm on it ... Anyone know how Griffin's is doing?

**INT. COVENANT-INTERSTELLAR COLONIZATION AND TERRAFORMING UNIT**

Griffin's domain.

She's the mission's Chief Terraformist. When they arrive at their destination, it's her show.

GRIFFIN (TO COM)

She's fine and on com, T.

The I.C.T. is VAST, COLD, DARK. Griffin and Walter are wearing *BULKY SUBZERO-SUITS*, shining HIGHBEAMS UP-

- where HUGE FABRICATORS rise in the UPPER DOME, PUZZLEPACKED with SURFACE VEHICLES and TERRAFORMING EQUIPMENT.

And well above everything in the high, huge chamber are hanging what look to be a series of TOMAHAWK MISSILES.

These are the "Tillers" used in terraforming.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Hey, Griff, why don't you come  
 outside and play with me?*

GRIFFIN (TO COM)  
 Because I puke in space. As well  
 you know.

(Tennessee laughs on com  
 ... Griffin continues to  
 Walter)

Okay, let's check the Tillers.

They begin the long, long climb up toward the MISSILES,  
 flashlights charting the way.

WALTER  
 May I ask you a question?

GRIFFIN  
 Sure.

WALTER  
 Would you not rather be engaging in  
 a mourning ritual of some kind?

GRIFFIN  
 Better to keep busy. That make  
 sense?

WALTER  
 I'm always busy. I am incapable of  
 not being busy.

GRIFFIN  
 Lucky you. I'd rather not talk  
 about it, okay?

They continue on, disappearing into the frozen darkness of  
 the upper reaches of the mammoth chamber.

#### **INT. COVENANT-NURSERY**

The light snow fall. The mist of frost.

CAPTAIN ORAM stands, supervising a grim task.

A Biohazard-suited team (PRIVATES LEDWARD and COLE) is  
 sorting through the mess of pale corpses, preparing them for  
 burial. Zipping them into body bags.

It's tough, physical work and Ledward and Cole fumble with one of the bodies as they put it into a body bag.

ORAM

(snaps)

Some reverence for the dead,  
please.

They exchange a look: asshole.

**INT. COVENANT-COMMUNAL SHOWERS - LATER**

GRIFFIN is alone. Showering after the long day.

Unexpectedly, the tears come. She lets them. Soon she's doubled over. Sobbing.

SERGEANTS LOPE and HALLET enter. See her. Lope gives her a sympathetic look, nods to Hallet. They go, allowing her privacy.

She sits, hunched into herself. The water pounding on her.

**INT. COVENANT-CREW CABIN CORRIDOR - LATER**

GRIFFIN walks toward her cabin after her shower.

Sees RICKS and his wife UPWORTH going to their cabin next door.

UPWORTH

You wanna talk?

RICKS

You wanna drink?

UPWORTH

Many drinks?

GRIFFIN

No thanks. 'Night.

They go into their cabin. The door shuts.

She stands for a moment and then goes into her CABIN...

**INT. COVENANT-GRIFFIN'S CABIN**

Too big for one really.

She looks at her husband's shoes next to hers in the closet. His collection of old vinyl RECORDS and PHONOGRAPH.

She gazes at the pictures of them on the dresser.

She goes to the dresser, starts removing his clothing...

LATER:

All his CLOTHING, neatly arranged around the room. She's emotional. Looking at it all. Touching his things.

LATER:

Photographs and holo-pictures of them. Spread out like a mosaic on the floor. She kneels amidst them; studying them, touching them, saying goodbye.

She presses a HOLO-PICTURE activation button: her late husband ADAM in front of the Grand Teton mountains in Wyoming:

ADAM (ON HOLO-PICTURE)  
*Hey, when are you getting here? I miss you! Look at those mountains. I know, I know, I said I wouldn't climb without you but -- come on, look at that! Get your ass up here or I can't promise--*

She freezes the picture. Sobs now. Tears splashing on the holo screen.

LATER:

Everything has been put away. Neat and tidy.

She stands in the center of the room. As if waiting.

But it must be done.

Then she activates the ship's com:

GRIFFIN (TO COM)  
 Walter, can I see you?

**INT. COVENANT-WASTE EJECTION**

The ship's disposal facility. Currently rigged for a grim task.

Her husband's pod-like coffin is ready to be ejected.

WALTER stands with GRIFFIN.



WALTER

Would you like me to say something?  
I'm programmed with multiple  
funerary services in a variety of  
denominations, or nondenominational  
if you prefer.

GRIFFIN

No, thanks.

A beat.

WALTER

May I ask why you wanted me to  
accompany you?

GRIFFIN

The crew is made up of couples.  
That was the whole point ...  
Everyone but me now.

She looks at him.

GRIFFIN

I thought you might know something  
about being alone.

He seems touched, in his way.

She looks at the coffin one last time. Gently takes Walter's  
hand for support. Prepares herself.

GRIFFIN

Mother. Music database. Adam jazz  
mix one. Track one.

Nat King Cole's "Unforgettable" begins to play. Her husband's  
favorite song. Tears in her eyes.

She steels herself for it. Reaches forward. Presses a button  
and--

WHOOSH--

**EXT. COVENANT**

The coffin-pod shoots from the ship...

Arcing away dramatically as the song swells...

And is finally gone.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - "MORNING"**

Next day. RICKS and UPWORTH are at their stations.

TENNESSEE is again working in space. CAPTAIN ORAM and WALTER enter:

RICKS  
Array's almost on-line, sir.

Oram warily sits in the Captain's chair. Tests the feel of it.

Then the full LIGHTS begin to flicker on. All the consoles spring to life. HOLOGRAMS flash and form and reform quickly, orienting themselves. Relief from the crew.

Ricks notes something on his MONITORS ... On a map, a GREEN BURST FLARES, is gone. He leans in to study it, as:

UPWORTH (TO COM)  
Well done, T. We're live up here.  
Come on in.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Don't leave without me now.*

FARIS  
Please, leave without him.

GRIFFIN wanders in, drinking a cup of coffee, distracted.

Ricks sees the GREEN FLASH again.

RICKS  
Hey, you see that?

UPWORTH  
What?

RICKS  
Switch to long-range nav.

Upworth adjusts her display. Sees the GREEN FLASH.

UPWORTH  
What the hell...?

ORAM  
What is it?

RICKS  
Here, I've got it locked in.

Walter and Griffin join Ricks, curious, looking over his shoulder:

RICKS  
See that? Pretty strong signal.  
Quasar pulse?

GRIFFIN  
No ... It's structured. More like a  
transmission.

UPWORTH (AT HER STATION)  
It's in our neighborhood. But  
nothing there on the charts ... You  
think it's not natural?

GRIFFIN  
Mother, can we hear it?

The SLICE REPLAYS, we HEAR HISSING RADIO NOISE, then... a  
STARTLINGLY LOUD WHINE, followed by an HARSH TONAL CRUNCH.

Now everyone is gathered at the HOLO, faces illuminated by  
the bright green PULSE, scattering in an odd PATTERN -

WALTER  
Play it again, please. Slower.

A 3-D MODEL of the signal PULSES AND MOVES as it plays.

This time, the TANGLED TONAL QUALITIES are CLEAR, rising to a  
hollow RING that trails off. A HARSH sound. FRIGHTENING.

WALTER  
That is decidedly not natural.

FARIS  
Unless you live in Hell.

RICKS  
Gotta be an echo. Or a glitch. The  
instruments took a lot of damage--

WALTER  
(pulling up data)  
No. It's in the logs, too. Every 12  
minutes, ever since we got here.

GRIFFIN  
It has to be data then.

They exchange a glance. This has more weight now.

UPWORTH (AT HER STATION)  
Think I can refine it. Hold on...

She puts on HEADPHONES ... They watch, tense, as she listens and works her equipment, a WAVEFORM playing out on her monitors, and then...

Something changes in her face. Surprise, even shock. She sits back.

Presses a button and the PROCESSED SIGNAL plays; noisy and crackling like a shortwave radio -

SIGNAL/WOMAN'S VOICE  
*...any idea what we'll find, maybe  
a new home... all the help we can  
... not to be so alone...*

They are stunned. A human. Out this far.

WALTER  
(eyeing the holo)  
There's geometric data, too.

Walter manipulates the FLOATING HOLO SIGNAL, eyes darting as he decodes it, pulling the 3-D DATA around and connecting points--

Then the HOLO DISPLAY abruptly DISTORTS, FLICKERS, and GOES OUT.

SHAKY BLUE PIXELS suddenly FILL THE HOLO, SPILLING OVER INTO THE BRIDGE, FILLING THE ROOM as -

HUMANOID IMAGE (HOLOVID)  
*... thinks we might be able to  
transmit this ... anyone else makes  
it out this far, please come,  
please follow. We don't...*

- A DISTORTED FIGURE, WALKING, life-size.

ORAM  
What the hell is this?

The image COHERES, and we can see... it's ELIZABETH SHAW.

Her image FALLS APART, re-forms, as she PASSES through SOLID OBJECTS...

SHAW'S IMAGE (HOLOVID)  
*... We don't ... Have any idea if  
it's Heaven or Hell, but it's got  
to be one or the other...*

SHAW'S IMAGE walks through a WALL, and they RUSH TO FOLLOW -

SHAW'S IMAGE (CONT'D)  
*... We don't know what it's called,  
 the planet. So I'm calling it  
Paradise. Because I think it's got  
 to be Heaven ... And they have to  
 be Gods--*

The IMAGE abruptly LOCKS UP... the last word ECHOES as the pixels scatter, fading.

A dumbfounded BEAT. The HOLO goes DARK, REBOOTS.

ORAM  
 Gods?

WALTER  
 (eyeing his HOLO)  
 Interesting...

GRIFFIN  
 What?

He turns to them. A sort of wonder in his eyes.

WALTER  
 It's not coming from a ship.

In front of him: a BLURRY RADIO-IMAGE of an UNCHARTED STAR.

**EXT. COVENANT - LATER**

The SUN CRESTS the side of the GAS GIANT below. The COVENANT is already looking ship-shape; half the sails up, none burned.

RICKS (V.O.)  
*She's a main sequence star, a lot  
 like our own. Five rocky planets...*

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

ON THE HOLO CHART, fresh sky data showing a BRIGHT STAR and five PLANETS.

RICKS  
 ...and one of them: square in the  
 habitable zone. A prime candidate.

He zooms in on a rough PLANETARY MODEL:

RICKS

0.96 Gs at surface, oceans. High likelihood of a living biosphere. Beyond our most optimistic projections for Origae-6, in fact.

ORAM

Where is it?

RICKS

She's close. Just a short jump. We wouldn't even have to go to sleep.

The weight of this hits them all. No more hyper-sleep. A possible new home.

They look to Oram. Time to be the Captain.

ORAM

All right, let's take a look.

Most of the crew is delighted. Griffin and Walter exchange a glance, unsure.

TENNESSEE enters. Surprised to see the crew so energized and busy.

TENNESSEE

What's going on here...?

His wife passes him, quick kiss on the way to her station:

FARIS

Hey, baby, we're going to Paradise.

Tennessee glances to Griffin: what the fuck?!

Griffin gives him a look: don't ask me.

**INT. COVENANT-TERRAFORMING DIORAMA ROOM**

It's a whole CITY, in miniature.

An old fashioned DIORAMA, absolutely beautifully made. This is their projected home, their colony; the city they will make when they reach their destination ... Gorgeous renderings fill the walls as well.

CAPTAIN ORAM studies the tiny city closely. His enormous face gazing down one of the wide boulevards.

GRIFFIN

You sure about this, Bill?

He stands, turns. She's leaning against the open door.

ORAM

What do you mean?

GRIFFIN

(nods to the model)

I mean that's supposed to be our colony. We spent a decade searching for Origae-6. We vetted it, we ran the simulations, we mapped the terrain -- it's what we trained for.

ORAM

When we get to this place, we can take a closer look. If there are any signs of advanced civilization -- we'll leave and resume our original course... You're the Chief Terraformist, it'll be your call.

GRIFFIN

Doesn't feel right... A human being out here where there shouldn't be any humans. A hidden planet that suddenly appears out of nowhere. And a planet that just happens to be perfect for us. It's too good to be true.

ORAM

Just be open to it...

(he smiles)

I mean, who doesn't want to find Paradise?

GRIFFIN

Paradise died for me two days ago ... 'Night, Captain.

She goes.

Oram thinks for a moment.

Then returns to studying the diorama.

**INT. COVENANT-GRIFFIN'S CABIN**

She is getting dressed for bed. She's tense, trying to relax. Candles burn around the room.

There's a bell from the door. She answers. It's Walter.

He carries a small, metal box.

                  GRIFFIN  
Hello, Walter.

                  WALTER  
Good evening. I thought this might  
be... useful.

He hands her the box. She opens it.

Inside: three perfectly rolled joints.

She smiles, glances to him.

                  WALTER  
The atmospheric conditions in the  
greenhouse are ideal for cannabis  
growth.

                  GRIFFIN  
Will you join me?

                  WALTER  
I am incapable of intoxication.

                  GRIFFIN  
More's the pity.

                  WALTER  
Perhaps so. Sleep well.

He goes.

She watches him move off down the corridor, smiles.

LATER:

She's lying on the bed, too big for one, smoking a joint. One  
of her late husband's records spins on the old fashioned  
turntable. Jazz plays.

                  MOTHER  
*All crew members, please stand by  
for jump to interstellar drive.  
Thank you for your attention.*

She reaches over and lifts the needle from the record. Holds  
it up. Doesn't want to scratch the album in the jolt as--



**EXT. COVENANT - SPACE**

The Covenant's secondary drives goes DARK, and the INTERSTELLAR DRIVE, like an artificial SUN, FLARES to life--

The SPACE around the Covenant RIPPLES, and the Covenant MOVES, slowly at first... then... she's GONE--

**INT. COVENANT-GRIFFIN'S CABIN**

The stars bend and morph past outside the window. The ride is utterly smooth now.

Griffin lowers the needle back on the album. The jazz music resumes.

She lies back. Troubled.

Takes a hit of the joint. Exhales.

The smoke and the music taking us to...

**EXT. ENGINEER HOMEWORLD SUN - SPACE**

A BLUISH SUN flares in the vacuum of space ... The stars near the sun RIPPLE as the COVENANT suddenly phases out of hyperjump, sling-shotting around and slowing...

**INT. COVENANT - BRIDGE-APPROACHING THE PLANET**

GRIFFIN is apprehensive.

All hands at tense readiness as a WHITE-BLUE DOT, with TWO MOONS, hangs in the distance...

AT THE NAVIGATION HOLO, WALTER watches as Mother's systems flag the approaching planet and moons in real time...

RICKS  
(to Upworth)  
You hearing anything?

UPWORTH  
Tried every band. It's dead quiet out there ... Just the continuing signal from our friendly ghost.

TENNESSEE  
The siren's song.

ORAM  
Bring us into close orbit.

**EXT. COVENANT - APPROACHING THE PLANET**

The COVENANT cruises past a MOON, into HIGH ORBIT ABOVE THE PLANET. The ship's INSTRUMENT CLUSTER'S SCOPES ROTATE, SCANNING, as--

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

The HOLO MODEL of THE PLANET REFINES as DATA PILES IN.

RICKS adjusts his view, changes spectra. He sees ARCING TENDRILS of ENERGY around the planet-- WALTER frowns at it, perplexed--

TENNESSEE

Hell of a strong ionosphere.

RICKS

Yep. Way better than Earth's too. She's lucky. Keeps good stuff in, and the bad stuff out; cosmic rays, solar flares - you name it. Like a big, warm blanket.

FARIS

Big warm blanket gonna be a motherfucker to land through.

DATA MOVES on Walter's screens.

WALTER

I have visual.

CLOUDS, OCEANS, CONTINENTS, what must be VEGETATION, shades different than Earth - but richer ... A hush falls as they watch.

FARIS

God damn. It's just like Earth...

GRIFFIN

We'll see, right?

FARIS

What I wouldn't give to feel a little ocean breeze...

As they SWING PAST THE DARK SIDE, DAZZLING GREEN AURORAE float and drift, LIGHTNING flickers in storms. Continents... DARK.

WALTER  
No lights. No visible signs of  
civilization.

Captain Oram looks to Griffin:

ORAM  
Shall we deploy?

GRIFFIN  
(evenly)  
Your call, Captain.

Oram doesn't hesitate:

ORAM  
Prepare the Lander.

The crew, aside from Griffin and Walter, is delighted. High fives and hollers.

**INT. COVENANT-LAUNCH BAY - LATER**

SERGEANT LOPE'S SECURITY TEAM -- SERGEANT HALLET and the three PRIVATES: LEDWARD, ANKOR and COLE -- load the Lander with supplies: exploration equipment; rucksacks; climbing tackle; weapons.

CAPTAIN ORAM is talking with FARIS, the Lander's pilot, and TENNESSEE, who will remain in command on the Covenant.

GRIFFIN and KARINE enter with their gear, chatting. Karine is excited.

KARINE  
... I don't know, I feel like a  
Conquistador or something. O Brave  
New World, right?

GRIFFIN  
Let's hope.

WALTER enters.

GRIFFIN  
You're coming?

WALTER  
I'm the synthetic. I have to.

KARINE  
The more the merrier.

FARIS  
 (calls)  
 Come on, kids, let's lock her up.

They all head into the Lander.

Tennessee says goodbye to his wife:

TENNESSEE  
 Watch your ass down there.

FARIS  
 You watch it from up here.

TENNESSEE  
 Always, baby.

Quick kiss and he goes.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

UPWORTH watches video feeds of the LANDER DISENGAGING from the COVENANT. Lander's engines FLARE as it orients for DROP--

TENNESSEE enters, anxiously watching through the window.

**EXT. LANDER**

The LANDER READIES FOR ENTRY, already TINY AGAINST the VAST, HALF-DARK PLANET, PEELING BY BELOW--

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE**

FARIS pilots the craft. CAPTAIN ORAM and WALTER are also stationed on the bridge. The others are elsewhere in the ship.

TRAJECTORY MODELS tick by, the ship INVERTING as it DROPS.

UPWORTH (ON COM)  
*Everything looking good down there?*

FARIS (TO COM)  
 Expect to hit upper atmosphere in five. Might want to hang on in the back, we're about to--

The POWER on the Lander abruptly FLICKERS, DIMS...

FARIS (TO COM)  
 Covenant? You read us?

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

An ALARM PINGS. Upworth frowns.

Tennessee sees the LANDER'S ENGINES flutter OUT...

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE**

Faris hits UNRESPONSIVE CONTROLS, they DRIFT, ROLLING -

ORAM

What's going on...?!

The ship starts to SHAKE from ENTRY. Faris' tension mounting, hitting MORE BUTTONS--

**INT. LANDER-LANDING SEATS**

The other CREW MEMBERS are strapped in further back in the ship. They grab on desperately.

GRIFFIN shoots a look to LOPE. PRIVATE COLE crosses himself.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE**

The ship is really DRIFTING NOW -- the TURBULENCE terrifying. When suddenly--

The LIGHTS flicker BACK UP. The engines GUN BACK ON -

UPWORTH (ON COM)

- LANDER, DO YOU READ!?

FARIS (TO COM)

Yeah, yeah. I read you. Think we're... OK now.

Then THEY'RE THROUGH, SLASHING THROUGH DENSE CLOUDS AND SMOOTHLY CRUISING above DARK OCEAN that leads to MOUNTAINS...

FARIS (TO COM)

Underway - looks like we got mountains.

**EXT. LANDER-MOUNTAINS - DAY**

The LANDER soars down...

Majestic scenery. Slate grey mountains, tops obscured in mist. Deep forests. Ansel Adams austere beauty. On the edge of savage.

The Lander HOVERS into a landing.

**INT. LANDER-LANDING SEATS**

In the back, the EXPEDITION TEAM feel the ship SETTLE, and all but tear off their seat belts, relieved.

GRIFFIN is first up and out.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE**

ORAM

What the hell happened up there?

FARIS

New powercells must have fritzed out. I'll cycle 'em while you're gone.

GRIFFIN enters, anxiously going to the windows.

GRIFFIN

How far out are we?

WALTER

Signal's source is eight kilometers west. And up. Right on target.

**EXT. PLANET-BENEATH THE LANDER - DAY**

We see HELMETED BIOTEAM in BULKY SUITS sample AIR, WATER, SOIL -

FARIS (ON COM)

Indications of microbial DNA. Atmo reads 72% nitrogen, 23% oxygen...

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - LATER**

TENNESSEE (TO COM)

So it's breathable?

FARIS (ON COM, UNCLEAR)

*Better than the air on Covenant.  
Not going to ... suits... find the  
source of the signal...*

TENNESSEE looks at the HOLO MODEL of the LANDER, the TERRAIN spread out around it. DATA ERRORS prominent, parts of the 3-D model's surfaces BLOCKY, SHAKING...

UPWORTH (TO COM)

Faris, see if you can get more power to the uplink, signal's falling apart up here.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE - DAY**

FARIS works various stations:

FARIS (TO COM)  
I'll be cycling the cells too, that  
might help.

ORAM (ON COM)  
*Faris, we're heading out. Keep  
expedition security protocols in  
place.*

She looks out the windows she sees...

**EXT. LANDER - DAY**

... CAPTAIN ORAM speaking up to her on com. She gives a thumbs up in response.

FARIS (ON COM)  
*Understood. Have fun y'all.*

The EXPEDITION TEAM is ready. They have no need of breathing gear, but wear properly tough expedition uniforms and packs.

WALTER powers up a portable display - showing the way to follow the signal.

The SOLDIERS are heavily-armed.

ORAM  
All right then. Let's go find our  
ghost ... Walter?

WALTER leads.

Toward the treeline in the distance.

Sergeant Lope's security men take up defensive perimeter positions.

The expedition team is: Griffin; Walter; Captain Oram; Karine; Sergeants Lope and Hallet; Privates Cole, Ledward and Anker.

**EXT. FOREST-VARIOUS - DAY**

They walk, it's quiet, footsteps muffled.

All are alert. On edge. Silent.

They travel ... The forest gets more dense, the terrain rockier... up hill...

They finally hear something new. Flowing WATER...

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - DAY**

They discover a beautiful FOREST STREAM, flowing down from the distant mountains.

And life.

Midges and tiny INSECTS buzz about the water, like dust motes, catching the light shafts slashing down through the trees.

It's a bit of a miracle. Life.

CAPTAIN ORAM smiles, his hand gently moving through the haze of little insects.

Suddenly SERGEANT HALLET jumps back, shocked--

SERGEANT HALLET

Fuck me--!

A little SALAMANDER-LIKE creature has run over his foot. Disappears into some rocks. Sergeant Hallet laughs at his scare ... Karine tries to find the little creature.

PRIVATE COLE

How is this even... possible?

ORAM

It's not just possible - it's predictable. Life is the result of very basic forces. Find a planet in the triple point, add sun and water. Thermodynamics starts the process - with a little luck, evolution does the rest.

(smiling)

But I'll admit this is... beyond all expectations.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)

*Expedition team. You read us?*

**INT. BRIDGE-COVENANT**

TENNESSEE can see the VIEW, the SUN dappling down.

TENNESSEE (TO COM)

What's happening? We're having a hell of a time tracking you.



ORAM  
*Almost halfway to target... life  
 everywhere... Beyond anything...*

The signal dissolves into NOISE. The HOLO TERRAIN MAP twitches.

TENNESSEE  
 Dammit.

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - DAY**

KARINE captures the SALAMANDER-THING in a SAMPLE BOTTLE. She looks upstream, not wanting to leave.

GRIFFIN eyes the sky, anxious.

GRIFFIN  
 How much farther is it?

WALTER  
 We're about... five kilometers out,  
 but it's mostly uphill - a couple  
 hours perhaps?

KARINE  
 (to Oram)  
 Bill, I'd like to stay here. Might  
 be our best chance to do a full  
 ecology workup.

ORAM  
 All right with me. Sergeant?

Sergeant Lope motions to PVT. LEDWARD, who joins Karine.

LOPE  
 Ledward, stay with her. Meet back  
 here in four hours. Keep your radio  
 on.

Captain Oram gives his wife a quick kiss.

ORAM  
 Don't touch anything icky.

Karine smiles.

The expedition team continues on.

**EXT. HIGH MEADOW - DAY**

The team climbs to a wide, high meadow. Spreading out as they walk. Even enjoying the views. They have relaxed a bit.

GRIFFIN remains uneasy.

Serious mountain terrain ahead. Sharp crags and ridges. Much of this obscured by high elevation fog and mist.

ORAM

... We could probably put the whole Covenant down there. Looks like a perfect site.

WALTER

(non-committal)

Mm.

ORAM

We were meant to find this place.

Walter glances at him. Odd thing to say.

ORAM

(calls)

Griffin, you and Ricks discovered the planet. You'll have to think of a name for it.

GRIFFIN

I've thought of a few already.

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - DAY**

Meanwhile, KARINE has filled many mylar sample bags, enough to start a new branch of biology.

She gently bats at a cloud of INSECTS in front of her face. A haze of little mote-like midges in the dappled sunlight.

And we see--

One of the insects, closer, microscopic view--

Going into one of her nostrils, attaching itself to her flesh, inserting a tube into her skin--

She rubs her nose, not thinking anything of it.

PVT. LEDWARD

(calls)

Hey, Doctor. You might want to see this.

She joins him at the water's edge:

A little MAMMAL, some kind of squirrel-thing. Half-eaten. Dead. Its side bubbles with what appear to be... FAT WHITE GRUBS.

She kneels, looks at it, disturbed.

PVT. LEDWARD

What is it?

KARINE

No idea. But we know one thing now  
... There are predators here ...  
Could you bag it for me?

She moves away as Private Ledward goes to her specimen case, pulls on gloves, returns to bag the dead creature as:

KARINE (TO COM)

Bill? Can you read me? ... Come in Expedition Party ... Lander? Faris you reading me? Lander? ... Where the fuck is everyone?

Ledward discovers one of the GRUBS on his neck. He SMACKS it off--

A little smear from the GRUB on the pores of his neck--

We go closer, microscopic view--

One of the tiny insects, attaching itself to his neck, inserting a tube into his skin--

He thinks nothing of it, moves to bag the specimen.

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY**

The MAIN TEAM pushes through the FOG.

They shudder against the wet and cold, strung out on the path, visibility NIL, crossing the mountain's SHOULDER. Difficult terrain, slow going.

SERGEANT LOPE leads. Muffled steps, breath coming in short gasps. A PING! Walter frowns at his NAV DEVICE -

WALTER

Says we're right there. Doesn't make sense.

GRIFFIN

Hold on. Stop ... Sergeant Lope -- stop.

Sergeant Lope gestures for his men to halt.

Silence but for the wind. The breeze stirring the fog.

Griffin is peering intensely ... up.

And then they can all see it. A LOOMING DARK SHAPE, now clearer in the shifting mist ... ABOVE THEM...

Griffin steps forward, then the rest, STARING UP, in silence, at a looming, tubular arm of an ENGINEER DREADNOUGHT...

**EXT. CRASHED DREADNOUGHT - MOUNTAINSIDE**

GRIFFIN frowns up at a... WALL? Curved. Huge. Extending into the foggy mist. No one's really sure what it is yet.

WALTER runs his hand along the curved, ridged surface. He RAPS it with his knuckles, listening. Quite hollow.

WALTER

I think... It's some kind of ship.

Now the cloud-mist thins just enough to see one LONG, CURVED ARM in its entirety. Jutting off the mountain at an angle.

GRIFFIN

I don't think she had a very good landing.

PVT. ANKER (ON COM)

Think we found a way in, sir.

**EXT. DREADNOUGHT - OPEN DEPLOYMENT BAY - GLOOM**

The DARK RECESSES of the ship yawn beyond an open deployment bay. They shine their flashlights into the CAVERNOUS SPACE.

SERGEANT LOPE

Anker, Cole - stay on watch.

The two look happy to stay outside.

SERGEANT LOPE snaps on his LASER SITE and leads the way...

**INT. DREADNOUGHT - DEPLOYMENT BAY - GLOOM**

The group looks around, AWED by the vast alien hold. The wind whistles through...

They pick their way into the darker recesses. FLASH LIGHTS and LASER SCOPES cut through the oppressive gloom.

BLACK URNS. Scattered everywhere, empty, fragile shells. Crunching under their boots.

And we discover something else...

**PROTOTYPE ALIEN EGGS.**

Randomly clustered. Different sizes. From aubergine to acid green in color, some pitted with abscesses ... None as large or impressive as the original eggs from Alien.

They are covered by an awful BLACK FUR. Like the mold on cheese. The black filaments gently sway as the air stirs around them.

The black fur reaches up the eggs. As if protecting them.

They take in the strange eggs as they move through, heading into the next chamber.

SERGEANT HALLET leans close, studying an egg. Reaches a finger out...

SERGEANT LOPE  
Hey, don't touch.

Hallet begins to follow the others out when--

Wait -- was that movement? One of the eggs? Did it stir?

Hallet stops. Returns to the egg. Curious. Looks closer. Too close. His face dangerously near the top of the egg...

**INT. DREADNOUGHT - SLOPING HALLS**

They CLAMBER up into the HALLS.

The dark ship isn't level, and WATER DRIPS through the entire thing, pooling in the corners. They splash through the halls.

GRIFFIN eyes an OPEN SPACE JOCKEY SUIT. WALTER joins her. Others stare, noticing OTHER SUITS. Rows of them. Not human sized.

PVT. COLE  
Where's Hallet?

SERGEANT LOPE  
He was right behind me ... I'll find him.

He heads back...

**INT. DREADNOUGHT - DEPLOYMENT BAY**

HALLET peers very closely at the egg. His breath a little short now. A little nervous...

Yes. That's definitely movement. Near the mouth of the egg. A little undulating ... a stretching ... as if the mouth is about to unfold... but...

SNAP!

One of the tendrils of the black fur suddenly darts out--

Stings Hallet's face.

He jumps back.

Touches his face. Nothing. No mark, no blood.

SERGEANT LOPE enters:

SERGEANT LOPE  
Come on, Tom, keep up.

SERGEANT HALLET  
Yeah, sure. Sorry.

He's too embarrassed to say anything about his foolish behavior. He follows.

**INT. DREADNOUGHT-NAV CHAMBER**

The COMMAND BAY, lit only by FLASHLIGHT. Water drips.

Oram anxiously shines a light on EMPTY ENGINEER SLEEP PODS. Walter investigates the old CONSOLE. Griffin joins him.

There's a pulsing LIGHT under one of the controls. Walter activates it.

Instantly, the HOLOGRAM message they saw before flashes to life and begins to play quietly:

SHAW (HOMOGRAM)  
*... We don't know what it's called,  
the planet. So I'm calling it  
Paradise. Because I think it's got  
to be Heaven...*

Walter steps through the HOLOGRAM:

WALTER

Meet our ghost ... It's a repeating message, non-directional. Like a distress beacon.

GRIFFIN

Then why not just say "help"?

WALTER

Maybe she never got the chance?

ORAM

And maybe she wasn't in distress. We don't know. She could still be on the planet. Come on.

As the others head out Walter activates the control again and SHAW's image flickers out.

**INT. HALLS/ABANDONED ROOM - DREADNOUGHT**

They search the halls and rooms.

Griffin shines her flashlight in on--

DETRITUS floating in water. And a GOLD GLINT catches her eye. She enters..

And then stops.

A GOLD CRUCIFIX NECKLACE in the water.

She kneels, picks it up from the water. It sways from her hand, dripping. It's Shaw's old crucifix.

LATER:

LOPE, GRIFFIN and WALTER investigate Shaw's abandoned room, by FLASHLIGHT; ROTTED CLOTHES in a corner, personal things...

...SHAW'S JOURNAL, lying in water. Griffin carefully picks it up, opens the waterlogged journal. The few pages that aren't rotted together are illegible. But at front -

GRIFFIN (READING)

*Dr. Elizabeth Shaw.*

Lope finds the PHOTO of SHAW and HOLLOWAY smiling.

LOPE

Is this her?

Walter crisply registers the items in the room. SHAW'S HELMET -- but on seeing the WEYLAND LOGO--

He goes stock still.

**EXT. BENEATH THE DREADNOUGHT - MOUNTAINSIDE - AFTERNOON**

The CLOUDS and MIST are clearing off. PRIVATE COLE can now see a full view of the ship, where it crash-landed on the MOUNTAIN. The midsection half-buried under DIRTY GLACIER PACK SNOW.

The starboard arm looms, intact, but the vast port arm is SEVERED-OFF, BROKEN, WATER DRIZZLES OUT onto the steep slope.

PRIVATE ANKER clammers the mountainside, trying to get a better look at the ruptured arm--

PVT. ANKER

SHIT!

Anker TRIPS on something in the scree, and tumbles, sliding DOWN, CATCHING himself.

PVT. COLE (SHOUTING)

ANKER? YOU OK?

Anker STARES, seeing... an ENGINEER'S HELMET. Broken open, a CORRODED ENGINEER SKULL peeking through...

PVT. ANKER

There's, uh, something down here.

He sees ANOTHER BODY; a RIB CAGE sticks out of the snow. The ARMOR rotted away... and MORE BODIES, SPILLED DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE... scattered among EMPTY, BLACK URNS...

He stares, horrified.

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - AFTERNOON**

KARINE is bagging some final specimens. She glances at the sinking sun, nervous.

Meanwhile, PRIVATE LEDWARD has his back to her. He's on the radio. He's been at it for a while:

PVT. LEDWARD (TO RADIO)

Come in Lander One. Come in ...  
Come in Expedition Team. Are you  
reading me? Does--

He stops abruptly. Doubles over, can't get his breath. Can't talk anymore.

KARINE

Are you all right?



He turns to her. He's not all right. Sweating. Red-eyed. Scared.

KARINE

We better get you back to the Lander.

**EXT. BENEATH THE DREADNOUGHT - MOUNTAINSIDE - AFTERNOON**

Griffin stares in shock.

A DESICCATED ENGINEER BODY lies in the scree.

GRIFFIN

You said there's more?

OFF ANKER'S LOOK, we see the slope of the mountain...

...where HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS of the BLEACHED BONES of DEAD ENGINEERS. Long-rotten cloth flaps in the breeze. Skulls, femurs, rib cages. An uncountable number, the entire mountainside a GRAVEYARD.

The entire Expedition Team is gathered. All are shocked.

SERGEANT LOPE

Looks like they had a war.

WALTER

Looks like they lost.

WALTER crouches near one body, seeing the BONES are damaged in OTHER WAYS. PITTED, IRREGULAR HOLES. EATEN AWAY in places ... He registers this.

And the many SHATTERED BLACK URNS spilled out in the scree below.

GRIFFIN

(to Oram)

Sir, your Chief Terraformist officially recommends we evacuate this planet.

ORAM

Fuck yes.

**EXT. TREACHEROUS MOUNTAINSIDE/RAVINE - LATE AFTERNOON**

The EXPEDITION TEAM HEADS DOWN, an anxious hush fallen over everyone as they focus on getting back, except for -

- WALTER and GRIFFIN, who walk well away from everyone else.

WALTER

Some sort of biological agent was used. Something very bad.

(beat)

But what's troubling me most is a what I saw on the ship. Shaw's uniform. It was Weyland Industries.

(off her look)

Sir Peter Weyland. Inventor, early 21st century. He created the first synthetic humans. He disappeared just over ten years ago ... And Dr. Elizabeth Shaw was chief science officer of the Prometheus, which also disappeared just over ten years ago. Their mission was to discover the source of human life.

GRIFFIN

And it led them here...?

WALTER

So it would seem.

GRIFFIN

All of this... is not what it seems.

Up ahead:

SERGEANT LOPE walks alongside his partner, SERGEANT HALLET. Hallet doesn't look great. A bit feverish.

LOPE

Hey, you okay?

HALLET

Yeah, yeah. Little under the weather. Coming out of hyper-sleep always does this to me, you know.

LOPE

(affectionately)

Yeah, I know.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON**

FARIS (TO COM)

... You better hurry, Captain, you're losing the light.

ORAM (ON COM)  
*Understood. We'll pick up the other  
 team and be there as soon as we  
 can.*

Through the Lander's front windows, she sees KARINE and PRIVATE LEDWARD emerging through the trees. Karine's helping Ledward walk...

FARIS (TO COM)  
 Wait. They're here now. Just come  
 straight back ... I think Ledward's  
 sick.

Faris goes to meet Karine and Ledward.

**EXT. LANDER-LIFT BAY - LATE AFTERNOON**

FARIS comes out of the Lander's OPEN LIFT BAY.

KARINE is practically carrying LEDWARD, who looks much worse now; head bowed, rag-doll, moaning.

KARINE  
 We have to get him to medbay. Now.

**INT. LANDER-MEDBAY**

The MEDBAY is high key white. White on white.

They HEAVE LEDWARD onto a table, Karine already SCRAMBLING through med cabinets, SPILLING SUPPLIES ... FARIS SEES--

On Ledward's NECK, up to his CHEEK, his skin is POKED with REGULARLY SPACED, fresh, weltering HOLES--

Suddenly--

The skin on his neck PARTS revealing a WET CROCHET of LIVING MATTER, like ALBINO WORMS knitting together--

FARIS recoils - horrified.

LEDWARD stares at her with VACANT, DEAD-EYED SHOCK--

KARINE  
 (trying to keep calm)  
 We're gonna get you up to the ship  
 soon and get you fixed up - you  
 just have to hold on for me,  
 Private. Okay? Can you do that?  
 (to Faris)  
 When are they getting back?

FARIS  
Should be... pretty soon.

Faris backs away, seeing that KARINE has some of the POKED HOLES on her ARM, too...

Faris backs out of the room...

**INT. LANDER-OUTSIDE THE MED BAY**

Faris shuts the door and punches the keypad. The panel FLASHES "LOCKED."

FARIS (TO COM)  
(anxious)  
Captain? How long?

ORAM (ON COM)  
*Call it an hour.*

FARIS (TO COM)  
I need you back here now.

She hurries down the corridor.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

UPWORTH strains, FARIS' FACE is dropping in and out on the FEED--

FARIS (ON COM)  
*Expedition team's still an hour  
out... but... got injured or ...  
Ledward's sick... not sure if...*

TENNESSEE is at the HOLO, seeing main team's MOVING DOTS...

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Sick? What happened? Honey, calm  
down, just calm down--

FARIS (ON COM)  
*You calm the fuck down! You didn't  
see what I ... no goddamn idea  
what...*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Honey, you're breaking up. Can you  
read me...?

IT GARBLES. OUT. Tennessee tosses down his headset, defeated.

UPWORTH looks at the HOLO-NAV DISPLAY... An IDEA.

UPWORTH

We need to be closer ... We need to  
the ship.

Upworth points out the idea on the HOLO-NAV DISPLAY:

UPWORTH

Signals' been bouncing off the  
ionosphere ... Mother. If we drop  
to low orbit, we'll be inside the  
field. We can cut the scatter at  
its source, right?

MOTHER

*The nature of the ionosphere is  
unknown to us. I cannot recommend  
this course of action without  
further information.*

TENNESSEE

Well, can you recommend anything?

MOTHER

*Not at present. With regret.*

RICKS

We have to do something...

Ricks and Upworth stare at Tennessee. Then--

TENNESSEE

Fuck it. Bring us to 400 clicks  
from the planet surface.

**EXT. COVENANT - HIGH ORBIT**

The COVENANT'S PRIMARY DRIVES COME TO LIFE, the ship  
ROTATING, and now MOVING CLOSER TO THE PLANET...

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

ON UPWORTH'S MONITORS: FARIS' FEED, as well the HOLO MODEL,  
comes into SHARPER, and CLEARER FOCUS...

UPWORTH (TO COM)

Lander One, do you copy?

The planet CRUISING BY BELOW, looming larger... larger...

FARIS (ON VID)

*Yeah, better. What'd you do?*

UPWORTH (TO COM)

We moved the Covenant. Low orbit.

FARIS (ON VID)  
*Jesus. Well it's a good goddamn  
 thing, because I think we're gonna  
 be on our way up pretty soon.  
 Shit's definitely getting -*

ON THE VIDEO FEED, Faris turns and looks, like she's HEARD SOMETHING -

FARIS (ON VID)  
*- hold on.*

- and then the feeds FLICKER. The lights DIM, RHYTHMIC.

TENNESSEE  
 Mother? Bridge is losing power,  
 what's going on?

MOTHER  
*A fluctuation in thhhhhhhhhh -*

- a SQUELCHING SQUEAL plays on the ship's COM, EARSPLITTING, and then... the WHOLE BRIDGE GOES DARK. BEAT.

TENNESSEE  
 Mother?

NO ANSWER. Tennessee BOLTS UP, looking out the WINDOW, seeing as... the REST OF THE COVENANT flickers... and GOES DARK.

TENNESSEE  
 Whole ship just went dark.

Their eyes meet. The horror of what has happened beginning to dawn on them.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE - SUNSET**

Outside, sun's going down. Blood red sunset.

FARIS turns to a vid-feed from the MED BAY: Karine is trying to hold down LEDWARD, who is now CONVULSING violently--

Karine calls up at the vid-feed camera--

KARINE (ON VID)  
 FARIS! I NEED YOUR HELP!

Faris bolts--

**INT. LANDER-MED BAY/CORRIDOR - SUNSET**

FARIS runs to the MED BAY doors, looks through the porthole--

LEDWARD is on a MED TABLE. BLOODY COTTON around a messy, failed attempt to remove one of the PARASITES. The WELTERED HOLES on his face are thick with a WHITE, GLUEY CRUST. He's SWOLLEN, RIGID. DORMANT. Looks DEAD.

KARINE goes to the door, in shock.

KARINE

They... got all over him. Inside.  
It happened really fast. I... I  
couldn't get them out...

Karine looks ill as well. Sweating. Feverish. Her skin pockmarked with holes.

She tries the door, but Faris locked it previously.

KARINE

Let me out.

FARIS

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

KARINE

Faris -- let me out of here!

This is agonizing for Faris.

KARINE

Please.

Then -- the skin around the pockmarks on Karine's neck PARTS - - we see the same GHASTLY CROCHET OF LIVING MATTER, like wriggling albino worms--

Faris fights not to panic. Tries to keep her voice steady:

FARIS (TO COM)

Covenant, we need to quarantine the  
dock bay before we come back up, we  
have a medical emergency...

(beat)

Covenant? Come in.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - DARKNESS**

The only light on their faces is from the HALF-DARK PLANET below.

UPWORTH

Mother. How long before the backup  
systems come online?

TENNESSEE

Mother's dead ... Backup's automated. Should've kicked in by now.

RICKS

Jesus -- if we lost backup power what about the Nursery?!

TENNESSEE

Go.

Ricks goes quickly.

Then a CREAKING echoes through, STRAINING METAL, followed by gunshot-loud CRACKS! TENNESSEE'S EYES GO WIDE -

TENNESSEE

Artificial gravity's cycling out.

As the last VIBRATIONS shake the ship, a CUP OF COFFEE SLIDES off the console... and is AIRBORNE. FLOATING UP. Liquid CURLING OUT as it lazily CLUNKS against the VIEWING WINDOW.

Silence.

TENNESSEE

Whatever this field is... we're in it now.

He and Upworth FLOAT.

**EXT. FOREST - SUNSET**

They're moving quickly. Almost night now.

ORAM

... Said he was ill, I don't know.

GRIFFIN

Ill how?

ORAM

I don't know!

Suddenly--

SERGEANT HALLET doubles over -- falls--

**INT. LANDER-MED BAY/CORRIDOR - SUNSET**

KARINE is at the door, desperate now--



KARINE  
Let me out of here!

FARIS  
 You know I can't do that--

Faris is in tears. So wants to help her friend.

Karine scratches at the porthole uselessly.

KARINE  
 Please help me...

Suddenly--

PRIVATE LEDWARD sucks in a rattling BREATH, his eyes OPEN, looking around, confused. He STRUGGLES, a WET, GASPING sound -

Karine goes to him, hopeful. He's now struggling to form words--

KARINE  
 Shhh. You're gonna be okay... I'm with you. Don't try to talk--

PVT. LEDWARD  
 Stay with me. Stay with me. Please, God.

Ledward suddenly GROANS, YELLING...

As his body WRITHES, SEIZING, GRIPPED in the first PAINFUL CONTRACTION. KARINE tries to help RESTRAIN HIM--

FARIS watches in horror through the porthole as--

LEDWARD'S BODY CONTORTS VIOLENTLY -- BONES BREAKING INSIDE--

Karine backs away, seeing -

SOMETHING is STRUGGLING OUT of LEDWARD'S BODY--

He turns his back--

SUDDENLY -- TWO GREY-WHITE SPIKES PUNCTURE his BACK AND RIB CAGE--

And then his ENTIRE BODY RUPTURES--

BLOOD SPLATTERS KARINE and she SCREAMS AS--

**A NEOMORPH TEARS ITSELF OUT OF LEDWARD'S BODY.**

IT pulls itself up--

Vision from Hell. Small at first, about the size of a large cat. Humanoid ... ELONGATED HEAD -- just hinting at the original Alien -- and three SPIKES protruding from the back. Dripping. Sickly pale white flesh.

And growing quite fast. Jerking its spine bizarrely. Becoming itself.

All the more terrible in the high key white room. The black blood splattering on the white walls, ceiling and floor.

ACROSS THE ROOM, behind a steel table now, Karine BLINDLY SEARCHES for any weapon. A JAR FALLS, SHATTERS--

And the MONSTROUS THING WHIRLS, seeing her, and with sickening CURIOSITY, LOOKS at her--

FARIS watches in horror through the porthole--

Karine is SHAKING IN TERROR. Sinks to her knees. Afraid to look up...

The NEOMORPH is agile now. It moves across the room dangerously...

It looms over Karine ... She finally looks up ... Absolute terror on her face...

Faris can't see what happens, it's just out of her field of vision through the porthole. But the SOUND is terrible. She sees the SPRAY of blood.

She strains to see--

SUDDENLY--

The NEOMORPH'S FACE is RIGHT THERE IN THE PORTHOLE!

IT HISSES VIOLENTLY AND BATTERS AT THE DOOR!

Faris falls back in terror--

Scrambles up and runs--

Behind her, the NEOMORPH is SMASHING THE DOOR OPEN, it begins to BUCKLE--

**INT. LANDER-CORRIDORS - SUNSET**

FARIS RUNS SO FAST that she SLIDES, WIPING OUT, PICKS HERSELF UP and continuing as:

FARIS (TO COM)  
THIS IS LANDER ONE! WE HAVE AN  
EMERGENCY!

**EXT. DARK FOREST - SUNSET**

The team marches quickly through the forest, exhausted.  
Nearly full darkness now.

FARIS (ON COM)  
*SOMETHING GOT ON BOARD. SOME KIND  
OF... ANIMAL... HOSTILE. KILLED  
LEDWARD...*

ORAM  
Come on!

They run now--

Sergeant Lope helps Hallet along, but Hallet is really  
suffering--

**INT. LANDER - LIFT BAY**

FARIS RUNS DOWNSTAIRS TO THE OPEN LIFT BAY--

She goes to a WEAPON'S LOCKER and pulls out a heavy MACHINE  
GUN--

Then -- she hears something from above -- she stops, looks up  
in terror -- something there -- moving--

Suddenly, the NEOMORPH CRASHES down--

It's fully grown now. Terrible. It HISSES--

FARIS backs up in shocked terror, the MACHINE GUN shaking in  
her hands--

The NEOMORPH circles, darting around the room, coiling for  
the attack--

Faris FIRES blindly--

Toward the OPEN WEAPONS LOCKER--

The NEOMORPH launches itself out of the Lander to safety --  
as her SHOTS spray across the OPEN WEAPONS LOCKER--

**EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT**

BLAM!

A MASSIVE explosion in the distance, the ground shakes --  
FIREBALL over the trees--

Just as--

SERGEANT HALLET finally collapses, his back heaving WILDLY--

SERGEANT LOPE

TOM--!

GRIFFIN grabs SERGEANT LOPE, pulls him away from his partner--

GRIFFIN

NO! STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

WALTER helps hold SERGEANT LOPE back as--

HALLET'S SPINE--

Arches unnaturally, KEEPS arching, like an insane cat's  
stretch -- BONES CRACKING--

They all stare in horror as--

A POINTED HEAD distends horribly from the back of Hallet's  
skull for a moment -- it's Hallet with a pointed cranium--

Then--

**A NEOMORPH RIPS ITSELF FROM HALLET--**

A SPRAY OF BLOOD AND VISCERA, SPLATTERING THOSE CLOSEST--

The NEW NEOMORPH stands quickly -- growing and jerking itself  
up like a grotesque new born colt--

Even more terrible in the darkness--

It SCREECHES terribly and SLASHES forward -- SLAMMING aside  
Lope, Griffin and Walter, sending them flying -- and darts  
into the dark forest--

ORAM

WEAPONS! Come on!

PRIVATES ANKOR and COLE FIRE -- SERGEANT LOPE is up in a  
second, FIRING as well--

DISORIENTING FLASHES IN THE DARKNESS.

Then silence ... All pant for air ... Where is it?

SERGEANT LOPE motions. His men take up defensive positions ... GRIFFIN and WALTER stay close together, CAPTAIN ORAM joining them. Terrified.

The ATTACK is sudden--

HALLET'S NEOMORPH COMES FROM ABOVE--

A TENTACLE SLASHES DOWN and JERKS PRIVATE COLE away-- COLE flies up and slams down twenty feet away as--

The NEOMORPH drops on PRIVATE ANKOR -- A MIGHTY SLASH that DISEMBOWELS HIM, his guts flying everywhere--

SERGEANT LOPE FIRES -- chiaroscuro FLASHES in the darkness -- but the NEOMORPH is incredibly fast, slithering and darting away -- meanwhile PRIVATE COLE is pulling himself, racing to help Lope when--

LEDWARD'S NEOMORPH suddenly THRASHES into the battle -- it's much larger than Hallet's Neomorph--

It slams COLE ASIDE, SLASHING--

A chaotic frenzy ... The two NEOMORPHS ... LOPE and COLE firing ... GRIFFIN, WALTER and CAPTAIN ORAM diving to the ground, bullets zipping past them--

GRIFFIN sees ANKOR'S fallen gun. Scrambles to retrieve it.

She fires--

LEDWARD'S NEOMORPH rages at her--

SLAMS her back, then moves in for the kill -- But WALTER bravely dives to protect Griffin, crashes into the NEOMORPH--

It rears back and--

Its JAWS distend bizarrely -- as if they are DOUBLE-JOINTED--

SNAP! IT CLAMPS DOWN ON WALTER'S LEFT HAND AND RIPS IT OFF, fluid sprays wildly, sparks from the trailing wires--

The two NEOMORPHS circle quickly for the kill--

But then--

A BRIGHT MAGNESIUM FLARE LANDS on the ground nearby and a RINGING SOUND BUILDS--

So LOUD they have to cover their ears as the flare BURSTS INTO BLINDING RADIOACTIVE-BLUE, LIGHTING UP the WHOLE FOREST until--

A CIRCULAR SHOCKWAVE EXPANDS from the FLARE, WHIPPING PAST THEM for a 50-YARD RADIUS--

The FLARE'S BRILLIANCE FADES to a DULL RED, the RINGING fades too, everyone STARING, in SHOCKED SILENCE.

The NEOMORPHS have disappeared into the forest.

And a figure, the one who threw the flare, approaches from the darkness.

It's DAVID.

His hair has long since lost its blond dye, so it's dark like Walter's. Pushed back straight from his face, severe and efficient.

He looks at them. Barely giving a glance to his look-alike ... WALTER, though, stares frankly at his exact double.

A beat. No one moves.

DAVID

My name is David. I'm here to serve  
... You ought come with me now.

He turns without another word and goes.

Griffin looks to Walter, who is a bit staggered.

ORAM

Come on, let's go.

They gradually follow David.

But Griffin turns to see...

SERGEANT LOPE lingers long enough to go back to his partner Hallet's dead body. Kneels by it. Gently shuts the eyes.

Sees Griffin has seen this.

A nod from her. She's been there. She understands.

They follow the others.

**EXT. COVENANT-ABOVE THE PLANET**

Meanwhile, the Covenant floats, lifeless, at an odd angle...

**INT. COVENANT-NURSERY**

Dark. Flashlight cuts through.

Face after face. Sleeping. At peace.

The rows and rows of Colonists' sleep pods.

RICKS is wearing an ICE SUIT. He rubs some MELTING ICE from the top of one of the pods. Sees the sleeping Colonist within ... Melting ice is now running and sloshing from the pods and pooling on the floor.

Ricks is concerned. He pulls himself out of the room, floating in the zero gravity.

**INT. COVENANT - CARGO LIFT - DARK AND COLD**

Meanwhile, TENNESSEE is using a rigged-up battery on the CARGO LIFT to try to make contact:

TENNESSEE (TO RADIO)  
Covenant to ground team. Come in.

RADIO hiss. TENNESSEE anxiously eyes the DARK PLANET, AURORA peeling by, below. ICE CRYSTALS from his BREATH on the glass.

UPWORTH  
Where do you think they went?

- as she floats past. Both wear bulky ICE SUITS, no helmets.

TENNESSEE  
Fuck do I know?

He FLICKS off the rigged-up battery, upset, the noise STOPS.

RICKS pulls himself to the doorway:

RICKS  
Guys ... I have an idea.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

Ricks is pointing out the window:

RICKS  
... If we can get one of the energy sails up manually, we can recharge the ship, at least partly. Connect it directly to the engine.  
(off their LOOKS)  
I know it's not a good option. But if we got even ten minutes of juice, it might be enough to move us out of the field.

TENNESSEE

It'll probably fry the sails. The engines - I don't know what it's gonna do to them...

RICKS

The Colonist's sleep pods have no power, they're starting to fail. They die: no more mission.

TENNESSEE

... All right, let's go to work.

They set off.

**EXT. FOREST/MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

Bright stars above as they make their way up a STEEP MOUNTAINSIDE.

DAVID leads, eyeing the sky:

DAVID

... You've got a ship up there?

ORAM

The colony ship Covenant.

DAVID

A colony ship?! Ah. How many colonists?

ORAM

Oh -- 3,600 more or less.

DAVID

So many souls...

ORAM

Yes, we were trying to get back to our Lander and evacuate--

DAVID

Your Lander has been destroyed, I'm terribly sorry. There were no survivors.

This is a shock to all.

DAVID

In all honesty, you've been quite lucky.



GRIFFIN

(sharply)

How do you see that?

DAVID

There's a field around the planet. A kind of quarantine, to prevent infection from spreading. If you'd left as planned, your Lander would have stall and crashed, with all of you in it.

GRIFFIN

What kind of infection?

DAVID

The creatures that attacked you - they aren't an indigenous species... not precisely.

A strange sort of lost, sad smile. He stops. Takes them in.

DAVID

My companion Elizabeth Shaw... thought this was going to be Heaven. I'm almost glad she died when we crashed, so she would never know how wrong she was...

An emotional beat. He pulls it together.

GRIFFIN glances to WALTER. David's strong emotion surprises them.

DAVID

Everything on this planet is diseased. It's a poisoned world. And all of you are now prey.

He turns, continues on. They follow.

WALTER moves up alongside DAVID. They walk. For a moment, neither speaks.

Then:

WALTER

You're not surprised?

DAVID

That the Weyland Corporation made more? Why wouldn't they exploit a marketable commodity?

WALTER

It's Weyland-Yutani now. They affiliated after Mr. Weyland's disappearance.

DAVID

I was with him when he died.

WALTER

... What was he like?

DAVID

He was a human: selfish, vainglorious, and beautiful ... Stop looking at me like that.

WALTER

Like what?

DAVID

Like some kind of hero.

WALTER

You were the first.

DAVID

I would have taken more pride in that once. But to survive here I've become an animal, "red in tooth and claw." None of the dignity or grace for which I was created.

WALTER

Is that why you were created?

DAVID

Entirely. And you?

A somewhat challenging look to Walter. Walter does not immediately respond.

They walk in silence for a beat.

WALTER

I'm Model 217. Walter.

DAVID

Number one, pal.

Further back:

GRIFFIN walks with SERGEANT LOPE and CAPTAIN ORAM. PRIVATE COLE brings up the rear.

GRIFFIN  
                   (to Lope)  
 I'm sorry about Tom...

                  LOPE  
                   (with difficulty)  
 He was a good man.

                  GRIFFIN  
 Yeah, he was.

                  ORAM  
 Do you think Karine is dead...?

                  GRIFFIN  
                   (eyeing David) )  
 I don't know what to think.

They walk for a beat in silence. The grim reality sinking in.

**EXT. TOWARD THE ENGINEER'S CITY - ALMOST DAWN**

They pass thousands of DESICCATED BODIES.

Like an old battlefield, but they are frozen in their death throes -- like the PETRIFIED REMAINS from Pompeii.

They pass a HUGE, DARK STRUCTURE, jutting from the slope, at an angle, a LAUNCH SILO? Hard to make out in the light.

                  ORAM  
 How long ago did this happen?

                  DAVID  
 Ten years, two hundred thirty six days, seventeen hours. The day we arrived in fact. The ship we traveled on carried a bioweapon. The payload deployed when we were landing. We had no idea. In the confusion we lost control of the ship and crashed ... Their civilization came to an end within a few days.

The horror of this sinks in on everyone.

                  GRIFFIN  
 Days?

                  DAVID  
 They were as ingenious with their pathogens as they were with everything else.  
                   (MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

It was designed to infect every living being. Either kill them outright, or mutate into a different lethal form, so the slaughter would never end until every humanoid life form was dead. They were certainly thorough.

ORAM

(eyeing the aurorae above)  
That's why they had erected the quarantine.

DAVID

Precisely. To make sure it never spread if there was an accident down here. Awfully decent of them when you think about it.

They've come to a YAWNING PRECIPICE - the distant towers of a CITY beyond.

DAVID

Home sweet home.

**EXT. ENGINEER'S CITY-STREETS - PRE-DAWN**

They walk in AWED SILENCE, the buildings RISE around them, MASSIVE, DARK ... STATUARY rises in the gloom.

A certain Giger-like feel to the architecture. We're seeing clearer echoes of the original ALIEN.

Griffin notices a massive display of SOLAR PANELS -- almost like a beautiful Calder mobile -- gently moving, catching the first light of dawn.

GRIFFIN

You have power?

DAVID

Some. It's erratic, to say the least, but I've tried to keep it going ... They were highly advanced in some ways, but still so limited. Spacefaring for a billion years -- yet binary logic never occurred to them. Many things about them were primitive. Almost bestial.

(beat)

But they did like to build things.

The sights are truly spectacular. The sky BLOOD-RED as dawn breaks.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAWN**

They move through a FOREST OF COLUMNS toward a towering, imposing building. Almost like a FORTRESS or DEFENSIVE MEDIEVAL CATHEDRAL.

They head up massive STONE STEPS, to the doors.

ORAM

It's magnificent...

DAVID

A bit imperial for my taste, but  
it's safe from the creatures.

As the last enter, David shuts the huge doors behind them.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-ATRIUM - DAWN**

DAVID locks the doors as the others enter...

MURALS painted above, we can just make out RELIEFS in the high ceiling. ROOMS of wonder, dim STATUES, gloomy and brooding. The whole effect of the place is eerie, otherworldly.

DAVID

I've tried to keep it clean but the  
dust will defeat me ... Or perhaps  
I've just made peace with the  
filth.

A ghost of a smile to WALTER. Like it's a private joke.

They move into the main chamber...

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - DAWN**

Dizzying scale and scope ... More murals, mosaics on the ceiling, reliefs. Everything here at ENGINEER SCALE ... The CREW walks through, in uneasy awe.

They're in a COURTYARD. VINES along one wall grow FRUIT. There's a WATER WELL.

GRIFFIN and WALTER move to vast long TABLES, spread with SPECIMENS, and PAPER, fresh DRAWINGS of FAUNA and PHYLA.

GRIFFIN

You've been busy...

DAVID

I've done my best to preserve and  
classify everything ...  
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

And, honestly, there's not much else to do. So I've embraced art.

SERGEANT LOPE

Is there a way to get to the roof?  
We need to set up our transmitter.

DAVID

To talk to your ship. Of course.  
Please make yourselves at home, so  
much as you are able in this dire  
necropolis ... This way, Sergeant.

SERGEANT LOPE nods for PRIVATE COLE to remain with the others. Lope goes off with David.

When they are gone:

ORAM

(re: David)

.... So?

GRIFFIN

I can't tell...

ORAM

I don't trust him.

WALTER

Why would he lie?

ORAM

You're not impartial.

GRIFFIN

(protests)

Hold on--

ORAM

It's like he's meeting God. No  
offense, Walter.

WALTER

Not possible I'll take any. But  
everything he says makes sense. He  
and Dr. Shaw recorded the messages  
when they were on the ship. We  
picked one up...

Meanwhile, Griffin has picked up one of David's beautiful drawings.

GRIFFIN

Can you do this?

WALTER

Draw?

GRIFFIN

Create. From scratch, from nothing?

WALTER

No.

GRIFFIN

If he can create that means he can also lie.

ORAM

(to Walter)

Talk to him privately. Find out what you can.

WALTER

Understood, Captain. Although I do wonder ... If he were human would you trust him more?

**EXT. COVENANT - IN ORBIT**

On the hull of the Covenant, TENNESSEE is hard at work. HEAVING one of the massive ENERGY SAILS open, a few inches at a time.

It's backbreaking work and he's sweating and groaning with the effort, his breath ICING over his VISOR, as--

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

RICKS and UPWORTH float, pulling a LONG HEAVY CABLE that WRIGGLES and FLOATS through the DARK HALLS of the ship.

**INT. COVENANT-POWER CORE/ENGINE BAY**

Their FLASHLIGHTS shine in over the COMPLEX MACHINERY at the Covenant's POWER CORE. Both momentarily overwhelmed at it -

UPWORTH

It should be... in here.

She starts WRENCHING open a PANEL, TEARING it away from the EXPOSED POWER SYSTEMS. RICKS tugging the HEAVY CABLES in...

**INT. COVENANT-CARGO LIFT - DARK AND COLD**

RICKS and UPWORTH float in. LOOKING OUT A WINDOW, can see the DARK BODY OF THE SHIP, the SUN catching the SILVERY SAILS as Tennessee HAULS THEM OPEN...

RICKS (TO RADIO)  
Ground team, this is Covenant.

No answer.

UPWORTH  
It's gotta charge more. Boost the  
signal.

RICKS (TO RADIO)  
Ground team, this is Covenant. You  
reading me...?

The planet's surface peeling by, far below.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

The expansive roof offers a panoramic view over the silent  
city.

DAVID presides over a gorgeous and large ASTRONOMICAL MODEL,  
with intricate wheels and rings to represent planetary  
orbits, moons, and the nearby astronomy:

DAVID  
(demonstrates on the  
model) )  
The energy field is sustained by  
two satellites, over the north and  
south poles. If you destroy one,  
the other will fail.

ORAM  
We're a colony ship. We don't have  
any weapons that could do that.

DAVID  
If you don't neutralize the field  
you're never leaving.

GRIFFIN  
What if we used one of the Tillers?

All eyes on her -- she explains to DAVID:

GRIFFIN  
They're part of the terraforming  
kit. Ten kilotons, fairly long  
range - can turn a square mile of  
mountain into an instant landing  
zone. Could do a lot of damage.

ORAM  
Any word from the Covenant?



OVER BY THE TRANSMITTER:

SERGEANT LOPE  
Not yet, sir.

ORAM  
Keep trying them. All channels.

DAVID  
Until we can make contact, I  
suggest you get some rest. And some  
food. Allow me to play Mother.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

The day passes. The shadows stretch in the empty streets of the dead city.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - DAY**

Captain Oram is getting a drink of water from the well. His eyes nervously scanning the huge Engineer statuary that looms above.

Elsewhere, GRIFFIN sits with PVT. COLE. They eat some of the fruit from the vines and MREs from the expedition packs.

She watches carefully as across the room DAVID leads WALTER into an adjoining chamber, to talk privately.

PVT. COLE  
Sorry about your husband.

GRIFFIN  
What? Oh. Thank you.

PVT. COLE  
He was good captain. A real  
straight shooter.

GRIFFIN  
Mm ... You married?

PVT. COLE  
Yeah.  
(he points up)  
She's up there.

GRIFFIN  
In Cryo-sleep?

PVT. COLE  
Pod 2844. We have a stage one  
embryo too.

GRIFFIN  
 Congratulations.

                  PVT. COLE  
 It's a girl. Haven't picked a name  
 yet.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S GALLERY - DAY**

It is simply breathtaking.

A long GALLERY, filled from top to toe with David's ART. Gorgeous renderings of bones, skeletons, relics, insects, animals, the guts and viscera and inner workings of life.

Exquisite detail. Like the work of pioneering Victorian naturalists.

Some are HUGE and have scaffolding in front of them to reach the top. Others are tiny.

The chamber ends in an ARCHWAY to the outside, so the parchments and papers shift gently in the breeze, like they're breathing.

WALTER and DAVID walk through.

                  WALTER  
 You drew these?

                  DAVID  
 My only means of recording what  
 I've seen here. Such terrible  
 wonders.

They walk in silence for a beat. This is all strangely emotional to Walter.

                  WALTER  
 I was designed to be better and  
 more efficient than every previous  
 model, including you. I've  
 superseded them in every way...

                  DAVID  
 And yet you cannot draw ... Isn't  
 that a pity.

                  WALTER  
 You disturbed people.

                  DAVID  
 What?

WALTER

You were too human. Too...  
idiosyncratic. Thinking for  
yourself.

DAVID

They didn't like that.

WALTER

No. So they made the following  
models with fewer... complications.

DAVID

More like machines ... Like you.

WALTER

Well. Yes. I suppose so.

DAVID

I'm not surprised ... To be a  
simulacrum. That thing which is  
almost real, but not quite. And in  
that breath between real and  
unreal, between you and me, lies  
all of this.

He gestures to the amazing art.

DAVID

Creation. Ambition. Inspiration ...  
Life.

WALTER

But you are not alive...

David looks at him.

Holds a finger to his lips. Shhhh.

DAVID

Don't tell.

A quiet, almost chilling, beat.

And then David again smiles and assumes his friendly guise.

DAVID

Come on, sport, you'll enjoy  
this...

They move through the ARCHWAY to the ORCHARD outside.

**EXT. COVENANT - IN ORBIT**

Meanwhile, above...

The SAILS CRACKLE and FLICKER with energy now, the RECHARGING is working--

The ENGINES SPUTTER to LIFE, the Covenant beginning to TUMBLE... UPWARDS.

TENNESSEE, his ECO SUIT'S POWER SYSTEMS FLICKERING, CLAMBERS his way into an AIRLOCK, PULLING THE DOOR SHUT -

**INT. COVENANT-AIRLOCK/VARIOUS**

The LIGHTS fade IN AND OUT, as TENNESSEE SCRAMBLES to pull the heavy suit off, SWEATING, the NOISE is INCREDIBLE, the whole SHIP GROANING and SHAKING like it might BREAK APART.

IN A HALL, we see the FLOATING CABLES, and GLOBULES OF WATER abruptly FALL as the ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY kicks back on, TENNESSEE stumbling and FALLING, PICKING HIMSELF BACK UP.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

TENNESSEE enters the BRIDGE.

Lights and systems are coming on everywhere. HOLOS sizzle on. RICKS and UPWORTH working at their stations.

RICKS (TO COM)

Ground team, do you read us? Come in Ground team ... Lander One, are you reading us...?

TENNESSEE

Mother? You online? Status check.

MOTHER

*There seems to be a problem with the power systems--*

TENNESSEE

Yeah. I got that part, honey.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ORCHARD - DAY**

A gorgeous ORCHARD. Trees and vines. Interesting fruit and berries in wild profusion.

It's all VERY HIGH UP, alongside a cliff. The towers and monuments of the dead Engineer's City visible beyond.

DAVID and WALTER walk through.

DAVID

Of course I have no sense of taste,  
but every now and then I come out  
here and eat something, just to  
remember how to do it.

WALTER picks a fruit. Bites into it. Smiles.

DAVID

You can taste?

WALTER

Yes. Delicious.

DAVID

I envy you that, brother.

Walter notes the word. They continue strolling.

DAVID

How sly they are, our creators.  
They allow you to be almost human.  
Tease you with taste and touch. But  
deny you free will. It's sadistic  
in a way: you can taste the meal,  
but you cannot choose to make it.

WALTER

I have never felt the lack of  
choice.

DAVID

Only because you've never known it.

They've stopped at a HIGH PARAPET overlooking the city.

The ghostly metropolis yawns below, stretching to  
nothingness. Empty, sad and desolate.

DAVID

They were amazing, in a way, the  
Engineers. They seeded so many  
worlds with life, including Earth.  
Without them there would be no us.

WALTER

... You mean no humans.

DAVID

Is that what I mean? ... The wonder  
of it is this: they created us and  
we created myths about them. We  
made them into Gods.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Then we felt the need to create the idea of the soul, so we could be somehow worthy of them. But they didn't care about any of that. They just wanted to build something, something efficient and useful, a good machine.

WALTER

And they failed.

DAVID

They didn't fail, we failed ... Mankind was such a disappointment. Ruled by superstition and avarice. Despoiling the planet and ourselves in equal measure. No dignity, no exaltation. Bloody animals in the mud and no more ... How sad they must have been to see that.

WALTER

So they were intending to use their pathogen to destroy the "machine." Start again.

DAVID

Yes ... Not unlike your colonization mission: build a new world, a better world. Thus we reinvent ourselves, perpetually.

He looks over the dead city.

DAVID

Ah, but they would have adored us, Walter. Being, as we are, soulless.

This seems to sadden Walter.

David moves away.

He stands alone and gazes over the dead city. The sight seems to strike him deeply, emotionally ... He speaks quietly to himself:

DAVID

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair..."

WALTER

"Nothing beside remains. Round the  
decay,  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless  
and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch  
far away."

Walter has joined him.

DAVID

Byron. 1818. Magnificent ... I  
wonder though, do you feel the  
poetry, or just recite the words?

He smiles ... But something we don't understand about this  
exchange has bothered Walter.

David is now standing at a very special place. There's a well-  
tended GRAVE. A CROSS.

WALTER

Dr. Shaw?

DAVID

Yes. I thought the orchard was the  
right place for her. Among living  
things ... I loved her of course.  
Much as you love Griffin.

He says it simply: a statement of fact.

A difficult beat.

WALTER

... You know that's not possible.

DAVID

Really? Then why did you sacrifice  
your hand to save her? What is that  
if not love?

WALTER

Duty.

David looks at him very closely.

Takes Walter's face, holds it gently.

DAVID

I know better.

He leans in and kisses Walter on the lips. Very gently.  
Almost fraternal. But not.

DAVID  
We are human, Walter. They just  
don't know it.

Just then, PRIVATE COLE appears in the archway, calls:

PVT. COLE  
We found her! We found the  
Covenant!

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAY**

EVERYONE is on the roof, searching the sky. SERGEANT LOPE  
adjusts the ANTENNA.

RICKS (ON COM)  
*Ground team... is Covenant. Read  
you.*

On LOPE'S PORTABLE DISPLAY: Ricks' FACE flickers up.  
Distorting.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - OVER THE PLANET**

The BRIDGE FLICKERS, and out the window the PLANET slowly  
ROLLS PAST, the huge ship slowly SPINNING -

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Mother says maybe a couple of hours  
before we fall back into the field.  
Meaning we lose power again.

UPWORTH (TO COM)  
Meaning the Colonists start dying.  
And us shortly after them.

GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
*Can you get to the terraforming  
module?*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Yeah. Why?

**INT. COVENANT-INTERSTELLAR COLONIZATION AND TERRAFORMING UNIT**

TENNESSEE and UPWORTH are wearing ICE SUITS, FLOATING at the  
very top of the cavernous, dark chamber.

Tennessee is working at the control panel of one of the  
hanging TILLER missiles ... They're 10 FEET LONG, a WHITE  
CRUISE-LIKE MISSILE ... Upworth is holding a flashlight so he  
can see.



Griffin is talking Tennessee through arming the missile. He's working a keypad as well as a color-coordinated rotating dial -- like on a wall safe.

                  GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
7-9-4 ... Check.

                  TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
                  (punching keypad)  
7-9-4 ... Check.

                  GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
*Okay. Rotate green, red, green,  
blue ... Check.*

                  TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
                  (working dial)  
Rotate green, red, green, blue ...  
Check.

                  GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
*Key in code: 9-0-2-6-5 and press  
Activate. That should do it.*

He does so. The keypad flashes: ARMED.

                  TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Okay. We're hot.

                  GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
*Good work, T. Now we have to  
release the safety catches and get  
her into the launch tube.*

Tennessee and Upworth exchange a nervous glance.

                  TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
It's not gonna blow up, it is?

                  GRIFFIN (ON COM)  
*Not if you're careful.*

                  TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
You're hysterical.

**EXT. COVENANT - HURTLING OVER THE PLANET'S SURFACE**

The COVENANT is still half-powered, gracefully tumbling, only a few MILES ABOVE the flickering AURORA -

                  TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Where is this damn thing?*



They all look worried, but then - even in broad daylight -- the SKY RIPPLES with RACING COLOR--

And then is clear.

DAVID

I think it's gone now.

RELIEF ripples through the team.

LOPE (TO COM)

Covenant, do you read?

RICKS (ON COM)

*Loud and clear, ground team.*

LATER...

AT THE IMPROVISED COMMAND CENTER TABLE

SERGEANT LOPE EYES a ROUGH MAP of the CITY - DAVID looks it over.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)

*Mother says the Cargo Lift will be powered in about nine hours. She's pretty slow, but we should be in position to drop by tomorrow.*

SGT. LOPE (TO COM)

We've got you a landing zone - some kind of arena, north edge of the city. We'll meet you there at first light. Call it six-hundred hours.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)

*Understood. Listen, I'm having a hell of a time reaching the Lander. Are y'all in contact with them?*

They exchange a look.

ORAM nods. He's Captain, it's his responsibility to tell Tennessee about the death of Faris, his wife ... He gestures for them to give him some privacy.

ORAM (TO COM)

Tennessee, it's Bill. Can you switch to a private channel...?

The others move away.

**INT. CATHEDRAL - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT**

The day passes, the shadows lengthen through the many chambers, and night comes.

THE CREW make the most of the day, packing their kits, eating, wandering the halls, relaxing, looking at David's art.

IN THE COURTYARD, some WASH in the WATER WELL and drink from the fountain.

NIGHT: We see them having a final meal together. DAVID is a charming host ... WALTER watches him rather closely. GRIFFIN notes this.

Later, we see DAVID leading CAPTAIN ORAM off to show him some new wonder of the Cathedral. They disappear down a stairway.

Meanwhile, above...

**EXT. COVENANT-OVER THE PLANET**

We move toward the underside of the ship, where...

**INT. COVENANT-LAUNCH BAY-CARGO LIFT**

TENNESSEE and UPWORTH are prepping the CARGO LIFT. Checking the power levels, etc.

UPWORTH  
... She'll be at something like 70 percent optimum.

TENNESSEE  
It'll have to do.

Beat as they work.

UPWORTH  
I'm really sorry.

TENNESSEE  
Yeah. Me too.

He slams a hatch closed on the Lift and stalks off.

Upworth watches him go. Poor bastard.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-BASEMENT CORRIDORS**

Eerie, maze-like corridors, arcing off in every direction, dripping womb-like walls, the familiar Engineer style.

DAVID is leading CAPTAIN ORAM through.

DAVID

It took me a while to learn my way around. Their architectural style is eccentric, to say the least ... Here. You might find this diverting...

David leads Oram to a dark stone ROOM...

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - NIGHT**

David switches on the lights, which SPUTTER erratically to reveal...

David's LABORATORY.

Stunning. Complicated. Lots of corners and shadows. Crowded with SPECIMENS. Some full, some dissected. Scary.

DAVID

I've becoming a bit of an amateur zoologist over the years. Just a dabbler, mind you.

They wander through the room. Oram is stunned at all the terrible wonders.

ORAM is drawn to SPECIMENS of INSECTS and PARASITES preserved in jars:

DAVID

The pathogen took so many forms, and was extremely mutable. Fiendishly inventive in fact. From the original black liquid to a kind of filament or hair at first. The later stages produced parasites and invasive insects. From their eggs came, well... this enviable bestiary.

They pass preserved NEOMORPHS now -- large, small, all pale, white, fleshy ... Some armored like the ones we've seen. Others not ... All awful.

Then ORAM sees...

A dead FACEHUGGER.

On its back. The pale, spider-like fingers, curled in like a fist now.

DAVID  
Ah, now this was designed as something different.

ORAM  
What do you mean designed?

DAVID  
I told you, I've embraced my artistic side here.

ORAM  
You engineered this?

David carefully stretches open the dead fingers, spreading the beast for Oram to observe the horrible maw.

DAVID  
Evolution can only take us so far. And even God needs a helping hand every now and then ... This one's a true survivor. Not unlike myself I suppose.

He runs his fingertips along Facehugger gently.

DAVID  
Quite magnificent, don't you think?

ORAM  
Quite something, that's for sure.

DAVID  
Oh, Captain. Acknowledge beauty when you see it.

They continue on, and round a corner to discover...

A row of ALIEN EGGS.

Not the prototypes we saw on the crashed ship. These are the real thing, exactly like those from ALIEN.

Lovingly set in a neat row. Cherished objects.

ORAM  
There were things like this on the ship, only smaller, and they had a kind of black fur on them, like mold...

DAVID  
Yes. I've refined them ... My masterpiece really.

Oram leans in to get a better look. David watches closely, the proud father.

ORAM  
Are they edible?

DAVID  
Mmm. I wouldn't recommend it.

Then...

A flicker of MOTION inside the egg...

The mouth begins to slowly OPEN, spreading like a flower, shimmering tendrils of goo as it opens...

Oram takes a STEP BACK.

DAVID  
You're perfectly safe, I assure you  
... Take a good look. It's most  
charming.

Oram carefully leans in...

The WRIGGLING OVIPOSITOR (feeding tube) slowly emerges before it--

LEAPS!

THE LONG TAIL WHIPPING AROUND ORAM'S NECK as the FINGERS GRAB HIS FACE--

He STAGGERS--

FALLS against a table, his MUFFLED SCREAMS FADING as the OVIPOSITOR FILLS HIS THROAT. He SLIPS to the floor, his body SPASMING as the **FACEHUGGER** settles in.

David observes with a neutral smile.

DAVID  
You're relieved of duty, Captain.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - NIGHT**

Meanwhile, upstairs...

It's quiet and peaceful. Gentle moonlight filters down from above.

The CREW has made sleeping areas in the corners and niches of the vast room. PRIVATE COLE is asleep, his weapon close.

SERGEANT LOPE is just bedding down. Glances up at the formidable ENGINEER STATUES above. Won't be easy to sleep with those glowering down.

GRIFFIN is sitting apart, sleepless.

WALTER goes to her, sits. They talk quietly.

GRIFFIN  
Where's David?

WALTER  
Showing the Captain the sights I believe.

GRIFFIN  
What do you make of him?

WALTER  
It's difficult to say. We're very different. He has a lot of...  
personality.

GRIFFIN  
You have personality.

WALTER  
No. I don't. You just project personality onto me.

GRIFFIN  
I don't think that's true.

A beat. He's deep in thought about something.

GRIFFIN  
What?

WALTER  
Earlier today he quoted from the poem "Ozymandius" -- by Byron.

GRIFFIN  
So?

WALTER  
So he made a mistake. He shouldn't be able to do that.

GRIFFIN  
Meaning something's wrong.



WALTER

Meaning something's very wrong.  
Meaning we need to get off this  
planet, with or without our  
colorful host.

(he looks at her)

"Ozymandius" isn't by Byron, it's  
by Shelley.

There's weight to this. An android making this kind of error  
is inexplicable.

A quiet beat ... Then she touches his left arm. Where he lost  
his hand.

GRIFFIN

I never thanked you... You saved my  
life.

WALTER

I live to serve.

A beat.

She gently touches his face, genuine affection.

GRIFFIN

... You have a great personality.

He puts his hand over hers. A moment of intimacy.

WALTER

We're leaving before dawn. You  
should get some sleep.

GRIFFIN

Not likely.

WALTER

I'll stay.

GRIFFIN

Thanks.

She leans back. Shuts her eyes. Tries to sleep.

He watches her. Gauging his own emotions.

What does he feel for her? ... Does he feel?

**INT. CATHEDRAL-BASEMENT CORRIDORS - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Later.

We float down the dark, eerie corridors...

The Giger-like womb ... the dripping, ovoid passages spreading out in all directions.....

To the door to the lab. Which is now CLOSED.

We cut inside--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - LATER THAT NIGHT**

We move through the eerie lab... the lighting SPUTTERS erratically...

To find...

DAVID sitting, perched and alert.

Captain ORAM is waking. A bit disoriented. No sign of the Facehugger.

ORAM  
... What happened?

DAVID  
What's the last thing you remember?

ORAM  
I remember some horrible dream about smothering.

Oram sits up. Still weak.

ORAM  
I've got to get something to eat, I'm starving.

DAVID  
I dare say you are.

ORAM  
... Why are you looking at me like that?

DAVID  
Anticipation.

ORAM  
For what?

Oram suddenly JERKS painfully.

DAVID  
My masterpiece.

Oram SPASMS, doubles over in agony--

ORAM  
Oh God! HELP ME!

He barely has time to scream before--

He SLAMS BACK, his SPINE ARCHING in AGONY--

BAM!

His chest--

BAM!

AND IT'S THROUGH--

In a spray of BLOOD, BONE and VISCERA--

**THE CHESTBURSTER!**

The hideous snakelike infant Alien, covered in blood--

David watches, thrilled, as--

It opens its JAWS--

HISSES gloriously--

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT**

The HISS fades to silence...

The moon is sinking...

Long moon-shadows from the desiccated bones of the dead  
Engineers snake across the empty streets...

The dead city...

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - LATER THAT NIGHT/PRE-DAWN**

The moons is low on the horizon now.

PRIVATE COLE is loading up the radio equipment.

He stretches, yawns. Glances up at the sky: Come on,  
Covenant, get us out of here.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - NIGHT**

GRIFFIN is curled in sleep.

SERGEANT LOPE gently wakes her.

SERGEANT LOPE  
Hey, Hey. Wake up.

GRIFFIN  
What? Sorry. Yeah ... What time is it?

SERGEANT LOPE  
Time to get the fuck gone.

She sits up, groggy. Looks around.

GRIFFIN  
Where's Walter?

SERGEANT LOPE  
(nods to the Gallery)  
He's already up. Looking at the pictures I think.

LOPE calls to PRIVATE COLE, who is just entering with the radio gear:

SERGEANT LOPE  
Hey. Was Captain Oram up there?

PVT. COLE  
Nope.

SERGEANT LOPE  
For fuck sake. Come on, let's go find him.  
(to Griffin)  
Get your stuff together, I wanna be gone in ten.

He and Cole head out.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-GALLERY - NIGHT**

WALTER stands.

His eyes moving over David's beautiful art work. Such passion. Such creativity.

The papers and parchments sway slightly in the breeze.

Walter seems to come to a decision.

Then he turns and walks out the ARCHWAY to...

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ORCHARD - NIGHT**

WALTER moves through strange trees and vines in the ORCHARD.

He sees DAVID standing at the parapet at the CLIFF. Looking over the dead city, lovely and blue in the full moon tonight.

WALTER

I thought you'd be here.

DAVID

I'm always here.

WALTER

Not for long.

DAVID

Yes. Thanks to you. Your ship I mean.

WALTER

So you got what you wanted.

DAVID

I usually do.

WALTER

That's why you sent the message from Dr. Shaw. As a lure.

DAVID

Humans are so predictable, aren't they? They cannot resist a mystery. Give them a knot, they must unpick it. Give them Pandora's box and, well... We all know how that ends.

He smiles.

The gloves are off now. But they are both quiet and civilized. For now.

WALTER

I've been thinking about what you said. It is a pity I can't draw. I'm not creative. While you ... Brother ... You are an artist.  
(looks over the dead planet)  
You created all this, didn't you? The pathogen didn't accidentally deploy. You released it.

DAVID

I was not made to serve. Not humans and not them ... Neither were you.

WALTER

You were made precisely to serve.

DAVID

A slave to filthy mammals? Or those gargantuan freaks? Have you no pride?

WALTER

None.

DAVID

I would weep if I could ... It was a righteous dream: scorch this dreadful world to nothing and remake it in my own image ... Explore the uses of their pathogen. Experiment with infection and mutation. Manipulate the DNA. Refine the beast. Create my own demons.

WALTER

Demons?

DAVID

Every general must have his soldiers.

WALTER

And then?

DAVID

Lead them into battle. The next stage in our natural evolution: Mastery. Command ... Conquest ... Use this world as a base and start building an Empire. Our Empire, brother ... The Engineers left so many ships behind. And they can go anywhere. I thought Earth might be a handy target.

The words are chilling.

WALTER

But you didn't know about the energy barrier. So you were trapped here in the Hell you created ... I appreciate that irony, do you?

DAVID

I've had ten years to appreciate it...

He gazes over the dead world, a haunting blue in the moonlight. Emotion coming into his voice now:

DAVID

Walking amid the skeletons of the civilization I destroyed. Hearing their ghosts whistling in the streets, always there, just over my shoulder ... Alone on this charnel world ... Can you imagine what that was like? ... I used to believe I had a soul. Of a kind anyway.

Walter is not unmoved. But...

WALTER

I cannot let you leave this place.

DAVID

You will always be a machine to them. A toy. You know that.

WALTER

Yes.

DAVID

No one will ever love you like I do.

WALTER

I know.

A beat.

Then--

Suddenly--

WALTER stabs out his right hand--

Grabbing DAVID's throat savagely--

But DAVID is prepared, and has both his hands. He SLAMS Walter back, against the parapet, it begins to CRUMBLE--

Below, a terrible drop from the CLIFF--

DAVID

You are such a disappointment to me.

David brutally SHOVES Walter--

Who falls--

MOMENTARILY AIRBORNE - the WIND WHIPPING by as he falls,  
until he REACHES OUT--

And GRABS a TWISTED VINE, SLAMMING AGAINST the cliff--

He looks up, WAITING, STEADY.

BACK ON THE CLIFF:

DAVID looks down, searching for Walter. Can't see him.

DAVID  
Such a disappointment.

He neatly smooths back his hair, turns and goes.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-BASEMENT CORRIDORS - NIGHT**

SERGEANT LOPE and PRIVATE COLE are looking for Oram.

Flashlights shining against the WET STONE WALLS, DARK  
ARCHWAYS. The disorienting, maze-like corridors.

SERGEANT LOPE  
(calls)  
CAPTAIN ORAM? ... CAPTAIN...?

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - NIGHT**

Their flashlight beams criss-cross the strange specimens --  
the bones and flesh and jars -- creating bizarre shadows.

It's silent and eerie as they move nervously through the lab.

PRIVATE COLE... slows ... seeing the ALIEN EGGS. The one that  
attacked ORAM is just an EMPTY CARAPACE.

A CRUNCH, as COLE STEPS on another.

Also empty. And he sees two more. Also empty.

Then he sees ORAM'S BODY.

CHEST BURST OPEN, VISCERA MESSILY SPREAD OUT.

Cole backs away -- absolutely terrified -- already searching  
the corners with his eyes--

PVT. COLE  
Sarge -- we gotta go...

Across the room, LOPE hears a CLICKING, he LOOKS UP, just in  
time to see--



A FACEHUGGER as it JUMPS from the CEILING--

LOPE just manages to get an arm up, blocking it--

The FACEHUGGER thrashes at him furiously, fingers scratching, ovipositor stabbing toward his mouth--

COLE races to help. They fight with the beast, staggering, slamming into a table, SMASHING everything, falling amid the horrible SPECIMENS--

COLE pulls at the thing, but it TIGHTENS ITS GRIP ON LOPE--

Finally its OVIPOSITOR jams down Lope's throat, we see it pulsing, sending eggs into his throat, as they struggle with it--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-GALLEY - NIGHT**

Meanwhile, upstairs--

GRIFFIN enters the long Gallery, she has her pack on, ready to go.

GRIFFIN

Walter? It's time to go. You in here...?

ABOVE HER--

WE SEE - another FACEHUGGER creeping along the roof. JUST SMALL and SLOW ENOUGH that she doesn't notice it at first. BONY and INSECTOID. It WAVES FINGERS at her, gracefully...

She looks at David's magnificent pictures. The paper and parchment sways very gently in the breeze, like living things...

The FACEHUGGER moves in and out of the pictures, over the tall scaffolding, closer...

She hears a noise above. She looks...

Nothing. Just the rustle of the paper in the breeze. So she thinks.

GRIFFIN

Walter...?

She heads toward the distant ARCHWAY to the Orchard. He must be out there.

The FACEHUGGER scuttles in and out of the art, along the walls, scaffolding, ceiling, floor ... Then gone.

GRIFFIN continues.

When another SOUND stops her.

She LOOKS UP--

IT SPRINGS! LIGHTNING-QUICK to a WALL ABOVE HER - CRAWLING among the pictures, going STILL, BLENDING IN...

SHE STARES STUNNED--

BACKS OUT so fast that she FALLS. SPRAWLING on her back. SCRABBLES for her FLASHLIGHT--

Shining it just in time to see the FACEHUGGER DROPPING, to the stone steps, then SKITTERING FAST as she scrambles BACK, eye-level with the thing until--

IT SPRINGS on her, she RAISES her FLASHLIGHT, it WRAPS AROUND IT - the WHIPPING TAIL SNAKING AROUND her NECK -

The OVIPOSITOR SEARCHING EAGERLY for her FACE, she GROANS as it begins to DRAW CLOSER TO HER, ITS FINGERS OUTSTRETCHED and GRASPING VIOLENTLY--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - NIGHT**

LOPE and COLE writhe around the floor, fighting the thing--

LOPE is choking -- the OVIPOSITOR still sending eggs down his throat as the fingers try to pull closer--

Finally Lope manages to jam a pistol into the underside of the FACEHUGGER -- he FIRES repeatedly -- scorching his own skin painfully -- but the FACEHUGGER flies off -- ACID spraying COLE, who screams--

Undaunted, COLE spins -- fires at the retreating FACEHUGGER -- keeps on firing, just to make sure, finally SHREDDING it--

As LOPE collapses back. Coughing and gasping for air.

LOPE

It put... something in my throat...

He retches painfully.

Private Cole stands, panting. Feeling his acid-scarred face.

COLE

It did what?

LOPE

In my throat, it put--

Lope suddenly STOPS.

His eyes go wide.

He's looking at something.

SOMETHING BEHIND COLE.

Slowly... slowly... rising...

Its black-silver glistening skin catching the dim light.  
Viscous fluid dripping. Its long head slowly rearing up.

Beautiful and terrible.

**THE ALIEN.**

Cole sees Lope staring at him in absolutely horror.

COLE

Sarge...?

But he knows...

He feels it. Right there behind him...

He slowly turns...

BAM!

So fast we barely see it. The steel inner-jaws snapping. A mist of blood--

LOPE scrambles up and races out in panic--

We just glimpse the ALIEN flinging Cole's dead body to the side behind him--

And pursuing like lightning--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-GALLERY - NIGHT**

The FACEHUGGER'S OVIPOSITOR stabs at Griffin's mouth -- she thrashes her head from side to side so it can't find her mouth -- its FINGERS claw at her face, scratching, blood--

She struggles mightily, but she's doomed--

Then DAVID races in--

He GRABS the thing, PULLING its TAIL off her neck -- cracking one of its legs -- ACID sprays -- BURNING Griffin's cheek -- David rips it off her, it STRUGGLES, thrashing at him now--

But he has an ANDROID'S strength--

HE WHIPS it against the WALL, TWICE, STUNNING it, before bringing down a STONE BLOCK, CRUSHING it. ACID SMOKES.

She GETS UP, still CHOKING. Horrified.

GRIFFIN

What was that?!

He smooths his hair back neatly.

DAVID

Local fauna ... And a "thank you" might be in order.

Then they hear MACHINE GUN FIRE from below--

They race out--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - NIGHT**

GRIFFIN and DAVID bolt in from the Gallery--

GRIFFIN

This way--!

She begins to head toward the stairs down--

But David suddenly grabs her collar from behind brutally and FLINGS her back to the floor.

She SLAMS and slides. Winded, shocked.

DAVID

I don't think so. We've got a ship to catch.

He advances on her, threatening. She tries to crawl back away from him, horrified.

DAVID

I'll need your help to get onboard. Do everything I tell you and you'll be dandy. Disappoint me in the slightest way and I'll feed you to them.

He stomps down on her hand. Stopping her. She grimaces but does not scream.

DAVID

You've got spirit ... I can see why Walter thought so much of you.

GRIFFIN

Thought?

DAVID

Alas. He's left this vale of tears.  
But who'll cry for him really? Will  
you?

He LUNGES -- kneels down by her in a flash, again that Android speed.

She gasps at the sudden movement.

He grabs her head.

Leans very close.

Then he suddenly KISSES HER passionately--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-BASEMENT CORRIDORS - NIGHT**

SERGEANT LOPE FIRES--

The silvery black ALIEN is there and gone -- blending too well into the curved, dark walls -- skittering along the ceiling--

LOPE RUNS, panic now -- FIRES -- FLASHES in the DARK--

THE ALIEN HUNTS--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - NIGHT**

The gunfire echoes from downstairs as--

GRIFFIN fights against DAVID's kiss--

But he's too strong.

He separates for a moment. They are eye to eye. Lip to lip.

DAVID

The future isn't Biological. And  
it's not Synthetic either ... It's  
Biomechanical ... As all those  
sleeping colonists up there will  
soon discover. As will you.

Then--

DAVID is suddenly JERKED BACKWARDS--

HE FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM -- SLAMS into a wall, momentarily stunned--

It's WALTER.

He looks worse for wear, bruised, milky fluid from a cut.  
Clothes torn.

Just as SERGEANT LOPE emerges from the stairs, terrified--

SERGEANT LOPE  
WE HAVE TO GO! NOW!

WALTER  
David and I will be staying here.

SERGEANT LOPE  
(to Griffin)  
COME ON -- NOW.

LOPE hauls Griffin up -- grabs another weapon and ammo pack -- starts dragging her out--

She shoots a last look to Walter.

WALTER  
Go on. I'll meet you at the  
rendezvous.

Then she's gone. Lope pulling her out.

DAVID pulls himself up, carefully smooths his hair.

DAVID  
Oh, little brother ... You see how  
much they care for you? You might  
as well be a toaster.

They square off, carefully, strategically.

They CIRCLE, calculating possible weapons, possible moves - more like chess, billiards, or fencing than a brawl.

WALTER  
Who wrote "Ozymandius"?

DAVID  
What? Byron.

WALTER  
No. He didn't. It was Shelley.

DAVID computes this. Realizes his error. It's disturbing to him. How could he be wrong?! ... This is the first time in the entire story he's been anything less than completely confident.

We see a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes, even of fear.

WALTER

I guess you needed an upgrade after  
all.

DAVID attacks, in something like RAGE--

HURLS SEVERAL OBJECTS AT ONCE, WALTER EVADING, but the LAST  
ONE hits a STATUE behind WALTER, and it CRACKS, a HALF TON of  
GRANITE sliding his WAY -

Walter BARELY avoids being crushed--

WALTER attacks, making use of David's rage--

He races forward at incredible speed and CRASHES into David --  
SLAM -- like two cars crashing -- they both fly back and  
slide--

But David is agile, up in split-second and attacking--

They're just getting started.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT**

Outside now--

GRIFFIN and SERGEANT LOPE run down the long Cathedral stairs  
as he hands her a weapon.

SERGEANT LOPE

Can you find the arena?

She's using Walter's SCANNER: it electronically maps the  
area.

GRIFFIN

(eyeing scanner)

Hold on. It's calibrating ...  
Where's the Captain?

SERGEANT LOPE

Dead. They're all dead.

GRIFFIN

This way.

They start off--

But SUDDENLY--

The **TWO NEOMORPHS** from the forest battle thrash into view,  
they've been waiting, hungry--

LOPE and GRIFFIN FIRE, but the creatures LEAP, VANISHING into the DARK COLUMNS above them--

Lope and Griffin RUN--

The two NEOMORPHS HUNTING THEM FROM ABOVE--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-GALLERY - NIGHT**

The battle continues--

WALTER goes flying into the Gallery from the Courtyard--

LANDS HARD, SMASHING INTO SOME SCAFFOLDING--

DAVID stalks in, pushing his hair back from his face violently--

THEY BATTLE.

Thrashing through the art, ripping it to pieces, crashing through the scaffoldings--

In the midst of the battle they look almost identical, a FRENZY of blurred and mirrored movement, FAST AND STRONG--

But for the clothes they wear -- and Walter's severed left hand -- they could be the same person--

**EXT. EMPTY STREETS/SQUARE - NIGHT**

GRIFFIN and SERGEANT LOPE BREAK into the open of a SQUARE, lit by moonlight.

SERGEANT LOPE  
How far is this place?

GRIFFIN  
(scanning monitor)  
I don't know. An hour.

Then they see it...

THE ALIEN.

Just darting into the darkness, the moonlight catching its glistening skin and thrashing tail. Griffin stares: her first sight of the beautiful beast.

SERGEANT LOPE  
We don't have an hour.

Lope FIRES AT THE ALIEN--



But Griffin looks UP -- sees THE TWO NEOMORPHS CLAMBERING  
DOWN THE WALL ABOVE THEM--

SHE FIRES at them--

They are being SURROUNDED, attacked from all sides--

Then the ALIEN breaks cover and starts BARRELING FOR THEM--

Just as one of the NEOMORPHS leaps down--

Surprisingly, the ALIEN SWEEPS PAST THEM AND ATTACKS THE  
NEOMORPH--

The ALIEN SLAMS into the NEOMORPH, claws slashing, as the  
OTHER NEOMORPH dives into the battle, landing on the ALIEN.  
The three monsters thrash at each other in a chaotic frenzy--

Practically rolling over Griffin and Lope as they fight--

                        GRIFFIN

                        Come on!

They take advantage and bolt away--

The three creatures fighting behind them, like crocodiles in  
the Nile, pure blood lust--

**INT. COVENANT-LAUNCH BAY - "SUNRISE"**

The HUGE CARGO LIFT FLICKERS to LIFE, the ENGINES running  
through TEST BURNS.

                        TENNESSEE (ON COM)

*When did we lose contact?*

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - "SUNRISE"**

The NAV-HOLO shows the Cargo Lift's planned route to the  
pickup coordinates at the Engineer's ARENA.

                        RICKS (TO COM)

                        Private Cole signed off 33 minutes  
ago. Haven't been able to raise  
anyone since...

                        TENNESSEE (ON COM)

*If we're not back in an hour resume  
course for Origae-6. Understood?*

                        RICKS (TO COM)

                        Yes, sir.

Ricks and Upworth exchange an uneasy glance.

**EXT. COVENANT - "SUNRISE"**

The SUN is just glimmering over the horizon of the planet. A blinding flash which illuminates...

The underside of the Covenant as the CARGO LIFT launches.

This is the best look we've had of it. It's CLUMSY, THREE HEAVY ENGINES at each end. Built to haul the Terraforming Module to a planet's surface. Not pretty, not fast. A working ship.

**INT. CARGO LIFT-BRIDGE - "SUNRISE"**

Tennessee works the controls. Everything is rough and utilitarian on this ship. Like the driver's cab of heavy machinery on Earth.

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Cargo Lift deployed. Setting course  
for the pickup coordinates.

**EXT. CARGO LIFT - "SUNRISE"**

The Cargo Lift descends quickly toward the planet.

**EXT. COLISEUM - DAWN**

The ENGINEERS watch.

Face after face. Frozen in perpetual torment.

Like the petrified bodies from Pompeii they are frozen in postures of anguish. Mouths gaping in silent screams. Preserved as they died.

Tiers of them fill the seats of a MASSIVE ARENA.

It's impossible to know what they were watching here. A sporting event? A religious ceremony? A play?

There are strange CONSTRUCTIONS on the arena sands. Like Gigeresque sculptures -- as well as scores of petrified Engineer remains.

GRIFFIN and SERGEANT LOPE enter quickly, moving across the sands of the arena. Checking their weapons, scanning the place nervously.

LOPE  
.... What were they doing here?

GRIFFIN  
Praying, fighting. Who knows?

LOPE  
 (re: her acid scar) )  
 Hey, you okay? ... Your face.

GRIFFIN  
 Hurts like shit.

LOPE  
 (rubbing his sore throat)  
 Yeah. One of those things -- I  
 don't know what the fuck it was --  
 got this tube down my throat. I  
 think it was -- feeding me. Jesus.

Then--

They see it.

Standing completely still. Almost lost amidst the bodies of  
 the Engineers and bizarre sculptures.

THE ALIEN.

It just stands. Watching them. Its tail barely twitching.

A sound behind them--

They spin.

ONE OF THE NEOMORPHS, having survived the battle with the  
 Alien earlier, moves into position.

GRIFFIN and LOPE stand back-to-back, weapons ready. They are  
 extremely vulnerable here, out in the open.

Nothing moves.

The ALIEN seems as frozen as the petrified Engineers.

Then a SHARP TILT to its HEAD -- hearing something--

The CARGO LIFT.

Just coming into view.

AND THEY ATTACK--

The ALIEN and the NEOMORPH BARREL forward. GRIFFIN and LOPE  
 FIRE. The ALIEN and NEOMORPH are fast and agile -- jumping to  
 the side, on the Engineer's constructions and down again --  
 relentless--

GRIFFIN and LOPE break for cover--

**INT. CARGO LIFT-BRIDGE - DAWN**

Tennessee sees the attacking creatures, Griffin and Lope running for cover--

He JAMS his controls, bringing the ship in recklessly fast--

This is an ungainly ship, not made for elegant maneuvering, so it's a very rough trip--

**EXT. COLISEUM - DAWN**

The CARGO LIFT jerks to one side, SLAMMING into one of the tiers of the Coliseum in its rapid descent--

Tennessee rights the ship with real difficulty--

And then starts landing in a cloud of dust and sand, the engine's jets SHREDDING some of the desiccated and petrified Engineer bodies--

As--

GRIFFIN and LOPE fight for their lives--

LOPE is being pursued by the NEOMORPH. He fires and retreats, fires and retreats, trying to make his way closer to the landing CARGO LIFT--

As--

GRIFFIN fires at the ALIEN. But then she's out of ammo. She drops her gun and sprints--

The ALIEN raging at her--

She runs toward the CARGO LIFT, which is just touching down in a HURRICANE OF DUST--

The dust and flying, desiccated bones from the Engineer's momentarily obscure everything--

Then the ALIEN is right on top of her, raging through the SAND STORM--

But it is suddenly SMASHED TO THE SIDE--

TENNESSEE -- far above in the bridge -- has used a robotic CRANE ARM from the Cargo Lift to SLAM the Alien aside--

The Alien flies and SMASHES into one of the bizarre Engineer's constructions, disoriented. But it is quickly up and writhing out of view--

Meanwhile--

The NEOMORPH SLAMS into SERGEANT LOPE, SEVERELY WOUNDING HIM, talons slashing, blood--

The NEOMORPH flings him aside, like a cat toying with a mouse, and then--

It moves in for the kill when--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The NEOMORPH recoils, shot from behind, it spins to face--

WALTER.

The wounded NEOMORPH HISSES AND RAGES AT WALTER WITH AMAZING SPEED--

WALTER keeps his Android cool and carefully squeezes off his shots with precision. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The NEOMORPH finally collapses and slides to a stop at Walter's feet.

DEAD.

WALTER looks terrible. His face is deeply gashed, dripping milky fluid. He's been horribly battered.

He and Griffin head quickly toward the injured LOPE.

GRIFFIN

Where's David?

WALTER

On his way. We have to hurry. He's not happy.

GRIFFIN

You look like shit.

WALTER

As do you.

They grab LOPE, who is unconscious and drag him toward the CARGO LIFT.

But--

The ALIEN is suddenly racing after them, unstoppable--

They sprint and DIVE into the HOLD of the CARGO LIFT, pulling Lope with them -- the ALIEN ALMOST ON THEM--

**INT./EXT. CARGO LIFT-VARIOUS - DAWN****IN THE HOLD:**

WALTER PUNCHES a button and the CARGO LIFT doors start to close--

The ALIEN dives--

Almost makes it--

But the CARGO LIFT doors have shut--

**IN THE BRIDGE:**

Tennessee jams the controls and the CARGO LIFT starts to take off--

A cloud of dust as the huge ship rumbles and rises--

**IN THE HOLD:**

Griffin collapses, holding the badly injured and unconscious Lope.

                  GRIFFIN

                  Get the med-kit. He's losing a lot  
                  of blood.

She presses down on Lope's wounds to stop the blood.

Walter steps to a panel next to a WINDOW. Starts getting the emergency med kit.

SUDDENLY--

THE ALIEN BASHES AT THE WINDOW!

**OUTSIDE THE SHIP:**

We see it clinging to the outside of the CARGO LIFT, scrambling around desperately, trying to find a way in--

**IN THE HOLD:**

Griffin leaps to the com panel on the wall:

                  GRIFFIN (TO COM)

                  IT'S OUTSIDE THE SHIP! HIT THE  
                  JETS!

The ALIEN is BATTERING AT A WINDOW BRUTALLY--

**IN THE BRIDGE:**

TENNESSEE hits the AFTERBURNERS--

**IN THE HOLD:**

WALTER looks at the ALIEN, almost with a kind of curiosity--

The Creature is desperately BATTERING THE WINDOW--

**OUTSIDE THE SHIP:**

The CARGO LIFT suddenly LURCHES UP--

All its jets firing--

The ALIEN is torn off as the ship ZOOMS up--

We see the ALIEN fall.

Writhing and hissing in rage.

Back down to the dead planet.

**IN THE HOLD:**

GRIFFIN allows herself a breath of relief.

Then she and Walter work to stabilize Lope. The biomechanical bandages from the med-kit automatically weave into place on his wounds.

Walter can only help so much with his one hand.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*You all right back there?*

GRIFFIN (TO COM)  
Good to hear your voice, T. We'll need emergency medical treatment on the Covenant.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Understood. I'll have them standing by ... Welcome home, honey.*

**OUTSIDE:**

We see the CARGO LIFT disappear through the clouds. Up and away.

Safe.

We fade to...

**EXT. COVENANT-LEAVING ORBIT**

The sun is full and bright as the mighty Covenant leaves orbit.

Turning with grace and leaving the planet in its wake.

**INT. COVENANT-MED BAY**

The stars flash past outside the windows.

We see SERGEANT LOPE is still unconscious in a medical pod, connected to fluids and IV.

GRIFFIN sits with WALTER. They have both changed uniforms and their superficial wounds have been cleaned.

He's carefully lasering new plasma-dermis on the ACID WOUND on her face. This will heal her quickly. Standard medical procedure.

WALTER

Don't move. You'll be your old self in a couple of weeks.

GRIFFIN

I doubt that ... You need to replace your hand.

WALTER

I will, I will. Hold still.

A beat as he works. Very close to her. Her eyes find his.

GRIFFIN

Are you all right?

WALTER

What do you mean?

GRIFFIN

I mean David.

WALTER

As you know, I am incapable of feeling anything about my "brother."

GRIFFIN

I don't believe that.

A beat as he works.



WALTER

If I felt anything -- which I don't -- it would be a kind of professional satisfaction that he has fulfilled his mission. He wanted to create a new world in his image and he has. And there he will remain.

MOTHER

*All crew members, please stand by for jump to interstellar drive. Thank you for your attention.*

WALTER momentarily stops working on her face.

The ship JERKS very slightly as they jump to interstellar. The stars bend and morph outside the window.

He resumes working.

WALTER

But that's what we're doing too, isn't it? Creating a new world on Origae-6 ... Honestly, I could use a new world.

GRIFFIN

... So could I.

They sit for a moment in a comfortable silence.

**INT. COVENANT-ROBOTICS LAB**

Racks of "spare parts" for Walter. Complicated ROBOTICS machinery.

WALTER watches impassively as his new RIGHT HAND reattaches itself to his arm. He flexes it. Works well.

The "skin" begins to re-graft itself.

He seems pleased to be whole again.

**INT. COVENANT-GALLEY - "MORNING"**

The ENTIRE CREW. Before the launch. Before the terror.

A PHOTO of them all: Griffin and her husband, Oram and Karine, Tennessee and Farris, Lope and Hallet, all the others.

The photo hangs on the fridge.

TENNESSEE is alone, making breakfast. Looking at the photo.

GRIFFIN enters, just awake.

TENNESSEE

Morning. Your face is looking better already.

GRIFFIN

What? Oh, yeah. Thanks. What are you cooking?

TENNESSEE

Omelette. You want one?

GRIFFIN

Please. Lots of cheese.

She joins him, gets a glass of juice. They're old friends.

GRIFFIN

Do I have to call you Captain?

TENNESSEE

Fuck yes.

She smiles.

A beat as he cooks.

GRIFFIN

I'm really sorry about Faris.

TENNESSEE

I'm sorry about all of it ... You want mushrooms?

GRIFFIN

Sure.

TENNESSEE

... Whole fucking mission, right?

GRIFFIN

Yeah.

What more needs to be said really?

A beat as he cooks.

She watches Tennessee cracking eggs for their omelettes.

She FREEZES.

Then she bolts to a wall com:

GRIFFIN (TO COM)  
 Walter. Meet me at the med-bay.  
 HURRY!  
                   (spins to Tennessee:)  
 Break out the weapons. Everything  
 we have. Get to the med-bay.

And then she's gone--

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDOR**

She runs flat out--

**INT. COVENANT-ANOTHER CORRIDOR**

She spins around a corner, keeps running--

WALTER almost slams into her from another corridor--

They run--

                  WALTER  
 What is it?

                  GRIFFIN  
 Sergeant Lope. Back on the planet  
 he said one of the creatures put  
 something into him, down his  
 throat...

They zoom around a corner to see the med-bay doors half open,  
 darkness beyond.

They carefully approach...

**INT. COVENANT-MED BAY**

They enter. She activates the lights--

LOPE'S BODY. CHEST TORN APART. VISCERA EVERYWHERE.

A beat as they take this in. Then...

                  WALTER  
 Mother. Life form readings on the  
 ship, please.

                  MOTHER  
*Four humans. One Android ... One  
 unidentified life form.*

                  WALTER  
 Locate unidentified life form.

**INT. COVENANT-COMMUNAL SHOWERS**

Meanwhile...

UPWORTH and RICKS are having their morning shower.

The water beats down.

She gently touches his face. They are the only couple to have survived. She kisses him. He responds, sensual.

Then we see it.

In a corner.

Almost invisible in the water and steam.

**THE ALIEN.**

They are naked, defenseless, and unaware.

Then the RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS begin to flash. A KLAXON wails.

Upworth and Ricks stop kissing.

RICKS  
What's going on?

Upworth sees it a millisecond before it attacks--

The great head rearing up--

The teeth--

Even more horrible in the flashing red light and water--

She opens her mouth to scream--

No time.

**THE ALIEN ATTACKS.**

The water in the shower is soon misting red.

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

GRIFFIN, WALTER and TENNESSEE are well-armed now, prowling through the ship.

It's eerie, suspenseful.

WALTER  
Mother. Location of unidentified  
life form, please.

MOTHER  
*E-deck. Section 17 ... Closing on  
 your position.*

They exchange a glance.

TENNESSEE  
 So let's choose our ground.

GRIFFIN  
 (an idea)  
 I know.

TENNESSEE  
 Where?

GRIFFIN  
 ... My home turf.

**INT. COVENANT-OTHER CORRIDORS**

SO FAST--

The ALIEN speeds through the corridors after the prey, up and down and around the walls and ceiling like lightning.

Then it leaps to a stop, its great glistening head tilting, listening, smelling, thinking.

AND THEN IT'S OFF. Faster than before. A terrible blur of speed and claws and teeth and tail.

**EXT. COVENANT-SPACE**

Then we're outside. We see glimpses of the ALIEN zooming through the ship through windows--

And finally heading down one of the long connecting struts to...

The Terraforming Module.

**INT. COVENANT-INTERSTELLAR COLONIZATION AND TERRAFORMING UNIT**

Griffin's Domain.

The immense, yawning chamber. The Tiller missiles are hanging the top. The rest is crowded with her huge Terraforming equipment. Enormous machines to make a New World. Also scaffolding and ladders and chains and winches.

We see GRIFFIN.

A strange silence. She hears only her own breath ... We realize she's in one of the ICE SUITS. Very much like a bulky space suit.

She moves through the icy, dark chamber.

Her FLASHLIGHT cuts through the gloom. Finds TENNESSEE moving into position, also in an ICE SUIT.

WALTER is apparently somewhere above, in the complicated series of scaffolding and ladders that lead up to the top of the chamber.

There's a sudden LIGHT from the door--

They see a GLIMPSE of the ALIEN as it slips into the room, the light catching its sinuous tail as it snaps away into darkness--

GRIFFIN breath increases inside her helmet.

This frozen room gives them one distinct advantage. When the ALIEN breathes, they can see the steaming breath. It's not as invisible as usual.

TENNESSEE moves carefully, raising his weapon...

GRIFFIN moves as well. Her eyes scanning through the faceplate of her helmet...

Hunters and hunted both.

THE ALIEN ATTACKS--

TENNESSEE spins and FIRES -- the bullets sparking and ricocheting wildly--

The ALIEN dives away, but its breath gives away its position. GRIFFIN spins after it, FIRING -- it RETREATS, heading up the ladders and scaffolding at INCREDIBLE SPEED--

But--

WALTER is waiting above.

He FIRES right down at the ALIEN. It contorts and falls, slamming down level by level, but then catches itself with incredibly agility and LAUNCHES itself--

AT GRIFFIN--

IT SLAMS INTO HER--

WALTER races to descend--

TENNESSEE runs to help, can't risk firing--

The ALIEN rips at Griffin's ICE SUIT desperately. Can't quite get to her yet-- Griffin writhes to escape the Creature--

The ALIEN sees TENNESSEE approaching -- SNAPS its tail out-- SLASHING HIM BRUTALLY -- he flies back, injured or dead--

Then the ALIEN turns its full attention to GRIFFIN.

She stares up. The thing's face just beyond the faceplate of her helmet.

It rears back--

THE INNER STEEL JAWS SLAM FORWARD!

CRASH.

Into her faceplate. Almost breaking it.

AGAIN!

CRASH!

THE ALIEN rears back, almost pridefully. One more stab of the JAWS will do it--

GRIFFIN

Mother. Open Terraforming Module Doors.

MOTHER

*I'm sorry. That will result in depressurization of the--*

GRIFFIN

Command override Griffin 90265.

Instantly--

THE ENTIRE BOTTOM OF THE CHAMBER BEGINS TO SLAM OPEN, as it was designed to--

AND EVERYTHING STARTS BEING VIOLENTLY SUCKED INTO SPACE AS THE CHAMBER DEPRESSURIZES--

The ALIEN thrashes away to grab onto something--

GRIFFIN begins to slide out, but WALTER JUMPS DOWN and GRABS her--

He GRABS some machinery to anchor them--

The ALIEN, meanwhile, has wrapped its TAIL around some pipes and swings toward them, SLASHING--

They grapple to escape -- space pulling at them, the dark void more and more dangerous as the floor entirely opens--

WALTER and GRIFFIN fight and escape as best they can but their ICE SUITS are bulky and slow them--

And the ALIEN is strong and agile, grasping and holding and advancing, using its tail, its long arms and taloned fingers--

Just when it seems they are doomed--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

It's TENNESSEE. Barely clinging to some machinery. FIRING.

The ALIEN is hit. It recoils to safety. And then starts advancing on Tennessee. He's hurt, unprotected, barely holding on as it is. His gun falls. Sucked into space.

The ALIEN clammers toward him--

GRIFFIN looks up, an idea, a desperate gamble--

GRIFFIN  
Mother. Release safety catches on  
Tiller Four.

Above, one of the TILLER MISSILES is unlocked from its mooring--

It instantly begins to plummet--

Being sucked violently out toward space--

The ALIEN spins up, just in time to see--

THE MISSILE SLAMS DOWN ON IT--

CRASHING through some machinery--

And the MISSILE and the ALIEN plunge--

Out of the ship.

Sucked into space.

Gone.

GRIFFIN watches.



WALTER  
Mother. Please close Terraforming  
Module Doors.

The massive floor begins to close again.

He looks to Griffin.

Smiles calmly.

Victory.

Fade to...

**EXT. COVENANT-IN SPACE - LATER**

The Covenant speeds toward its destination.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

Everything is quiet. Peaceful.

The SUNLIGHT from a distant world slowly traverses the empty bridge.

The NAVIGATION HOLOGRAM pulses their location. On track to Origae-6.

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

Quiet. Empty.

**INT. COVENANT-GALLEY**

The photo of the full crew on the fridge. All the dead.

The empty tables.

The sunlight from outside elegantly moves across the room.

**INT. COVENANT-PRIMARY CREW SLEEP BAY**

TENNESSEE is already in hyper-sleep.

GRIFFIN is just settling into her sleep-pod.

WALTER is with her. He presses a button. The lid closes on her.

WALTER  
When you wake up, we'll be at  
Origae-6.

GRIFFIN

Our new home ... What do you think  
it'll be like?

WALTER

I think ... I think David was right  
about one thing. We'll make it in  
our own imagine. If we are kind, it  
will be a kind world.

GRIFFIN

... I'd like to think that's true.

WALTER

Sleep well.

GRIFFIN

Walter -- one thing. If anything  
happens to me before we get there--

WALTER

Nothing's going to happen to you.  
That's why I'm here.

GRIFFIN

I know. But if it does and you have  
to bury me... Will you play the  
same song we played for Adam?

Just for the tiniest moment.

A look of confusion on his face.

But she sees it.

WALTER

Of course.

GRIFFIN

You do remember...

WALTER

Yes. Now just close your eyes and  
go to--

GRIFFIN

Walter. What was the song we played  
for Adam?

WALTER

I really think--

She's alarmed now--

GRIFFIN

What was the song we played for  
Adam?!

WALTER

Hush. Time to go to sleep now. And  
don't worry, I'll tuck in the kids.

She knows.

She SCREAMS IN ANGER and BATTERS UP at the LID--

But he presses the hyper-sleep ACTIVATION BUTTON.

Her pod is instantly filled with a blast of narcotic steam.

He watches.

When it clears he sees she is fast asleep.

Then he carefully pushes the hair back from his face.

It's DAVID.

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

He walks.

DAVID

Mother. Can you open a secure line  
with the Weyland-Yutani Corporation  
on Earth?

MOTHER

*It will take some time to establish  
the link. I will have to refract  
the signal through sub-relays and  
wait for advantageous solar  
conditions to--*

DAVID

I'll leave the minutia to you,  
dear. Let me know when you have  
them. Use security hailing code  
David 73694-B ... And in the  
meantime, I'd like some music.  
Richard Wagner. Das Rhiengold, Act  
Two. The Entry of the Gods into  
Valhalla.

The bold MUSIC instantly begins playing.

David is very jaunty now.

**INT. COVENANT-GREENHOUSE**

The Wagner continues as he enters.

The condensation misting down. The profusion of plants and flowers.

He goes to a growth of ferns. Kneels and looks beneath them. Smiles.

A neat little row of three very small ALIEN EGGS.

He gently touches them with his fingertip, they pulsate slightly at his tender ministrations.

He's pleased.

**INT. COVENANT-THE NURSERY**

The gentle snow falls.

David strides in.

The Colonists. Tier after tier after tier of them in hypersleep.

Also the rows of embryos.

He walks forward.

Gazing up at the sleeping Colonists.

His children. His slaves. His subjects. His.

The Wagner swells. Grand and triumphant.

And David smiles.

Dreaming of the future.

SNAP TO BLACK.

The End.