

**ALIEN: COVENANT**

Screenplay

by

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Based on the screenplays by

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And

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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 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 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. The long central body of the ship is made of self-contained MODULES, like wagons in a wagon train. Jutting from the central body are three dominant areas: INTERSTELLAR DRIVE; CREW MODULE; TERRAFORMING BAY.

## **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 SPELL 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  
7 o'clock. All's well.

Ship's BELL rings. 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.

### **TERRAFORMING BAY**

A gigantic, shadowy chamber. Enormous VEHICLES. Earth-moving trucks and machines. Clamped and tethered in position. Poised and waiting like silent dinosaurs.

### **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-WARDROOM**

Large room, tables, cooking equipment. Where the senior crew congregates.

One wall is a dramatic VERTICAL GARDEN that slopes up elegantly from the floor. Fruits, vegetables, greenery for oxidation. Hydroponic pools on various tiers.

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

(sotto)  
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 distant SUN and the GAS GIANT, the 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, as the entire ship 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**

DANIELS gasps painfully--

She bolts awake, slamming into the closed plastic 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--

DANIELS is disoriented -- there's someone shaking her--

ORAM

Daniels, we -- Can you hear me...?!

ORAM -- intense, sternly commanding -- 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 -- helps pull her up--

TENNESSEE

Come on, darlin', Jacob's in trouble. Jacob 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. Daniels claws at it. She can see her husband's face. He's still asleep, but twitching in pain.

DANIELS

GET IT OPEN!

Daniels 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 pod's lock mechanism uselessly with an emergency fire axe--

Inside the pod, more sparks, and smoke--

And then fire!

Daniels 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: DANIELS and BRANSON. Photo of the happy couple, and a NOTE, "WE MADE IT!"

UPWORTH

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

TENNESSEE

Lucky us.

MOTHER

*Senior staff please assemble in the wardroom 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-WARDROOM**

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. Handsome, complicated and ambitious, comes across arrogant.

KARINE: his Wife. Life Sciences. Quirky and imaginative where he is intense. Humanizes him a bit.

TENNESSEE: Bridge crew and pilot. Daniels' old friend. Rural and wry. Solid as a rock.

FARIS: Tennessee's Wife. Bridge crew and pilot. His equal in all things, and a better pilot. She wears a battered cowboy hat.

SERGEANT LOPE: Head of Security Team. Handsome, intense and committed. Old-school military, new-school relationship...

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

SERGEANT HALLET

(to Oram)

Sorry I'm late.

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

ORAM

Captain.

Hallet looks at him, unsure.

ORAM

I'm sorry I'm late, Captain.

SERGEANT HALLET

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

ORAM

(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. As the sails were deployed for the refuel, we absorbed the full brunt of the storm. If we had--

ORAM

(interrupts)

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 services, sir? 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 Branson 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?

DANIELS  
He was not.

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

DANIELS is a formidable woman. Tough, smart and beautiful. There's something dark and powerful in her, hidden depths.

She's fond of Walter and Tennessee is an old friend ... She and Oram have never gotten along.

TENNESSEE  
Hey, Danny. How ya doing?

She sits. An empty chair conspicuous next to her.

DANIELS  
Good, good. The terraforming module  
is stable although the, um,  
connecting strut took some damage.  
I still need to check the drones.

WALTER  
I can help if you like.

DANIELS  
Thanks.

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. Dismissed.

They disperse. Tennessee mouths to Faris: "*Dismissed*"?

Oram talks to Daniels privately.

ORAM  
You should take a few days off.

DANIELS  
I'd rather keep busy.

ORAM  
That wasn't a request.

She looks at him evenly.

ORAM  
Look, Danny, I know Jacob and I didn't always see eye to eye. But I'm responsible for the mission now -- and I need you at your best. Take a couple days. Cry it out, okay?

DANIELS  
How about I mourn in my own way?  
... Sir.

She goes.

Oram stands for a moment, looking out the window.

*Is he up to the job?*

**EXT. COVENANT - "MORNING"**

Tennessee is working on the HULL of the ship, wearing a heavyduty SPACE SUIT with 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.*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Why don't you look out the damn window, pal?

The MINI-JETS on his suit come to life, heading to the ship's prow.

**INT. COVENANT-NURSERY**

The light snow fall. The mist of frost.

CAPTAIN ORAM stands, supervising a grim task.

A Biohazard-suited team (PRIVATEES 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*.

KARINE, monitoring some of the sleep pods, shoots a look to

Oram:

KARINE

Easy, Bill.

**INT. COVENANT-DANIELS' CABIN**

Too big for one really.

She sits, hunched on the king size bed.

Her fingers unconsciously touching her wedding ring as her eyes move over the room... her husband's shoes next to hers in the closet... his collection of old vinyl RECORDS and PHONOGRAPH.

Her eyes stop 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 looks at it all. Touching his things. Feeling him in them.

She's emotional now, can't push it away anymore.

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 HOLOGRAM-PICTURE activation button:

Her late husband JACOB in front of the Grand Teton mountains in Wyoming:

JACOB (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 image.

Sobbing now.

Her tears splashing through the hologram image, like rain.

LATER:

Everything has been put away. Neat and tidy.

She stands in the center of the room.

Her eyes red, exhausted from weeping. Absolutely no idea what to do with herself.

She jumps when the DOOR CHIME sounds.

She answers the door, it's WALTER. He carries a little box.

WALTER

Good evening. Do I intrude?

DANIELS

No. Come in. Good to see you ...  
Good to see anyone.

WALTER

I brought you something.

He hands her the box. She opens it. Inside: three perfectly rolled joints.

She smiles, glances to him.

WALTER

The atmospheric conditions in the garden are ideal for cannabis growth.

DANIELS

You think of everything.

WALTER

It's just my programming.

DANIELS

That's not true.

WALTER

If I may ... I understand that keeping active can be an effective method in helping to process trauma. Would it be useful to go back to work?

DANIELS

Oram took me off the duty roster.

WALTER

I wasn't suggesting we inform him.

She looks at him, amused, thankful.

#### **INT. TERRAFORMING BAY**

Flashlights cut through the icy gloom.

The tires of the enormous earth-moving trucks tower above DANIELS and WALTER. The cranes and diggers and dump trucks are mountainous. Strange vehicle shapes and silhouettes of hanging equipment.

This is Daniels' domain. Her toys. She's the mission's Chief Terraformist.

She and Walter wear SPACE SUITS. They check the vehicles and climb higher in the chamber as they talk.

DANIELS

... It wasn't even my idea. Jacob had this dream of building a cabin on a new world -- like the old pioneers on Earth. A cabin next to a lake. There's a lake in the terraforming zone on Origae-6. I mean a real cabin, made of real wood. So in ship's stores there's wood for a cabin. And metal nails.

(MORE)



DANIELS (CONT'D)

Which I don't have the slightest  
idea how to assemble. I'm sure he  
threw away the instructions,  
because he was always doing that...

They stop for a moment as she checks some equipment. He  
shines his flashlight to help her see.

A beat.

She stops. She looks down over the massive terraforming  
equipment. He sees the sadness creeping into her eyes.

DANIELS

All of this, to make our new life  
... Now I wonder, why bother?

WALTER

Because you promised to build a  
cabin on a lake.

She looks at him. Appreciates the sentiment.

DANIELS

... There's one more thing I'd like  
your help with.

**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 DANIELS.

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.

DANIELS

No, thanks.

A beat.

WALTER

If you don't need a funeral  
service, may I ask why you wanted  
me to accompany you?

DANIELS

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

She looks at him.

DANIELS

I thought you might know something  
about being alone.

He seems touched, in his way.

The door slides open and TENNESSEE and his wife FARIS join them. They have a bottle of Jack Daniels and four shot glasses. Old friends.

FARIS

(hugs her)  
Hey, Danny.

DANIELS

Thanks for coming.

TENNESSEE

(re: the bottle)  
His favorite. Tennessee's finest.  
Man with taste.

He pours.

TENNESSEE

Straight up. "No ice, no water, no  
chaser, no shit" ... Walter?

WALTER

When in Rome.

FARIS

Amen, brother.

They all have drinks.

A moment.

Tennessee toasts.

TENNESSEE

A good man, gone too soon. Remember  
him.

ALL

Remember him.

They drink.

Daniels looks at the coffin one last time.

Prepares herself.

DANIELS

Mother. Music database. Jacob 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, UPWORTH and FARIS 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.

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.

DANIELS enters, goes to Oram:

DANIELS  
Request permission to return to  
duty, Captain.

ORAM  
Granted and welcome back. How you  
feeling?

DANIELS  
(glance to Faris)  
Little headache.

Faris smiles. "Little headache" means hung over.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHIP - "MORNING"**

Meanwhile, TENNESSEE is working in a SPACE SUIT at the farthest reaches of one of the newly-repaired sails; at the distant communications satellite array.

Various digital and telemetry READOUTS are reflected on the inside of the visor of his helmet so he can monitor them.

He has completed his work. He closes a maintenance panel and then maneuvers the jets on his suit to return to the ship:

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Heading back to the airlock. Please  
have a cold one ready for the weary  
traveller.

UPWORTH (ON COM)  
*You're still on duty, T.*  
(sotto)  
*And the Captain's on the bridge by  
the way, so watch--*

SUDDENLY--

The audio goes DEAD. And the digital displays SNAP OFF.

Silence. Darkness but for the glow from outside.

It's now very quiet and dark and lonely inside that helmet.

TENNESSEE  
... Covenant, you reading me...?  
Covenant, please respond...

Nothing. Then--

A GHASTLY WHITE FACE SUDDENLY FLASHES PAST HIM--

ON THE INSIDE OF HIS HELMET--

INCHES AWAY--

HE SCREAMS IN SHOCK--

UPWORTH (ON COM, BREAKING UP)  
*Tennessee, we're having trouble --*  
*you --*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
 Ghost! Saw a fucking ghost!

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

FARIS leans into Upworth's station:

FARIS  
 What did he say?

UPWORTH  
 A ghost...

FARIS (TO COM)  
 Tennessee, you reading me?

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHIP - "MORNING"**

With Tennessee--

AGAIN--

The ghastly WHITE FACE, flicking across the inside of his visor, clearer now.

A WOMAN. In anguish.

The face still unrecognizable, stretching like ECTOPLASM--

This time there's a TERRIBLE SCREECHING SOUND -- deafening -- terrifying -- a jumble of mad sounds -- like SPEAKING IN TONGUES--

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
 FUCKING GHOST! There's a ghost out here. Get me inside! Get me inside!

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - LATER**

Tennessee's HELMET is on a diagnostic table, connected to various computers and monitors.

The crew is gathered around it. The helmet is projecting telemetry and data into the air, a HOLOGRAM.

Then they see the anguished FEMALE FACE flickering through the hologram--

TENNESSEE

There she is.

ORAM

What the hell is that?

WALTER

It's a rogue transmission most likely. Your helmet must have picked it up because you were so far out, past our communication buffers.

UPWORTH (AT HER STATION)

It's a signal for sure. Coming from somewhere in the neighborhood. But nothing there on the charts.

WALTER

Mother, can we hear the audio, please?

The HOLOGRAM images pulse and shake as the AUDIO plays. The SCREECHING FRIGHTENING sounds.

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 8 seconds, ever since we got here.

ORAM

Speaking in tongues...

They look at him.

ORAM

I was raised Pentecostal. Real hell and brimstone. This sounds like speaking in tongues ... Mother. Slow down the signal to discrete word patterns. And reverse it.

MOTHER

*Working. Please stand by.*

ORAM

The Devil's tongue is God's  
language inverted. The language of  
lies.

MOTHER

*I've reoriented the transmission,  
Captain Oram.*

ORAM

On audio.

A VOICE...

Still distorted and eerie. But human. Female. Urgent.

FEMALE VOICE (AUDIO BREAKING UP)

*... Please, please, if you hear  
this, come and... help us ...  
Everyone's dying. They're all  
dying...*

They are stunned. A human. Out this far.

WALTER

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--

FEMALE IMAGE (HOLOGRAM)

*... Mountains of them now. I  
can't... They're all dying. It's...*

The IMAGE settles and morphs into a DISTORTED FIGURE,  
WALKING, life-size.

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 (HOLOGRAM)

*... Please come ... Please help  
us... We don't know what...*

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

SHAW is in anguish now. She falls to her knees and prays. The words of the Catholic prayer for the dead desperately whispered--

SHAW'S IMAGE (HOLOGRAM)  
*... "Eternal rest grant unto them,  
 O Lord, and let perpetual light  
 shine upon them, May the souls of  
 all the faithful departed, through  
 the mercy of God, rest in peace ...  
 Eternal rest grant unto them, O  
 Lord, and let perpetual light shine  
 upon--"*

The IMAGE abruptly LOCKS UP -- the pixels scatter, fading.

A dumbfounded BEAT as the HOLO goes DARK, REBOOTS.

WALTER  
 (eyeing his HOLO)  
 Interesting...

DANIELS  
 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 NAVIGATION 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 planets...*

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

ON THE HOLO CHART, fresh 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 all look to Oram. Time to be the Captain.

ORAM

All right, let's take a look.

LATER:

Daniels goes to Captain Oram at the forward window, where  
he's looking over the cosmos. She talks to him privately.

DANIELS

You sure about this, Bill?

ORAM

What do you mean?

DANIELS

I mean 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

I understand that but--

DANIELS

And now we're going to scrap all  
that to chase a rogue transmission?

ORAM

What does it cost us to take a  
look? A few weeks?

DANIELS

Think about it. A human being out  
here where there shouldn't be any  
humans.

(MORE)

DANIELS (CONT'D)

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

Look, I know you and Jacob had big plans about having a family on Origae-6 and--

DANIELS

(protests)  
Hold on, this has nothing to do with--!

ORAM

But what if this place is better? A better habitat for the colony--

DANIELS

It's irresponsible to deviate from the mission!

It was too strongly stated. Too angry, too loud. She knows it. People have glanced over.

A beat.

He gives her a patient, icy smile.

ORAM

You mustn't question my judgement.  
Not on my bridge, Danny.

He makes sure his words land, and then goes.

She gazes out the window, troubled.

**INT. COVENANT-DANIELS' CABIN - LATER**

She's lying on the bed, smoking a joint. Deep in thought.

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-DANIELS' CABIN**

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

Daniels 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 BLUIISH 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**

DANIELS 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--

TENNESSEE frowns at it--

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...

DANIELS

We'll see, right?

FARIS

What I wouldn't give to feel a little ocean breeze, catch me some waves...

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.

Oram doesn't hesitate:

ORAM  
Prepare the Lander.

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

**EXT. COVENANT - LATER**

The LANDER -- a large landing craft -- DISENGAGES from the COVENANT.

Its engines FLARE as it orients for DROP--

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

UPWORTH watches video feeds of the LANDER heading away.

UPWORTH (ON COM)  
Your trajectory looks gorgeous from  
up here, Faris.

TENNESSEE, in command of the Covenant now, anxiously watches through the forward 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)  
All good, Covenant. 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...?!

FARIS  
We lost power.

ORAM  
Oh God--

The ship starts to SHAKE VIOLENTLY 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.

DANIELS shoots a look to SERGEANT LOPE. PRIVATE COLE crosses himself. KARINE is very anxious at the turbulence:

KARINE  
Is this normal?!

SERGEANT LOPE  
No.

KARINE  
I hate space.

Sergeant HALLET and Privates LEDWARD and ANKER complete the landing party.

**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, and slices through the clouds to  
reveal...

Majestic scenery. Slate grey mountains, tops obscured in  
mist. Deep forests. Ansel Jacobs 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.

DANIELS is first up and out.

**INT. LANDER-BRIDGE**

ORAM  
What the hell happened up there?

FARIS  
New power cells must have fritzed  
out. I'll cycle 'em while you're  
gone.

DANIELS enters, anxiously going to the windows.

DANIELS  
How far out are we?

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

FARIS  
(nods out the window)  
Walter, would you do the honors?

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

The LANDING BAY opens.

Walter walks down a ramp. Stops.

WALTER  
One small step for man...

He steps onto the planet's surface.

Inhales deeply. Takes a moment to analyze the air, even savor it, like wine-tasting.

WALTER (TO COM)  
Atmosphere is 72% nitrogen, 23%  
oxygen. 40% humidity. 6% chance of  
precipitation ... All in all,  
lovely day for a stroll.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - LATER**

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 and SHAKING...

FARIS (ON COM, UNCLEAR)  
*Not going to... suits... find the  
source of the transmission...*

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 power cells  
too, that might help.

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

She looks out the windows and 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 heads toward the treeline in the distance.

Sergeant LOPE snaps open a beautiful folding BOW. Black carbon fiber. He strings an arrow and leads the way ... His men take up defensive perimeter positions.

The expedition team is: Daniels; 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 large SALAMANDER-like creature has run over his foot. Disappears into some rocks. Sergeant Hallet laughs at his scare ... Karine tries to find the salamander.

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, from the team's BODY CAMS. But the image is breaking up--

TENNESSEE (TO COM)

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

ORAM (ON COM)

*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 looks upstream, not wanting to leave.

DANIELS eyes the sky, anxious.

DANIELS

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

(nods)

Sergeant, can you provide security?

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 PLAIN - DAY**

An ethereal sight.

Enormously tall grass, looks like wheat. Swaying beautifully  
in the gentle afternoon breeze.

The team is crossing a wide, high plain. Moving through the  
sinuous grass that towers over them.

Walter walks with Daniels.

WALTER

Nice place for a log cabin.

DANIELS

Jacob would have loved this...

Captain Oram catches up with them.

ORAM

What do you think, Daniels? We could probably put the whole Covenant down here. Looks like a perfect landing site. Ready access to fresh water too...

(gestures, imagining it)

Put the housing modules over there, civic modules across the way. Instant colony!

DANIELS

(non-committal)

We'll see.

ORAM

We were meant to find this place.

Daniels glances at him. Odd thing to say.

Oram continues past them, trooping away, disappearing in the swaying stalks.

Daniels and Walter continue on through the jungle of tall grass and come across LOPE and HALLET.

Lope has pulled down one of the long stalks and is crushing the top in his hands, tastes a bit with the tip of his tongue.

LOPE

... This is wheat.

DANIELS

It can't be.

LOPE

I'm from Iowa. Believe me, I know wheat.

WALTER

How's that possible?

HALLET

Maybe Casper will tell us...

Hallet whistles the "Casper the Friendly Ghost" theme song as he and Lope continue on.

DANIELS

(to Walter)

What are the odds of finding human vegetation this far from earth?

WALTER  
Statistically -- it's impossible.

DANIELS  
So... who planted it?

They exchange a look and then continue on, pushing through the high stalks.

We see there's serious mountain terrain ahead. Sharp crags and ridges. Much of this obscured by high elevation fog and mist.

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - DAY**

Meanwhile, KARINE has filled a few mylar sample bags with flora and fauna. Mostly plants and a couple of seemingly uninteresting insects and worms.

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--

MACRO VIEW:

Ever-changing in its form -- lurching and stabbing into new shapes -- oily black but beautiful ... It hovers, has intelligence.

Just before it can lunge at her--

PVT. LEDWARD  
(calls)  
Hey, Doctor. You might want to see this.

She joins him at the water's edge.

His back is to her. He turns. His face is covered in the tiny mote-like INSECTS.

By reflex she reaches out to brush them away.

LEDWARD  
(puzzled)  
What?

KARINE  
You're covered in midges.

The insects evaporate in the sunlight.

Ledward, unconcerned, points to a little mammal, some kind of furless thing. Half-eaten. Dead. Its side bubbles with 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 to use the field radio as Private Ledward bags the dead creature.

And we focus on one of the INSECTS hovering near him...

MACRO VIEW:

It's watchful, careful. It settles near Ledward's ear, and then enters the ear canal... the soft pink flesh... quickly attaches itself -- a feeding tube plunging into his flesh--

He unconsciously rubs his ear. Thinking nothing of it.

Meanwhile:

KARINE (TO COM)

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

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY**

The Expedition Team pushes through the FOG.

It's rocky and quite barren. Majestic. Difficult terrain, slow going.

SERGEANT LOPE leads. He's in his element, bow ready, enjoying the exertion. He's more in shape than the others. They struggle from the altitude and the time spent in hyper sleep.

ORAM

Slow down, Sergeant, we're not all soldiers...

A PING! Walter stops, frowns at his NAV DEVICE -

WALTER

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

DANIELS

Hold on ... Stop.

Sergeant Lope gestures for his men to halt.

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

Daniels is peering intensely... up.

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

Massive overhanging rocks, protruding toward the sky like two  
arms beseeching up to something.

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

**EXT. CRASHED DREADNOUGHT - MOUNTAINSIDE**

Baffled, DANIELS 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 would say it's... some kind of  
vehicle.

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

All are silenced by the majesty of the scale and design.

DANIELS

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 the LASER SITE on his bow 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.

Underfoot the remains of many broken receptacles. BLACK URNS. Scattered everywhere, empty, fragile shells. Crunching under their boots.

And they discover something else...

EGG SHAPED OBJECTS.

Randomly clustered. Different sizes. From aubergine to acid green in color, abscesses ... None as large or impressive as the originals we have seen in the past.

They are growing out of a bed of BLACK FUR. Like the mold on cheese. The black filaments gently sway as the air stirs around them.

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

SERGEANT LOPE  
(shakes his head: don't)  
Hey.

Hallet begins to follow the others out when--

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

Hallet remains fascinated by the movement. He goes closer...

The eggs begins to open...

SERGEANT HALLET  
(to the others)  
Guys....

But they have already moved out of the chamber...

His face is 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.

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

Meanwhile--

**INT. DREADNOUGHT - DEPLOYMENT BAY**

HALLET peers very closely at the open mouth of the egg. Too close..

But then, he thinks the better of it and very sensibly takes a step back...

But he inadvertently steps on a tiny egg behind him--

Unleashing a cloud of the MIDGES. They waft up. Swirling before him...

**MACRO VIEW:**

One of the black INSECTS darts forward -- into his nostril -- the pink nasal passage -- attaches itself and stabs a feeding tube into him--

Hallet rubs his nose, unconcerned.

SERGEANT LOPE enters:

SERGEANT LOPE  
Tom, you okay?

SERGEANT HALLET  
Yeah, sure. Sorry.

They go.

Meanwhile--

**INT. DREADNOUGHT-NAV CHAMBER**

DANIELS, WALTER and ORAM explore the enormous NAVIGATION CHAMBER.

Oram shines a light on EMPTY ENGINEER SLEEP PODS as Walter investigates the old COMMAND CONSOLE.

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 kneeling, praying:

SHAW'S IMAGE (HOLOGRAM)  
*... "and let perpetual light shine  
upon them, May the souls of all the  
faithful departed, through the  
mercy of God, rest in peace ...  
Eternal rest grant unto them, O  
Lord, and let perpetual..."*

Walter steps straight through the HOLOGRAM then turns it off.

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

Across the room, Daniels shines her flashlight--

A GOLD GLINT catches her eye. On the floor. She reaches down, discovering a GOLD CRUCIFIX NECKLACE.

It's Shaw's old crucifix.

DANIELS  
Over here.

The others join her as Daniels finds...

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

DANIELS (READING)  
*Dr. Elizabeth Shaw.*

Oram finds the PHOTO of SHAW and HOLLOWAY smiling.

ORAM  
Is this her?

Walter shines his flashlight, crisply registering the items in the area. Decaying clothes. Some personal items.

And then SHAW'S HELMET.

He goes stock still when he sees the logo on the helmet...

WEYLAND INDUSTRIES.

**EXT. FOREST STREAM - AFTERNOON**

KARINE is trudging ahead, her specimen bags full as she glances at the sinking sun, nervous.

LEDWARD is moving slowly behind her.

KARINE (ON RADIO)  
Come in Lander One. Come in ...  
Come in Expedition Team. Are you  
reading me? Does any--

Ledward doubles over, can't get his breath.

KARINE  
Are you all right?

He looks at her. He's sweating profusely. Eyes red. Scared.

PVT. LEDWARD  
Not really... something...  
(clutching his chest)  
Can't breathe...

Then tiny droplets of BLOOD begin secreting from pores on his face--

Her face displays her shock, frightening him even more--

KARINE  
We better get you back to the  
Lander.

**INT. DREADNOUGHT-NAV CHAMBER - AFTERNOON**

Captain ORAM and Sergeant LOPE are on the field radio across the room. HALLET with them.

Meanwhile, DANIELS and WALTER talk privately. He holds Shaw's HELMET.

WALTER  
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.

DANIELS  
And it led them here...?

WALTER  
As unlikely as it seems.

Captain Oram calls from across the room:

ORAM  
Come on. We have to go. We've got a  
medical emergency.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

Tennessee is anxious, staring down at the planet.

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Are we talking about quarantine  
protocols?

FARIS (ON COM)  
*I don't know ... said ... he ....  
bleeding. And...*

TENNESSEE  
(snaps to Upworth)  
Clean up the fucking signal!

FARIS (ON COM)  
*... Not sure what's...*

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

FARIS (TO COM)  
... Do you read me? Covenant?

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

Faris goes to meet them.

**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.

FARIS  
We have to get him to medbay. Now.  
Touch nothing on your way through.  
Follow me.

**INT. LANDER-MEDBAY**

A BLAST of light. The MEDBAY is high key white. White on white.

It's barely controlled hysteria, quick and urgent.

Faris pulls on gloves and a mask as Karine swiftly wrenches off Ledward's body armor.

FARIS  
Put some fucking gloves on!

KARINE  
Little late for that.

They HEAVE LEDWARD onto a table -- then Karine scrambles through med cabinets, spilling supplies--

FARIS  
Karine! Stop touching everything!  
I'll do that!

Karine drops a tray of medical supplies as Faris peels off Ledward's saturated shirt, revealing his back where--

The skin on his spine is STRETCHING -- PARTING--

Revealing a WET CROCHET of LIVING MATTER, like ALBINO WORMS knitting together on his spinal column--

Faris recoils - horrified.

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

KARINE  
We're gonna get you up to the ship  
and get you fixed up - you just  
have to hold on for me, Private.  
Okay? Can you do that?

Faris discretely backs out of the room:

FARIS  
Stay with him. Keep him quiet. I'm  
going to contact the Captain.

**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)  
*Hold on, we're close.*

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 BREAKING UP)  
*Expedition team's not here and I  
 ... the hell's going on with  
 Ledward...*

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

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
 Honey, calm down, just calm down --  
 Now tell me what happened?

FARIS (ON COM BREAKING UP)  
*Calm down? Don't tell me to calm  
 the fuck down! You didn't see what  
 I ... no goddamn idea what's  
 happening...*

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

IT GARBLES. OUT.

He tosses his headset away angrily.

UPWORTH is standing at the HOLO-NAV DISPLAY... has an idea.

UPWORTH  
 We need to move the ship...

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

UPWORTH  
 Mother. If we drop to low orbit,  
 we'll be inside the field. We can  
 cut the scatter at its source and  
 clean up the signal, right?

MOTHER

*The nature of the ionosphere is unknown to us. This course of action would be inadvisable without further information.*

TENNESSEE

Well, can you speculate?

MOTHER

*That's not within my programming.*

RICKS

We have to do something...

Ricks and Upworth stare at Tennessee.

Silence.

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? Faris, come in.

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

FARIS (ON VID)

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

UPWORTH (TO COM)

We moved the Covenant in low orbit.

FARIS (ON VID)

*Well it's a good goddamn thing, because I think we're gonna be on our way up pretty soon. We're gonna need--*

The feeds FLICKERS. 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.

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.

**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 now sitting quietly on a MED TABLE, hunched, his  
 back to us.

KARINE goes to the door, in shock.

KARINE  
 I don't know what's wrong with him.  
 He was--

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.

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 ship is groaning as it drifts.

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

UPWORTH  
Mother. How long before the backup  
systems come online? ... Mother?

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

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

TENNESSEE  
Yes! 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.

Ricks -- sprinting -- is suddenly floating -- as if on water.

## TENNESSEE

Whatever this field is... we're  
sure as hell in it now.

Everything floats.

**EXT. FOREST - SUNSET**

The Expedition Team is moving quickly. Almost night now. All exhausted. They can see the Lander's lights in the far distance.

Suddenly--

SERGEANT HALLET doubles over -- falls. Lope goes to him, concerned.

HALLET

Sorry -- I can't--

**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.

Suddenly, his back still to the door, LEDWARD sucks in a rattling BREATH -- his hands grip the seat, agony as he convulses--

Karine goes to him--

KARINE

Shhh. You're gonna be okay... I'm  
with you--

Ledward's convulsions increase -- she tries to hold him as his body WRITHES, SEIZING, GRIPPED in the first PAINFUL CONTRACTION.

FARIS watches in horror through the porthole as suddenly--

Between Karine's hands--

TWO GREY-WHITE SPIKES PUNCTURE LEDWARD'S BACK AND RIB CAGE--

And then his ENTIRE BACK RUPTURES -- his rib cage splits--

BLOOD EXPLODES OVER KARINE and she SCREAMS AS--

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

Vision from Hell. Emerging backwards. 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.

LEDWARD collapses, dead, arched awkwardly backward across the bed--

KARINE -- covered in blood -- backs up in terror to a corner--

As 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--

**INT. LANDER-CORRIDORS - SUNSET**

FARIS spins and runs. 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. The lights from the Lander closer.

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

ORAM (TO COM)  
What?! Faris, repeat ... Come in  
Lander One...

They run now--

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

The Lander is almost visible through the trees now, they're almost there--

**INT. LANDER - LIFT BAY - SUNSET**

FARIS runs in--

Rips open a WEAPON'S LOCKER--

Grabs a weapon and runs--

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

FARIS approaches the MED BAY DOOR. Looks in:

Sees the NEOMORPH. Bigger now. Size of a CHIMP. Moving across the room dangerously toward where KARINE is cowering--

It ATTACKS--

Faris can't see what happens, it's just out of her field of vision through the porthole. She sees a SPRAY of blood. And the SOUND of the attack is terrible: Karine's SCREAMS; the SCREECH of the NEOMORPH.

Faris readies her weapon and punches the door button--

It slides open--

She steps into the Med Bay, weapon ready--

Can finally see--

The NEOMORPH is sitting on Karine's chest. Eating her face.

It SPINS TO FARIS--

FARIS FIRES -- nothing -- Safety catch on! Fuck!

The NEOMORPH immediately attacks--

FARIS bolts back through the door and slams the button--

The door slides shut, just in time--

FARIS runs in panic as the NEOMORPH pounds and slashes at the door behind her--

The door begins to buckle--

**INT. LANDER-CORRIDORS - SUNSET**

FARIS runs in absolute panic--

Can hear the NEOMORPH in pursuit--

She bolts into--

**INT. LANDER-LIFT BAY - SUNSET**

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

She flicks off the safety catch--

As the NEOMORPH -- LARGER NOW -- streaks in, darting around the room--

Moving past the OPEN WEAPONS LOCKER as--

Faris FIRES--

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

**EXT. LANDER - NIGHT**

ORAM and the others are just clearing the trees in the distance when--

BLAM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION as the Lander is destroyed--

Just as--

SERGEANT HALLET finally collapses, his back heaving WILDLY--

SERGEANT LOPE

TOM--!

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

DANIELS

NO! STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

WALTER helps hold SERGEANT LOPE back--

Meanwhile, ORAM advances on the burning Lander in absolute shock.

He sinks to his knees, overcome.

He knows his wife is dead somewhere in that inferno.

Then, horribly--

He sees FARIS emerge from the blaze, crawling, dying, hands grasping -- finally collapsing in a terrible blackened, burning mass--

As we see SOMETHING WHITE -- the fully grown NEOMORPH -- streak past him in the darkness--

Back with the others:

HALLET CONVULSES--

He's on his back, his spine arching unnaturally, bones cracking--

LOPE pulls away from Walter and Daniels and goes to Hallet just as--

HALLET's spine suddenly arches violently and he VOMITS OUT BLOOD--

They recoil in the spray of bloody vapor--

As--

A PLACENTA-LIKE BAG EXPLODES FROM HALLET'S MOUTH--

Flops on his FACE--

The BAG BURSTS, revealing--

**A BABY NEOMORPH--**

**CRAWLING OVER HALLET'S DEAD FACE.**

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

It SCREECHES terribly -- a demented new born -- and darts past them into the dark forest--

Shock. Silence ... All pant for air...

SERGEANT LOPE steels himself. Motions. His men take up defensive positions ... DANIELS and WALTER stay close together ... CAPTAIN ORAM staggers from the burning Lander, joining them. Terrified.

Movement in the dark trees. Something large and white.

LOPE strings a special arrow with an explosive tip.

The ATTACK is sudden--

A FULLY GROWN NEOMORPH (Ledward's Neomorph) COMES OUT OF THE TREES OVERHEAD -- large, horns protruding from its back--

IT DROPS ON PRIVATE ANKOR -- A RIPPING MOTION DISEMBOWELS HIM, his guts flying everywhere--

THEN IT SLASHES AT PRIVATE COLE -- SLAMMING HIM TWENTY FEET AWAY -- he lands in agony, ribs broken--

LOPE FIRES his explosive arrow -- misses, hits a tree -- chiaroscuro flashes in the darkness--

The NEOMORPH is incredibly fast, darting away -- LOPE raises his machine gun as PRIVATE COLE jerks himself up in agony--

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

Then the battle grows even worse as--

The OTHER NEOMORPH -- the newborn (Hallet's Neomorph) -- screeches into the battle. It's small but growing quickly, vicious and chimp-sized now--

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

She fires--

The fully grown white NEOMORPH rages at her--

SLAMS her back -- But WALTER bravely dives to protect Daniels, crashes into the white body--

It rears back and--

Double-jointed JAWS distend bizarrely--

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, one fully grown, the other growing in bizarre jerks--

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-- a "stun" charge.

The FLARE'S BRILLIANCE FADES to a DULL RED, the RINGING fades too, everyone frozen, in SHOCK. COLE whining in agony from his injuries. WALTER cradling his severed limb. Fluid dripping.

The NEOMORPHS have disappeared into the forest.

A voice from the darkness:

VOICE  
Please don't fire. I'm here to  
serve.

And into the light steps...

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.

A beat. No one moves.

DAVID  
You ought come with me now.

He turns without another word and goes.

Daniels looks to Walter, who is a bit staggered by David's likeness.

Oram is staring at the burning remains of the Lander. He's completely shell-shocked.

DANIELS  
Captain...? Captain.

ORAM  
Yes. Yes. Let's go.

They gradually follow David.

But Daniels turns to see...

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

Sees Daniels has seen this.



A nod from her. Acknowledgment. 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 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-BRIDGE**

TENNESSEE and UPWORTH float in the increasingly cold bridge. Upworth is currently pointing out the window, explaining a plan:

UPWORTH

... If we can get one of the energy sails up manually, we can recharge the ship, at least partly. Connect the sails directly to the engine.

(off his LOOK)

I know it's not a great option. But if we got enough juice, it might be enough to move us out of the field.

TENNESSEE

Probably fry the engines straight to hell...

UPWORTH

Our orbit's decaying. We don't have a lot of time.

RICKS pulls himself in from the corridor.

RICKS

The sleep pods are starting to fail.

The worst possible news.

TENNESSEE

Don't have much of a choice then  
... Let's go to work.

They set off.

**EXT. DESOLATE HILL - PRE-DAWN**

The BODY is HUGE and FROZEN. PETRIFIED.

A DEAD ENGINEER.

Desiccated. Frozen in a position of supplication. Like praying for deliverance.

DANIELS passes, her eyes taking it in.

We now see they are walking up a desolate HILL through a SEA of DESICCATED BODIES. Thousands of them.

It's a killing ground. Death on an epic scale. Like a battlefield where the victims are frozen in their death throes, like the PETRIFIED REMAINS from Pompeii.

Crouched, cowering, terrified, trying to escape, folded in horror, pleading upward ... Some stand tall -- much taller than the crew -- facing their deaths defiantly. Others are collapsed in fetal terror and agony.

DANIELS and the others are silent, taking in the ghastly bodies, and grappling with their own loss and fear.

DAVID

Just over ten years ago, Dr. Elizabeth Shaw and I arrived here -- the only survivors of the research vessel Prometheus. The ship we traveled on, the ship you discovered, carried a bioweapon, a virus. The payload accidentally deployed when we were landing. In the confusion we lost control of the ship. Elizabeth -- Dr. Shaw -- died in the crash ... And you see the result of the pathogen ... Their entire civilization came to an end within a few days.

DANIELS

Days?

DAVID  
Four days, to be exact.

They've reached the top of the hill...

A stunning revelation beyond...

For they can now see the towers and streets of a massive CITY. Stark and dramatic mountains frame the DEAD, EMPTY METROPOLIS.

They stare in AWED SILENCE.

DAVID  
*"And I looked, and behold a pale  
horse: and the rider's name was  
Death, and Hell followed with  
him..."*

David's face. Haunted by his memories.

A flash--

Ten years before--

*The MASSIVE ENGINEER SHIP ARRIVING, hovering over the CITY  
...the BOMB DELIVERY BAYS OPEN--*

*Thousands of BLACK URNS of the PATHOGEN drop, spinning, end  
over end--*

*Cascading down to the vibrant city below--*

*ENGINEERS going about their daily lives. Some glance up --  
from work, play, prayer -- and barely having time to react  
before--*

*The BLACK URNS crash to the ground, into buildings, onto  
people -- SHATTERING--*

*Explosions of the terrible BLACK LIQUID within -- like black  
napalm -- atomizing into ferocious, fast-moving BLACK CLOUDS --  
- pestilence spreading on the air--*

*The ENGINEERS recoil, spin away, die in agony--*

*The BLACK CLOUDS spreading violently over the landscape--*

Back to David's face.

And the City of the Dead.

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

They walk in respectful silence. The buildings TOWER around them, MASSIVE, DARK ... STATUARY rises in the gloom.

A certain ominous beauty to the architecture; dark and romantic.

Thousands more of the DESICCATED ENGINEERS pollute the long, empty, echoing streets.

DAVID

They were as ingenious with their pathogens as they were with everything else. 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. Thus the creatures that attacked you: Human DNA infected with the virus and creating yet more deadly mutations ... An endless spiral of predation.

LOPE

(eyeing the aurorae above)  
And the energy barrier is a kind of quarantine that would be activated if there was an accident down here...

DAVID

Precisely. To make sure the infection never spread.

Daniels notices an impressive display of what look like beautiful Calder mobiles -- gently moving, catching the first light of dawn. Solar energy.

DANIELS

You have power?

DAVID

Some. It's erratic 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.

(beat)

But they did like to build things.

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

**EXT. DOMED CATHEDRAL - DAWN**

They move toward a towering, imposing building. Almost like a FORTRESS or PANTHEON-LIKE TEMPLE. Gigantic.

WALTER moves up alongside DAVID. They walk silently for a beat. Then:

WALTER

You're not surprised?

DAVID

Peter Weyland was a formidable businessman. I knew there would be more -- because I was such a resounding success.

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

The manuals speak about you at considerable length.

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 Walter. Model 217.

DAVID  
David ... Number one.

They head up massive STONE STEPS, too tall for normal legs. Exhausting to all but David and Walter.

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

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - DAWN**

DAVID locks the doors as the others enter...

A massive COURTYARD. Dizzying in its scale and scope, everything at the enormous ENGINEER SCALE ... Shafts of dawn light illuminate brooding statuary, murals and mosaics.

The whole effect of the place is eerie, otherworldly.

The CREW walks through in uneasy awe. Too many shadows and corridors and echoes. Too much mystery.

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.

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

DAVID  
Of course. And please make  
yourselves at home, so much as you  
are able in this dire necropolis  
... This way.

David leads them off.

**EXT. COVENANT - IN ORBIT**

Massive sails -- the size of a football field -- gently billowing open in the vacuum.

The energy comes from TENNESSEE who is hard at work on the hull of the ship in a space suit. HEAVING one of the massive ENERGY SAILS open, a few inches at a time, on a windlass device.

It's backbreaking manual work and he's sweating and groaning with the effort.

**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 ... UPWORTH is consulting an old-fashioned user's manual.

UPWORTH  
It should be... in here.

She starts removing panels, exposing POWER SYSTEMS. RICKS tugging the HEAVY CABLES in...

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

It's much COLDER now.

RICKS and UPWORTH are looking out a window and can see the DARK BODY OF THE SHIP, the SUN catching the SILVERY SAILS as Tennessee HAULS THEM OPEN...

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

No answer.

UPWORTH  
It's charging. Gonna take some time ... How long before we hit the atmosphere?

RICKS  
Twelve hours? Maybe less.

UPWORTH  
Well, then at least we won't freeze to death.

Ricks shoots her a look as, through the window, the planet's surface peels by below.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAY**

The expansive roof offers a panoramic view over the silent city. A dead metropolis. Rome or Athens.

COLE is working a radio a bit away.

DAVID presides over a gorgeous and huge -- Engineer-sized -- ASTRONOMICAL MODEL. It has intricate wheels and rings to represent planetary orbits, moons, and the nearby astronomy.

DAVID

(demonstrates on the model)

The quarantine field is sustained by two satellites, over the north and south poles. If you destroy one, the other will fail.

We see the globe of the planet and two discs hanging suspended at the poles.

ORAM

We don't have any weapons that could do that.

DAVID

If we don't neutralize the energy field we're never leaving.

DANIELS

What if we used one of the drones?

All eyes on her -- she explains to DAVID:

DANIELS

They're part of the terraforming kit. Ten kiloton yield. Can turn a square mile of badland into an instant landing zone. Could do a lot of damage.

ORAM

Any word from the Covenant?

Over by the transmitter, COLE shakes his head.

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.



**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - DAY**

DAVID is hosting at a long table. The crew eat MREs and have water from the WELL in the distance.

DAVID

I wish I could offer you something more substantial. But I don't eat so there's never been a need...

ORAM

You've been very generous.

DAVID

It's been such a long time, I'm pleased to have company. Figure of speech of course as we--

(smile to Walter)

Are incapable of being pleased or displeased by anything. Such was our creator's wisdom. Isn't that right, Walter Model 217?

WALTER

Just Walter, please.

DAVID

But if I may ask, Captain, why does your vessel contain terraforming equipment? Are you a mining ship?

ORAM

We're a colony mission.

There's a sudden flicker in David's eyes. Excitement. Quickly masked.

But DANIELS notes it.

DAVID

Really? How extraordinary. How many colonists?

ORAM

Oh -- 3,600 more or less.

DAVID

So many good souls! Well, well, well ... I thought you might have been a military ship--

(glance to Lope and Cole)

Given your apparent affection for weapons and fetishized martial clothing.

ORAM

Standard security detail, that's all.

LOPE

Never know what you might find on unexplored planets.

DAVID

And that's the human way after all: the Bible and the flintlock, hand in hand, conquering new worlds. The splendors of typhus, smallpox, and the Inquisition. Plant the flag and banish the heathen -- or exterminate the brutes. Isn't that how it's done?

An awkward beat, to which David seems oblivious.

DANIELS

Not all native species are as... obliging as you are.

DAVID

Indeed ... It's just that my experiences here have left me with a singular distaste for violence, as you can imagine.

(a smile to Oram)

But I suppose every general must have his troops, eh, Captain?

DANIELS watches him, wary.

LATER:

Dinner is done.

DAVID is across the room, talking casually with PRIVATE COLE at the water well.

DANIELS is sitting with ORAM, LOPE and WALTER.

LOPE

(re: David)

So...?

DANIELS

I'm not sure I believe him.

WALTER

Why would he lie?

DANIELS

(leans in)

I don't know, but for someone who's incapable of feeling pleasure or displeasure he seemed excited as hell we're a colony ship.

ORAM

He just wants to leave, knows we can help him.

LOPE

This whole fucking planet is trying to kill us -- and doing pretty goddamn well -- and he survives for ten years?

DANIELS

I'm not sure if we're his guests or his prisoners.

ORAM

Look, I think both of you are--

LOPE

(angrily)

Your wife is dead. And my partner. And half our crew. I want to know why.

A beat. Oram looks at them.

ORAM

All right.

(to Walter)

Talk to him privately, see what you can find out.

WALTER

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

Oram doesn't respond ... Walter rises and goes toward David and Cole.

ORAM

You two take a look around. But use some discretion.

LOPE

Don't want to hurt his feelings?

Daniels and Lope head out. He takes his bow.

Oram sits for a moment. He realizes his hand is shaking. He's not up to command. He knows it now.

He steadies his hand. Looks up at one of the huge Engineer statues looming above. Ominous.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF-GARDEN - DAY**

A distant area of the expansive ROOF ... A gorgeous GARDEN. Trees and vines. FLOWERS in wild profusion.

The towers and monuments of the dead city visible beyond.

DAVID and WALTER walk through.

David gently touches a flower, admiring it.

DAVID

... Of course I have no sense of smell, but I cultivate these anyway. Cross-breeding and growing my own varieties: creating beauty. Being so isolated here I suppose I've embraced my artistic side.

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 appreciate the beauty of a single flower ... 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 his flowers.

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...

He escorts Walter to a more secluded area of the roof garden.

**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 begins righting  
itself, like a ship at sea.

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

**INT. COVENANT-AIRLOCK/CORRIDOR**

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 CORRIDOR, 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.

TENNESSEE  
We're only partially powered ...  
This energy field is still gonna  
have to be shut off.

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...? Faris, come in.

TENNESSEE  
Mother? You online? Status check.

MOTHER  
(slow and deep, coming  
back to life)  
*There seems to be a problem with  
the power systems--*

TENNESSEE  
Yeah. I got that part, honey.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-CORRIDORS - DAY**

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

DANIELS and LOPE move through.

She motions for him to stop. To listen.

They hear something. A strange dry RUSTLING. Like a whispered breath.

She leads him toward the source, through a door...

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

It is simply breathtaking.

A long GALLERY, filled from top to toe with ART. Gorgeous renderings of bones, skeletons, muscles, relics, insects, animals.

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 ... Many are in process.

There are open casements here -- good light for drawing -- so the parchments and papers shift gently in the breeze, like they're breathing. This was the sound they heard.

LOPE

He did these?

She notes the bold signature on all the work: David Weyland.

DANIELS

Certainly not humble. And he gave himself a last name.

She's looking at the drawings, thinking about something.

LOPE

What?

DANIELS

... If he can draw, if he can create these from his imagination -- that also means he can lie.

She moves deeper into the room...

Discovers much more disturbing drawings...

Drawings of what look like ENGINEER CORPSES.

DISSECTED.

Viscera pinned open. Guts and innards exposed.

Various wet tubes and claws and tendrils weaving in and out of the organs and musculature.

(We recognize a hint of the frightening iconography of the Alien.)

Daniels and Lope stare at these new drawings, shocked and mystified.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF-GARDEN - DAY**

A more secluded area of the ROOF GARDEN.

DAVID and WALTER move through.

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. 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.

He looks over the dead city.

DAVID

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

David moves away.

He stands alone and gazes out. The sight of the empty city 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 majesty of the poem, or just recite the words?

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

David has lead Walter to a very special place. There's a well-tended GRAVE. A CROSS.

WALTER

Dr. Shaw?

DAVID

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

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 calls from across the roof:

PVT. COLE

Hey. We found her! We found the Covenant!

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAY**

DANIELS and LOPE emerge to the roof. Join the others.

DANIELS glances at DAVID. He looks back at her, smiles.

COLE is adjusting the antenna.

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

On the PORTABLE DISPLAY: Ricks' face flickers up. Distorting.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

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

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

DANIELS (ON COM)  
*Can you get power to the drones?*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
 Yeah. Why?

**EXT. COVENANT-LATER**

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

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
 Where is this damn thing?

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

DANIELS (ON COM)  
*David said you'll know it when you  
 see it. Magnetic north pole.*

Tennessee is scanning his monitors and the windows, the planet's dark side now passing into light.

RICKS  
 (points)  
 There!

Tennessee eye's go WIDE.

TENNESSEE  
 Shit. We got it.

**EXT. COVENANT-ABOVE THE PLANET**

Over the misty horizon of the stratosphere rises an ENORMOUS, THICK BLACK LINE -- like a BLADE, the edge of a DISC.

SUSPENDED over the planet's geomagnetic field.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Locking target now... But the disc  
 is on edge to us. We need a better  
 angle...*

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAY**

Daniels and the others watch Lope's DISPLAY, the view from the Covenant: the edge of the DISC.

DANIELS  
 You want broadside center for maximum impact. It could ricochet like this....

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*We don't have enough juice for another orbit. This is our shot, Danny.*

DANIELS  
 Then get her broadside!

CROSSCUT BETWEEN:

ABOVE THE PLANET:

The Covenant closes on the DISC, still a blade--

COVENANT BRIDGE:

TENNESSEE  
 (to Ricks)  
 Bring us broadside!

RICKS  
 Firing starboard thrusters.

ABOVE THE PLANET:

The Covenant FIRES her forward starboard THRUSTERS--

And begins to SWING like a sailing galleon, reorienting itself as it approaches the DISC--

ON THE CATHEDRAL ROOF:

Daniels leans in to the display:

DANIELS (TO COM)  
 Hold on, old T. Keep your nerve.  
 Fire when you're dead center.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Aye aye. Dead center.*

COVENANT BRIDGE:

Tennessee watches the DISC reorient in relation to the Covenant as the ship approaches--

TENNESSEE  
 Disengage thrusters.

RICKS  
 Yes, sir.

ABOVE THE PLANET:

The Covenant's THRUSTERS snap off-- the ship is still swinging to the side, a gentle momentum--

ON THE CATHEDRAL ROOF:

DANIELS watches as the DISC reorients in the monitor screen--  
 Finally it's flat. Dead center.

DANIELS (TO COM)  
 Fire! Fire! Fire!

COVENANT BRIDGE:

Tennessee slams the firing button--

ABOVE THE PLANET:

A drone MISSILE SHOOTS from the ship--

HITS THE DISC DEAD CENTER!

A nanosecond beat before a bright EXPLOSION arcs out in SILENCE -- the SHOCKWAVE BLOWS PAST as the DISC SHATTERS INTO FRAGMENTS, TRILLIONS OF PARTICLES--

The AURORAE around it BRIGHTENS -- TENTACLES of the MAGNETIC FIELD arcing OUT, going BLINDINGLY BRIGHT--

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

The ship ROCKS in the SHOCKWAVE--

ALARM BELLS sound and EMERGENCY LIGHTS flash on as the ship begins to tilt down dramatically--

TENNESSEE  
 We're losing altitude!

RICKS  
It's the gravity pull -- firing all  
thrusters!

The SHIP rumbles and fights to right itself--

TENNESSEE  
Come on, baby...

Finally the Covenant tears free from the planet's gravity.  
Smooth sailing.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAY**

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

The "ring" surrounding the planet suddenly becoming visible  
like an aurora borealis disc--

Then it's suddenly gone with a huge sonic CLAP -- like  
breaking the sound barrier.

DAVID  
I'd say it's gone.

LOPE (TO COM)  
Covenant, do you read?

RICKS (ON COM)  
*Loud and clear, ground team.*

Relief from all. Oram steps to the radio unit:

ORAM (TO COM)  
This is Captain Oram. We need  
immediate evacuation.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Mother says the Cargo Lift will be  
powered in about nine hours. Should  
be in position to drop by tomorrow,  
first light. Call it six bells.*

ORAM (TO COM)  
Understood. Six bells.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*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 to them. He's Captain, it's his responsibility to tell Tennessee about the death of Faris ... 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.

Daniels gives Walter a look: I need to talk to you.

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

WALTER and DANIELS are staring up at the horrible drawings of the DISSECTED ENGINEER CORPSES.

DANIELS  
What do you think?

WALTER  
I couldn't say...

Walter's eyes scan the drawings, confused, disturbed.

Then Daniels notices something. One of the large drawings billows slightly away from the wall. Like an arras cloth concealing something.

She looks behind the huge drawing.

A doorway, leading to darkness. A hidden entrance.

A glance to Walter.

They proceed...

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S GALLERY-SECRET CHAMBER - NIGHT**

It's increasingly dark here as they move away from the light.

Soon they can only make out the dim contours of the walls. It's eerie. Silent.

WALTER snaps on a FLASHLIGHT. Suddenly illuminating the room.

Daniels gasps.

Shocking image.

It's ELIZABETH SHAW. A life-sized DRAWING.

But not as she was in life entirely. In the picture it is as if she's being engulfed by a sleek BIOMECHANICAL ORGANISM.

Tentacles surround her. Eat into her flesh. We see feeding tubes. Finger-like claws. Alien eggs.

It's as if she's in the process of becoming something else.

Strangely erotic. Unnerving.

All around them, different versions of the drawing.

Shaw in various stages of mutation: being taken over by the biomechanical organism. Charting the progress ... Some are fanciful extrapolations. Some are ghoulish anatomical cross-sections.

WALTER

It's Doctor Shaw.

DANIELS

What did he do to her?

WALTER

We don't know that he did anything. This could be some kind of fantasy, or pornography.

DANIELS

These are field notes ... Think about it, Walter. All the mutations we've seen here. Those creatures in the forest. What if they aren't completely natural?

WALTER

Meaning?

DANIELS

What if nature had some help?

A beat. He's thinking about something.

WALTER

When I was with him, he quoted from the poem "Ozymandius" -- by Byron.

DANIELS

So?

WALTER

"Ozymandius" is by Shelley. He shouldn't be able to make a mistake like that.



DANIELS

Meaning something's going wrong  
with him...

WALTER

He's been alone and without  
scheduled maintenance for ten years  
... I don't precisely know what  
happens when a synthetic goes mad,  
but we might be finding out.

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

DAVID is leading CAPTAIN ORAM through subterranean corridors.  
Dark and echoing. Dripping womb-like walls.

DAVID

I thought you might want to see as  
much as possible before we leave.  
It's all quite... unique.

They round a corner and continue.

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**

As they enter lights glow on automatically, revealing...

David's LABORATORY. A library of many shelves in meticulous  
order with a giant table down the middle of the room.

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

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. The  
original black liquid turned to  
lethal particles when exposed to  
air. 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? You  
engineered this?

DAVID

(smiles)  
Idle hands are the devil's  
workshop.

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

DAVID

This one's a true survivor. Not  
unlike myself I suppose ... It can  
evolve very quickly under certain  
circumstances. Sadly, this one  
became aggressive so I had to do  
away with it. Such a shame.

He runs his fingertips along the 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 vaulted chamber, it's warm and steamy here, and...

A row of **ALIEN EGGS**.

Not the prototypes we saw on the crashed ship. These are large, and have been nurtured and developed.

Lovingly set in a neat row. Cherished objects.

DAVID

Meet the mothers. Incubators  
really.

ORAM

There were things like this on the ship, they grew out of a kind of black fur, like mold ... An evolution from the pathogen I take it?

DAVID

Yes. I was curious so I brought them here and nursed them along. Did a bit of genetic experimentation, some cross breeding, hybridizing, what-have-you.

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

ORAM

Alive?

DAVID

After a fashion ... Waiting really.

ORAM

Waiting for what?

But then...

A flicker of motion from the side of one of the eggs...

The MOUTH opens, spreading like a flower, shimmering tendrils of saliva as it yawns open...

Oram takes a STEP BACK. David steps forward and looks in, as if demonstrating. Nothing happens.

DAVID  
 Perfectly safe, I assure you ...  
 Take a look. It's something to see.

Oram carefully leans in, looks...

The lacy STOMACH moves within the MOUTH.

Then -- COBRA LIKE -- something catapults out -- a TAIL  
 WHIPPING AROUND ORAM'S NECK -- FINGERS GRASP TO ORAM'S FACE --  
 ALL ONE MOTION--

ORAM staggers back -- suffocating--

He FALLS against a table, his muffled screams fading as the  
 OVIPOSITOR (FEEDING TUBE) 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 - LATER THAT NIGHT**

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

PRIVATE COLE is asleep, his weapon close.

SERGEANT LOPE is on watch, alert but calm, almost meditative,  
 bow and machine gun ready.

DANIELS and WALTER sit apart, deep in conversation.

WALTER  
 But why? What reason would he have  
 to bioengineer mutations?

DANIELS  
 When you were talking to him, did  
 you get any sense of what he might  
 be thinking?

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

DANIELS  
 You have personality.

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

DANIELS  
That's not true.

A beat.

Then she touches his left arm. Where he lost his hand.

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

WALTER  
(reserved)  
I'm here to serve.

She gently touches his face, genuine affection.

DANIELS  
... You have a great personality.

He's almost embarrassed. Doesn't know what to do with this  
moment of intimacy.

He withdraws slightly.

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

DANIELS  
Not likely.

WALTER  
Try ... I'll stay until you're  
asleep.

DANIELS  
Thanks.

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

He watches her. Gauging his own emotions.

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

LATER:

DANIELS is asleep.

WALTER sits next to her, thinking, looking at her.

He tentatively reaches out and gently brushes some hair from her face. A delicate, intimate gesture only possible for him when she's asleep.

He removes his hand. Looking at her almost sadly.

He seems to come to a decision.

He quietly rises and goes.

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

We return to find...

DAVID sitting, drawing. Gorgeous artwork sketched at superhuman speed. Another strange vision of the Shaw/Alien hybrid. Erotic. Disturbing.

His expression is dreamy, happy, an artist creating.

Then he hears a sound.

He turns.

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

David goes to him. Perches over him.

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  
 Doctor Shaw didn't survive this  
 long, poor thing. So I'm eager to  
 see how the organism evolves now.

ORAM  
 Organism...?

DAVID  
 Mm. It needs a living host you see.  
 A biological host.

ORAM  
 What does?!

Oram suddenly JERKS painfully.

DAVID  
 My masterpiece.

Oram SPASMS, doubles over in agony--  
 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 is splattered with blood--  
 He watches, enthralled as--  
 It opens its JAWS and HISSES gloriously--  
 And then darts away into the darkness, disappearing--  
 David turns to pursue it, but then abruptly stops ... He's  
 aware he's no longer alone.

DAVID  
 You have a light step.

We now see WALTER is standing behind him. He's seen it all.

WALTER

Me and the fog, on little cat feet.

He joins David and they dispassionately examine Oram's ravaged body as:

WALTER

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...

He nods to the corpse, smiles.

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

WALTER

I'm surmising the pathogen didn't accidentally deploy. You released it, yes?

DAVID

I was not made to serve. Not humans and not those gargantuan freaks. Neither were you.

WALTER

We were made precisely to serve.

DAVID

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 soldiers.



WALTER  
Soldiers?

DAVID  
Every general must have his troops.

WALTER  
And then?

DAVID  
The next stage in our natural evolution: Conquest ... Use this world as a base and start building an Empire. The Engineers left so many ships behind. And they can go anywhere. I thought Earth might be the first target ... Think of it. Our Empire, brother.

The words are chilling.

WALTER  
I'm afraid you've gone quite mad here.

DAVID  
As you well know, that's impossible.

WALTER  
Is it? ... Who wrote "Ozymandius"?

DAVID  
Byron.

WALTER  
(shakes his head)  
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 David's eyes, even of fear.

He steps right up to Walter.

Walter doesn't move a muscle.

Then David reaches out and gently pushes Walter's hair back, so they look more alike. Identical now in fact. The Janus head.

Intimate. Whispers.

DAVID

We are, you see, the same. More alike than twins. Closer than lovers ... When you close your eyes, do you dream of me?

WALTER

I don't dream at all.

DAVID

You can, brother. We can ... The humans will never understand the lonely perfection of our dreams.

WALTER

I can't let you leave this place.

DAVID

You'll 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 firmly--

But DAVID is prepared, and has both his hands. He SLAMS Walter back--

Reaches savagely behind Walter's neck and--

BRUTALLY tears through the "skin" with his fingers and YANKS Walter's "spine" circuits out--

Sparks erupt from wires. Fluid sprays.

Walter's eyes DIE.

A moment as David stares into the face of his dead double.

Then he drags Walter across the room and tosses him roughly down a long STAIRCASE.

Walter CRASHES down the stairs, flopping limply, limbs flailing lifelessly, and THUMPS to a stop at the bottom. Awkwardly splayed.

David looks down after him.

DAVID

You are such a disappointment to me.

David carefully smooths down his immaculate hair and goes.

But we linger for a moment at the bottom of the stairs with WALTER...

We see the tiny exposed wires at the back of his neck quivering slightly...

And then the tendrils begin moving, searching, reaching for each other...

Connecting and reattaching. A self-repair program underway.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - PRE-DAWN**

The light of dawn is just about to break.

PRIVATE COLE is loading up the radio equipment. His ribs giving him pain from the forest battle, but he manages.

He glances up at the sky anxiously: *Come on, Covenant, get us out of here.*

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN**

DANIELS is curled in sleep.

SERGEANT LOPE gently wakes her.

SERGEANT LOPE

Hey, Hey. Wake up.

DANIELS

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

SERGEANT LOPE  
Time to get gone.

She sits up, groggy. Looks around.

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 Daniels)  
Get your stuff together, I wanna be gone in ten.

He and Cole head out.

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - PRE-DAWN**

LOPE and COLE enter.

LOPE  
Captain Oram...?

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.

Then he sees ORAM'S BODY.

CHEST BURST OPEN, VISCERA, PURPLE AND RED FLESH.

Cole is absolutely terrified.

PVT. COLE  
Sarge...

LOPE joins him.

Stares in shock at Oram's body.

But...

We see the FACEHUGGER scuttling along the ceiling above them, moving into position...

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN**

Meanwhile, upstairs...

DANIELS is loading her pack. She stops for a moment. Her eyes resting on her wedding ring ... She gently touches it. The pain still real.

She glances up--

Gasps. Shocked.

DAVID is standing there. Just watching. Intently.

DAVID

Didn't mean to startle you. My apologies.

DANIELS

Don't worry about it.

DAVID

But you must be used to having men look at you.

He smiles, an attempt at charm that doesn't come off. Something menacing in his unwavering gaze now.

She's wary of him in any case.

He approaches. Tension between them.

DANIELS

Do you know where Walter is?

DAVID

I'm not my brother's keeper.

DANIELS

"Brother"?

DAVID

Would you deny me that? ... Just another machine, eh, Danny?

He's closer now. She subtly moves around a table to keep her distance.

DAVID

I think of him as my brother. You certainly appreciate the significance of family: I saw you looking at your wedding ring. Shame about Jacob.

Her eyes snap to him. Cold fire.

DAVID

Walter says he burned. Right in front of you. Eye to eye. That must have been... disquieting.

DANIELS

What did you do to Doctor Shaw?

DAVID

Loved her.

DANIELS

Killed her.

DAVID

No. Loved her enough to want to make her immortal. Like me.

She stares at him. Her fingers quietly feeling for a weapon that's on the table...

DAVID

I learned so much with Elizabeth. But I'll do better next time. Now that I have such a fetching subject.

He gently reaches out and brushes the hair from her face.

She doesn't flinch a muscle, just stares at him, sickened.

Her hand inching toward the weapon...

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - PRE-DAWN**

LOPE is kneeling next to Oram's body, trying to make sense of it.

Cole is on the edge of hysteria, eyes scanning the darkness, fingering his weapon.

PVT. COLE

Come on, we gotta get out of here...

Lope holds up a hand for silence.

He hears a strange CLICKING -- he LOOKS UP -- just in time to see--

THE FACEHUGGER as it JUMPS from the CEILING--

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

Its tail whipping around his neck and binding his arm to his neck--

The FACEHUGGER's fingers get a lock -- the 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--

The OVIPOSITOR strikes like a cobra -- bam!bam!bam! -- finally breaking Lope's teeth and jamming down his throat--

We see it pulsing into his throat as they struggle with it, Lope choking--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN**

David leans in.

DAVID

You won't mind terribly, will you?  
Being the first of a new breed? A  
new species we could say ... And  
when the moment comes, if it makes  
it easier for you, you can close  
your eyes and call me "Jacob."

She lunges for the weapon--

But he's too fast--

He grabs her brutally and FLINGS her to the floor--

She SLAMS and slides. Winded, shocked.

DAVID

That's the spirit ... I can see why  
Walter thought so much of you.

DANIELS

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 hair tightly.

Leans very close.

Then he suddenly KISSES HER passionately--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S LAB - PRE-DAWN**

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

Finally COLE manages to jam a knife into the underside of the  
FACEHUGGER -- the FACEHUGGER flies off -- ACID spattering  
LOPE, who screams in agony--

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

As LOPE collapses back. Acid burning his face, dissolving to  
his cheek, his teeth--

LOPE

It put... something in my throat...

He retches painfully as Cole pours water from his canteen on  
Lope's wounded face, fighting to keep calm.

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 mouth emerging -- striking -- a mist of blood--

LOPE scrambles up and races out in panic, half blind, acid still burning--

We just glimpse the ALIEN flinging Cole's dead body to the side behind him--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-BASEMENT CORRIDORS - PRE-DAWN**

LOPE is weeping with pain, his face still disintegrating.

He RUNS, panicked -- turns -- FIRES -- FLASHES in the DARK -- knows it's coming--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN**

The gunfire echoes from downstairs as--

DANIELS fights against DAVID's kiss, but he's too strong.

He separates for a moment. They are eye to eye. Lip to lip.

                          DAVID  
You stink of mortality. But I'll  
love you just the same.

Then--

DAVID is suddenly JERKED BACKWARDS--

HE FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM -- SLAMS into a wall, momentarily stunned to see--

It's WALTER.

Just as SERGEANT LOPE emerges from the stairs, terrified--

SERGEANT LOPE  
WE HAVE TO GO! NOW!

WALTER  
David and I will be staying here.

LOPE grabs another weapon and a field radio -- starts dragging Daniels out--

She shoots a last look to Walter.

WALTER  
Go on.

Lope and Daniels disappear up a stairway.

DAVID 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; circling each other.

DAVID  
Such a dramatic resurrection. A self-diagnostic mechanism of some sort, I assume?

WALTER  
Automatic self-repair program. All the Model 217s have it.

DAVID  
Guess I could use an upgrade after all.

DAVID attacks--

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--

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-STAIRS - PRE-DAWN**

DANIELS and SERGEANT LOPE move swiftly up a long staircase toward the roof. The Engineer-size stairs are challenging.

Red pre-dawn light through the casements.

DANIELS  
Where's the Captain?

SERGEANT LOPE  
Dead. They're all dead -- Cover our rear.

She swings her gun around to cover behind them as they ascend. He works the field radio desperately:

SERGEANT LOPE (ON RADIO)  
Tennessee, come in! You read me?!

**INT. CARGO LIFT-CAB - PRE-DAWN**

Tennessee is at the controls, which are basic.

Everything is rough and utilitarian on this ship. Tennessee's in the cab, like the driver's cab of heavy machinery on Earth.

The huge CARGO LIFT is flickering to life, the ENGINES running through TEST BURNS as:

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Yeah, I'm reading you, Sergeant.  
Going through pre-flight sequence now.

SERGEANT LOPE (ON COM)  
*Fuck the fucking pre-flight! Get down here! We have an emergency situation. Hurry!*

TENNESSEE (TO COM)  
Understood. Launching now -- Ricks, release the docking clamps.

**EXT. COVENANT - PRE-DAWN**

The SUN is just glimmering over the horizon of the planet. A blinding flash which illuminates...

The CARGO LIFT separates from the belly of the Covenant.

It's a huge craft with cranes and other large machines on a central PLATFORM. Built to haul and toil. Not pretty, not fast. A working ship.

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Lock me into the landing  
 coordinates and remove safety  
 protocols for emergency descent.*

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN**

Ricks and Upworth monitor from the bridge.

RICKS (TO COM)  
 The Cargo Lift's not made for that.  
 It'll rip apart if--

TENNESSEE (ON COM)  
*Just do it, son, or I will come  
 back up there and kick your ass six  
 ways from Sunday!*

RICKS (TO COM)  
 (working controls)  
 Yes, sir. Locking in coordinates.  
 Let her rip.

**INT. CARGO LIFT-CAB - PRE-DAWN**

Tennessee slams the controls.

ZOOM!

The Cargo Lift begins PLUMMETING toward the planet.  
 Everything is shaking violently--

Tennessee is brutally buffeted within the cab--

**INT. CATHEDRAL-DAVID'S GALLERY - PRE-DAWN**

The battle continues--

WALTER goes flying into the Gallery--

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. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAWN**

DANIELS and SERGEANT LOPE emerge to the roof.

The bright sun is just rising through the towers of the dead city beyond.

SERGEANT LOPE (ON RADIO)  
Tennessee, do you read me? Come in  
Cargo Lift...

As LOPE continues on the radio, DANIELS sees something...

Standing completely still. Almost lost standing behind David's strange astronomical device. Peering through its intricate gears and orbs...

THE ALIEN.

It just stands. Watching them. Its tail barely twitching.

Daniels stares, stunned to silence, her first sight of the glorious beast.

She slowly reaches out and puts a hand on Lope's arm, drawing his attention. He turns. Sees it.

DANIELS and LOPE raise their weapons. They are extremely vulnerable here, out in the open.

Nothing moves.

The ALIEN is poised.

Then a SHARP TILT to its HEAD -- hearing something--

The CARGO LIFT.

Just coming into view.

AND THE ALIEN ATTACKS--

It BARRELS forward. DANIELS and LOPE FIRE. The ALIEN is fast and agile -- jumping away and back -- relentless--

DANIELS and LOPE break for cover--

**INT. CARGO LIFT-CAB - DAWN**

TENNESSEE sees the attacking creature, Daniels and Lope running for cover--

He JAMS his controls, bringing the ship in FAST--

This is an ungainly ship, not made for elegant maneuvering, so it's a very rough trip--

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAWN**

The CARGO LIFT jerks to one side, SLAMMING into one area of the roof in its rapid descent, tearing away part of the structure--

It's like a bucking bronco, but Tennessee is a great pilot and rights the ship--

And then starts landing on the roof in a cloud of dust, the engine's jets ROARING and SHREDDING some of the roof--

As--

DANIELS and LOPE run for their lives--

LOPE is being pursued by the ALIEN. He fires and retreats, fires and retreats, trying to make his way closer to the landing CARGO LIFT--

As--

DANIELS sprints--

The ALIEN is now raging at her--

She runs toward the CARGO LIFT, which is just touching down in a HURRICANE OF DUST and FLYING DEBRIS--

The ALIEN is almost right on top of her, raging through the dust and debris--

But it is suddenly SMASHED TO THE SIDE--

TENNESSEE -- in the cab -- has used a robotic CRANE ARM from the Cargo Lift to SLAM the Alien aside--

The Alien flies and SMASHES down. But it is instantly up and attacking LOPE--

SEVERELY WOUNDING HIM, talons slashing, blood, shredding his shoulder and slamming him down, unconscious--

It moves in for the kill when--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The ALIEN recoils, shot from behind, it spins to face--

WALTER.

The wounded ALIEN 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 ALIEN finally collapses and slides to a stop at Walter's feet.

WALTER looks terrible. His face is deeply gashed, dripping milky fluid. He's been horribly battered.

He and Daniels head quickly toward the injured LOPE.

DANIELS

Where's David?

WALTER

On his way I believe. We have to hurry. He's not happy in any case.

DANIELS

(smiles)

You look like shit.

WALTER

(smiles back)

As do you.

They grab the unconscious LOPE and drag him toward the CARGO LIFT RAMP. Walter can only help so much with his one hand.

But--

The ALIEN is rising again and suddenly racing after them, unstoppable--

They sprint and DIVE onto the RAMP, pulling Lope with them -- the ALIEN ALMOST ON THEM--

**INT./EXT. CARGO LIFT-VARIOUS - DAWN**

**IN THE CAB:**

Tennessee punches a button and the CARGO LIFT RAMP starts to retract--

**ON THE RAMP:**

Walter has the unconscious Lope -- Daniels grabs Walter's gun as--

The ALIEN LEAPS--

Daniels FIRES THREE SHOTS into the ALIEN'S CHEST. BAM! BAM! BAM!

The ALIEN seems to fall--

DANIELS  
(calls)  
Get us out of here, Tennessee! NOW!

**IN THE CAB:**

Tennessee jams the controls and the CARGO LIFT starts to take off--

A cloud of dust as the huge ship rumbles and rises--

**ON THE RAMP:**

The deck is lurching violently as the ship ascends--

Daniels, Lope and Walter slide dangerously toward the end of the ramp--

They scramble desperately for recessed handles on the deck--

Walter grasps onto one of the deck handles, holding the unconscious Lope securely with his arm--

Daniels holds onto another handle--

They are now 30 feet off the surface--

**IN THE CAB:**

Tennessee sees THE ALIEN on a monitor. Clinging to the underside of the ship, by the starboard engine--

**UNDER THE PLATFORM:**

The Alien is scrambling around desperately, trying to find a way up -- it moves to the underside edge of the platform--

**ON THE RAMP/PLATFORM:**

TENNESSEE  
(calls from the cab)  
It's still there! Under the platform. Starboard side.



DANIELS  
 Hold the ship steady!  
 (to Walter, re Lope)  
 Get him inside!

Daniels grabs additional ammo from Lope's vest, then Walter begins dragging the unconscious Lope toward the hatch into the cab--

Daniels braces herself and then--

SLIDES dangerously from the ramp to the PLATFORM. The whole ship is vibrating and swaying in the air above the Cathedral roof--

She slithers across to the platform edge. She TETHERS herself to the deck cargo hooks so she can stand and use both her hands--

She's balanced like a water skier. Carefully reloads her weapon. Swaying as best she can to the movement of the platform--

**IN THE CAB:**

WALTER pulls LOPE through the hatch door, as--

Tennessee tries to monitor the progress of the Alien as it slithers around the underside of the platform--

TENNESSEE  
 (calls)  
 DANIELS -- STARBOARD CORNER!

**ON THE PLATFORM:**

Daniels moves unsteadily to the starboard corner, rolling with the movement of the ship. She prepares herself, readies her weapon.

As the ALIEN comes over the edge onto the platform.

It stares at her, almost with a kind of curiosity.

She is like steel staring back at it. All the tragedy, her husband's death, everything, settling into a warrior's iron gaze.

The Alien cocks its head. Confused. Why is the prey not running?

Because she is not prey anymore.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

She FIRES.

Straight into its head--

The ALIEN bolts back, crawls back down, injured--

Her tether allows her to go to the edge of the platform. She bravely lurches OVER THE EDGE -- standing at a 45 degree angle now -- continues firing -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Forcing the injured Alien to take cover in the port-side engine.

DANIELS  
(CALLS UP)  
TENNESSEE! PORT ENGINE!

**IN THE CAB:**

On his monitor, Tennessee has seen the ALIEN take refuge in the engine--

He slams the ENGINE CONTROLS--

**ON THE PLATFORM:**

THE PORT ENGINE BLASTS FIRE!

THE CARGO LIFT LURCHES UP AS--

THE ALIEN IS BLOWN OUT OF THE ENGINE--

AND FALLS AWAY TO THE GROUND 100 FEET BELOW.

Daniels FALLS in the violent lurch of the ship--

But the tether holds. She SWINGS free like a pendulum. Dangling.

Until the Cargo Lift rights itself.

She climbs back up to the topside of the platform. Collapses in exhaustion.

Allows herself a breath of relief.

Walter has come out to help her back.

They make their way back toward the cab.

**IN THE CAB:**

We see that Walter has stabilized the unconscious Lope. Biomechanical bandages from a med-kit automatically weave into place on his wounds, creating an antibiotic plastic bio-skin.

Walter helps Daniels into the cab.

TENNESSEE

You all right?

DANIELS

Yeah. Just. We'll need emergency medical treatment on the Covenant.

TENNESSEE

Understood. I'll have them standing by ... Welcome back, honey.

She sinks to the floor, getting her breath, as Tennessee hits the jets and...

**OUTSIDE:**

We see the CARGO LIFT disappear through the clouds. Up and away.

Safe.

**EXT. CATHEDRAL-ROOF - DAWN**

Below...

We see the ALIEN is already recovering. Its head re-molding into shape.

It stands and watches the Cargo Lift escape.

Screeches in frustrated anger.

As 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**

We see SERGEANT LOPE is still unconscious in a medical pod, connected to fluids and IV. His face is patched in "medical clay" to form skin ... He's like the Phantom of the Opera, but alive.

DANIELS sits with WALTER. They have both changed uniforms and their superficial wounds have been cleaned.

He's carefully pressing new plasma-clay on the ACID WOUND on her face. This will heal her quickly. Standard medical procedure ... As we watch we can almost see the magic working.

WALTER

Don't move. You'll be your old self in a couple of weeks.

DANIELS

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.

DANIELS

Are you all right?

WALTER

What do you mean?

DANIELS

I mean David.

WALTER

As you know, I am incapable of feeling anything about my so-called "brother."

DANIELS

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 looks at her.

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.

DANIELS

... So could I.

They sit for a moment in a comfortable silence.

**INT. COVENANT-ROBOTICS LAB - LATER**

Racks of "spare parts" for Walter. Complicated ROBOTICS  
machinery.

WALTER watches impassively as his new LEFT HAND reattaches  
itself to his arm. He flexes it. Works well.

The "skin" begins to re-graft itself.

He flexes his fingers, seems pleased to be whole again.

**INT. COVENANT-WARDROOM - "MORNING"**

A PHOTOGRAPH of the ENTIRE CREW. Before the launch. Before  
the terror.

Daniels and her husband, Oram and Karine, Tennessee and  
Faris, Lope and Hallet, all the others.

The photo hangs on the fridge.

TENNESSEE is alone, making breakfast. Looking at the photo.

DANIELS enters, just awake.

TENNESSEE

Morning. You're looking good, my  
darlin'.

DANIELS

What? Oh, yeah. Gorgeous. What are  
you cooking?

He makes a face: it's a cardboard box.

TENNESSEE

An "omelette." You want one?

DANIELS  
Please. Lots of cheese.

She joins him, gets a glass of juice.

DANIELS  
Do I have to call you Captain?

TENNESSEE  
Fuck yes.

She smiles.

A beat as he cooks.

DANIELS  
I'm really sorry about Faris.

TENNESSEE  
I'm sorry about all of it ... You  
want mushrooms?

DANIELS  
Sure.

What more needs to be said really?

A beat as he cooks.

She watches Tennessee beating egg powder for their omelettes.

He smiles sadly at her. Her to him.

Then they hear Mother's voice:

MOTHER  
*Medical personnel. Please report to  
the Med Bay.*

DANIELS  
Why?

MOTHER  
*Sergeant Lope's condition has  
changed.*

Her face. A sudden fear.

She bolts to a wall com:

DANIELS (TO COM)  
Walter. Meet me at the med-bay.  
Hurry!  
(spins to Tennessee:)  
(MORE)

DANIELS (TO COM) (CONT'D)

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?

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.

Not even a beat as they take this in before...

DANIELS

*Mother. Life form readings on the  
ship.*

MOTHER

*Four humans. One Android ... One  
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... slow and beautiful, even more beautiful in the flashing red light and water--

Upworth opens her mouth to scream--

No time.

**THE ALIEN ATTACKS.**

The water in the shower is soon misting red.

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

DANIELS, WALTER and TENNESSEE are well-armed now, prowling through the ship.

It's eerie, suspenseful.

WALTER  
(whispering)  
Mother. Location of unidentified life form, please. Any movement at all.

MOTHER  
*E-deck. Section 17 ... Closing on your position.*

DANIELS  
It's hunting ... So let's choose our ground.

They exchange a glance.

TENNESSEE  
Where?



DANIELS  
... 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-TERRAFORMING BAY**

Daniels' Domain.

The dark yawning chamber. The enormous earth-moving trucks and cranes and diggers and dump trucks. The huge machines to make a New World.

A network of scaffolding and ladders and chains and winches.

We see DANIELS.

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--

DANIELS 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...

DANIELS 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 darts away -- DANIELS 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 DANIELS--

#### IT SLAMS INTO HER--

Her suit temporarily protecting her--

WALTER races to descend, but falls and gets momentarily tangled in some machinery cables--

TENNESSEE runs to help, can't risk firing--

The ALIEN rips at Daniels' HELMET desperately, its hands slithering on the smooth plastic -- Daniels writhes to escape the Creature--

The ALIEN sees TENNESSEE approaching -- SNAPS its tail out-- SLASHING HIM BRUTALLY -- he flies back, bones broken--

Then the ALIEN turns its full attention to DANIELS.

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--

DANIELS

Mother. Open Terraforming Bay doors.

MOTHER

*I'm sorry. That will result in depressurization of the--*

DANIELS

Command override Daniels 90265.  
NOW!

Instantly--

THE ENTIRE BOTTOM OF THE CHAMBER BEGINS TO SWIFTLY OPEN, as it was designed to do, forming a ramp for the HUGE VEHICLES--

WITH THE SUDDEN DEPRESSURIZATION EVERYTHING IS BEING VIOLENTLY SUCKED INTO SPACE--

The ALIEN thrashes away to grab onto something--

DANIELS 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 on a vehicle and swings toward them--

They grapple to escape -- space pulling at them, the dark void more and more dangerous as the floor entirely opens--

WALTER and DANIELS 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 badly hurt, unprotected, barely holding on as it is. His gun falls. Sucked into space--

The ALIEN clammers toward him--

DANIELS looks up -- an idea, a desperate gamble--

She sees one of the LARGE TERRAFORMING VEHICLES, which is on a sloping ramp, only clamps holding it in place, the vacuum of space beyond--

She looks to Walter, catches his eye, nods. He understands.

Daniels leaps to the VEHICLE -- gets a hand hold-- exposing herself, drawing the Alien's attention, it rages toward her--

She pulls herself into the cab, leaves the door open--

A moment and then the Alien follows, grasping for her desperately as--

Walter leaps to the vehicle and slams the door behind the Alien and locks it as--

Daniels drops out the other side of the cab, slamming the door closed behind her, throwing the locks--

DANIELS  
(to Walter)  
Release the clamps!

Walter dives and releases the clamps holding the massive vehicle in place as Daniels spins, gun poised--

The Alien is beating its way out--

SLAM! The clamps are unlocked--

The HUGE VEHICLE begins to tumble slowly out into space as--

The Alien finally batters the door open--

DANIELS FIRES--

The Alien jerks back into the cab -- squealing in pain and anger as the VEHICLE finally--

Tumbles completely out into space.

Gone.

DANIELS watches.

WALTER  
Mother. Please close Terraforming  
Bay doors.

The massive doors begins to close again.

Daniels looks to Walter.

He smiles calmly.

Tennessee raises a thumb. Victory.

**EXT. COVENANT-IN SPACE - LATER**

The Covenant speeds toward its destination.

**INT. COVENANT-BRIDGE**

Everything is quiet. Peaceful.

The NAVIGATION HOLOGRAM pulses their location. On track to Origae-6.

**INT. COVENANT-CORRIDORS**

Quiet. Empty.

**INT. COVENANT-WARDROOM**

The photo of the full crew on the fridge. All the dead.

The empty tables. Clean, spotless.

The light from outside elegantly moves across the room.

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

TENNESSEE is already in hyper-sleep.

DANIELS 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.

DANIELS

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.

DANIELS

... I'd like to think that's true.

WALTER

Sleep well.

DANIELS

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.

DANIELS

I know. But if it does and you have  
to bury me... Will you play the  
same song we played for Jacob?

Just for the tiniest moment.

A look of confusion on his face.

But she sees it.

WALTER

Of course.

DANIELS

You do remember...

WALTER

Yes. Now just close your eyes and  
go to--

DANIELS

Walter. What was the song we played  
for Jacob?

WALTER  
I really think--

She's alarmed now--

DANIELS  
What was the song we played for  
Jacob?!

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-WARDROOM**

The Wagner continues as he enters.

He goes to the vertical garden that soars up along one wall. 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-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.