

In the beginning, there was...

**BLACK**

**EXT. EARTH - DAY**

SOUNDS. A GRADUAL RUMBLE -- SOMETHING MECHANICAL -- AN ENGINE? And then, SUDDENLY --

BRIGHTNESS. So sudden it HURTS our eyes... but now it gives way to --

WATER. Intensely BLUE, untouched and PRISTINE as the rays of the SUN dance off its glasslike surface. CLEAR. UNTOUCHED. And we're SOARING OVER IT -- The RUMBLE -- DEEP AND LOW -- And now we SEE SOMETHING moving over the clear water --

A SHADOW. Shaped like an enormous HORSESHOE. And whatever we are IN right now, THAT is what's casting it. MOVING ALONG THE SURFACE at increasing VELOCITY as we finally hit --

**EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE SAVANNAH PLAINS - DAY**

LAND. The SHADOW swallowing SAVANNAH PLAINS -- A raw NATURAL world. SLOWING NOW -- THE SHADOW growing larger as the EARTH BELOW COMES TO MEET US --

**EXT. ISLE OF SKYE, ENGINEER LANDING POINT - DAY**

We are TOUCHING DOWN.

Dropping towards a RIVER DELTA - RUSHING WATER as we HEAR A TOOTH-RATTLING SOUND -- GEARS TURNING -- MACHINERY --

THWASH! A METAL GANGPLANK hits the WATER. And now --

THREE FIGURES move into the foreground.

We are BEHIND them -- Moving WITH them as they walk down the gangplank. They're BIG, TWELVE FEET TALL at least. SANDALED feet SPLISH into the shallow water as we finally REVEAL --

THEY ARE MEN.

And yet... not men. Their skin is clear and WHITE... dressed in modest clothing -- Their features CLASSICAL -- Michelangelo's David come to LIFE. They are otherworldly yet FAMILIAR. Beautiful yet DANGEROUS.

These are THE ENGINEERS.

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One of them kneels down, scoops the running water into his hand -- brings it to his mouth. DRINKS. He turns to the others. Quiet resignation... and something else. FEAR.

It's incredible how HUMAN they seem -- how emotionally EXPRESSIVE their faces are.

Now, one of the standing Engineers -- he seems OLDER -- kneels beside the one in the stream. Gently puts one hand on his shoulder. And with the other hand --

He offers a SMALL BOX. It looks like it's made of BLACK GLASS. The kneeling Engineer looks at it. After a moment, he takes the box. And now?

He SPEAKS. Primitive yet complex. CLICKS AND TOCKS, not unlike an ABORIGINAL BUSHMAN. There are no subtitles, but we need no translation. They are saying GOODBYE.

The Elder rises, joins the other Engineer. One last look between the three -- a sense of IMPORTANCE -- Something MEANINGFUL is about to happen here. And then --

The TWO ENGINEERS depart -- Walking back up the GANGPLANK into that enormous VESSEL that we NEVER SEE. And as we begin to hear the IDLING HUM of a RISING ENGINE --

The Engineer left behind slowly begins to remove his clothing. Somehow... there is something SAD about it.

Now the MIGHTY SOUND OF SOMETHING LIFTING UP AND AWAY -- The Engineer lifting his face to watch the DEPARTING SHADOW as he removes the last of his clothes, PULLING BACK as it goes as we REVEAL --

The lone Engineer stands a hundred feet from the precipice of a MIGHTY WATERFALL. Breathtaking in its SHEER POWER.

BACK ON THE ENGINEER

Water rushing over his shins as he looks down at the BOX -- Furrows his brow... but there is no going back. He OPENS it.

He reaches inside with his two fingers, PINCHING the contents like a wad of TOBACCO, lifting them OUT to find he is holding A CAKE OF DARK, STICKY MATERIAL.

He CLOSES HIS EYES NOW -- Deep REVERENCE -- A CLEAR CEREMONY to this as he slowly opens his mouth, lifts the cake into his mouth as if taking communion...

And swallows it.

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A moment as The Engineer takes in the pastoral beauty of all that surrounds him. Pure calm. The sound of the rushing water. The ORANGE LIGHT of the setting sun.

And then.

HE CONVULSES. Violent. FRIGHTENING. CLOSE ON THE ENGINEER'S EYES as they suddenly go DARK BLACK -- He PITCHES FORWARD, CLUTCHING HIS STOMACH -- TREMENDOUS PAIN.

His body starts to CONTORT -- JESUS -- We hear his BONES CRACK FROM THE INSIDE -- Or are they GROWING?!? His skin begins to stretch as he HOWLS AGAIN and --

Something is coming out of his ears -- BLACK and ALIVE -- A SWARM -- not INSECTS, but something ELSE -- Pouring from his NOSTRILS -- HIS MOUTH -- HIS EYES --

And somehow, the Engineer rises to his feet -- PUTS OUT HIS ARMS and raises his face to the SUN as --

HE IS LITERALLY DEVOURED by the BLACKNESS -- COVERING HIS ENTIRE BODY -- EATING IT -- ABSORBING IT AS WE PUSH IN CLOSER AND CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL --

**EXT. MICROSCOPIC, ENGINEER'S DNA MUTATING - DAY**

**FLASH!** -- WE ARE LITERALLY AT THE MICROSCOPIC LEVEL

A FURY OF LIFE AND DEATH AS CELL WALLS FRACTURE AND WE FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE GROWING BLACKNESS IS MADE UP OF --

Tiny SWIRLING LADDERS. And it's instantly recognizable. It is the SEED OF LIFE. This is DNA. Take a nice long look... We'll be seeing it AGAIN.

RUSHING AWAY NOW -- BACK AND BACK AND BACK and -- **FLASH!**

**EXT. ISLE OF SKYE, ENGINEER LANDING POINT - DAY**

The ENGINEER, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED -- COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN THE SWARM -- HOLDING for ONE FINAL MOMENT --

And he DISINTEGRATES. IMPLODING IN ON HIMSELF in a cloud of DUST. And we MOVE DOWN NOW...

INTO THE RUSHING WATER as the tiny BLACK PARTICLES drop in like SCATTERED ASHES -- all that remains of the MAJESTIC BEING who just stood here as WE RUSH, IMPOSSIBLY FAST -- WE ARE ONE WITH THE WATER NOW -- THE PARTICLES DARTING IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER -- almost as if... ALIVE? -- AS --

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**FWAAAAAASH!** We are CARRIED OVER THE WATERFALL -- DROPPING AND DROPPING AND DROPPING UNTIL --

**EXT. POOL - DAY**

WE CRASH INTO A POOL BENEATH. Still a current here... but it CALMS as THE WATER laps up on pastoral untouched SAND... And now... there, from the POOL -- something EMERGING...

A HAND.

Pale and NEW. FINGERS outstretched. Hard to tell if they belong to a human or a SALAMANDER, but either way...

IT IS LIFE. And we again SMASH TO:

**EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG SITE - DAY**

**BLACK.**

The sounds of TOOLS. PICKS. TIK TIK. And... A PINHOLE OF LIGHT. TIK TIK. The hole WIDENS -- a FACE revealed --

A WOMAN. Beautiful. Young. There is a LIGHT in her eyes -- Something SPECIAL. CURIOSITY. INTELLIGENCE. We will come to know her as ELIZABETH SHAW.

HARSH GLARE AS SHAW SHINES A PENLIGHT RIGHT INTO OUR EYES... HER OWN FACE BRIGHTENS WITH DISCOVERY AS --

SHAW

Holloway! Look at this.

We're clearly in the midst of an ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATION. Scaffolding. TURBANED WORKERS. A MAN moves towards Shaw. Twenties. Scruffy. Confident as he is brilliant, reckless as he is handsome.

This is CHARLIE HOLLOWAY. His eyes WIDEN as he SEES Shaw's discovery -- Fumbles a pair of SPECTACLES out of his shirt pocket as he steps forward, AMAZED --

HOLLOWAY

Jesus... it's just like the other one.

Other WHAT, we have no idea (yet), but we finally reveal what these two are so EXCITED ABOUT --

A PICTOGRAM etched on the WALL. Shockingly detailed, like no CAVE PAINTING we've ever seen --

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A group of PEOPLE looking up towards a GIANT -- at least TWICE THEIR SIZE. And he looks a hell of a lot like our ENGINEERS. He points UP --

Shaw's PENLIGHT dances up the wall, illuminates an intricately drawn STARFIELD. One of those stars PROMINENT -- This is what the GIANT is pointing to.

ON SHAW. Almost... REVERENTIAL as she turns to Holloway and softly says --

SHAW

I think they want us to come find them.

ON HOLLOWAY, a grin spreading across his face. Shaw's TOO. Like two proud parents looking at a newborn. A sense they've finally found the very thing in life they have been LOOKING FOR. PUSHING IN ON THAT STARFIELD. CLOSER AND CLOSER AND --

**INT. TENT - NIGHT**

**BLACK.**

A BURST OF STATIC -- Then... SOMEONE leaning over camera -- Turning it on.

It's SHAW. She is dirty, but sexily so. We see the open FLAP of the TENT she's inside just behind her. She looks into camera now -- A little nervous, she talks RIGHT TO US --

SHAW

Hello, Mr. Weyland. My name is Dr. Elizabeth Shaw. If that name sounds familiar to you, it's because I've called every day for the last month. I think your people were hoping I'd give up.

(a twinkle in her eye)

I am not good at giving up. What I am good at is my job.

The longer she talks, the more CONFIDENT she gets --

SHAW (CONT'D)

I am an Archaeologist. I have doctorate degrees in Paleontology, Anthropology, Human Ethology and Memetics -- all of which I received from Oxford. I graduated first in my class at the age seventeen. This is not who I am -- It is simply what I know.

(MORE)

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SHAW (CONT'D)

I make the distinction, sir, because  
there is a difference in what a scientist  
knows and what they believe...

(beat)

That difference is proof.

Shaw leans forward -- THIS IS IT. The MOMENT.

SHAW (CONT'D)

My partner and I have found something,  
Mr. Weyland. Something very important.

Softening now. Genuine INTIMACY. She's talking right TO us.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Do you ever feel that all the science in  
the world will never give us the answers  
we really want? Where we came from.

What our purpose is.

(then; quietly)

Whether or not we're truly alone.

And we can see in her eyes now -- She is a BELIEVER.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I believe there's a place, sir, where all  
those questions can be answered.

(a beat; then)

But I need you to get us there.

Shaw's heart is on her sleeve now. For the first time, real  
VULNERABILITY. She NEEDS this --

SHAW (CONT'D)

Give me ten minutes of your time... Ten  
minutes to show you what we've found.  
Because if I'm right about what it means?

(quiet confidence)

None of us will ever be alone again.

And now, we slowly start to PULL BACK -- revealing Shaw's  
transmission is playing on a SCREEN. Someone is WATCHING IT.

We're OVER HIS SHOULDER. A MAN. Slightly hunched. We hear  
his LABORED breathing over Shaw's words.

SHAW (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

If you don't respond, sir, I understand.

(now; a smile)

But I'll be calling again tomorrow.

NOW A WRINKLED HAND enters frame, TREMBLING slightly as it  
taps the PAD, turning it OFF and SMASHING US BACK TO:

**EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE, FUNERAL PROCESSION - DAY****BLACK.**

GRADUALLY FADING UP. THE SOUNDS OF INSECTS. And now,  
SINGING. Beautiful. SAD. And we're in the midst of --

A FUNERAL. A TRIBE OF AFRICAN VILLAGERS gently lay a DEAD  
MAN on the ground. The song is a PRAYER to help him on his  
way. And now, we FIND --

A YOUNG GIRL -- Maybe six. She is WHITE... clearly out of  
place here. She sits on the periphery of the village,  
RIVETED by the funeral in the distance. Beside her --

The girl's FATHER. Forty. Deeply tanned. A heavy beard and  
a smile that exudes warmth. Comfortable clothes accented by  
a PRIEST'S COLLAR. The sun glistens off the CROSS dangling  
around his neck as he prepares a STEW over a small fire.

GIRL

What happened to that man?

He smiles kindly at her, but doesn't hide the truth --

FATHER

He died.

The girl continues to watch as the body is WRAPPED IN CLOTH.

GIRL

What are they doing?

FATHER

Saying goodbye.

GIRL

Why aren't you helping them?

FATHER

They don't want my help. Their God is  
different than ours.

The girl considers that. Furrows her brow --

GIRL

That doesn't make any sense.

FATHER

I know, sweetheart.

The girl watches, TRANSFIXED as the face of the dead man is  
covered in the cloth -- FAMILY members cry openly with grief.

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GIRL  
Why did he die?

FATHER  
Because sooner or later, everyone does.

GIRL  
Where is he now?

He looks at his daughter now. Despite the endless questions, he sees she needs to be COMFORTED. Lowers his face to hers. And says with complete CONFIDENCE --

FATHER  
Everyone has their own word. Heaven.  
Paradise. Whatever it's called...  
(a warm smile)  
It's someplace beautiful.

ON THE LITTLE GIRL. She may be six, but she's no idiot --

GIRL  
How do you know it's beautiful?

GOOD QUESTION. He shrugs. Disarmed. Then --

FATHER  
Because that's what I choose to believe.

THE GIRL. Even at this age, we can tell she's SMART. Inquisitive. SPECIAL. He lifts a wooden spoon from the kettle of stew, offers it to her as --

FATHER (CONT'D)  
What do you believe, Ellie?

She tastes the stew, mulling that over. And after a moment, she looks up at him. Twinkle in her eye --

GIRL  
It needs salt.

The father LAUGHS, surprised and CHARMED by his progeny.

He leans over now, KISSES her forehead. A moment of profound connection. Of LOVE. And now we DROP BACK --

A DISTANT POINT OF VIEW as the father and daughter embrace. Someone is WATCHING THEM.

A WHITE MAN wearing dark SUNGLASSES, dressed in a blue and white JUMPSUIT. He stands on the periphery of the funeral, the villagers oblivious to him. WEIRD.

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ON THE LITTLE GIRL. Sensing something. She looks across the village, locks eyes with the Man in the jumpsuit. He SMILES at her. Reaches for his glasses to LOWER THEM --

And an ODD THING begins to happen as everything starts to PIXILATE -- The village, the WHOLE WORLD around it -- reduced to DOTS as ALL SOUND ABRUPTLY DROPS OUT... And we are no longer in AFRICA. We are simply WATCHING IT on --

**INT. MAGELLAN, SHAW'S HYPERSLEEP POD - SPACE**

**A MONITOR**

A very, small TELEVISION SCREEN to be exact. Embedded in a STEEL PANEL covered in DIALS and FLASHING LIGHTS. And SOMEONE is standing over it, slowly removing what looks like a HI-TECH HELMET from his head to REVEAL --

IT'S THE SAME MAN IN THE JUMPSUIT.

His name is DAVID.

David carefully removes what looks like a PHONE JACK from the monitor --- ZWWWWWR -- It RECOILS back into the helmet like a VACUUM CLEANER CORD as we find the entire apparatus is EMBEDDED into the facade of --

A PRISTINE WHITE POD. Visible through the frosted GLASS --

A WOMAN. Eyes closed, but luminous -- A SLEEPING BEAUTY. We recognize her -- The same woman from the dig site. The same woman who made the video PLEA. A piece of WHITE TAPE on the pod. A single word scrawled on it -- "SHAW."

COLD CONDENSATION covers up the parts of her body we're not fit to show, but she is staggeringly PERFECT. David looks at Shaw through the glass -- CURIOUS. Something about her he is DRAWN TO. He looks back at the MONITOR --

The smiling face of the LITTLE GIRL. And now we GET IT -- This may be a MEMORY, a DREAM or BOTH... but the images on that monitor are what is happening in Shaw's MIND as she sleeps. And based on what we just saw?

David somehow just JACKED INTO IT. **BEEP BEEP BEEP.** He turns as we POP WIDE FOR THE FIRST TIME TO REVEAL --

**EXT. MAGELLAN, HYPERSLEEP BARRACKS - SPACE**

TWO DOZEN MORE PODS just like Shaw's. Each one contains a PERSON. They are HYPERSLEEP CHAMBERS. **BEEP BEEP BEEP.**

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David moves to the BEEPING POD -- a DATA DISPLAY OF VITAL SIGNS; A BLINKING ICON OF A HEART flashing rapidly -- a message: "CAUTION: ELEVATED HEART-RATE."

David turns to the MONITOR -- The white tape identifies its occupant as "HOLLOWAY." At first, the monitor seems to be pure WHITE, but as we push CLOSER AND CLOSER WE REALIZE --

**EXT. HOLLOWAY'S MIND, SKI SLOPE - DAY**

It's SNOW.

And we are MOVING AT GREAT VELOCITY ALONGSIDE a MAN ON SKIS -- LAUGHING IN SHEER DELIGHT as he BLASTS OVER A MOGUL -- GOES AIRBORNE -- SHWOOMPH! HITS THE POWDER AND KEEPS GOING --

He is FEARLESS.

Get a good look at his face now as he approaches a STEEP CLIFF FACE -- It's HOLLOWAY. The handsome bastard we saw with Shaw at the dig. He lets out a BATTLE CRY, skis LEAVING THE EARTH as he FLIES OFF THE CLIFF --

**INT. MAGELLAN, HYPERSLEEP BARRACKS - SPACE**

Back on DAVID watching the monitor. Observing Holloway's UNCONSCIOUS MIND. David seems CONTEMPTUOUS as he taps a few icons on the DATAPAD --

A MESSAGE-- "ADMINISTERING SEDATIVE" -- And a moment later, the BEEPING STOPS. The heart stops FLASHING. Stabilized. David SIGHS as he turns and walks away AND WE CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, THE MESS DECK - SPACE**

**FWWAAASH** -- WHITE MUSH pours from a spigot into a BOWL. David takes the bowl, sits down at a table as we find --

He's all ALONE. A solitary man in a room full of chairs and tables -- a CAFETERIA. David quietly eats his mush as his fingers dance across a PORTABLE VID TABLET --

PICTOGRAMS OF CAVE WALLS -- THE GIANTS pointing the way to the stars -- A STRANGE WRITTEN LANGUAGE -- All flying by at incredible SPEEDS. David blinks, ABSORBING IT as --

He makes CLICKING sounds with his tongue over and over -- Is he... practicing something? And we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, HALLWAYS - SPACE**

David walks through a series of labyrinthine HALLWAYS -- We still have no sense of where he is until he emerges ONTO --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, OBSERVATION DECK - SPACE**

Dark but for blinking lights. David steps up to a CONSOLE -- Flips a few SWITCHES and --

A MONITOR COMES TO LIFE. We're suddenly greeted by BEATLES MUSIC, all playing over a collage of IMAGERY -- Everything WONDERFUL in the world. BLUES SKIES. WHALES BREACHING. THE A MOTHER HOLDING A NEWBORN BABY. Superimposed over all of it, a SINGLE BLINKING WORD -- "**TRANSMITTING**"

David taps a few keys -- WAITS. After a moment, a SCROLL of green words below the monitor -- "**NO RESPONSE LOGGED.**"

David offers no reaction -- FLICKS off the monitor, reaches for a LEVER. PULLS IT --

**VWWWHHHRRRR** -- ENORMOUS SHUTTERS at the foredeck grind OPEN. And that's when we finally REALIZE --

We're in OUTER SPACE.

STARS fill the expanding window as David steps up to it, face impassive as we DROP OUTSIDE and see for the first time --

**EXT. MAGELLAN - SPACE**

An enormous SPACE VESSEL forges through the black void of space -- IMPRESSIVE and grittily REAL -- BLUE FLAMES emit from THRUSTERS at the rear of the ship.

This is the MAGELLAN.

Large block letters across the hull -- "WEYLAND INDUSTRIES." And now, MUSIC brings us back into --

**INT. MAGELLAN, DAVID'S QUARTERS - SPACE**

David sits in a chair in a SMALL, CLAUSTROPHOBIC ROOM. There is no bed because he doesn't need one. He sits rapt, watching The VID SCREEN mounted on the wall.

It's LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. A man WINCES as he attempts to snuff out a match with his fingertips --

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POTTER  
*Oh, it damn well hurts!*

LAWRENCE  
*The trick, William Potter... is not minding that it hurts.*

David GRINS. REWINDS. Hits PLAY as Potter WINCES --

POTTER (ON VIDSCREEN)  
*Oh, it damn well hurts!*

And as we start to get the sense that David has watched this scene many, many, MANY times we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, LAVATORY - SPACE**

David runs a comb through his hair as he makes his CLICKING noises. Parts it and applies some TONIC. It looks just like Peter O'Toole's. David seems pleased --

DAVID  
The trick is not minding that it hurts.

**INT. MAGELLAN, THE MESS DECK - SPACE**

FWWAAASH -- WHITE MUSH pours from a spigot into a BOWL.

David sits at his table. Making his CLICKING SOUNDS. "Reading" from his VidTablet as we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, THE LAUNDRY ROOM - SPACE**

CTHLUNK. A DRYING MACHINE comes to a stop as a naked David (back to us), pulls out his JUMPSUIT.

**INT. MAGELLAN, HALLWAYS - SPACE**

David moves through the hallways just as he has thousands of times before when --

THE LIGHTS ABRUPTLY DIM. Come back to FULL. DIM again. David stops. Cocks his head. And we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, OBSERVATION DECK - SPACE**

David walks onto THE BRIDGE -- And every single CONSOLE IS FLASHING THE SAME EXACT MESSAGE --

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**"DESTINATION REACHED... DESTINATION REACHED..."**

David just stands there. Is he... thinking? Finally, he steps forward, taps on the console. **VWWWHHRR** -- THE ENORMOUS SHUTTERS at the foredeck again grind OPEN -- But now, we're looking at more than EMPTY SPACE. In fact...

We're MOVING THROUGH FOUR SMALL MOONS -- One directly in FRONT OF US just as we PUSH UP over the horizon to reveal --

A MASSIVE PLANET.

Swirling CUMULUS CLOUDS prevent us from seeing what's beneath them, but the effect is no less breathtaking.

PUSHING IN ON DAVID. And as he SMILES, we SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, HYPERSLEEP BARRACKS - SPACE**

SPWWWWWWWASH! A SPLASH OF LIQUID HITS THE GROUND -- a moment later -- A NAKED WOMAN SLIDES TO THE FLOOR.

SHAW. Eyes BLINKING rapidly -- DISORIENTED -- LIPS BLUE -- Someone wraps a TOWEL over her as we FIND:

She's just rolled out of her HYPERSLEEP POD. She looks up at the bearer of the towel -- DAVID.

DAVID

Welcome back to the land of the living.

He flashes a smile, but Shaw RETCHES -- VOMITS UP A STREAM OF CLEAR LIQUID. David holds his hand on her back, COMFORTING --

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's okay... this is perfectly normal.

Shaw blinks -- starts to CALM DOWN. Get her bearings.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Shaw...

Shaw turns, looks up. And here's HOLLOWAY. Sitting on the ground beside his own POD -- Wrapped in a towel, skin pale, fluid running out of his nostrils. But his EYES are absolutely alive with EXCITEMENT as he says --

HOLLOWAY

We're here.

And as Shaw registers him... and what he just SAID --Wherever "here" is, it's pretty damn exciting to her TOO as we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, MESS DECK - SPACE**

AROUND TWENTY CREWMEMBERS in T-Shirts and sweat pants as they drop EMPTY FOOD TRAYS into a bin, their first solid meal in a LONG, LONG TIME now in their bellies.

Imagine a bad hangover. Now consider they've all been asleep for over TWO YEARS. That's what we're looking at. But at least one of them is in good spirits --

CAPTAIN LEIF JANEK. More VIKING than space pilot. A hulk of a man who proudly marches to the beat of his own drummer. Right now, he's in the process of plugging in a small, plastic CHRISTMAS TREE.

VICKERS

What the hell is that for?

Meet MEREDITH VICKERS. She could easily pass for forty, though we suspect she's a bit older. WHIP SMART, but as COLD as she is SEXY. Janek responds without so much as a glance her way -- Isn't it obvious?

JANEK

It's Christmas.

Now, Janek plucks a small ORNAMENT from a plastic box -- BABY JESUS IN THE MANGER. Gently hangs it from a branch, taps it with his finger, softly says --

JANEK (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, you little bastard.

VICKERS

The mission briefing is about to start, Captain. You might want to head down.

Janek grabs a tray -- starts piling it with FOOD...

JANEK

Haven't had my breakfast yet.

Vickers is a woman used to having her orders taken, slightly bemused that Janek completely disregards her --

VICKERS

You don't want to know why we're here?

JANEK

No, ma'am. I just fly the ship.  
(a mischevious GRIN)  
Thought that's why you hired me.

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With that, Janek picks up an APPLE -- CRUNCH -- takes a bite, CHEWING as he walks off. Vickers' eyes FLASH. Whatever corporate environment she's used to? It's gonna be a lot different out HERE. That being said, she's pretty TOUGH SHIT. Pulls herself together as we FOLLOW HER --

**INT. HALLWAY -- MAGELLAN -- CONTINUOUS**

Down the hallway. Every step, her features becomes less expressive. Vickers is putting on her GAME FACE.

Now, she comes to a DOOR. Stops. Takes a moment. Reaches to her collar. Undoes the top two buttons. Her mouth curls into a SMILE. And it's almost CONVINCING. Now, she pushes open the door and ENTERS --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIEFING ROOM - SPACE**

A proscenium AMPHITHEATER with THREE CURVED SCREENS that allow for optimal viewing from any seat in the house.

The ENTIRE CREW is settling into their seats... picking up some of the faces we've already seen. We find SHAW and HOLLOWAY, settling into two seats in the front. She's a little NERVOUS, twirling the AGED CROSS around her neck.

HOLLOWAY

You okay?

SHAW

They're gonna think we're crazy.

HOLLOWAY

(shrugs; a grin)

We are crazy.

Not exactly sure what they're talking about, but man, it sure sounds INTRIGUING as we DRIFT UP a few rows to find MILLBURN, a bookish but instantly likeable science wonk --

MILLBURN

This seat taken?

The man he's talking to is FIFIELD. Brilliant enough to get away with being incredibly GRUMPY. He ignores Millburn, who settles into the seat next to him, extends his hand --

MILLBURN (CONT'D)

Millburn. Geology. Nice to mee--

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FIFIELD

-- No offense pal, but I've been asleep for two goddamned years and I'm not here to make friends. I'm here to make money.

Millburn's face falls, somewhat disappointed as --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Good morning.

All eyes turn to see VICKERS as she makes her way to the front of the room --

VICKERS

I hope you've enjoyed your breakfasts and had an opportunity to get to know one another, but let's not get too relaxed, shall we?

(all business)

We're here to work.

A HUSH falls over the crowd as Vickers takes control. She smiles with her mouth... but not her eyes --

VICKERS (CONT'D)

As chief legal counsel for Weyland Industries, it falls on me to remind you of your signed non-disclosure agreements. If you breathe a word of what you're about to hear to anyone -- ever -- I will be forced to recover your entire salary.

(a promise)

And then I'll come after everything else.

Jesus. Point made, Vickers flashes her smileless smile --

VICKERS (CONT'D)

Right then. On with the show.

The lights GO DARK. The screens BLIP TO LIFE. And here, larger than life, his FACE projected in Godlike fashion, is an OLD MAN. Looks to be NINETY... a sparkle in his eye despite his SICKLY withered body, everything about him projects POWER AND CONFIDENCE --

WEYLAND

*Hello, Friends. My name is Arthur Weyland. And I am your employer.*

Meet SIR ARTHUR WEYLAND. A man, based on the REACTION of the crew, whose reputation precedes him. He CONTINUES --

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CONTINUED: (2)

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

*I am recording this message 22, June, 2081. If you're watching it, that means you have arrived at your destination.*

*(a beat)*

*And I am long dead.*

*(now; a smirk)*

*May I rest in peace.*

Find DAVID standing in the rear. He blinks. Clearly, he has some RELATION to the Old Man.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

*As you are all well aware, the details of this expedition have been withheld from you. Ms. Vickers, who has undoubtedly already garnered your love and adoration, secured your services without telling you where you were going nor what you were meant to do when you got there.*

*(smiles)*

*On behalf of Weyland Industries, I am grateful that your greed has supplanted your better judgment.*

FIFIELD smirks -- The Old Man speaks his language. ON THE SCREEN, Weyland leans forward, a bit of BARNUM --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

*So here you all are. The best minds in your respective fields, strangers to each other, considerably richer and farther from home than any man has ever come. Two years of your lives are gone. And now I can finally introduce you to the people who will tell you why. Doctors Holloway and Shaw, if you'd please stand.*

Holloway looks over at Shaw, winks as they RISE. The crew looks at them, completely unimpressed.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

*These two rather brilliant and impossibly young scientists asked that I fund this journey even though I wouldn't be alive to see it. Shaw here assured me what we do in life echoes in eternity.*

Shaw smiles, an affinity for the old man as he continues --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

*Regardless, they're here on my behalf, so you answer to them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MURMURS. These two are in charge? FIND VICKERS as she studies Shaw and Holloway unashamedly -- competitive or simply irritated that they're so damn YOUNG.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)  
*And with that, I wish you all Godspeed.  
 Doctors, the floor is yours.*

Weyland BLIPS out. ALL EYES on Holloway and Shaw. A beat. Then, Holloway smiles somewhat self-effacingly --

HOLLOWAY  
 Well. I've never been introduced by a ghost before. Looks like we're all in for an interesting day.

This gets a few SMILES from the crew. Ice broken. Holloway is clearly comfortable in front of a crowd. He produces a small CLICKER, clears his throat --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Let me tell you why you're here.

ON THE SCREEN -- VISUALS OF VARIOUS DIG SITES ALL OVER THE WORLD as Shaw explains --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
 These are images from archaeological digs all over Earth. Aztec. Hopi. Inuit. Mesopotamian. Ancient Civilizations separated by centuries that shared no contact with one another, and yet...  
 (beat; with import)  
 The same pictogram was discovered in every last one of them.

NOW, THE CAVE WALL we saw at the beginning of the movie. The PICTOGRAM -- The GIANT POINTING TO THE STARS.

ON THE CREW. Rapt... but CONFUSED. MORE IMAGES -- The same PICTOGRAM at other SITES in other forms -- Sometimes etched onto a VASE -- Here as a MURAL woven into a TAPESTRY --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
 We did astrological overlays of the stars depicted in these drawings and the only galactic system they matched was so from Earth, these primitive cultures couldn't possibly have known about it.

THE SCREEN -- GRAPHIC -- THE STAR FIELDS from the various pictograms literally FLOAT OFF of their cave walls and become 3-D REPRESENTATIONS of ACTUAL CONSTELLATIONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

It just so happens that system has a sun a lot like ours. And based on our long range scans, there seemed to be at least one planet capable of sustaining life.

(pauses for effect )

We arrived there this morning.

THE CREW REACTS -- Where is he GOING with this? Fifield speaks up, CYNICAL --

FIFIELD

We're here because of a map in a cave?

And before Holloway can respond, Shaw does it for him --

SHAW

Not a map. An invitation.

FIFIELD

... From who?

ON HOLLOWAY. A sense that Shaw has gone OFF SCRIPT. But he smiles gracefully -- hands her the CLICKER, smiles --

Shaw hesitates -- a little out of her element, but she takes it. CLICKS -- BACK TO THE SCREEN -- CLOSE ON THE GIANT MEN --

SHAW

We call them "Engineers."

Fifield leans forward, tongue firmly in cheek --

FIFIELD

Uh huh. And what'd they engineer?

Moment of truth time. Holloway looks at Shaw -- He gives a subtle shake of his head. Whatever she's thinking of saying, the message is clear -- "Don't." But after a moment, Shaw turns back to the screen. Eye to eye with the GIANT --

SHAW

Look at them. Two eyes. Two arms. Two legs. What did they engineer?

(a beat; measured)

They engineered us.

Jesus. REACTIONS FROM THE CREW -- Confusion to outright CYNICISM. Did she just say what they THINK she said? Fifield shakes his head as Millburn asks, BEFUDDLED --

MILLBURN

You... know that? For a fact?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHAW

No.

(then; softly)

But it's what I choose to believe.

AH. The very SAME WORDS the father said to the little girl.  
The key to what makes Shaw tick. Holloway sees the crew is  
WAVERING -- steps in to make the SAVE --

HOLLOWAY

What we "believe" doesn't matter. What  
we can prove does. And we have the  
opportunity to be the very first of our  
kind to literally meet our makers.

(twinkle in her eye)

Now let's get down there and see what  
they have to say for themselves.

ON THE CROWD. Incredibly awkward SILENCE. Every face tells  
the same story -- What the hell did they sign up for? Then --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Any questions?

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, HALLWAY - SPACE**

THE CREW DISPERSES from the BRIEFING ROOM as we find Holloway  
and Shaw exiting behind them.

AWKWARD LOOKS from the crew. Shaw turns to Holloway, sotto --

SHAW

I don't think they bought it.

HOLLOWAY

You just told them we were created by  
giant creatures from outer space.

(beat)

They might need some time with it.

A sly grin. He's busting her balls. VICKERS approaches,  
David dutifully on her heels --

VICKERS

Doctors. A quick word before the  
adventure begins?

Vickers moves past them, not waiting for a response. And as  
Holloway and Shaw realize she's not really asking them as  
much as TELLING them, we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, VICKERS' QUARTERS - SPACE**

**SHFFFT!** The DOOR slides open as Shaw and Holloway follow Vickers into her QUARTERS.

And it's MASSIVE. A SUITE of INTERCONNECTING ROOMS, most of which we don't SEE. The decor is an eclectic and ornate blend of antique furniture and ART -- the last thing we expect to see on a SPACESHIP. Holloway WHISTLES, impressed --

HOLLOWAY

Nice place.

David enters behind them, not unlike a BUTLER --

DAVID

It's actually a separate module with its own self-contained life support. Air. Food. Anything one needs to survive in a hostile environment.

Holloway puts two and two together, turns to Vickers --

HOLLOWAY

You're living in the lifeboat?

VICKERS

I like to minimize risk.

Shaw notices something on the far wall -- a mix of a bed and a HYPERBARIC CHAMBER with a PLASTIC DOMED COVER --

SHAW

Jesus -- This is a Pauling Med-Pod.  
Fully automated surgery...

Shaw pushes some buttons -- The MACHINE suddenly comes to life -- A small ROBOTIC ARM emerging from within that wields a variety of INSTRUMENTS; a SAW BLADE, SYRINGE, SCALPEL to name a few. A CALM, AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE --

AUTOMATED VOICE

*Select procedure and enter caps--CLICK.*

Vickers appears at Shaw's side, SNAPS the console OFF.

VICKERS

Please don't touch that. It's a very expensive piece of machinery.

SHAW

What do you need it for?

Vickers sizes them up. Drops the veneer of POLITENESS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKERS

I think you two are a little confused  
about our relationship.

Shaw and Holloway exchange a look -- Can't help but feel like  
bad children in the HEADMASTER'S OFFICE.

VICKERS (CONT'D)

The Old Man may have found you impressive  
enough to fund this mission, but I'm  
fairly certain that your "Engineers" are  
nothing more than the scribblings of  
natives in dirty little caves. But let's  
say that I'm wrong. And you do somehow  
find these... things down there?

(measured)

You will not engage them. You will not  
speak to them. You will do nothing but  
report back to this ship. At which time,  
we will enact the appropriate protocols.

ON SHAW AND HOLLOWAY as they realize they've just been  
marginalized. And Holloway doesn't like it one BIT --

HOLLOWAY

What... "protocols?"

Vickers tosses a glance to David, who stands there dutifully.  
Can't help but infer that whatever she knows, HE does, too.

VICKERS

I'm sorry. That's confidential.

HOLLOWAY

(pissed)

We found this goddamned place --

VICKERS

-- And my company paid almost a trillion  
dollars to get here which gives us the  
right to do whatever we goddamned want.

(then; measured)

If this is going to be an issue, maybe  
you shouldn't be part of the expedition.

Holloway's clearly frustrated, but he's between a rock and a  
hard place -- This is clearly the price of doing business.  
Shaw is less angry than CONFUSED --

SHAW

If you don't want us to make contact...  
why did you even bring us here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICKERS

Mr. Weyland was a superstitious man.  
(pointed; to Shaw)  
He wanted a true believer onboard.

And that would have actually been nice if "true believer" didn't come off sounding like "fucking idiot." Vickers flashes her non-smile --

VICKERS (CONT'D)

Well. Now that that's out of the way,  
let's get on with it, shall we?

And OFF SHAW AND HOLLOWAY, realizing they've essentially just been reduced to EMPLOYEES like everyone else, we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - SPACE**

The BRIDGE is now FULLY MANNED. Janek at the HELM.

Holloway and Shaw stand on the foredeck with Vickers and David looking out the massive WINDOW AT --

THE PLANET. Still shrouded in CLOUDS. Occasional FLASHES OF LIGHTNING are both beautiful and OMINOUS.

Holloway taps on a CONSOLE -- we again see the collage of IMAGERY -- BLUES SKIES. WHALES BREACHING. A MOTHER HOLDING A NEWBORN BABY -- "TRANSMITTING." David moves beside him --

DAVID

I transmitted your welcome message at regular intervals since we left Earth. I'm so sorry there's been no response.

Huh. Is David... rubbing it in? But Holloway is unruffled, turns to Shaw, SMILES, glass half full --

HOLLOWAY

They're just testing our resolve.

Shaw smiles at him. A MOMENT. Clearly, these two have a LOT invested in this. And it BONDS them.

JANEK

Right, people -- Let's bring her down.

Two CREWMEN -- RAVEL AND CHANCE -- PILOT THE SHIP.

CHANCE

Our window is up, descent trajectory mapped. We're go, Cap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janek nods, picks up his COMM, his VOICE BOOMING OVER THE ENTIRE SHIP'S P.A. as he says --

JANEK

All personnel -- This is the Captain.  
Brace for entry.

**EXT. PLANET, MAGELLAN - IONOSPHERE**

The ship DROPS through buffeting grey clouds -- AN ORANGE GLOW on her belly as she enters the INNER ATMOSPHERE --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

INTENSE VIBRATIONS -- The entire crew now STRAPPED into their jump chairs...

Except Janek. He stands like a VIKING, grips a stanchion -- Absolutely LIVES for this. THROUGH THE WINDOW --

The blackness of space gives way to DARK, REDDISH SKY -- and now through the CLOUDS -- LIGHTNING FLASHES as --

We break into CLEAR AIR. And for the first TIME we see --

THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

WIDE VALLEYS mottled with thin dark ground cover. SPIRES OF ROCK. WATERLESS and WIND-SWEPT.

Janek points to the largest of the red HARD SPOTS on the PLANETARY HOLOGRAM, shouts over the RATTLING DECK --

JANEK

BRING US 'ROUND -- IF THERE'S ANYTHING,  
IT'S HERE.

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- WE COME UP AND OVER A MOUNTAIN HIGHER THAN EVEREST, CRESTING IT to find --

A DRY BARREN PLAIN. An ALIEN MONUMENT VALLEY. No sign of civilization. No sign of life.

DAVID

"There is nothing in the desert and no  
man needs nothing."

He said it quietly enough for only Shaw to hear. WEIRD. (It's a quote from LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, by the way) as --

Holloway sees it FIRST. Unbuckles his HARNESS as he gets out of his chair, pointing --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLOWAY

There.

He's pointing to a small mountain... wait... IS it a mountain? In fact, it looks more like a PYRAMID.

Holloway turns to Janek. This is what he's looking for.  
Columbus on the deck of the Santa Maria --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Can you put us down?

JANEK

Wouldn't be worth much if I couldn't.

**EXT. PLANET, MAGELLAN - DAY**

A STUNNING PANORAMA UNFOLDS BEFORE THEM: CRATERS, HUNDREDS OF METERS ACROSS, CONNECTED BY TRENCHES. LIKE A PATTERN OF CROP-CIRCLES SUNK IN THE ROCK.

In the middle - A MASSIVE ANGULAR PEAK -- It's awe-inspiring. Cryptic. Huge.

FROM ABOVE, we see the PYRAMID perched in the CENTRAL CRATER. FOUR CANALS extend outward from it like SPOKES ON A WHEEL -- This sure doesn't SEEM like a natural formation.

NOW, HEAT DISTORTION AND SAND BLOWING BELOW US AS --

The Magellan SETS DOWN at the end of one of the CANALS. A GOOD THREE KILOMETERS FROM THE PYRAMID.

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

Holloway is a ball of energy, turns to Janek --

HOLLOWAY

Tell the survey crew to get suited up and meet us in the airlock.

(to David)

You're coming too.

DAVID

I wouldn't miss it.

Janek glances at his instruments, furrows his brow --

JANEK

There's only six hours of light left...  
Why don't you wait until morning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLOWAY

Because it's Christmas, Captain. And I want to open my present.

And off an infectious sense of impending DISCOVERY, SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, READY ROOM - DAY**

LOCKERS. A HUGE ROOM where OUR TEAM prepares for their very first planetary EXPEDITION --

Shaw. Holloway. David. Fifield. Millburn. FIVE OTHER CREWMEMBERS whose names we need not know. All putting on their HI-TECH SPACE SUITS. Fifield, still CYNICAL, calls over to Shaw and Holloway --

FIFIELD

Hey... Rather Brilliant and Impossibly Young -- Wanna tell us the plan for when we run into your Giants?

HOLLOWAY

We report back to the ship and let our bosses enact their protocols.

Shaw can't believe her ears. But now Holloway throws her a quick WINK. No goddamned WAY he's gonna follow orders. She smiles, notices David LOCKING ON HIS HELMET next to her --

SHAW

Why do you need the suit?

DAVID

Excuse me?

SHAW

You don't breathe. So why do you wear the suit?

DAVID

I was made to look this way because people are more comfortable interacting with their own kind. If I didn't wear a suit, it would defeat the purpose.

ON SHAW. Something about him she just doesn't trust. But Holloway just shakes his head, IMPRESSED --

HOLLOWAY

They're getting you things pretty damn close, aren't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
 (smiles)  
 Not too close, I hope.

Hmmm. Was that to assuage them, or was it an INSULT? But as with all things David, we just don't KNOW as we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK, ELEVATOR LIFT - DAY**

OUR TEAM, now fully suited, descends on a MASSIVE PLATFORM. Behind them -- FOUR CARGO ROVERS -- Robotic vehicles -- STURDY AS HELL.

ON HOLLOWAY and SHAW. Pure anticipation. ON FIFIELD AND MILLBURN. Unsure what the hell they're doing here. ON DAVID. Cool as a cucumber.

THWUNK! The elevator reaches the bottom. A beat, then -- **VRRRRRRRRR** -- The MASSIVE AIRLOCK DOOR OPENS --

ATMOSPHERE BLASTS INTO THE ELEVATOR. Holloway turns to Shaw, that infectious grin --

HOLLOWAY  
 One small step for man.

She looks at him. DRY --

SHAW  
 Seriously?

A beat... then Holloway LAUGHS. And as Shaw cracks a smile despite herself, we CUT TO:

**EXT. PLANETARY SURFACE - DAY**

THE EXPEDITION PARTY rolls across the TERRAIN on their ROVERS, BEDS loaded with GEAR; the explorers ride on running-board seats.

Holloway drives the first rover with Shaw beside him. THREE CREWMEMBERS in the back.

David drives the second rover with Millburn, Fifield and a couple others who exchange uneasy looks -- Still uncertain what to think.

**EXT. PLANET, ENTRY CANAL, ROVER, DRIVING - DAY**

FAVORING SHAW -- The little girl in her taking in the majesty of the ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ROVERS turn into a deep TRENCH -- The WALLS rising higher and higher alongside them like a CANYON as they move towards the central crater -- THE PEAK OF THE PYRAMID rising majestically before them...

And it may just be a trick of our eyes, but when we look at that peak, there almost seems to be a SPHINX-like FACE OF MONUMENTAL SIZE...

Or it could just be ROCK. As the ROVERS finally arrive at --

**EXT/INT. PLANET, CENTRAL CRATER, ROVER, DRIVING - DAY**

The rovers BOUNCE into the crater, trailing plumes of DUST... circling the PYRAMID. Holloway calls back on his COMM --

HOLLOWAY (OVER COMM)  
Hey -- Geologist. What's your name?

MILLBURN (OVER COMM)  
Millburn.

HOLLOWAY  
Millburn -- Get me a spectrograph on this formation. Tell me if this formation is natural or if someone put it here.

As they MOVE ALONG the base of the Pyramid, Millburn reaches for his GEAR -- Pulls out a GIZMO that looks like a cross between a GEIGER COUNTER and a MAGNET -- Holds the ATTACHED WAND out -- CHECKS THE READOUT, SURPRISED --

MILLBURN (OVER COMM)  
Uh... it's not natural.  
(can't quite believe this)  
It's hollow.

WOW. Shaw and Holloway exchange a look. This is IT. Then, David's ROVER abruptly skids to a HALT. And now, one by one, we watch the CREW react as they SEE --

FIFIELD  
... Jesus Christ Almighty.

**EXT. PLANET, PYRAMID, IRIS DOOR - DAY**

A DEGRADED ARCHWAY -- OVAL IN SHAPE, almost like a MASSIVE EYE -- RUSTED METALLIC BLADES once came together to SEAL IT OFF, but many are MISSING NOW. And there is no doubt. All skepticism is banished --

Someone BUILT THIS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shaw steps off her rover in wonder, CLICKS the AUTOCAM on the SIDE OF HER HELMET --

SHAW (OVER COMM)  
Magellan -- Are you seeing this?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUT - DAY**

Janeke, Vickers and the rest of the crew sit in WONDER at the image now up on the SCREENS linked to the explorer's HELMETCAMs -- The huge IRIS DOOR.

JANEKE (INTO COMM)  
Uh, that's affirmative. We're seeing it.

Vickers frowns, almost like she wishes it weren't so as she mutters under her breath --

VICKERS  
Son of a bitch. They were right.

**EXT. PLANET, PYRAMID, IRIS DOOR - DAY**

Shaw pulls her PACK from the bed of the Rover. Holloway gestures towards the door, GRINS WITH ANTICIPATION --

HOLLOWAY  
After you.

**INT. PYRAMID, ENTRANCE TUNNEL, MOMENTS LATER - DAY**

Our team ENTERS THE PYRAMID, Holloway and Shaw in the lead. And now, they come to a STOP as they look up with quiet reverence at what's before them --

A MASSIVE BEAM OF SUNLIGHT... almost as if there was a LENS at the tip of the pyramid a thousand feet above them. The light feels almost alive, SHIMMERING IN THE MOISTURE that trickles down the walls of the pyramid -- almost like it's RAINING INDOORS. It's beautiful.

Holloway finally finds his voice --

HOLLOWAY  
Roll out the pups -- We're gonna want a grid of the entire structure.

MILLBURN OPENS UP A BOX of what looks like STEEL BOWLING BALLS -- "PUPS" -- AUDIOVISUAL PROBES that send data back to the Magellan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Turns them on one by one, then ROLLS them off where they TAKE ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN -- Whenever they hit a wall, they recalibrate, roll on.

MILLBURN (OVER COMM)  
Magellan, probes are mapping.

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUT - DAY**

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
Copy that.

Janek hits some buttons -- **VWEET** -- a HOLOGRAM pops up on the TABLE BEFORE HIM as we see the very FIRST PART OF THE PYRAMID starting to form.

The deeper the PROBES go, the more we see. And from the size of this thing, it's gonna take awhile as we CUT BACK TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, ENTRANCE TUNNEL - DAY**

OUR TEAM moves into the darkness on foot as THE ROVERS chug along beside them, rounding a corner and entering --

**INT. PYRAMID, VARIOUS PASSAGES - DAY**

A LABYRINTH -- Corridors big as railway tunnels intersecting and diverging.

Holloway and Shaw lead the way. David, Fifield and Millburn follow behind. The deeper they go, the darker it gets.

ON DAVID as he looks around. We can't help but think he's seeing all this in an ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY. And now, his attention falls upon --

A ROCK. He approaches it. Kneels down. Gently turns it over. Reaches down... Then holds up his discovery --

A TINY CENTIPEDE. Only a few inches long. David smiles --

DAVID  
Our first alien.

HOLLOWAY  
Fantastic. Put it in a jar.

Holloway moves on as we TILT UP TO FIND that the ceiling is covered in MOSS -- Jesus... is it MOVING? No...

It's just that the entire surface is COVERED IN MORE INSECTS.

**INT. PIT CHAMBER - PYRAMID**

The group moves into another large chamber -- distinguished by what appear to be EIGHT MASSIVE PITS in the ground.

Shaw approaches, SHINES her flashlight into one of them, but it's SWALLOWED BY THE DARKNESS. So. DEEP. She turns to David, who stands at the lip of another pit, looking DOWN.

SHAW

David -- Can you see the bottom?

DAVID

No.

(a shrug and a smile)

I have my limitations.

Shaw studies him. Why does it feel like he's LYING?

And that is precisely when they HEAR SOMETHING. LOW AND HAUNTING. From one of the PASSAGEWAYS. The entire group turns towards it --

MILLBURN

Uh... what the hell is that?

LOUDER now -- Something coming TOWARDS THEM. Something RUNNING -- A rising MOAN... like a demented WHALESONG. Uneasy looks between our people. Uh oh.

FIFIELD

Please tell me someone brought a gun.

Nope. Our group is FROZEN. Nowhere to run -- the SOUND GETTING LOUDER -- God, it sounds like SCREAMING and --

A FIFTEEN FOOT GIANT TEARS AROUND THE CORNER!

It's face is TERRIFYING -- A HAUNTING MASK -- DARKENED EYES -- And it's INJURED, looking over its shoulder as if it's BEING CHASED -- Jesus -- It's HUGE, our first real sense of SCALE as it CHARGES TOWARDS OUR PEOPLE --

Holloway instinctively grabs Shaw -- PULLS her out of the way as Fifield and Millburn dive for cover. And David?

Well, he just STANDS THERE.

The Giant is coming right at him -- Christ, it's literally going to STEP ON HIS HEAD...

But then it PASSES RIGHT THROUGH HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Completely intangible, The Giant just keeps RUNNING, disappearing around the bend of another corridor.

A beat as the group absorbs what the LIVING HELL JUST HAPPENED. Shaw and Holloway are both somewhere between terrified and EXHILARATED.

SHAW

Did... we just see a ghost?

Holloway's science brain refuses to accept that. But his disappointment is completely gone, replaced by the INSANE SPIRIT OF AN ADRENALINE JUNKIE --

HOLLOWAY

You wanna go after it?

SHAW

Hell yes.

And with that --

**INT. PYRAMID, CORRIDORS TO ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

THE CHASE IS ON

Holloway and Shaw catching glimpses of the SPECTRAL GIANT as it jams through the LABYRINTHINE CORRIDORS --

Clearly, it has no AWARENESS of them, but that doesn't stop it from RUNNING FOR ITS LIFE...

**INT. PYRAMID, OUTSIDE THE ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

But The Ghost is losing STEAM -- LIMPING -- And just as Shaw and Holloway are on the verge of catching up...

IT COLLAPSES. And with a POP OF LIGHT-- DISAPPEARS. Shaw flicks on her flashlight, illuminates WHERE IT FELL--

And there is a CORPSE there. MASSIVE. A DEAD ENGINEER.

This is MOMENTOUS. Shaw can barely contain herself as she kneels down over the body...

SHAW

My God... Is this one of them?

She reaches out to touch the corpse's leg -- Just to make sure it's REAL. And it IS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holloway is less caught up in the moment, shining his light up the body of the Engineer to realize --

SHAW (CONT'D)

... What?

There's no HEAD. In fact, there is just a WALL where the head should be. No. WAIT. That's not a wall...

HOLLOWAY

It's a door.

A circular ziggurat of ONYX -- STAR-SHAPED pieces of DARK METAL OVERLAPPING EACH OTHER -- SEALING THE MASSIVE ENTRYWAY SHUT right around the dead Engineer's NECK.

DAVID (O.S.)

Is it gone?

Shaw and Holloway turn to see Fifield, Millburn and David catching up...

HOLLOWAY

Yeah.

Fifield takes one look at the HUGE CORPSE --

FIFIELD

Great. So are we.

Fifield turns, starts to head the hell OUT OF HERE --

SHAW

Hey -- Where are you going?

FIFIELD

I was hired for this op as a botanist, Doc -- And I don't see any plants. What I do see is crazy shit running around and giant dead bodies, so I'm going back to the ship.

(to Millburn)

You staying?

MILLBURN

No. Ship's good.

FIFIELD

(nods to Holloway & Shaw)

We'll leave you a rover.

With that, Fifield heads back down one of the corridors. Millburn scampers after him, relieved to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

David has ignored ALL of this, fascinated by a primitive and RUSTED CONSOLE beside the door. It looks vaguely like a hi-tech ABACUS. Shaw turns to Holloway --

SHAW

Do you have the carbon reader?

Holloway nods, opens up his KIT. Removes a device that looks like a MEAT THERMOMETER, hands it to Shaw --

She takes it -- Still can't believe she's actually looking at a BEING from ANOTHER WORLD as she gently inserts it into the HIP of the CORPSE -- This is ARCHAEOLOGY in the FUTURE.

HOLLOWAY

How long's it been dead?

Shaw looks at the DIGITAL READOUT. Frowns --

SHAW

Two thousand years. Give or take.

A moment for that to settle in. The implication. Shaw looks up at Holloway and asks the only question worth asking --

SHAW (CONT'D)

What... is this place?

ON HOLLOWAY. PROFOUND DISAPPOINTMENT. Softly --

HOLLOWAY

Just another tomb.

A SHARED MOMENT. Clearly, these two have invested a LOT in this journey. But that's when Shaw HEARS something --

DAVID. Almost forgot about him. He's futzing around with the ABACUS-THING next to the door --

SHAW

David -- What are you doing?

DAVID

I'm attempting to open the door.

SHAW

Wait. Whatever's behind there has been sealed off from the atmosphere... Open it and we risk losing everything ins--

**SHHHHWIFTTTT!** THE DOOR ABRUPTLY IRISES OPEN! David turns to her. Contrite... or PLEASED?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

Sorry.

There's a SWOOSH OF AIR -- **A VACUUM RUSH** INSIDE THE ROOM BEYOND. Dammit. Shaw HOPS up, quickly moves into --

**INT. PYRAMID, THE ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

The entire room is SCALED FOR BEINGS TWICE OUR SIZE. It makes our heroes look like CHILDREN.

CATHEDRAL CEILINGS FIFTY FEET ABOVE. The lights of our TEAM shining UPWARDS. Shaw overwhelmed -- the rush OF AIR creates a sound of WIND ALL AROUND THEM as --

DAVID

Doctors...

David points upwards, his light illuminating --

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's a painting.

Sure enough, ARTWORK covers the ceiling -- Decayed by age and covered in DUST -- but clear representations of ENGINEERS. IMAGERY that is somehow MYTHIC, beautiful and strange. Shaw takes it all in, almost reverent --

SHAW

Not a painting. It's a fresco.

DAVID

I'm sorry... What's the difference?

SHAW

Frescoes are in houses of worship.

And we can't help but AGREE with her. This does feel somehow HOLY... like an ALIEN SISTINE CHAPEL -- It's very design immediately conjures a feeling of being inside a CHAPEL.

HOLLOWAY is much less interested in the decoration though. He walks through the space, which can't help but evoke the feeling of a LABORATORY -- TECHNOLOGY AND EQUIPMENT we have never seen before.

SHAW (CONT'D)

... No.

And we're BACK WITH SHAW, her brow furrowing as she SEES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The FRESCO starting to disappear before our eyes, like the PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY -- exposure to the environment is literally DISSOLVING IT. Shaw snaps out of her wonder, SHOUTS OVER THE RUSHING AIR --

SHAW (CONT'D)  
HOLLOWAY! THE HEAD -- HELP ME BAG IT!!!

Shaw already pulling a STERILE ZIP BAG from her kit as she kneels beside A GIANT HEAD -- Clearly GUILLOTINED OFF when the door closed around it, now FREE that it's OPEN.

Holloway gets his arms around the head -- It's MASSIVE -- PICKS IT UP -- The face anything but human -- a STRANGE PROBOSCIS -- But we only get a glimpse as Shaw PULLS THE BAG OVER IT -- SEALS IT TIGHT while ACROSS THE ROOM --

DAVID, CALM despite the circumstances and riveted by --

A WALL OF AMPULES.

BOTTLES. HUNDREDS. ROWS AND ROWS OF THEM -- David's eyes GLEAM as he STUDIES ONE --

He extends his finger -- gently touches the GLASS. But it's not glass -- Each TOP is sealed with WAX... and every bottle has a small LABEL. Indecipherable WRITING.

HOLLOWAY  
THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN -- WE NEED TO  
FREEZE THEM!

David turns, sees why Holloway is shouting at him. BEADS OF MOISTURE forming on the outside of the bottles -- JESUS. The ampules are SWEATING.

David acts fast -- PULLS OUT A GIZMO that looks like a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, SPRAYS A ROW OF AMPULES just as --

DOZENS MORE POP OPEN -- SHATTERING -- FALLING OFF THE SHELVING UNIT -- LIQUID SPLASHES ONTO THE FLOOR... POOLS TOGETHER FORMING A THICK BLACK MUCK as --

We see SEVERAL SMALL CENTIPEDES that came in from outside skittering away as the LIQUID WASHES OVER THEM --

David grabs as many FROZEN AMPULES as he can as a FRITZED VOICE blasts through their COMMS --

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
*Magellan to Ground Crew. Report back to  
the ship immediately...*

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUT - DAY**

Janek stands before the WINDOW -- WORRIED. Why? Because we can literally SEE a massive SAND STORM BARRELLING TOWARDS THE PYRAMID IN THE DISTANCE --

JANEK

... I've got two-hundred-kilometer winds with airborne silica and enough static to fry your suits. I repeat, get your asses to the goddamned ship now.

**INT. PYRAMID, THE ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

Shaw turns to Holloway as the room continues to be RAVAGED BY THE ELEMENTS. We hear the DISAPPOINTMENT IN HIS VOICE as he knows they have no choice but to obey Janek --

HOLLOWAY

Grab the head and let's go.

SMASH TO:

**EXT/INT. PLANET, CENTRAL CRATER, ROVER, DRIVING - DUSK**

DUST KICKS UP UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE ROVERS as our TEAM RACES AWAY FROM THE PYRAMID -- HOLLOWAY at the WHEEL like he's driving in the goddamn GRAND PRIX.

Shaw and David ride in back, securing a bulky payload under a tarp on the cargo deck, looks back --

A MASSIVE STORM FRONT IS RIGHT BEHIND THEM. A tidal wave of DUST -- GALE-FORCE WINDS -- LIGHTNING DANCING IN THE CENTER OF IT ALL. She SHOUTS OVER THE CACOPHONY --

SHAW

IT'S RIGHT ON TOP OF US!!!!

HOLLOWAY

HOLD ON!

Holloway YANKS THE WHEEL -- Literally drives the ROVER UP THE STEEP CANYON WALL -- JUMPS OVER THE LIP LIKE A DUNE BUGGY as IT SMASHES INTO THE SAND --

But the SHORTCUT helped -- THE MAGELLAN is right in front of THEM. Holloway GUNS it, TWISTS THE WHEEL AGAIN...

WHUMP -- The BAGGED HEAD flies off the bed of the ROVER, drops into the sand! Shaw SHOUTS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW  
Charlie -- WAIT!

But he's NOT waiting. JAMMING THE ROVER INTO --

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

The rover SKIDS to the opposite wall, almost crashing into the ONE ALREADY PARKED THERE as it screeches to a STOP. Shaw leaps down -- already RUNNING back out of the ship to where the HEAD fell --

**EXT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

She reaches it, manages to pick it UP... but not before --

THE FULL WRATH OF THE STORM IS UPON HER!

IN THE GALE

Shaw tumbles helplessly -- leaf in the wind, clutching ONTO THE BAG as she CRASHES into a metal stanchion -- WIND knocked out of her -- Ears ringing, STATIC in her headset.

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

David is just now getting out of the rover -- CONFUSED, he turns to Holloway ---

DAVID  
... Where is Dr. Shaw?

Oh. NO. ON HOLLOWAY. Looks towards the AIRLOCK --

And he doesn't even THINK. Already moving, adrenaline pounding through his veins as --

He grabs a TETHER, LATCHES one end to his suit, the other to an ANCHOR in the lift and fearlessly DIVES --

**EXT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

INTO THE STORM!!!!

Holloway lets the wind take him -- Skids across the ground, controlling his trajectory -- waterskiing without water or skis -- THROWS HIS ARM OUT AND MIRACULOUSLY --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKS SHAW! Pulls him into his body, HOLDING TIGHT as the two are literally AIRBORNE -- a KITE in the wind, the TETHER the only thing between them and getting sucked into the eye of the HURRICANE, SHOUTS OVER THE WINDS --

HOLLOWAY  
YOU OKAY?!?

Shaw nods, relieved to see him, but TERRIFIED. Then, A TUG as the tether JERKS. A calm voice over their COMMS --

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
*Hold on, Doctors. I've got you.*

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

DAVID-- with strength that is far superior to any man's -- PULLS ON THE TETHER, hand over hand -- HAULING THEM IN --

**EXT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

IN THE GALE -- Holloway and Shaw CLING TO EACH OTHER -- Gradually pulled lower and lower until they've REACHED --

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DUSK**

THE LIFT. David extends his hand, pulls them inside, turns to the OTHER CREWMEMBERS, shouting over the gusting WIND --

DAVID  
SEAL THE DOOR!

DUST FLIES EVERYWHERE, the STORM tearing through the inside of the lift as one of the CREWMEMBERS finally hits the BUTTON that STARTS TO LOWER THE MASSIVE AIRLOCK DOOR.

Shaw and Holloway COLLAPSE -- SHAKEN UP. They know how close they just came to dying. David stands over them --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Are you all right?

SHAW  
Yes... Thank you, David.

David flashes that unconvincing smile --

DAVID  
My pleasure.

And as the AIRLOCK DOOR CLOSES WITH A **THWUNK**, we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, READY ROOM - DUSK**

The battered EXPLORERS stumble into the READY ROOM, exhausted, already pulling off their HELMETS.

Shaw and David slide open a PANEL, lift the BAG into what looks like A DUMBWAITER, CLOSE IT UP SAFELY as Janek strides into the room, chomping on his cigar --

JANEK

Jesus. You people sure are exciting for goddamn scientists.

(looks around; then)

Where are Fifield and Millburn?

SHAW

They didn't come in?

Dammit. OFF JANEK. Clearly they didn't. CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DUSK**

Back on the BRIDGE. Janek speaks into his COMM --

JANEK

All right boys -- Between the wind speeds and the static electricity, there's no safe way to get to you. The provisions in your suits should keep you fed and breathing, but you're gonna have to hunker down until the storm passes.

**INT. PYRAMID, CATACOMB, INTERCUT - DUSK**

FIFIELD AND MILLBURN stand in a dark passageway, clearly LOST and equally PISSED as they respond --

FIFIELD (INTO COMM)

Wonderful. Hey -- would you give a message to the archaeologists for us?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DUSK**

Fifield's voice crackles over the COMM. Lousy connection --

FIFIELD (OVER COMM)

... *<static>*Do you wanna write it down?

JANEK

I think I can remember it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIFIELD

*Good. You just tell them we said --  
FU<static> YOU.*

Janek LAUGHS. At least they're in good spirits.

JANEK

*Copy that. Keep your heads down, boys.  
We'll come get you in the morning.*

And as Janek KEYS OFF THE COMM, looks over at the HOLOGRAM OF THE PYRAMID, just STARTING TO FORM, WE CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, MESS DECK, LATER - DUSK**

A CORK POPS. GLASSES ARE FILLED. And we FIND --

The entire crew of the Magellan (sans two) gathered in the MESS HALL. A CELEBRATION. Shaw holds up her glass, taps it with a PEN -- TINKTINKTINK! A toast.

But they're ignoring her. Holloway DOWNS his glass of champagne in a single swallow, STANDS UP, SHOUTING --

HOLLOWAY

SHUT UP! THE LADY WANTS TO SPEAK.

And they DO shut up. Holloway gestures to a table, offers his hand like a prince, allowing Shaw to take the proverbial stage. Nervous now, all eyes on her...

SHAW

Uh... thank you. I just wanted to say...

(a beat; where to begin)

Thank you for coming here without even knowing why... for taking a leap of faith. What we found here -- We made history today.

(raises her glass)

We are not alone.

RAUCOUS SHOUTS OF SUPPORT! More DRINKING! Janek breaks out the SQUEEZEBOX, plays an uptempo "HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING" as the party BEGINS. Shaw settles back down beside Holloway, who now seems a little tipsy --

HOLLOWAY

Why'd you go back for the head?

SHAW

... What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLOWAY

You almost got yourself killed. Why didn't you just leave it?

SHAW

We need to find out what killed them. If I left it out there, we'd never--

HOLLOWAY

-- Who cares what killed them? I didn't come all this way to perform a goddamn autopsy, Ellie.

SHAW

(looks at him; confused)  
... What's wrong with you?

And now, not without a real sense of SADNESS --

HOLLOWAY

What's wrong is they're all dead.  
(then; softly)  
We are alone, sweetheart.

And before Shaw gets a chance to answer, we reveal DAVID. God knows how long he's been standing there --

DAVID

Doctors? We're all ready for you.

ON SHAW. She looks at Holloway, but he trades out his glass for the bottle. Takes a nice long SWIG. Guess she's on her OWN. She shakes her head. RISES --

SHAW

All right. Let's see what we've got.

**INT. MAGELLAN, LABORATORY, LATER - DUSK**

**VWHHHHR.** CLOSE ON A FUTURISTIC TRANSPARENT "DUMBWAITER" as it RISES INTO VIEW. Inside it --

THE ENGINEER'S HEAD. Ghoulish and elephantine as VAPOR cascades off the skull. We are INSIDE --

THE LABORATORY. A high-tech science facility. We find Shaw and David in LAB GLOVES and SMOCKS. VICKERS here too, keeping her distance --

VICKERS

If this thing infects my ship, I'm holding you responsible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shaw doesn't appreciate being "supervised." Taps on some keys beside the dumbwaiter --

SHAW

It's been dead two millennia. It's not infecting anything.

VICKERS

Says who?

BEEP! A READOUT beside the dumbwaiter reads -- "SAMPLE STERILE. NO PATHOGENS PRESENT."

SHAW

Your ship.

Touche. Vickers scowls as Shaw gently opens the dumbwaiter, releasing the VAPOR. She nods to David --

SHAW (CONT'D)

On three. One. Two...

With a grunt, they lift the HEAD onto a HUGE STEEL TABLE. David reaches up, pulls down a SCANNER mounted on a GIMBLE ARM, lowers it to the head, flicks it ON.

ON THE SCANNER -- X-RAY ULTRASOUND. We're literally looking INTO the head. Shaw sees something, CAN'T BELIEVE IT--

SHAW (CONT'D)

This... isn't an exoskeleton.  
It's a helmet.

David leans over the scanner, sees what she means -- INSIDE the "outer" head, there is a ghostly SECOND FACE flickering beneath it.

Shaw picks up an ULTRASOUND PROBE and a SCALPEL. Delicately opens a SEAM around the edge of the head -- **SKLLLLISH** -- Dips her gloved fingers into the seam, starts to gently PULL --

CTHUNK! The HELMET COMES OFF like a WALNUT SHELL. And perfectly preserved inside --

A FACE. Three times larger than a HUMAN'S, but otherwise disturbingly SIMILAR. The skin is DRY -- practically MUMMIFIED. But it makes the appearance no less GOD-LIKE.

Shaw just stands there, frozen in quiet REVERENCE as she says what we're all thinking --

SHAW (CONT'D)

Just like us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vickers fails to grasp the POWER of the moment. Much more interested in --

VICKERS  
What's that on it's face?

She refers to about six acorn-sized BOILS strewn across the head -- almost as if the skin was BUBBLING from beneath. David steps forward with a SCALPEL, turns to Shaw --

DAVID  
May I?

SHAW  
(nods)  
Just enough to put under the scope.

David nods, leans over the head -- gently SCRAPES one of the boils with the edge of the scalpel -- transfers the sample onto a MICROSCOPE SLIDE which he now feeds into a TECH ARRAY.

Now, the MONITOR on the array FIRES UP, David instantly REACTING to what he sees --

DAVID  
... Fascinating.

ON THE MONITOR. THE SAMPLE UNDER TEN THOUSAND TIMES MAGNIFICATION. And since we need an explanation, thank God Vickers isn't a scientist --

VICKERS  
What the hell is that?

Shaw steps up to the monitor. Just as transfixed as David --

SHAW  
A cell.  
(then; holy shit)  
Jesus -- I think it was... changing.

VICKERS  
Changing into what?

ON SHAW. Thinking. Then -- an IDEA. She turns to David --

SHAW  
Can you run a stim-line into the locus ceruleus? Just eighty amps?

DAVID  
Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He turns back to the TECH ARRAY -- Pulls a thin MONOFILAMENT WIRE out of it, crouching down to get a look at the base of the head where the BONE OF THE SPINAL COLUMN JUTS OUT.

Now, ever so carefully, David starts to work the wire UP INTO THE HEAD. Vickers is incredulous --

VICKERS

What in God's name are you doing?

SHAW

We're tricking the nervous system into thinking it's still alive so we can continue the cellular process.

NOTHING about this sounds good to Vickers --

VICKERS

Absolutely not. I won't have you playing sodding Frankenstein just to see what--

SHAW

-- You might want to step back.

And before Vickers can protest, Shaw just reaches past her, FLICKS A SWITCH ON THE ARRAY -- **VZZZZZ**--- We hear the sound of ELECTRICAL CURRENT passing through the wire and --

THE ENGINEERS EYES BEGIN TO RAPIDLY BLINK!

VICKERS

Christ!

God -- It's CREEPY. FACIAL MUSCLES twitch -- the blinking comes faster and faster as Shaw looks on -- AMAZED.

And now, the BOILS start to literally BUBBLE. And now more are appearing. Covering the entire face like MEASLES -- Shaw starting to think this may not have been the best idea...

SHAW

David.... contain it. Now.

VICKERS

Contain it? Just turn it OFF!

But David flicks a SWITCH and in an instant -- **VVVVFLCICK** -- A large plexiglass DOME SLIDES UP OUT OF THE TABLE -- ENCASING THE HEAD -- And not a moment too soon, because --

It appears to be GROWING -- DISTENDING -- THE SKULL POPPING THROUGH THE SKIN -- PRESSING UP AGAINST THE DOME -- JESUS, IS IT GOING TO BREAK CONTAINMENT?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

**KWAAAAAAAAAF!** The entire head just EXPLODES -- The inside of the DOME COVERED in DUST AND BONE AND BRAIN!

A beat. Both women just stand there in mute shock.

David, however, calmly reaches over and flicks off the SWITCH on the array, cutting off the electrical current. Turns to Shaw, almost... SAD?

DAVID  
Mortal after all.

ON SHAW. Staring into the dome -- THE ENTIRE HEAD has been reduced to a GOOP OF TRANSLUCENT JELLY. She shakes her head, DEFEATED as she SLAMS a button and -- **THWWWWWWPPPPPP** -- An internal VACUUM SUCKS THE CONTAINMENT DRY AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - NIGHT**

FIERCE WINDS OF THE STORM howl against the WINDOWS of the bridge as we FIND --

Janek. Reclining in his Captain's chair. Cigar stub perched in his teeth as he plays a haunting rendition of "AWAY IN A MANGER" on his SQUEEZEBOX. Before him --

THE HOLOGRAPHIC GRID OF THE PYRAMID being built one line at a time as the PROBE ROBOTS transmit their SENSOR READINGS (or "PINGS") from the planet's surface.

Janek abruptly STOPS playing as he sees something. A BLINKING GREEN SIGNAL inside the GRID. Janek sits up, all business. KEYS his COMM BUTTON --

JANEK (INTO COMM)  
Millburn. Fifield -- This is Magellan.  
What's your position?

**INT. PYRAMID, ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT - INTERCUT**

Millburn and Fifield cooling their heels in the massive FRESCO ROOM. Millburn looks at the DISPLAY on his wrist --

MILLBURN (INTO COMM)  
Magellan, Millburn. Uh... we're at  
74.01, 40.7. Why?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUTTING - NIGHT**

Janek approaches the holographic grid -- walks INSIDE it as he studies the BLINKING GREEN SIGNAL. Furrows his brow --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK  
Just got a ping... about fifty clicks  
west of you.

**INT. PYRAMID, ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

FIFIELD (INTO COMM)  
What kind of "ping?"

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
*It's reading... life-form.*

Millburn and Fifield exchange a look. UH OH.

FIFIELD  
Is it moving?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The GREEN SIGNAL abruptly WINKS OUT. Gone.

JANEK  
Nope. Just disappeared, actually.  
(rises up; unconcerned)  
Must be a glitch. Sleep tight,  
gentlemen. Try not to bugger each other.

Janek keys off his COMM, settles back into his chair and  
resumes his SQUEEZEBOX CAROLING as we RETURN TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

Millburn looks deeply unsettled. Fifield KNOWS it. TEASES --

FIFIELD  
Fifty clicks west. Wanna check it out?

MILLBURN  
Shit no.

Millburn saddles up his pack and starts to MOVE OFF --

FIFIELD  
Where the hell're you going?

MILLBURN  
East.

Fifield shakes his head -- But he ain't staying here alone.  
As he follows Millburn, CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN - FREEZER VAULTS - NIGHT**

DARKNESS. A door opens -- SOMEONE enters. CLICK. A FLOURESCENT LIGHT FLICKERS ON revealing --

DAVID. He closes the door behind him. STEAM RISES off his body. Whatever this room is, it's goddamned COLD IN HERE.

David approaches a large METAL CABINET built into the wall, looks like a futuristic SUBZERO FRIDGE. He taps a KEYPAD on the cabinet -- A CODE -- **THHPUNK** -- David OPENS THE CABINET, revealing the contents INSIDE --

THE FOUR AMPULES he recovered from the pyramid. David carefully removes one. It is both ANCIENT and otherworldly. Clear liquid inside. A WAX TOP. And etched into it -- WRITING. David blinks -- Can he actually READ it? And now --

POP. He removes the top. Dips his finger into the liquid. Pulls it back out... and now brings his fingertip very VERY close to his eye as his PUPIL DILATES AND WE ZOOM INTO --

**A SUB-MICROSCOPIC VIEW.** Seeing as only a mechanical EYE could SEE. And here, wedged into the VALLEYS of David's fingerprint, is something very, very FAMILIAR --

It's TEEMING WITH DOUBLE HELIXES. DNA. Just like we saw in the beginning as we ZOOM BACK OUT TO --

DAVID. Just staring at the tip of his finger. A sense that he understands what he holds there as he softly says --

DAVID  
From here until the other side... no  
water but what we carry.

Jesus. Another LAWRENCE quote? And before we can ask just what the hell he MEANS by it, we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, MESS DECK - NIGHT**

Holloway.

Sitting alone with an empty bottle of CHAMPAGNE. He's drunk. Turns to the CHRISTMAS TREE beside him. Glares at the ORNAMENT of BABY JESUS --

HOLLOWAY  
When you grow up?  
(a sympathetic whisper)  
*They're gonna kill you.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (O.S.)  
Am I interrupting?

Holloway looks up to see David. He's holding a fresh bottle and a glass. Offers a disarming SMILE --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I thought you might be running low.

Holloway smiles back, APPRECIATIVE. Gestures to an chair --

HOLLOWAY  
Pour yourself a glass.

DAVID  
Thank you, but it would be wasted on me.

HOLLOWAY  
Right. I almost forgot you weren't a real boy.

David smiles affably as he takes a seat, gently works out the cork from the top of the bottle --

DAVID  
I'm very sorry that your Engineers are all gone, Dr. Holloway.

POP. The cork comes out. Holloway can't help but feel a little... HANDLED. He studies David, narrows his eyes --

HOLLOWAY  
You think we wasted our time coming here, don't you?

DAVID  
(shakes his head)  
Your question depends on me understanding what you hoped to achieve by--

HOLLOWAY  
-- We hoped to achieve answers. Why they invited us. Why they made us in the first place.

David hesitates for a moment. Thinks. Then --

DAVID  
Tell me, Doctor -- Why do you think your people made me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLOWAY  
 (shrugs)  
 We made you... Because we could.

David processes that. Then. Pointed --

DAVID  
 Can you imagine how disappointing it  
 would be for you to hear the same thing  
 from your creator?

Well. Holloway blinks. Did David just INSULT him?

HOLLOWAY  
 I guess it's a good thing you can't be  
 disappointed.

DAVID  
 (smiles)  
 Yes. It's wonderful, actually.

Holloway just shakes his head as David pours the champagne  
 into the glass --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 May I ask you something?

HOLLOWAY  
 Oh please do.

DAVID  
 How far would you go?

HOLLOWAY  
 ... What?

DAVID  
 To get what you came all this way for.  
 Your... "answers." What would you be  
 willing to do, Doctor?

Holloway considers that. And now, through the drunken haze,  
 he seems completely and totally SOBER as he responds --

HOLLOWAY  
 Anything.

A beat. Then David SMILES CONTENTEDLY. Whatever TEST he's  
 running here, Holloway most definitely got the RIGHT ANSWER.

DAVID  
 That's worth drinking to, I'd imagine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And with that, David picks up the glass and places it in front of Holloway. But this is important --

Because we could swear that when he does so, David's finger dips into the champagne inside for just a MOMENT.

Holloway of course, is oblivious. Picks up the glass --

HOLLOWAY

Here's mud in your eye.

And with that, he drinks it down in ONE GULP. And as we PUSH IN ON DAVID, unable to shake that feeling that something very, very BAD just happened, we SMASH TO:

**EXT. PASTORAL BEACH - DAY**

A WHITE SKY -- BLINDINGLY SO. TILTING DOWN TO FIND --

WATER. AZURE BLUE. Striking. WAVE roll gently onto the beach as A PAIR OF WORK BOOTS splash through the surf.

It's DAVID. In his jumpsuit and SUNGLASSES. Wait... WHERE the hell are we right now? But now our attention goes to a SOUND -- A REVVING MOTOR. David looks out at the water as --

A WAVERUNNER zips across the ocean -- BLASTING TOWARDS THE SHORE -- CUTS to a SUDDEN STOP revealing its DRIVER --

A STUNNING WOMAN IN AN EQUALLY STUNNING BIKINI. She smiles at David, everything about her just oozes SEX --

BIKINI

Hi.

DAVID

Hello.

BIKINI

You here to see him?

"Him?" Him WHO? What the hell IS this? But David nods --

DAVID

I am.

A seductive grin as the woman nods to behind her --

BIKINI

Then hop on.

David nods, splashing knee deep into the water as we CUT TO:

**EXT. AZURE SEA - DAY - MOVING**

The waverunner JAMS across the water. A surreal sight -- David in his jumpsuit. Arms wrapped around the glorious bare midriff of the WOMAN. DROPPING BEHIND them to FIND --

They're approaching a MAGNIFICENT YACHT. And we CUT TO:

**EXT. YACHT - DAY**

David CLIMBS up a ladder, steps onto the DECK of the Yacht. Walks along it until he reaches --

A CABANA. FIVE BEAUTIFUL (and scantily clad) WOMEN, all but feeding grapes to --

A HANDSOME MAN. Virile. Mid-Thirties. Oddly FAMILIAR. He looks over as David approaches. SIGHS theatrically --

HANDSOME MAN

And so the dream comes to an end.

And while we're not exactly sure what this man is TALKING about, David sure does. He SMILES --

DAVID

Hello, Mr. Weyland.

Oh. THAT'S why he's so familiar. This is OLD MAN WEYLAND.... except he's about sixty years YOUNGER. HOW that is, we'll figure out later, but for now --

WEYLAND

I gather you've come to take me back?

DAVID

(pauses; then)

No, sir. Not yet.

Beat. DISAPPOINTMENT in Weyland's eyes --

WEYLAND

Then why are you here, David?

DAVID

I'm here to tell you that things haven't exactly turned out the way we hoped, sir.

Weyland absorbs that. Just looks at David. This is a man who gets what he wants. Always. ANGER now --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEYLAND

You were instructed not to disturb me unless you had what I came for, you useless shit.

David hesitates. Did the insult actually AFFECT him? NAH... he's just a robot. Right?

DAVID

What you came for isn't here, Mr. Weyland. At least not in the way you had hoped. So I've been forced to...  
(how to put this?)  
Experiment.

And JESUS. We can't help but think David just may be talking about HOLLOWAY. Weyland smiles at his man-made son like a proud FATHER --

WEYLAND

That's what I love about you, David...  
Never say die.

Now Weyland steps forward, puts his hand on David's shoulder. Not without affection. We finally see the OLD SOUL in this young body... and it seems SCARED.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Once I leave this place, I won't have much time.  
(beat; measured.)  
Don't come back here until you've found what I need.

And as David NODS, ever the dutiful soldier. And as he reaches for his SUNGLASSES and lowers them, SMASH TO:

**INT. DARK ROOM - MAGELLAN - NIGHT**

SKLSSSH -- David removes his HELMET.

He sits in a dark room, the only illumination comes from the BLINKING PANEL just in front of him -- The panel he just JACKED INTO.

If we looked closely at it (and we probably won't), we might just see FLASHING BIORHYTHMS. And as our minds desperately try to figure out JUST WHAT IN GOD'S NAME THIS ALL MEANS, we mercifully CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, SHAW'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

A GHOST ENGINEER. RUNNING through the labyrinthine passages of the Pyramid. And we are CHASING IT. WIDEN TO FIND:

SHAW. Sitting at her computer, watching a REPLAY of her HELMET CAM from the expedition earlier.

She taps a few keys -- PAUSES the image -- ENLARGES IT -- The Engineer's face turned slightly away from her, but we can see the expression on its FACE --

FEAR. TERROR. Something that knows it is about to die. It's downright FREAKY.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Boo.

Shaw JUMPS OUT OF HER SEAT, startled by the VOICE BEHIND HER.

SHAW

-- Jesus!

Shaw turns to see Holloway -- She didn't hear him come in. He grins as he plunks down on her bed --

HOLLOWAY

For such a nice Catholic girl, you sure take the Lord's name in vain a lot.

She takes him in. Shakes her head --

SHAW

You're drunk.

HOLLOWAY

I am indeed.

SHAW

What's the matter with your eye?

And now WE see it too. Holloway's right eye is extremely BLOODSHOT. He BLINKS, rubs it --

HOLLOWAY

... Something's in it, I guess.

He nods to the IMAGE OF THE ENGINEER on the computer --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Looks pretty scared for a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

It's not a ghost. It's a recording.  
Some kind of videolog. We must have  
triggered it when we came in.

HOLLOWAY

Uh huh. So why isn't there a "recording"  
of whatever was chasing him?

SHAW

Nothing was chasing him. I think he was  
trying to find a way to kill himself.  
(then; measured)  
There was an outbreak here.

Jesus. A beat. Holloway REACTS.

HOLLOWAY

And what's that based on?

SHAW

I've seen it before.

Something PAINFUL from her past here. But Holloway  
completely dismisses it --

HOLLOWAY

This isn't Africa, Ellie... It's  
goddamned outer space.

ON SHAW. Low blow. She point to the Engineer, PISSED --

SHAW

I just watched that thing's head explode,  
so I think I know infection when I see  
it. I'm telling you -- there was  
something inside it. Something on a  
cellular level, maybe even genetic --

HOLLOWAY

-- It doesn't matter. Finding out what  
killed a bunch of goddamned aliens two  
thousand years ago changes nothing.

Shaw narrows her eyes. Indulged him long enough --

SHAW

What is it you want to change, exactly?

Holloway may well be drunk, but he's PASSIONATE --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLOWAY

Ninety percent of the people on our planet believe some... magical man in the sky put them there. And if they just do exactly what he wants them to, they all get to go someplace wonderful and live forever. What do I want to change?

(hardcore)

I want to change their minds.

Shaw absorbs that. Knew he felt that way, but it's another thing to HEAR it. Especially because she's ONE of those people. And Holloway ain't done, points to the screen --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

These things made us. We were just an experiment and Earth was their damned petri dish. But we're never gonna prove it with mummies.

She just looks at him. Digesting that. Then, softly --

SHAW

And even if we proved they made us...

(pointed)

Who made them?

AH. Her logic is sound. And he HATES that it's sound --

HOLLOWAY

They're not Gods, Shaw.

SHAW

They're the closest thing we've got.

HOLLOWAY

Oh -- so you came light years to ask for what? Forgiveness for your sins? The Meaning of Life? Or some explanation of why your daddy died and left you all al--

CRACK! Shaw PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

Holloway staggers back -- stumbles back onto the bed. DAMN -- That was a pretty good SHOT.

Holloway brings his hand to his lip. BLEEDING. Shaw just stands there, BREATHING HEAVY. He looks up at her now. Suddenly sympathetic --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Ow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAW

Don't talk about my father.

A beat. Then, Holloway NODS --

HOLLOWAY

Yeah. Got it.

She shakes her head. Goes over to her SINK. Wets a WASHCLOTH. Brings it over to him, dabs his lip. A sudden TENDERNESS NOW.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Forgive me?

SHAW

(considers it; then)

Can you shut up?

They look at each other now. And we see it unadulterated for the first time. Real genuine LOVE. He flashes that grin --

HOLLOWAY

I'll try.

And seeing his opening, Holloway leans forward and KISSES her. It's tender at first. Gentle.

But all of that residual ANGER has to go somewhere... and soon it becomes PASSIONATE. Borderline VIOLENT as they PULL EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES OFF -- Goddamn, it is HOT. And just before it gets TOO hot, we CUT TO:

**INT. BRIDGE -- MAGELLAN**

Janek has moved onto "OH COME ALL, YE FAITHFUL" on his SQUEEZEBOX as VICKERS arrives on the bridge. She walks over to the still UNFOLDING PYRAMID HOLOGRAM --

VICKERS

How long until it's done mapping?

JANEK

(shrugs)

I'm just the pilot, ma'am.

Vickers scowls at Janek without even looking at him --

VICKERS

That instrument sounds like a dying cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK

I'll have you know this "instrument" was once possessed by Stephen Stills.

VICKERS

Am I supposed to know who that is?

JANEK

(grins; unruffled)

If you're looking for a shag, you don't have to pretend to be interested in the pyramid scan.

Ha! Vickers turns. Looks at him for the first time.

VICKERS

If I was looking for a shag, I wouldn't be half a billion sodding miles from every man on Earth, would I?

A beat. And then --

JANEK

So that's a no?

Vickers shakes her head, starts to stride off the bridge --

JANEK (CONT'D)

Vickers.

She stops, turns. ANNOYED --

VICKERS

What?

JANEK

Are you a robot?

Vickers blinks. We can't tell if she's offended or amused... which is pretty much Janek's POINT. Then --

VICKERS

No.

Janek's eyes twinkle. A DARE --

JANEK

Prove it.

ON VICKERS. A beat. Another. And finally --

VICKERS

My quarters. Ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And with that, she turns and leaves the bridge.

Uh... OKAY. And Janek is SURPRISED -- Didn't quite expect that he'd actually be getting LAID tonight. And as he SMILES contentedly, launching into a few recognizable bars of "LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH" we DRIFT DOWN TO:

THE HOLOGRAM OF THE PYRAMID, where the TWO BLINKING RED LIGHTS could only be --

**INT. PYRAMID, THE ENGINEER'S VAULT - NIGHT**

FIFIELD AND MILLBURN, now holed up safely in the desiccated remains of the AMPULE ROOM.

Millburn taps on his WRIST CONSOLE -- **VWWWWHR** -- INSIDE HIS HELMET -- a SMALL STRAW slowly rises up to his lips. He takes a long SIP --

MILLBURN  
Yum. Gazpacho.

Fifield, meanwhile, is getting something entirely different from his straw... exhales a LUNGFUL OF SMOKE into his helmet -- taps his wrist -- FWAAAASH! -- The smoke VENTS out through the suit's EXHAUST. Millburn can't believe his eyes --

MILLBURN (CONT'D)  
What the hell're you doing?

FIFIELD  
(isn't it obvious?)  
Smoking.

MILLBURN  
You put tobacco into your respirator?

FIFIELD  
Sure, man. Tobacco.

Millburn looks at him. Fifield grins goofily. Draw your own conclusions. Then --

FIFIELD (CONT'D)  
Hey. Don't move.

Millburn TENSES. Nervous --

MILLBURN  
What do you mean "Don't move?" What's --!?!?

FIFIELD  
-- Just calm down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fifielld crosses over to him, gently reaches behind Millburn's head and DAMN --

Carefully removes an AWFULLY BIG CENTIPEDE.

MILLBURN

JESUS -- Get it off me!

Fifielld holds it up -- Christ -- It's at least TWO FEET LONG. THICK. It's head looks like a HAMMERHEAD SHARK. The centipede glistens in the liquid from the MUCK at their feet -  
- muck from the broken AMPULES.

FIFIELD

She's a big one huh? Must've been drinking the soup we're standing in.

MILLBURN

Just get rid of it.

FIFIELD

Shhhh. I think she likes you.

Fifielld turns the Centipede towards Millburn, LAUGHING --

FIFIELD (CONT'D)

C'mon. Give her a kiss --

MILLBURN

-- Goddammit, put it d--

-- AND JESUS IT HAPPENS FAST. In a SECOND, The centipede SHOOTs onto Millburn's ARM -- COILS ITSELF AROUND all the way up to His SHOULDER.

FIFIELD

What the...?

MILLBURN

-- OH GOD GET IT OFF!!!!

Fifielld is suddenly no longer stoned. He reaches forward, digs his hands into the centipede, but --

IT REARS IT'S HEAD -- HISSSES LIKE A COBRA! Fifielld steps back, FREAKED THE FUCK OUT as Millburn STUMBLES BACKWARDS, CLAWING AT THE CENTIPEDE BUT --

Now's it's JAWS UNHINGE LIKE AN ANACONDA -- It's mouth wraps around Millburn's HAND AND WRIST as the rest of it's SEGMENTS abruptly LOCK DOWN AND TIGHTEN --

MILLBURN

AHHHHH! MY ARM!!!! IT'S CRUSHING MY ARM!

Fifielld shakes off his shock -- PULLS HIS UTILITY KNIFE from the COMPARTMENT ATTACHED TO HIS LEG --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIFIELD

Okay... Okay... Don't move... I got it...

Millburn CRIES IN PAIN as the CENTIPEDE TIGHTENS ITS GRIP...  
THE MOUTH working up to his FOREARM NOW --

MILLBURN

GOD IT BURNS! WAIT.... STOP -- WAIT!!!!

But Fifield is already bringing the knife down into the  
THING'S HEAD -- STABBING IT AND -- TSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

ACID SPURTS OUT OF THE WOUND!

Drops flick onto Fifield's FACEPLATE -- START TO SIZZLE --

FIFIELD

WHAT THE HELL...?!?!?!?

And Millburn has much more significant problems -- THE ACID  
IS BURNING A HOLE IN HIS SUIT -- WE HEAR BEEPING, an  
AUTOMATED VOICE IN MILLBURN'S HELMET --

AUTOMATED VOICE

*Environmental Breach -- Environmental  
Breach. Emergency Seal in 5... 4...*

The Centipede shoots into THE HOLE in Millburn's suit -- We  
can see it SLIDING UP his ARM UNDERNEATH -- God it's FAST --

MILLBURN

No... No... PLEASE...

AUTOMATED VOICE

-- 3. 2. 1... Seal.

**SCHLICK!** Millburn's suit SEALS AT HIS SHOULDER, CUTS OFF HIS  
ARM! HE SCREAMS!!! BODY CONVULSING -- WHAT IS THE CENTIPEDE  
DOING TO HIM!!!!

Fifield staggers back -- TRIPS -- GOES FACE DOWN IN THE MUCK --  
- Now there's ACID eating through his faceplate AND it's  
covered in that BLACK GOOP -- His fingers frantically  
scrabble over his wrist for his COMM --

FIFIELD (INTO COMM)

MAGELLAN! COME IN! GODDAMMIT WE'RE  
COMPLETELY FU--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Complete and utter SERENITY as Janek sits here, quietly  
playing "OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM" on his SQUEEZEBOX.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A burst of STATIC from his COMM. Janek stops. Hits it --

JANEK (INTO COMM)  
Fifield. Magellan. That you?

**FZZZT!** Another burst of STATIC. Janek shakes his head --

JANEK (CONT'D)  
Goddamn storm.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, SHAW'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

SHAW. Naked, wrapped in a sheet as she sleeps alone.

ACROSS THE ROOM

A shirtless Holloway quietly rinses his face with water.  
Looks at himself in the mirror. And DAMN --

He does not look great. Now, BOTH EYES are BLOODSHOT and puffy. Holloway blinks. Takes a TEMPSTICK, inserts it into his ear. A second later it BEEPS. He checks it --

103.4 DEGREES. Jesus. That's a helluva FEVER. Just then, THE COMM ON THE WALL BUZZES. A voice --

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
*Shaw? You awake yet?*

Shaw rustles awake, GROGGY. Hits the comm --

SHAW  
*Yeah... What's up?*

**INT. MAGELLAN, READY ROOM, INTERCUT - DAY**

Janek now off the bridge, pulling on his SUIT. David and a couple other CREWMEMBERS doing the same behind him.

JANEK  
Storm's over, but I can't reach Millburn and Fifield on the comm. Probably just the interference, but I'm taking a few men down just to be safe.

SHAW (OVER COMM)  
*Any idea where they are?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK

Last time they radioed in they were in  
the same place you found your head.

**INT. MAGELLAN, SHAW'S QUARTERS, INTERCUT - DAY**

ON SHAW. She reacts. Damn. She hops out of bed --

SHAW

I'm coming with you.

JANEK (OVER COMM)

*The more the merrier. You want me to  
call Holloway?*

SHAW

He's here with me.

Janek SMILES. Raises his eyebrows at his men.

JANEK

Well isn't he the lucky one. We're  
leaving in fifteen minutes. Janek out.

Shaw hits the comm, sheds the sheet, starts to pull her  
clothes on as she looks at Holloway --

SHAW

You okay?

HOLLOWAY

Yeah... just hungover.

She SMILES at him, starts to get dressed. And as Holloway  
turns back to the mirror -- Does he look WORSE? -- we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK, ELEVATOR LIFT - DAY**

VRRRRRR. The elevator descends, our SEARCH PARTY all SUITED  
UP. Janek, Shaw, Holloway and David. RAVEL AND CHANCE along  
for the ride.

RAVEL

I uploaded what we've got of the pyramid  
grid onto our consoles, Cap -- Marking  
Fifield and Millburn's location the last  
time they checked in.

Janek looks at his wrist -- Sure enough, a 3-D representation  
of the PYRAMID. A RED SPOT appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK

Did you fix that glitch?

RAVEL

Nope. It's gotta be in the hardware.

DAVID

What glitch is that, Captain?

JANEK

One of the probes pinged a life-form.  
Pops up once every hour or so for a  
couple seconds, then it's gone.

ON DAVID. This information is of great interest to him.

DAVID

If Mr. Ravel can upload where the signal  
originated, I'd be happy to find the  
broken probe and fix it for you.

JANEK

Swell. Knock yourself out.

David smiles, turns to Shaw and particularly, Holloway.  
Almost as if he KNOWS something they don't, which makes his  
SMILE all the more discomfoting --

DAVID

Be careful, doctors.

CTHUNK! The elevator hits bottom and we CUT TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, TUNNELS - DAY**

BACK INSIDE THE PYRAMID. David drives his ROVER solo --  
CUTTING THRU THE CORRIDORS

He checks his WRIST DISPLAY -- ZEROING IN ON THE SPOT Ravel  
uploaded to him as he drives the ROVER through the CORRIDORS  
OF THE PYRAMID --

**INT. PYRAMID, IRIS DOOR TO JUGGERNAUT TUNNEL - DAY**

CLOSE NOW, David brings his rover to a STOP. Dismounts. And  
here before him --

A DOOR. The same IRIS CONSTRUCT as the others with two  
differences. First, it's much BIGGER. Second?

It's embedded in the GROUND. Whatever's beneath this thing  
is clearly UNDER the PYRAMID.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David finds the same kind of ABACUS CONSOLE he used to open the last door, works his magic. And after a few moments --

SCHWINK! The IRIS OPENS. David walks over, shines his light down BELOW --

No stairs. Just a descending tunnel. David checks his WRIST DISPLAY. He's right on top of what he's looking for. Definitely the RIGHT PLACE. He STEPS IN --

**INT. PYRAMID, TUNNEL TO JUGGERNAUT - DAY**

Dark and compact -- And as David's light REFLECTS off the walls around him, it's hard to imagine they're made of the same ROCK and METAL that comprise the rest of the PYRAMID. No. This is more like IVORY.

Finally, the TUNNEL LEADS INTO --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, MASSIVE STORAGE AREA - DAY**

And there's really only one thing to say about this room. There are LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS OF AMPULES.

THOUSANDS MORE THAN WE SAW IN THE VAULT. MAYBE TENS OF THOUSANDS. ALL LINING THE WALLS, stretching up to the ceiling as far as we can see.

David takes it in, but as far as he's concerned, not what he's looking for. Moves through the room, finally reaches --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

A LARGE, CIRCULAR ROOM

David comes to a STOP. COCKS HIS HEAD. Whatever he's seeing? It requires some PROCESSING. After a moment --

**CLKHISSSSS** -- He PULLS OFF HIS HELMET.

The room is VAST in size -- and there are CONSOLES AND WIRES all around -- It feels like TECHNOLOGY, but there's a quiet artistic BEAUTY to it, too.

David starts to move inside -- Taking it all in. This is as close to WONDER as he is capable. Now he notices a MASSIVE CONSOLE in the center of the room -- It's very design seems to indicate it is the HUB of whatever the hell this place IS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE CONSOLE -- Beautiful characters carved into it -- Looks like SANSKRIT writing. David's eyes move back and forth... HE'S PROCESSING. And now --

HE WAVES HIS HAND over the WRITING and SNAPS his fingers--  
**CRCLK** -- A PANEL abruptly slides out like a CASH REGISTER  
POPPING OPEN --- VWRRRRR --

David STUDIES it -- Then, he begins to OPERATE IT -- TRIAL  
AND ERROR -- the equivalent of PUSHING BUTTONS and seeing  
what will happen. And something DOES --

SIX GHOST ENGINEERS SUDDENLY FLICKER INTO EXISTENCE.

Scattered about the room, each one completely oblivious to  
David -- PROJECTIONS FROM A TIME LONG PAST.

And as we PUSH IN ON DAVID, his eyes TWINKLING WITH  
DISCOVERY, we SMASH TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, CORRIDORS TO ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

THE RESCUE PARTY, their rover abandoned, EMERGES from the  
crevice we saw them go through earlier.

Janek checks his WRIST, points down the CORRIDOR --

JANEK  
Fifield and Millburn's last marker was  
right up there.

Chance and Ravel move up ahead at a faster clip just as --

BEEEPBEEEP! Holloway's SUIT ALARM GOES OFF. He quickly taps  
his WRIST COMM, as we see a flashing red message -- "WARNING -  
- BODY TEMPERATURE UNSTABLE."

Shaw looks at him, sees the SWEAT COVERING HIS FACE --

SHAW  
Jesus, Charlie -- You're sick.

Holloway knows she's right, but is too PROUD TO ADMIT IT --

HOLLOWAY  
No... I'm fine... I'm okay.

Then, a voice from UP AHEAD, ALARMED --

CHANCE (O.S.)  
CAPTAIN!

**INT. PYRAMID, THE ENGINEER'S VAULT - DAY**

JANEK  
... Good Christ.

Janek stands in the doorway of the vault along with the rest of our team. All of them looking at --

MILLBURN.

Across the room. Motionless. FACEDOWN on his stomach.

RAVEL  
Where's Fifield?

Ravel's already moving towards Millburn's body, but Janek reaches out -- GRABS HIS ARM.

JANEK  
Wait.

Janek toes one of the BROKEN AMPULES with his foot. They're all standing in an INCH OF THE MUCK. He turns to Shaw --

JANEK (CONT'D)  
Any idea what was in these bottles?

WE have an idea, but Shaw shakes her head --

SHAW  
No. David brought some up for analysis, but I didn't get a chance to --

CHANCE  
-- He's alive!

JESUS. Millburn's body just TWITCHED! CHANCE is already moving towards him, kneeling down...

JANEK  
Dammit, I said wait...!

But it's too late. The Crewmember is already flipping Millburn's body OVER and --

He doesn't seem ALIVE at all. In fact, his faceplate is CRACKED and he's completely GRAY. And in the moment it takes us to puzzle just how it is he could be MOVING if he was already DEAD --

THE CENTIPEDE BURSTS OUT OF HIS MOUTH!

CREWMEMBER  
GAH!!!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIGHTING FAST -- The centipede wraps itself around the neck of the hapless CREWMEMBER -- ALREADY BURNING THROUGH HIS SUIT with it's ACIDIC SECRETIONS as --

All HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

JANEK leaps into action -- GRABS AT THE CENTIPEDE with his hands -- But the GLOVES OF HIS SUIT START TO SMOKE!

JANEK

SHIT!

He PULLS his hands away instinctively as Chance STUMBLES FORWARDS -- HIS FACEPLATE CRACKING UNDER THE PRESSURE as the CENTIPEDE TIGHTENS -- CHRIST!!!

WHACK!

HOLLOWAY has his HAND-AXE OUT -- WHACK -- HE HITS THE CENTIPEDE AGAIN -- ACID SPRAYS OUT but --

The centipede FALLS off of Chance's neck -- Hits the ground -- HISSSES -- About to leap at SHAW, but --

JANEK STOMPS HIS FOOT DOWN ON IT'S BACK, SHOUTS --

JANEK (CONT'D)

HIT IT AGAIN, DAMMIT!!!

Holloway doesn't need to be told twice -- Brings the axe whistling down and -- SKLISSSSSSSH -- BURIES IT IN THE CENTIPEDE'S BACK -- It WRIGGLES, PINNED TO THE FLOOR as TSSSSS -- ACID WORKS IT'S WAY THROUGH THE AXE BLADE...

But finally, the centipede is still. DEAD.

JANEK (CONT'D)

Christ Jesus, What was THAT?

Ravel tends to Chance -- GASPING, but alive as Janek approaches the centipede, reaches for the axe --

SHAW

Don't touch it. Anything down here could be contagious. We need to--

HOLLOWAY

-- Ellie.

Shaw turns towards Holloway. SWEAT pouring down his face now. Uneasy on his feet as he holds up something in his hand... one of the BROKEN AMPULES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Whatever was inside this... that's what killed them.

(then; softly)

That's what killed all of them.

**BEEEPBEEEPBEEEP!** Holloway's suit ALARM GOES OFF AGAIN. Shaw grabs his WRIST, checks the console -- DAMN -- His BODY TEMP SHOCKINGLY AT 105 DEGREES as Holloway blinks the sweat from his eyes. Looks at her, GENUINELY SCARED --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I think it's inside me, too.

And with those words, EVERYTHING CHANGES. ON SHAW -- a million emotions in ONE MOMENT... but the SCIENTIST IN HER takes full command. She turns to Janek --

SHAW

We have to get back to the ship. Now.

SMASH TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

TENSE -- ON THE MOVE AS OUR TEAM comes through the crevice for their ROVER, Holloway's arms wrapped around Janek and Ravel as Shaw keys her COMM --

SHAW (INTO COMM)

Magellan -- Is anyone there?!?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUT - DAY**

VICKERS sits in Janek's chair. She answers the COMM --

VICKERS (INTO COMM)

This is Vickers.

SHAW (OVER COMM)

*It's Shaw. I need a medical team standing by at the airlock -- Full Quarantine Protocol. Holloway is sick.*

ON VICKERS. She does not like the sound of that ONE BIT.

VICKERS

Sick with what?

SHAW

JUST DO IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shaw clicks off her COMM, helps Holloway onto the Rover. And as our team PILES IN and PEELS OUT, SMASH BACK TO:

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

DAVID, more or less where we left him. Marvelling at the GHOST ENGINEERS as they move around the MASSIVE ROOM.

Two are sitting in what we now realize are CHAIRS, talking to each other... But as this conversation happened THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, we of course don't hear the words.

Another Engineer is munching on a piece of what looks like BREAD as he walks right towards David. Now, the Engineer STOPS. Crouches down slightly.

Now, The Engineer extends a finger -- Pointing right at David's head -- JESUS. Does he SEE him? But the Engineer's finger moves forwards -- PASSES RIGHT THROUGH DAVID'S EYE --

And PUSHES A BUTTON on the PANEL behind his head.

David TURNS now, realizes he's getting a TUTORIAL on how to WORK THIS THING. He reaches forward, MIMICKING the hand gestures of the GHOST ENGINEER AS --

LIGHTS flicker on. Long dormant systems coming back online. It feels like the whole room is COMING TO LIFE.

Emboldened, David waves his hand over the controls again --

**SUDDENLY ALL SIX ENGINEERS BEGIN TO MOVE TEN TIMES FASTER.**

And logic would dictate if these things are RECORDINGS from the past? David has just found the FAST FORWARD BUTTON.

And he pushes it forward. Now, the GHOSTS are just BLURS -- FLYING AROUND THE ROOM -- Sometimes there are MORE, sometimes LESS, sometimes NONE -- God knows how many years he is ZIPPING THROUGH -- How many CENTURIES -- But David's advanced system seems to be tracking it ALL until --

He EASES up on the control -- Bringing things back to NORMAL SPEED. And instead of six fairly relaxed Engineers?

There is only ONE.

And he is clearly PANICKED. RUSHING ACROSS THE ROOM in FEAR, leaving the main CONTROL AREA and into a CORRIDOR.

David, of course, FOLLOWS him towards --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOUR MASSIVE CHAMBERS -- OVAL PODS that resemble streamlined coffins -- take up almost the entire room -- If we looking from above, they'd form a CROSS.

THE GHOST fwaves his hand over one of them in frantic motions not unlike a CONDUCTOR and then --

He sits in the chamber. Lies back like a VAMPIRE GOING TO SLEEP -- DISAPPEARING IN THE PROCESS.

And now, David is ALONE again.

ON DAVID. Internalizing what he just saw. And suddenly UNDERSTANDING what it might mean.

David crouches down beside the CHAMBER the Ghost just disappeared into -- A thick WINDOW -- And when David peers into it, he sees only murky haze. Or is it... FROST?

He KNEELS. And now, with an almost childlike wonder, he presses his EAR to the side of the chamber and just LISTENS. What he's HEARING, we do not know. But --

FROM THE OTHER ROOM -- A BURST OF STATIC -- SOMEONE TALKING -- A WOMAN -- David rises, heads back into --

#### **THE NAVIGATION CENTER**

CLOSE ON DAVID'S HELMET -- We can hear the TINNY VOICE SHOUTING FROM INSIDE --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*David? COME IN!!!*

David bends over -- **CLKHSSS** -- Reattaches his helmet so he can clearly hear VICKERS' VOICE --

VICKERS (OVER COMM)  
*Where the hell are you, you little shit?*  
*Do you copy?!?*

David calmly keys his COMM --

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
Yes, I'm here. Is everything all right?

#### **INT. MAGELLAN, READY ROOM - INTERCUT - DAY**

FIND VICKERS, pulling on a SPACE SUIT -- Trying to contain her ANGER AND STRESS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKERS (INTO COMM)  
 No! Those idiots are about to infect my ship. Get your ass back here right NOW!

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

DAVID (INTO COMM)  
 Of course -- I'm on my way. Oh... and  
 Ms. Vickers?  
 (a beat; pointed)  
 It's time for the protocols.

VICKERS REACTS. And although we don't quite understand just what the hell that MEANS, she certainly does as we SMASH TO:

**EXT/INT. PLANET, CENTRAL CRATER & ROVER - DAY**

JANEK  
HOLD ON!!!

Janek hits A DUNE -- SMASHES DOWN TO THE SURFACE as the Rover PEELS BACK TOWARDS THE MAGELLAN --

Holloway lies in the back, his head in Shaw's lap. We can see the DARK VEINS in his face. Something is happening to him. Something BAD. Shaw is clearly TERRIFIED --

SHAW	HOLLOWAY
Just try to relax. We're gonna get you back to the ship and take care of--	-- It hurts... Christ -- It... <u>burns.</u>

CHRIST -- Holloway's skin starts to take on a GRAYISH COLOR -- He BITES BACK THE PAIN, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS as he looks up at the woman he loves. Softly --

HOLLOWAY  
 We never should've come here.

ON SHAW, her heart BREAKING hearing those words come out of his mouth. But she puts on her game face, REASSURING --

SHAW  
 Just hold on, okay?

He nods, but GRITS HIS TEETH -- Small BLISTERS start to appear on his face just as the ROVER SCREECHES to as STOP. They've finally REACHED --

**EXT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - DAY**

Janek is already running for the LIFT --

SHAW  
 OPEN THE AIRLOCK!!!  
 (to Holloway)  
 C'mon... I've got you --

Shaw puts her arm around him, helps him out of the back of  
 The Rover towards the AIRLOCK.

And now he turns to her -- the pain pushed away for just this  
 moment -- TRAGEDY IN HIS EYES as he softly says --

HOLLOWAY  
 Ellie. You can't bring me on the ship.

SHAW  
 No. We can help you...

HOLLOWAY  
 -- You can't.

Charles, please --

-- It's too late.

**VRRRRRRRR -- THE AIRLOCK DOOR STARTS TO OPEN!**

Holloway SCREAMS -- Goes to his KNEES. -- HE'S TRANSFORMING --  
 His SUIT is starting to TEAR -- JESUS, IT'S LIKE HE'S  
GROWING -- ON SHAW, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER CHEEKS -- The  
 man she LOVES DYING IN FRONT OF HER JUST AS --

The AIRLOCK IS FINALLY OPEN. But instead of salvation...

It's VICKERS. In her SUIT and HARD AS NAILS.

And she's holding a makeshift FLAMETHROWER.

VICKERS  
 Step away from him.

Shaw is in SHOCK --

SHAW  
 ... What? No...

VICKERS  
 Goddammit, STEP AWAY --

SHAW  
 -- We can still help him. I can put him  
 in your Med Pod!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vickers steps forward now. Raises the business end of her weapon, the flame FLICKERS in the reflection of her helmet, eyes dark, voice RISING --

VICKERS

He's not getting anywhere near my Med Pod because he's not coming on my goddamn ship. NOW STEP AWAY!

Shaw opens her mouth to protest again, but...

Holloway takes her hand, STOIC despite his pain --

HOLLOWAY

I love you.

And before Shaw can respond, before she can do anything, Holloway PUSHES HER AWAY FROM HIM. Rises up -- MOVES TOWARDS VICKERS WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS --

SHAW

NO!!!!!!

Holloway stops right before her -- RRRRIP -- His suit SHREDDING -- Skin bubbling -- And he softly utters --

HOLLOWAY

Do it.

Vickers doesn't need to be told twice.

**FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!** She TORCHES HOLLOWAY -- ENGULFS HIS BODY IN THE FLAMES -- He's literally INCINERATED in front of our eyes. And before his body even hits the ground --

Shaw LEAPS -- TACKLES Vickers... both of them TUMBLING BACK INTO THE AIRLOCK! A VICIOUS FIGHT! Janek and the other CREWMEMBERS PRY SHAW OFF -- TEARS ROLLING DOWN HER FACE... And then, a calm, cool VOICE --

DAVID

Dr. Shaw..?

Everyone turns to see DAVID.

Rover behind him. Back from his EXPLORATION. Standing beside HOLLOWAY'S SMOULDERING BODY --

SHAW

(confused/incredulous)

... What?

David steps forward, does his best to appear sympathetic --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

I understand you're upset. But as you ordered quarantine protocols, it's my responsibility to ask...

(pointed)

Have you and Dr. Holloway had any intimate contact recently?

Oh. NO. AND OFF SHAW, TERRIFIED, we SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, DECONTAMINATION SUITE - DAY**

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- Shaw is STRIPPED OUT OF HER SUIT -- forced into a DISINFECTION ROOM -- BLASTED WITH WATER AND HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM -- Still in SHOCK at LOSING HOLLOWAY as --

THREE CREWMEMBERS IN TYVEK PROTECTIVE SUITS hold her down on a STEEL TABLE... One of them putting a RATHER LARGE SYRINGE into her arm -- A SEDATIVE -- And as Shaw's EYES DROWSILY DRIFT CLOSED...

**INT. MAGELLAN, INFIRMARY - DAY**

DAVID (O.S.)

*Dr. Shaw? Can you hear me?*

Shaw's eyes DRIFT OPEN. No idea how long she was OUT. An hour? TWELVE?

And here's DAVID leaning over her. No need for a contamination suit. Shaw GRUNTS as she sits up. She's wearing a PAPER THIN HOSPITAL GOWN --

SHAW

... Where... am I?

DAVID

The infirmary. They gave you a powerful sedative. You were very upset.

Right. Holloway's DEATH. Shaw's still too out of it to fully grasp what just happened. David frowns --

DAVID (CONT'D)

My deepest condolences.

Jesus. David reaches up, pulls down a BODY SCANNER --

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're still uncertain as to exactly how and when Dr. Holloway became infected, so please forgive me if this is invasive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (a smile)  
 Try to relax.

And as David begins to move the SCANNER over her body, we remain CLOSE ON SHAW. Deeply shaken as her hands unconsciously go to the CROSS around her neck...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Oh. I'm sorry... I'm going to have to take that. It could be contaminated.

Shaw doesn't resist as David puts his hands around her neck, gently undoes the CLASP and removes the CROSS. It's eerily INTIMATE. He turns from her, drops it into a STERILE BAG --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 It must feel like your God abandoned you.

SHAW  
 ... What?

David frowns -- An attempt at sympathy, but he's not particularly GOOD at it.

DAVID  
 To lose Dr. Holloway after your father died under such similar circumstances.  
 (a beat)  
 What was it that killed him? Ebola?

ON SHAW. She feels VIOLATED. And by this... MACHINE.

SHAW  
 How... do you know that?

DAVID  
 I watched your dreams.

Christ. David turns back to the SCANNER, now poised over Shaw's MIDSECTION -- And suddenly? His smile is GONE.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Oh my.

ON DAVID. RIVETED (*we don't ever get a look at it -- what we DON'T see is that much more terrifying*) as he softly says --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 You're pregnant.

Oh. FUCK. And that SNAPS Shaw out of her stupor --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAW

... What?

DAVID

From the look of it, three months so.

SHAW

(shakes her head; panic)

No -- That's... impossible. I was tested before we went into cryo... There's no way I could --

DAVID

-- You did confirm that you had intercourse with Dr. Holloway.

SHAW

Ten hours ago. There's no goddamned way I'm three months pregnant!

David looks up at her now. Any sense of BEDSIDE MANNER completely gone as --

DAVID

Well it's not exactly a traditional fetus, Dr. Shaw.

Jesus. And Shaw makes a decision now. She can either cry or COWBOY THE FUCK UP. She goes with the latter. TOUGH --

SHAW

I want to see it.

DAVID

I don't think that's a good id--

SHAW

-- Then I want it out of me.

DAVID

I'm afraid we don't have any medical personnel equipped to perform a procedure like that. Our best option is to put you back in cryostasis and evaluate the organism when we return to Ear--

Shaw GRABS David by the collar, pulls him CLOSE --

SHAW

-- If you don't get it out, I am going to die. Whatever the Engineers were doing here? Whatever is in those bottles -- It was meant to destroy us.

ON DAVID. Just two inches from her face. Totally calm. Shaw WINCES -- Lets him go as she GRABS her BELLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAW (CONT'D)

AGHHH...

David produces a SYRINGE. Taps the needle --

DAVID

It must be very painful. Here -- Let me give you something...

And Shaw IS in pain, too much so to do anything to prevent David from pushing the needle into her arm --

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep you restrained for your own safety. Someone will be along shortly to bring you back to Cryo Deck.

Shaw GRITS her teeth, pain still INTENSE as David gently takes her arms -- PUSHES A BUTTON -- CLONK! -- RESTRAINTS CLICK UP FROM THE EXAM TABLE -- WRAP AROUND Shaw's WRISTS. David looks down at her now --

DAVID (CONT'D)

This may be hard for you to understand given your faith... but one has to wipe the slate clean before they can start over. You might want to consider that what's inside those glass bottles isn't destruction at all, Dr. Shaw...

(beat)

Maybe it's creation.

Wow. OFF SHAW, absolutely TERRIFIED that David might somehow be right as we SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

VICKERS. She sits in a chair on the bridge, looking out the window. And for the first time since we've met her, she looks genuinely shaken. CLUNK -- A coffee mug plunks down in front of her. She looks up to see Janek.

VICKERS

I don't drink coffee.

JANEK

Good thing it's whiskey.

Vickers hesitates for a moment -- but picks up the mug. Janek sees her hand is trembling as she takes a GULP.

JANEK (CONT'D)

You all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKERS

I just burned a man to death. Why  
wouldn't I be?

And despite her acerbic delivery, Janek registers the same thing we do -- She's human after all. He pulls up a chair, sits down next to her.

JANEK

I'm sure you're aware that before I sold my soul to corporate, I was military. Dumped out just as the second Arabian War was brewing, Thank Christ -- but before I left, I was flying sorties out of Jordan. Base I was stationed out of had this building -- no windows -- pure steel. Surrounded by barbed wire fence. Lots of small men in white coats going in and out of it. We knew they were making something in there.

(measured)

And we knew that it was bad.

AJanek brings his mug to his lips, takes a sip --

JANEK (CONT'D)

Middle of the night, an alarm goes off. We get the order to do a full evac. As I'm running towards my transport, I see those men in white coats trying to get away from that building -- Screaming and crying. Turns out the fence wasn't there to keep us out...

(beat)

It was there to keep them in.

(another drink; then)

Anyway, we get in the air and I see my C.O. flip open a little box in his lap -- just a little grey button on it. He closes his eyes and he starts to pray.

(somber now)

We were two clicks out when he finally pushed it. Even that far away, I felt the heat from the explosion. Eleven hundred souls, give or take. Every one of them vaporized just because some poor idiot spilled something.

Janek pauses. Turns to Vickers now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANEK (CONT'D)

May have been a long, long time ago...  
but I reckon the same thing happened  
here. These things made something they  
shouldn't have, too. It was just a much  
larger idiot that spilled it.

(then; genuine sympathy)

And it was your turn to push the button,  
sweetheart.

ON VICKERS. Her eyes are moist, taken by his gesture. But  
the serenity of this moment is abruptly BROKEN as --

**WOOTWOOTWOOT! AN ALARM.** THE HOLOGRAM OF THE PYRAMID is  
lighting up like a CHRISTMAS TREE -- Something is HAPPENING.

JANEK (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

RAVEL

The probes won't respond --

-- I don't know. They're  
offline --

JANEK

-- Why the hell not?

-- Then get them online.

And just then... THE BRIDGE LITERALLY RUMBLES.

CHANCE

Cap -- I'm getting seismic activity.

JANEK

Maybe that's what's making the deck  
shake, eh? From where?

DAVID (O.S.)

Below the surface of the pyramid.

All eyes turn towards DAVID as he walks onto the bridge.  
Chance taps on his console. SURPRISED at what he sees --

CHANCE

Uh... yeah. He's right. And I'm picking  
up heat signatures -- same place.

Janek looks at David, HARD --

JANEK

You want to tell me what the hell is  
going on down there?

DAVID

Not particularly.  
(turns to Vickers)  
Is he awake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Vickers looks somber. But she NODS.

VICKERS

Yes.

Janek exchanges looks with his crew -- What the hell are they talking about? Turns to David --

JANEK

Is... who awake?

But David ignores him, already heading off the BRIDGE --

DAVID

That's not really your concern, Captain. Now if you'd please make sure the rovers are fully charged and ready to roll out within the hour, we'd appreciate it.

JANEK

...What? Where are you going?

DAVID

(isn't it obvious?)  
To get what we came for.

SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, INFIRMARY - DAY**

SHAW. Arms still locked down in the restraints as --

THUNK! THE DOOR OPENS. TWO CREWMEMBERS; FORD and SHEPHARD -- ENTER IN FULL ANTI-CONTAMINATION SUITS (she's in QUARANTINE after all), approach her BED --

FORD

Dr. Shaw, we're here to escort you back to the Cryo Deck... but we're gonna need to put you in an anti-contamination suit to get you there. Do you understand?

Shaw barely MOANS. She's OUT OF IT. Crewmember sighs, turns to his partner --

FORD (CONT'D)

Dammit -- she's totally doped. Help me sit her up.

Shephard nods, leans over -- CLICK -- Releases Shaw's RESTRAINTS. And the instant that she's FREE --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**CLANK!** A BEDPAN smashes into the side of Shephard's head!  
He hits the ground like a sack of ROCKS. Before Ford can  
react -- WHANK! Shaw NAILS HIM IN THE FACE!!

JESUS. She was playing POSSUM.

Shaw looks down at the TWO MEN SHE JUST KNOCKED OUT -- SWEATY  
-- OUT OF BREATH --

SHAW  
... I'm sorry.

And as she HEADS FOR THE DOOR, we SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, HALLWAY - DAY**

Shaw, dressed only in her gown, RUNS THROUGH THE HALLWAYS.  
Seems to know exactly where she's headed.

SHAW  
... UNNNNNNH!

She STUMBLES -- Hands go to her BELLY. Grits her teeth in  
pain. Whatever's inside her? It's KICKING. Then --

THE HALLWAY ITSELF VIBRATES. Another TREMOR.

Shaw gets back to her feet -- CONTINUES ON until she finally  
comes to a DOOR. If it looks familiar, that's because it's --

**INT. MAGELLAN, VICKERS' QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Vickers' MASSIVE SUITE. Shaw staggers in -- no one's home.  
But Shaw could care less. She's come for one reason and one  
reason only --

THE MED POD

Shaw WINCES again -- it's getting INTENSE -- Reaches the  
CONSOLE. Thumbs the machine out of STAND-BY MODE -- Its  
screen fills with MENU ITEMS. Too long to LIST. Shaw finds  
and touches a RED BUTTON labeled EMERGENCY. Now, the AUTOMATED  
VOICE OF THE MED POD CALMLY RESPONDS --

AUTOMATED VOICE  
*Emergency procedures initiated. Please  
verbally state the nature or your injury.*

SHAW  
I... need a Caesarean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTOMATED VOICE

*Error. This Med-Pod is calibrated for male patients only and does not offer the procedure you have requested. Please seek medical assistance elsewh--*

SHAW

-- DAMMIT!!!

Shaw POUNDS on the CONSOLE. Taps another KEY -- brings back up the MENU. It's all MANUAL NOW as --

ANOTHER SPASM OF AGONY HITS HER. Shaw doubles over -- one hand clutching her stomach, the other TAPPING OPTIONS ON THE MENU -- we see them SCROLL BY AS SHE SELECTS:

SURGERY ... EXPLORATORY ... ABDOMINAL ... PENETRATING INJURIES ... FOREIGN BODY ... INITIATE

The Med Pod opens with a HISS.

Shaw pulls off the GOWN -- Down to her UNDERWEAR as she pulls herself into the POD, reaches up. Hits INITIATE.

THE SURGICAL APPARATUS swings into place -- Scalpels, forceps, scopes and suction tubes -- A SPRAYGUN mists her torso with YELLOW ANTISEPTIC as HISSSSS --

The clear canopy descends over her.

Shaw's hands press up against the CLEAR THICK PLASTIC, braces herself for the ONCOMING SCALPEL, moving with the precision of a ROBOTIC ARM on an ASSEMBLY LINE as it positions itself over her ABDOMEN. SHAW SHOUTS IN PAIN --

SHAW (CONT'D)

COME ON! GET IT OUT!!!!

A beat. Another. Then -- with one swift ARCING MOTION, the scalpel SWOOPS across her stomach making a perfect INCISION. Shaw WAILS IN AGONY as --

THE SCALPEL WITHDRAWS -- IN COME THE FORCEPS -- And we're mercifully on Shaw's PALE WHITE FACE to spare us the GORE, hearing only the SOUNDS of her flesh parting as the forceps reach in AND PULL SOMETHING OUT -- Shaw is as CONFUSED as she is HORRIFIED as we finally SEE --

A WET AND WRITHING CREATURE HELD BY THE FORCEPS -- LONG KNUCKLED LEGS with SHARP CLAWS begin to TWITCH as it takes in AIR for the first time!

THE MED-POD continues its work -- a SUTURING GUN drops down to Shaw's MIDRIF -- PMFPMFPMFPMFPMFPMFPMF!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-- Seals up her abdomen with TWENTY STAPLES -- Another gun dropping down, spraying the wound with ANTIBIOTIC FLUID as --

THE CREATURE is really starting to TWITCH NOW -- STRAINING AGAINST THE FORCEPS THAT HOLD IT -- An inhuman MEWLING --

Shaw blinks the sweat out of her eyes -- Has to REACH past the CREATURE to get to the HANDLE that will open the POD --

THE THING'S SHARP CLAWS starting to STRETCH -- It's COMING AROUND -- haw extends her hand... reaching... JESUS... reaching... and GOT IT!!!

**HISSSSSS!** The CANOPY SLIDES OPEN -- And using every ounce of STRENGTH SHE HAS LEFT, Shaw ROLLS OUT -- SLAMMING THE IT SHUT BEHIND HER!!!!

**SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!** The CREATURE INSIDE -- partially obscured by the SPATTERED BLOOD -- BANGS AROUND LIKE A RABID ANIMAL -- IT WANTS OUT, but mercifully. For now...

It's TRAPPED.

ON SHAW. Hands and knees -- Has to get OUT -- WILLs herself to the door and into --

**INT. MAGELLAN, HALLWAY - DAY**

Shaw staggers back into the hallway -- RUNNING GOD KNOWS WHERE as she moves through the HALLWAYS OF THE SHIP -- She just survived the ordeal of her LIFE -- Can barely keep her feet under her -- FINALLY COLLAPSES --

And we're in HER POV AT GROUND LEVEL, IN AND OUT OF FOCUS... and God, finally someone is COMING as --

EIGHT PAIRS OF BOOTS come around the corner and STOP. Shaw can only WHISPER -- on the verge of consciousness --

SHAW (CONT'D)  
Please... help.

But the BOOTS don't move towards her. Instead, they part like the RED SEA. Making way for --

A WHEELCHAIR. Rolling towards Shaw. She uses the last of her strength to pick up her head, moving up the WITHERED LEGS to see the face of it's OCCUPANT --

ARTHUR WEYLAND.

Not the virile specimen David spoke to, but the PALE, WRINKLED OLD MAN we met in the Orientation Video.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Shaw BLINKS... can't believe her EYES -- she must be HALLUCINATING. But she manages to croak out --

SHAW (CONT'D)  
What... are you doing here?

But before he can answer her, Shaw DROPS TO THE GROUND. EYES FLUTTERING. And now, a GRUFF VOICE, presumably belonging to one of the BOOTED MEN --

MERCENARY (O.S.)  
The robot said she was infected.

A RIFLE enters frame. Pointed at her HEAD. This is IT...

But Weyland's WRINKLED HAND grabs the end of the gun, pushes it AWAY.

WEYLAND  
I don't care what he said.  
(beat; then)  
She's with me.

And as Shaw's eyes finally CLOSE, we SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, INFIRMARY - DAY**

SHAW  
AAAAAGGHHHH!

Shaw sits BOLT UPRIGHT -- HANDS INSTINCTIVELY TO HER STOMACH!

WEYLAND  
It's all right, dear.

Shaw BLINKS -- ORIENTS herself. She's back in the INFIRMARY. Dressed in a tank and pants. It's DARK in here -- NOIRISH -- not to mention the occasional VIBRATIONS from the seismic activity on the planet. More importantly, however --

WEYLAND sits beside her bed in a wheelchair. Smiles --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)  
It appears you've broken my Med-Pod.

DAVID stands impassively towards the back of the infirmary. VICKERS here as well. She barks at Shaw --

VICKERS  
What the hell were you doing in my room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEYLAND

(holds up his hand)

This woman has been through a horrible ordeal, Ms. Vickers. Please leave us.

Vickers FUMES, clearly no longer in CHARGE. Nods to David --

VICKERS

And he gets to stay?

WEYLAND

"He" is a machine. You shouldn't be any more threatened by him than you are a toaster, Meredith.

David BLINKS. Registering his place in Weyland's eyes.  
Vickers shakes her head, walks for the door --

VICKERS

I'll be outside if you need me.

And with that, Vickers EXITS. Shaw's head is spinning. Still trying to CATCH UP as she takes in Weyland --

SHAW

The Med-Pod is... yours?

WEYLAND

Men my age tend to have issues waking from two year naps. So I came prepared.

And it finally comes TOGETHER --

SHAW

You've been asleep.... here on the ship all this time? Why?

WEYLAND

Because I only have a few days of life left in me, dear. And I certainly wasn't going to waste them until I was certain you could deliver what you promised.

HUH? Shaw blinks. Trying to put it all together.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

I'll be honest -- When you first told me about Giants inviting us to the stars, I thought you were under the influence of some very excellent drugs.

(leans forward; smiles)

But then you made me a believer, Shaw. You convinced me that if these things made us, maybe they could save us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WEYLAND (CONT'D)  
(eyes shining)  
Well... save me, actually.

SHAW  
Save you... from what?

ON WEYLAND. The moment of truth. Finally --

WEYLAND  
Why death, of course.

Christ. So there it is. Weyland is just Ponce De Leon looking for the FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. Shaw is SHOCKED.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)  
Ah. You think I'm mad. Well... let's see how you feel about it when you're a hundred and eight years old, dear.

Shaw shakes her head at the HUBRIS of it all. Turns to David, EXASPERATED --

SHAW  
Haven't you told him what we found?  
Haven't you told him they're all gone?

DAVID  
But they're not all gone, Dr. Shaw.

A beat. Another. Because it takes Shaw a moment to process what he just SAID.

SHAW  
... What?

DAVID  
One of them is still alive.  
(and then)  
We're on our way to wake him up now.

ON SHAW. And let us fully understand the IMPACT of this moment for her --- This information literally changes EVERYTHING. But still...

SHAW  
No... You can't -- They were making something here... Something terrible --

WEYLAND  
(dismissive)  
-- They invited us here. Why would they want to hurt us? Yes -- You knocked over some of their test tubes and things got out of hand, but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAW

-- "Out of hand?" Do... you have any idea what's happening here? We need to leave. Now.

Silence. The Mercs all look at each other. NO ONE has ever spoken to Arthur Weyland in this way. Ever. And after a moment, he responds. Calm as can be --

WEYLAND

No, dear... I don't have any idea what's happening here. Which is why I'm going to talk to the one Being in the universe that can tell me.

(then; matter-of-fact)

This ship isn't going anywhere. So you can stay on it, or you can come with us.

Shaw's CONFUSED -- Wasn't expecting an INVITE. Weyland rolls forward. Looks her right in the eyes --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Don't you want to talk to them? Don't you want to understand who they are? Why they made us? You've come all this way. You've lost the man you loved.

(passionate)

Don't you deserve an explanation?

ON SHAW. Really feeling the EMOTION of that for the first time. Weyland sees he's getting through. Softly --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

You were the one who convinced me they invited us here for a reason. Is it really possible for you to leave here without knowing what it was?

(then; almost a dare)

Or have you lost your faith, Dr. Shaw?

ON SHAW. She shakes her head. But as much as she HATES him for it? Weyland is absolutely RIGHT. She looks at him now. If her expression had subtitles, they would simply read "Fuck. You." And we CUT TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK, ELEVATOR LIFT - DAY**

VRRRRRR -- And so, one FINAL time, the elevator descends down to the SURFACE. The MERCS take care of the Old Man as Shaw hops into a Rover. David slides into the seat beside her --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

I can't help but be impressed by your survival instinct, Doctor. I didn't think you had it in you.

She GLARES at him. "Had it in you?"

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ah. Poor choice of words. I apologize.

Shaw studies him now. Looking at him in a whole new WAY. And she can't help but wonder --

SHAW

Do you know how Dr. Holloway got infected, David?

AH. She SENSES it. David however, just shrugs --

DAVID

Curiosity, I suppose.

SHAW

... Excuse me?

DAVID

Your creator told his children not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge, but he knew they couldn't possibly resist. After all, he's the one who made them that way.

(then; faux pity)

Dr. Holloway's death is a tragedy, but whatever lead to it was simply a byproduct of his programming.

ON SHAW. Who does this little shit think he is?!?

SHAW

We're not "programmed."

David just smiles. Then --

DAVID

Of course you're not.

Shaw shakes her head. Looks across the room at WEYLAND, old and feeble as his MEN lift him from his wheelchair --

SHAW

What happens when Weyland's not around to program you anymore?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID  
I suppose I'd be free.

And at long last, Shaw is finally starting to UNDERSTAND exactly what makes David TICK. Realizes --

SHAW  
You want him to die.

DAVID  
"Want" is not a concept I'm familiar with. That being said...  
(a beat)  
Everyone hates their parents.

SHAW  
I didn't.

ON DAVID. Touche. The COMM BUZZES --

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
*Hey... It's Janek... are you people out of the airlock yet?*

Shaw keys her COMM --

SHAW (INTO COMM)  
We're still in the elevator. Why?

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, INTERCUT - DAY**

Janek here, looking at the HOLO-GRID... and he's actually SMILING with his DISCOVERY --

JANEK (INTO COMM)  
I think I just found Fifield.

**INT. MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK, ELEVATOR LIFT, INTERCUT - DAY**

Jesus. FIFIELD? We almost forgot about him.

SHAW (INTO COMM)  
What? Where?

JANEK (OVER COMM)  
Uh... according to his bio-comm, he's right outside the damn ship.

**THVUNK.** The elevator hits bottom. The AIRLOCK DOOR STARTS TO GRIND OPEN as one of the MERCS asks --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCENARY

Who the hell is Fifield?

And that is not a question that will ever be answered as --

SOMETHING REACHES IN THROUGH THE AIRLOCK AND LITERALLY TEARS HIM IN HALF. And what follows --

**IS PURE CHAOS.**

We only get quick glimpses of what was once FIFIELD -- It moves so damn FAST -- It's BIG though -- FERAL AND ANGRY --

MERC #2

PUT IT DOWN!!!!

STACCATO GUNFIRE -- The Mercs UNPREPARED FOR THE ONSLAUGHT -- Fifield pulls TWO RIGHT OFF OF THEIR ROVER -- SNAPPING ONE'S NECK -- TOSSING ANOTHER ACROSS THE AIRLOCK LIKE A RAGDOLL --

IN THE OTHER ROVER -- David sits there in mute wonder as Shaw snaps into action -- She moves to WEYLAND -- GRABS HIS WHEELCHAIR -- heroically pushes him to their Rover!

SHAW

Get in!

MORE GUNFIRE -- RICOCHETING BULLETS -- Weyland wills himself out into the Rover as Shaw tosses his chair on the BED IN THE BACK, barks at David --

SHAW (CONT'D)

MOVE OVER, DAMMIT!!!

Shaw hops behind the wheel -- SLAMS THE ROVER INTO GEAR, looks over her back shoulder where --

FIFIELD turns his attention on them -- NARROW ELONGATED HEAD that has PUNCHED THROUGH THE HELMET OF HIS TATTERED SPACESUIT -- GREY GLISTENING SKIN -- HE RISES TO HIS FULL HEIGHT and --

SCREEEE! Shaw throws the BUGGY INTO REVERSE -- SMASHES INTO FIFIELD, driving him BACK INTO THE WALL OF THE AIRLOCK -- CRUSHES HIM!

POPS the Rover Forwards -- The REVERSE AGAIN JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE as she RUNS FIFIELD'S HEAD UNDER THE TIRES WITH A SICKENING **SKLLLLISH!**

Shaw looks around for surviving MERCS -- There are none. Grits her teeth as she hits the clutch one last time, PEELS OUT OF THE AIRLOCK and towards the CANAL.

**INT. ROVER, DRIVING - DAY**

Weyland is in complete shock... Finally starting to understand exactly what he got them INTO --

WEYLAND

Good God... what was that thing?

ON SHAW. Part of her is gone now -- replaced by a WARRIOR.

SHAW

I don't know, Mr. Weyland. Let's go ask.

With that, she POPS the rover into GEAR -- drives into the SETTING SUN. And as THE GROUND RUMBLES YET AGAIN, SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

SENSOR ALARMS GO OFF as the BRIDGE ROCKS AND ROLLS -- Ravel REACTS, seeing something --

RAVEL

Cap? Something's happening down there.

Janek strides over to the HOLOGRAPHIC PYRAMID, now COMPLETE. BELOW IT, a THROBBING ORANGE SHAPE. Janek's eyes narrow --

JANEK

Mr. Ravel, is that a heat signature I'm looking at?

RAVEL

Aye, sir.

JANEK

Strip away the pyramid. Isolate it.

Ravel nods... taps away at his console -- THE PYRAMID disappears, leaving only the ORANGE HEAT SIGNATURE.

JANEK (CONT'D)

Bring it up. Enlarge. Rotate.

Ravel taps more keys -- the SHAPE gets bigger -- SPINNING IN MID AIR -- Massive and DISTINCT. Familiar. Jesus. IT'S --

A VERY LARGE HORSESHOE.

Vickers appears beside Janek. FREAKED THE HELL OUT --

VICKERS

What... is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Janek is a CAPTAIN. Knows exactly what he's looking at.

JANEK  
It's a goddamned ship.

Oh. SHIT. And as everyone absorbs the ramifications of THAT, we SMASH BACK TO:

**INT. PYRAMID, TUNNELS TO 2ND IRIS DOOR - DAY**

Once more, The Rover drives through the CORRIDORS OF THE PYRAMID. Shaw at the wheel. David and Weyland beside her. What was WONDROUS before has now become MENACING.

DAVID  
(points)  
Just up there.

Shaw turns, rounds a corner as the Rover pulls up to --

**INT. PYRAMID, IRIS DOOR TO JUGGERNAUT TUNNEL - DAY**

The Rover pulls up. David dismounts, unloads the WHEELCHAIR as Shaw turns to Weyland --

SHAW  
We can still go back.

But Weyland shakes his head --

WEYLAND  
Back to what?

Shaw shakes her head -- but she can't help but agree. Too late to turn around now. And now, she and David heft Weyland into the WHEELCHAIR and enter the DOOR --

**INT. PYRAMID, TUNNEL TO JUGGERNAUT - DAY**

Moving through -- Weyland taking it all in. The SOUNDS getting louder here. THE RUMBLING MORE INTENSE. Like an ENGINE. They move through --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, MASSIVE STORAGE AREA - DAY**

The AMPULES stacked to the ceiling. Shaw HESITATES. Knows now they're ANYTHING BUT HARMLESS. But they continue on until they reach --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

We've been here before with David, but Shaw and Weyland are seeing it for the FIRST TIME.

Simply INCREDIBLE -- and no longer DORMANT. The entire room is ALIVE with blinking lights -- DISPLAYS. David POPS OFF HIS HELMET, smiles --

DAVID

You can take off your helmets. I activated the life support when I came down earlier.

Shaw just looks at him -- UNSURE. Weyland has no reason to doubt David -- CLKHSSS -- Removes his helmet. Takes a breath. A beat...

He's FINE. Convinced, Shaw does the same. Now, she takes in her surroundings, REALIZES what we already know --

SHAW

We're on one of their ships, aren't we? This is how they came here.

DAVID

(nods)  
And how they intended to leave.

SHAW

Leave and go... where?

David steps towards the CONSOLE we saw earlier -- Now, witht he practiced ease of an EXPERT, he waves his hand over it --

DAVID

Their navigation system is quite advanced, but I seem to have worked out the broadstrokes...

SUDDENLY -- A HOLOGRAM OF PLANETS AND MOONS-- NEBULAE AND STARS -- appears in the CAVERNOUS SPACE ABOVE THEIR HEADS.

A STUNNING THREE DIMENSIONAL ORRERY.

Shaw walks underneath the spinning planets, a mixture of FEAR and AWE. But her attention is focused mostly on ONE.

There, rotating around a SUN near the center of the room, is a familiar BLUE PLANET.

SHAW

That's Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Yes.

ON SHAW. Starting to get very, very ALARMED as she puts it all TOGETHER --

SHAW

Those ampules in the other room...  
they're a payload.  
(oh shit)  
They were going to drop it on us.

David's silence suggests that Shaw might just be exactly right, but Weyland shakes his head -- REFUSES TO ACCEPT IT --

WEYLAND

We don't know that. We don't know anything. Where is he, David?

DAVID

Right over here, sir.

David crosses to Weyland, starts to wheel him across the massive room as Shaw protests --

SHAW

Wait -- What are you doing?

WEYLAND

Precisely what you talked me into.

They've now reached --

### **THE HIBERNATION AREA**

Weyland runs his hand over the chamber David studied earlier. This is what he came for.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Are you sure he's alive in there?

DAVID

Absolutely.

David runs his fingers over the surface of it, finds an INDENTATION... PUSHES IT -- The chamber starts to HUM.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They're cryosleep chambers. They likely had this technology when your species was still picking bugs out of each other's fur... but you caught up eventually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHLUNK! The TOP OF THE CHAMBER BEGINS TO SLIDE ASIDE as COLD MIST rolls out. And when it finally dissipates, we SEE --

THE ENGINEER. And he is MAGNIFICENT. Statuesque and Godlike. His pale skin shimmers in the dramatic lighting of the room. Just laying there on his back.

Weyland is awestruck. Can't believe he's SEEING THIS. This is what he CAME FOR. And it's almost a RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. Mesmerized, he reaches out with a trembling hand to touch the Engineer's face...

And its EYES ABRUPTLY OPEN!

Weyland jerks back -- STARTLED. The Engineer turns its massive head, looks at Weyland. DISORIENTED.

ON SHAW. Starting to back away. NO desire whatsoever to get any closer. And now...

This is the MOMENT OF THE FILM. Milking it for all it's worth. The Engineer slowly climbs out of its CHAMBER --

But it is WEAK. ATROPHIED. Forced to kneel on one leg, HUNCHED OVER like Rodin's THINKER.

Weyland gets up from his chair on hobbled legs -- IN AWE of this beautiful (yet FRIGHTENING) BEING.

And David starts SPEAKING to it -- That complicated system of clicks and guttural HUMS we heard him practicing at the top of the movie.

WEYLAND

What... are you saying to him?

But David IGNORES Weyland. Continues speaking. God, what we wouldn't do to see some SUBTITLES. Now, The Engineer looks at WEYLAND... BLINKS -- Seem to REGISTER him for the first time. It's clearly CONFUSED.

Weyland looks up into the eye of his GOD. A spectrum of INTENSE EMOTION: Arrogance turns to FEAR. Fear turns to AWE. Awe turns to DESPERATION as tears literally fill his aged eyes and he softly says --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

We came. Just like you asked.

A beat. Another. Then, the ENGINEER finally rises to its full majestic height.

Turns towards David, who has been TALKING the entire time. Whatever it is that he just said? Has gotten a REACTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And finally. The Engineer SPEAKS back.

Shaw REGISTERS this. Drawn to this imposing being in a way she can't describe. It is literally BREATHTAKING.

The Engineer steps forward now. It's enormous face impassive... impossible to read as it leans over David. Studies him. And then, without warning --

IT RIPS HIS ENTIRE HEAD OFF!

Oh. SHIT.

David's body hits the ground, TWITCHING... oozing fluid.

The Engineer holds David's head in its massive palm like a CUE BALL -- David's mouth opening and closing like a dying fish...

The Engineer turns towards Weyland now -- Looks at him like a CHILD LOOKS AT AN ANT. Weyland puts up his hands, CONFUSED --

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

No... Please... wait. You invited us h--

The Engineer holds David's head like a ROCK, brings it swinging down into WEYLAND with a sickening CRUNCH!

And Shaw has SEEN ENOUGH -- SNAPS OUT OF HER STUPOR -- Grabs her HELMET AND RUNS!

#### **INT. PYRAMID -- VARIOUS PASSAGEWAYS**

Shaw SNAPPING ON HER HELMET as she runs FULL TILT THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAYS -- NO SENSE OF WHETHER SHE'S BEING CHASED but...

AS SHE GOES, we DROP TO HER FEET -- See TINY FLASHES embedded in the walls -- Just like the HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTORS aboard the ship -- Now ACTIVATING, COMING LIVE AS --

SHAW TURNS, sees DOZENS OF ENGINEERS RUNNING TOWARDS HER! -- TOO FAST -- CATCHING UP -- SHE'S DEAD...

But they PASS THROUGH HER. GHOSTS. Projections of a time long past -- RUNNING FRANTICALLY AS IF THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII WERE UPON THEM as Shaw reaches --

#### **INT. PIT CHAMBER - PYRAMID**

THE PIT CHAMBER. And as Shaw moves through it, she takes in quite an amazing SIGHT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GHOST ENGINEERS that have been running behind her now join OTHERS, lined up at the edges of the DEEP, DARK PITS. And one by one...

They JUMP IN.

Jesus. It looks like some kind of... MASS SUICIDE. But Shaw isn't waiting around to take notes because the whole room is ROCKED BY A MASSIVE TREMOR AND WE SMASH TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

SENSOR ALARMS GOING OFF RIGHT AND LEFT. THE DECK TREMBLES. TOTAL CHAOS as Janek, Vickers and the Bridge Crew try to keep their heads about them--

RAVEL	CHANCE
Seismic activity increasing!	
Cap... we need to go. <u>Now.</u>	-- Heat sigs are off the charts --

PUSH IN ON JANEK. Forced to make a DECISION. He looks to Vickers. She says nothing. HIS CALL to make.

JANEK  
All right. Mr. Chance, fire her up.  
We're leaving.

VICKERS  
Thank Christ.

Then, a VOICE OVER THE COMM --

SHAW (OVER COMM)  
*MAGELLAN! DO YOU READ?!?*

Janek picks up his COMM, relieved to hear her VOICE --

JANEK  
Shaw? Is that you?

**EXT. PLANET, ENTRY CANAL, ROVER, DRIVING - DAY**

THE ROVER TEARS down the CANAL, FULL THROTTLE as Shaw heads for the Magellan at the opposite end, SHOUTS --

SHAW (INTO COMM)  
I'M COMING IN. OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR!

CUT TO:

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON DAVID'S HEAD. Lying beside Weyland's body. We hear the WHIR OF SERVOS as --

HIS EYES POP OPEN. He's still very much alive. USING HIS TONGUE, David repositions, gives himself a view of --

**THE BRIDGE OF THE JUGGERNAUT**

Where it would appear the ENGINEER is PRIMING THE SHIP FOR FLIGHT. Waving his hands over the controls as DIFFERENT STARS SHIFT AND MOVE in the ORRERY ABOVE.

David watches in silent awe as The Engineer slips on its "FLIGHT SUIT" -- PUSHES SOME CONTROLS -- A DEEP HUM AS --

THE ICONIC PILOT'S CHAIR RISES FROM BELOW --

The Engineer LOWERS HIMSELF INTO IT -- READY FOR TAKEOFF as we SMASH BACK TO:

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

THE MAGELLAN as Shaw strides onto the bridge -- OUT OF BREATH -- A MESS, still in her suit --

SHAW

Get us out of here now!

JANEK

Already on it. Mr. Chance?

CHANCE

Commencing lift-off.

Chance THROTTLES as everyone STRAPS IN FOR LIFT OFF. But --

RAVEL

Uh... Cap?

Ravel POINTS out the WINDOW. There, AT THE FAR END OF THE PYRAMID -- A MASSIVE SILO RISES AND PARTS from the end of one of the CANALS -- A BURST OF DISTORTED HEAT AS --

THE JUGGERNAUT EMERGES. And we see it for the very first time. A GIGANTIC HORSESHOE. MASSIVE AND IMPOSING. The crew is AWESTRUCK...

JANEK

Jesus Mary and Joseph...

But Shaw immediately REALIZES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

We have to stop that ship.

JANEK

... What?

VICKERS

That's ridiculous. We're going home --

SHAW

-- That thing is heading for our home.  
And if it gets there? There's won't be anything for us to go back to.

VICKERS

Ignore this woman. I have operational authority here and --

**WHAM!** SHAW SLAMS HER ELBOW INTO VICKERS' MOUTH. She drops like a bag of ROCKS. Shaw turns back to Janek --

SHAW

Captain. We never should have come here. But we did. And now we have to clean up the mess we made.

ON JANEK. Looks into Shaw's eyes. Sees the desperation. He believes her. And something clearly touches him PERSONALLY.

JANEK

If we're bringing her down, we need to do it manually and we need to do it now.

ON THE CREW. They instantly understand what he means. Vickers, however, doesn't. Wipes the blood from her lip --

VICKERS

What do you mean... "manually?"

JANEK

We're gonna have to ram her.  
(a gallows grin)  
Reckon it's my turn to push the button.

Jesus. Vickers digests the meaning of this as Janek turns to his crew, STOIC --

JANEK (CONT'D)

Anyone not interested in crashing better get to an escape pod now.  
(to Shaw; Vickers)  
Women and children first.

ON SHAW. She nods her appreciation as we SMASH TO:

**EXT. MAGELLAN - DAY**

The prospecting ship raises its lifts and anchors. FIRES ITS ROCKETS, retracting its landing struts...

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

Janek pushes Chance aside, grips the STABILIZERS with his left hand.

JANEK  
Right. Here we go.

And with that, Janek sends the Magellan careening FORWARDS TOWARDS THE JUGGERNAUT --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

In the Juggernaut's pilot chair, the Engineer sees them coming -- ADJUSTS HIS OWN CONTROLS AS --

**EXT. JUGGERNAUT - DAY**

THE JUGGERNAUT LEAPS INTO THE SKY.

The Magellan ROARS through the DUST OF IT'S WAKE -- Barely avoids the PYRAMID -- Rakes around in a screaming turn and climbs in pursuit, ENGINES HOWLING.

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, ESCAPE PODS - DAY**

SHAW runs full tilt down the HALLWAY -- Reaches an EMERGENCY ESCAPE POD TERMINAL -- SWWWWSH -- THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. SHE GETS IN. PULLS ON HER HELMET.

**EXT. PLANET, UPPER ATMOSPHERE - DAY**

Right as sky becomes space -- the RIM of UPPER ATMOSPHERE, the Juggernaut climbing and climbing. But it is HUGE, and thus does not move as fast as --

THE MAGELLAN

Out of nowhere. FULL TILT. And it --

RAMS THE JUGGERNAUT.

A COLOSSAL IMPACT!

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

ONBOARD THE JUGGERNAUT

David's head BOUNCES with the IMPACT OF THE COLLISION -- THE ENGINEER in the Pilot's chair BELLOWS IN ANGER, KNOCKED FROM IT'S PERCH AS --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - DAY**

THE BRIDGE IS CRUSHED LIKE AN ALUMINUM CAN -- JANEK AND EVERYONE ON IT ENGULFED IN FLAME AS --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, ESCAPE POD - DAY**

INSIDE THE ESCAPE POD

Shaw just manages to wrestle her helmet on and PUNCH OUT!

**EXT. MAGELLAN, UPPER ATMOSPHERE - DAY**

Shaw's POD JETTISONS AWAY AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT --

The MAGELLAN BREAKS APART.

The ship's modules scatter like LEGOS -- DESCENDING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE IN FLAMES -- ODDLY BEAUTIFUL --

**INT. MAGELLAN, BRIDGE, ESCAPE POD - DAY**

INSIDE SHAW'S ESCAPE POD

THROTTLING G-FORCE AS SHE PLUMMETS TOWARDS THE PLANET'S SURFACE -- Shaw reaches out -- PULLS A RELEASE AND --

DEPLOYS A PARACHUTE at the last possible SECOND as --

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE - DUSK**

WHAM! THE POD smashes into the SAND -- ROLLS AND ROLLS -- DUST KICKS UP -- THE PARACHUTE slowing it down until it finally comes to a STOP.

A moment as it just sits there. And then --

**PMF-PMF-PMF!!!** Explosive BOLTS FIRE and a FOOT kicks the hatch off. Shaw emerging from the pod, banged up but no worse for wear as she sees, FIFTY YARDS AWAY --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER POD -- CHUTE DEPLOYED -- HITS THE SAND. ROLLS just like Shaw's -- STOPS. BOLTS FIRE. And out comes --

VICKERS.

Dammit. Of all the people to SURVIVE. A moment of eye contact -- shared DISLIKE before --

A HORRIBLE ROAR FILLS THEIR EARS. Both women look up at the SKY TO SEE --

THE JUGGERNAUT HORSESHOE CAREENING DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS, TWISTING OUT OF CONTROL -- SOME VERSION OF AN INSANE EMERGENCY LANDING AND --

Shaw and Vickers exchange a look. They both have exactly the same instinct at exactly the same time.

RUN.

WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING SMASH, the JUGGERNAUT HITS THE SURFACE ON IT'S SIDE -- And because of it's unique design, it does not STOP THERE --

IT ROLLS.

END OVER END LIKE A CRUSHING WHEEL OF DEATH -- BIG AS A MOUNTAIN.

Shaw runs for her LIFE -- Vickers a good TWENTY YARDS BEHIND HER, running for hers --

BUT THE SHEER INERTIA OF THE JUGGERNAUT IS OVERTAKING THEM. And now --

Shaw TRIPS! Hits the SAND. It's OVER. She looks up just in time to see --

VICKERS GET CRUSHED.

Shaw knows its over. Closes her EYES. A silent prayer.

And as if by DIVINE INTERVENTION, The Juggernaut WOBLES. Loses momentum, spins like a dying HULA HOOP... falls over FLAT. Shaw opens her eyes to find --

She's in the CENTER... the proverbial "donut hole." And she's ALIVE.

It's a MIRACLE.

Shaw just sits there for a moment. Can't believe she's actually ALIVE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She rises on shaky legs. Looks around. THE FLAMING DEBRIS of what was once the MAGELLAN spreads itself out over the VAST DESERT.

Shaw checks her WRIST CONSOLE. "OXYGEN REMAINING -- 50 MINUTES." Damn. Then -- she SEES something --

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

A plume of BLACK SMOKE works its way into the twilight sky -- Coming from something BIG. Something with a BLINKING LIGHT. An emergency BEACON. A MODULE.

And as Shaw begins to WALK TOWARDS IT, we CUT BACK:

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DUSK**

INSIDE THE JUGGERNAUT. CANTED like a FUNHOUSE. SPARKS. SMALL FIRES. The holographic PLANETS of the ORRERY FLICKER IN AND OUT. In short --

The bridge is DESTROYED.

DAVID'S HEAD has ROLLED INTO A CORNER -- BANGED UP, but still blinking away, EYES FOCUSED ON --

THE ICONIC PILOT'S CHAIR

The Engineer lies motionless. Is he DEAD?

NO. He moves now. Slow at first -- an ACCIDENT VICTIM... but finally manages to SIT UP. HE PULLS OFF HIS DAMAGED HELMET, puts his hand to his TEMPLE --

BLOOD. The God is actually HURT.

And this makes him ANGRY.

He rises to his FULL HEIGHT NOW, FEET STRIDING PAST DAVID'S HEAD as The Engineer approaches a CONSOLE -- A combination of WAVES AND SNAPS ACTIVATES --

AN EXTERIOR VIDEO ARRAY

A 360 DEGREE VIEW of the area OUTSIDE OF THE JUGGERNAUT. We see the SETTING SUN. The flaming WRECKAGE of the MAGELLAN. But most IMPORTANTLY?

We see a PERSON. Walking away from the ship. Tiny in the vastness of the desert -- But now the Engineer ZOOMS IN. And there's no mistaking who it is -- SHAW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as we look into the Engineer's DARK, DARK EYES as he SEES HER... Perhaps the only survivor of the ship that has KNOCKED HIM FROM THE HEAVENS, WE SMASH TO:

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE, VICKERS' MODULE - DUSK**

Shaw staggers across the surface... a slight LIMP -- Her suit starts to BEEP.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
*Warning -- Oxygen supply low -- Warning.  
Oxygen supply low.*

Shaw increases her pace as we BOOM AROUND to reveal she's finally REACHED HER DESTINATION -- MIRACLE NUMBER TWO.

A MASSIVE MODULE FROM THE MAGELLAN

Shaw reaches the door -- PULLS ON THE MANUAL OVERRIDE -- A HOWL OF WIND AND ATMOSPHERE AS SHE MOVES INTO --

**INT. VICKERS' QUARTERS (CRASHED), CONTINUOUS - DUSK**

SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER. Looks around --

Good Christ. She's in VICKERS QUARTERS. "The Lifeboat."

Shaw looks at a PANEL near the door -- sees the ENVIRONMENT IS SAFE -- **CLKHSSSS** -- PULLS OFF HER HELMET. Breathes DEEPLY. Takes in her surroundings --

The entire room looks like it's just been through an EARTHQUAKE... but it's remarkably well preserved. She sees something now. Actually GRINS --

A BAR. Shaw approaches the open cabinet -- Most of the bottles are broken -- but one ISN'T. VODKA. God bless Vickers. Shaw picks up a cracked but usable MARTINI GLASS from the ground, fills it...

Tips it as if making a short toast to SURVIVAL... AND DOWNS IT IN A SINGLE GULP.

And Shaw would most likely pour herself another one, if not for the fact that she just REMEMBERED SOMETHING.

Her face knot in concern now as she moves down one of the CORRIDORS of Vicker's SUITES into --

**THE MAIN ROOM.** The one she and Holloway came into earlier.

AND HERE IS THE MED-POD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Still sealed -- THE SPATTERED DRYING BLOOD and the THICK PLASTIC MAKE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE INSIDE.

Shaw cautiously approaches -- Maybe that thing -- Her "CHILD" is dead. Or maybe --

**BANG!!!** SCREEEEEEEE!! SOMETHING LEAPS AGAINST THE GLASS!

SHAW SHOUTS, JUMPS BACK!

Because whatever's INSIDE THERE is most certainly NOT DEAD. In fact, even though we don't see more than FLAILING LIMBS (is that... a TAIL?) -- It seems to have gotten much BIGGER.

Shaw backs OUT OF THE ROOM. Jesus. What the hell is she going to do!?! Suddenly, A STATICKY VOICE --

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
*... anyone... receiving this? This is David. I repeat -- Is anyone... there?*

Shaw moves into the ROOM where the voice is coming from. KEYS THE COMM --

SHAW  
 Yeah. I'm here.

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DUSK**

David has maneuvered his head next to his HELMET, speaks into the COMM --

DAVID  
 Dr. Shaw -- Listen carefully. Are you in a module approximately two kilometers northwest of the crash site?

Shaw furrows her brow --

SHAW  
 How did you know that?

Now we WIDEN to see that David's head is ALL ALONE on the massive bridge of the Juggernaut. The Engineer is GONE.

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
 You have to get out right now.  
 (intense)  
He's coming for you.

SHAW  
 (confused)  
 Who? Who's com--

**INT. VICKERS' QUARTERS (CRASHED), CONTINUOUS - DUSK**

**KWHAM!**

THE WHOLE ROOM ROCKS as if it's been PICKED UP AND DROPPED --  
WHAM! -- AGAIN!

Shaw ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR as the entire room CANTS -- JESUS  
-- WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!? -- IS IT ANOTHER  
EARTHQUAKE?!? -- WHAM!!!! NOW, A BENDING OF METAL -- ALARMS  
GO OFF --

AUTOMATED VOICE  
*Breach -- Breach -- Breach -- Breach --*

Shaw GASPS -- GRABS HER HELMET -- GETS IN ON JUST AS --

SHE LOOKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR -- SEES:

ONE OF THE MODULE'S DOORS literally being YANKED OFF IT'S  
HINGES -- Someone VERY, VERY STRONG is coming IN.

THE ENGINEER!

It's own FLIGHT SUIT torn and tattered in the CRASH --  
Wounded, but ALIVE -- And ANGRY --

The Engineer SQUEEZES through the doorway... an incredible  
sense of PERSPECTIVE as it's nearly twice Shaw's size... A  
GROWN-UP in a CHILD'S PLAYHOUSE --

ON SHAW. It hasn't SEEN her yet. But when it does -- She's  
DEAD.

She's in the CORRIDOR. At the end, the MAIN ROOM with the  
MED POD. And then it hits her --

AN IDEA.

And instead of hiding, Shaw SHOUTS AT THE ENGINEER --

SHAW  
HEY!

It turns its enormous head -- SEES HER.

Shaw RUNS down the CORRIDOR towards the MAIN ROOM --

But the Engineer is faster than she ever could have IMAGINED.  
Hunched over and in just five short STEPS, it has CLOSED THE  
DISTANCE --

Shaw LUNGES for the Med-Pod --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the ENGINEER wraps it's HUGE HAND AROUND HER LEG. YANKS HER BACK like a doll -- PICKS HER UP--

And now Shaw is finally EYE TO EYE with her CREATOR.

The irony, of course, is that he is trying to CRUSH HER SKULL. Powerful hands on either side of Shaw's helmet like a VICE -- CRUSHING HER HELMET --

ON SHAW. Her arms flailing behind her... desperately reaching towards the MED POD -- FINGERS OUTSTRETCHED TOWARDS THE EMERGENCY RELEASE...

HER FACEPLATE BEGINS TO CRACK as the Engineer's HOT BREATH literally FOGS IT -- An ANGRY VENGEFUL GOD...

Shaw REACHING -- Her fingertips just brushing against the release --

HER FACEPLATE SHATTERS. Shaw GASPS -- NO AIR -- And with the very last of her strength --

SHE HITS THE RELEASE ON THE MED-POD.

And it all happens SO INCREDIBLY FAST --

The CANOPY HISSES OPEN and the CREATURE INSIDE LEAPS OUT!

A TORNADO OF VICIOUS WHIRLING LIMBS -- AN ORGANISM WITH ONE PURPOSE ONLY AS IT --

ATTACKS THE ENGINEER!

It DROPS SHAW -- She hits the ground -- STILL HOLDING HER BREATH -- JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY --

Our first good look at the thing Shaw BIRTHED -- FIERCE AND FRIGHTENING -- A long UMBILICUS THRASHES LIKE A WHIP THROUGH THE AIR -- WRAPS AROUND THE ENGINEER'S CHEST --

The Engineer STAGGERS BACK as the CREATURE OPENS THE SLIT THAT IS IT'S MOUTH -- TIGHTENING THE UMBILICUS AND PUSHING ITSELF CLOSER TO THE ENGINEER'S FACE -- GOD, IT'S STRONG!

BUT THE ENGINEER IS STRONG TOO -- SMASHING THROUGH THE TIGHT CONFINES OF THE MODULE as it LITERALLY WRESTLES THE CREATURE -- BUT NOW...

THE CREATURE EXTENDS IT'S SIX LEGS -- BRACES THEM INSIDE A DOORWAY FOR LEVERAGE -- LOCKING IN --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON SHAW... crawling across the floor to the EMERGENCY BOX mounted on the WALL -- PULLS IT OPEN WITH SHAKY FINGERS -- YANKS OUT AN EMERGENCY OXYGEN BREATHER -- It's no HELMET, but it'll do AS --

The ENGINEER IS LOSING THE BATTLE -- The FOLDS OF THE CREATURE OPENING LIKE A CLAM -- A GLISTENING, WET PINK PING-PONG BALL --

IT SHOOTS FORWARD LIKE THE TONGUE OF A LIZARD -- BREAKS THROUGH THE ENGINEER'S TEETH AND DOWN IT'S THROAT!

The Engineer FALLS BACK -- HITS THE GROUND WITH A CRASH as the CREATURE TIGHTENS it's UMBILICUS -- PRESSES ITSELF TO The Engineer's FACE -- ATTACHING.

Shaw pulls everything she can out of the EMERGENCY CABINET -- FILLS HER POCKETS WITH METAL ORBS THE SIZE OF TENNIS BALLS -- OXYGEN CANISTERS.

And the fight is over.

The Engineer lies there, subdued. Just a slight twitch of it's toe as the creature attached to it -- Something we will one day come to know as a TROGLYBYTE -- Begins to PULSATE LIKE A BEATING HEART ON ITS FACE.

And there's nothing left here for Shaw.

She moves back down the corridor. Out the SHATTERED DOOR. And into --

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE, VICKERS' MODULE - NIGHT**

THE NIGHT.

The SUN IS DOWN as Shaw staggers away from Vickers' Module. A SURVIVOR YET AGAIN.

She doesn't make it very far, though. She's just been through TOO MUCH.

And so... after a few more steps, Shaw COLLAPSES.

She closes her eyes. And goes to SLEEP.

A BURST OF STATIC

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
*Dr. Shaw? Are you there?*

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE - MORNING**

Shaw's eyes FLICKER OPEN -- SQUINT IN THE HARSH SUNLIGHT.

It's DAWN.

Her breath is RAGGED. Shallow. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out one of the OXYGEN BALLS. Replaces the EMPTY ONE IN HER EMERGENCY BREATHER as she again hears --

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
*Doctor? Can you hear me?*

ON SHAW. The last thing she wants to do is talk to David. But she keys her COMM ANYWAY --

SHAW  
Yeah. I can hear you.

DAVID (OVER COMM)  
*I've been trying to reach you for hours --  
I was afraid you were dead.*

ON SHAW. Sick of his bullshit.

SHAW  
You have no idea what afraid is.

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE - DAY -- INTERCUT**

CLOSE ON DAVID'S HEAD. He frowns --

DAVID  
Dr. Shaw... I understand we've had our differences. But please... I need to ask you for your help.

SHAW  
Why would I help you?

DAVID  
Because without me, you'll never leave this place.

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE - DAY**

ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE. Shaw looks off in the distance at the massive smoking wreckage of the JUGGERNAUT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

I'm looking at the outside of the ship  
you're on. Neither one of us is leaving  
this place.

A beat. Then --

DAVID

It's not the only ship.

Shaw REACTS, SURPRISED as we're --

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

ON DAVID'S HEAD -- rolled in front of a computer display  
showing the PYRAMID COMPLEX in it's totality.

ON THE MONITOR -- A GRAPHIC

The FOUR CANALS shooting off from the pyramid are in fact  
TUNNELS, each leading to its own separate JUGGERNAUT.

DAVID (INTO COMM)

There are three others. I know where  
they are. I can operate them.

(beat)

I can take you home, Dr. Shaw.

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE - DAY**

ON SHAW. Wanting desperately to believe that. Shaw looks at  
her OXYGEN SUPPLY. Less than four hours. And TWO CANISTERS  
LEFT. She sure as hell can't stay out HERE much longer.

SHAW

Why should I trust you?

DAVID

Because I saved your life.

SHAW

Only so that I could come and save yours.

DAVID

(touche)

One good turn, Doctor.

Shaw shakes her head. Damn it -- She KNOWS this machine is  
baiting her, but it doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

I need to know what that thing said to you before it ripped your head off.

DAVID

"Thing," Dr. Shaw? Not too long ago you considered them Gods.

SHAW

God never tried to kill me.  
(again; hard)  
Now tell me what it said.

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

David hesitates. Then --

DAVID

I asked why they'd invite you people to their home just to kill you. He told me that this wasn't their home at all. He said they came from somewhere else.

Shaw is as SURPRISED by that as we are. Softly asks --

SHAW

Where?

DAVID

The translation isn't entirely accurate... But several of your ancient cultures had a word just like it.  
(oddly reverent)  
He called it "Paradise."

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE - DAY**

ON Shaw. Absorbing that. Because that word... that IDEA... RESONATES WITH HER. Making her mind up about something. A beat. And then, SHE STANDS --

SHAW

I'm on my way.

And as Shaw moves off into the RISING SUN, DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE, JUGGERNAUT - DAY**

Like Lawrence, Shaw crosses the desert. Finally arriving back at the CRASHED JUGGERNAUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She seems so IMPOSSIBLY SMALL as she hikes around the massive exterior -- FINALLY FINDS A WAY IN as we CUT TO:

**INT. JUGGERNAUT, BRIDGE/NAVIGATION/HIBERNATION ROOM - DAY**

David SMILES as Shaw enters -- HIS SAVIOR.

DAVID  
Dr. Shaw -- Over here!

Shaw walks over to him now -- Stops. LOOKS down at David. It's clear she's in the driver's seat.

SHAW  
My cross. The one you took from me.  
Where is it?

Not the question David was expecting to answer, but -

DAVID  
In the pocket of my jumpsuit.

Shaw walks over to David's CRUMPLED BODY. White gook OOZES from the whole in his neck as Shaw UNZIPS his SPACE SUIT. Reaches into the pocket --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The other one.

Shaw reaches into the other pocket. Gently removes the cross. Puts it back around her neck. Where it BELONGS. David studies her. A grudging RESPECT --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Even after all this... you still believe  
don't you?

But she IGNORES him. Stands. Looking at the ORRERY -- Now FLICKERING. The Juggernaut is obviously severely damaged. Shaw's wheels are turning, finally addresses David --

SHAW  
You said you could figure out their navigation -- use their maps?

DAVID  
Yes. Once we get to one of the other ships, finding a way to Earth should be relatively easy to --

SHAW  
-- I don't want to go back to where we came from.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW (CONT'D)

(a beat)

I want to go where they came from.

AH. And we can't help but ADMIRE Shaw. She's a SEARCHER.  
And she's not done searching quite yet.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Can you do that, David?

DAVID

(considers; then)

Yes. I believe I can.

SHAW

Good.

DAVID

May I ask what you hope to achieve by going there?

SHAW

They created us. And then they tried to kill us. They changed their minds.

(beat)

I deserve to know why.

ON DAVID. And for a rational being, this may be the first and only time we've ever seen him appear CONFUSED --

DAVID

But the answer is irrelevant. What does it matter why they changed their minds?

SHAW

Because it does.

DAVID

I'm sorry... but I don't understand.

HOLD ON Shaw. A beat. Then, she grabs a handful of David's hair, lifts him so they're eye to eye. Calmly responds --

SHAW

That's because you're a fucking robot.

And with that, Shaw drops her arm to her side, carrying David's head like a goddamned pineapple as she strides off the damaged bridge of the Juggernaut towards her DESTINY.

And so we leave them... at least for now. Because there's one last piece of unfinished business before all is said and done. And we CUT TO:

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE, VICKERS' MODULE - DAY**

SAND BLOWS IN THE HARSH LIGHT OF DAY. We're --

OUTSIDE VICKERS' MODULE. Now SANDSWEPT -- Looks like it's been here for months as opposed to a single night. And as we DRIFT IN THROUGH THE BREACHED DOOR --

**INT. VICKERS' QUARTERS (CRASHED) - DAY**

MOVING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS -- FINALLY COMING TO --

**THE MAIN ROOM**

THE ENGINEER lies on the ground, STILL.

Next to it, the TROGLYBYTE. Equally motionless looking very much like a DEAD OCTOPUS. And then...

THE ENGINEER'S BODY STARTS TO TWITCH.

His ABDOMEN slowly rises -- SOMETHING IS MOVING -- UNDULATING BENEATH HIS SKIN LIKE A MASSIVE PYTHON -- PRESSING AGAINST IT. AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND --

BURSTS OUT OF THE ENGINEER'S CHEST.

A CRYSTALLINE PLACENTAL SAC FLOPS ONTO THE GROUND WITH A SICKENING SPLASH OF VISCOUS FLUID -- And now --

A RAZOR SHARP POINT PUNCTURES THE SACK FROM WITHIN -- SOAKING THE CARPET WITH GOOP as it TEARS OPEN and in MAGNIFICENT GLORIOUS FASHION --

AN OOZING, ASTONISHING CREATURE -- A DEACON -- SLITHERS TO THE GROUND LIKE A HORRIFIC TUNA. FIERCE. TERRIFYING.

And it rises to it's full TERRIFYING HEIGHT. Takes its FIRST STEPS towards the OPENING at the end of the room.

**EXT. PLANET, CRASH SITE, VICKERS' MODULE - DAY**

Stands there now -- SURVEYING THE PLANET with the cold, detached air of a HUNTER.

And it TILTS back it's neck towards the HEAVENS... emits a sound... high-pitched NAILS ON A CHALKBOARD, an unholy SCREAM that CHILLS OUR GODDAMNED BONES as we--

**SMASH TO BLACK.**