

**A L I E N
S U R V I V O R S**

"Pilot"

by

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Based on Characters by
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Disclaimer: This script is a writing sample only, meant to demonstrate the author's ability to craft a new story within a pre-existing franchise.

TEASER

EXT. SPACE

The stars barely register against light from a nearby planet: LV-899, a ringed giant smothered in thick, grey clouds.

The title appears, piece by piece.

A L I E N

SURVIVORS

The planet's half-visible sphere transforms into...

CLOSE ON:

The curved shape of a soft feminine face: expressionless, beautiful, stoic. This is SYLVIA, mid-30s.

INT. THE DROPSHIP - EVENING

Sylvia lies inside a frosty hypersleep chamber, wearing a beige speedsuit, her name emblazoned on the right chest beneath a WEYLAND-YUTANI logo.

The apparatus emits a faint yellow glow.

[NOTE: This show will feature retro-futuristic technology. The computers and electronic devices are all the same as those in the original *Alien*.]

SPARKS rain down on the chamber from the ceiling, causing it to go into emergency mode. The chamber opens. Sylvia wakes.

She sits up, alert and tense.

She's inside a recently-crashed spacecraft, all twisted metal and loose wires. Dim emergency lights illuminate the claustrophobic and windowless interior.

Sylvia gets up. She checks the other six hypersleep chambers on the ship.

The OCCUPANTS in five of them are dead, having suffered traumatic injuries during the crash. Blood leaks onto the corrugated metal floor.

The sixth chamber is EMPTY, its door open.

SYLVIA

Hello?

Just then, the ship's red emergency lights flash. An automated loudspeaker pipes up.

EMERGENCY LOUDSPEAKER

Engine coolant level critical.
Please evacuate the ship
immediately. This is not a drill.

This warning continues on an endless loop throughout the ship.

Sylvia rushes ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DROPSHIP, BRIDGE

Sylvia rapidly types code on a staticky computer, checking the ship's life support systems, celestial coordinates, ect.

Sylvia types into the computer: **External Conditions.**

The computer screen displays gravity, temperature, weather and other atmospheric conditions outside.

Habitability Status... Moderate.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DROPSHIP, MED CENTER

Sylvia retrieves a portable yellow *transmitter* from a box marked emergency.

Its screen reads: DISTRESS SIGNAL. Sylvia presses transmit and clips the device to her belt.

EXT. DROPSHIP, LV-899 - EVENING

The dropship was once a long, angular vessel, now smashed between amorphous rock formations and the desiccated remains of alien cacti.

Its engine section glows red hot, **ready to blow.**

Sylvia runs from the ship as fast as she can.

EXT. CANYON, LV-899 - EVENING

Sylvia ducks into a shallow cave in a smooth canyon wall as an enormous EXPLOSION rocks the ground.

EXT. DESOLATE EXPANSE, LV-899 - LATER

Sylvia scans the area with a hand-held sensor. Nothing but flat land shrouded in thick haze in all directions. Except...

A small light, possibly electrical, shines in the distance.

Sylvia heads in that direction.

EXT. LV-899, CAVE - NIGHT

Sylvia lights her way with a green glow stick. It illuminates only a few feet around her, revealing gray rock and dust.

For protection, she holds a small cattle prod in her other hand.

Sylvia pauses as she nears a cave entrance, coated in slimy resin.

Something flashes from the darkness within, an electrical light turning off and on.

Sylvia enters the cave.

EXT. LV-899, CAVE - NIGHT

Sylvia trudges through a sea of soupy brown mud lying on the cave floor.

Her feet make a thick SUCKING sound with each step.

SUCK, SUCK, SUCK...

She's almost at the electrical light, close enough to tell it's a sign, dim and finicky: **Northbound Subway.**

SPLASH!

Sylvia turns.

Something just entered the cave behind her. *Something big.*

Sylvia looks behind her, but the glow stick only illuminates a few feet from her position.

Nothing there. Just more mud.

Sylvia keeps walking towards the sign, but now a second set of FOOTSTEPS accompanies her own.

SUCK... SUCK.... SUCK....

Someone or something is following her. And it's getting closer.

Sylvia turns suddenly. She shakes her glow stick, causing it to momentarily grow brighter.

SYLVIA

Who's there?

SUCK, SU...

In the darkness, Sylvia can just make out...

A HUMAN SILHOUETTE, small, child-size.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

The silhouette suddenly vanishes as...

Something stands up behind Sylvia, big enough to reach the ceiling of the cave.

Its immense body blocks out the light from the subway sign.

A pair of elongated HANDS (six fingers, unnaturally long) drift out of the darkness and into the green glow surrounding Sylvia. There's a low hiss.

Sensing danger, Sylvia backs away from whatever it is nearby. She stands against the wall, motionless.

BOOM!

An energy bolt ROCKETS through the cave, hitting....

The unseen creature. It emits a strange, elephantine SCREECH.

More plasma FIRE lights up the cave, obliterating the creature before we have a chance to see it.

All that remains is a geyser of acidic blood.

Some of this acid blood lands on Sylvia's left arm, eating its way through her skin, REVEALING...

Plastic tubing and wires bathed in milky blood.

Sylvia is a...

COLONIAL MARINE (O.S.)
Shit, corporal. It's a synthetic.

Sylvia turns to see:

A group of COLONIAL MARINES, wearing breathing masks and carrying *big muthafucking guns*. They have flashlights that illuminate the entire interior of the cave.

It's an alien hive.

Corporal HWANG (30s, steroid junkie, military brat) pulls Sylvia away from the dead creature.

HWANG
Anyone else with you? Any other survivors?

SYLVIA
No... I'm not sure.
(re: xeno)
What was that?

HWANG
Local wildlife.

SCUTTling sounds reverberate off the walls.

One of the marines checks her portable motion detector. It lights up. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

FEMALE MARINE
We've got incoming.

HWANG
Alright. Party's over.

He leads Sylvia and the others out...

EXT. HIVE - NIGHT

Sylvia, Hwang and the other marines run from cave entrance. We pan up to see the location of the alien hive:

It's an ABANDONED METROPOLIS, all crumbling skyscrapers and trash-strewn streets, lit beneath a series of pale moons.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MOUNT HOPE - NIGHT

The fleeing group stops running as they reach a barren cliff face.

The marines grab their knees, sucking wind.

Hwang glances at Sylvia warily. He speaks into a radio attached to his shoulder.

HWANG

(into radio)

K-22 to Hope. Outside east tunnel.
Located source of distress signal.
It's a...

SYLVIA

My name is Sylvia.

HWANG

(into radio)

Tell medical to prep the synth-
ward.

Hwang STUNS Sylvia with a small taser.

Sylvia goes inert as Hwang catches her.

Part of the cliff face opens, revealing a large metal freight elevator, leading beneath the mountain.

INT. SYNTH-WARD, EXAMINATION ROOM

Sylvia lies "asleep" on a padded table inside an examination room. The back of her head is open, spilling plastic tubing and wires.

DR. RICHARDS (40s, intelligent, matronly) finishes connecting various wires from Sylvia's fleshy-mechanical brain to a large computer.

Sylvia's facial muscles twitch as Dr. Richards types on the computer.

ADMIRAL DONALD (50s, spotless uniform, slick hair and a gut) looks over Dr. Richards's shoulder at the computer monitor. Two heavily-armed MARINE GUARDS flank him.

ON COMPUTER: It displays line after line of programming code comprised of *bizarre symbols*.

DR. RICHARDS
It's all encrypted.

DONALD
Didn't you program these things?

DR. RICHARDS
Not like this. This is high-level stuff. I could try running a script to translate, but with this kind of security... It could take years.

DONALD
Alright. Wake it up.

DR. RICHARDS
Sir, are you certain that's a good idea?

DONALD
That's an order.

Dr. Richards presses a button on her computer.

Sylvia opens her eyes. She struggles to move, realizes she's strapped into the examination table.

DONALD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sorry about the straps.

Sylvia turns her eyes towards Donald. She cannot move her head.

DONALD (CONT'D)
It's standard protocol till you're cleared.

SYLVIA
Where am I?

DONALD
Mount Hope. I'm Admiral Donald Marguiles. This is Dr. Richards, a robotics programmer for the Company.

Dr. Richards holds up a printed report.

DR. RICHARDS
It says here, you are Sylvia. Model T-81. Designation: civil and mechanical engineer? Correct?

SYLVIA

Yes.

DONALD

Were you a part of the rescue team?

SYLVIA

I do not understand. What rescue team? I thought this was a mining colony.

DR. RICHARDS

Your code has military encryptions. You arrived here on a dropship.

SYLVIA

I am not aware of any encryption.

DR. RICHARDS

How could you not be aware of your own programming? You don't remember anything?

FLASHCUT: A scalpel entering Sylvia's arm. Milky white blood flows from the wound.

SYLVIA

Perhaps my brain was damaged during the crash. Maybe that triggered an emergency protection protocol in case sensitive information fell into the wrong hands.

Dr. Richards frowns, not quite happy with that explanation.

DONALD

How about we take a walk?

DR. RICHARDS

Sir?

DONALD

Perhaps a tour of the facilities will jog Sylvia's memory.
(to Dr. Richards)
Remove her straps.

Dr. Richards hesitates, but she does as she's told.

INT. COLONIAL MARINE TRAINING FACILITY (MONTAGE)

Deep inside the mountain we reach...

A massive stone cavern housing a military training facility.

- Uniformed TEENS practice sparring on a wrestling mat.
- OTHERS work out on rusty weight benches.
- More RECRUITS FIRE guns and futuristic crossbows at xenomorph-shaped cutouts placed along a target range.
- A GRUFF TEACHER points at a crude xenomorph diagram, EXPLAINING the creature's various weaknesses.

ELLIE (18, curly haired, black, well-toned, a natural athlete) takes down a MALE RECRUIT twice her size on a wrestling mat.

Ellie is about to pin the male recruit to the mat when she seizes momentarily.

FLASHCUT: A scalpel entering flesh. Milky white blood flows from the wound.

Ellie pulls back, grabbing her temple.

The Male Recruit sits up, concerned.

MALE RECRUIT
You okay, Ellie?

ELLIE
(massaging her temple)
Yeah... Yeah. Think I'm just gonna
take a breather.

She gets up, grabs a towel from a nearby rack. Wipes off her sweat.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB

GABE (17, greasy hair, wiry) mixes yellow acid inside a flask made from *leathery alien skin*.

GABE
So I start with the alien's blood.

He pours a drop of the acid onto a steel plate twelve inches thick.

The acid eats through the metal plate in seconds, SIZZLING. It continues through the table and into the ground, creating a small hole in the stone floor.

GABE (CONT'D)

I tell them its basic properties:
How it eats through everything like
butter except their own skin, which
we don't have enough of and can't
replicate.

Ellie stands beside him, towel around her neck, watching
Gabe's experiment with interest.

ELLIE

Okay...

GABE

Then I show them my armor.

Gabe brings out a chest plate made of a smooth white plastic
material. He sets it on the chemistry table.

ELLIE

You made this?

Gabe nods. He pours a drop of alien acid onto his armor. The
acid holds on the surface. Pooling there.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Damn, Gabe. That's badass.

GABE

Yep, I call it Gabonite.

ELLIE

And... that just knocked off a few
of your badass points.

GABE

Well what would you call it?

Ellie shrugs her shoulders.

ELLIE

How much have you made?

GABE

I only had materials for a few
prototypes. But I figure if the
Admiral likes it, I can get money
to make more--

He stops, hearing more SIZZLING.

The xenomorph acid starts to eat *through* Gabe's armor. Soon
it cracks apart and the acid eats another hole in the
chemistry table.

