

DAN O'BANNON'S ALIEN

Screenplay by Alexandre O. Philippe – Draft 10.0 (7/16/18)

Producer: Kerry Deignan Roy

an Exhibit A Pictures production

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OVER BLACK:

The faint and lonely HUM of a cruel and unforgiving deep space.

Slowly, strange METABOLIC SOUNDS creep in, like distant biomechanoid cicadas.

We could be on a spaceship, yet a strange organic distortion hints at signs of ancient alien insect life.

FADE IN:

MONTAGE: The Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

SUPERIMPOSE (RETRO COMPUTERIZED GREEN TEXT):

TEMPLE OF APOLLO, DELPHI, GREECE | 5th CENTURY BC

SLOW establishing shots of the location at magic hour. Our pacing and atmosphere should match the opening of ALIEN.

And then, they appear. The dreadful INSECTS. The large grasshoppers that look like Ron Cobb's early designs. An Egyptian beetle, scuttering across ancient stone engravings. And the frightful "facehugger" spider.

There's a strange disconnect between what we see and what we hear. The Center of the Ancient Greek world lost in an ominous sci-fi sonic womb... where no one can hear you scream.

SUDDENLY --

The image pulsates and convulses, taken over by static interference. A distant distress signal. [Visual/sonic reference: Robert Blake's VHS tapes in David Lynch's *Lost Highway*.]

Through the noise, the towering ruins of the Roman amphitheater in Volterra appear, shrouded in a deep fog like the Derelict ship on Acheron LV-426.

CUT TO:

A flickering screen on the deck of the ship (**TO BE SHOT ON SET**). The distress signal is faint, and the distortion

worsens, as handheld footage takes us ever closer to the ruins --

-- and to the edge of a deep, shadowy cave.

CUT TO:

CAMERA enters the cave. DARKNESS.

We DOLLY ACROSS age-old alien hieroglyphics carved on the walls, terrifying bone-like structures -- all designed by HR Giger. SOUNDS of moisture, dripping water.

The ossified shapes CROSS FADE into futuristic metallic patterns. We DOLLY AROUND the bend, and enter a deep hexagonal tunnel. Shafts of diffused light pour through the ceiling grids.

We are inside a spaceship's claustrophobic corridor, and yet we clearly HEAR the grating mating call of cicadas -- a warm afternoon on the Mediterranean basin.

At the other end of the tunnel, THREE CREATURES are in a deep slumber.

As we get closer, we can hear their chilling SNORING BREATH.

They are not human. Blind feral crones with blood oozing from their eyeballs and sharp metallic teeth.

A BOOMING VOICE (slightly reminiscent of MU-TH-UR) summons them to life in Ancient Greek.

GHOST OF CLYTAEMNESTRA (v.o.)

*Awake, my Furies, Goddesses of the
Earth! A dream is calling -
Clytaemnestra calls you now!*

The Furies squirm, muttering and moaning in their sleep.

ECU: a cataract-ravaged eye opens.

ECU on one of the Furies' open mouth, snarling.

Horrible shrieking sounds fill the space, as the Furies writhe out of their slumber.

LEAD FURY
(in Ancient Greek)

The reek of human blood smiles out
at me!

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

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