

Alien III

Screenplay by John Fasano
Story by Vincent Ward & John Fasano

FIRST DRAFT

March 29, 1990

"But how will you die when your time comes, Narcissus, since you have no mother? Without a mother, one cannot love. Without a mother, one cannot die."

- Hesse

ALIEN III

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

A pinpoint of light appears.
Red. An ember.
Unseen BELLOWS blow.

GLASS FURNACE

The embers glow. Flame.
The fire GROWS.

A RIVER OF MOLTEN GLASS

Heated by the furnace to over 1,300 degrees fahrenheit.
White Hot.

GLASS FACTORY

Flickering flame casts dancing shadows on wooden walls.
Coarsely grained wood. Moisture blasted out by years of intense heat. Timbers split. Patched with new wood, it too now old and dry.

SMOKE

Billows up the walls.

Hangs as an angry, black cloud amongst the rafters and beams of the vaulted ceiling. Almost obscures --

A MAN

On a narrow LEDGE, twenty feet about the Glassworks' floor. His clothing is Medieval. A rough textured cassock. He is a MONK.

LOUVERS are set into the wall. He angles them open. The smoke begins to escape.

The Monk turns, raises arms and LEAPS from his lofty perch -- Gently gliding down to the floor with the aid of a FLOWING FOX -- a primitive hand-held pulley that runs down a rope. He lands next to the glass furnace, surrounded by --

MORE MONKS

By their dress. With Blowing Iron and Pontil. They blow and shape the molten glass. Crack off the finished pieces. The old way.

ONE PARTICULAR MONK

Black skinned, early fifties. Stirs his five foot long blowing iron in the molten glass, but he is watching something else. It moves him to song. Lilting tenor lifts high into the air. This is BROTHER KYLE.

BROTHER KYLE

Well would he guess the ascending of the star,
Wherein his patient's fortunes settled were.
He knew the course of every malady,
Were it of cold or heat or moist or dry.
Brother John, would-be Doctour of Physick.

We see the object of his song:

BROTHER JOHN

Not yet forty. Strong features, but fear behind the eyes. The fear that comes from a lack of inner confidence. A good face, nonetheless. He stirs a thick mixture in a mortar. Next to him another MONK sits holding his arm out in front of him, cassock sleeve rolled up, revealing a vicious BURN.

BROTHER KYLE

Tend you quickly he will,
with bottles from a shelf.

But heals not, so easily,
The ills which plague himself.

Brother John stops stirring.

BROTHER JOHN

(to Kyle)

Enough.

He scoops the salve out with his fingers and applies it to the Burned Monk's arm. The Burned Monk INHALES sharply as the cool mixture contacts the injured area.

BROTHER JOHN

(to the burned Monk)

Relax.

(to Kyle)

Put those lungs of yours to better use.

BROTHER KYLE

Yes, Doc Tor.

Kyle laughs, removes the blowing iron from the molten glass -- a BLOB of white hot glass hanging on the end.

He rolls the blob on the Marver, a flat, polished piece of iron, then begins to blow a bottle shaped container.

John wraps a fray-edged cloth bandage around the burn.

JOHN

Keep this from getting wet. Go home at late afternoon mealtime and don't come back to work today --

BURNED MONK

But John --

JOHN

I'll tell the Abbot. Just rest today. You're lucky you only burned yourself on the side of the furnace. If some of that glass had gotten on your arm --

He points to the top of his forearm.

JOHN

-- it would've burned clean through to the other side.

He mimes a drop down from the bottom of his arm.

The Burned Monk shudders at the thought.

BELLS toll.

JOHN

That's late afternoon. Now get on.

BURNED MONK

Thank you, John. I --

JOHN

You're welcome. Go!

The Burned Monk trundles off, injured arm against his chest. John gathers his mortar, pestle, and extra bandages into a burlap sack. Kyle comes over.

KYLE

Good work.

JOHN

All right, but I'm no Father Anselm.

KYLE

You're yourself, that's better...

Kyle pushes him through the door...

INTO THE HALLWAY

The Hallway is alive with cassocked monks. Their LOW CHANTING reverberates throughout the building. The wooden floorboards creak beneath their combined weights. This is obviously a MEDIEVAL MONASTERY...

KYLE

The Abbot will be pleased.

JOHN

Don't.

KYLE

Don't what?

JOHN

Please don't tell him. At least until I know if there's an infection.

KYLE

You want to be the Abbey's Physician, and you haven't learned the first rule: Don't worry about the patient.

John's face drops.

KYLE

I shouldn't have. Sorry. Look, I know how you must --

JOHN

You don't, but thanks anyway.

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

A wide stairwell. A constant stream of monks all moving down the stairs. Coming from floors above. Headed for lunch. Kyle starts down. John starts up --

KYLE

Not coming down?

JOHN

I have someone waiting for me.

Kyle disappears into the crowd.
John moves up...

THE STAIRWAY

A river of brown cassocks running downstream. John is the only one moving against the flow. He exits the stairwell --

ONE FLOOR UP

A narrow corridor lined with doorways. John moves to one in particular. He doesn't even look as he grabs the door knob. This is his room. He opens the door --

IN BROTHER JOHN'S ROOM

An old, worn out DOG lays in wait on an old, worn out cassock which is now serving as its bed. At the sight of John it stands.

JOHN

Come on, Mattias.

The dog, MATTIAS, joins him in the hall. Monk and pet disappear up a flight of stairs. Past another dozen or so Monks who are on their way down.

INT. LIBRARY

A vast room filled with rows of wooden tables with low benches between aisle after aisle of floor-to-ceiling wooden shelves jammed to capacity with BOOKS of all shapes and sizes. Millions of books, from the looks of it.

From each book hangs a long CHAIN, long enough to allow the book to be carried only as far as the nearest table.

A CORPULENT MONK - BROTHER PHILIP

In his fifties, and the Librarian by his stern affect, his position behind a broad, but also old oak desk, and the large KEY hanging from his belt. He watches the few stragglers return their chain bound volumes to the shelves and head for the door, then rises and joins them...

IN THE CORRIDOR JUST OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY

John leans against the wall as Philip exits.
Mattias is nowhere to be seen.

PHILIP

Brother John.

JOHN

Brother Philip.

PHILIP

Feeding the mind instead of the body
again?

JOHN

My training has taught me to feed what's
hungry.

Philip pats his broad stomach and heads down the hallway.

PHILIP

As did mine. As long as you're alone.
Enjoy yourself -- and remember, no book
leaves the library.

JOHN

How could I forget? Have a good meal...

John watches the corpulent librarian head down the stairs.
When he's gone from sight John lifts the bottom of his cassock
to reveal Mattias.

JOHN

Perfect.

They move into the library...

THE MEDIEVAL SECTION

The oldest books.
John moves to the stacks.
Mattias trots over to a particular bench and sits.
This is his regular place.

AT THE SHELVES

John stands on toe tips to retrieve an ancient Tome.
He runs his fingers over the familiar leather binding.
A smile plays across his lips.

He carries the book, places it on the edge of the table so
there is slack in the chain.
Sits on the bench next to the dog.
Clears his throat, opens the book, begins to read...

John
(reading)
In the year of our Lord 1348 I, Brother
Gerhado of the Minorite Abbey helped bury
the Abbot and my sixty fellow monks --

VOICE O/S

Sometimes, I think you'd like that.

John turns to find --

THE ABBOT

Leader of the monastery. In his seventies but looks younger.
His Cassock is adorned with a large, ornately carved, wooden
CHAIN in place of a rope belt. He crosses to the table.

John closes the book and stands, head bowed in respect.

John
Abbot, I -- I didn't think anyone would --

ABBOT

Mind? Just Philip, if he knew. I passed
him on the way up. He said you'd come
in alone. I knew better.

He scratches the back of Mattias' neck.

ABBOT

Hello, Mattias. How are you, boy?

The dog snuffles in response.

ABBOT

You know what Philip says about Mattias' hair and his breathing. You'll have to take him out of here.

JOHN

He likes when I read to him and -- I can't --

John looks down sheepishly. Though nearly forty, he feels almost adolescent in the presence of the Abbot. The Abbot pulls a large key from his pocket.

ABBOT

(smiles)

Someone must have left this one unlocked. Take the book with you.

He hands the key to John, who is shocked -- this is a great honor.

JOHN

Father, I --?

ABBOT

Kyle tells me you did a good job at the glassworks today.

JOHN

I'll reserve judgement until the patient lives.

John crosses to the shelf and unlocks his book. He returns the key.

ABBOT

It will get easier. Father Anselm was... an unexpected loss. You'll do fine.

The Abbot walks towards the door...

ABBOT

Just have it back before the end of lunch. Oh -- And I didn't see you in here.

JOHN

Thank you.
(to Mattias)
Let's go upstairs, boy.

John takes his book -- Moves to a spiral wooden staircase.
Mattias at his heels.
Goes UP --

INTO THE BELL TOWER

The mechanics of the bell tower -- all ropes and wooden cogs
cast scary shadows.
A doorway leads to --

THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Thick with sandy dust. The wood shows through thin patches.
We PULL BACK TO REVEAL what we think is the roof of the Abbey
is actually --

THE SURFACE OF ARCEON - NIGHT

The door has opened onto the SURFACE OF A PLANTOID!
The curving horizon broken only by the very top of the
Abbey bell tower poking through from the levels below.
SMOKE curls from vents set into the surface.
Sunken areas of the planet's surface are SEAS.

This is ARCEON.
An manmade orbiter.
A shell of lightweight foamed steel, five miles in diameter.
Constructed by The Company on Special Order with habitable
level within finished in whatever material suits its end user.

This orbiter, for reasons to be discovered later, has been
sheathed in wood.

JOHN

Walks to the shore of an inland SEA.
Sits on a bare patch of wood. Looks up.
His eyes grow accustomed to --

THE NIGHT SKY - JOHN POV

Freckled with tiny dots of light.
Stars. Spread across the inky void.
Bathe Arceon's surface with their celestial glow.

John smiles at Mattias, breathes deep.
The atmosphere up here is thinner, but fresher.
He opens the book.
Reads aloud --

JOHN

In the year of our Lord 1348 I, Brother Gerhado of the Minorite Abbey helped bury the Abbot and my sixty fellow monks, day by day, one by one, until I am the only one left. I stayed as long as I could bear it, then with my dog --

Mattias lifts his ears at this part. His favorite part.

JOHN

- fled. I have put this to parchment lest this pestilence - this Black Death - stay my hand.

(beat)

This was finished by another hand...

John closes the book. Something catches his eye --
Something among the myriad points of light in the sky.
Millions of miles away:

ONE OF THE STARS

Brighter than the rest. MOVING.
Fast enough to leave a faint trail.
Across the stars. And down...
A comet.

John stands. Watches --

THE STAR

Growing brighter.
Drawing nearer.

JOHN

Joined by three other MONKS.
They are older than he.
The Four men watch the sky...

THE STAR

Brighter still. Closer.

MORE MONKS

Two dozen. A hundred.
They come up through the planet's surface.
Out of wooden trap doors. Join the others.
Days pass.
Now three hundred.
Necks bowed back.

Mouths agape.
A SUBTITLE identifies...

RELIGIOUS COLONY ARCEON

POPULATION: 350 Exiles
CRIME: Political Heresy

THE STAR

Fills the sky.
Burns brighter still as it hits the planetoid's atmosphere.

ON THE SURFACE OF ARCEON

Hundreds of Monks shield their eyes as the ship -- the star --
ROARS over their heads. Trailing FIRE --

John holds up his hands - to touch a star --
Skin BLISTERS as it passes over him,
He turns and watches as it --
Arcs downward --

INTO THE SEA

WHOMP- SSSSSSSSSS --!!
PLUMES of steam rise into the air.
The water boils. Fish bob to the surface. Bloated. Dead.

JOHN

Is the first to hit the shore.
Small leather and wood fishing boats tossed by the wake.
His coracle is the first into the water.
The others running up behind him.
He cannot hear the SHOUTS of warning.

ON THE SEA - DAWN

The sun cracks over the black water.
John's hands move the rough wooden oars.
Blistered palm opens.
BLOOD flows.
He tears off a piece of his cassock --
Rips it with his teeth --
Wraps the bloody hand.
Rows.

THE STAR

Ship. Star Ship.
Sulaco escape vehicle #4 rocks on the water.

White metal skin blackened by the heat.

JOHN

Rows right into it.
His coracle pitches in the choppy surf.
He scrambles onto the ship's cracked tile surface.
Teeters -- balances -- moves to the unmistakable HATCH.
Looks around for a knob, a handle --

NEXT TO THE HATCH

A small panel door whose black and yellow stripes denote urgency. John hesitantly opens the door, revealing a shiny metal LEVER. He stares at it...a beat.
Then quickly pulls it down...

WUORRRSH -!

Hull door OPENS.

The doorway is a black maw.
John crosses himself.
Begins to lower his foot into the hatch --

KYLE O/S

Watch it!

He almost falls backwards off the ship. Looks back --

THE OTHER MONKS

Are rapidly approaching.
Kyle gestulates wildly --

KYLE

John! Wait -- ! Don't go in!

John turns back to the open hatch.
Machine recirculated air flows out.
He feels it on the skin of his face. Cool.
Cool, and artificial. It calls to him.
He steps in. Swallowed by the blackness --

WHOOSH-CLANG -!

The door closes behind him.

INT. SULACO ESCAPE POD #4 - DAY

Dark. Dim red lights. John stands still as his eyes adjust to the darkness. He sees:

NEWT'S HYPER SLEEP TUBE

A glass and metal COFFIN -- pneumatic piping twines around its base. The glass lid is BROKEN. A Small RED LIGHT pulses at the head of the tube -- a soft VOICE and TONE, like your seat belt warning -- is audible...

COMPUTER VOICE

(sotto)

Seal broken...seal broken...

John finds himself moving towards the tube...
Looks through the broken lid:

IN THE TUBE

There is a splattered BLOOD STAIN on the sterile white interior. OLD, turned rust-brown.
Whatever happened here happened a while ago.
Rust colored drips trail down to --

THE FLOOR

Drag marks. His eyes follow the stains to a pile of
Bloody clothing against a control panel. A jumpsuit. Torn.
Child size. The head of child's DOLL, but no body to be found.

JOHN

Looks back towards the door.
Part of him wants to get the hell out here -- but he fights
back his fear. He is a doctor - or trying to be - someone
in here may need his help. He presses forward --
Averts his gaze from the clothing, UP to the blinking and
glowing instrument panels and their myraid --

LIGHTS

Pressure lights. Data lights. Warning lights.
Thousands of lights. Like the stars in the sky.

It's been decades since he's seen technology like this -- and
never this close up. He steps further into the ship, his fear
now replaced by fascination, follows the lights....

ON A PALE GREEN SCREEN

LED numbers race -- 7,291.01.05...06...07
A legend identifies "Elapsed since separation."
He moves on...

A VIDEO MONITOR

Through scanning bars of snow, an image:

A WOMAN with a YOUNG GIRL standing in front of her.
The Woman's arms are wrapped around the girl.
Protective. Maternal.

The Woman speaks. Her message repeats itself.
A tape loop, although John has no idea what that is.

WOMAN

...taking pod four. The Crew of the SS
Sulaco and all Marine commandoes are dead.
Ship's sensors have interrupted the hyper
sleep cycle. An overlooked alien egg has
hatched. Bishop and Hicks have been killed.
Xenomorphs have infested the cruiser. Newt
and I are taking pod four. The Crew of...

The WARNING TONE of the Woman's message rekindles John's fear.
He moves more hesitantly around the periphery of the ship,
following the trail of blinking instruments --
Drawn to touch a button. Click...

SOMETHING TENTACLE-LIKE DROPS DOWN ON HIS SHOULDER!

Just an oxygen mask.

John feels his rapidly BEATING heart as he pushes aside the
plastic, dangling object and continues around the shuttle.
His hand brushes over a SENSOR which responds by lighting and --

HSSSSSSSSS -!

A BLAST of freon shoots out of an overhead pipe --
John SHOUTS and back up into --

ANOTHER HYPER SLEEP TUBE!!!

Next to Newt's now empty tube.
Humming gently. Still operational.
John approaches it cautiously.
He can make out the occupant through the lid...

A WOMAN

The woman from the screen. This is RIPLEY.
In hypersleep. Wearing a white cotton tank top and boxer-type
shorts. Christ, she looks beautiful.

John looks from Ripley to her image on the monitor, then back.
Sinks to his knees, reverent. Fascination has replaced fear
again. Moves his face closer to the lid.
Closer to hers...

DAYLIGHT spills in --
John's head WHIPS towards the source of the light --

THE DOOR

Open. Kyle and the other monks.

KYLE

John - what is it? Is this a Supply ship?

JOHN

No. No supplies. Kyle, there's someone
in here --

The Second Monk looks at Kyle.

SECOND MONK

This is forbidden.

KYLE

John. Just get the hell out of there --

JOHN

I don't want to stay. I have to get her
out before this sinks. You come in, give
me a hand --

KYLE

Her? Look, this is not the supply ship,
so this is technology forbidden to us.
Get out of there now!

John looks down at Ripely.
A KEYPAD is mounted at the head of the tube.
A red button: "EMERG-OPEN"
That's plain enough.

JOHN

All right --

He presses it.
The Tube opens with a loud BLAST of compressed air.
The Monks at the door recoil at the sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE SHIP - ON THE SEA - DAY

Ripley has been lowered into a large coracle. John holds her in
front of him. Unconscious.
Her head lolls as the boat rocks on the waves.
The monks start to row back to shore.

FIRST MONK

(reverent)
A space ship...

SECOND MONK

(even more reverent)
A woman...

KYLE

You shouldn't have gone in --

JOHN

I'm supposed to be a doctor.

He pushes Ripley's hair away from her forehead.

JOHN

She could've been lost.

FIRST MONK

Been a long time since I saw either.

SECOND MONK

It isn't sinking. Look at it. What are we supposed to do with it?

KYLE

What was it like in there --?

JOHN

Lights. So many lights --

THIRD MONK

Tow it in. Bring it in.

SECOND MONK

It's evil.

FIRST MONK

It's just technology.

SECOND MONK

Evil technology. Look at these fish --

THIRD MONK

The Abbot will know what we should do with it --

KYLE

Just lights?

JOHN

Machines. Buttons. Metal.

SECOND MONK

See? Just look at the fish.

THIRD MONK

The Abbot will know.

SECOND MONK

They're boiled. These fish are boiled.

JOHN

Thousands of lights. Like the stars.
Like Heaven on Earth.

Ripley stirs in John's arms. Groans.
Fights to come out of her fugue state...
Looks around through half-lidded eyes --
She is surrounded by rowing, cassocked Monks.
MONKS? She closes her eyes.
Tries to clear the imagine. Opens:
They're still there.
She looks down at the bloodied hands around her waist --
realizes she's sitting on someone's lap.
Looks back over her shoulder --

JOHN

He smiles at her.
Friendly, not sexual.

RIPLEY

Shakes her head. Tries to speak --
Her lips form soundless words.
She looks over her other shoulder, sees --

THE SHIP - RIPLEY POV

Bobbing on the surface.
Growing small with each stroke of the oars.

RIPLEY

Brows knit. Fights the cobwebs in her brain.
Tries to focus on the ship --
Remembers.
Turns to John, tries to speak --

RIPLEY

Wait. New...

She loses consciousness.

GO TO BLACK...

INT. THE ABBEY - RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Streaks of light move across the darkness.
Form patterns of light and shadow against the wooden walls.
There is a sublime stillness, but coming through the walls are
the muted, far off SOUNDS of the Abbey --
The SAWING of wood. HAMMERING.
WHISPERED prayers.
LILTING song.

We move down off the wall to a hand-made wooden bed.
Ripley in restless sleep.

EXT. ARCEON SEA - DUSK

The waters grown rough with the approach of night. Wind whips across
white wave tops -- SPRAYS the dozen Monks who LASH their
boats to Ripley's SHIP with thick hemp ropes --
Start to tow it to shore...

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ripley is sleeping -- but struggling against some unseen foe --
She tries to sit up -- can't. Tries to shake off the effects of
the suspended animation...looks up through half-lidded eyes:

JOHN

Sits next to her. Quite asleep.
Hands swathed in white bandages. Book resting on his lap.

She squints to make the figure standing in the shadows
behind him -- it's skin picks up and reflects tiny points of
flickering candle light - seems to ripple as it moves --

THE ALIEN

Big, black shiny-smooth head moves into the taper light.
It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side --
moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move -
to cry out -- She can't.

She can only move her eyes. She looks over at John, sleeping
peacefully. He doesn't notice the Alien --

The Alien moves closer.
She can feel his breath -- it evaporates the sweat on her
forehead -- a CHILL runs through her but she still can't move --

The Alien stands alongside her bed.
Extends a six-fingered hand...
Gently rests it on her stomach.
Cocks its head -- like it's listening to something.
The implication is clear.

Ripley finds her voice --

RIPLEY
AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

Her eyes open wide --
She sits bolt upright.

A hand moves to her forehead. Gently pushes her head back to
the pillow. John's.

JOHN
You're out of it. Out of it...

Ripley falls back, eyes glued to where the alien appeared.
John sees her focal point, looks back over his shoulder:
Nothing.
Ripley's eyes roll back into her head.
She tries to speak -- It was there.
Her hand, at her side, tightens into a fist --

John's hand covers hers.
Eases the fingers open again.
She feels the coarse bandages against her palm.

He starts to read quietly from Saint Augustines' Confessions.
She begins to drowse again as his soft voice flows over her
like waves lapping against the shore...

EXT. SURGACE OF ARCEON - DAY

A HOWLING DUST STORM has kicked up. The monks wear small round
goggles, have rags tied over their noses, as they work at a
huge BLOCK AND TACKLE arrangement --

Hundreds of ropes grow TAUT.
Timbers GROAN.
They LIFT Ripley's SHIP -- SWING it over to a large portal --

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Ripley lays with eyes closed.
Muffled VOICES outside her door:

ABBOT
How is the woman, John?

JOHN

I don't think she's here yet.

At the sound of John's voice the SLIGHTEST smile plays across Ripley's sleeping lips.

JOHN

She is close, though.

As they continue talking, Ripley wakes. Opens her eyes. Rolls over onto her side -- There is a window right next to the bed. Ripley lifts herself up on one elbow, looks out:

HER POV

Garden of Earthly delights... Monks laboring under a beautiful, celestial blue sky -- picking apples, fishing on the water on small inland lakes. Working with hammer and saw on small wooden cottages. Lyrical. It makes her feel good. She scans the countryside...

Sheep graze around wooden ladders stretching hundreds of feet up to the -- Ripley does a take --

WORKERS ON A SCAFFOLDING

With crude brushes at the end of poles -- PAINT the sky blue. The Abbey, the cottages, the fields outside her window are all on one level - INSIDE THE PLANET.

The vaulted CEILING, painted to look like the sky with huge glass "windows" to allow the sunlight in, is actually the UNDERSIDE of the planetoid's outer shell.

Ripley looks back at the Monks on the ground: Instead of repairing, they are taking the cabins apart, stacking the wood onto push carts --

RIPLEY

What the hell --?

SUDDENLY --

The Sulaco Escape ship APPEARS in front of her. SWINGS past her window suspended by ropes. Then disappears up, out of sight. Ripley checks her pulse.

RIPLEY

This must be a dream. A bad one.

She rolls back onto the bed.
Stares up at the ceiling.

ABOVE HER - ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Monks scurry around the Ship as it is lowered into place on a flat area of the roof above the library.
It seats with a deeply resounding THUD...

RIPLEY

Hears the SOUND and then another - her door OPENING.
She turns to find the Abbot and John standing in the doorway.
John waits in the doorway as the Abbot crosses to the chair by the bed and sits.

RIPLEY

Who are you?

ABBOT

I am the Abbot. Leader of this Colony.
And you?

He smiles. Open. Friendly.

RIPLEY

Ripley. How did I get here?

ABBOT

Your vehicle crash landed.
(indicates John)
Brother John found you and brought you here.

RIPLEY

Where is here?

ABBOT

This is the Minorite Abbey within the manmade orbiter Arceon.

RIPLEY

Can I use a radio to --

ABBOT

We have no radio here. We are a monastic order that has renounced all modern technology. We live the old way. The pure way.

She shakes her head.

RIPLEY

Uh, I - I still don't feel 100%. Whoever took me out of the stasis tube must not have run the full D-F program...
Where's Newt?

The Abbot looks at her blankly.

RIPLEY

There was a little girl with me --

ABBOT

You were alone.

RIPLEY

No. She was with me. I put her in her stasis tube -- We launched when the --

ABBOT

You were the only living thing found aboard that vessel.

The Abbot watches Ripley as the terrible truth overcomes her --

RIPLEY

(slowly)

Oh, God. Newt.

She stops -- gets that chill up her spine --
She realizes that she MUST have brought the Alien with her.

RIPLEY

It came with us.

The Abbot leans in.

ABBOT

What came with you?

RIPLEY

Listen -- there is a danger here. It came with me. How long have I been here?

ABBOT

Almost two days --

RIPLEY

(calculates)

Loose for two days. This planet could be overrun within the week.

Ripley grabs the Abbot by his cassock --

RIPLEY

Look, there's a xenomorph --
(sees his confusion)
An Alien creature. A killer. A monster.
And now it's here.

The Abbot looks at her the way you look at that guy on the corner of Santa Monica and 3rd who's babbling about Judgement Day. The guy with his pants down around his kness.

She sees this, releases her hold on him...

RIPLEY

Calm down, Ripley. Okay, I was with a platoon of Colonial Marines on a mission to planetoid LV426. We left Earth six months ago - maybe a year --

ABBOT

(interrupts)
Wait a moment --

The Abbot becomes aware of John's presence in the doorway. Turns over his shoulder at him.

ABBOT

Leave us.

John waits there a beat, then backs out and closes the door.

ABBOT

Continue.

RIPLEY

We launched in the Cruiser Sulaco from Gateway sub-orbital space station --

ABBOT

Not possible.

RIPLEY

What do you mean?

ABBOT

When we left Earth seventy years ago, it was on the brink of a New Dark Age. Technology was on the verge of destroying the planet's environment. A computer virus was threatening to wipe away all recorded knowledge. There didn't seem to be any way it could be averted. In the almost

forty years since we were towed out here in hypersleep, the news that came with occasional supply ships only got worse. Finally, the ships stopped coming. We had to resign ourselves to the fact that worst had come to pass, and the Earth no longer existed.

Now she gives him that look.

RIPLEY

(slowly)

Uh...All right... Forget the Earth - How many people do you have here? Let's worry about them. Warn them --

A new look overtakes the Abbot's face. A look of fear. Now she's getting to him - or is she? He abruptly stands.

ABBOT

Your mind is troubled. You need to rest some more.

RIPLEY

I don't need rest - I need to get to your people. You've got to get to them -- tell them about the alien --

He heads for the door --

ABBOT

I have had enough for now.

RIPLEY

Enough? Didn't you hear what I said? It could wipe out the entire population of this planet. It may have started already - Have there been any unusual deaths since I got here?

The Abbot stops in the door -

ABBOT

No. And there won't be.

The Abbot SLAMS the door behind him.

THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

John stands nearby as the Abbot addresses two BURLY MONKS

ABBOT

Bolt it.

The guards move to bolt the door.

JOHN

What is it -- What's wrong?

ABBOT

Your patient is in a dangerous mental state. Nobody gets in or out until I say so.

JOHN

But I. Her meals --

ABBOT

Nobody.

JOHN

Father, I don't understand --

The Abbot turns and disappears down the hall.
John looks from the departing Abbot to the two Guard/Monks.

THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

John has his head buried in his hands. His back rises and falls with the rhythmic breathing of sleep.
Mattias curled up on his feet. Asleep as well.

WHAM!

The Library door FLIES open --!
John sits bolt upright --

A HYSTERICAL MONK bursts in.
Rushes to John's table.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Brother John! You're here! The Abbot said you'd -- I need -- you're the medic --

JOHN

What?!

HYSTERICAL MONK

My Sandy -- she's ill --

John tries to rub the fitfull sleep out of his eyes.

JOHN

Huh? A woman?

HYSTERICAL MONK

Sandy. My ewe.

John returns his head to the table.

JOHN

One of your sheep? Jesus Christ.
Call a vet.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Father Anselm was the vet.

John looks under his arms at Mattias --
The dog just stares at him.

JOHN

You're no help. Okay, let me get my bag.
All creatures great and small...

INT. HYSTERICAL MONK'S BARN - NIGHT

A small structure housing a handful of sheep and a few chickens
in wire cages. The wooden walss are full of gaps where boards
have been ripped off.

The Hysterical Monk holds a torch to illuminate the scene. One of
his sheep is laying on its side...

HYSTERICAL MONK

I just gave her dinner and she
keeled over.

JOHN

So would I. It's freezing in here.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Been using the wood from the walls
for the fire in my cabin.

JOHN

Haven't we all...

John kneels at the ewe.

She's breathing heavy. Rapidly.

John puts his left hand down on the hay covered floor while he
checks the animal's neck pulse with his right hand.
She gives a weak "Baa-ah."

JOHN

May be pneumonia. Pitch some of that hay
around her. Stop this damn cold breeze.

The Hysterical Monk props the torch up in an empty bucket and
retrieves a crude iron pitchfork from the wall.
Starts to pile hay around the fallen animal.

JOHN

First, I'll --

He sits up to reach for his back, then stops when he sees what's
on his left hand --

A SLIMY MUCOUS-LIKE SUBSTANCE

JOHN

Wait a minute...

The Hysterical Monk stops on mid-pitch.
John rubs the material between his fingers.
Brings it close to his nose. Sniffs.

HYSTERICAL MONK

What is it?

JOHN

I don't know. It's all over the ground.
Some sort of --

BAAA-AAAH!!!

The ewe starts to SHAKE - QUIVER --
John tries to hold it down --
The Hysterical Monk, at this juncture, goes completely apeshit.

HYSTERICAL MONK

What?! WHAT?!

JOHN

Jesus! Help m --

The ewe is shaking so violently that John is thrown back --
He knocks over the bucket -- the torch falls into the hay --
The light is cut off as the torch almost smothers.
Then the hay starts to burn --
Weak fire light revealing:

BAAaa-Aha-SCLORTCH-H-!!

THE EWE EXPLODES ---!

Stomach BURSTS --
SPRAYING the two Monks with entrails and blood --

They start SCREAMING.

The flickering FIRE LIGHT grows as...

A TERRIBLE ALIEN CHEST-BURSTER

BURSTS out of the jerking and twitching carcass.

It shows the characteristics of the animal in which it has gestated. Tiny razor sharp teeth and black, glass-like eyes peer from a elongated head covered with downy, but gore-matted WOOL. A quadroped, its shrunked hind legs struggling to free itself from the cooling morass of intestines.

John can only SCREAM as the most horrible nightmare he can imagine tries to slough off the animal's mortal coil.

The Hysterical Monk, fear overcome with ANGER at the loss of his beloved Sandy, steps in front of the near catatonic Medic and instinctively THRUSTS his pitchfork into the creature -- The sharp prongs PIERCE its still forming body --

The CREATURE

WAILS a high pitched SHRIEK - half alien, half sheep as it is roughly TORN from it's nesting place --
The Monk lifts --

It TWISTS at the end of the fork, acid blood dripping onto the wood floor -- each drop bursting into a little pool of FIRE.

The Hysterical Monk turns to the now raging hay fire --
The entire corner of the barn is ablaze --
SHOVES the abomination in --

The Sheep/Alien POPS and SIZZLES as tongues of flame leap up to lap at it's struggling body -- tiny tail whipping about --

The creature dies, its fading screams are soon the only sound heard within the barn. The Hysterical Monk holds his fork in the flame as he looks back to check on --

JOHN

Face contorted, eyes glued to the burning creature. Heaving lungs push air through his diaphragm, but no sound comes from his open mouth -- The Doctor in training has seen the devil.

EXT. HYSTERICAL MONK'S BARN - NIGHT

Wooden walls collapse inward as the building becomes a pyre. Acrid black smoke curls up to the ceiling and spreads out

across the rafters...

We pull back from the sight INTO a window. Into

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ripley, watches the burning barn. Frustrated, she climbs out of the bed on unsteady legs, wearing her tank top and shorts. Pulls on a coarse wollen cassock, ties the rope belt --

RIPLEY

Idiots...I'll --

WHAM!

The door BURSTS OPEN --

RIPLEY

What the -?

Four BURLY MONKS rush in and grab her.

TEAR her out of bed --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ripley is dragged down the darkened hallway.

ABBOT V.O.

An evil has come to Arceon...

IN THE TRIBUNAL ROOM - NIGHT

As he continues we move down a row of stern Monk faces, ending at the Abbots...

ABBOT

You heard Brother Graham tell of the devil inside sheep's wool --

He motions towards the Hysterical Monk, sitting in the crowd.

ABBOT

An evil brought by this woman in her vessel of technology.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A large circular room with wooden walls stretching thirty feet high. Light creeps in through stained glass windows.

Hundreds of monks sits in a gallery that looms over the floor of the Tribunal. On the floor:

The Abbot and the five eldest Monks sit at a long table facing the witness stand. On the stand:

RIPLEY

Considers the faces that surround her. Fear. Hate.

RIPLEY

This can't be happening.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

You have no voice in this tribunal.

RIPLEY

You must listen to me! You're all in terrible danger! It came with me on the ship --

ABBOT

We know that. At first we believed its arrival was a good omen. But it has only brought pestilence. Dead sheep. Dead fish.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

Evil.

Ripley turns to the Abbot.

RIPLEY

Yes, the ship brought it. Not evil. It brought the Alien. I told you, it's here.

ABBOT

We know the name of the evil it brought. It brought technology. Technology to destroy our planet, as surely as it destroyed the Earth.

MONK IN AUDIENCE

Destruction!

RIPLEY

I was on the Earth less than a year ago. It's still there. People, cities, all still there!

A murmur through the crowd. Some are listening to her. The Abbot looks around. He must be in command.

ABBOT

(matter of fact)
All dead.

RIPLEY

(screams)

It's still there!

The Abbot smiles to himself for making her crack.
He stands and begins to pace.

ABBOT

You could not have been on the Earth a year ago, because there is no Earth to be on -- for at least twenty years.

RIPLEY

I haven't been floating in space for twenty years. Let me get to my ship and I'll prove it.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

No. Who knows what new evils she'll release if allowed back into that infernal machine.

MONK IN AUDIENCE

No! Don't let her!!

TRIBUNAL MEMBER

This woman is a danger. She denies The New Dark Age. She denies reality.

RIPLEY

This is reality. There is a Xenomorph loose on this planetoid - a alien -- it must have stowed away on my ship -- must have killed --

(swallows hard)

Newt. Killed the girl I brought with me. You can't stop it. It goes inside you like an egg - grows -

(mimes)

Explodes out of you - keeps growing into some sort of monster. Kills you --
Kills all of you...

She looks at the Medieval people around her.
They stare at her in complete confusion.
To them, she does sound like a madwoman.

RIPLEY

Who are you people? Look at you -- all of you -- the way you're dressed. This isn't the Middle Ages. You're in space --

on a artificial planet. What are you
doing out here?

There, in the upper tier -- John. They make eye contact.
She looks to him pleadingly.

RIPLEY

Isn't there anyone here who will
listen?

John looks from Ripley to the Abbot.
The Abbot stares him down.
John turns away.

RIPLEY

(defeated)

I guess not. I can't believe this...

The gavel BANGS.
The Abbot sits in a moment of contemplation.

ABBOT

Then there is no choice.

The Four Monks grab Ripley roughly --
Bind her arms.

ABBOT

(to Ripley)

The evil is inside you. I cast you down.
To be sealed away. And God have mercy on
your soul.

SLAM CUT TO:

THE SHAFT ROOM - DAY

A Medieval elevator shaft. The "elevator" is a wooden cage
lowered on thick, rough hewn ropes.
Ripley, bound, is led to it.

She looks back at the monks who have gathered at the door --

RIPLEY

You won't be able to fight it...
You don't know what it is --!

She's put into the cage. The door is secured.
Two monks begins to pull the ropes. The cage is lifted out over
the abyss -- a vast cavernesque space.

The other Monks move closer. Crowd around the edge --

John pushes through them - right to the edge --
Watches as the cage is slowly lowered down...

Ripley looks directly at John --

RIPLEY

You've sentenced yourselves to
death!

John watches as she disappears down into the darkness...
Then turns and pushes his way through the crowd --
Down the hall --

THE TRIBUNAL ROOM

Empty now except for the Abbot and the Tribunal Members.
They speak in hushed tones.
John appears in the doorway, but pauses -
strains to hear what they are saying:

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

...they'll have started before she gets
down to the Hermitage level.

ABBOT

No trouble?

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

Only finding the wood for the ship. But
Anderson's hut was about that big, and
he's dead three months now.

ABBOT

I had that wood earmarked for the Cloister
next winter. Well, we might not get to
the winter if we don't take care of this.
By winter time we can start taking the
penitent cells apart. No one in them.

ANOTHER TRIBUNAL MONK

The wood isn't going to last forever.

ABBOT

Neither are we --

He becomes aware of John's presence, and motions the other
Tribunal members out of the room. John moves to the Abbot.
The Abbot knows what's coming...

ABBOT

Go ahead.

JOHN

This woman. Ripley. I tended her --

ABBOT

Yes, and you did a good job. You shouldn't feel responsible. You couldn't have known --

JOHN

Please, sir, let me finish. I feel that there may be something to what she says.

ABBOT

There isn't.

The Abbot moves to his table, begins to gather up his gavel, notebook. John follows him --

JOHN

I don't understand what you are doing.

ABBOT

This colony is my responsibility. I am protecting the colony.

JOHN

From what? This woman? You never gave her a chance. How can you be so sure you're right?

ABBOT

A better question is what makes you think I'm wrong?

JOHN

You didn't see this thing -- this demon -- Brother Graham and I -- we both saw it.

ABBOT

(realizes)

That's right. You both did.

(beat)

And what was it?

JOHN

I -- I don't know what it was. But I don't think Ripley was a party to it.

ABBOT

She admits she brought it.

JOHN

But she tried to warn us --

ABBOT

You know that's how the devil works.
Deception.

JOHN

But I believe her. I don't know how to
describe it -- A feeling.

ABBOT

You haven't seen a woman in thirty years.
Where does this feeling originate, John?

JOHN

(points to his head)
Here.

Pause.

ABBOT

I believe you. But your feelings are
fooling you.

JOHN

It's - It's her conviction. I just think --

The Abbot snaps at him --

ABBOT

Don't think.

John takes a step back at the Abbot's tone. A tone he's never
heard before. The Abbot runs a hand through his thinning hair.
Forces a smile.

ABBOT

It's been a long night. For all of us.
You really don't understand what you're
dealing with here.

JOHN

That's what she said.

The Abbot chafes.

ABBOT

These are ideas which threaten the very
system we live under. The creature is
dead and the woman is gone. Forget them.
Both. Go read. Go fishing. Go anywhere,
but leave this alone.

JOHN

But I --

ABBOT

Alone. I'll get Philip to let Mattias into the Library, all right? For your own good, just stay out of this.

John looks like he's going to protest.

ABBOT

I mean it.

JOHN

(slowly)

Yes, Father.

John turns and leaves the room.
The Abbot stares after him.

INT. PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

Dark. Dank. Dreary.

A NAIL is hammered into a board. Then another.

The board is old, twisted. The grain is pronounced, splintered.

Another board is lifted into place, a nail held -- BAM-BAM-BAM -
HAMMERED in tight.

TWO ANCIENT WORKERS

Drab, torn gray clothing.

Hammer the boards over the opening in the wall.

Methodically covering up --

RIPLEY

Watching them work.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

Defeated.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY (INTERCUT)

A dozen Monks frantically hammer planks up around the Sulacco escape ship - A frame of wood --
begin to wall it in...

IN THE PRISON LEVEL

The two ANCIENT WORKERS continue their carpentry.
The planks cover more of the opening.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

Covers more of Ripley.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

She stares...

ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Planks are rising around the ship.
Covering it. Locking away the good omen turned evil.

IN THE LIBRARY

John and Mattias sit before an open book.
He doesn't read. He can hear the POUNDING of the hammers.
It seems to reverberate THROUGH the planet.
Through his SKULL.
He closes his eyes in pain.

RIPLEY

Only her face is visible.
Another board.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

Then just her eyes.

Just before the last plank is put in place --

WORKER

Here you go, woman. Something from your
ship. Something to keep you company --

He tosses it into the cell. Ripley catches it.
Watches as the last of the light is covered over.

BAM-BAM...BAM.

She continues to stare at the once open wall as her eyes grow
accustomed to the darkness. The little light creeping between
the planks grows in intensity until it is soon enough to see
what it is she has caught --

NEWT'S DOLL'S HEAD.

Ripley looks around her cell -- actually a narrow space behind
other cells, one wall curved out -- like a narrow slice
crossways towards the edge of the pie.
Looks at the Doll's head in her hand.

A beat.

She FREAKS OUT --!

RIPLEY

You fucking idiots! You're dead!

You're all dead!

BEATS the walls. KICKS.
SMASHES her HEAD against the wall.
Again.

Her nose starts to bleed.
Her hand goes to her nose.
She squints in the darkenss.
Sees the BLOOD.
Tastes the iron taste in her mouth.
Death is with her again.

RIPLEY

(sotto)

Dead...

The "widest" part of her cell, the middle, allows her to slide down into a sitting position. She does.

RIPLEY

Christ. Jesus Christ. It's here. Here.

Shit. Here. I can't get rid of it...

Looks at the Doll's head --

RIPLEY

Newt. This isn't what I wanted...

She throws the doll's head away --
It bounces off the wall and rolls back to an upright position so that it is staring at her.

RIPLEY

(snaps)

Don't stare at me!

Beat.

VOICE O/S

Sorry.

Ripley looks down at the base of the wall facing her --
Where it meets the floor, in the rotting timbers:
A HOLE. In it:

A MAN'S FACE

Bright, wrinkled eyes beneath a snowy white crew cut.
He's looking back at her.

ON THE ROOF OF THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

The Sulaco escape pod #4 is now a memory as the Monks have finished walling it up. Now just another part of the Abbey.

As the Monks move down the thin wooden ladders we follow --
Pass them -- down to an open window and into...

INT. LIBRARY - THE MEDIEVAL SECTION - NIGHT INTO DAWN

John is here, Mattias asleep at his feet.
The tables, the benches, the floor are COVERED with hundreds of books he's pulled off the shelves, their chains all TANGLED.
All open to --

PICTURES OF DEVILS

Different representations of Evil through the ages --
Lucifer, Shaitan, Ahriman, Asmodeus -- Satan.
"The Temptation of Christ" from the Master of Schloss
Lichtenstein. Satan roasting on an enormous grill from
"Tres riches heures du Duc de Berry."

The devil as a serpent. As a semi-humanoid.
Gruenwald's "Temptation of St. Anthony."
Pacher's "Saint Wolfgang and the Devil."
A miasma of Medieval Monsters.

JOHN

Picks his way through the mess. Like a man possessed he fumbles through book after book.

The first golden rays of daylight filter through the huge stained glass windows. John rapidly flips through the Medieval tome in front of him - past an illustration of Satan depicted as having a FACE on his ASS -- further still -- then stops.
This is it.

We can't see what the illustration is, but we see his REACTION:

His eyes open wide as saucers. SLAMS the book closed as if the image would strike blind. He turns to Mattias as if to say something -- Decides not to wake the sleeping dog.

John wraps the book's chain around his hand and puts one foot up against the shelf. Pulls -- SPANKT!
The old chain gives way.

Face set, he loops the shoulder strap of his burlap medical bag over his shoulder. Clutches the book to his chest, gently pets his sleeping dog and goes...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBOT'S OFFICE - DAY

John strides down the corridor purposefully but stops and flattens himself against the wall when the door to the Abbot's office opens suddenly --

BROTHER GRAHAM, The Hysterical Monk, is forcibly led from the room by two burly Monks, taken down the corridor in the other direction. He is gagged. A third Burly Monk moves out of the doorway with the Abbot.

JOHN

Now find John and have him brought to me immediately.

THIRD BURLY MONK

Yes, Father.

ABBOT

Start in the library. And keep it quiet.

The Third Burly Monk nods and moves off.
The Abbot watches him leave, then goes back into the room and closes the door. John stares at the closed door a beat and then makes up his mind. He turns and runs back down the hallway...

INT. GLASS FACTORY - DAY

The first Monks straggle in for the morning shift.
Kyle is among them. He lifts his blowing iron from a wall mounted rack and moves towards the glass furnace as two other Monks begin to stoke the fire.

John enters.
Looks around the room and for a frantic moment cannot find --

KYLE

At the glass furnace. About to dip his blowing iron into the MOLTEN GLASS. John runs over to him.
Almost knocks him over --

KYLE

Hey! Watch it!

He sees that John is agitated --

KYLE

What? What is it?

The other monks begin to notice the commotion, start moving in for a look...

JOHN

I -- Abbot. Must --

John tries to catch his breath. He gestulates wildly. Kyle puts down his blowing iron.

KYLE

John - relax. Take a deep breath -
Christ, now I sound like you --

He sees the book clutched in John's white knuckled hands.

KYLE

Is that it, John? Is it the book --?

JOHN

(panting)
Yes. Devil.

Kyle moves closer to him. Cautiously.
John sees the other monks gathering around --
Closing in on him - whispering --

WHISPERING MONKS

He's got it...

SECOND WHISPERING MONK

Like the Comet Woman...

THIRD WHISPERING MONK

He found her...

WHISPERING MONK

He's infected...

John sees one of the Monks run out -- undoubtedly going to tell the Abbot. John looks into his friend Kyle's face -- Fear.

KYLE

Everything's gonna be fine. Now, let's

see the --

JOHN

Don't humor me -- I'm --

KYLE

Sure. Everything's gonna be fine...

If only he could explain - he can't.
John YANKS the book away -- spins --
Bursts through the crowd...

KYLE

Wait -- JOHN!

INT. SHAFT ROOM - DAY

The cage is still down, the ropes stretching into the abyss.
John runs in. Moves to the ropes. Places the book on the floor.
Tightens his scarred hands on the rope -- Mind racing:
The woman will know. Know what it is. How to combat it.
He PULLS --

There's no tension against the ropes.
John FALLS back on his ass.

The ropes WHIZ through the rusty pulley overhead.
Pile on the floor in front of John.
He lifts the end of the rope. Stares:
BITTEN THROUGH.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE MONASTERY - SERIES OF SHOTS

John RUNS through the building.
Through the upper half of the planet.
DOWN through the many levels, past dozens of Monks oblivious to
the previous night's events and the danger they face:

Monks working at Looms.
Monks in the Tanning Room.
Monks in Morning Prayer.
Past them all, to --

INT. ABBEY BASEMENT WORKROOM - DAY

Mops and brooms.
John enters. His hair is wild, breathing heavy.
He shoves the book into his medical bag.

Pushes aside a box of kindling wood to reveal a
WOODEN DOOR set into the timbers of the floor.
He opens the door:

LADDERS

Extending down through huge open areas beneath the upper level.
Past vast underground viaducts that held up by wooden rafters.
Beyond that - a great underground sea that marks the center of
the planet - below that, the cells.
And Ripley.

JOHN

Can smell the dank air from the lower tunnels.
He MUST go down -- The hard way.
He climbs into the darkness...

INT. ABBEY LAVATORY - NIGHT

An enormous room, over a football field in length, consisting
of at least a hundred open toilet STALLS facing a hundred wall
mounted SINKS. Their condition, though, bespeaks the awful
truth -
The stalls furthest away from us are COBWEBBED.
Some have had the side walls stripped for fire wood.
Of the original hundred sinks, maybe twenty are still
functional - A facility created for a much larger number of
colonists than are left.

A SKINNY MONK washes his hands.

IN THE STALLS

Moving down the row of stalls (chest high, thank you) past a
few empty stalls and several grimacing faces, the second to
last being The Abbot --

ABBOT

Cold tonight --

-- continuing to the last, Bald Tribunal Member.

BALD TRIBUNAL MEMBER

Gets colder every night.

ABBOT

And every day. Never this bad. Taken

so much wood out of the structure the
surface wind blows right through the
colony. Right under the floor --

The Bald Tribunal Member SHIVERS as a cold breeze runs along the
waste trough under the floor and chills the air in his bowl.

BALD TRIBUNAL MEMBER

Right up your bloody backside. Nights
like this make me miss plumbing --
Ack --!

He feels a TUGGING at his bowels - it's not piles.
A beat.

ABBOT O/S

What?

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

I don't -- AAH --

The Bald Tribunal Monk SCREAMS as something GRABS him from
below --

(note: the left half of the following 5 pages is cut off.
I have completed the text to the best of my ability.)

Something SNAKES up his rectum and hooks into his lower intestine!
He convulses in spasms of agony.

There is a terrible RIPPING SOUND as the Bald Tribunal Monk is
PULLED VIOLENTLY down -- out of frame --

We PAN BACK down the row of stalls tight on each sitting Monk
and see their HORRIFIED REACTION as they feel the ALIEN drag the
Bald Tribunal Monk's body away under them...

THE ABBOT in his stall

He pounds on the wall --

ABBOT

Matthew? Matthew? Jesus, what's wrong?

SKINNY MONK washing his hands, sees all this. Looses control
of his bodily functions as blood sprays from the faucet --

OTHER MONKS

In their stalls as the toilets reject a torrent of gore!
Blood and viscera spraying the walls -- converting the Abbey

into an abattoir.

CUT TO:

SPACE

Angle on the Orbitor Arceon:

An orb of wood hands peacefully against a tapestry of celestial seas.

RIPLEY V.O.

Death...

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - NIGHT

Darkness. Somewhere water drips into a puddle. Ripley lays on her side on the floor with her head resting near the hole in the floor. Her eyes are closed.

RIPLEY

Wherever I go.

A HAND pushes a crust of bread through the hole. She opens her eyes to look at the food. The White-Haired Man's head appears --

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Take it.

RIPLEY

Thanks, but no thanks, Anthony.

She knows his name.

ANTHONY

You waiting for meat? They don't bring me meat because they know I'm an android. Really don't need it. Bread's better for you anyway. Harder to digest, so it makes you feel fuller than you are.

RIPLEY

Not hungry.

Anthony takes a bite.

ANTHONY

Mmmm. Just a little crunchy.

Ripley twists onto her back until she's staring up at the ceiling.

RIPLEY

Waste of time.

ANTHONY

You don't eat, you'll starve to death,
girl.

RIPLEY

That was the plan when they put me down
here. And why should you care?

ANTHONY

Because I'm a synthetic person you don't
think I can care?

RIPLEY

Believe me, that's a discussion you don't
want to have with me.

ANTHONY

You told me you had a bad experience and
a good one with androids --

RIPLEY

That's one of each. That means you could
go either way. I'm tired of talking about
this.

He pushes the bread towards her again.

ANTHONY

You've still gotta eat. You gotta fight
the bastards --

RIPLEY

I'm tired of fighting. Maybe I'll be
dead before he finds me. Maybe he won't
get the satisfaction.

ANTHONY

He? You make it sound like this Alien
has a personal score to settle with you.
The biology you describe: Queen laying
eggs, larvae, drone -- that's very
insectoid. Insects usually don't bear
grudges.

RIPLEY

And Androids usually aren't the prisoners
of lunatics that believe they're ancient
Greeks.

ANTHONY

Medieval Monks.

RIPLEY

Whatever.

ANTHONY

And they've only chose to live the life
style, they don't believe they're --

(hears something)

What's that?

Ripley strains to listen. In the distance:
KNOCKING. Someone is knocking on the walls.
A VOICE calls out --

INT. PRISON LEVEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

JOHN

(hoarse)

Ripley!

He moves down the hallway.
BANGS his fist against the walls every few feet --
Waits a moment for a reply, then moves on.

INT. ANTHONY'S CELL

Anthony gets off the floor - Moves so she can see into his cell:

The walls of Anthony's cell are covered with charcoal sketches -
Different versions of demons and the devil. She rolls her eyes -
This guy is an Android!

Anthony crosses to his cell door, peers through eye level.

INT. PRISON LEVEL CORRIDOR HALLWAY - ANTHONY POV

John coming towards him, knocking on the doors of boarded up cells.

ANTHONY

Hey -- you knocking -- cut it out --

You're going to wake everybody up.

John moves to Anthony's door. Looks at him through the slot.
Anthony recognizes him.

ANTHONY

Brother John?

John unbolts Anthony's door.
Picks him up by his cassock --

JOHN

Anthony? Thought you dead fifteen years.

ANTHONY

Made too good for that. What're
you doing?

JOHN

I -- I'm looking -- the Abbot --

ANTHONY

What? You look like you've seen the
devil.

RIPLEY O/S

He has.

Anthony turns to look back at Ripley -- moves aside so John can
see her face at the hole --

ANTHONY

You mean he --

Anthony turns back - John is gone.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

As John begins to PULL the outermost planks off.

RIPLEY

I was right, wasn't I? You've seen it,
you've seen the Alien?

John pauses at that.
His eyes tighten at the memory.

RIPLEY

I can tell you have. I was right.
It came with me.
(to the wall, sharp)
Go away.

John stops. Looks at the wall.
Ripley's voice comes clearly through the wood...

RIPLEY

Listen, priest, or whatever you are, I

know what you want. I can't help you.
I couldn't help any of the others.
Just stop what you're doing. Go away.
Do you understand?

John has opened a crack that exposes Ripley's eyes.
He stares at her a beat, tries to think of what to reply --
He goes back to work as she continues her confession...

RIPLEY

You going to stay, Father? But you're
not going to talk. Okay. Then you can
listen. You should listen. Your Abbot
was right. I am guilty. But not of
heresy. Of murder.

John stops again.
Just stares at her eyes.

RIPLEY

The murder of the crew of the Nostromo.
That was when I first met the Alien.

That reminds him of why he's here.
He doubles his efforts at the boards...

RIPLEY

No, not the same one that's here now.
Or maybe it is. Maybe they're all the
same one. I couldn't save my crew then.
I should have been able to. But I couldn't.
When I went the second time --

Her eyes soften.

RIPLEY

Then I met Newt. Newt. I fought --
stayed alive to keep Newt alive.
Hoped maybe that would make up for...

She trails off. Slides down the wall.

RIPLEY

Now he got her too. What's the point?
(hard again)
Just go away. Leave me in here. If you
let me out you'll want me to help you
and it will start all over again.
Let it end.

John breaks through, flickering torch light streams in the mote
filled air around him. Ripley looks up at him.

RIPLEY

I can't help you.

John, heaving and panting from the exertion.
Swallows...

JOHN

Puh. (pant) Please.

RIPLEY

It never ends.

INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

A long, twisted-plank-floored corridor with a torch every twenty feet. There is MOVEMENT at the far end. Something is coming towards us - FLICKERING in and out of the light and shadow --

RIPLEY O/S

Sheep?

RIPLEY, JOHN AND ANTHONY

Running together. Anthony carries a long wooden staff like a spear. John has his bag. Ripley a torch.
We move with them.

ANTHONY

It must be able to take on some of the characteristics of the animal it grows in. Maybe they are from some sort of aggressive soldier race -- warring parties drop the eggs on opposing planets --

RIPLEY

And the alien takes on the form of the creature that finds it, assuming that animal is the dominant life form on the planet. So when it gestates in a man --

Ripley shudders at the memory.

ANTHONY

It's a biped. In a sheep or cow, a quadroped.

RIPLEY

Shit. I just didn't think it could do that to animals.

JOHN

Wait a minute - I thought you were the expert on this monster.

RIPLEY

Is that the only reason you came to get me out? Because I knew about this thing?

JOHN

Yes. I mean no. I mean, that was part of it. Look. I never thought you were wrong. I was wrong not to say anything. I was afraid to speak up. It's hard to be a monk, you know?

Ripley stops. Looks at him.
A long beat.

RIPLEY

Thank you. If anything, you're honest.

JOHN

We all are. Took vows.

RIPLEY

I don't know about the Abbot.

JOHN

I'm sure he thinks what he did was right.

RIPLEY

Is that speaking up for someone?

JOHN

No. Charity.

She smiles. They turn a corner...

INT. SLOPING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

This hallway slopes downwards a few degrees. The three find themselves trotting, leaning backward to keep their balance.

RIPLEY

All right, let's forget about the past and get on to our survival. No more prisoners behind us?

ANTHONY

Not for years.

RIPLEY

Okay -- If the Alien's had a few days to lay his eggs our only hope is to get off this - What is this?

JOHN

Arceon.

ANTHONY

Satellite.

RIPLEY

Get to my ship and get off this Satellite.

JOHN

We can't.

RIPLEY

We can't what?

JOHN

Leave Arceon. Can't leave the library --

RIPLEY

A Tape Library?

JOHN

Books.

RIPLEY

So?

JOHN

The reason we are out here. Like the Monks who guarded Monastery Libraries on remote islands off England during the First Plague --

RIPLEY

There must be books on other colonies --

JOHN

Some of these books survived the burning of the Libraries of Alexandria. They contain knowledge that exists in no other record. Their value is unestimable.

He runs his hand along the spine of the book in his bag.

JOHN

We're supposed to protect them.

RIPLEY

(to Anthony)

And what does an android have to do with all this?

JOHN

He's a spy.

ANTHONY

The Company planted me here.

RIPLEY

The Company? What does the Company have to do with this?

ANTHONY

They built this prison.

RIPLEY

Prison?

JOHN

Colony.

ANTHONY

Prison. They are all political heretics.

Ripley looks at John.

RIPLEY

You left that part out.

JOHN

The order was more of a counter culture, a reaction to the Technology that was beginning to take over everyone's lives. It was a simple enough idea - Read, don't watch disk. Walk, don't pump more carbons into the air. The earliest members renounced technology. Started to collect the remaining books. Nobody would have noticed if it hadn't been for the Virus.

RIPLEY

Your Abbot talked about that. The New Plague.

ANTHONY

A computer virus. A bad program. By this time the Corporate structure was transglobal, all the world's data storage systems were linked. It spread through

two countries before it was stopped.

JOHN

After a scare like that, thousands flocked to our retreat. People started clamoring for written information. For our books. They abandoned the modern ways --

RIPLEY

I think I can see how this comes out. They gave up their possessions.

ANTHONY

This was a threat --

RIPLEY

To the Company.

JOHN

They sold the technology. A movement to live simply was quickly twisted by Federal agents into a political movement against the Company-controlled World Government. Too much was at stake.

RIPLEY

Too much profit.

JOHN

We were sentenced as political dissidents. This orbiter is our gulag. All the men were packed up with all our books, and towed into space. Ten thousand men. The eldest died very quickly.

RIPLEY

The Company had such a sense of irony. Sending you out on this wooden tub.

ANTHONY

I was placed among them as a sensor. Keeps tabs on the movement.

RIPLEY

So how'd they find out about you?

ANTHONY

I told them. After the supply ship's stopped coming I saw no point in keeping up the charade. Since I was a sort of walking reminder of technology, they cast me down.

RIPLEY

Join the club.
(to John)

I figured this wasn't planned. You don't have to be a genius to see it wouldn't be prudent to try to preserve man's written works for generations -- without women.

John looks embarrassed.

RIPLEY

And I don't know about your New Plague, but I was just on Earth and everything's fine.

John has a doubtful look.

RIPLEY

I was right about the Alien, wasn't I? Means I must be right about the Earth.

The logic behind her argument is uncomfortable.

JOHN

(beat)
Perhaps.

RIPLEY

That's better than nothing. Come on.

They reach the end of the corridor.
It opens into --

INT. TRANSON SPACE - PRISON LEVEL

An enormous open space between "cell blocks."
The Wall behind them is honey-combed with corridor openings going up four stories, connected by aged, warped wooden ladders reminiscent of Indian cave dwellings. Only wooden.

The room stretches several football field lengths ahead of them -- falling off into gloom.

They stand silent for a moment, dwarfed by the size of the room and the task ahead of them. Finally --

RIPLEY

At any rate, let's forget about the Earth completely - whether you're right

or I'm right what's important is getting the hell out of here. From here my ship is...?

John points up at the ceiling.

ANTHONY

In Heaven.

RIPLEY

Right. And this is...

Anthony and John nod.

ANTHONY

This orbiter was patterned after a medieval concept of the universe --
(makes a circle in the air)
They call the top half "Heaven - "

JOHN

The Abbey, the fields --

ANTHONY

The bottom half is "Hell." Where we are.

RIPLEY

Aptly named. What's in the middle?

JOHN

The sea.

ANTHONY

Really.

RIPLEY

Work with me here. How far is it back to the surface of the planet?

JOHN

As a stone falls --- Five miles through the center.

RIPLEY

And the elevator -- the thing they lowered me down in?

JOHN

Ropes cut.

ANTHONY

It's smart. First he cuts their escape

off, then works his way down through the monastery level by level until there isn't a thing left alive. Interesting...

RIPLEY

Well, you start appreciating him more than me and I'll find a way to shut you down, capisce, Andy? How do we get up?

JOHN

There are ladders.

She stops. John and Anthony continue on a few steps and then stop and walk back to her.

RIPLEY

Five miles with the Alien between us and there? Good luck, boys.

She turns and heads back towards her cell --
John catches her shoulder --

JOHN

You can't --

RIPLEY

Can't what? Not help you go to your deaths? I've had my fill of that.

JOHN

I need you. I can't do it alone.

RIPLEY

I've fought these creatures twice before. It take a lot to kill these things. Heavy artillery.

ANTHONY

We don't have weapons here.

RIPLEY

How about something we can make weapons from? Do you have anything like that -- any modern things here?

John SHAKES his head vehemently --

JOHN

We renounced technology. It was those things that caused the Plague.

RIPLEY

This is a man-made planet. Something has to be recirculating your air, your water.

JOHN

God?

RIPLEY

Please.

JOHN

I don't know. I just took it for granted.

RIPLEY

Most people do. Without some sort of technology we haven't got a chance.

From behind them:

ANTHONY

There is technology.

John and Ripley turn to look at him.

ANTHONY

A room. A Technology room. Fresh air and water come out.

RIPLEY

An atmosphere processing plant --

ANTHONY

The heart and lungs of Arceon.

RIPLEY

Where is it?

ANTHONY

One level beneath the underground sea.

JOHN

That's five levels up --

ANTHONY

(points into the gloom)
On the other side of the orbiter.

John looks at Ripley --

JOHN

A chance.

Ripley looks from John's earnest face to the darkness and back.

RIPLEY

All right. You've got me - so far.
But here's the deal: I don't know
how many of your brethren are going
to be alive when we get up there,
but if we make it to my ship, you're
all coming with me. We'll take as
many of your precious books as we
can carry, but we're going. I'm not
going to fight this thing again to
end up alone again. Understand?

John nods his head.

RIPLEY

We're all dead anyway. We might as
well go fi --

She feels a TWINGE in her midsection --
Doubles over. Anthony and John each take an arm --

RIPLEY

Ugh - I'm all right.

She takes a deep breath.

RIPLEY

Still thawing out. I hate hyper sleep...
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCEON - MONASTERY LEVEL - NIGHT

The formerly idyllic landscape has been reduced to a scorched
battlefield. Wooden huts leveled. Small fires dot the land.
The air thick with ash and greasy smoke.

DOZENS OF MONKS swarm across the countryside like ants on a
mound of spilt sugar. In one hand a taper or torch held high,
in the other hand their WEAPON: scythe, pitchfork, hoe,
whatever they could get ahold of, seem pitifully out of place.
Some pound sharpened stakes into the ground, others push carts
into rough barricades.

A "Platoon" of Monks huddle around trap doors open on the
wooden "ground." More ladders.
They climb down to --

AN UNDERGROUND WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT

Just beneath the Monastery level of the satellite: an Underground Wheatfield. Tall golden grass stretches out for miles, swaying gently around huge wooden columns that support the Abbey fifty feet above --

THE CEILING

A lattice-work of suspended troughs and wooden pipes -- the "plumbing," the understructure, of the Monastery.

THE MONKS

Descend the ladders single file. Fear is in all of their faces though most have only heard the stories. They move cautiously into the wheat. Spread out through the field in the jaggedly drawn skirmish line.

THE ABBOT

The Bald Tribunal Monk's dried blood splattered on his cassock, stands atop an empty wooden wagon. From this vantage point he watches

THE MONKS IN THE FIELD

THRASH and POKE their way forward leaving trails through the high grass. Their attempt at an orderly progression quickly falls apart as they get strung out all over the field.

ABBOT

(sotto)

Stay together. Together...

Then another movement catches the Abbot's eye --
AHEAD of the Monks - the wheat waves against the wind.
Begins to ripple -- the wheat flattens.
a TRAIL forms.
SomeTHING is MOVING in the long grass.
Moving towards the Lead Monk -- FAST.

The Abbot opens his mouth as if to shout a warning - even though the Monk closest to the moving trail is too far away to hear him - before he can make a sound The Alien closes the gap - Feeling horribly helpless he can only watch as

AARGH-Aa -!

The Lead Monk gives one strangled CRY before he disappears beneath the surface of the long grass. His taper falls among the long, dry stalks -- begins to SMOKE...

The Abbot can see the trail moving towards his men before they can. He finds his voice:

ABBOT

Run! RUN!

The Monks in the field turn from the spot where the Monk screamed towards the Abbot -- TURN THEIR BACKS to the now moving again trail --

ABBOT

No - NO. The --

The Alien hits the skirmish line at a flanking angle -- RAKING through five Monks like a scythe through wheat. His tail, arms WHIP out -- SNAP their spines like kindling. Lost torches ignite the wheat...

The field BURSTS INTO FLAME.
Smoke fills the air.

In the smoky commotion the Monks break rank and start running. Weapons in front of them -- SWINGING wildly -- Screaming. Crying. DYING.

One Frightened Monk runs through another with his pitchfork. Another hears something crashing through the grass towards him and buries his scythe in his best friend's chest.

And through it all the Alien seems to be everywhere. Using the chalky smoke for cover as it SLASHES and TEARS its way across the field --

THE ABBOT

Frozen in terror to the spot. Squints through the smoke to see what has happened to his flock. Hears the WAILS of defeat rising up from the wounded.

The waving grass is flattened as The Alien moves towards him --

He can finally pry himself from his perch on the wagon. He climbs down. As his feet hit the wooden floor he feels a shadow fall over him. The little hairs on the back of his neck stand up. He slowly turns...

THE ALIEN

Rises out of the grass in front of the Holy Man.
Slowly rises up to its height of almost three meters.
It's long, smooth head is no longer black and slimy.

It is golden.
It's cable-like arms are sheathed in a straw-like covering.
It has adapted to the environment of the wheat field. Its now
grass-like lips draw back into a ghastly parody of a smile.

The Abbot SCREAMS and RUNS.

JOHN O/S

It isn't your fault, you know.

INT. TRANSON SPACE - SERIES OF SHOTS

They move across the huge room...Anthony a few paces ahead.
Their candles throwing only enough light to see several yards.
Wind whistles through the huge room, timbers creaking like some
gigantic old house settling.

RIPLEY

What?

JOHN

Those things you said before --

Ripley remembers her "confession."

JOHN

I read about it in psychology books.
Sometimes when people outlive someone
they cared for, they transfer some of
the guilt for that person's death to
themselves.

RIPLEY

I got a belly full of that from the
Psychtechs when I was on Earth. Yeah.
"Survivor Guilt syndrome," or something
like that. But that's not what I was
thinking about. I was thinking about
my "friend" up there.

She looks up.

RIPLEY

He was on the pod. He killed Newt but

not me. Why not me? It's almost like he's playing with me. Maybe they have some sort of race memory. Maybe he knows what I did to his "mother." That's why he didn't just kill me. That would be too easy. He has to torment me.

JOHN

You make it sound human.

RIPLEY

Hell, I don't know what it is.

John unconsciously fingers his book.

JOHN

I think I do.

INT. LADDER-WELL - PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

At the end of the space a rough hewn wooden ladder leads to another block of cell corridors four stories up. Years of damp air have warped the ladder. Ripley leads the way, torch in her left hand. They climb...

INT. END OF PRISON CORRIDOR - FOURTH LEVEL - NIGHT

Dark. Ripley is the first one up. She raises her torch and heads down the new corridor alone. The cells here have no doors. She holds her torch in one -- An old skeleton sits in quiet contemplation.

AT THE LADDER

John is just climbing off, Anthony right behind him. Anthony is winded. He reaches up for a helping hand. John looks back and sees that Ripley has moved ahead without them, then reaches down to help Anthony. Their hands clasp --

ANTHONY HAS A "VISION"

He is seemingly standing in an open field, sheep grazing peacefully at his side. SUDDENLY he is ATTACKED by a horde of Medieval demons.

Fish faced demons. Man-headed bird demons.
They fly about him, grab hold of his limbs.
The Sheep nearest him opens it's mouth to reveal a horde of
razor sharp fangs, SINKS THEM INTO HIS ANKLE --

Anthony SCREAMS -!

RIPLEY

Down the corridor HEARS the scream, turns back -- sees Anthony
fighting with himself, struggling against John's grasp -

ANTHONY

Balanced precariously on the top of the ladder in the real
world as he fights against the demons in his android mind --
He JERKS --
Pulls his left ankle out of the grasp of the DEMON SHEEP --
OFF the ladder - forty foot drop waiting below him...

JOHN

Struggles to keep his death grip on Anthony's hand.
It's all that keeps Anthony from falling back down the shaft --

JOHN

Jesus Christ. Ripleeeee -!

He PULLS with all his might...

ANTHONY

SEES a horrible BIRD-DEMON grasping his hand in its beak --
BITING through his wrist. He waves his staff in the air --
He aims for its head:

CRACK -!

WHACKS John's hand with his staff --

John HOWLS in pain - LETS GO --

Anthony TEETERS BACK ON ONE FOOT, arms waving in the air --

Ripley's hands SHOOT OUT --
GRAB Anthony's cassock --
STOP his fall.

Anthony's eyes open wide at the sight of this new horror --

A terrible, wet, black cable-armed CREATURE that's latched itself onto his cassock -- Long, shiny head.
Ripley has become the Alien.

WHACK!

Anthony HITS the Creature with his staff --
HITS Ripley on the head.

WHACK!

Again. In the face.

John tries to take hold of Anthony's staff arm --

WHACK!

The cane WHIPS against the side of his head, knocking him back.
Ripley sets her feet and pulls on Anthony's cassock --
Opens her mouth - GRUNTS --

ANTHONY sees the terrible Alien open it's maw to devour him.

WHACK!

His staff connects with the bridge of Ripley's nose.
She sees flashes of light -- loses her balance --
Pitches forward, starts to go over with Anthony --

JOHN GRABS THEM!

Wraps his arms around the struggling pair and like a sumo wrestler LIFTS and FALLS backwards - carrying the three of them into the corridor -- WHUMPH!

They land on the floor in a heap.
Anthony continues to FLAIL ABOUT --

Ripley and John pin him to the floor between them.
Finally, the vision leaves him.
He loses consciousness.

JOHN

Breathing heavy - opens his eyes --
He's staring right into Ripley's face.
Less than an inch away.
He's laying on top of her.
She's breathing heavy too.
A long, uncomfortable moment.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

JOHN

You're welcome.

They roll off each other.
Her hand goes up to her nose.
Blood.

RIPLEY

I'm all right.

John reaches into his bag, withdraws a small cotton bag.

JOHN

Hold this against your nose. It'll
stop the flow.

She looks over at him questioningly.

JOHN

I'm a doctor.

She holds the small bag against her nose. The bleeding stops.
They move over to Anthony - try to help him to his feet.
He shakes them off.

ANTHONY

No - please. Just let me sit.
Awhile.

He rubs his temples. White, milk-like sweat runs down his
cheek.

ANTHONY

Damn it.

RIPLEY

What was that?

ANTHONY

The reason I'm down here.

John points to his own eyes.

JOHN

Visions.

ANTHONY

Dreams.

RIPLEY

Androids can't dream...

ANTHONY

That's probably what they thought when
they built me. But my brain is cyber-

organic - patterned after the human brain - it functions the same way a human brain does. It accumulates random images and sensations during waking hours, but unlike the human brain that sloughs them off during sleep --

RIPLEY

Androids don't sleep.

ANTHONY

Right. Maybe they've fixed this on later models, but I don't. Do you know what happens to the human brain when it is deprived of sleep? It starts to run off the dreams while you're awake, as hallucinations. Same thing with me. For twenty years I absorbed data on this planetoid. A little after we lost contact with Earth the visions started. They thought I was insane. I had to explain that it was because I was an android. They liked that even less.

RIPLEY

What did you see?

ANTHONY

What I always see. Images of Monsters. Demons.

JOHN

They're portents. They stand for an evil yet to come.

ANTHONY

Just images I've absorbed from those old books and have no way to get rid of.

RIPLEY

I saw the inside of your cell.

ANTHONY

(shrugs)

My head is full of them. I try to get them out any way I can.

His eyelids droop.

JOHN

You need sleep.

ANTHONY

I know that. I'll settle for rest.

He closes his eyes. Ripley recovers the torch.

RIPLEY

Stay with him.

Ripley tried to stand - John takes her arm, pulls her down.

JOHN

No. We all need rest. You especially.

Ripley considers him.

JOHN

Doctor's orders.

She smiles and sits.

JOHN

Besides, you see what happens when you get ahead of us. We should stay together.

RIPLEY

All right. He's still above us, anyway.

JOHN

What do you mean?

RIPLEY

I've faced this evil twice before - I guess I've gotten sensitive to it --
(beat)
You're really a Doctor?

John pats his canvas bag.

JOHN

See my bag?

RIPLEY

What's that book?

JOHN

Just a book.

RIPLEY

I don't buy "just a book" from a guy who says we can't leave the planet without the library.

JOHN

It's just... a medical book I might need.

RIPLEY

You don't have any food in there, do you?

JOHN

Only if you can eat bandages.

Ripley rubs her midsection.

RIPLEY

In a few hours that's going to sound good. Going in and out of suspended animation - Christ I probably haven't eaten in a year.

ANTHONY

(without opening eyes)

You should've eaten the bread.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Rest!

Ripley lets her head loll back against the wall.
Closes her eyes. Time passes.
Her brow knits.
John sees this.

JOHN

You all right?

RIPLEY

Aces.

JOHN

You weren't hurt when I landed on you?
Bruised a rib?

He reaches over and puts his hands beneath her cassock.
Feels her midsection. His hands are warm.

RIPLEY

Are you sure you're a doctor?

He withdraws his hands.

JOHN

Sort of. My father passed on when we first came here. The Abbey's Physician - Father Anselm - took me in. He really raised me --

(pause)
Taught me what he could before he
passed away. He was schooled on Earth.

RIPLEY
Well, I'm just hungry.

JOHN
You haven't eaten since I took you
out of your tube.

RIPLEY
You did that...

She reaches out and takes hold of his hands. Turns them over.

RIPLEY
You burned yourself on the escape pod.
Her hands on his makes him feel...uncomfortable.

RIPLEY
Thank you, I guess.
They look into each other's eyes --

ANTHONY O/S
You should've eaten the bread.
Ripley, embarrassed, releases his hands.
Looks at Anthony. He's trying to stand.

ANTHONY
Enough rest. There's beasties afoot.
They start into...

A NARROW CORRIDOR

Ceiling so low their torches must be held out in front of them.
Ripley makes an effort not to move faster than the two monks.

INT. LADDER SHAFT

A great long ladder hanging in the middle of nowhere.
Seems at least a mile long.
The group climbs...

A SERPENTINE CORRIDOR

Liquid drips through the ceiling planks over head.
Falls into RED puddles on the slanted floor.

John kneels, dips his fingertips --

JOHN

Blood.
(sniffs)
Mixed with sea water.

ANTHONY

We're getting close to the center of
the arc -- near the sea.

RIPLEY

Blood.

JOHN

Getting close...

John HEARS something.
Raises his hand -- "stop"
The group stops. Flatten themselves against the wall.

John takes Anthony's staff.
Moves forward with it held out in front of him...
WHIRLS around a blind corner --
SHOVES something against the wall --
Thump!
It struggles --

Ripley and Anthony run up -- raise their tapers --
Revealing:

RIPLEY

The Abbot.

Cassock torn, dirty. Hair, eyes wild.
Anthony's staff across his throat.
John pulls back.

JOHN

Father --

RIPLEY

(sarcastic)
What are you doing down here, father?
You look like you've seen something
that doesn't exist.

The Abbot runs his fingers through his hair. Smooths it down.

ABBOT

I was their spiritual leader. I was not prepared to lead them in battle. Not against that thing.

JOHN

No one could be.

RIPLEY

I thought you said the evil was inside me -- that sealing me up was the answer to all your problems?

ABBOT

Destruction. The destruction YOU brought to us!

RIPLEY

I only tried to warn you.

ABBOT

What are you doing with this woman --?

JOHN

We are going to the Technology Room. Trying to find some way to fight --

ABBOT

You don't join the devil to fight the devil.

ANTHONY

She's helping us --

ABBOT

Look who defends the deceiver -- the one who isn't even human. John, can't you see what is happening? On ancient Earth, during the Black Death - many believed that God had abandoned them, so they appealed to the Devil. Flocked to him hoping to save their bodies - losing their souls in the bargain.

RIPLEY

Father, we're all on the run from the same monster so let's not resort to the fire and brimstone routine. I've been enlightened about your "movement." Pretty funny to be tried for heresy on a planet of heretics.

JOHN

Please.

The time for pretense is past.

ABBOT

All right. I was trying to keep you quiet.

JOHN

Sir --?

ABBOT

I do what I have to do to keep the Brotherhood together. We all gave up believing in Earth a long time ago. How do you think they would feel if told their exiled was in vain? That the holocaust they were trying to avoid never occurred? Those men up there have grown to live with it.

RIPLEY

And with you as their leader.

The Abbot smiles. Ripley is sharp.

ABBOT

You threatened the status quo.

RIPLEY

So you, protector of knowledge and truth, lied to them.

ABBOT

Only about you. The rest I still believe. If Earth still orbits its sun there is no way it could have survived being reduced to Barbarism.

RIPLEY

You're as bad as the Company.

JOHN

Ripley --

RIPLEY

That's why you ran. After all your talk death stared you in the face and you were afraid.

ABBOT

Not afraid of death.

RIPLEY

The Alien.

ANTHONY

The Organism.

ABBOT

The Devil.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM CORRIDOR

The now four refugees work their way into the final corridor. Dark. Turns at sharp angles. Blind alleys. The floor is uneven, wood aged and twisted. Warped by years of water dripping from above. The group strings out as it moves into the darkness, candles held high...

ANTHONY

Bringing up the rear, puts his walking stick down --
SNAPP!!!
Everybody stops at the sound.

ABBOT

What was that?

Anthony pulls his stick from the grasp of a--

ANTHONY

Man trap.

They lower their candles. Look to:

THE FLOOR

Interspersed throughout the timbers --
Spring jawed, steel toothed, BEAR TRAPS.
Rusted. Open. And all around them.

ANTHONY

In case anyone tried to get in and
tamper with the technology.

The four of them are standing in the middle of a mine-field of man traps. Nobody moves.

ABBOT

What do we do?

RIPLEY

Don't move. Don't breath.

ABBOT

We can't just stand here and wait.

RIPLEY

Floor's too unstable to try to walk around them.

John pulls a loose board from the corridor wall.
Turns and kneels at the trap in front of him.
Pokes the end of the board into the jaws...
SNAP!!

The others jump at the sound --

ABBOT

John - what are you doing?

John pulls the stick out of the rusted jaws.
Moves to the next trap --
Snap!!

RIPLEY

He's thinking like a leader. Everyone:
Grab wood. Spring the traps. Clear a path.
(proud of him)
Good work, Father John.

JOHN

Brother.

RIPLEY

Brother. Let's go.

Ripley pulls a plank from the wall next to her.
Exposes a bit of the surface underneath --
It's METAL.

She touches the cool, familiar material. Smiles.
Now she knows this is not a dream.
She turns and SPRINGS the trap in front of her --
SNAP!!

THE FOUR

Slowly make their way down the corridor, one hand holding a candle high, the other poking a piece of wood into the trap in

front of them... SNAP-SNAP...SNAP. SNAP.
walking carefully around the yet unfired traps....

THE DOOR TO THE TECHNOLOGY ROOM

A huge wooden door with no knob or handle. Looks like it could almost be part of the wall. John and Ripley are the first to it. They put down their planks and begin to feel around the edges of the door for some purchase.
The Abbot joins them.

BACK IN THE CORRIDOR

Anthony lags behind. He senses a presence in the hallway.
Hears a sound behind him.
We see a GLIMPSE of something --
He turns towards the sound --

Empty hallway.

He thinks. Starts forward again -- with his ear cocked to the rear... SNAP!

AT THE DOOR

Ripley, John and The Abbot knock on the door, walls.
Ripley leans her head against the wall in frustration and exhaustion. To get this far, and be locked out.
She feels sick to her stomach.
How long since she had food?
She looks over at John.
He is staring at her.
He turns red at being caught. Cute.

JOHN

I just - are you alright?

RIPLEY

Tied. Without sleep, food -- I just
feel my age.
(smiles)
Figuring hyperspace time, I'm almost a
hundred.

She wipes her brow and goes back to knocking...

JOHN

Hello?

The wall beneath his fist sounds hollow.
Fingernails find the edge of the plank and pull --
The plank slides aside on tiny, rusty pneumatic pistons.

BEHIND THE PLANK

A primitive KEYBOARD. Circa late twentieth century.

JOHN

I think this is it.

Ripley and the Abbot move over to see.

ABBOT

Technology.

RIPLEY

Yeah - a hundred years ago. An antique.

ABBOT

(to Ripley)

Go ahead.

RIPLEY

Go ahead and what?

ABBOT

Open the door, woman.

RIPLEY

I'll get to it, but listen to me --
you may dress like you're living in
the middle ages but you can't treat
me like your chambermaid, or whatever
Monks had.

UP THE HALL - ANTHONY

Hears the sound again. Turns.
Nothing again.
He pauses... Turns back quickly --

The wooden wall MOVES - steps forward --

THE ALIEN

Adapted itself to look like WOOD.

It's body changes -- transmutes -- Cable-like sinew snaking

over grained limbs to approximate the more traditional bio-mechnoid alien appearance...!

ANTHONY POV

The weary android sees the Alien as a conglomeration of his many Medieval images of demons. He hears the Alien's hollow, raspy breath. It glides towards him...

Anthony steps back directly INTO A TRAP as his mind goes --
SNAP!!

The STEEL JAWS spring shut on his left ankle.
Milky blood-fluid starts to flow.

He finds himself in the same predicament as his vision --
Ankle pinned, the Alien's appendages circling him --
He screams. AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH --!

AT THE DOOR

Ripley is trying to work. She punches numbers into the keyboard.
She is too exhausted to see straight.
They HEAR the scream --
John RUNS back --
Traps SNAPPING around him --
Ripley turns towards the sound --
The Abbot pushes her back to the keyboard --

ABBOT OPEN IT!!

Ripley knits her brows. Forces herself to focus.
Her fingers punch the keys.

THE ALIEN

Steps towards Anthony --
Snap-snap-SNAP-AP-!!
Traps snap closed on its tail, its legs --

HALFWAY DOWN THE HALL - JOHN

SNAP!!

His cassock is snagged in a trap.
He TEARS right out of it --

AT THE END OF THE HALL

Anthony is in the clutches of the Alien.

He WHACKS at the Beast with his staff, but his blows fall like drops of rain on an elephant.

The Alien LIFTS him up to face him. Anthony SCREAMS as his left leg is stretched against the tension of the trap's chain -- Blood pouring as white ribbons from his almost severed ankle.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE ALIEN

Anthony drops his staff and grabs each of the alien's arms with his own android arms. His extra-human strength keeps them from squeezing him any tighter, but he cannot avert his gaze from the smooth, eyeless face.

The Alien considers him. Its thin, almost translucent lips pull back to reveal rows of splinter-like teeth. The jaws spread, making room for the distended tongue:

The Alien HISSES --
PUTS OUT Anthony's EYES with a thin stream of ACIDIC SALIVA --
Artificial skin BUBBLES AND BLISTERS --

JOHN

Picks up Anthony's staff.
Begins to FLAIL away at the demon.

AT THE DOOR

Ripley is getting no response from the keyboard.

ABBOT

What's wrong?!

Ripley slides the keyboard out of the wall compartment.
The wires are so old they've broken.

RIPLEY

Shit.

She BITES the ends off the wires - spits out the insulation.
TWISTS the bare wire ends together...
Sweat runs into her eyes.

JOHN

WHACKS the Alien with Anthony's staff --
Again. Again. The creature will not let Anthony go.

The Android writhes in its grasp, his face now a blistered, pulpy mass, eyes gone.

RIPLEY

Finishes hot wiring. The keyboard hums to life.
Her fingers FLY across the keys --

THE ALIEN

Tail wraps around John's waist --
Pulls him towards it --
LIFTS him - turns him upside down --

Lips PULL BACK --

John's hands GROPE at the floor --

Sharp metal teeth SPREAD --

THE DOOR KEYBOARD

Lights: CODE ACCEPTED
Ripley's head whips towards the corridor --

JOHN

His hand closes around the end of one of the traps --
He brings it up --

SNAP!!

It SLAMS closed on the Alien's extended Tongue -!

The Beast bellows!!

Whips its head from side to side --

Can't shake off the trap --

ACID BLOOD sprays out --!

Lands as pools of FIRE on the wooden floor.

THE DOOR

Opens with a strained blast of dust -- SEE-WHORCSSH!
The Abbot LEAPS inside --

RIPLEY

It's open!!

JOHN

PRIES Anthony's ankle out of his trap.
Scoops up his staff, drags the moaning Android --
Back up the corridor --

RIPLEY

Stands in open Technology Room doorway --

ABBOT

Close it -- close it -- it's coming -

RIPLEY

We wait. John!!

John and Anthony appear out of the shadows --
Run/hobble towards the door --

THE ALIEN

Acid Blood DISSOLVES the traps' steel jaws. PULLS itself free.
Head whips towards the escaping Monks -- if it had eyes they
would narrow to slits in anger --
RUNS up the hall --

RIPLEY

Follows John and Anthony into the Technology Room.
On the other side of the doorway: another keyboard.
She punches keys --

ABBOT

Hurry --

JOHN

HURRY!!

THE ALIEN

Yards away -- Limping. Hissing.
ANGRY.

THE KEYBOARD

Acceptance tone "bings."
The Door starts to slide down --

The Alien is feet away --
INCHES...

The door seats itself closed with a solid THUD.

Ripley, panting, rests eyes closed against the rough wooden door. A beat.
She turns to the room for the first time and finds --

WINDMILLS

Real Man of LaMancha wood and cloth windmills. Two story high arms slowly rotating. Moving enormous volumes of air through the wind tunnel-like room. As far as the eye can see. Turning, creaking.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
But no electronics. No radio. No weapons.
This is the Technology Room.

Ripley collapses to the floor and loses consciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SULACO ESCAPE SHIP #4 (DREAM)

Yellow warning lights PULSE. Those goddamned STROBES are flickering on and off. Steam blasts out overhead pipes.

The blue-spark pilot light muzzles of a FLAME THROWER shyly pokes out from behind a console. It's owner cautiously follows...

RIPLEY

She's breathing heavy.
She's wearing a sweat soaked tank top.
Her eyes flit from side to side. Then up. Then down.
She pokes the weapon out ahead of her and moves into the pod.
She silently crosses the distance to Newt's sleep tube:

IN THE TUBE

Newt sleeps peacefully.
Ripley allows herself one maternal smile, then remembers.
Her grip TIGHTENS in the Flame Thrower in her hands.
She flips a switch to HI HEAT.
Moves around the sleep tubes...

A noise to her left.

She WHIRLS --

Pulls the trigger on the flame thrower -- click. Nothing.
She tries again -- a half-hearted burp, but no flame.
She begins to panic --

Senses the Alien's presence.
Looks left, right, up - no Alien...
Looks down:

The Alien's tail is COMING UP BETWEEN HER LEGS.
She turns --

Right into it's grasp.
The useless flamethrower SKITTERS across the floor.
She PUMMELS the beast with balled up fists.

RIPLEY

No. NO! I beat you! I beat you mother
fucker!!

The Alien spins her -- pushes her over across the sleep tube --
Like it's taking her from behind!

Ripley looks down into the sleep tube:

Newt is gone.
Her doll's head lays in a pool of blood.
The Alien wraps his arms around Ripley.
Thin lips pull back for a kiss.

She SCREAMS.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - REALITY - DAY

Ripley opens her eyes.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
She's still in the room with the windmills.
Somehow this place seems less real than her dream.
She looks around:

John is sitting next to her, writing on a piece of parchment.
He smiles a relieved smile.

JOHN

I thought we'd lost you.

RIPLEY

What are you writing?

JOHN

Last will and testament.
(beat)
Just kidding.

She looks to her left:
Anthony is lying on his back, cotton bandage wrapped around his eyes. His ankle is a swollen mess. Wires are hanging out.

RIPLEY
Is he --?

JOHN
Resting.
(shakes his head)
He'll be fine.

ANTHONY
No I won't. He's a terrible liar.

RIPLEY
I'm sorry.

ANTHONY
It's ironic. I guess my visions were prescience after all. How will I ever resolve that with my artificial conscience?

A creaking floorboard to Ripley's right draws her attention to The Abbot. He's pacing.

ABBOT
Do you see what you've delivered us into?

RIPLEY
Yeah. Lead me not into temptation to kick your -- ahh --

Ripley tries to stand - her head spins.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY
Oh shit.

The entire room THROBS with the rhythm of the wind.

RIPLEY
Where is the Big Boy -?

The Abbot points to the door.

ABBOT

On the other side of that door.
Waiting for us to starve to death.

Ripley moves to the door and feels it's cold surface.

RIPLEY

It's playing with us. It could get in here any time it wants.

ABBOT

Why should he enter? He knows that one of the people in this room is in league with him.

JOHN

Sir. We're all in the same coracle, so to speak.

ABBOT

Maybe more than one of us.

RIPLEY

Let's talk about the facts, Mr. Abbot.

She looks at the windmills.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY

This is your technology?

ABBOT

Even this is forbidden to us.

RIPLEY

Well then, the facts are that we're screwed.

She moves into the room. Walks around one of the Windmills.

RIPLEY

An Eco system. Nothing to recycle your atmosphere except the green plants. Winds generated down here --

(looks at the floor)

Windmills use the natural surface winds to turn wheels underground, create tides on the seas to recirculate your water...

ANTHONY

More than that. There are pumps beneath the floor - I can feel their vibration.

RIPLEY

Probably pumping this air through charcoal filters.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY

It gets colder all the time here, right?

John looks at her questioningly.

JOHN

Yes...

RIPLEY

Your wood burning fires throw soot into the atmosphere, building the cloud layer - cutting off the sun's rays - cooling the planet, forcing you to burn more wood.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

ANTHONY

The Greenhouse Effect. It's how the Earth almost destroyed itself in the late 20th century.

RIPLEY

Don't you see? This is a planet set to self destruct. Not in ten minutes or two hours but soon. Your atmosphere here is finite. If the plants die the fires will eat up all the oxygen - this planetoid will be dead - Everyone will die.

The Abbot has the look of a man who has been beaten in the last few meters of a Marathon.

ABBOT

It's here. I was just hoping I would be dead long before it came to this.

JOHN

What?

ABBOT

We're supposed to die here. That's the point.

RIPLEY

Wait a minute -- you were exiled --?

ABBOT

The punishment for our crime was death.

Anthony sits up.

ANTHONY

This planet is the supreme triumph of planned obsolescence. A certain amount of primitive materials with an atmosphere processing system as fragile as a real environment but not replenishable.

The Abbot has a faraway look in his eyes...

ABBOT

Poetic justice for the anti-technologists. The Company's best work. You know, I used to be a corporate executive. Middle range V.P. Then my wife got hit by a speed craft. I chucked it all and joined the order. Be a monk -- see the world. Being here, being chairman of the board...

RIPLEY

No, now I understand why I landed here. To join you happy lunatics in your deaths.

Ripley moves away...
John starts after her.

JOHN

Ripley, wait --

The Abbot stands, blocks his way.

ABBOT

Where can she go? She's trapped.
(beat)
Trapped inside her own prison. A prison in her mind. Inside her mind. Dancing. Sparklets of light - dance with the june bugs in the recesses of ourmindstheyare coming to danceintheshadowof...

John and Ripley turn to look at the Abbot. He begins to speak faster. Faster. He shakes. Vibrates is more accurate -- A trickle of BLOOD runs from his left ear...

ABBOT

RidingthewildwindsofchangeNoescapeNo escapeforthewickedEvilEvilthynameis

woman.Woman.Womanheiscoming.Heiscoming
foryouuuuuuuuu --*

SPLORTCH-KT--!!

The Abbot's HEAD EXPLODES --!!!
Like a ripe melon dropped ten stories onto pavement.
Blood, bone, hair and brain matter SPRAY John.
John SCREAMS.

A HORRIBLE ALIEN HEAD BURSTER

Is all that sits atop the blood spurting neck of the Abbot.
It keeps it's hold on the Abbot's spinal cord -- The Abbot's
body continues to stagger around, arms jerking mechanically as
lack of fresh nerve impulses from the brain works its way
through the system.

Ripley SCREAMS.

The Infant Alien-headed corpse stumbles towards her --
She plucks Anthony's staff from the floor and SWINGS --
-- Like a child hitting a baseball from a TEE --

WHACK-K -!!

BLASTS the Chest/head burster across the room --

It hits the floor SCRAMBLING. Scuttles down into where the
Windmills meet the floor. Disappears.

RIPLEY

BASTARD!! It came out of his fucking
head!

ANTHONY

I didn't have to see that to know what
that means.

RIPLEY

He sent him to us. That bastard outside.
I can't get away from him. He's fucking
with my mind. He's my punishment!

ANTHONY

I'm confused. Before you said it came out
of the torso, not the head --

RIPLEY

I don't feel like a discussion of Alien biology.

John comes up next to her.

JOHN

Ripley, don't --

She pushes him away and sinks to the floor.

RIPLEY

I should just wait for the air to run out...

JOHN

I believe - I know - that we can win --
there is an answer in our books.

RIPLEY

Your books? Your books are gone, Brother.
Your world is gone. Once that thing starts
to lay its eggs, all your brothers - if
they aren't already - are dead.

JOHN

If that's true, then all of us, the books,
are consigned to ashes.

He clasps his hands and bows his head.
The Abbot's blood drips off his hands.
Plip - plop!
Into a little puddle at Ripley's feet.
She stares at the blood. Aahk.
Feels the PAIN again.
Runs her hand across her chest...

ANTHONY O/S

Ripley?

RIPLEY

What?

ANTHONY

There are several inconsistencies between
this and the other Aliens you described.

RIPLEY

Give it up.

ANTHONY

I think this is important. This may help
us fight it. The creature that I fought
in the hall - when I first saw it, it had
camouflaged itself to look like wood.

Ripley looks up.

RIPLEY

Wood? When I saw it in my room it looked
the way it did before -- black, mechanical --

unless that was a dream.

ANTHONY

I don't think it was. I think that this creature, if it is the efficient predator that you say it is, has the ability to adapt to its environment.

RIPLEY

Then the reason they've always looked the same to me is that I only ever saw them in the same environment.

ANTHONY

Or this may be an as yet unseen stage of development -- you saw a queen -- This could be like a King ant -- more highly advanced than the drone, bred for survival -?

JOHN

How does this explain the thing that came out of the ewe's chest? The Abbot's head?

RIPLEY

Maybe it can deposit different types of eggs. The chest burster is probably dormant until the host eats - The first one I ever saw came out of Kane after he started to eat --

And in one horrible moment she realizes:
She hasn't eaten. The pain in her chest...

RIPLEY

No.

Anthony "looks" towards her - does he realize as well?

JOHN

No what?

RIPLEY

No, we're not beat yet, Father --

JOHN

Brother --

Ripley gets up.

RIPLEY

Brother. Not yet. If he's taunting me,

then maybe we can use that. We can beat
this bastard. We can get to my ship.
We can live.

CUT TO:

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM

John stands by a ladder that runs up to a trap door in the ceiling. Holds a torch.
Ripley is on the ground with Anthony, his injured leg splayed out in front of him. Skin is palid.

ANTHONY

Don't have second thoughts. Blind and
crippled I would only slow you down.
Give him time to figure out what you're
doing. Just leave me my staff.

RIPLEY

Okay. Good luck.

She shakes his hand. He pulls her closer.
Anthony's empty eye sockets seem to see as he looks at Ripley.

ANTHONY

Ripley, I know. Good luck.

RIPLEY

Sit tight.

Ripley crosses to John. Poised at the bottom of the ladder they look up at the trap door on the ceiling.

RIPLEY

He could be waiting on the other side
of that door. We might not get ten feet
before he kills the three of us.

He shakes his head.

JOHN

We had better go, then.

He smiles.
She smiles back.
They move up the ladder.

It leads up a damp, short shaft, walls GREEN with algae, to

AN UNDERGROUND DOCK - NIGHT

The ladder shaft opens onto a barnacled pier. Ripley and John climb out onto the wooden structure. Before them:

AN UNDERGROUND SEA stretches the width of the entire planet, over five miles across. The floor of the lowest level of the top half of the orbiter makes a ceiling that looms a hundred feet overhead.

The water sparkles with a golden glow.

JOHN

Must be day on the surface of the planet.

RIPLEY

Where is the light coming from?

JOHN

Mirrors. Reflect the outside light down great shafts -- through lenses. That's what they make in the glass factory. Lenses. Look --

She turns:

A HUGE WATERFALL

Lit from within by daylight beaming down from above -- pours into the sea a short distance from them.

JOHN

Opens to the surface. Water flows in and out. I don't know how. There's one at either end. I came down on the other side.

RIPLEY

What do we do?

John points to three small leather and wood coracles bobbing at the end of their ropes.

JOHN

We cross.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - DAY

Anthony has dragged himself to a sitting position against the bottom of one of the windmills. He winces as he prods his tender ankle with the end of his staff. It SPARKS. The large canvas arms of the windmill rotate above his head.

The wind blows through his hair.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
Feels good.

Anthony reaches up and waves his hand of his "eyes."

ANTHONY

Now the seer can only see what God wants
him to. Forty years on a planet of Monks
and I've finally found religion.

A floor board CREAKS.
Anthony strains to hear:

ANTHONY

John? Ripley?

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
He knows it is not.

ANTHONY

Well come then. I haven't got forever.

A shadow falls across his face. He can feel it.
He doesn't have to see what is here.

THE UNDERGROUND OCEAN - DAY INTO NIGHT

The leather boat makes its way across the sea.
John rows while Ripley holds the torch aloft.
As night falls she takes the oars.

The Ocean is dead calm. The coracle glides across the glass-
like surface. John flexes his scarred fingers.

RIPLEY

Your hands okay?

JOHN

They'll be fine. You've been on
a boat before.

Ripley squints ahead of them.
The ocean seems to go on forever.

RIPLEY

I was a warrant officer on a ship --
but I did all my sailing in space.

JOHN

Father Anselm used to take me on his

coracle when I was little.

Ripley leans forward - scans his face.

RIPLEY

How old were you when they towed
this satellite out here?

JOHN

Five. The Abbot said they put us to
sleep for the thirty years it took
to get here. We've had almost forty
more. Until now.

RIPLEY

What happened to your mother?

JOHN

Never had one. I mean, never knew her.
I mean, I did, once. She left my father
when he joined the movement. If she
hadn't I wouldn't be here. They kept
the other children with the women, on
Earth. That was too long ago now. Like
a dream.

Ripley's face grows strangely dark. She turns to the water.

RIPLEY

Did you know that I was a mother?

JOHN

The girl in the ship with -?

RIPLEY

No. On Earth. I never mentioned my
daughter. My daughter. I have - had
I guess, by now - a daughter on Earth.
Kathy. She was nine when I signed on to
the Nostromo. Mommy will be home before
you know it I said. My shares would have
set us up good. Then I lost sixty years
floating around in a rescue pod. Thanks
to the Alien. I came home to face a bitter,
70 year old woman. My daughter. A little
girl who's mother never came home.

JOHN

Jesus Christ.

RIPLEY

They said I should have been happy to be

alive. Funny, huh? That's why I went back the second time. Not so I could fight it -- You can't fight it -- So I could let it kill me.

She rubs her chest --

JOHN

You didn't choose to get lost in space.

RIPLEY

Thanks for the try Father --

JOHN

Brother.

RIPLEY

Brother, but I'm not looking for absolution. I couldn't be a good mother to my daughter. I couldn't be a good mother to Newt. But I can be a good mother to you. I can make sure you survive.

Suddenly they feel rain --
Ripley holds out her hand.
Her eyes open wide at what she sees.
John takes the oars as she holds the torch over the side:

The Ocean has become red with BLOOD.
Blood DRIPS down from the ceiling around them.

RIPLEY

Blood.

John looks up.

JOHN

From the levels above.

His face goes white.

JOHN

He must have slaughtered all --

RIPLEY

Don't think about it. Don't think about what's up there. Just row.

As Ripley takes the torch away from the water, tiny ripples move across the surface.
She doesn't notice.

A SHAPE

Passes underneath the boat. A swimming CREATURE. The Alien. Thanks to the reflective qualities of water, it appears HUGE. Dwarfs their coracle.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - NIGHT

All the windmills are BURNING.
Flaming arms lazily turning.
Anthony is not in sight.
Whoosh...Whoosh...

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Another dock with ladders going up and down.
Ripley and John climb out of the coracle.
Don't waste time tying off. They go --

UP THE LADDER

A hundred foot climb. The wood is twisted.
Rungs have been torn away in some places.
They pull themselves up sections that have only the tiniest foothold. The temperature rises as they do.
Sweat runs into their eyes.

Soon they can see the floor above them:
BLACKENED by intense heat.
They climb.

INT. UNDERGROUND WHEAT FIELDS - NIGHT

Ripley and John come up from the level below.

RIPLEY

Holy shit.

John crosses himself.

Another testament to the terrible battle with the Alien.
Reduced to just a huge, blackened floor.
All the crops burned to ash --
Their charred stalks mingled with the corpses of roasted Monks.
Their nostrils assailed by the stench of the dead --
Ripley would puke if she had any food in her body.

JOHN

There's Andrew. And Raphael. Peter...

RIPLEY

Stop. How far?

JOHN

We're right below the Abbey now.

They cross the smoldering field.

The scorched floor threatens to give way under John's feet --
Ripley pull him to one side.

THE MONASTERY LEVEL

Heaven has become HELL.

The ground, the buildings, the Sky-timber - all blackened.
FIRES burn everywhere. Air choked with gray smoke and dust
pouring in from the Orbiter's surface through rends in the
vaulted ceiling.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Climb through a hole where a trap door has been torn off it's
hinges. They look at the grim tableau:

Monks impaled on their own pikes.
Tangled together in their own pungy stakes.
Alien cocoon material cobwebbed over their bodies.

THE MONASTERY

Flickering fires lit the first few floor windows.
Ripley takes a step towards it --
Reaches back and pulls John...

INT. GLASS FACTORY - NIGHT

The Glass furnace boils almost to the point of overflow.
Small fires burn out of control around the room.
Finished glass pieces BURST from the heat.
Ripley and John enter.

JOHN

This is the glassworks. They have
tools here --

(spots)

Kyle --

He runs across the room --

BROTHER KYLE

Sits calmly at the Marver table.
He places playing cards on the table in front of him.
Solitaire.
He sings to himself quietly.

KYLE

(sotto)

Can't see my baby.
Don't see my baby. Bay be.

John grabs him by the lapels - pulls him to his feet.
The playing cards fall to the floor --
Kyle watches them, not John.

JOHN

Kyle. Brother Kyle.

KYLE

Cards on the floor, fifty two pickup.
Black king on red queen, put the
ace up --

John SHAKES him.

JOHN

Kyle goddammit!

Ripley moves closer.

RIPLEY

John - it's too late --

Kyle begins to sing faster. Faster.

KYLE

Ace up. Put the ace up. Redaceupup.
Blackaceup.Up.Pup-pup-pup-chaka-
boomloommawhacka -- Boomalooma
looma --

Ripley and John look at each other.
They know what this means.
John pulls a length of rope off a nearby table.
Moves in front of Kyle. Looks into his glassy eyes.
A tear runs down his cheek.

JOHN

Keep singing, my friend.

John loops the rope around Kyle's neck.
Strangles him.
Eases the lifeless body to the floor.
Stares at it.

RIPLEY

Pulls a blowing iron from the rack. Feels its weight and balance. A reasonable weapon. She crosses to John.

JOHN

I killed him. I'm a doctor and I
killed him.

RIPLEY

You had to. You're supposed to end
suffering.

She hands him a pontil, a pointed iron spear used to form the molten glass shapes.

RIPLEY

Let's get the hell out of here.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ripley and John move up the stairs.
Flickering orange lit from below.
Smoke and soot rise from the first on the lower floors.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

They enter carefully. The room is exactly as John left it, books out of shelves, hanging on their chains.

RIPLEY

He's made a mess.

John pushes ahead of her.

JOHN

No. He hasn't been up here yet. I
did this.

He moves to the nearest shelf and uses his pontil to pry open the lock --

JOHN

Here - philosophy - we'll start here --

AAAROO --!

A HAIRY BLUR flies out from between the stacks --
WHUMPH! Knocks John to the floor --
Licks his face.

JOHN

Mattias!

The happy dog leaps all over his master.

JOHN

He waited. Ripley, this is Mattias. My
dog. Good fellow.

Ripley crosses to them.

RIPLEY

I'm glad. Really. But we've probably
only got a few minutes before this
entire place goes up in flames. Just
grab whatever books you want and --

Ripley leans in to pet Mattias.
Mattias draws his lip back. Growls.
He's looking over Ripley's shoulder.

She turns around slowly...

THE ALIEN

Standing in the open doorway.
It's in bad shape from the man traps.
Lost a foot. Tongue hanging out, useless.
Parts of it look like wood. Parts of it look like wheat.

It carries Anthony's waterlogged, limp body --
POPS off his head like a grape from the bunch.
Tosses the corpse at Ripley's feet.

I could swear it's trying to smile.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Back against the book stacks.
John grabs Mattias' collar.
The Dog GROWLS at the Alien intruder...

JOHN

Easy, boy...

RIPLEY

Is there another way out?

JOHN

Not that will do us any good.

THE ALIEN

Limps into the room dragging one foot.
It's breathing is labored. Dripping acid blood leaves a thin trail of fire behind it.

JOHN

We hurt it.

The Alien draws itself up to its full height --
Even wounded it is one dangerous mother fucker.

RIPLEY

You wanna give it a bandage? Look --
Where is my ship from here?

JOHN

On the roof directly above this room.

RIPLEY

Here's the plan --

JOHN

But the books --

RIPLEY

Forget the books!

RUFF!!

Mattias pulls free from John's grasp --
Runs to the Alien --

RIPLEY

Shit.

MATTIAS

Snaps and barks at the Alien --
Leaping about to dodge its claws.
Draws its attention --

RIPLEY AND JOHN

RUN at the Alien.
It is trying to spear the dog with its tail.
John swings the iron rod -- THWAP -!
HITS the Alien across the back of its bulbous head --

It turns to him --

SPLIIIIITCH -!

Ripley SHOVES the blowing iron into the Alien's torso.
His acid blood SPURTS out the end of the hollow tube --
SPLATTERS Ripley's cassock - she TEARS it off --

John grabs Mattias -- pulls him back.

The Alien SPINS in a circle --
Blood SPRAYING around him -

Creating a CIRCLE OF FIRE about him --
IGNITING the books --

JOHN

No! THE BOOKS!!

RIPLEY

Don't --!

John steps forward -- Ripley grabs for him --
The ACID EATS through the wooden floor --

THE FLOOR COLLAPSES

The Alien, John and Ripley PLUMMET down -!
THROUGH the next floor --

INTO THE GLASSWORKS

The Alien FALLS into the molten glass vat --
SCREECHES - arms flailing as it sinks beneath the surface of
the thousand degree liquid.

JOHN

Finds himself HANGING over the bubbling glass vat - Caught -
DANGLING on the Flying Fox rope. Five feet away - the ledge the
Flying Fox is launched from. He looks down:

He can see the huge open vat of molten glass below him. To its right, the Water DUMP TANK - a large wine cask-looking affair where finished pieces are cooled. He looks up:

Ripley holding onto the edge of the broken floor above.

JOHN

Are you all right?

Ripley grunts an affirmative response.

At least is she falls, it will only be a twenty-foot drop to the floor. John is looking at instant par-boiling.

John starts to move hand over hand UP the rope. He begins to sweat.

A drop of sweat falls...

HSSS!

POPS AND SIZZLES as it hits the surface of the molten glass --

RIPLEY

Tries to pull herself up to the floor above --
The next level is a raging fire.

She can only hang and DROP. She DOES -!
Falls the two stories.
Bends her knees and ROLLS on impact.

JOHN

Has reached the ledge overlooking the furnace.
He stands. Sees Ripley slowly rising --

JOHN

Ripley -!

Ripley shakily gets to her feet.
Hops on one foot.

RIPLEY

Aargh. I'm fine. Let's get the fuck
out of --

SUDDENLY

THE ALIEN'S head breaks the surface of the molten glass.
SCREAMING. STEAMING. It is white-hot -
translucent -- covered with --
It looks like MOLTEN GLASS!!

Hook-like hands grasp the edge of the tank --
It tries to climb out --

Ripley turns to run. Tender ankle gives out.
She falls face down on the floor --
Rolls over --

THE ALIEN is going to climb out of the vat --
She SCREAMS --

JOHN

Grabs the Flying Fox handle.
SWINGS down the rope - across the room --
PAST the Alien --

It turns away from Ripley -
She scrambles across the floor...

John lands HARD.
Points --

JOHN

Ripley - the lever!!

Ripley looks next to her: a burning wooden lever.

The Alien has one foot out of the glass furnace --

RIPLEY grabs the lever -- Hsssst!
Putting out the fire with her hand --
Pulls --

THE HUGE DUMP TANK OF WATER

DUMPS. Empties a thousand gallons --
RAINS DOWN on the Alien.
It HOWLS in pain --

The Molten Glass instantly COOLS --
The rapid extreme temperature change causes the beast to
BE-THWOOOoooOOM -!!
EXPLODE into a million pieces...!!!!

Ripley helps John off the floor.
They are battered. Bloody.
They look into the vat.
The steam clears...

The room is littered with Alien Bits.

Each piece is encased in glass --
Trapped like a fly in amber.

JOHN

Saw that happen to a bottle once.

RIPLEY

(panting)

Beat... Beat him - ugh --

She grabs her stomach as her knees give out.
John gives her an arm for support.

JOHN

We've got to get to the Library --

RIPLEY

Don't worry. Ship. Just --

They look up:

Mattias looks down through the hole in the floor.

BARKS...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

An INFERNO.

Every bookshelf ablaze. The floor dotted with pools of flame.
Ripley and John are at the door - held back by the heat --

John tries to enter the room --

Ripley grabs him --

RIPLEY

Don't be stupid --

JOHN

Some of them! I've got to save some of
them! Mattias!!

Mattias yelps in response. Threads his way through to them.
Ripley spins him to face her. Tears stream down his cheeks.

RIPLEY

They're lost. You did your best. If
you get out, it wasn't in vain.
We've got to live!!

She YANKS him into the hallway --

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY - THE ROOF - NIGHT

Ripley's good foot KICKS down the burning planks that surround the escape ship. John and Mattias stand behind as she climbs through to the ship. John looks around:

The ABBEY LEVEL is devastated. The air is filled with smoke. The Abbey is burning. The Library is in flames.

John looks down at his medical bag. Torn, bloody, scorched, it still hangs from his shoulders. Inside: The only remaining book.

RIPLEY O/S

Come on in!

John and Mattias step through --

INT. SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4 - NIGHT

Ripley CLICKS on the lights. John lifts Mattias into the hatch.

JOHN

The Library --

RIPLEY

I told you -- the Earth is still there --

Ripley checks an instrument: Elapsed travel time. Her brows knit. She TAPS the gauge.

RIPLEY

Not working.

JOHN

What does that mean?

RIPLEY

It means I don't know how long I was in hyper sleep.

JOHN

It means the Abbot could've been right --

RIPLEY

It means my clock isn't working. We have to get out of here. Even if he was right this ship's onboard computer is filled with man's knowledge.

JOHN

Not everything. Some things will be
lost forever.

RIPLEY

Then man starts over. He's done it
before.

She pushes a few buttons. Somewhere under the floor a
propulsion source HUMS to life. THROBBING through the soles
of John's feet. Ripley is absorbed in her work.

RIPLEY

Okay. The seals weren't broken so
we're probably clear. But those dead
monks out there are going to start
hatching soon. Let's get ready to
take off.

JOHN

What can I do?

RIPLEY

Here, I need a compressor tank from
in that compartment.

She motions towards an open door.
John enters the compartment.
Whoosh-CLANG -!
The door closes behind him.

JOHN

Hey! What?!

He looks out the window in the door.

Ripley is staring at him, punching keys on a pad next to the
door.

JOHN

Hey - I'm locked in.

Mattias scratches at the door.

RIPLEY

I know. I locked you in.

JOHN

What?

RIPLEY

I'm not going with you. I've got one inside me.

JOHN

What?! You can't --

She runs a hand across her midsection.

RIPLEY

I figured it out. That's why it didn't kill me. He must have impregnated me when I was in the stasis tube.

(remembers nightmare)

It hasn't come out yet because I haven't eaten, It's still dormant. So either I eat and it kills me or I don't eat and I starve to death. Either way I die.

John pulls the Medieval Tome out of his medical bag.

JOHN

My book -- I know what to do --

RIPLEY

What, an exorcism? No good.

JOHN

You can't do this. Ripley - listen to me - you're confusing feeling of guilt for actual sin - I can help you --

RIPLEY

(ignoring)

I've set a time lock. When the pod escapes the Colony's gravitational pull this compartment will open. Then all you have to do is get into the Stasis tube with Mattias and press the blue button. With any luck a freighter or something will pick you up. Good luck.

He pounds his fists against the door.

JOHN

NO! No, Goddammit - you can't do this. You can't let it win.

She turns away from the door.

RIPLEY

It always wins. We killed it, but it's

still inside me -- You're my last chance.
If I can keep you alive it'll make up
for all those I've lost.

JOHN

Listen to me! You have to let me try!
Ripley: You're MY only chance!

She's listening...

JOHN

I told you Father Anselm raised me.
He raised me and when he was dying I
couldn't do anything to save him. I
didn't know enough. It was my fault
he died. If you don't let me try to
save you my body will live but my soul
will be dead.

Ripley turns and stares at him.

JOHN

Please.

CUT TO:

THE PAGE

A MEDIEVAL ETCHING.

A Monk vomits up the devil.

Pull back as John lowers Ripley to the pod floor.
John closes his eyes.
Closes the book.

He pours some water into a small plastic cup.
Retrieves a small pouch of herbs. Opens it.
Wrinkles his nose - they smell --
pours these ancient medicines into the space age cup.

RIPLEY

What is this stuff?

JOHN

(forceful)

Something that will make you well.
Something that will make you sick.

RIPLEY

I don't --

JOHN

Shut up and drink.

He lifts the back of Ripley's head --
FORCES the drink down her throat.

John swings his leg over her midsection. STRADDLES her.
Presses his two hands together in prayer.
Then balls them into one fist.
Takes a deep, preparatory breath...

Ripley starts to GAG -- Cough.
Her body starts to JERK --

John BRINGS HIS FIST DOWN INTO HER STOMACH --
WHAMM -!!

Ripley CONVULSES -- has the dry heaves --

WHAM! WHAM --!
John PUMMELS Ripley's diaphragm!

She sputters -- VOMITS a thick mucous-like substance --
HEAVES --

Ripley's back arches --
She SCREAMS a gut wrenching WAIL --
Her torso BULGES as the creature is forced upwards.

John BEARS down --
Pushes UP under her ribs --
FORCING the chest-burster up her throat --

Ripley fights for air as the alien STOPS halfway up her
esophagus -- She's choking --

John crosses himself -- takes a deep breath --
Lowers his mouth to hers --
Inhales. Exhales. CPR.

THE ALIEN CHEST BURSTER

SLITHERS out of Ripley's mouth --

INTO JOHN'S!!
Reptilian tail whips about before disappearing down his gullet.

John falls back against a computer console.
Gagging. Fights to speak.

Ripley raises herself up on one elbow.

Alien mucous drooling down her chin.
Hair matted against her forehead.

RIPLEY

Why?

JOHN

Choking. It was the only way.

He drops the open book in front of her:
She sees the etching.

JOHN

Gulps back the oozing slime.
Struggles to his feet.

JOHN

They knew.

RIPLEY

But you --

Ripley tries to stand - to go after him --
She can't sit up -- feels like a rib might be cracked.

RIPLEY

You'll die --

John stumbles to the Pod door. Turns back.

JOHN

That's idea. Join...my brothers. If
we were right, Heaven. If we were wrong --
either way, where we belong. World of
books. Pages.

He draws the parchment out of his bag.
Drops it to the floor.

JOHN

You... are from the real world.

He starts to step through the door --
Mattias tries to follow.

JOHN

Stay -- both of you.

He exits the Pod.

Ripley drags herself across the floor.

RIPLEY

No - wait! John!

To the Door. Looks out:

BROTHER JOHN

Dawn's rays are peeking through the battered ceiling as he walks slowly across the smoking roof.
Into the inferno that is the burning Abbey.

Ripley watches as John and the alien horror inside him are **INCINERATED.**

The heat of the flames grows.
She must pull back --
Reaches up for the door handle.
It closes with a THUD.

She rolls onto her back.
She weeps. For the first time in years.
She's been absolved.

CREeeek -!!
The escape pod SHIFTS.
Ripley's eyes SNAP open --

The Roof beneath the Pod is beginning to GIVE WAY.

Ripley rolls onto her stomach and drags herself to the pilot's chair. Pulls herself into the seat.
Straps herself in --

SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4

Blasts THROUGH the wooden outershell of the Orbiter Arceon.
ROARS towards us - past us.

INT. SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4 = DAY

Ripley places Mattias into the Hyper sleep tube.
Rubs under his chin. Is about to climb in with him when she spots something on the floor --

JOHN'S PARCHMENT

Ripley picks it up and unrolls it.
She hears John's voice:

JOHN V.O.

I, Brother John Goldman of the orbiter Arceon, Minorite abbey and gaol, know the Abbot was wrong. There is a great evil here. I have seen it. I put pen to paper now lest this plague - this creature stills my hand. I have gone down below - both to try to warn the others and get the woman - Ripley - get from her some clue as to how to battle this evil, or at least to make my peace for not defending her. She believes there is still an Earth and I hope she is right. I hope she will be able to find out. I hope she can find some rest for the devils that torment her.

Ripley looks at the elapsed time counter on the command console. Pulls a pen from its holder. She adds:

RIPLEY V.O.

Whether the Earth exists or not, whether we end up in Heaven, or Hell, or the cold vacuum of space, she has.

She sets her course.
Gets back into her tube.
Closes the lid.

DEEP SPACE

The escape pod moves through the jet-black void...

ARCEON

Dwindles into the darkness behind her, a smouldering, slowly dying ember...

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK

END CREDITS ROLL...

Teenager in the back of the movie theater shouts,
"It's in the dog!"

