"ALIEN III"

by

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from a story by David Giler and Walter Hill

second draft

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FADE IN:

DEEP SPACE - THE FUTURE

The silent field of stars -- eclipsed by the dark bulk of an approaching ship. Closer. ANGLE on the hull -- the transport SULACO, on automatic pilot, returning from LV-426.

INT. SULACO - HYPERSLEEP VAULT

TRACKING down the line of empty, open capsules. Frozen twilight. The final four capsules are sealed, lids in place.

ANGLE INSIDE CAPSULE: NEWT, RIPLEY, HICKS, BISHOP in his caul of plastic -- but the lid of Bishop's capsule is misted with hothouse condensation.

CLOSER: A tear of fluid streaks the condensation. An ALARM sounds.

A monitor begins to scroll data.TIGHT on monitor:

TROOP TRANSPORT SULACO
CMC 846A/BETA>GATEWAY
MISSION/LV-426/RETURN
+++STATUS RED+++
TREATY VIOLATION
REF: #99AG558L5
CAUSE: NAVIGATIONAL ERROR

Bland feminine voice of the ship's computer, as the alarm continues to sound:

COMPUTER
Due to navigational software failure, Sulaco has entered territory claimed by the Union of Progressive Peoples. Auxiliary systems are now on line. Course for Gateway has been cancelled in favor of docking-intercept with Anchorpoint cluster. Hardwired protocols prevent, repeat, prevent arming of nuclear warheads in the

absence of Diplomatic Override, Decryption Standard Charlie Nine.

EXT. SULACO

The ship slides past beneath us. U.P.P. INTERCEPTOR descends INTO FRAME, matching course and speed with Sulaco.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Cramped, like the interior of a WW-II bomber.

KURTZ (E. German), DeSOLIS (C. American), and CHANG (Pacific Rim, female) scramble into COMBAT SUITS, military spacesuits; smart-guns are built into the forearm segments of each suit.

Kurtz's POV: Monitor displaying graphic of interceptor approaching Sulaco. Digital countdown.

KURTZ
Brace!

They grab handholds; the interceptor clangs against Sulaco, shudders, lights flicker, steam hisses from a vent. Beat.

DeSOLIS
Not your usual butterfly kiss, Herr Captain... (Peering into another monitor)

KURTZ
Kiss this, Juanito. (gesture) Anything broken?

DeSOLIS
Nothing we can't do without...

Chang is binding her long hair back with a red headband.

KURTZ
How long do we have?

CHANG
Fourteen minutes. Then they exit our sector.

DeSOLIS
Get to work, little one. Maybe you'll meet a rich handsome capitalist...

Chang shoots him a look, snaps her helmet shut. He tosses her an instrument. Kurtz touches a switch; a section of deck slides back, revealing one of Sulaco's airlocks, coated with thick white frost. She scrambles down and scrapes away a patch of frost, attaches the instrument to the airlock. DeSolis studies his monitor, tapping out a combination.

CHANG
No. Try the revised blue sequence...

DeSolis on keyboard. A grating sound as Sulaco's airlock begins to open.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

Dark. Angle up to a widening crack of light as airlock opens. The commandos climb through and descend gleaming, hairthin cables, ZZZZZIP. Reaching the deck, they fan out, weapons ready, i.e. they extend their arms like children holding imaginary guns. We see the lock interior as they do, infrared images generated inside their faceplates, miniature data-readouts flickering in the margins.

Kurtz's POV: the battered drop-ship.

CHANG
Captain...

She's found Bishop's <u>legs</u>: broken, grotesquely twisted, still in fatigues, the white android blood clotted into powder. Kurtz and DeSolis join her, exchange looks through their faceplates.

COMPUTER
Attention. Integrity breach, Cargo Lock 3. Security alert. Integrity breach, B Deck...

DeSOLIS
Puta madre...

KURTZ
The hypersleep vault.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

LEADER'S POV: No longer on infrared. The chilly aisle of capsules.

Commandos peer in at Newt, Ripley, Hicks, but the lid of Bishop's capsule is pearl-white. Kurtz tries the controls at the foot of the capsule, where green and red indicators glow. Nothing happens. He opens a panel, finds an emergency lever, tries it. The green indicators wink off. The lid rises. A dense pale mist flows out, spilling over the edges of the capsule, revealing the gray ovoid of an ALIEN EGG rooted in the tangle of Bishop's synthetic entrails, which INSTANTLY EJACULATES a FACE-HUGGER, striking Kurtz's faceplate in a spray of acid.

CHANG
Kurtz!

He screams, blinded by the acid, grappling with the thing as it begins to force its way through the melting faceplate, its tail lashing furiously. Chang tries to help him as he stumbles, smashing into RIPLEY'S CAPSULE. RIPLEY'S GREEN INDICATOR GOES OUT. He flings out his arm; his hand convulses, triggering the pulse-gun in the arm of the suit, fierce stutter of energy as the full-auto burst chews holes in the bulkhead. All of Sulaco's emergency systems go crazy: claxons, sirens, flashing red lights.

Kurtz lurches out of the vault.

CHANG
Kurtz! Come back!

Her helmet fills with sounds from the Kurtz's helmet. Nasty gagging. Then silence. She quickly exits the vault, past the smoking metal of the bulkhead.

INT. CARGO LOCK

Earsplitting clamor of the alarms, dizzying strobe-flash of the warning lights. Her eyes

through the faceplate, frantic, looking for the leader.

CHANG
Juan! I can't see him! Juan!

Beat. Something moves, behind her. She spins, bringing up her arm, ready to use the inbuilt gun.

In the entrance to the vault, washed by the red strobes, a BLACK MULTI-ARMED FIGURE -- the second commando, with Bishop in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANCHORPOINT CLUSTER, A WEYLAND YUTANI CORP. PROJECT IN DEEP SPACE.

VARIOUS ANGLES: There's something slightly off here, an unfinished look, disarray. Unused construction materials float in a jackstraw cloud above the station's hull. Few lights, no sign of activity. MOVE IN on darkened portholes. A light.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MAG-RAIL SHUTTLE

JACKSON, a tough-looking woman in battered fatigues and a baseball cap, jumps down into the open-cab shuttle. Slaps the simple controls. The shuttle quivers and leaps forward down a narrow tunnel. Her POV as the walls rush past: blur of exposed wiring, pipes, brilliant dayglo patches of spraycan grafitti; the little car attains a terrific velocity, begins to slow, hisses to a halt.

JACKSON
Tully! Goddamit! You lazy son of a bitch!

She bounds out of the shuttle and runs to a row of hatch-like doors: sleeping cubicles. She hammers furiously on one of the doors. CU on color Polaroid and ID displayed on the door in a transparent envelope -- TULLY, CHARLES A., TECH-5, TISSUE CULTURE LAB.

JACKSON
Damn you, Tully!

There's a combination lock on the face of the door, something like the keypad on a pocket calculator.

Jackson jams out a combination with her thumb, hard. Nothing happens.

JACKSON
Okay, shithead!

She yanks something from the open neck of her fatigues, a cardkey on a thong. Jackson shoves the cardkey into a slot beneath the combination lock, withdraws it. The door slams up into its housing instantly, revealing TULLY, drenched with sweat, tangled in a sleeping bag with SPENCE (female), obviously in the act. Tully blinks at Jackson in amazement, then grins goofily. Spence meets Jackson's eye and begins to giggle.

TULLY
Hey, Jackson, it's the middle of my downtime, okay?

JACKSON
I don't think you were sleeping.

TULLY
Downtime's downtime, Jackson! Show me in the regs where it says--

JACKSON
If I show you in the regs where it says you don't disconnect the com-unit in this cubicle, Tully, I'll have to dock you a month's pay.

TULLY
Uh, well... Shit... I mean, never mind. Forget it. Whaddya want, anyway?

SPENCE
(Not amused) Time to get <u>off</u>, Tully...

Spence rolls out from under him and curls into the bag with an exasperated sigh.

JACKSON
Last time I looked, Tully, you were a BioLab tech. You too, Spence.

TULLY
So?

JACKSON
A Marine transport came in on automatic, last shift. The Sulaco. Departed Gateway four years ago with a complement of fifteen. A dozen Marines, an android, a Company representative, and the former warrant officer of a merchant vessel...

Tully sits up in his bed.The cubicle, terminally sloppy, resembles the nest of a high-tech hamster; not much larger than a berth on a train. The walls are plastered with a wistful collage of posters, ads, photos torn from magazines: beaches, desert, the Grand Canyon, redwoods, blue sky -- a hedge against claustrophobia and the emptiness of space.

TULLY
So?

JACKSON
So bio-readout gives us the warrant officer, one -- count him -- Marine, and a nine-year-old girl. Makes you wonder what happened out there, doesn't it?

TULLY
So ask 'em. Wake 'em up and ask em. Them, not me.

JACKSON
But that's the <u>good</u> news, Tully. Before Sulaco turned up, we docked a priority shuttle out of Gateway. Two passengers. Military Science.

TULLY
That's the bad news?

JACKSON
They want that ship gone over for biohazard contamination, the full drill, by oh-eight-hundred hours. You're priority for the squad. Both of you.

TULLY
(Heartfelt) Shit.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ROSETTI'S LIVING QUARTERS

ROSETTI, the project's senior scientist, is a tired man; one of the project's original architects, he's spent the last ten years here, watching his dream fail for lack of funding. Anchorpoint has never been completed and Rosetti knows it may soon be phased out entirely. Now he faces FOX and WELLES (female), two very hard young units from the parent corporation, in his cluttered combination office/bedroom.

ROSETTI
(Still shaking off sleep) Coffee? I'll send for some...

FOX
No coffee, thanks. We appreciate the demands we're making on your operation, Rosetti. We understand your position, that you're partially mothballed, that things have been on hold here for a while--

ROSETTI
(Interrupting, to Welles) Coffee?

WELLES
Something without caffeine.

ROSETTI
(To intercom) Could you get us some coffee, Spence? And something...without caffeine.

INTERCOM
(Vaguely affirmative noise garbled by static.)

ROSETTI
(Glancing through a crisp sheaf of printout, their orders, he spots something and frowns) According to this, you departed Gateway three days prior to the navigational failure that sent Sulaco into the UPP sector.

FOX
Let's consider that a glitch in your documention.

ROSETTI
But your orders say you're here to investigate accidental failure in the ship's navigational system. If it was accidental, how did you manage to leave Gateway before it happened?

WELLES
Not to worry.

ROSETTI
I'll decide that for myself.

WELLES
If I were you, I'd worry about the mission priority-rating on those orders. That's the two-digit figure in the upper right corner, page one.

ROSETTI
I think this 'software failure' was a command from Gateway.

FOX
Rosetti, that <u>isn't</u> in the documentation.

ROSETTI
You caused the failure, deliberately routed Sulaco through the UPP sector, and brought her into Anchorpoint.

FOX
(Shrugs)

WELLES
We're with Military Sciences.

ROSETTI
(Gestures with the printout) I know that.

FOX
We're with Weapons Division.

Beat. Spence comes in wearing faded coveralls, carrying coffee etc. on a tray; we can tell that she isn't used to playing waitress and think's it's bullshit.

ROSETTI
Thanks, Spence.

SPENCE
(Glancing at Fox and Welles with curiousity)
You're welcome. (Exits)

ROSETTI
(Helps himself to black coffee, drinks) The presence of Weapons Division personnel on Anchorpoint is specifically forbidden by our Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty with the United Progressive Peoples. This isn't a military station.

WELLES
We understand that.

FOX
We appreciate your concern.

ROSETTI
You're violating treaties that exist to prevent nuclear war! You've deliberately caused an armed military spacecraft to penetrate their border-zone! If they can prove it...

WELLES
They know. Proving it is something else.

FOX
They boarded Sulaco. We logged a security breach and internal damage. We can certainly prove that, if we have to.

ROSETTI
If that's true, I think you're crazy. <u>Someone</u> is crazy... (He looks at the orders)

WELLES
A calculated risk. And believe me, Colonel, the decision was made at the top.

ROSETTI
The top of what?

FOX
Sulaco was returning to Gateway with specimens of weapons-related material. The Company's quantum detectors were monitoring data from the ship's hypersleep vault. It became evident that the material in question had... become active.

WELLES
The decision was made to reroute Sulaco here, to Anchorpoint. Other factors outweighed the risk of entering UPP territory.

FOX
(Consulting very fancy watch)
Status report on the biohazard sweep we requested?

ROSETTI
(Swings around in his chair to consult data on a screen) We have a crew assembling in Docking Bay 8... (Swings back) You'll be going aboard yourselves?

WELLES
We're in charge.

FOX
We wouldn't have it any other way.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DOCKING BAY

Vast hangar-like space. The EXECUTIVE SHUTTLE that brought Fox and Welles is in BG, a smallish craft whose lines suggest a combination of Learjet status and risky, stripped-down speed; it has Weyland Yutanti markings, corporate logo etc. A DRONE LIFTER (somewhat smaller, remote-control version of the power-lifter in "Aliens") is emerging from the

shuttle's cargo hatch, carrying a white, coffinlike container. WALKER, the station's head mechanic, guides the drone with the joystick on a little rc-unit. Tully is struggling into a spacesuit; watches the drone lower its burden in front of Fox, who's already suited up (no helmet); over his spacesuit, Fox wears a baggy, translucent cover, a BIOHAZARD ENVELOPE. Tully stands nearby in grubby coveralls and a leather jacket patched with logos (hi-tech mixed w/ Harley-Davidson, Coors).

FOX
(To Tully) Help me with this lid. (He unseals the container; they remove the lid)

CU on the closely-packed contents, heavy-duty bio-lab gear: stainless steel collection-vials, etc., with an exotic piece of hi-tech weaponry on top, its outlines obscured by a wrapping of transparent bubble-pak. Fox picks this up and strips away the wrapping.

TULLY
What's that?

FOX
(Looks at Tully, not sure he likes being asked) This is a tunable free-electron laser.

TULLY
Thought they were bigger.

FOX
Factory prototype. (He's plugging the laser into its bulky power-pack, still in the container)

TULLY
Guess you can really kill some germs with that baby, huh?

Fox looks up, doesn't answer.

TULLY
That's what we're doing here, right? Germs? Biohazard sweep, samples for the lab?

FOX
That's right.

TULLY
Sure. You're the boss.

Fox looks up from the laser as though he's just noticed Tully for the first time; doesn't like what he sees.

FOX
That's right. I'm the boss. Suit up.

INT. OPS ROOM

OPS is Anchorpoint's nerve center. Jackson in smokey video twilight, dragging on a cigarette. She faces a curved bank of monitors above massed keyboards and "mouse" pads, wears a nylon cap whose bill is fitted with a light-pen. Some of the monitors display iconic menus, others display shifting video images, a continuous montage of Anchorpoint.

JACKSON
Deploying umbilical...

Using the light-pen and her mouse, she manipulates icons on a screen displaying a simple graphic of Sulaco and the curve of the station's hull. The hull extrudes a member...

EXT. SPACE - SULACO OFF ANCHORPOINT

Articulated boarding-tube snakes out toward Sulaco, covers airlock, clamps on with electromagnets. Like a giant robot lamprey.

INT. DOCKING BAY

Tully and the others hear a muffled boom, vibration through the deck as the tube locks in place.

JACKSON (VO; intercom)
Effecting systems interface...

INT. BOARDING-TUBE
Slow zoom through the flexible tunnel to Sulaco's AIRLOCK. An instrument package on the tube-segment nearest the airlock snaps open, extends a PROBE,

which slides smoothly into a socket set in Sulaco's hull. Rotates, locks in place.

INT. DOCKING BAY

The boarding crew: TULLY, SPENCE, TATSUMI, STERLING, led by FOX and WELLES. Fox and Welles are ready to go -- helmets on, envelopes sealed. Fox holds the laser, wears the power-pack slung over his shoulder. Welles has a nifty little camcorder clamped to the shoulder of her suit; it pans and focuses, keyed to her eye-movements.

The Anchorpoint team don't seem to be taking this quite as seriously, though Tully doesn't care for that laser. Sterling, a big NASA-style shitkicker techie, sucks on a toothpick and watches as Tatsumi ties a Rising Sun headband across his forehead prior to putting on his helmet.

STERLING
(Texas accent) What is that, huh, Tatsumi? The Californian flag?

TATSUMI
Yeah.

SPENCE
(Quiet, leaning close to help Tully with his envelope) They're from Weapons Division. I heard them tell the old man.

TULLY
Hey, I can see it. Check the raygun on that asshole...

SPENCE
(More urgently) He's a walking treaty violation. So's she. Rosetti's unhappy...

TULLY
Unhappy myself. Goes with the territory. What the hell's he need that thing for?

SPENCE (VO; intercom)
Some kind of damage... Ship's lights are out, but I can put the backups on. (Beat) Right, got 'em.

Getting some video but it's pretty fuzzy--

INT. OPS ROOM

Over Jackson's shoulder at flickering images from Sulaco's video cameras.

TIGHT on one monitor, FILLS FRAME. Jackson flips from camera to camera. A corridor. Command bridge. The hypersleep vault. Poor lighting, the ship's emergency system: dim white floods. Image from each camera identified on screen: CAMERA 7A HYPERSLEEP VAULT etc.

JACKSON
Looks dead...

INT. DOCKING BAY

The team, suited up. They carry various instruments. Only Fox, with the laser, is armed. The entrance to the boarding-tube is shrouded in billowing transparent plastic, secondary biohazard protection. Walker watches as they file out, through a slit in plastic; he seals the slit behind them.

INT. ENTRANCE TO TUBE

Heavy airlock hatch slides open. They enter. Hatch closes.

INT. LOCK

Entrance to tube is circular, opens like the shutter of a camera. Beyond, the tube. White steel-ribbed plastic, ringed with white neon: pitiless light. They scramble up the ribs, reach Sulaco's airlock.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson's still flipping from camera to camera, anxious. A matter of instinct. Starts panning Sulaco's cameras manually, one at a time --WAS THAT A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT???

JACKSON
Hey. Hold on--

STERLING (VO; suit radio)
C'mon, Jackson! Open the fucking thing...

TIGHT on monitor as she pans back on "CAMERA 3B BRIDGE GANGWAY" image...

INT. TUBE

FOX
Do we have a problem, Jackson?

JACKSON (VO; suit radio)
Unh... Negative. Thought I saw something...move.

Tully and Spence exchange looks through their faceplates.

STERLING
Hey, Fox, man, what the fuck--

WELLES
Quiet.

JACKSON (VO; suit radio)
Nothing moving.

FOX
Activate ship's airlock.

INT. ECU ON JACKSON'S SCREEN

"CAMERA 5G CARGO LOCK", high angle, dim, jerky, as lock opens, revealing the boarding crew, Fox with laser ready.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

Scene of Ripley's battle with the Queen in "Aliens". Lit now with emergency floods. Fox steps in with the laser held waist-high. The team shuffles in, using flashlights. Welles is taping with her camcorder. CU's on eyes through faceplates. Beams from their lights dart around.

SPENCE
Fox... Jackson, can you see this?

She's holding her light steady, out and down, toward something on the deck.

CU Angle up on a ceiling-mounted camera, panning.

JACKSON (VO; suit radio)
Yeah. What is it?

Spence walks forward. The others follow. Bishop's legs, as before.

SPENCE
Good question...

The "bones" in the dessicated legs are obviously artificial, steel and plastic.

STERLING
Somebody broke their android, huh?

SPENCE
Shut up, Sterling...

WELLES
(Hands Spence a roll of clear plastic, steel tongs, etc) Bag it for microanalysis.

FOX
Tully, Sterling -- the hypersleep vault...

INT. SULACO - CORRIDOR

Fox, Tully, Sterling coming toward us. Tully and Sterling edgy, Fox confident of the laser.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

Spense and Tatsumi squat over Bishop's legs, working carefully with tongs and plastic: looks like a scene at an anthropological dig.

SPENCE
(Professional, concentrating) Can you get that over a little...

TATSUMI
Yeah. Just...there...

Welles is swinging her light around, the camcorder on her shoulder following her glance. Peers up at the damaged drop-ship. Starts toward it, out of frame; Spence and Tatsumi don't see her go.

INT. SULACO - ENTRANCE TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Tully and Fox watch as Sterling presses the latch-button. Door hisses open.

TULLY'S POV, the aisle of capsules. As before, except Bishop's capsule is open, empty, and RIPLEY'S RED INDICATOR is ON.

FOX
Check it out...

Tully approaches capsules. Pauses beside Newt. Beat. CU on her angelic, sleeping face.

STERLING
Shit! Look at this!

Tully spins at Sterling's exclamation; Sterling's pointing at the holes Kurtz's gun made in the bulkhead.

Tully turns back to the capsules, takes another step -- and Ripley slams up against the lid of her capsule, screaming, face contorted, clawing furiously at the plastic, mad with fear, a condition so shocking, so extreme, that at first we aren't entirely certain that this IS Ripley. The lid of her capsule pops up and she's out, still screaming, all over Tully--

FOX
Grab her! Hold her! Get her hands!

Tully clumsily tries to enfold Ripley in the arms of his suit, as she struggles violently, shredding the fragile biohazard envelope.

RIPLEY

No! No! No! No! No!

Fox steps in fast with a hypo-gun and injects Ripley. She convulses, goes rigid, and for an instant her eyes are clear; she's lucid, looking out at us...

RIPLEY
Newt? Honey...

Then Fox's injection hits and she's out, toppling into Sterling's arms.

INT. SULACO - OFFICER'S QUARTERS

Welles is coldly flipping through private possessions in a dark sleeping-cubicle, using her light. This one belonged to GORMAN ("ALIENS"). In the locker, she finds his military ID (name, rank, photo) and a framed hologram of his wife or girlfriend, tosses them aside. She moves on to the next cubicle: EXECUTIVE OFFICER BISHOP.

Bishop's cubicle is bare, utterly spartan, the bed made with geometric precision. Welles opens his locker: neatly folded clothes, hi-tech android personal maintenance gear in transparent plastic bags, and a thick, ring-bound book with plastic covers: DOCUMENTATION: HYPERDYNE MODEL A/5. Her light on the book, the camcorder humming. This is the "instruction book" Bishop was issued with at "birth". Welles flips it open: CU detailed cut-away "anatomical" diagrams of an android. Flips again: a chapter-heading, EMERGENCY DATA RETRIEVAL PROCEDURES.

A noise from the corridor.

Welles looks out: nothing. Beat. Taking the book with her, she steps into the corridor. Entrance to another sleeping-cubicle, this one labelled with a piece of masking tape, RIPLEY printed across it in thick feltpen.

Welles' POV as she opens it: a wall splashed with dried blood. Her light finds the dead, hideously burned face of Kurtz, visible through the acid-ravaged remains of his helmet. He lies on his back on the matress, limbs contorted in the combat-suit.

INT. SULACO - A CORRIDOR

Tully and Sterling transfer a limp Ripley to a stretcher.

WELLES (VO; suit radio)
Fox, I'm in officers quarters, C Deck. Get down here.

Tully and Sterling exchange looks as they strap Ripley into the stretcher. Sterling touches forefinger to faceplate. Shhh! He stands, moves off down the corridor alone.

INT. SULACO - LADDER

Sterling climbs down ladder to C Deck.

INT. SULACO - CUBICLE

Fox is kneeling beside Kurtz, examining the combat suit, the ugly hole, in the glare of Welles' light.

STERLING
Don't try to move him.

Fox and Welles turn, see Sterling in the doorway.

STERLING
He's U.P.P. Sometimes they boobytrap 'em. I saw that on Titan in the Three Day War...

WELLES
You aren't required here, Sterling.

STERLING
Thought you might need help.

But he's bullshitting; his motive is curiousity. He takes a step forward.

FOX
Didn't you hear her?

As he raises the laser. A charging-mechanism whines.

WELLES
Mr. Sterling, go back to the cargo lock. We'll have a talk later, about certain clauses in your contract with the corporation...

STERLING
Hey! No problem! I just--

Sterling's points his own light at Kurtz; it finds the hole in the suit's chest, where something has obviously torn its way out.

STERLING
Jesus...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - CORRIDOR TO MED-LAB

TULLY, STERLING, SPENCE, and TATSUMI, still fully suited, hustle three unconscious figures on hospital carts through corridor: HICKS, NEWT, RIPLEY.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DECONTAMINATION SHOWER

TULLY, STERLING, SPENCE, TATSUMI, fully suited, march into scalding high-pressure downpour. They strip away one another's biohazard membranes, scrub each other's suits down with long-handled brushes. The nozzles overhead hose them with bright yellow decontamination agent, then water again. They shuffle into another room and start getting out of the suits.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MED-LAB MORGUE

FOX and WELLES, in disposable paper suits, goggles, surgical gloves, and transparent filter masks, bend over the rigid, contorted corpse of Kurtz, still in its combat-suit. The suit's smart-gun has been partially dismantled.

CU as Fox uses a small laser (as in "ALIEN") to cut a square around the hole in the suit's breastplate. Welles grabs the twisted edges of the exit-hole with pliers and lifts the section away, exposing the wound. Fox prepares a sterile swab on a long needle and inserts it into the wound...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: EXT. RODINA, THE U.P.P. SPACE STATION

VARIOUS ANGLES. Smaller than Anchorpoint.

INT. RODINA - CYBERNETICS LAB

CLOSE on Bishop. He stares straight ahead, the corner of his mouth twitching mechanically. PULL BACK: Bishop's torso is mounted in the center of a

large square platform; tubes and wires snake from his ruined lower ribcage. The walls of the lab are lined with monitor screens and printers. Information is being reamed out of the android at high speed, printouts of measurements, graphs, formulas... COLONEL-DOCTOR SUSLOV is beside CHANG, who wears a sleeveless fatigue-blouse revealing regimental tattoos: a yin-yang, hashmarks, an ID marker like a supermarket bar-code. They watch as a graphics program generates a detailed anatomical drawing of a face-hugger on a large monitor. Chang stares, wide-eyed.

SUSLOV
And this is definitely the creature that attacked Kurtz?

CHANG
Yes, Colonel...

He taps a keyboard and the face-hugger vanishes. The screen begins to draft an Alien in side and frontal projections.

SUSLOV
And this?

CHANG
_____! (Chinese expletive)

SUSLOV
No?

CHANG
No, Colonel!

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MED-LAB QUARANTINE

A small white room, a white bed surrounded by medical gear. HICKS, in a paper gown, is hunched on the edge of the bed, impatiently smoking a cigarette. The dressings on his head and shoulder have been changed. SPENCE enters.

SPENCE
No smoking in here, Marine.

HICKS
Yes ma'm. (He takes a puff)

SPENCE
I'm Spence. I'm not a medic, I'm from the tissue culture lab. I have to get a sample. (She opens a small white case and takes out a gleaming cylinder) Just put your thumb in here. (Hicks gives her a hard look, inserts his thumb; she touches a stud -- SNIK! -- he winces, looks ruefully at his thumb)

SPENCE
Sorry. (Putting the tissue-sampler away) You're the last one...

HICKS
(He grabs her wrist) The others. Ripley, Newt -- they came through okay?

SPENCE
Who's Newt?

HICKS
The kid.

SPENCE
Rebecca. Rebecca's fine.

HICKS
Ripley.

SPENCE
(Hesitates) Ripley's fine, Hicks.

HICKS
Bishop. Where's Bishop?

SPENCE
Bishop?

HICKS
The android.

SPENCE
(Carefully, worried that she's gotten in over her head) There were the three of you...

HICKS
(Leaning forward, still gripping Spence's wrist) Why haven't I been debriefed? Where's the brass?

A crash from the corridor, a pained bellow, and Newt scuttles in, wearing a hospital gown. She backs into a corner as STERLING enters, clutching his right hand.

STERLING
Goddamn it! She bit me! (He starts for Newt)

Hicks comes off the bed like he's mounted on springs, trained reflex, ready to kill.

STERLING
Hey! Easy!

NEWT
(Near hysteria) Where's Ripley? Where is she?

HICKS
(Straightens out of hand-to-hand crouch without losing any of the threat) She's asking you a question.

STERLING
You're lookin' to get yourself sedated...

NEWT
Where is she?

HICKS
Now I'm asking you the question...

SPENCE
(Moves slowly toward Newt, extending her hand) Rebecca... Newt. Honey. It's okay. Ripley's going to be okay. C'mon now, I'll take you, you can see her...

STERLING
Hey. Fox's orders--

SPENCE
Screw Fox.

Sterling shrugs, grins at Hicks.

INT. MEDLAB - ANOTHER ROOM

Ripley lies in a coma, monitored by assorted white consoles. Her forehead is taped with half a dozen small electrodes. Newt, expressionless, walks slowly to the bedside as Hicks and Spence look on.

SPENCE
She's sleeping. (She and Hicks exchange glances) Sometimes people need to sleep... To get over things...

Newt looks up at a monitor that displays Ripley's EEG. Watches the jitter of peaks and valleys.

NEWT
Is Ripley <u>dreaming</u>?

SPENCE
I don't know, honey.

CU on Newt's face as she looks down at Ripley.

NEWT
<u>It's better not to.</u>

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Hi-tech bio-lab, white on white, lines like West German kitchen equipment. Tully and Tatsumi in paper coveralls, masks, etc., lean over one of Bishop's legs on a dissection table. Tully wears a binocular microscope rig; Tatsumi is taping with a minicam as Tully scrapes a sample with a scalpel.

TULLY
You getting this?

TATSUMI
Yeah. Beautiful.

TULLY
That's good ... because I swear I just saw a piece of this shit move...

Tully inserts the sample in a plastic tube, seals the tube in a small metal cannister, and writes #17 on the side in red greasepen.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Rosetti alone at a console, calling up data. The only light is from the monitors.

CU on monitor.

LV-426
COMBINED TERRAFORMING/MINING OPERATION, POP. 159

(Note: if production stills or footage of the unruined colony exist, insert here as images on Rosetti's monitor.)

Rosetti taps a query into the board, causing the console to admit a warning chime:

FILES DELETED
AUTHORITY WEYLAND YUTANI SECURITY EXECUTIVE

Reaction shot, Rosetti: not happy. The console emits a different sound, three high bleeps:

INCOMING TRANSMISSION
SOURCE: GATEWAY
TRANSIT TIME: 4.7 HOURS
TO: FIRST OFFICER ROSETTI
>>NOW DECODING>>

CU monitor as the message is replaced by color-bars, then by STODDART, a very senior Weyland Yutani executive. Stoddart's message has been taped from the far side of an acre of black desktop, empty except for a tricky-looking futuro-Milanese desklamp. All very luxe-corporate. Interstellar transmission produces odd scan-lines, slight jerkiness.

STODDART
(In the tone of someone dictating to a stenographer) Rosetti, First Officer, Anchorpoint, transmission coded Blackbag. (Turning on his executive persona with an almost audible click) Lawrence Stoddart, Rosetti, Military Sciences. Re your request for clarification concerning the operational status of Welles and Fox ... I suggest you have a look at the priorty code on their orders. (Beat)

ROSETTI
(wearily) Fuck you.

STODDART
You don't need to check your brief as First Officer to know that we expect you to provide every possible degree of assistance. To put it another way, your primary responsibility to the corporation--

ROSETTI
(Over Stoddart's audio) And your interior decorator.

STODDART
--now consists of seeing that Welles and Fox implement their orders under conditions of optimum security. (Beat; consults notepad) We appreciate your concern for the obvious <u>diplomatic</u> aspects of the situation, Rosetti... We assure you that those aspects were given full consideration... However... The orders stand as written. As you know, continued funding of the Anchorpoint project is currently in question...

Rosetti massages his temples with his fingertips, his anger replaced with dull resignation. He slaps the keyboard; the screen goes blank -- as he notices Jackson looking on.

JACKSON
Don't you want to hear the whole thing?

ROSETTI
No.

JACKSON
You're missing the good part, the part where he tells you they'll keep Anchorpoint operative if Weapons Division makes it cost-effective.

ROSETTI
Been reading my mail, Jackson?

JACKSON
It's an <u>easy</u> guess, Frank.

ROSETTI
Anyone ever tell you you're executive material? You've got the right turn of mind...

JACKSON
Come on, Frank. I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. You've been out here what, five years? You were on the original design team, weren't you? It's your baby. It's not happening. You'd like to see it happen...

ROSETTI
Wouldn't you?

JACKSON
Not if it means letting them turn it into a germ warfare lab.

ROSETTI
You think that's it?

JACKSON
What's it look like to you?

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Spence is working with cultures. Her arms are up to the elbows in a pair of white gloves mounted in round openings on the side of a transparent plastic tank. She looks up as Tully enters, looking groggy.

SPENCE
Get any sleep?

TULLY
No. (Kisses her on the back of her neck) You?

SPENCE
(Shakes him off, not in the mood) Sacked out in a spare berth in Med-Lab. They kept me up trimming cuticle off Sleeping Beauty and her friends, running biopsies.

TULLY
How are they?

SPENCE
She's gone into catatonic shock. The auto-doc's hedging its prognosis, but vital signs are okay... Newt seems okay except for this look she gets, sometimes. And she won't say a anything about what happened, except that her parents are dead and Ripley's her friend...

TULLY
(At another work-station, like Spence's but heavily armored) Newt who?

SPENCE
Newt. The little girl. Rebecca.

TULLY
How about the Marine?

CLOSE on Tully pulling on surgical gloves. He picks up cannister #17, puts it in a miniature airlock on the side of the heavy plastic case.

SPENCE
Hicks. He's a Marine -- what do you expect? Keeps asking when he's

going to be debriefed. Name, rank, serial number. Wonder how many planetary species he's helped exterminate?

TULLY
I always forget: you're an ecologist.

CU on Tully's hands at the controls of a pair of high-tech servo-manipulators visible through the side of the case. Tully moves his hands, testing.

CU as skeletal steel waldos inside the tank mimic each move. He uses them to open the cannister and remove the sample. An electronic microscope is built into the case, its monitor mounted just above the window. He positions the sample under the microscope.

SPENCE
What's that?

TULLY
Some crap Tatsumi and I scraped up... Welles wants it prepared for--
(Reaction shot, his eyes over top of monitor: shock)

SPENCE
Tully?

TULLY
Look.

SPENCE'S POV, the monitor, CLOSE. Some kind of glittering black filigree.

SPENCE
(Awed) Up the rez...

Magnification increases by twenty powers. ECU monitor as the screen fills with an image that might be a bizarre landscape, its lines and textures recalling the interior of the derelict ship in "ALIEN".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ECO-MODULE

An experimental pocket Eden: artfully rugged concrete Disneylanded into lush rainforest, sun-dappled miniature meadow, patches of African cactus. Overhead are giant lamps, geodesic struts, automated blinds. Like most of Anchorpoint, the Eco-module looks half-finished.

Newt crouches in long grass, her hand extended toward a small animal. A lemur. Welles stands nearby.

NEWT
(Eyes wide with wonder at the lemur) Have you been to Africa?

WELLES
Yes. (The lemur scoots away, spooked by her voice; Newt watches as it scurries up a tree)

NEWT
I'd like to go there...

WELLES
That shouldn't be any problem, Newt, provided you remember the things we discussed. (Smiles with professional warmth; Newt doesn't respond)

NEWT
(Dully, the wonder fading) About not telling...

Spence walks out of the miniature jungle, carrying a wire tray of plastic bottles.

SPENCE
Want to feed the carp, Newt?

NEWT
Okay... (Accepts tray)

They watch as Newt listlessly crosses the micro-meadow to a pool stocked with Chinese carp.

SPENCE
Do you think she's--

WELLES
I'm not a psychiatrist.

SPENCE
Neither am I, but--

WELLES
She'll undergo therapy at Gateway.

SPENCE
Then what?

WELLES
She has relatives.

SPENCE
Relatives?

WELLES
Grandparents. (Glances at her watch) Excuse me.

Welles exits. Spence walks over to where Newt is feeding the fish.

NEWT
Do you <u>like</u> her?

SPENCE
Welles? Sure, Newt, I--

NEWT
No. You don't.

SPENCE
I think you're right...

NEWT
Why don't you like her?

SPENCE
Because she's got eyes like cufflinks.

NEWT
(Giggles) Yeah... Spence?

SPENCE
What?

NEWT
What are 'cufflinks'?

INT. RODINA - SECURITY BUBBLE

Maximum-security conference chamber, the spherical walls lined with baffles and anti-bugging gear; claustrophobic, paranoiac.

A round table, covered with full-color, Amiga-style graphics, printouts from Bishop's pirated memories. SUSLOV and his lab team: NEVSKY (female), RIVERA (Rodina's diplomatic officer), KASSEL -- resident members of the U.P.P. scientific elite. A stiff silence--

SUSLOV
(Into lapel-mike) Well?

LOUDSPEAKER (VO)
Countermeasures operative, Colonel-Doctor. Conversation is now secure...

The three dive for the printouts, start flipping through them excitedly--

SUSLOV
Order and accord!

They look up warily, assuming their Party masks.

SUSLOV
(Quietly) You're looking for this one...

He turns a sheaf of printout in their direction, flipping its pages as he speaks. CU on computer-rendered drawings of the biological stages of the Alien.

SUSLOV
The android, Bishop, is a meticulous observer... The egg; this is the form our boarding team initially encountered. (Facehugger) This is the form that overcame Kurtz. (Nasty anatomical drawing of larval Chestburster in human host; he flips past this to drone Alien a la "ALIENS", then to

the original "ALIEN", larger and more formidable) The android theorizes that this reproductive mode (Flips to Queen with egg-sac) is somehow triggered by the proximity of an adequate number of host organisms...

KASSEL
The colonists on LV-426...

SUSLOV
Exactly. Kurtz has become a host, and no doubt is in corporationist hands...

NEVSKY
Hermaphroditic...

SUSLOV
No, not in the terrestrial sense. The creature is both sexless and self-replicating--

KASSEL
A biological Von Neumann machine...

SUSLOV
Bishop proposes that <u>each indivual possesses sufficient genetic information to become a queen</u>.

A silence as the lab team considers the implications.

KASSEL
In that case, Colonel-Doctor, a <u>single</u> egg, a <u>single</u> individual...

RIVERA
And an environment overrun by these things...

SUSLOV
Yes. In Bishop's view, the outcome is almost inevitable.

NEVSKY
But what <u>is</u> it?

KASSEL
A weapon.

NEVSKY
Not one of theirs, surely...

SUSLOV
Obviously the purpose of their mission was to obtain specimens of this life-form. The android dissected a single specimen. One of the pre-larval forms -- like the thing that attacked Kurtz.

RIVERA
(Dubious) And you believe that these creatures are of potential <u>military</u> importance?

SUSLOV
The adult form, Rivera, is evidently a killing-machine of great strength and sophistication. No evidence of intelligence. Purely instinctual. Given this hypothetical reproductive vector...

KASSEL
Our deep sources in the corporationist structure are aware of the existence of a special project within the biological section of Weyland-Yutani's Weapons Division. The nature of the project remains unknown.

SUSLOV
This project may concern the alien?

KASSEL
There is a definite link between the project and the mission to LV-426.

RIVERA
As the station's diplomatic officer, I remind you that experimention with the alien genetic material violates primary

biological warfare limitations in the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty...

NEVSKY
The Weyland Yutani corporation is obviously prepared to do so -- they may already be doing so... Our technology lags slightly, in this area.

RIVERA
Pricisely because we've honored the treaty!

NEVSKY
Nonetheless, consider: we are in possession of a potential weapon -- a whole new technology, if you will -- which Weyland Yutani clearly intends to develop. Do we choose to hold our advantage?

SUSLOV
Can we choose not to?

RIVERA
Then the android must immediately be returned to Anchorpoint.

KASSEL
Why?

RIVERA
As the situation stands, we are clearly in the right. The Sulaco invaded our territory; our response involved a minimum of force. Now, however, we propose to violate the biological weapons ban. We must return the android, register a stiff protest, demand the return of Captain Kurtz, and pretend to know nothing of the alien.

SUSLOV
But in doing so, we may be giving them crucial data...

RIVERA
They will be unable to prove that we accessed Bishop's memory.

KASSEL
Erase it, then!

NEVSKY
Selective erasure is impossible, in a unit of this sophistication.

RIVERA
Exactly. You lack a sense of the importance of gesture, Nevsky. We will repair the android and return it, avoiding their customary accusations of barbarism... And buying ourselves time...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MACHINE SHOP

Sterling lopes into the cavernous shop, sidestepping an emerging drone. The place is an oily forest of steel; machines of various kinds await repair. Walker is at a workbench.

STERLING
Temporary duty assignment, Walker-boy. Your wish, my command.

Walker works the joystick on a handheld remote control unit. A drone comes to life and lumbers toward the bench. He brings it to a halt expertly, exactly where he wants it, with a few casual twiddles of the stick. The drone has "FLOYD" spraypainted across its front in runny dayglo pink.

WALKER
Company's wish. They want Sulaco sent back to Gateway. Those U.P.P. cowboys shot up a panel full of relays, fried a cooling grid. Gotta pull the grid for number seven afterburner, gotta replace it. So suit up, we'll take Floyd 'n' the truck...

STERLING
I'm not goin' back in there, Walker-boy.

WALKER
Sulaco?

STERLING
You got it, hoss.

WALKER.
Why not?

STERLING
'Cause I saw a U.P.P. commando in full combat armor got himself turned inside-out, in there. You saw that laser Fox took in? (Raises his hand, forefinger extended, and makes "bang" gesture with thumb) Big game, Walker.

WALKER
Listen, Sterling, this <u>is</u> a big game. It's the <u>company</u>, man. When's the last time you won an argument with the company? They say we pull the grid, we pull the grid.

STERLING
I'm not goin' in there.

WALKER
Nobody says you have to. I said we'll take the truck. We'll do it from outside. (Offers Sterling a cigarette, lights it for him with a micro-torch from the bench)

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MAINTENANCE AIRLOCK

Walker and Sterling, in spacesuits, followed by Floyd, approach the "truck", a clumsy-looking space vehicle designed for heavy-duty maintenance. It's cockpit is an open cage. Lots of exposed piping, hydraulics, etc. They climb aboard; Walker uses the rc-unit to direct Floyd; the drone clamps itself to the truck.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - LOCK DOOR

Opens, as truck lifts off from lock deck, clears door.

CU on Walker and Sterling. Walker guides truck along the station's hull, which slides past beneath them, a steel plain. They approach Sulaco; the ship is still linked to Anchorpoint by the boarding-tube. Truck rotates 180-axial: Sulaco's hull is now "down". They settle toward hull.

EXT. SULACO - HULL

Floyd the drone clumps across hull (electromagnetic feet).

CU, Walker and Sterling in the truck, watching the drone's progress.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ROSETTI'S LIVING QUARTERS

Rosetti slumped at his desk, wearing Walkman earphones, watching a recording of Stoddart's message from Gateway on a small monitor; we've seen the footage before, but now we don't hear the audio.

HICKS
Sir? Project Officer Rosetti? Corporal Hicks, sir.

Rosetti starts, looks up. Rosetti's POV: Hicks at attention, in the open doorway, alert and wary, wearing Anchorpoint's closest available approximation of military neatness, fresh-from-the-wrapper service overalls. Rosetti pulls the phones from his ears: tiny ghost of Stoddart's voice--

STODDART
--priority code on their--
(Rosetti touches a switch; voice and image vanish)

ROSETTI
That isn't really necess-- I mean, <u>at ease</u>... This isn't a military station and my status here doesn't require... Well... Sit down, Hicks...

Hicks stiffly takes a seat opposite Rosetti.

HICKS
Sir, I haven't been debriefed.

ROSETTI
I'm aware of that...

HICKS
My requests for commlink to New Brisbane CMB--

ROSETTI
Have been denied, per my orders.

HICKS
(Starting to lose the military formality he's depending on to restrain his temper) I left my squad out there. All of them. That makes me mission CO. Regs say I report back to New Brisbane.

ROSETTI
Regs are overridden.

HICKS
What the hell's that mean? Why did you send for me?

ROSETTI
(Picks up a familiar sheaf of printout: the orders from Gateway) It's all here, although you'll have to take my word for it. New Brisbane Command cedes mission authority to Weyland Yutani Weapons Division.

HICKS
Weapons Division?

ROSETTI
I don't like it myself, Corporal Hicks, but orders--

WELLES
(In the doorway) Are orders. (Closes door behind her; she carries several small black cases) My name is Welles, Corporal. Weapons Division. (Crosses to desk and begins to open cases, removing tiny, elegant recording devices) I'll be debriefing you now. You're cleared for commlink with New

Brisbane, provided you don't refer to mission specifics. They'll confirm my authority.

HICKS
Yeah. (Looks from Welles to Rosetti, back to Welles -- beat) I bet they will.

WELLES
(To Rosetti) If you don't mind?

ROSETTI
(Getting up) Not at all.

EXT. SULACO - HULL

Walker and Sterling attach the truck's grapples to a large rectangular section of hull-plate as the drone works its way around the perimeter, undoing large fasteners (detail like wings of a jetliner).

Walker in truck with Sterling. Fires rockets. Truck lifts slowly away from Sulaco, pulling hull-section and attached cooling-grid with it. The inert drone waits nearby, on the hull. The cooling-grid is a dense, massive hunk of hardware the size of a semi-trailer. As it starts to emerge, we see that it's a cramped, shadowy jungle of fins, giant pipes, cables -- its convolutions somehow suggesting the presence of the Beast.

WALKER
Shit... It's hung on something...

STERLING
Then Floyd can check it out, man. What God made him for...

Drone moving toward the exposed grid. CU on its video camera.

CU on monitor in truck, drone's POV, the grid. Grainy image. Something there. Rounded, indistinct...

WALKER (VO)
Nothing's <u>ever</u> simple...

CU monitor: drone is very close to object, prods it with manipulator. A body...?

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Chime sounds as one of Jackson's monitors lights up.

JACKSON
(Speaking into headset mike)
Somebody find me Rosetti -- tell him we got incoming Rodina coded standard diplomatic. Comrade Rivera must've decided it's time for a bullshit session...

EXT. SULACO - HULL

Walker's POV as he approaches the lodged cooler-grid and the immobile drone. Slow going: magnetic soles.

WALKER (VO; suit radio)
You're a neurotic son of a bitch, Sterling... Anybody ever tell you that?

STERLING (VO; suit radio)
(Anxious) What <u>is</u> that thing, man?

Walker is beside the drone now, peering through his faceplate into the grid...

Walker's POV, <u>the Beast there, curled among the pipes</u>, SUBLIMINAL FLASH -- <u>we can't be sure</u>... Walker, of course, doesn't know the thing exists, let alone what it looks like.

Walker looks down; his POV, the drab, fabric-covered thing wedged between the grid and the hull. He bends, pokes at it, then grabs a handful and pulls. It comes away in a slow motion zero-gravity swirl of small objects: a keyring, a cigarette pack, loose cigarettes, a lighter, some kind of hi-tech torque-wrench. We see that it's an insulated work-jacket: military patches and stencilled serial-number.

WALKER
Marine mechanics. Plain messy. Lotta <u>slack</u> in the Corps these days...

He flicks his gloved hand at a drifting cigarette.

STERLING (VO; suit radio)
(No longer anxious) Yeah.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - SPACE

The truck tows the grid toward the open Maintenance Lock.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - COMMLINK CUBICLE

Windowless sit-down phonebooth equipped with a screen, miniature video camera. is set up on the table. Rosetti folds himself into the cubicle, pulls door shut; red SECURE light comes on. Screen displays Rivera in his austere U.P.P. dress uniform.

ROSETTI
Problem, Jorge? You look very official today.

RIVERA
This one is serious, Rosetti.

ROSETTI
We've always been able to work something out...

RIVERA
You're holding one of our citizens. A military officer. Captain Kurtz.

ROSETTI
Not to my knowledge. But while we're on the subject, I want to point out that androids are constitutionally afforded the status of persons. Citizens.

RIVERA
We afford them the status of machines.

ROSETTI
You deny holding one of our citizens captive?

RIVERA
The 'citizen' in question, the synthetic, Bishop, has been held

in regard to a treaty violation involving an armed vessel.

ROSETTI
Sulaco was homing on Anchorpoint. The so-called violation was the result of a malfunction.

RIVERA
The matter is under investigation.

ROSETTI
You boarded our ship.

RIVERA
Where is Kurtz?

ROSETTI
Never heard of him.

RIVERA
The incident is being investigated with regard to violations of the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty.

ROSETTI
Sulaco's weapons-systems fall entirely within the prescribed--

RIVERA
I refer to those sections of the treaty concerned with biological warfare.

Beat. Rivera's scored big, but Rosetti maintains his poise.

ROSETTI
A baseless allegation, Jorge. Who's putting you up to this? Suslov? I'd think he knew better...

RIVERA
There are no formal allegations at this time. The matter is under investigation. Bishop, however, is of no further use in the inquiry, so we are returning him to you.

ROSETTI
You are?

RIVERA
Leaving you no grounds whatever for detaining Kurtz.

Rivera breaks contact; screen goes blank. Rosetti looks worried.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Biohazard-security doors open, Fox enters.

FOX
Tully? You put a call for me through Ops?

TULLY
(Pretending to be busy at lab table) Sure did...

FOX
Well?

Spence is in BG, obviously not working, just staring -- staring at Fox with pure and unconcealed loathing.

TULLY
(Still pretending to putter, playing the absent-minded humble techie to annoy Fox) You ordered us to run test-series 10-C on the material recovered from--

FOX
Yes?

TULLY
(Puttering) Well, that includes a standard compatibility-run on human DNA, standard recombinant--

FOX
Then <u>do</u> it, Tully.

TULLY
(Turns, dropping his pose, turning to face Fox) <u>Did</u> it.

FOX
Impossible. Minimum cultivation period is fifty-three hours.

TULLY
I want you to see something, Fox.

Spence wheels a hologram projection unit out of BG.

TULLY
We'll run a simulation of the test results.

Spence switches off the lab's lights. Something shivers and takes form in the cube of light: a double helix threaded with green and red beads of light.

TULLY
Human DNA. Okay, here comes the other...

A bizarre form appears beside the human DNA-coil. The alien genetic material looks like a Cubist vision of an Art Deco staircase, its asymetrical segments glowing Dayglo green and purple.

FOX
(Fascinated, leans forward) It doesn't resemble biological material at all...

TULLY
Yeah? Watch...

Beat. The alien form makes contact with the human DNA. The transformation is shockingly swift but its stages can still be followed: the thing seems to pull itself into and <u>through</u> the coils, for an instant the two are meshed, locked, and then the final stage. A new shape glows, a HYBRID; the green and red beads have been altered beyond recognition.

FOX
(Awed, excited) What's real-time duration on this?

SPENCE
(From the shadows beyond the glowing cube) That was <u>it</u>, Fox.

What you see, that's what you get. It's <u>that fast</u>.

TULLY
(As Spence switches on the lights) Yeah, that's why we terminated the test-run...

FOX
You <u>what</u>?

SPENCE
Goddamit, you <u>saw</u> what that shit did to human genetic material!

Spence's outburst is too blunt for Tully; he doesn't mind needling the Weapons Division man, but Spence is over the line now and Tully knows it. Fox regards her with cool interest.

TULLY
Look, she's stressed, right? We all are. But this stuff is <u>definitely</u> too hot to handle without a major containment facility--

FOX
The station is our containment facility.

SPENCE
(In disbelief) Jesus...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ECO-MODULE

Newt and HALLIDAY (female), a gentle-looking ecology technician who loves her work, are filling bird-feeders with seed.

NEWT
This is my favorite place, Halliday...

HALLIDAY
Mine too...

NEWT
Spence says it's the most important place too.

HALLIDAY
It was supposed to be, once...

NEWT
Supposed to be?

HALLIDAY
They planned the station around the eco-module. We were going to have a completely self-sufficient eco-system in here... Know what? This is the cleanest air you'll ever breathe. We got that far, anyway.

NEWT
Is Earth like this?

HALLIDAY
(With a sad, sidelong glance at the little girl) Well...parts still are. Sort of.

HICKS (VO, out of frame)
Hey, Newt!

Newt's POV as she whirls around, sees him at the edge of the little clearing, grinning at her. He has white plastic bag in one hand. She drops the birdseed and runs to him.

NEWT
Hicks! Hicks! Where've you been?

HICKS
I had to talk with some people...

NEWT
(Quietly) With Welles?

HICKS
(Startled. Hesitates.)
Affirmative.

NEWT
Me too.

HICKS
Yeah?

NEWT
I had to promise not to tell anyone about...about... (She gets the Look for a second, eyes focused on utter horror in another time)

HICKS
Hey! (Snapping her out of it) That's okay. Corps procedure, right? I had to promise too.

NEWT
(Nods, the Look fading) Come meet Halliday. She's okay.

Halliday's POV as Newt takes Hick's hand, leads him across clearing.

NEWT
This is Hicks, Halliday. He's a Marine.

Reaction shot as Halliday looks at Hicks; she's a sweetheart, but regards Colonial Marines as exterminators, hired guns sent in to wipe out lifeforms that get in the Company's way. But she's also an easygoing woman who isn't about to disappoint Newt. Stands there with loam smeared across one cheek, then smiles and extends her hand.

HALLIDAY
Hello, Hicks. I'm Sally Halliday. I do eco-tech here.

Hicks takes in the lush greenery, the weirdly eclectic mix of flora and fauna. He grins.

HICKS
Been a while, since I saw anything like this.

Halliday smiles more widely, easily won over.

HICKS
(Raising the bag) Lunch?

INT. RODINA - BIOLAB

Smaller than the Anchorpoint lab. Equipment looks less advanced. The only light is the yellowish glow from a NUTRIENT CANNISTER; Suslov, Kassel, and Nevsky cluster around the tube, observing the tiny thing suspended there: a grayish-pink tadpole. It isn't moving. Just hangs there. An embryo.

SUSLOV
Irony...

KASSEL
(Face close to the glass, fascinated) Irony, Colonel-Doctor?

SUSLOV
The readiness with which it lends itself to genetic manipulation. The speed with which its cells multiply.

KASSEL
(Only half-listening) Yes... Remarkable...

SUSLOV
As though the gene-structure had been <u>designed</u> for ease of manipulation. And this apparently universal compatibility with other plasms...

NEVSKY
And you find this ironic, Colonel-Doctor?

SUSLOV
Because we will attempt to employ it as a weapon.

NEVSKY
I'm afraid I don't understand.

SUSLOV
It <u>is</u> a weapon. The fruit of some ancient experiment... A living artifact, the product of genetic engineering... A weapon.

KASSEL
(Dreamily) Yes... Perhaps we are looking at the end result of someone else's arms race...

NEVSKY
Defeatist! We work for the good of the Union.

KASSEL
(Ignoring her) Look. Look at it...

ECU MICRO: The embryo, like an eyeless fetal dolphin. Already the lines of the Beast...

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

The U.P.P. interceptor nears Anchorpoint. VO: Chinese static, Jackson reading a string of numbers. A lock opens for the interceptor.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DOCKING BAY

Welles, Fox, Rosetti, and Tatsumi. Tatsumi is once again suited up in full biohazard gear; through his faceplate, we can see that he doesn't look too happy about it. He's standing by a hospital cart.

JACKSON (VO, loudspeaker)
U.P.P. vessel now in dock. Lock has atmosphere.

ROSETTI
(Like Fox, he wears headset/mike so he can speak with Tatsumi)
Straight into MadLab isolation, Tatsumi. Got it?

Tatsumi gives the thumbs-up sign.

FOX
Let's move it!

Tatsumi shuffles forward in the heavy suit, pushing the cart in front of him. An airlock opens, he enters, it closes.

INT. AIRLOCK

Close on Tatsumi's eyes through faceplate. Beat.

Tatsumi's POV as the lock's other door opens. Beyond it is interceptor. He pushes the cart out into the bay.

INT. BAY WITH INTERCEPTOR

Brightly lit. The interceptor looks battered, funky. A hatch slowly whines open as Tatsumi waits with the cart. He doesn't like this.

A figure in U.P.P. fatigues and helmet (like a fighter pilot's) peers from open hatch, straightens up, removes helmet. It's Chang.

TATSUMI
(His voice through a speaker on the front of his suit) "Hey! Baby!" (Leers at Chang)

FOX (VO, suit radio)
Tatsumi! What is it? What's going on in there?

TATSUMI
Nothing yet. Pilot's cute.

Chang stands like a statue in the hatch, cold as ice.

TATSUMI
(Chest speaker) Hey, you speak English? (Tries Japanese) Nihongo ga dekimasuka?

Stone wall. Suddenly Bishop is there beside her, blinking in the glare of the lock, looking pale and vulnerable in ill-fitting proletarian-basic fatigues.

TATSUMI
You Bishop, man?

BISHOP
Yes...

TATSUMI
Guess we don't need the cart. Told me you were a basket case...

FOX (VO, suit radio)
Tatsumi!

TATSUMI
He's here. He's walking. Don't need the cart...

ROSETTI
MedLab, Tatsumi. Isolation...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDLAB

Bishop lies on his back on a narrow support as a massive donut-shaped sensor moves down the length of his body. A life-size color scan-image is displayed on a large screen: his "organs". Halliday and Tatsumi, wearing gloves, masks, and biohazard envelopes, watch the screen.

HALLIDAY
The knees. Looks like they do the major joints in polycarbon...

TATSUMI
How about it, fella? Knees okay?

BISHOP
Yes... (Tentative smile)

HALLIDAY
Polycarbon won't hold up worth a damn...

Beyond Bishop, through an observation window, we can see Rosetti, Fox, and Welles. CU on them through window as they look on.

WELLES
He immediately requested a complete physical and chemical analysis?

ROSETTI
Yes.

FOX
Results?

ROSETTI
No irregularities so far. No trace of the alien cellular material.

WELLES
Tampering? Reprogramming? Any new circuits in our Mr. Bishop? Any little surprises?

ROSETTI
No. Nothing.

FOX
And his data on the alien? All there? Intact?

ROSETTI
Yes, it seems to be. But if his memory's been tampered with, we'd have no way of knowing. Neither would he...

WELLES
Then we assume that they accessed his memory. That they have the data. That they have specimens of the alien genetic material...

INT. OPS ROOM

A BLEEP as Tully appears on one of Jackson's screens, looking up at a camera in the Tissue Culture Lab.

TULLY
Get Walker down here, willya? Want him to run a check on the stasis system. Pressure differential's off; the read keeps fluctuating...

JACKSON
He's outside. Plugging a new cooling-grid into Sulaco.

TULLY
Put it on his list. At the top, okay?

JACKSON
Sure... You want a piece of the Superbowl, Tully?

TULLY
(Looking offscreen, distracted)
Nah.

JACKSON
Denver...

TULLY
Denver?! Shit! Gimme a tenth on Chicago.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - SULACO

Walker uses the space-truck's grapples to strip industrial packing-material (big Weyland Yutani trademark) from a new cooling-grid, then installs it in Sulaco. It's a <u>big</u> process, but requires about as much attention as loading a compact disk. Modular technology.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Tully and Spence are alone.

SPENCE
Want coffee? I'm going to the machine.

TULLY
No. (He peers into one of the stasis tubes; a small ovoid of tissue is suspended there)

SPENCE
(Coming closer) I can't believe we're doing this...

TULLY
We don't have hell of a lot of options, do we?

SPENCE
Options?

TULLY
Career options...

SPENCE
I don't know about you, buddy, but I'm an ecologist.

TULLY
You're a space ecologist who works for Weyland Yutani. Where do space

ecologists who don't work for Weyland Yutani work?

SPENCE
Tully, I don't <u>care</u>!

Beat.

TULLY
No, I guess you don't. Goddamn. Spence?

SPENCE
Yeah?

TULLY
What'll we <u>do</u>?

SPENCE
Walker fix that pressure differential problem?

TULLY
Said there wasn't any. Said it was a glitch.

SPENCE
Didn't want to get his hands dirty?

TULLY
(Shrugs) You know; sorta fixed itself. A glitch.

SPENCE
What if it hadn't? Too much pressure... Too high an incubation temperature...

TULLY
Get your coffee, okay?

Spence goes; Tully peers into the tube.

ECU on the single developing spore inside; it looks like a much smaller version of the alien egg.

TULLY
Hey there. Hiya. Howya doin'? Nutrients agreeing with you? We're looking <u>lots</u> bigger today, aren't

we? You bet. Terrific. Just absolutely fucking <u>wonderful</u>...

He's staring hard at a panel of switches when he's interrupted by Welles' entrance; he's startled, looks up guiltily. The heavy doors hiss shut behind her.

WELLES
Communing with nature?

TULLY
You're not wearing a badge. (CU the plastic ID clipped to his labcoat) White strip, registers contamination. Turns red if you're accidently exposed to something. Got it?

WELLES
Where's Spence?

TULLY
Don't know.

WELLES
I have some papers for her to sign.

TULLY
(Anxious to change the subject, points to the nearest stasis tube) Have a look at this...

WELLES
I want to see hard copy for the past six hours.

TULLY
(Glancing over his shoulder, he sees Spence, through the transparent doors, coming down the corridor with two plastic cups of coffee) Right.

WELLES
Print out two copies of a separate RNA breakdown--

She's following him as he nears the main computer console; in the BG, a stasis tube begins to HISS,

CRACKS loudly, a hairline fissure emits a superfine spray of FLUID. An alarm sounds.

WELLES
What does th--

TULLY
O Jesus...

Two of the tubes BLOW OUT. Nutrient fluid and plastic shards everywhere. Welles and Tully go down. A louder alarm cuts in; red lights strobe. Locks in the doors thunk shut, an automatic containment measure, as Spence, outside, throws down her coffee and begins to struggle with the door-controls, trying to reach Tully. Tully, face down in a pool of the fluid, sees that he's nine inches from the gray pigeon's-egg of alien tissue. His eyes widen. Gets to his knees as carefully as he can. Reaches slowly -- slowly -- sideways, manages to snag a pair of plastic tongs and a shallow lab tray from the counter...
Welles tries to scramble to her feet, loses her balance in the slippery goop, and snatches at his arm. He nearly falls on top of the thing, but cuffs her roughly away, kneels, tongs poised... Beat. A tiny orifice opens; for a split second something glitters above the thing, a faint, fist-sized cloud of dark mist. Then it's gone and Tully's moving, swooping in with tongs and tray.

SPENCE
(INTERCOM V.O) Tully! Tully, Goddamn it!

TULLY
De-con! Get us down to De-con!

Welles is struggling to her feet.

INT. DECONTAMINATION SHOWER

Drenched, naked, furious, Welles is nearly invisible behind a scalding downpour as Sterling, in biohazard gear, gleefully scrubs her down with detergents and antibacterial agents. She shoots eye-daggers at Tully, who's being worked over by two more techs.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - SHUTTLE TO SLEEPING CUBICLES

LONG down mag-rail tunnel, the little shuttle (like a rollercoaster car) approaching at terrific speed. Hicks and Newt are in it. It stops by the sleeping cubicles.

NEWT
She says I have to go back...

HICKS
Welles?

NEWT
She says I have grandparents. On Earth. But I don't remember them...

Hicks steps out on the platform and helps her up.

HICKS
But they'll remember you...

NEWT
I was just a <u>baby</u>!

HICKS
Where do they live?

NEWT
(An unfamiliar name) Or-re-gon.

HICKS
Nice place...

NEWT
But when Ripley wakes up, I won't be here!

HICKS
I'll tell her where you went.

NEWT
But <u>you</u> might not be here!

They're at the door of her cubicle now.

HICKS
Listen. I've got an idea. Tell you what...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWT'S CUBICLE

Exactly like Tully's place, but bare, sterile. Newt sits crosslegged on the bed, drawing, using a small fold-down table, working with a set of colored feltpens and a child's utter concentration.

CLOSE over her shoulder on her project, a large sheet of laboratory graph-paper with an elaborate multicolored starmap and Newt's grandparent's address:

NEWT JORDEN
C/O
MR. AND MRS. HAROLD JORDEN
APT. 6784, 987435 GREENLEA PLACE
LEVEL 3, SUBSEGMENT 7
NEW PORTLAND, OR 7898765435

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDLAB - RIPLEY'S ROOM

Halliday leads a very somber Newt in by the hand. Waits by the door as Newt approaches the bed where Ripley lies in her coma.

NEWT
Ripley? Ripley, it's Newt. I... I gotta go now. I'm going to stay with my grandparents, in Oregon. Hicks says that's a good place... There's a map for you, Ripley, how to get there. You can come there and stay with me, okay? You have to, okay? (Tears on her cheeks as Halliday puts a hand on her shoulder and they leave the room)

INT. ROSETTI'S OFFICE

Fox and Bishop. Clearly an interrogation scene: Fox is using the array of small recording instruments last seen with Welles. Fox is tense, hungry for new information; Bishop displays his existential android calm. Bishop's "documentation" (instruction book) lies on the desk between them.

FOX
You requested a full physical and chemical analysis, Bishop. Why?

BISHOP
In order to determine the extent to which I've been modified.

FOX
And what have you determined?

BISHOP
Reconstruction has been limited to replacement of my legs and lower torso, as well as certain minor repairs.

FOX
No evidence that you may have been re-programmed?

BISHOP
Artificial intelligences at my level of complexity cannot be 're-programmed', Mr. Fox.

FOX
Did they access your memory, Bishop? (Taps the book) It can be done.

BISHOP
I have no way of knowing.

FOX
When you were restored to consciousness, Bishop, did they mention the alien?

BISHOP
No.

FOX
What <u>is</u> the last thing you remember, Bishop, on board the Sulaco?

BISHOP
The damage I sustained resulted in partial failure of data-retention. My verbal banks record the statement 'Not bad for a human', but the context is missing. (When Bishop recites his line from ALIENS, it's dubbed in from the

previous film's soundtrack; perfect playback is another of his talents)

FOX
What? 'Not bad--?'

BISHOP
'Not bad for a human.'

JACKSON (VO, loudspeaker)
Fox! Where the hell are you? Welles wants you in Tissue Culture! Been a blow-out!

FOX
(Gets up quickly, but methodically repacks the recording gear) I think you'd better come with me.

BISHOP
Of course.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DOCKING BAY

ANGLES on various familiar objects in this hangar-like space: the executive shuttle that brought Fox and Welles, the entrance to the Sulaco boarding-tube, the stationary drones. Fewer lights are on now than when we last saw the place. Nobody there.

At the far end of the bay, a huge segmented door rattles slowly and noisely up (giant garage-door). Bright white light beyond, backlighting a figure and a BULK. Figure steps forward: it's Walker, helmet off, spacesuit unzipped to the crotch. CLOSE on Walker as he uses his remote-control unit to activate a flatbed robot hauler that rolls slowly forward behind him with the black rectangular bulk of Sulaco's ORIGINAL cooler-grid.

COOLER-GRID rolling toward us. Forest of twisted pipe. The big door clanking down, behind it.

Walker stops it, tosses the r-c unit onto a workbench, and walks over to the grid. Picks a torn rag of military nylon from a strut, obviously part of the jacket we saw earlier.

WALKER
Slobs...

He uses a computer-clipboard to enter a work order. CLOSE on clipboard:

REMOVED DAMAGED UNIT/SULACO

REPLACED W/ UNIT #3445791

DAMAGED UNIT TO DOCK FOR REBUILD

Walker puts the clipboard down and leaves the docking bay.

LONG on the cooler-grid. Hold.

INT. ENTRANCE TO TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Shot through closed doors to where Sterling, in a biohazard suit and safety mask, is at work with a shoulder-tank sprayer of some noxious antibiological agent. Spence and Welles stand together at the door, looking in through the greenish fog Sterling is laying down. Welles is now wearing a standard Anchorpoint fatigue-suit; her looks damp.

SPENCE
Where's Tully?

WELLES
Off the project.

SPENCE
What?

WELLES
So are you. In the meantime, you'll both be signing forfeit agreements under the security clauses in your contracts.

Spence, reaction shot. Anger and fear. Starts to say something, changes her mind, spins on her heel, she's gone. Welles watches her go with obvious satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

The green fog is gone. The damaged tubes have been removed, but four more are still in operation. Welles is watching Bishop; Bishop is speedreading a fat printout of lab notes; Fox is peering into one of the tubes. Bishop looks up from the data.

BISHOP
And you intend to terminate these...embryos?

WELLES
Yes. But not, of course, before we clone them.

BISHOP
I see. The apparent plasticity of the alien's gene-structure is--

FOX
Bishop, you're going to run this lab for us. You're fully qualified and we aren't happy with the job the crew's done so far.

BISHOP
(Glances toward the gaps where the two tubes were) The accident?

WELLES
If it was an accident.

BISHOP
(Beat) I see.

FOX
Good. We'll want records of <u>everything</u>, of course. Special software will be on its way from Gateway soon. Until then, make do with what's here...

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson at her monitors.

JACKSON
(Touches a button) Hicks? She ready? Sulaco's revised ETD gives

her twenty minutes to board and ice down.

Hicks' face on a monitor.

HICKS
She'll be there.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson running a check on the Sulaco on one of her monitors:

SULACO/AUTOPILOT DEPART.

BIOHAZARD SWEEP: NEGATIVE

REPAIR STATUS: POSITIVE

DESTINATION: GATEWAY

INT. DOCKING BAY

Hicks and Halliday with Newt, beside the entrance to the boarding-tube. The plastic has been removed. Newt wears cut-down adult fatigue pants (no kid's clothes in Anchorpoint) and an oversized WHERE THE HELL IS 'ANCHORPOINT'? t-shirt.

HICKS
Halliday'll get you on board.

NEWT
I know.

HICKS
Good luck in Oregon.

NEWT
Hicks...

HICKS
Yeah?

She looks at him: ghost of a grin. She gives him the thumbs-up sign.

NEWT
Affirmative.

He returns the sign.

HICKS
Affirmative.

She turns; she enters the lock with Halliday.

INT. BOARDING TUBE

Newt and Halliday; they don't need suits now.

INT. SULACO - HYPERSLEEP CHAMBER

Has been cleaned up. Temporary wiring runs from the holes Kurtz shot in the bulkhead. Halliday helps Newt into hypersleep capsule.

NEWT
Goodbye, Halliday. I...I liked the lemurs.

HALLIDAY
I'll take care of them. You take care of yourself, okay?

NEWT
Say hi to Ripley for me, when she wakes up, okay?

HALLIDAY
I will. (She bends, kisses Newt quickly) Time to sleep now, honey...

Newt dutifully closes her eyes as the lid of the capsule comes down. Halliday pushes buttons and takes a last look at Newt, through plastic.

COMPUTER
Three minutes to ETD. Station crew please exit the ship.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - SULACO

The tube is withdrawn, back into the station.

Angle on Sulaco as her engines fire up. She pulls away from Anchorpoint.

Another angle: bright points of her engines dwindle against the stars.

EXT. RODINA

Angle on the station. Nothing's moving. We move in.

INT. RODINA - BIOLAB

VERY SLOW PAN past monitors -- one flickering like a defective strobe, the other displaying a readout in Russian -- past an overturned mug on a keyboard, past assorted equipment, past the shattered ruin of a large nutrient vat, to Suslov and Kassel cocooned in a glittering biomech structure of alien resin. Kassel is dead, his ribcage gaping.

VO: distant screams.

INT. RODINA - CREW MESS

Screams and the hammer of automatic weapons. Station crew fleeing in panic enter through one door, crash into tables, scatttering trays and food, claw at one another to escape through another door. Chang and DeSolis are last into the room; they spin in unison and fire back through the door with nasty-looking Uzi-like guns. Sound of rending metal and LOUD inhuman rage.

They scramble for the far door as the Alien crashes in: the standard model but a big one, mean and fast.

The frantic crew are climbing a ladder; Chang and DeSolis follow. They climb through a circular hatch. Like the deck they stand on, the hatch is made of heavy steel expansion-grate. The Alien swarms up the ladder, slams into the hatch just as the commandos close and lock it. The Alien keeps on slamming. The steel begins to bulge and tear...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Rosetti enters. Jackson at console. She looks up.

JACKSON
You still want to talk to Rivera? I can't raise Rodina at all...

ROSETTI
Try the priority diplomatic codes...

JACKSON
They aren't responding to anything. Maybe they've got a transponder down... (She leans toward a screen) But, hey, check this, outgoing radio traffic of theirs... It's a squirt transmission... Military decryption standard.

ROSETTI
Do they have military vessels in the area?

JACKSON
(Taps up a fresh screen of data) Not much... No, here we go -- the battle cruiser Nikolai Stoiko. Couple of hours away, if they push it...

Rosetti peers thoughtfully at the screen.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DECONTAMINATION SHOWER

Sterling, having cleaned up the mess in Tissue Culture, is going through the decon ritual alone. The showers are loud and steamy, lit by widely spaced bulbs in wire cages. Hard to see. Still in his envelope, he sloshes himself down with various agents, stands under a thundering jet of water, steps out, strips off the envelope, stuffs it in a cannister. Underneath, he's wearing disposable paper surgical clothes. These go into the can next, then gloves, then he tosses his mask and goggles away. Naked, he covers himself with a different batch of goop and showers again. It obviously makes him feel better. His face relaxes; he looks younger, almost innocent, vulnerable...

A slithering sound.

Sterling looks across the showers. Steam.

STERLING
Hey. Spence? Tatsumi? Hey!

Rush of steam. He takes a step forward, another. The sound again--

STERLING
What the f--

Eighteen inches of blood-slick, black, serrated Alien-tail erupts from the small of his back.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - 'LOVERS LANE'

Tatsumi leading Hicks along a corridor. It's brightly lit but half-finished, sections of missing wall-panel exposing a dense tangle of pipes and wiring.

HICKS
I wouldn't mind knowing what this is all about.

TATSUMI
Somebody wants to talk. In private.

Tatsumi glances back to make sure the corridor is empty, then gestures Hicks through a gap in the wall, into semi-darkness. An unfinished section of the station: raw structural elements, welding gear, stacked material. Entrance to a tunnel. Above it, someone's sprayed LOVERS LANE in red paint.

Tatsumi leads Hicks around a corner; Hicks' POV as he emerges into a space lit by small red pilot-lights and the glowing embers of cigarettes. Spence and Halliday are waiting.

SPENCE
Where's Tully?

TATSUMI
Couldn't find him. Or Sterling.

HICKS
What's going on?

HALLIDAY
Spence didn't want you in on this, Hicks, but I talked her into it.

SPENCE
We have to stop them.

HICKS
Stop who?

HALLIDAY
The experiments in the lab. Fox and Welles ordered recombinant DNA experiments run on the alien tissue samples--

HICKS
(Stunned) On the <u>what</u>?!

SPENCE
We recovered alien tissue from Sulaco.

HICKS
(Looks from one to the other) Jesus...

HALLIDAY
They're cloning it...

SPENCE
We have to destroy the cultures <u>now</u>.

TATSUMI
But they'll know who did it.

SPENCE
It doesn't <u>matter</u>.

HICKS
(Beat) You're right.

SPENCE
But Tully and I have been taken off the project. They've put Bishop in charge--

HICKS
Bishop?

TATSUMI
The android. The U.P.P. had him, Rodina station. Brought him back today...

HICKS
(Confused) U.P.P.?

SPENCE
Your guess is as good as mine, Corporal. We want you to walk in there with us and help us fry that shit dead. How about it?

HALLIDAY
How about you, Tatsumi?

TATSUMI
(Looks uncomfortable) I don't know. It's not my kind of thing...

SPENCE
Let's go. Hicks?

HICKS
(To Tatsumi) She's right, buddy, only she doesn't know how right, because she's never seen them. I have.

Hicks leads the way out of Lovers Lane. Tatsumi, looking worried and shaking his head, is the last one out.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MESS

A white, automated cafeteria. Bulletin boards with cartoons, printouts, faded Christmas decorations. Nobody there. Walker, looking tired, enters and selects an unappetising assortment of foods from various dispensers. Takes his tray to one of the long tables and sits down, starts to eat.

Fox enters, looks at Walker, walks to beverage machine and gets himself a cup of coffee. He sits opposite Walker. Walker looks up but continues to eat.

FOX
You look exhausted, Walker.

Walker looks at Fox, chewing his food.

FOX
Your crew overhauled the Sulaco.

WALKER
(Through a mouthful of food) That cooler-grid... A real bitch.

FOX
You got it in place, though. Otherwise, no departure. Good work.

WALKER
(Swallows his food, swigs juice, burps) Nah. Getting the new one in was a snap. It's getting the old one unfucked, that's what's gonna take the time. Hadda pull it into the dock--

FOX
You what?

WALKER
Put it in the dock.

FOX
(Stands, quick) It's there now?

WALKER
Sure the hell ain't going anywhere.

Fox leaves the mess in a hurry.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

CLOSE on Bishop, shot through stasis-fluid and the curve of the tube, as though this were the hybrid embryo's POV. Bishop draws back, out of focus.

Now we see Bishop at the lab's main computer console, typing out a complex series of orders. Close on monitor: mass of data scrolls past, Bishops taps a command, OVERRIDE flashes in large letters, more data, tap, OVERRIDE, etc.

HICKS(VO)
Bishop! Open up!

Bishop looks up from the console and sees Hicks through the door.

BISHOP
Hicks...

Bishop crosses to the door and taps a combination into the lock. The door opens. As Hicks steps through, Spence and Halliday, who've been standing out of sight, nip through behind him. Bishop stares at them.

SPENCE
We're here to destroy the embryos. Don't try to stop us.

HICKS
She's right, man. No other way.

BISHOP
But the company will know who was responsible...

HALLIDAY
We don't care.

BISHOP
You shouldn't have come here--

SPENCE
No! We have to destroy them!

BISHOP
I was about to do it myself. The responsibility would have been mine alone...

He moves to the console. The screen now reads:

STASIS TUBE MICROWAVE STERILIZATION

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

YES/NO

The others cluster around the console. Bishop's finger is poised on the YES button. He glances back over his shoulder at the row of tubes, the developing embryos.

HICKS
Hit it.

Bishop's still staring, lost; it's very far from his nature to kill anything, perhaps...

SPENCE
Now! Now!

Halliday reaches calmly forward and presses the YES button, her finger over Bishop's. The NO option vanishes from the screen and YES begins to pulse red. An alarm begins to sound.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DOCKING BAY

Fox enters, moving fast, almost running. Sees the labyrinthine bulk of the cooler-grid in front of him and stops.

Fox edges left, reaches the Weyland Yutani executive shuttle he and Welles arrived in. He's extremely watchful now. He taps a combination into the shuttle's hatch and it swings open. He ducks inside.

INT. EXECUTIVE SHUTTLE

Extremely slick corporate futurism; BMW does a spaceship. Fox is checking his laser, shouldering the power-pack. Loves the feel of it in his hands, right now.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Alarm still sounds. Bishop, Hicks, Spence and Halliday stand transfixed as microwave energy boils the embryos in a snarl of bubbles and disintegrating tissue...

Shot through door: Welles and Rosetti running toward lab, Welles in the lead. She reaches the door, begins to pound on it, shouting furiously.

WELLES
Open it! Open it now, Goddamn you, I'll--

Bishop looks over, notices her there, and touches a button that causes the door to open. The alarm stops. The sterilization process is over; the fluid in the tubes looks like old dishwater. Welles stalks in, too furious for words, faces off with Spence, and slaps her in the face -- or tries to,

as Spence blocks the blow with a trained reflex and follows through with a gut-punch that doubles Welles over a lab table, gagging.

Rosetti has followed her in. Walks to the tubes and surveys the damage.

ROSETTI
Congratulations, Spence. I'll always regret not having helped you...

Welles straightens up from the table, bracing herself on its edge.

WELLES
We're going to <u>break</u> you for this... The Company's going to bury you so d-d-d-d-d-d--

As Welles begins to stammer, her eyes betray a terrible consternation. The stammer phases into a chattering palsy as a thick strand of blood-streaked drool descends toward the table.

As the chittering tooth-burr becomes a shrill shreik of inhuman rage, the transformation takes place. Segmented biomechanoid tendons squirm beneath the skin of her arms. Her hands claw at one another, tearing redundant tissue from alien talons. Then the shreik dies -- and she RIPS HER FACE APART in a single movement, the glistening claws coming away with skin, eyes, muscle, teeth, splinters of bone... Sound of ripping cloth. The New Beast sheds its human skin in a single, sinuous, bloody ripple, molting on fast forward.

An instant of utter silence as the featureless mask moves. From side to side. Scanning.

Halliday vomits explosively.

The Hybrid is on Rosetti before he can move. CLOSE on his SCREAM as the sucking, fanged tongue plunges through the orbit of his eye.

Spence has scrambled back, up and over another table. Halliday is crying softly, hysterically, like a small child. Hicks' hands work helplessly as he glances frantically around the lab for a weapon.

Hissing, the Hybrid scuttles backward, out of the lab, dragging Rosetti's body like a cat with a very large dead bird.

CLOSE on Spence:

SPENCE
O Christ. Tully. We have to find Tully!

INT. OPS ROOM

Fox is watching Spence and the others on a monitor, eyes wide; he's just seen Welles' transformation, Rosetti's death. He's holding the laser.

Raises his eyes to the banks of equipment on the far wall. Raises the laser. Weird whiplash energy-sound as the weapon powers up and lets go. Part of Anchorpoint's computer mainframe is instantly vaporized. He fires again.

JACKSON(VO)
Hey! Goddamit, that's the mainframe!

She's come into Ops behind him. He turns with the laser--

Fox's POV as he fires at Jackson, but she's already diving out of sight, behind consoles.

Fox zaps another one into the mainframe and runs.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - SHUTTLE TO SLEEPING CUBICLES

Spence alone in the car, rushing toward us. When she reaches the platform by the row of cubicles, she brakes so quickly that she's almost thrown over the front of the car. Recovers and scrambles up onto platform. Runs to Tully's cubicle. Hammers on the door. No answer. She punches the combination from memory. The door rises.

The light's on, but no Tully. If anything, the place is messier than we last saw it. She climbs in and begins to root frantically through the mess. Freezes as she spots a small object on a ledge between a beer can and something that looks like a pocket television (with a small red blinking light). She reaches out and picks the object up.

CLOSE on Tully's lab badge. The contamination indicator strip is BRIGHT RED, indicating exposure to a biohazard.

SPENCE
Tully, you crazy bastard, where <u>are</u> you?

She puts the badge back and picks up the little tv-thing, a Walkman-sized VCR/minicam/monitor.

CLOSE on it: flashing red letters at the corner of the little screen: MESSAGE MESSAGE MESSAGE. She pushes replay.

Tully's face on the screen. He looks bad: grayish, drenched in sweat.

TULLY(VO, filter)
I... Something, something's happening... Badge strip went red... The lab... In the lab...Accident... Thing did something... Don't know... Getting worse... Don't wanna expose... Locker... Going to AG-28, locker... AG-28...

Tape ends. The little screen fills with static

INT. MEDLAB - RIPLEY'S ROOM

Ripley unconscious, wired to assorted biomonitors, the only movement in the room the restless flicker of a bank of colored diodes.

Hicks enters, crosses to the bed, seems about to speak, makes a helpless little gesture with his hands -- then yanks the biomonitor leads from the bedside console. The diodes go out; a buzzer begins to sound. Hicks shoulders Ripley and starts out of the room. Stops. Looks up at Newt's map on the wall.

He rips the map from the wall.

INT. MEDLAB -- CORRIDOR

Hicks carries Ripley through MedLab.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ENTRANCE TO THE STATION'S LIFEBOAT BAY

There are five numbered hatches off the bay, each one leading to a different boat. Signs and notices detail launch procedures. Hicks carries Ripley through hatch #5, into lifeboat. Places her in a hypersleep capsule. Closes her hand around Newt's crumpled map. Presses buttons. The lid comes down. Silent moment as he looks down at her through the lid, his palm on the smooth plastic in a gesture of farewell, resignation. Then back through the hatch, where he activates controls that seal the boat, setting the launch-procedure in motion.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT -- HULL W/ LIFEBOATS

ANGLE on the blunt prows of the lifeboats.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Hicks watching digital countdown. Muted WHUMP of explosive bolts --

EXT. LIFEBOATS

Flash of the bolts as #5 is launched into the sweep of night.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Bishop enters behind Hicks.

BISHOP
Can you be certain she isn't a host?

HICKS
I'll take the chance.

BISHOP
Why?

HICKS
I owe her one.

BISHOP
Come with me. We've called everyone to Operations.

They exit. Hold on the bay. Slow pan. Fox steps around a corner with his laser. Moves quietly to door, checks that Hicks and Bishop are gone. Goes to #1, open hatch, raises laser, fires. Goes to #2, again, to #3, etc. Systematically crippling the remaining boats. Whisps of smoke drift from circuit-fires.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - CORRIDOR WITH FREEZERS

Spence walking quickly, anxiously.

Her POV as she passes freezer doors painted with huge letters and numbers. She stops in front of AG-28. Stencilled warning:

DOOR CAN'T BE OPENED FROM INSIDE.
IF LOCKED IN, PRESS ALARM BUTTON.

She fumbles a latch, drags the heavy door to one side with obvious effort. A dim, light comes on inside; chill fog rolls out. She steps in.

INT. FREEZER

Spence's breath puffs white as she moves forward. Serious sub-zero cold. Behind her, the door, a sliding door on rollers, rattles as it starts to slide SHUT. She whirls and grabs it, managing to get her foot in just as it's about to close. Winces with pain; lets out breath of relief that she's not trapped. Drags door open again, holds it while she tugs a heavy cannister into place to keep it from closing again.

Moves forward again. Her POV, various angles: cannisters, stacked cartons -- and Tully, or something that must recently have been Tully.

The thing lies curled on its side on the floor, frozen solid. Blood and more dubious substances have clotted into crystal. It isn't Tully, yet it isn't quite the Hybrid either. Tully has slain the Beast within by trapping it here during the transformation.

SPENCE
Jesus, Tully... You killed it. You killed it...

She stumbles back out of the freezer, kicking the cannister aside and letting the door crash shut.

INT. RODINA - A SMALL CHAMBER

A storage locker. Tight jumble of spacesuit-parts, tools, etc. Chang sits on the floor with her back to the wall, staring straight ahead, crooning a little song. A Chinese lullaby. Her gun is in one hand. She cradles DeSolis' head on her lap, absently stroking his hair with her other hand. His eyes are open and sightless, the breastplate of his combat-armor riddled with the alien acid.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA - CORRIDOR NEAR THE HUB

Chang wanders toward us. She's in shock. Dreamy, childlike, on her way to catatonia. She carries her gun as though she's forgotten what it is.

The walls are decorated with official U.P.P. art, like a blend of Mexican Socialist agitprop murals and Syd Meade techno-fantasy. She passes evidence of brief violent struggle: a wall splashed with dried blood, a single shoe, smashed equipment, ragged acid-scars in the deck.

She comes to a door that opens onto Rodina's central HUB, a large cylindrical space surrounding a core of equipment. The door is ajar; she edges through...

INT. RODINA - THE HUB

The rest of the station's crew, perhaps thirty people, have been cocooned, up and down the length of the two-storey column, a bas-relief of human bodies and glittering resin. Nevsky is there, Rivera, the others (many are non-whites)...

She stares from a railing, face utterly blank, then slips back through the door.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DOCKING BAY

Elevator doors open; Fox emerges with his laser. Glances carefully around, then makes his way past the cooling-grid to the Weyland Yutani shuttle.

Punches his combination into the shuttle's lock. The hatch opens.

INT. SHUTTLE

Fox unslings the power-pack, puts the laser aside, and scrambles back through the elegantly-appointed little cabin--

Fox's POV: The rear of the cabin is a resin-grotto, where Sterling has been reduced to a grotesque abstract of raw bones and tennis shoes--

Behind Fox...something moves...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Hicks and Bishop enter. Jackson and Tatsumi are inspecting the damaged mainframe.

HICKS
What happened?

JACKSON
Fox. Tried it on me too.

TATSUMI
(Wears a worklight on a headband; peers into damaged unit) I think he knew what he was doing. He's taken out our broadcast capability. Take me three days to patch my way around this...

JACKSON
Readout on Utilities says somebody fried the launch circuits on four lifeboats. That's <u>after</u> Boat Five launched. What the hell's that mean?

HICKS
I sent Ripley out in Five.

Jackson raises her eyebrows at this, but doesn't say anything.

BISHOP
Fox damaged the others. Obviously, he doesn't wish us to leave.

TATSUMI
(Taking off his worklight) Or call for help.

BISHOP
When is the next ship scheduled to arrive here?

JACKSON
(Calling up a fresh screen of data) Three days. The Kansas City, a Colonial Admin transport. It's a fuel stop. She's carrying three hundred colonists, in hypersleep.

Bishop and Hicks exchange glances at the mention of the colonists.

JACKSON
(Looks up from a console) Hey! I'm getting something! The socialist space brothers are back on line...

Her main screen flickers and jumps; the speakers fill with a roar of static --

JACKSON
Their transmission standards get worse all the --

She falls silent as the screen clears, revealing a young Slavic madwoman -- one of Suslov's lab assistants -- in blood-drenched coveralls. Jerky handheld video, grainy transmission, indistinct background. She clutches a sheet of paper, reads aloud from it in a foreign language.

JACKSON
Get a translation program on line, Tatsumi!

Tatsumi's already punching. An instantaneous computer translation cuts in as VO; the girl's lips move, out of sync, like a cheap dub; the translation is rendered in flat synthi-voice. CU on screen:

SPOKESWOMAN
... of Progressive Peoples. Technician First Class, Tatjana Malik. This is a delayed

recording, for automatic broadcast... We have undertaken experiments with genetic material obtained from the military transport Sulaco... We attempted to clone the xenomorph in a nutrient solution (BURST OF STATIC OBSCURES AUDIO) ...occurred in the fifteenth hour... Attempted modification of the genetic structure has resulted in a variant (MORE STATIC) Those of us who (STATIC) ... to warn you: you must terminate any experiment with the material now. It cannot be contained. There is no--

The image flickers, vanishes.

One of Jackson's consoles chimes; her central screen suddenly glows with a hi-rez simulation of Rodina.

TATSUMI
Rodina's got company...

JACKSON
Get a make?

TATSUMI
U.P.P. battlewagon.

JACKSON
That'll be the Stoiko. Rodina sent a squirt transmission in military code...

EXT. SPACE - VIEW FROM RODINA

Silent approach of the U.P.P. cruiser Nikolai Stoiko, a vicious-looking mile-long slab of armament. Stoiko slows, comes to an ominous halt.

INT. RODINA

Chang bolts toward us down a corridor, her face a study in terminal fear. She's lost her gun. A crash behind her. The Beast's shrill rage. She throws herself through the first available door -- and sees the interceptor waiting. She scrambles up a

ladder, through the hatch, and frantically begins to activate systems. Sirens begin to sound in the launch-bay. The interceptor's hatch closes as the twin gates of the bay begin to swing open -- and the Beast is on her, striking at the view-port in the hatch, inches from her face. She flips open a safety-override on the interceptor's joystick and thumbs a red button.

EXT. RODINA

Total overdrive: the interceptor blasts out through the half-open gates in a fireball of exhaust gases, the Beast and the service-ladder tumbling after it...

EXT. SPACE - <u>STOIKO</u>

Something streaks from the bow of the cruiser...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

JACKSON
Missle!

EXT. SPACE - RODINA, INTERCEPTOR IN FG

The U.P.P. missle takes out the station. Whiteout of nuclear explosion; the interceptor is a black blot tumbling toward us like a singed leaf in a whirlwind...

INT. OPS ROOM

The simulation of Rodina on Jackson's screen is surrounded by an expanding blue sphere. The sphere stops expanding. The simulation blurs into digital static, fades as the sphere begins to contract...

JACKSON
Nuked 'em! Twenty megs!

HICKS
Send Mayday.

JACKSON
I don't believe it! They send for help, their own people nuke 'em!

HICKS
That may have been the help they asked for... Try Mayday anyway.

TATSUMI
Wait, wait, maybe they nuke us!

JACKSON
Hey, man, I can't broadcast, remember. Anyway, look, there they go...

Another monitor blinks on. Walker's face. DOCKING BAY in red letters at the corner of the screen.

WALKER
What the hell's happening? Fox's locked himself in the shuttle, maintenance readout says their air-scrubber is blocked with some kind of gunk...

HICKS
Get away from it! Don't go near it!

JACKSON
Up here on the double, Walker!

Walker blinks out.

Halliday leads a very shaken Spence in. Spence collapses in a chair, buries her head in her hands.

HALLIDAY
She found Tully...

JACKSON
Wish I could find Sterling--

SPENCE
(Looks up) He's dead. Tully's dead. He started to...like Welles. But he knew... He dragged himself to deepfreeze, locked himself in. He...killed it...

HICKS
Where's the armament locker?

HALLIDAY
There isn't any. This is a nonmilitary project. We wanted to set an example...

HICKS
Anything! A gun...

HALLIDAY
No...

TATSUMI
(To Hicks) Come with me. (To Jackson) Be right back...

They run out of Ops.

JACKSON
Hey! Come back! Where the hell--?

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MEDLAB CORRIDOR

Hicks follows Tatsumi.

INT. MEDLAB - MORGUE

Door slides open, Tatsumi and Hicks enter. Wall of freezer-drawers designed to store corpses. Tatsumi goes to one and hauls it out, revealing Kurtz, still in his combat suit. The missing section of breastplate, which Fox and Welles removed, exposes the chest-burster wound. The arm of the suit, containing the smartgun, lies on the tray beside him.

TATSUMI
These suits have guns, right?

HICKS
(Grins) Bet your ass.

Hicks grabs the suit-arm and lugs it over to a morgue-table. Obviously heavy. Returns to Kurtz and examines a "belt" of assorted devices built around the armored suit's waist.

HICKS
(Muttering) Shit... New model...

Presses a panel on the face of a flat rectangular package. The face swings out like a cassette-deck, exposing three compact grenades.

HICKS
(To Kurtz) Thanks.

He pockets the grenades, rolls the drawer shut, and returns to the table.

CLOSE on the suit arm as Hicks examines it. He pops open a section of armor, revealing FIVE cartridges.

HICKS
Five rounds...

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson, Walker, Bishop, Spence, and Halliday.

SPENCE
We have to destroy the station. It's the only way we can sure.

WALKER
But we got Kansas City due in seventy hours! They can get our ass outa here!

BISHOP
The Kansas City is carrying three hundred colonists in hypersleep. If the transport's crew enter Anchorpoint...

HALLIDAY
He's right, Walker. We can't take a chance. We might all be dead in seventy hours. The crew from Kansas City won't know what they're walking into, and we can't broadcast a warning. We've got to blow the station.

JACKSON
What about us, Bishop? The lifeboats are gone, Walker says the Weyland Yutani shuttle's not going anywhere...

WALKER
And KC's supposed to fuel up here? We blow it, what happens to her?

BISHOP
Jackson, is the Kansas City carrying enough fuel to return to her point of departure, once she arrives here?

Jackson calls up the required data, studies the screen.

JACKSON
Near enough, yeah. Get her within easy pick-up range of New Brisbane...

BISHOP
If we can manage to get outside the blast radius, with sufficient oxygen, we can wait for--

WALKER
Blast radius?

BISHOP
The station's fusion plant...

JACKSON
Nobody can fiddle those overrides, Bishop.

BISHOP
It's worth trying.

WALKER
(To Bishop) I thought you were programmed to protect human life?

BISHOP
I'm taking the longer view.

SPENCE
Walker! The truck! We still have the truck. We can load it with spare oxygen-bottles...

Hicks, followed by Tatsumi, steps through the door, wearing Kurtz' smartgun like some huge gauntlet.

It's so heavy that he has to support it with his other hand.

SPENCE
What's <u>that</u>?

HICKS
An inbuilt AK-104 suitgun, five rounds of ammunition.

JACKSON
We're gonna blow the station, Hicks. Bishop says he can fiddle the fusion package.

SPENCE
We'll load the maintenance truck with oxygen bottles, get outside the blast range, and wait for <u>Kansas City</u>.

HICKS
Sounds fine to me. I'll go with you, Bishop.

An alarm begins to sound. Jackson jumps to another console.

JACKSON
Fire in the lifeboat bay! Not going to get any better, either; fire-control circuits are trashed.

SPENCE
Let's go, then.

BISHOP
I'll reprogram the fusion package for overload at twenty-two hundred.

HICKS
Hour and a half. (Then, quietly; doesn't want the others to hear) <u>Blow it</u>. That's what counts.

ECU on Hicks' watch as he sets the alarm for 2200 HOURS.

BISHOP
Yes.

JACKSON
Meet us in the docking bay. Bring a suit!

But Bishop is already gone.

SPENCE
Halliday! Where's Halliday?

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - ECO-MODULE

Looking in on the verdant module, its amazing greeness against the gray hull of the station and the emptiness of space. Huge shutters begin to pivot slowly, blocking out the view.

INT. ECO-MODULE

The shutters pivot overhead, bringing artificial dusk. Halliday is struggling across the micro-meadow, burdened with two oxygen-equipped cages (like the cat's cage in ALIEN). She intends to rescue at least two of the module's population of small primates. Moths flutter through narrowing beams of sunlight as the louvers gradually close overhead. Crickets sing in the long grass.

She enters the scaled-down forest, ducking branches and Spanish moss. Begins to make a Tk-tk-tk sound, calling the lemur, the monkeys...

And stops. Suddenly aware of a stillness, an absolute silence. Even the crickets --

It's quite dark now.

She puts the cages down, takes a deep breath, and moves forward.

Sound of something scurrying through foliage.

She moves into a little grove. Fireflies pulse in the gloom. She looks up. And SCREAMS: her primates have been cocooned in the branches of the trees, pathetic little bundles like pallid, distended fruit.

Something hisses, behind her. The Hybrid. CLOSE on its jaws.

Halliday plunges blindly through the undergrowth, clawing branches and moss out of her way. The toy forest of the eco-module has become a nightmare wood, its branches snagging in her clothing...

She forces herself to stop, listen: her own panicked breath. Holds it. Nothing. Then the scurrying... She throws herself through the trees, breaks out onto a narrow, manmade "beach" of stepped concrete. A broad trough of water, rippling softly, and then the curve of steel, rising to the shuttered geodesics.

The Hybrid emerges from the dense wall of vegetation; it almost seems to flow out of it.

Halliday backs down the beach, into the water...

The Hybrid springs. Halliday falls back, SPLASH--

SPENCE(VO)
Halliday!

Spence and Hicks, at the far end of the beach; Hicks aiming the heavy suitgun--

The Hybrid and Halliday vanish in the steam-explosion as the slug hits the water. Halliday surfaces immediately, coughing and spitting, but the Hybrid is gone. Spence and Hicks race along the concrete to Halliday; Spence lifts her from the water, hugs her tightly.

SPENCE
It's okay, it's okay, we killed it...

Hicks is watching the water; sees the Hybrid break the surface briefly, far down the trough, and submerge again.

SPENCE
It's dead...

Halliday sobs in her arms.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - CORRIDOR

Haze of smoke from burning insulation; half the lights are out. Bishop emerges from a doorway and approaches a freight elevator. The door is

half-open. He tries to open it the rest of the way, but it won't move. The elevator is dead. He steps in and tries various buttons. Nothing happens.

CLOSE on panel, where one button reads: LEVEL 7, FUSION PLANT.

Bishop goes to his knees, running his hands delicately over the ribbed plastic flooring. He finds a seam, levers up with his nails, gets a grip. Pulls. Sense of his android strength as the flooring comes up on pale streamers of super-glue. He finds a section of the floor that can be removed. Forces the glue-caked catches. Slams down hard with the heel of his hand -- the panel falls away, tumbling through smoke toward a point of fire-glow at the shaft's distant foot.

INT. SHAFT

Bishop lowers himself through the opening, dangles. An emergency service-ladder is recessed in one wall. He tries to reach one of the rungs with his foot, but the toe of his boot slips. Too far. He begins to swing back and forth like a gymnast, building up momentum -- and lets go. Falls six feet before he manages to get a grip.

He begins to descend the ladder.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Jackson and Tatsumi are looking at a computer diagram of the elevator shaft. At the bottom is a square labelled FUSION PLANT.

JACKSON
He didn't know the Goddamn elevator's out too...

TATSUMI
We better go, okay?

JACKSON
(Hates the idea of having to leave her screens) And there's a fire down there...

WALKER
(At the door) Come on!

Tatsumi pulls her away from the screen...

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

FROM ABOVE, Bishop climbing down the last few rungs. Flames gutter below him; sparks hiss from frying circuitry.

INT. SHAFT-BOTTOM

Bishop jumps down, dodges a dangling power-cable, squints through the smoke. Finds a manual emergency lever that opens the shaft's door.

INT. TUNNEL

A blast of air fans the flames behind Bishop as he steps out. He sets off along the tunnel at a steady jog.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hicks and Spence hurry a dazed Halliday along between them.

INT. JUNCTION OF CORRIDORS

Hicks, Spence, and Halliday almost collide with Jackson, Walker, and Tatsumi.

SPENCE
We killed it! Hicks shot it!

Hicks looks at Jackson and shakes his head.

JACKSON
Forget it. We're for out of here, sister. Down to the dock...

Walker leads the way down another corridor. Hicks has the gun ready.

They round a corner--

Reaction shot. Halliday screams and covers her eyes, tries to back away, but Spence grabs her.

What they see: the corridor has been sealed with a convoluted plug of the alien resin.

WALKER
(Softly) What...is it?

HICKS
It's a kind of resin. Something they extrude... They build their...nests...

SPENCE
(Takes a deep breath) Okay. Fine. How do we get to the dock, now?

Jackson pulls a flat little gadget from her pocket, flips it open, and twiddles a miniature joystick. CLOSE on gadget: an animated computer-map of Anchorpoint.

JACKSON
I say we take the service tunnels. The elevator's screwed anyway. We can climb down AP-80, over to C-10 through this ventilation duct, then we're there.

She leads the way.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

Pitch black. Staccato whine of a power-driver removing a nut. Again. A crack of light appears. Tatsumi drops through an opening; emergency lights come as he touches the floor. He freezes, eyes wide,

TATSUMI
Who put the lights on?

JACKSON(VO, from above)
It's automatic. Sensors.

Hicks, minus the suitgun, drops through the opening. Someone passes it down to him and he thrusts his arm into it. Spence drops, then Walker, then Halliday, Jackson.

JACKSON
They stay on while you're in one area, go out fifty seconds after you leave.

HICKS
What kind of sensors?

JACKSON
Motion. Passive infrared.

SPENCE
(Helping Halliday) Which way.

JACKSON
(Consulting her gadget) This way...

The floor is made of steel expansion-grid. Walker leads them across it, between rows of machinery, to a circular opening with a ladder that leads down. Hicks goes first, without removing the gun. The fingers of the unit are locked open; very awkward, but he manages to climb down, out of sight. The others follow.

Hold on the opening. Then the lights go out. Almost immediately, lights go on in the level below, visible through the grid floor.

INT. TUNNEL NEAR FUSION PACKAGE

Bishop comes loping down the tunnel, a certain effortless regularity evident in his run. Makes a turn into the chamber that houses the fusion package, Anchorpoint's power source. The chamber is spotless, well lit; the only sign of the current disaster is the smoke. The fusion package itself is no bigger than a Volkswagen bus, but it's obviously Anchorpoint's heart. Bishop climbs a narrow metal stairway to an overhanging control booth resembling the inverted turret of a streamlined tank. A mirrored disk is mounted on the face of the armored hatch, above a small slot.

SECURITY PROGRAM
(VO, bland feminine synthi-voice)
Please identify yourself.

Bishop removes his dogtags. As he inserts one in the slot, he presses the palm of his other hand against the mirrored surface.

BISHOP
Bishop, Science Officer, Hyperdyne A-slash-5, Mark 3, serial number

PL3358172438. Permission to inspect software safety protocols.

SECURITY PROGRAM(VO)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer request to your immediate superior. (The slot tries to reject his tag)

BISHOP
(He shoves it back in) Emergency protocols. Code Theta Five Three. Authority Rosetti comma Jackson.

SECURITY PROGRAM(VO)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer request to your immediate superior. (Ejects his tag)

He drops his hand from the disk, stares at his reflection in the mirrored surface. Blinks. Re-inserts dogtag, palm on disk again.

BISHOP
Emergency protocols. Code Theta Five Three. Authority Welles comma Fox.

The door hisses open instantly. He climbs in.

INT. FUSION CONTROL BOOTH

Bishop settles into the operator's chair, facing three blank monitors.

BISHOP
Protocols, safety.

The central screen displays an elaborate menu.

BISHOP
Overload failsafes.

The left screen displays a shorter menu.

BISHOP
Bypass overload failsafe.

A red light begins to flash.

SECURITY PROGRAM(VO)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer --

BISHOP
Cancel request. Request display overload failsafe software.

SECURITY PROGRAM(VO)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer --

BISHOP
Authority Welles comma Fox...

The right screen displays an animated diagram, thousands of interweaving lines and symbols, moving ceaselessly, hypnotically. Bishop studies the screen with Zen calm, his hands poised like a pianist's above the keyboard.

And makes his move, a cybernetic reprise of the knife sequence that introduced him in "ALIENS". His fingers blur across the board with inhuman speed and accuracy as he races the fusion software's security system.

The lines on the screen squirm and shift. A "window" begins to open...

Faster.

Done.

Bishop gazes at the screen with what might be the android equivalent of postcoital satisfaction, eyes bright. The screen displays a message:

<u>OVERLOAD OPTION RESET</u>

He begins to reprogram the overload options.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

Another level; they've descended several already; the ladder runs straight down through the platforms. Spence and Tatsumi watch as Jackson follows Halliday down the next opening. This time, Hicks wants to be last; he's glancing carefully around the platform, gun ready.

SPENCE
(To Tatsumi) It's funny.

TATSUMI
What?

SPENCE
I had to win a contest to go through this. A science fair in Omaha, first prize in biology for all of Nebraska. Monoclonal antibodies... Then I got into Cornell. Another contest. It wasn't easy, getting my ass into this.

TATSUMI
(Manages a grin) Idealist.

SPENCE
Yeah. I guess so. Build a new world, find ways to live in it... But it wasn't supposed to be like this. And it might've worked. It almost did. Now look at it. Why the hell couldn't we pull it off?

TATSUMI
Funding.

SPENCE
Yeah. Guess you're right.They pay for it, I guess they get to fuck it up.

HICKS
Down the hole, okay?

Tatsumi and Spence climb down out of sight, light below comes on.

TATSUMI(VO)
Hicks! You coming?

HICKS
Minute. I want to check something...

Alone on the ladder, Hicks cranes his neck, squints up... Hicks' POV, as, several levels above, lights come on. He withdraws his arm from the suitgun and

lowers it carefully to the deck. Flexs his arm; it hurts. Then he goes quickly to the ladder and starts climbing. Up.

DOWN, through the platforms and openings: Hicks scrambling back up... Passes two platforms, activating the lights, reaches a third, lights come on; he sits on the edge of the opening, reaches into his pocket and extracts one of Kurtz's grenades.

HICKS
(To himself) Hope you commie bastards haven't changed the fusing sequence on me...

He twists the timing unit on the grenade's neck and places it beside him on the platform.

FROM BELOW, three levels down, as Hicks descends in a hurry.

He pulls the suitgun on again, wincing at its weight...

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - ANOTHER LEVEL DOWN

Spence, Halliday, Tatsumi, Walker, Jackson are sitting on pieces of machinery as Hicks climbs down to their level.

WALKER
Where the hell you been?

HICKS
Everybody back! Against the wall! MOVE IT!

They aren't quite fast enough; the grenade detonates. Twisted fragments of metal ricochet off the deck.

JACKSON
(Getting up from where she's fallen) What the hell was that?

HICKS
Thought maybe we're being followed. Maybe that took care of it.

HALLIDAY
But what if it was Sterling?

JACKSON
No chance. He's gone, honey...

Walker is already starting down the ladder...

INT. TUNNEL - AWAY FROM FUSION PACKAGE

Bishop heads for the elevator shaft at his usual steady pace. Approaches the open doors cautiously. Listens. Nothing. He edges in. Empty. The circuit-fire has died down; melted insulation still sputters. He looks up the shaft. A long climb. He can make out the bottom of the elevator. He reaches up, grabs a rung, sets his left boot on another, straightens up -- and drives the jagged end of his broken knee-joint through the side of his leg and the fabric of his fatigues in a gout of milky android blood. Hits the floor hard, the broken leg splayed at a hideous angle, the white fluid a widening pool.

Struggles to brace his shoulders against the wall. And reaches out to touch the ragged edge of artificial bone.

BISHOP
(A scientific observation)
Polycarbon...

INT. BOTTOM OF SERVICE TUNNEL

Ladder terminates here. As they reach the bottom, Hicks is showing the strain of wearing the heavy gun.

JACKSON
Sit down a minute, Hicks. You're supposed to have a whole suit of power-armer to carry one of those things...

TATSUMI
Yeah. Break time.

Hicks checks his watch, drags his arm out of the suitgun, sits down on a low piece of machinery and lights up a cigarette. Spence comes to sit beside

him. Takes the cigarette from his hand and puffs on it.

HICKS
Didn't know you smoked.

SPENCE
(Giving him back his cigarette) I don't.

HICKS
(Glancing over at Halliday, who's hugging herself and shaking with fear) She's not doing too good.

SPENCE
She wasn't cut out for this.

HICKS
Who was?

SPENCE
Weren't you?

HICKS
Sure. At New Brisbane. With a fucking cookie-cutter. That what you think?

SPENCE
I'm sorry... Hicks... Halliday and I are ecology technicians. We grew up listening to glowing reports of the Colonial Marines erradicating 'redundant species' on colony planets, wiping out whole life systems to make things safe for the Company...

HICKS
Bug hunts. Yeah. Me, I went on one too many bug hunts...

JACKSON
(Studying her gadget) Okay, people, we better move it. (Gets up)

SPENCE
But you shot it, Hicks; you saved Halliday--

HICKS
(Gets to his feet and works his arm into the suitgun) I missed it. It got away...

INT. VENTILATION DUCTS

A maze of smooth sheet metal. The largest ducts aren't quite tall enough to stand in. The metal makes a lot of noise, as our party comes into sight. Many smaller ducts lead off at every angle. Jackson is leading, using her gadget and a flashlight. Hicks behind her with the suit gun. Then Spence, Halliday, Walker, with Tatsumi taking up the rear.

JACKSON
Okay, hold it. Better double check this. (She studies the gadget)

With no warning whatever, Tatsumi SCREAMS, an incredible sound compounded of agony and terror. Jackson drops the gadget as she whirls with the light--

Jackson's POV: between Walker's legs, we see the briefest possible flash of Tatsumi's leg, with the Hybrid's jaws fastened firmly on his ankle. Then Hicks has shoved his way past the others; he chops at the Hybrid's head, which is all we can see of it, with the suitgun. He'd swing it like an axe, if he could, but the vent's too tight. The armored gauntlet clangs off the ceiling and slams down into the head. The Hybrid releases Tatsumi and snaps out of sight in an insect-quick blur.

Hicks kneels, jams the suitgun into the duct, and fires two rounds; blue-white backflash as they detonate too close for comfort.

Chaos: Tatsumi writhing on his back as Walker and Spence struggle to hold him down. Hicks snatches Jackson's light and shines it into the duct. Tatsumi whimpering between clenched teeth as a whisp of acid smoke rises from his torn trouser-leg.

SPENCE
Hicks! The light!

She and Walker are crouching beside Tatsumi, slitting his pantleg with a knife, exposing the wound.

SPENCE
Watch it! Acid! It's on the cloth...

Walker yelps as a droplet of acid touches his hand. Spence has the flash now; shines it on the wound in Tatsumi's ankle.

SPENCE
O my God...

The Alien has taken a bite the size of a small grapefruit out of Tatsumi's leg, exposing the bone; flesh and muscle are blackened, charred by the acid.

HICKS
Aid kit!

Jackson pulls a flat case from her jacket pocket and passes it to him.

HICKS
Cocktail time, Tatsumi. (He opens the kit, takes out a gun-shaped hypo with a pressure-tank) Can't get this on the Ginza, fella.

WALKER
He's from LA... (As Hicks readies a pressurized one-shot hypo)

HICKS
Six times better than heroin, about eight other things in there to keep you up an' rockin'... (He jabs the needle through Tatsumi's pantleg; the unit hisses) Get you a year in the brig, playin' R&R with one of these...

Tatsumi's thrashing subsides as the drug hits.

SPENCE
It's not bleeding. Like it was cauterized...

HICKS
We'll pack it, get a burn dressing on...

Jackson picks up the broken pieces of her gadget, then tosses them down again.

JACKSON
Now we find out how good my memory really is...

Hicks is bandaging Tatsumi's leg with the swift unhurried skill of a seasoned combat medic, when Spence jumps up from beside him and lunges past Jackson--

SPENCE
HALLIDAY! She's GONE!!!

Jackson brings her down with a solid tackle, before she can rush into the duct-maze. Claps her hand over Spence's mouth to silence her--

Instant of total silence.

Then Halliday's dying screams echo horribly through the maze.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Bishop, climbing. He has his web belt cinched tight around his left thigh. The splitered bone is out of sight; the leg of his fatigues, below the belt, is soaked with fluid. He uses his arms and right leg to climb, the left leg swaying free -- grotesquely, in too many directions, like the limb of a broken puppet.

He shows signs of stress. The right knee might break at the next rung... He places it carefully, taking up most of his weight on his arms.

He checks his watch. ECU: 2140 HOURS.

Bishop's POV, up the shaft. It looks like forever.

INT. ANOTHER SERVICE TUNNEL

Whine of a power-driver. A section of ventilator-grid pivots sideways as Jackson removes

the third of its four screws. She extends her head cautiously, looks around.

JACKSON
Lookin' good. Everybody out.

They climb through the opening, Walker half carrying Tatsumi.

They set off along a corridor, Walker and Jackson slogging along, supporting Tatsumi between them, then Spence, the Hicks, who keeps checking their back, the suitgun ready. In the corridor, smoke hangs in strata. Spence coughs. They're all feeling Anchorpoint's fire-depleted oxygen-level. Tatsumi looks terrible: flushed, eyes glazed, but he's feeling no pain. He weakly attempts to sing a snatch of a pop song. They pass out of view.

CU on the corridor floor: Tatsumi's leg has left a trail of yellow drops...

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Bishop's hands appear in the opening in the floor, grip the edge; he hauls himself up, arms quivering with strain. Last thing through is the useless leg; he has to pull it up with both hands. He looks out. Nothing moving. He reaches for the edge of the elevator door and tears off a strip of alloy trim. He bends it double for strength and begins to work it beneath the belt around his thigh, still keeping an eye on the corridor outside...

INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO DOCKING BAY

From behind: our party approaches the threshold, beyond it the bay. Hicks signals halt, moves forward alone, with extreme care, the suitgun ready.

Hicks' POV, we pan as he scans the bay for danger. (Note: the hatch of the Weyland Yutani executive shuttle is out of his line of sight.) The shot re-establishes the geography of this large set: the shuttle, the cooling-grid, Walker's drones, the vast articulated door that opens on the lock where the space-truck is kept. There is are lots of other things as well; the set looks like a heavy-manufacturing plant, jet maintenance hangar, etc.

He rejoins the others. Tatsumi is sagging, barely conscious.

WALKER
Spare air's racked over there, past those lathes. (He points)

HICKS
Suits?

WALKER
Over there. (A different direction) The truck's on the far side of the door, there.

HICKS
Spence, you stay with Tatsumi. Walker and Jackson collect some tanks, head over to the suits, we'll meet 'em. I'm going up there and watch for trouble. (He points out a sort of wheeled scaffold with a catwalk and railing at the top, something used to service space vehicles)
We get trouble, get in that truck and <u>go</u>...

INT. CORRIDOR AS BEFORE

Plan in motion. Spence struggles to get Tatsumi over to the side. Props him on a piece of equipment, his wounded leg extended. She kneels to check his bandage, winces: CU on noxious yellow-black pus seeping from dressing. CLOSE on Tatsumi as he smiles dreamily...

INT. BAY - THE SCAFFOLD

Hicks, wearing the suitgun, painfully hikes himself up the ladder...

INT. BAY - AISLE BETWEEN AUTOMATED LATHES, PRESSES, ETC.

Walker leads Jackson on their errand.

INT. BAY - THE SCAFFOLD

Hicks reaches the catwalk, surveys territory below. Pan, his POV, to: Weyland Yutani shuttle, whose

hatch is now plainly visible. CLOSER on hatch -- which is open, the edges of the opening looped and crusted with the weird whorls of the alien resin, as though some kind of glittering rot has grown at the core of this extremely slick and potent-looking artifact of corporate power).

Hicks: reaction shot as he reflexively levels the suitgun, supporting it on the catwalk railing. Holds his fire. Glances back, where he can see Walker and Jackson just disappearing along the aisle of machinery.

INT. CORRIDOR

Spence holding Tatsumi's hand, stroking his cheek...

INT. BAY - AIR RACKS

These aren't spare space-suit bottles, but hefty hospital-size steel cylinders. Several heavy pushcarts stand nearby.

JACKSON
How many?

WALKER
Half a dozen's cutting it. Say eight...

They start to wrestle the first of the cylinders onto the nearest cart.

INT. BAY - THE SCAFFOLD

Hicks stares at the open hatch of the shuttle. Removes the two grenades from his pocket and looks down at them. Looks at shuttle.

INT. BAY - AIR RACKS

Walker and Jackson have gotten four of the big tanks on the cart. They're lowering a fifth one, trying to work as quietly as possible, when Jackson's fingers slip and her end of the tank falls on the others with a loud CLANG--

INT. BAY - THE SCAFFOLD

Hicks hears it, starts, looks back...

INT. CORRIDOR

Tatsumi seems to be unconscious. Spence has her arms around him...

Suddenly Hicks is there. Spence stifles a scream.

HICKS
Here. Carry this. (Gives her the suitgun; she almost sags under its weight)

Hicks throws Tatsumi over his shoulder.

HICKS
Lets get us a couple of suits, okay?

INT. BAY

Hicks, carrying Tatsumi, and Spence, carrying the suitgun, hurry across the floor of the bay.

Spences eyes widen when she sees the resin sprouting from the hatch of the shuttle, but she's not about to stop for a second look.

INT. BAY -- SPACESUIT RACKS

A long row of suits, suspended from special racks. Lots of them, all kinds, some obviously very specialized.

Hicks and Spence meet Jackson and Walker, who're coming from the opposite direction, trundling the heavy cart and its load of tanks.

HICKS
What kept you?

JACKSON
You haven't tried picking one of these mothers up, have you?

They waste no time choosing suits --lightweight models rather like the one Ripley wears at the end of ALIEN, slim enough to allow Hicks to jam his arm into the suitgun one last time-- and hurriedly strip to their underwear and struggle into the suits, which are identical except for helmet-color.

Spence has a yellow helmet, Hicks red, Walker blue, and Jackson green. Tatsumi's is orange.

Hicks takes the grenades from his pocket and places them nearby. He also removes his military watch and fastens its velcro strap to a D-ring on the wrist of his suit. ECU watch: 2146 HRS. He glances at the others but doesn't mention the time -- not much left...

Spence sealing up her spacesuit over freckles and a military-issue bra; Hicks sealing his over dogtags and his acid-scarred chest.

Jackson and Spence struggle with Tatsumi's clothing, get him into the spacesuit. A tedious, time-consuming project. The bandage looks hideous and Tatsumi slides in and out of consciousness. Finally they get him into the suit and fasten his helmet in place.

HICKS
(In his suit, but no helmet yet)
Get that door open and shift the bottles. (He works his arm into the suitgun, picks up the grenades and shoves them into the spacesuit's harness)

JACKSON
Going somewhere?

HICKS
I'll be back.

Hicks sets off in the direction of the shuttle, stumbling with exhaustion. Jackson and Walker wheel the cart toward the big door.

INT. BAY - NEAR SHUTTLE

Hicks approaches the shuttle carefully and deliberately. The gaping, diseased hatch looks like a living thing...

He takes one of the grenades from his harness as he climbs the short stairway. Has to force himself to step on the slime crusted on the threshold.

Enters.

Reaction shot: Hicks, stunned with horror and revulsion at what he sees.

Hicks' POV: The Beast has been busy; the interior of the shuttle has become a miniature version of the (unused) grotto set HRG designed for ALIEN: an obscene temple, with Fox (still, horribly, alive) its centerpiece. Ideally, this should be the film's most memorable set, simultaneously suggesting biological function, religion, and some utterly inhuman artform...

Hicks gags and backs out. He immediately sets both grenades for delayed detonation, tosses them through the hatch, and runs, stumbling, falling once, toward the giant door.

INT. DOOR TO LOCK

Spence, Walker, and Jackson, suited, helmets on-- as Tatsumi, who's swaying beside Jackson in suit and helmet, facing away from camera, BEGINS TO CONVULSE--

Tatsumi's helmet turns toward Jackson and camera. Through his faceplate, the cancelled eyes and blood-streaked drool of the Change...

JACKSON
He's gone! Jeeees-us!

As blood wells up into Tatsumi's helmet, FILLING IT COMPLETELY, SOMETHING DARK begins to strike the inner surface of his faceplate, violently, again and again. The spacesuit hunches through inhuman postures -- and EXPLODES as Hicks lets go with the last two rounds in the suitgun (ECU on suitgun's ammo-counter clicking to 00. The suit pitches backward and CONTINUES TO MOVE, on the deck-- a reflexive twitching, like the limbs of a crushed insect.

INT. DOCK - THE SHUTTLE

Grenades detonate and the shuttle goes up, raining burning fragments across the lock.

INT. DOCK - BY DOOR

HICKS
Walker! Get it open!

Behind them, from the direction of the entrance-corridor, a shrill chitter of rage.

Their POV, across the bay, as the Hybrid scrambles toward them down an aisle of machinery.

JACKSON
The door! The door!

Walker hits the button. The huge door begins to rise, clanking up segment by segment--

To reveal the Beast, its black coils tangled in the cage of the space-truck.

Then the Hybrid is on Jackson. As she falls back under its momentum, she accidently releases the catch on the push cart; several of the big tanks tumble off and roll across the deck--

HIGH-PITCHED BLEEP: ECU on Hicks' watch: 2200 HRS.

The Hybrid guts Jackson with a twisting thrust of its razored tail, slashing through her suit like paper. Blood splashes the wall, the rolling tanks...

On the truck, the Beast stirs, aware of the Hybrid for the first time. It slides out of the truck with lethal, sensual grace, the ultimate killing-machine. Rises to its full and terrible majesty...

The blood-drenched Hybrid is still savaging Jackson when the Beast's talons take it. The Hybrid emits a final hiss of frustrated rage as the Beast raises it overhead and TEARS IT APART in a single slow-motion explosion of yellow fluid...

HICKS
Spence!

He grabs her wrist and drags her to the truck. They climb in.

Walker lunges after them, but the Beast DECAPITATES him with a single whiplash of its razor-tail, his head, still in its helmet, bouncing off the wall of the lock.

In the truck, Hicks is frantically punching buttons. The truck's rockets ignite, but not fully.

SPENCE
The lock, Goddamit! The lock!

The lock is shut. No exit.

Spence's POV as he turns to see Bishop hop-hobble up to the lock controls in his fatigues, no spacesuit, no helmet...

Bishop pushes the button.

The hurricane of escaping air tumbles Bishop toward the truck like a doll. He strikes it hard, but hangs on.

Hicks floors it.

And blows it. The truck skews sideways in a blast of exhaust gases and one of the huge grapples snags in a girder.

The lock is open now, assorted objects of all sizes whirling out into the void--

Where something is EXPANDING, larger as it nears Anchorpoint--

Reaction shot, Hicks and Spence as they see it: What the hell???

-- AS A DEAFENING SQUAWK OF FEEDBACK RATTLES THEIR SUIT RADIOS, followed by a wave of static.

EXT. SPACE

THE U.P.P. INTERCEPTOR, pitted and scorched in the nuking of Rodina, settles toward Anchorpoint on steering-jets.

CU on a gunport sliding smoothly open, revealing the vicious-looking snout of a Gatling-style pulse-cannon.

INT. THE LOCK

As the Beast advances on the truck...

And is torn to shreds by a withering fusilade of pulse-shells, pouring down from Chang's interceptor like God's own rain.

CU on Bishop's expression as he clings to the truck in the continuing storm of escaping air.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - THE U.P.P. INTERCEPTOR

Pulling away from Anchorpoint at speed, the lights of the open lock dwindling behind the flare of her jets.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Hicks, no helmet, sprawled unconscious in his spacesuit, as Bishop bends over him and rips the watch from its D-ring, silencing the alarm, which has been a steady background tone to this scene. The absence of the sound seems to wake Hicks instantly; his eyes snap open.

BISHOP
The overload is scheduled for twenty-two-fifteen.

HICKS
Twenty-two-hundred...

BISHOP
I thought you might need the time...

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

Interceptor's POV: the station receding...

The fusion package goes overload.

WHITEOUT. Beat. FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON a single star. Another star. Then the interceptor, adrift, showing no lights.

EXT. INTERCEPTOR, ANOTHER ANGLE

Additional damage visible from the Anchorpoint blast.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Dim light. Chang is slumped against a wall of dead switches, watching Bishop. Hicks, Spence, and Bishop wear their spacesuits, minus helmets and air-tanks. Bishop is bending over a panel of exposed circuitry, working with a delicate probe. His suit is open to the waist; he wears a miniature worklight on a band across his forehead. Spence is asleep, her head on Hicks' lap.

HICKS
Bishop...

BISHOP
(Looks up, the beam of the worklight glaring in Hicks' eyes)
Yes?

HICKS
Bishop, are Spence and I... I mean... Are we infected, man?

A small steady tone sounds, muffled inside Bishop's suit. He puts the probe down and reaches into his suit, bringing out his own wristwatch. He looks at the time. The tone stops. He putsd the watch down and looks at Hicks. Beat.

BISHOP
No, you aren't. I obtained solid parameters on the incubation period... Neither of you is a carrier. Neither is she. (Glancing toward Chang) Although I couldn't be certain until...

HICKS
Your watch? Just now?

BISHOP
Yes.

Bishop reaches into his suit again and brings out a flat little automatic pistol.

HICKS
Where'd you get that?

BISHOP
It belonged to Welles. I found it with her recording equipment.

Chang says something angrily, wearily, in her own language, as if to say: enough of <u>that</u> bullshit.

Bishop hands her the gun. She tosses it aside with evident disgust, curls ups, eyes closed.

HICKS
That was for us? If we were...

BISHOP
Yes. (He looks at Chang again) She's dying, Hicks. Radiation poisoning...

HICKS
Anything we can do?

BISHOP
No.

Spence groans in her sleep. Hicks absently smoothes her hair back from her eyes.

BISHOP
(With an infinite sadness) You can be species again, Hicks. United against a common enemy.

Hicks moves Spence's head, pillows her on a folded jacket, swings his way over to Chang, offers her water from a plastic squeeze-bottle. She refuses it.

HICKS
Yeah?

BISHOP
The source, Hicks. You'll have to trace them back, find the point of origin. The first source. And

BISHOP
This goes far beyond interspecies competition. The Alien is to biological life what antimatter is to matter.

HICKS
Yeah?

BISHOP
You're at war, Hicks. War to extermination. The alien knows no other mode.

HICKS
(Close to cracking) Yeah? Been at war all my life. With her. (He looks down at Chang) That's what got us into this shit in the first place!

BISHOP
But now you've seen the enemy, Hicks. So has she. She's not it. Neither are you.

Hicks doesn't answer. He just looks at Bishop. Bishop goes back to his circuitry.

CLOSE on Spence's sleeping face, and the face of the dying Chang.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

Approach of a large ship.

The ping of homing radar.

ANGLE on the hull as it slides past, enormous letters: KANSAS CITY

EXT. SPACE

ANGLE UP from below Kansas City as a wide bay opens.

The interceptor comes into frame and is drawn up into the brightly-lit hold.

The bay closes.

EXT. SPACE

Kansas City. Receding. Gone.

The stars.