

ALIEN: RESURRECTION

a.k.a. ALIEN IV

By

Joss Whedon

No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Twentieth Century Fox.

OPTIONAL 2ND REVISION
JULY 22, 1996

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX

10201 West Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

©1996
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX
All Rights Reserved

EXTREME CLOSE UP: AN EYE

Not human. Not nice. Blinking balefully at us. The camera MOVES BACK as the creature moves its head, huge sharp teeth coming into frame. The camera continues to move back, giving us a clear view of the entire beast, just as an enormous finger squashes it.

And still we pull back, to show a soldier sitting bored in a sterile room, sucking down the gurgled end of a slurpy as he contemplates the squishy insect mess on his fingertip.

He takes the straw, sticks the bug in one end and puts the other in his mouth -- we are still moving back -- he blows the insect right at us; it splatters on the window as we move back to reveal him framed in the window, to reveal the ship the window is in --

And the soldier himself becomes as small as an insect -- smaller -- dwindling to nothing as we finish pulling back, revealing:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

surrounding the U.S.S. AURIGA, a massive research vessel that sits majestically just beyond Pluto's orbit.

ANGLE: WHEAT.

A birds eyes view of a field, the soft golden waves filling the screen. Sharp contrast to what we have seen before.

There is someone wandering through the field. A girl, seven or eight, in a dinghy sundress. She has black, tousled hair.

.GIRL'S VOICE

My mommy always said there were no
monsters-- no real ones -- but there are.

The girl opens her arms and lets herself fall back into the soft wheat. She lies there a moment, then the buzzing of insects begins to fill our ears. Suddenly they swarm up around her, enveloping her like quicksand.

She is completely covered in insects, a skittering black shroud of them, and when she finally does SCREAM they flood into her mouth -- as she disappears completely.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Instruments show a jolt in heart rate, blood pressure. We TRACK from the cardiograph to a small cryotube. Inside we glimpse inside an adult-sized fetal mass encased in a clear, aspic-like gel. Tubes and cables are attached to the mass, running out of the machine. As we still CIRCLE, the shape begins to be more coherent, till we can see what might even be a face. Eyes, shut tight. Sleeping.

Scientists milling about take notes, look over at the thing in aspic.

The camera moves back in on the cardiograph, then moves down, to show another one. Tracking a SECOND HEARTBEAT from within the case.

Smaller, much faster.

CUT TO:

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Lying in the wheat field, a grown woman now. She opens her eyes, but they are dark, whiteless. She reaches for her chest and begins scratching it. Hard. Tearing at it, as blood wells up, spilling over her sides.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING CHAMBER

And the cause of this dream becomes apparent:

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

being cut open with a lasersaw. We see her body still has a layer of the aspic-slime clinging to it. And her skin is unnaturally blue. But as we PAN from her chest to her face, her identity is unmistakable. Around her are several men in operating masks. Cutting her is GEDIMAN, a young and enthusiastic scientist. One man, seemingly in charge, stands a bit off, watching. This, by the tag on his coat, is DR WREN.

WREN

Careful... ready with the amnio...

His voice is soft, comforting, like the face that watches thoughtfully from behind thick glasses.

Gediman finishes cutting. Another man steps in with a clamp. Sets it. Pulls apart the chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN

There she is...

He says it like he's found a lost kitten. He reaches in and pulls out a sleeping, fetal but nearly ready to burst ALIEN. Others work at severing umbilical threads that tie it to Ripley's chest.

GEDIMAN

Here we go.

He holds it up and others step in with the amnio, a sort of incubator filled with amniotic fluid.

The alien SCREAMS, its tiny mouth full with teeth, and wriggles out of his grasp.

WREN

Watch it!

Everybody panics -- but before the thing can get completely away from him, Gediman grabs it and sticks it in the amnio. Someone shuts the top rapidly. Everybody looks at each other a moment.

GEDIMAN

Well...

WREN

The host?

A surgeon looks at Ripley's readings.

SURGEON

Doing fine.

Gediman looks at Wren, hopefully. Wren nods.

WREN

Sew her back up.

Gediman and the surgeon get to work, as the others carefully remove the alien.

GEDIMAN

Well, that went as well as could be expected--

Ripley's hand LASHES OUT, GRABS the surgeon's forearm. He yells in pain as her fingers dig into him --

-- Ripley's eyes pop open: wide, unseeing, consciousness flooding in behind them -- her whole body so rigid it shakes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

---- The surgeon SCREAMS, trying to pry her hand off, the others scrambling, knocking things over -- and we HEAR HIS BONE CRACKING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL

Sudden stillness.

Ripley crouches in the middle of a small, dark chamber. She is wide eyed, staring straight ahead in a state of near catatonia. Hair tangled and wild. But at least she's not so blue as before, nor as slimy.

The only light on her comes from directly above, from a thick pane of glass in the center of the ceiling.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE CELL

A guard stands on the floor above, looking into the cell through the square of glass in the floor, directly above Ripley. (We see other panes of glass lining the floor, indicating more cells below.)

ANGLE: RIPLEY

She is still for a long while. Then she lifts her hands, looks at them. Touches her face, her skin.

She fingers her tunic, pulls down the neck. There is a scar running along her chest. She fingers it thoughtfully.

She looks at her forearm. Tattooed near the crook of her elbow is the number 8.

She looks up, her face unreadable.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Ripley is sitting on a table as Gediman draws blood from her. He deposits it in a test beaker, studies her eyes.

Wren enters, looking at a chart.

WREN

How's our number Eight today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN

Appears to be in good health...

WREN

(noticing his tone)

How good?

GEDIMAN

Extraordinary. As in, completely off our projected charts.

(shows him some photos)

Look at the scar tissue. See the recession?

WREN

This is from --

GEDIMAN

Yesterday!

WREN

This is good. This is very good.

Wren goes up to Ripley, studies her face with satisfaction.

WREN

Well, it looks like you're going to make us all very proud --

She grabs his throat with dazzling speed, applying deadly pressure as she brings his face to hers. Her eyes are burning, but lost..

RIPLEY

Why?

GEDIMAN

Oh my god...

He is as wide eyed as Wren, and he isn't having his windpipe crushed. After a moment the shock wears off and he slams his hand into the alarm. Klaxons, red light fire up.

A guard rushes in, levels his weapon at Ripley. After a moment staring him down, she opens her hand. Wren falls to his knees, gasping.

The guard FIRES his rifle at her -- a powerful electrical charge lashes out and sends her flying back into the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WREN

No! No! I'm all right!

The guards keep their weapons -- 'burners', these shockrifles are called -- leveled at Ripley. She has recovered from the shock quickly, sits crumpled in the corner, looking at nothing in particular.

RIPLEY

(wearily).

Why...?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Wren and Gediman watch through a one way mirror as a scientist tests Ripley. With them is General PEREZ, the man in charge of this boat. Ramrod straight and about as gruff as you would expect, he stares at Ripley suspiciously.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

She is restrained, iron collar and cuffs linked to cables that anchor her to the chair. Despite the high-tech, the whole get-up seems almost medieval.

Two armed guards flank her. The Scientist sits across the table, clearly a bit nervous.

ANGLE: PEREZ

He watches as the scientist holds up cards with pictures on them: house, dog, boat. Ripley gives answers we can't hear through the glass, looking pissed off and bored.

WREN

It's unprecedented.

GEDIMAN

Totally! She's operating at a completely adult capacity.

PEREZ

And her memories?

WREN

There are gaps. And there's some degree of cognitive dissonance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN
She's freaked.

Wren shoots Gediman a stern look at his unscientific parlance.

WREN
"It" has some connective difficulties. A kind of low level emotional autism. Certain reactions...

PEREZ
But it remembers. Why?

WREN
I'm guessing, but... collective memory. Passed down generationally, at a genetic level, by the aliens. Almost like a highly evolved form of instinct. An unexpected benefit of the genetic crossing.

PEREZ
(mockingly)
Benefit...

He looks at Ripley through the glass, then exits into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The two scientists follow, pace him as he strides down toward a second observation room.

GEDIMAN
You're not thinking termination?

PEREZ
Oh, boy am I thinking termination.

WREN
We don't perceive this as a problem.

PEREZ
Ellen Ripley died trying to wipe this species out of existence and for all intents and purposes succeeded.
(getting in Wren's face)
I'm not anxious to see her picking up her old hobbies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WREN

It won't happen.

GEDIMAN

(grinning)

Comes down to a fight, I'm not sure whose side she'd be on.

PEREZ

And I'm supposed to take comfort in that?

Perez punches code, puts his hand on the scanner and the second observation room door opens. He steps in, the other two right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO

Darker than the first one. Quieter. Perez turns to the others.

PEREZ

Bottom line is, she looks at me funny and I put her down. As far as I'm concerned, number eight is a meat by-product. This girl here is the money.

He looks into another cell. In the darkness we can barely make out the outline of an alien head. A really big one.

PEREZ

How soon before she's producing?

WREN

Days. Less, maybe. We'll need the cargo.

PEREZ

It's on its way.

ANGLE: THE QUEEN'S POV

Looking back through the glass at the three men. As they stare at the queen, the shot pulls up and back, the queen rearing to her full height. The whole room becomes visible, and we see that there are no less than eight guards in here with them, standing post silently around the cage.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Ripley sits across from Gediman. She is still chained, though with enough free mobility to eat comfortably.

Gediman is eating at a good pace -- Ripley, however, has stopped. She is staring at her fork, her brows furrowed. Turns it over in her hand, in her mind.

GEDIMAN

"Fork".

The memory comes, and she shakes her head wearily.

RIPLEY

(softly)

Fuck....

GEDIMAN

(pretending to correct her)

"Fork".

Ever so slightly, she smiles. The smile fades, and after a moment:

RIPLEY

How did you...

GEDIMAN

How did we get you? Hard work. Blood samples, taken on Fiori 16. On ice.

RIPLEY

Fiori 16...

GEDIMAN

Ring a bell? What do you remember about that place?

She thinks -- and puts her hand to her hair, almost as if to check if it's there. Thinks some more.

RIPLEY

Came down in the shuttle... it was cold... they didn't make it. They didn't survive.

GEDIMAN

Who?

She thinks, hard, but the names don't come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

I can see their faces, but... there's a girl...

GEDIMAN

What else?

RIPLEY

The cold... and...
 (touches her chest)
 ... the pain.

She looks up at him.

RIPLEY

Does it... grow?

GEDIMAN

Does it -- Yeah. Rapidly.

RIPLEY

It's a queen.

GEDIMAN

How did you know that?

RIPLEY

It'll breed. You'll die. Everyone in the... fucking...
 (searches for the word, then spits it out)
 ...company. Will die.

GEDIMAN

Company?

WREN (O.S.)

Weyland Yutani.

He has entered behind her, comes up to the table.

WREN

Our Ripley's former employers. Terran Growth conglom, had some defense contracts under the military. Before your time, Gediman -- they went under decades ago, bought out by Walmart. Fortunes of war.

(to Ripley)

You'll find things have changed a good deal since your time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIPLEY

I doubt that.

WREN

We're not flying blind here, you know.
This is the United Systems military, not
some greedy corporation.

RIPLEY

It won't make any... difference...

She stops a moment, puzzled at the familiarity of the
sentence. Then continues:

RIPLEY

You're still gonna die.

WREN

And how do you feel about that?

RIPLEY

(shrugs)

It's your funeral.

WREN

I wish you could understand what we're
trying to do here. The potential
benefits of this race go way beyond urban
pacification. New alloys, new
vaccines... there's nothing like this in
any world we've seen. You should be very
proud.

She laughs, bitterly.

RIPLEY

Oh, I am.

WREN

And the animal itself is wondrous.
They'll be invaluable once we've
harnessed them.

RIPLEY

It's a cancer. You can't teach it
tricks.

This stops Wren, and he retreats silently. Ripley repeats
one word to herself, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RIPLEY

"Them"...

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

We see the Auriga far in the distance. Suddenly A SHIP ROARS INTO FRAME, heading for it. A small vessel, it is every bit as dirty and jerry-rigged as the Auriga is pristine. To accentuate the difference, the sudden roar of its engines is accompanied by HEAVY, THRASHING ROCK MUSIC.

As it passes, we see on the side a painting -- classic bomber cheesecake, a semi-clad wonderbabe riding a rocket, with the legend BETTY above her head.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT OF 'THE BETTY' - CONTINUOUS

The music is coming from nearby. Piloting the ship toward the Auriga is HILLARD, a roughskinned woman in her forties.

Behind her stands ELGYN, the leader of the group. Has the kind of authority that doesn't need to flaunt itself. Maybe fifty, by the silver in his hair. He speaks into the vidcom.

ELGYN

(good naturedly)

My authorization code is 'fuck you', son. Now open the goddamn bay or General Perez is gonna do a Wichita stomp on your virgin ass.

(He switches off)

I guarantee that boy's never seen the inside of a woman.

(to Hillard)

Bring us in on three-oh descent, ride the parallel.

Hillard

Darlin', it's done.

ELGYN

Don't cut thrust till six hundred meters. Give 'em a little fright.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, runs it up along her cheek as he exits. They're more than friends.

He moves through a hallway, sticks his head in a cubicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

I checked 'em an hour ago.

ELGYN

I don't want 'em so much as rattled. Any leakage, I take it out of your hide.

CALL

Trust me, boss.

ELGYN

(laughs)
Not my style.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTIE is up and mostly dressed. He is black, very large, and has distinctly military bearing. He speaks with quiet, don't-fuck-with-me authority. He is strapping a contraption to his forearm. It resembles a derringer holder, but a very complex one.

CHRISTIE

What's our status?

ELGYN

We're coming in. Time to enjoy a little of the general's hospitality.

CHRISTIE

Oh great. Army food.

ELGYN

It'll keep us till we can get the family wagon up to spec. Assuming the natives are friendly.

CHRISTIE

We expecting any trouble?

ELGYN

From Perez? I doubt it. Still, let's be ever vigilant.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: VRIESS

Working intently, buried in wires and pipes.

The camera moves up over the engine block, past a balcony overlooking it. On the Railing leans JOHNER. He's thickset, mean and ugly, with ugly scars crisscrossing his ugly bald head. In his hand is a throwing knife.

He lets it play along his fingers, looking down at Vriess. He's right above Vriess's exposed legs. He holds the knife over Vriess's crotch. Smiling, he balances the knife on the palm of his hand, and then --

--as Call looks up and sees --

-- he lets it fall.

CALL

No!

She jumps down -- the knife falls, spinning -- she races for Vriess -- the knife falls --

And lands, sticking solidly into Vriess's upper thigh.

ANGLE: VRIESS

Continues to work, humming to himself. Completely oblivious.

Johner laughs as Call looks up at him, fury crossing her face.

CALL

What is wrong with you?

JOHNER

Just a little target practice. Vriess isn't complaining.

Vriess hears, looks down and sees the knife sticking out of his leg. He wheels out from under the machine in a second flat.

VRIESS

Goddamnit!

The second he's out he hits a lever and the back of the dolly flies up, transforming it into a wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VRIESS

Johner! You son of a whore!

Johner climbs down to where the others are, smiling smugly. Call pulls the knife out of Vriess's leg.

JOHNER

Oh, come on, you didn't feel a thing.

CALL

You are an inbred motherfucker, you know that?

JOHNER

I'll take that knife back now.

CALL

Where do you want it?

Call stares at him, knife out. She's really pissed.

VRIESS

Call. Forget it. He's been sucking down too much homebrew.

JOHNER

The knife?

Call swipes with it, sticks it between two metal blocks, and SNAPS the blade off. Johner gets in her face.

JOHNER

Don't push me, little Annalee. You hang with us a while, you'll learn I'm not the man with whom to fuck.

A moment. She doesn't flinch, doesn't move. He exits, full of annoying bravado.

VRIESS

We really have to start associating with a better class of people. Get back in the grid, give me a sequence run.

He nits a lever, dropping the chair back down to a gurney, and wheels back under.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA DOCKING BAY.

As it opens to admit the proportionally tiny ship. The bay is on the bottom of the Auriga -- the doors are actually OVER the ship, which rises into the airlock.

INT. AIRLOCK

The outer doors close under the ship. Pressurized air shoots into the airlock for a few seconds, and then the inner doors open, the ship rising into the bay.

INT. BAY

The ship rises into the bay, the airlock doors closing under it. Locking clamps latch onto it from the top.

It takes up most of the dock area -- the rest stretching forth in a long platform to the entrance. Three soldiers in full armor stand rigid on the platform, waiting. Others mill about, working.

The hatch atop the ship slowly opens. One by one the crew files out. Seeing them en masse, we get a clearer view of what separates them from this environment. They're not wearing uniforms. They're an eclectic, fiercely individualist group, their look varied -- spots of bright color showing through more utilitarian space gear. Johner's bright turquoise bowling shirt. Elgyn's floorlength leather duster. Even Vriess's chair stands out as he wheels down the platform.

What they have in common is the toughness, the wary eyes, leathery skin. The cool readiness to kill. These guys are smugglers. A long while ago, you'd have called them pirates.

All six of them emerge, one by one, looking around them. They file past the silent, uniformed soldiers. The last one suddenly puts a hand on Johner's jacket, stops him. There is a bulge under it. A sensor light on the back of the soldier's glove blinks when he touches the bulge.

SOLDIER

No projectile weaponry is allowed on board the vessel, sir.

Johner opens his jacket, shows what he's packing: a large thermos.

JOHNER

Moonshine. My own. Way more dangerous.

SOLDIER

Sorry, sir.

ELGYN

What, do you think we're going to hijack the vessel? All six of us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEREZ

(entering)

No, I think one of your asshole crew is going to get drunk and put a bullet through the hull. We are in **space**, Elgyn.

He motions for the crew to follow him. Vriess comes abreast of the soldier.

VRIESS

Wanna check the chair?

The soldier makes no response, simply falls in behind Call, the last of them.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER

The long neck that connects the bay to the body of the ship. The group proceeds down it, the crew looking about them at the sterile grandeur.

CHRISTIE

This place is really clean.

JOHNER

(to a soldier)

Hey. You got any whores on this vessel?

(the soldier remains
stonefaced)

Any loose women with bad eyesight?

PEREZ

I think you'll find our accommodations somewhat spartan. Although the cook sets a good table.

JOHNER

That ain't what I'm hungry for.

VRIESS

(to Call)

What's the matter?

She is looking around her, somewhat tensely.

CALL

I don't like army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARD

Yeah, join the fucking club.

CUT TO:

ANGLE: MONEY

A stack of bills dropped down on a desk, then another. They're green, and identifiably money, but they're square, about the size of cocktail napkins. The face on them is unfamiliar. Thousand dollar bills.

WIDER ANGLE:

INT. PEREZ'S CHAMBERS - LATER

A good sized suite, decorated in a sparse, military fashion. Perez is behind his desk, the money sitting between him and Elgyn.

PEREZ

This wasn't easy to come by.

ELGYN

Neither was our cargo. You're not pleading poverty, are you?

PEREZ

We're well funded. I mean the bills. There's not many that still deal in coin.

ELGYN

Just the ones that don't like their every transaction recorded. The fringe element. I guess that would include you, though, wouldn't it?

PEREZ

Drink?

ELGYN

Constantly. I'm guessing whatever you've got going here wasn't exactly approved by congress.

Perez pours two whiskeys.

PEREZ

(changing the subject)

Where'd you pick up the new fish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELGYN

Call? Out by the handle, she was looking for a maintenance gig.

PEREZ

Makes an impression.

ELGYN

She is severely fuckable, isn't she? And the very devil with a socket wrench. I think Vriess somewhat pines.

He takes a stack of bill, smells it. He likes the smell.

ELGYN

She is curious about this little transaction. You can hardly blame her. Awfully cloak and dagger...

Perez hands a drink to Elgyn.

PEREZ

This is an army operation.

ELGYN

Most army research labs don't have to operate outside regulated space. And they don't call for the kind of cargo we brought.

PEREZ

Do you want something, Elgyn?

ELGYN

Just bed and board, couple of days worth. Vriess'll want to snag a few spare parts. If we're not imposing.

PEREZ

Not at all. Keep out of the restricted areas, don't start any fights, and mi casa is yours too.

Elgyn drinks to that.

PEREZ

I trust, of course, that you can mind your own business.

ELGYN

(smiles)

I'm famous for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They drink.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCKING BAY - LATER

Four soldiers and two scientists stand at the foot of the Betty, below the platform the crew came off on. A bottom hatch slowly opens, a ramp lowering to the floor.

From within comes the 'cargo', a metal box about six feet long and eight high. It rolls down slowly on a long dolly. Call emerges with it, gently pushing it along. Behind her, ^{Johner} pushes a second, identical box out. One of the soldiers motions for them to follow him, and they do.

Call still watches everything intently, distrustfully.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY LABS - A BIT LATER

Two guards stand before the door marked "Restricted Area". They knock on it when they see the cargo approaching, and after a moment it opens, Wren standing behind it.

Call and ^{Johner} wheel the boxes to the door. They are about to go through when the guards silently step in their way. They step back as the soldiers wheel the cargo through. Call watches as the door slides shut behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. A CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Where Gediman and a few others are waiting. Gediman looks a little nervous, not sure this is a good idea. Wren enters, directing the first box to the middle of the room.

The cargo is locked into place on the floor and a soldier works the electric lock. It springs open and the soldiers slide off a side panel.

They are stacked one on the other, five of them in all.

Cryotubes. People sleeping inside.

One by one the tubes are hauled to one side of the room as the second unit is wheeled in. By the end there are ten people sleeping side by side in their tubes in the dark chamber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The scientists meanwhile retire to

INT. AN ADJOINING CHAMBER

with a long glass window looking at the chamber.

The last of the soldiers leaves the chamber and we see the door lock behind them. Wren starts working his computer screen.

The glass tops of the cryotubes slide open. We see temperature and life sign gages begin to change.

There is a thick whirring as a part of the ceiling above the tubes lowers, lowers, and rotates slowly.

Stuck to the other side of it are ten alien eggs. The ceiling rotates just enough so that they are aimed at the heads of the sleepers.

For a moment nothing happens.

One of the sleepers eyes flutter slightly. Opens.

All ten eggs open simultaneously.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE HALL

A huge room, used for assemblies and events. It has a chain basketball net set up at one end, crude court lines taped to the floor. Ripley stands beneath the net with a ball, dribbling absently. Only her wrists are chained here.

At the other end are set up tables and folding chairs. The crew of the Betty, sans Elgyn, are filing in to eat here. Johner spies Ripley, smiles.

JOHNER

Ooh.

Johner comes up to Ripley. Her expression makes it clear how much she enjoys having him in her face.

JOHNER

How about a little one on one?

She keeps dribbling, says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNER
What do you say?

RIPLEY
Get away from me.

JOHNER
Why should I?..

RIPLEY
Because pain hurts.

He falters a moment at her quiet threat, then:

JOHNER
Are you gonna hurt me then? I think I
might enjoy that.

He smiles his ugly smile. She smiles back.

She hits him solidly in the chest with both hands -- and he
flies back ten feet, landing badly on a group of chairs.

His mates fly into action, Christie grabs a standing ashtray
-- Hillard jumps Ripley from behind. She throws her off with
ease -- chucks the basketball at her hard enough to pop the
air out of it.

Christie swings at her with the ashtray and SMASHES her right
in the face. She arcs back... reaches into her mouth and
pulls out a bloody tooth. Christie hesitates, suddenly not
sure he should have done that.

She's at Christie's throat before he has a chance to react,
squeezing, batting away the ashtray -- Johner comes at her
again and she leaps on him, throws him to the ground,
snarling. Like she's gonna rip his throat out with her
teeth.

WREN
Ripley.

Ripley looks up and four guards are pointing burners at her.
Wren and Gediman behind them.

Call, standing to one side with Vriess, reacts visibly to the
name.

Everybody is slowly backing off. Christie stands with his
hands behind his back, as if concealing something.

Call watches in rapt silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WREN

Don't let's have a scene.

Ripley lets go of Johner, stands.

RIPLEY

He... smells.

JOHNER

(barely breathing)

What the fuck are you?

She looks down on him -- in both senses of the phrase. Looks around at everyone staring at her. She spits a bit of blood from her mouth. Exits, scooping up the basketball and easily sailing it into the basket as she goes.

WREN

(to Gediman)

She is something of a predator, isn't she?

GEDIMAN

Well... the guy does smell...

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S BLOOD

The few drops she spit sizzle on the floor -- not eating through, but melting a small patch.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA

Sitting majestically in the starry black, as the sun disappears behind Pluto.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBERS - NIGHT

We see VARIOUS ANGLES of people at night:

Hillard and Elgyn, in a slightly more lush one.

Perez, in his quarters.

Vriess, rolling about the Auriga's engine room, rummaging through the bins for spare parts. He has a handful of bolts, wires and such.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Christie, Call and Johner, all playing pool in the mess hall.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A sleep cycle is indicated here by the low lighting and the near emptiness of the room. Gediman alone is in here, writing observations down in a notebook as he watches the pen.

Inside are three aliens, barely visible in the shadows. Two of them seem to be hibernating, curled up in the corner, but the third faces the glass, tilting its head and hissing at it. Gediman sits right up close to it, his face just inches away from the beast's.

It draws back its lip, opens its mouth. The metallic tongue issues slowly forth, dripping with slime.

GEDIMAN

(softly, fascinated)

Is that a distended externus lingua... or
are you just happy to see me?

He presses his face against the glass, like a kid outside a candy store. The alien SHOOTs its tongue at him, thwacking the glass hard.

Without taking his eyes off the cage, Gediman moves back and lightly hits a big red fail-safe button.

Jets of liquid nitrogen squirt toward the monster. It skitters back. After a moment it stars for the glass again. Gediman reaches for the button -- and it stops.

GEDIMAN

Fast learner, huh?

Something moves in the dark behind him. Before he can notice, a hand closes on his shoulder.

It's Ripley. She steps forward, eyes locked on the cage. Gediman seems only mildly surprised.

GEDIMAN

How did you get in here?

RIPLEY

Beautiful, aren't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN

Yes. Yes they are. I've been monitoring their interaction.

He points at a audiograph by the wall, blips and waves interrupting the vibrating line, indicating sound.

He notices that her hand is still on her shoulder.

GEDIMAN

They communicate. Through ultrasonic soundwaves. Sort of like bats.

RIPLEY

I know.

She looks at him.

RIPLEY

I can hear them.

GEDIMAN

(smiling)

Amazing...

She runs her hand through the back of his hair, gently urges him up off his chair.

GEDIMAN

Ripley...

RIPLEY

Shhh.

She pulls him close, kisses him. Lightly at first, then deep, holding his head with both hands. He responds with surprising warmth, the kiss drawing out, pulling slowly apart. She looks at him, smiles.

An alien tongue SHOOTs out of her mouth, burying itself in his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CHAMBER

As she suddenly awakes, eyes wide, breathing hard.

She has been sleeping, we see, in the same position she was in before: squatting in the middle of the room. She still wears her collar and cuffs, but here in her cell the cables have been removed from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks about her, recovering from the nightmare. Her breathing slows. With a somewhat fatalistic look, she settles back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Christie, Call, and Johner are still at their all night pool marathon. Christie makes a couple of extremely impressive bank shots. Johner grumbles, throws some money on the table as the last ball clicks into the pocket.

Call takes a big swig -- not her first -- from Johner's thermos, makes a face. She tries to stand up, takes a spill over her chair. The others laugh.

CALL

Jesus, Johner, what do you put in that shit, battery acid?

JOHNER

Just for coloring.

CHRISTIE

You in for another game?

CALL

(shakes her head)

I'm tapped. I'm sleeping.

She stumbles out of the room. Johner shuffles the deck.

JOHNER

Bitches should not play with the boys, they will get cleaned out.

(to Christie)

Rack 'em up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL

As soon as she is out of sight, Call straightens up, completely sober. She looks around her and takes off down the hall.

She comes to a door leading to the restricted area. Locked. She looks around, digs into her pocket. She pulls out a black rubber glove with wires coming out the back, running from the fingertips to the back of the wrist. It looks home-made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She slips it on, producing a small tube of cream and squeezing a little on the fingertips. She looks around -- sinking back into the shadows as two guards pass in the next hall -- and faces the door.

She begins punching in code, with impressive speed and surety. When the screen next to it flashes, she places the gloved hand on it, continuing to type on the keypad.

It takes a minute, but it works. The locks clack open, the door rising silently before her. She pulls the glove off, steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

As Call pads silently down it, looking for one cell.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The cell door opens silently. Call hesitates a moment, then slips in, shutting the door behind her.

Ripley is sleeping, still in the squatting position in the middle of the room. Call approaches.

She stares down at Ripley a moment. A shadow passes as a guard walks above them, Call tenses till he is gone. Looks back down at Ripley -- still sleeping.

Call extends her hand, flexes her wrist. The meanest looking stiletto you've ever seen extends from out her sleeve. It's gotta be a foot long, and sharp enough to shave with. She lifts back her arm, the better to punch it through Ripley's heart.

Ripley shifts slightly. Call stops.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

Her shirt is open enough to show a good portion of the scar.

Call hesitates, staring, realization flooding her face.

RIPLEY

Well?

Call starts, moving back a pace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

You gonna kill me or what?

CALL

There's no point, is there?

A flick of her wrist and the stiletto whips back up her sleeve. Ripley sits up.

CALL

It's already out of you. Christ... Is it here? Is it on board?

RIPLEY

(smiling)

You mean my baby?

CALL

I don't understand. If they've got it why are they keeping you alive?

RIPLEY

Curious. I'm the latest thing...

CALL

Those sick bastards.

She raises her arm, the stiletto gliding out again.

CALL

I can make it stop. The pain... this nightmare. That's all I can offer you.

Ripley holds her palm up, presses it against the point of the blade.

RIPLEY

What makes you think I would let you do that?

Ripley pushes her hand out -- the blade goes RIGHT THROUGH HER PALM -- she keeps pushing her hand out slowly, a good five inches of the blade sticking out the back of her hand before she stops. Call stares at her.

CALL

What are you?

RIPLEY

Ripley, Ellen, Lieutenant first class, number 36706.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALL

Ellen Ripley died two hundred years ago.

Ripley pulls her hand back suddenly, grimacing at the pain.

RIPLEY

What do you know about it?

CALL

I've read Morse -- I've read all the banned histories. She gave her life to protect us from the beast. You're not her.

RIPLEY

I'm not her. What am I?

CALL

You're a thing. A construct. They grew you in a fucking lab.

RIPLEY

But only God can make a tree.

CALL

And now they've brought the beast out of you.

RIPLEY

(smiling)

Not all the way out.

CALL

What?

RIPLEY

It's in my head. Behind my eyes. I can hear it moving.

The smile is gone, some real vulnerability showing through. Call softens, trying a different tack.

CALL

Help me. If there's anything human in you at all, help me stop them before this thing gets loose.

RIPLEY

It's already loose.

Call's expression changes. Those words terrify her, but she's not sure if Ripley means what she thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ripley raises her hand at Call's head -- Call flinches -- but Ripley stops a few inches away. Then touches her forehead gently, almost sensually.

RIPLEY

Once the thought.... the hope for it...
grows here.... then it's found its way.
It will come, because... they'll bring
it. Bring it forth.

CALL

You want that.

RIPLEY

I've come to terms with the fact of it.
It's inevitable.

CALL

Not so long as there's breath in me.

RIPLEY

You'll never get out of here alive.

CALL

(not convincingly)
I don't care.

RIPLEY

Don't you?

Ripley LASHES OUT and GRABS CALL'S THROAT. Call swings with the blade but Ripley has her arm pinned before she can connect. Ripley squeezes the girl's neck.

Ripley looks at the girl with a world of sadness.

RIPLEY

I can make it stop...

Call's eyes are pleading, terrified. Ripley finally lets go and she drops to the ground gasping for air.

RIPLEY

Go. They're coming for you.

As soon as she can move, Call scrambles up and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Call comes out and before she can move a RIFLE BUTT hits her in the head. She goes down but not out as two guards grab her. Wren is with them and three more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WREN

I think you're gonna find that this was
ill-advised.

(to the men)

Where are her friends?

GUARD

Mess hall, most of them.

WREN

Sound the alarm. I want them rounded up.
Now!

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Elgyn and Hillard are pushed into the room, sleepy and
confused. Christie and Johner are being herded in by
soldiers. Call is thrown into the group as well.

ELGYN

What the fuck is going on here?

CHRISTIE

Looks like a double-cross, boss.

WREN

Where's the other one? With the chair?

JOHNER

(to a soldier)

Get your fucking hands off me!

ELGYN

Doctor, talk to me. What's going on?

WREN

You're gonna tell me who you're working
for right now or you'll be screaming it
come sunrise.

CALL

Wren, they got nothing to do with this.

HILLARD

To do with what?

ELGYN

Everybody calm down. We can work this
out, there's no need to get emotional...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Christie is silent. Hands behind his back.

ANGLE: BEHIND CHRISTIE'S BACK

As Elgyn speaks, two guns slip out of his sleeves and fill his hands.

WREN

Do you know what the penalties for terrorist activity are?

JOHNER

Terrorist?

ELGYN

There's no goddamn terrorists on my crew. Call, what's this about?

WREN

I don't give a shit if you're in on this or not. You brought a subversive onto a military vessel and as far as I'm concerned you fry with her. You hear me?

ELGYN

I do. Christie?

With lightning precision, Christie raises his hands and blows two of the guards away. He takes out a third to his left without even looking that way.

One guard gets off a shot with his burner before Call's elbow knocks his teeth well into his throat.

Christie tackles the next as Johner presses a latch on the bottom of his thermos -- the top half flies off, revealing the handle of a gun inside -- he grabs it and another guard runs up -- Johner doesn't have time to pull the gun out of the thermos so he SHOOTs right through it, sending the guard flying.

Elgyn pulls a sawed off shotgun from under his jacket. There's not one of these guys that isn't carrying.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Alarms, flashing red lights. Gediman looking in a video monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN

Oh, man... You three! Go! Sector two.

All but one of the guards rush out to investigate. Gediman works the surveillance screen, trying to see what's happening.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

When the smoke clears, there are two guards still standing. They point their weapons ineffectually. Johner has gun to Wren's head and a gun on the guards, who are also covered by Hillard.

ELGYN

Nice and easy, boys...

Call starts to take off.

CALL

I'm gonna finish this.

Elgyn grabs her by the hair, roughly pulls her back.

ELGYN

You're going nowhere, Annalee.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: IN THE PEN

The three aliens have picked up the energy, are stalking back and forth like tigers in the dim light of their pen.

ANGLE: THEIR POV

We see Gediman and the guard, their backs to us. Pan over to the fail-safe button, safely out of Gediman's reach.

The aliens stop pacing. One of them, to the right, looks over at the one on the left. Something passes between them. They look back at the humans. At each other.

They SET ON the middle alien, TEARING IT APART. It lets out a piercing, insectile SHRIEK as they tear it limb from limb.

Gediman spins in terror; the guard bringing up his weapon -- Gediman hits the lights inside the pen and as they blink to shocking brightness we see: The remains of the third alien on

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the ground as a giant pool of its blood EATS A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

GEDIMAN

Oh, God --

He bolts for the fail-safe but it's too late -- the blood eats all the way through -- the two aliens DIVE through the hole just as Gediman hits the button -- freezing gas fills the chamber but there's nothing to freeze.

GEDIMAN

No no no!

He hits another sequence and the door slides open. He rushes in, kneels by the hole and looks down.

ANGLE: HIS POV

Their blood has already eaten through two levels.

GEDIMAN

Christ. They could be anywhere.

He looks up at the guard -- and an alien FLIES UP at him through the hole. It was hanging on the ceiling below and it pulls him through before he can breathe a decent scream.

The guard just stares, shaking.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

The mexican standoff is getting even more heated. Call faces Elgyn, urgently explaining.

CALL

He's conducting illegal experiments.
He's breeding --

JOHNER

She's a goddamn mole! Ice the bitch --

CALL

Listen to me! He's breeding a deadly alien species in there. Beyond toxic. If they get loose it'll make the Lacerta Worm Plague look like a fucking squaredance.

Another soldier, DISTEPHANO, rushes in. Johner shoves his gun in Wren's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOHNER
Drop it! Now!

 CHRISTIE
 (indicating the dead soldiers)
Boss, we got bodies here. It doesn't
matter what Call's up to, we gotta be
scarce.

 CALL
I have to stop them. If I don't we'll
all die.

Johner puts his gun to Call's temple now.

 JOHNER
Does anyone want me to make this simple?

 HILLARD
Listen.

Far away, there is SCREAMING. Everyone stops. Wren turns
slowly in the direction it came from.

 WREN
No...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY LABS

A guard in the hall fires wildly at the ceiling as an alien
disappears up an airvent. There are three bodies lying dead
before us.

The soldier connects, blasting the alien. It falls, its body
stopped by the ceiling grating -- but its blood falls all
over the soldier, burning through him.

ANGLE: IN THE PENS

We see that the aliens have been freed. Smoke, dead bodies -
- the plexiglass partition to one cage is cracked and open.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley sits in the dark, the noise of chaos just beginning to
filter in. And she just can't help herself.

She is LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. PEREZ'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

He is mostly dressed, still shaking off sleep. He stands at the command console, bringing up visual. Everything on the screens is smoke and noise.

PEREZ

Ensign! Damage report! Ensign!

Nothing. On one of the screens, an alien is briefly visible. Perez stiffens at the sight of it. He punches up a different sector. The labs, and here is a badly wounded lieutenant.

PEREZ

Status!

LIEUTENANT

Containment is impossible, sir... I think they swept the barracks.

PEREZ

(to himself)

A military strike... Christ Jesus...

After a beat, he starts punching in the emergency override codes.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

It's worst here -- the aliens have taken out a dozen men in their sleep. The bodies lie in various poses of agonized death, blood peppering the walls around them.

In the stillness, the emergency lighting comes on, floor lights like an airplane's indicating the nearest exit to the unheeding soldiers. Father's voice is excruciatingly calm:

FATHER

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures immediately. All hands. This is not a drill.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is no sign of the unfolding disaster down here, but Father's droning voice and the emergency lighting are on.

Vriess wheels slowly into the hall, concerned. He spins slowly, checking out his surroundings.

ANGLE: DOWN THE HALL

is nothing. Just the floor lights pulsing in succession toward the exit.

Vriess follows their lead, wheeling out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEXT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nothing here either. But Vriess's fur is up -- he moves slowly, carefully.

And was that a noise? He looks around, up at the ceiling.

A drop of alien blood is eating through right above him. It drips down -- and he rolls out of the way just in time, backing up as the blood plops to the floor, eating casually through.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

She isn't laughing anymore, but there's still a hint of amusement in her eyes. She's perched on the edge of the bed. Seems to be waiting for something.

And something comes. Moving audibly somewhere nearby, getting closer. Like rats in the walls. Abruptly, it stops.

She cocks her head.

SLAM! She whirls as the big airvent shudders -- the alien is slamming itself against it. She starts, the complacent amusement leaving her eyes. SLAM! The panel bends in slightly, the metal of the lock grating against itself.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Men are rushing into one of the lifeboats. They sit facing each other in the tiny vessel and strap themselves in. Perez is here, hurrying the soldiers in, pushing back the few who try to crowd in after.

PEREZ

Bay three! Go!

The late soldiers make for the next boat as Perez seals the hatch. He hits the eject button and steps back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

As the lifeboat FIRES out of the side of the giant craft.

CUT TO:

INT. BAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Men crowd into this one too -- it's nearly full -- and an alien suddenly LEAPS into it, starts feeding on the men strapped down -- they are screaming -- Perez runs in as a soldier outside the lifeboat fires his burner, hitting the alien, the men, the controls -- a shower of sparks as the alien turns, about to spring on the soldier as Perez rolls in a grenade -- the doors shut and Perez hits the eject button.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

The second lifeboat comes shooting out and moments later, EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

The noise of the explosion -- and of a few inside as well -- is all around the group. Father's voice still urges evacuation.

WREN

NO!

(to Call)

What have you' done?

CALL

(remorseful)

Nothing.

ELGYN

All right. We make for the Betty.

HILLARD

Betty's all the way across the ship! Who knows what's in between?

DiStephano steps forward.

DISTEPHANO

(to Wren)

Sir, we have to go.

(to Elgyn)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISTEPHANO (cont'd)

Let him go. No quarrel.

ELGYN

You can have him when we're off. Not before.

They start out, dragging Wren along. Guns still on Call and the soldiers.

HILLARD

What about Vriess?

JOHNER

Fuck Vriess!

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vriess enters, looking around. He is getting seriously wigged.

The lights on the floor still pulse, urging him forward. He obeys.

Something stirs in the rafters. Coiled about the pipes.

Vriess stops, still a good thirty feet from the beast. Strains to see.

It starts MOVING, climbing at him upside down on the pipes. FAST.

Vriess starts wheeling himself back away but SLOWLY, agonizingly slowly compared to the beast. He turns the corner, spins around.

The hall is fifty feet long. At the far end a few soldiers are running through.

SERGEANT

Seal off that sector!

A soldier runs to obey, working the door controls.

VRIESS

No!

The soldier sees him, but the fear on the boy's face telegraphs his decision. Vriess starts pumping toward the door. He's strong, picking up speed, but -- The alien rounds the corner and bolts after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vriess can't even look back as the thing gains on him. The door begins to come down, the soldier finishing the sequence and running off.

Vriess rolls, face set -- the alien a few feet behind, reaching for him --

An EXPLOSION far away ROCKS THE SHIP -- the hall tilted momentarily, Vriess gets a boost as he rockets downhill, the beast still on him, the door closing, too low for him to clear --

He gets there and SLAMS a lever, his chair FLATTENS out to dolly position, his head just CLEARS the closing door as the alien SLAMS into it, Vriess spinning out and flying off the chair as it tilts, landing in a heap next to him.

Lying still on the ground, he listens as the beast slams against the door a few more times, then fades off.

VRIESS

Fuck everything....

He reaches up for the chair and from the back of it he pulls out a shotgun.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL\HALL

The alien is still banging against the vent -- it won't hold much longer. Ripley stands at the door, looking it over.

She PUNCHES the locking panel, bending the metal and smashing the blinking lights. Looks at her hand -- her knuckles bleed only slightly. PUNCHES again and then rips the panel off, pulls out the wiring. We hear the click of the door unlocking.

The airvent panel burst partially out of the wall, screws flying across the room.

Ripley pulls the door open and steps into the hall. Moving quickly down the empty corridor, she rounds the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY 5 - CONTINUOUS

Perez is trying to maintain order. He is failing. Grabs a corporal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEREZ

Muster a squad to search for survivors!

CORPORAL

Fuck no! Fuck no! Fuck you!

Perez slams him to the ground with his fist. The corporal whips out a pistol, private issue, and points it.

Perez is shocked. He doesn't see the alien rising up behind him. Then he hears it, turns. Turns back.

PEREZ

No!

And the soldier FIRES -- pumps three bullets into the beast, sends it flying back toward the window.

Perez is riveted by the sight of:

ANGLE: DROPS OF BLOOD

big ones, hitting the window. Everything seems to move slowly now -- the alien, struggling as the soldier pumps two more bullets into it, the other soldiers, Perez -- the monster falls --

-- and the BLOOD EATS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

PEREZ

Get out! Everyone! Now!

Soldiers are beginning to get it. The window CRACKS, begins to SHAKE as the blood is almost through it.

Even the soldier who shot the alien has stopped, his face frozen in horror at what he's about to accomplish.

Perez shoves him, herds the rest out, looking back --

PEREZ

Clear the sector!

-- at the window, the blood is almost through --

Men are pouring out of the hall -- some move down a side hall and SLAM the door shut behind them, but most are making for the main exit anyway.

FATHER

Warning. Potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The blood eats a pinhole in the window -- the nearest soldier is sucked back against the window -- he SCREAMS as he is sucked through a hole no bigger than his fist.

Still men are falling over each other, Perez herding them out. A huge CRACKING sound, and Perez shuts his eyes.

The window EXPLODES outward, the air blowing everything into space. Debris, vehicles, men, all tangled and dead as they are blown out into the black.

ANGLE: THE CREW

Blown off their feet in the adjoining sector.

ANGLE: THE SECTOR 5 DOORS

SLAM shut instantly -- one cutting right through a soldier only halfway out.

ANGLE: AIR VENTS

Gates slam down here as well.

ANGLE: ELECTRICAL DUCTS

Foam SHOOTs into them, hardening instantly, sealing the breached sector.

FATHER

Breach contained. Sector five nonfunctional.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Elgyn leads the crew inside, moving fast but cautiously. A female soldier, LOWENTHAL, tries a door.

LOWENTHAL

It's no good: Hull breach. Sector's closed.

WREN

My god... The lifeboats are in that sector...

Elgyn is up the hall a ways, taking point. He sees a hole in the floor, some of it burned with acid, some ripped out in a struggle. Cautiously, he goes toward it, shotgun pointed at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks down in it, can see the next level below.

CHRISTIE

Boss?

He turns back to Christie, still standing over the hole, and an alien **shoots out FROM ABOVE**, coming out of another hole in the ceiling panel, grabs him, pulling him off the floor, breaking him and shooting its tongue right through his belly.

He twists, screams -- his shotgun drops right through the hole in the floor to the level below. Blood burbles from his mouth as he sputters and dies.

The crew is motionless for a second. Call, all of them -- they've never seen anything like this.

Then they start to fire, raising their weapons as one and firing at the thing even as it disappears back up into the ceiling. Elgyn's body drops lifelessly to the floor, heaped just in front of the hole.

Most of the crew is looking at the ceiling, but Hillard starts slowly for Elgyn; still in shock.

The alien **smashes** down through a ceiling panel right before the crew. They fire at it, but they are much too busy running away to get a decent shot off. Call grabs Hillard, pulling her back with the rest of them.

CALL

Come on!

They round the corner, but it looks like a dead end.

ANGLE: THE ALIEN

It starts slowly down the corridor after them. Stops, as it senses movement behind it.

It turns to see Elgyn, still on the ground but moving slightly. It moves slowly back to him, sniffingly.

It cranes its head at him. His face, still very much dead. His belly.

ANGLE: ELGYN'S STOMACH

Through the wound, the end of Elgyn's shotgun pokes through.

And **blasts the beast in the face.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It arcs back, slamming into the ground. Acidic blood peppers the floor, and Elgyn's corpse.

The crew, those who can see it, look on with shocked wonder, waiting to see what's coming next.

ANGLE: THE HOLE

For a moment, nothing. Then Ripley pulls herself easily out of the hole, looking about her with calm clarity, the shotgun in one hand.

She kneels before Elgyn's corpse, rifles through his pockets. Hillard moves toward her, furious.

HILLARD

You leave him be!

Ripley looks impassively at her, pulling a handful of shotgun shells from Elgyn's pocket and sticking them in her own. She stands, loading the last two into the gun.

Hillard stops several feet away, unwilling to go too close to the prostrate beast. The rest of the crew gather about her, looking at Ripley.

CHRISTIE

Okay... real slow now. What. The. Fuck.

Ripley starts walking toward the bunch -- and the alien jumps up at her. Not dead -- goes for her throat -- she tries to train the gun on it -- The crew raise theirs --

CALL

Shoot it! Shoot 'em both!

She grabs Lowenthal's burner and FIRES, frying both combatants and knocking them to the ground. Ripley rolls under the thing, gets on top and trains the shotgun on it. Fires. Again, and its grip loosens.

It brings its face close to hers, opens its mouth. The tongue SHOTS OUT and Ripley GRABS IT. HOLDS IT.

A scream wells up in her throat. A totally animal killshriek that she SCREAMS, victorious, as she RIPS THE ALIEN'S TONGUE OUT OF ITS FACE.

She stands. The crew has gathered near. They watch her, awed, wary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley walks slowly up to them -- up to Call. Ripley looks a tad pissed. Call tenses, maybe wishing she hadn't shot Ripley as well.

Ripley takes Call's hand, puts the tongue in it. Walks on.

Call looks at the dripping souvenir. The pincers at the end still twitching.

JOHNER

(to Call)

Make a hell of a necklace...

ANGLE: HILLARD

On the upper level, kneeling by Elgyn's body. No tears, but terribly quiet.

JOHNER

What do we do?

CHRISTIE

Same thing we were doing. We get the fuck.

He is very calmly looking up at the rafters, guns drawn.

JOHNER

What if there's more? Let's stay here and let the army guys deal. Someone will come... I mean, where are the army guys?

CALL

They're dead.

Johner goes over to Wren, gun drawn. DiStephano and Lowenthal, the only soldiers left, step in his way.

JOHNER

Then I don't think we need this asshole anymore -

DISTEPHANO

Step back --

CALL

(to Johner)

Stop it!

JOHNER

(turning on Call)

You got no authority here, you're a fucking mole!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

We're not killing anybody! Nobody we don't have to.

CHRISTIE

Doctor... That thing, that's your pet goddamn project?

WREN

Yes.

CHRISTIE

And there's others. How many?

The doctor looks around, almost guiltily.

WREN

Thirty.

JOHNER

Thirty! We are fucked in our pink bottoms if there's thirty of those things.

RIPLEY

There'll be more.

Everyone looks around at her. She is squatting in the corner, facing away from them.

RIPLEY

They'll breed. In a few hours there'll be twice that number.

(she stands, approaches them)

So who do I have to fuck to get off this boat?

They look at her, uncertainly. She makes them kind of nervous.

JOHNER

Wait a second here...

CALL

She's the host. Wren cloned her cause she had one of those inside her.

CHRISTIE

That explains a lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALL

She's a risk. Leave her.

JOHNER

I gotta go with Call on this one.

CHRISTIE

She comes.

CALL

She's not human! She's part of his
Experiment and she could turn on us in a
Second!

CHRISTIE

I don't give a syphilitic fuck whether
you people can get along or not. If
we've got a wish to live then we work
together. All of us.

(to wren)

We all get off this boat. After that
it's every man for his lonesome self.

WREN

All right. Thank you.

Call stands by Christie, eyes locked on Ripley.

CALL

You can't trust her.

CHRISTIE

I don't trust anyone.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL\CELLBLOCK - A BIT LATER

The group makes its way toward the cellblock, led by Christie
and Wren. Hillard is grieving, very quiet. Call tries to
put her hand on Hillard's shoulder, but Hillard shrugs it
off, staring at her.

WREN

There's a console in the guards' station.
We can punch up a diagnostic of the ship
and plan a route. To your ship.

CHRISTIE

That likes me fine.

He signals for the others to follow, everyone moving
cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley, bringing up the rear, watches the whole group with a sort of fascinated detachment. Call looks back at her. Ripley smiles, coldly.

ANGLE: IN THE CELLBLOCK

The group makes their way slowly, quietly. They pass Ripley's cell, the door smashed in. But the hall is empty now.

They approach a bank of elevators, but Wren points down an adjoining doorway. They are about to go there when the elevator door lights up, indicating arrival.

The group backs up, spreads out. Those who can find cover take it, guns drawn.

The elevator doors open. It is too dark inside to see. Suddenly sparks fly from the broken overhead in the elevator and a figure appears in the light. Everyone jolts, about to fire, before they realize it is:

Vriess, who sits in his chair, a shotgun in each hand, eyes wide. Even twitchier than they.

JOHNER

Oh, man...:

CALL

Vriess!

VRIESS

(mock casual)

Hey, whatchyou guys doing? Hey, Annalee.

CHRISTIE

Thought you were toast for certain.

VRIESS

You've seen that fucking thing?

WREN

(suspiciously)

Where were you?

VRIESS

I was down by: -- what do you mean? I was in maintenance, snagging some parts.

JOHNER

Doc's got a bug up his ass 'cause Call's a mole and he thinks we're a conspiracy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vriess looks hit harder by that information than anyone.

VRIESS
(looking at Call)
She's a what?

JOHNER
A spy. Came here with a big ass mission
to stop the military from breeding those
fucking things.

Call looks over at Vriess, uncertain. To her surprise, he
smiles warmly.

VRIESS
Well, I can't exactly argue with that
sentiment.

Christie
We got a mission here, people. Let's
keep moving.

They do.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARDS' STATION - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE.

A hologram of the ship appears above the screen. It looks as
solid as the ship itself, except that parts of it
occasionally break themselves down to show interiors.

The group looks it over. Parts of the ship are simply not
there, the sections around those holes red. Wren points them
out.

WREN
We've had hull breach by the lifeboats,
here on level five, and down -- Jesus,
right by the engine room. We're very
lucky.

JOHNER
(sarcastically)
Lucky we.

CHRISTIE
What about the Betty? Our ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WREN

The dock seems to be intact.

CALL

Then we just need to get to it.

JOHNER

Can we track those things?

WREN

No.

JOHNER

We could get to the Betty and they could be all over it!

WREN

All of the activity seems to have been in the aft sector, by the barracks. There's no reason to suppose they'd move --

RIPLEY

They won't.

Everybody looks at her.

RIPLEY

They're breeding. They've got new bodies to work on. They'll stay close. If they send anybody out, it'll be here. Where the... meat is.

Call

'The meat'... Jesus.

CHRISTIE

They're breeding. How long does that take?

RIPLEY

Hours.

WREN

Or less. The process has accelerated, something to do with the cloned cells.

CHRISTIE

Faster we get from here to there, better.

VRIESS

With all the devils of hell in between.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNER

Well, if we want to make decent time I say we ditch the cripple.

(to Vriess)

No offense.

VRIESS

(giving him the finger)

None taken.

HILLARD

Nobody's left behind, Johner. Not even you.

Her voice is quiet, mourning still thick in it. Nobody backtalks her.

CHRISTIE

So what's our route?

WREN

I'm trying to figure it. We can cut through the labs, but we're blocked on both sides here, I'm not sure --

DISTEPHANO

Sir? There is the lift.

WREN

Show me.

DiStephano works the console and the hologram splits, the route he's indicating revealed.

DISTEPHANO

The lifts: They run straight from the top of the ship down to engineering. No stops, but if we can get in the shaft, there's a maintenance access tunnel here --

(points to the center of the shaft)

-- that runs above level one deck. Take us right to the dock.

CHRISTIE

Sounds reasonable.

DISTEPHANO

I don't have the code for the access tunnel door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WREN

I can override.

DISTEPHANO

(indicating the route)

Then we head through the labs, then down to the kitchen. To the bottom of the shaft. Up, through the tunnel, and onto the ship. Home free.

ANGLE: VRIESS

Is unloading additional ammo from inside his chair. He tosses one of his shotguns to Hillard.

VRIESS

They never check the chair...

He pulls out a grenade launcher. It's so compact it's almost cute, cradled one-handed like an uzi.

VRIESS

Call.

She looks around and he tosses it to her.

JOHNER

How come she gets a piece?

WREN

You people should know --

CHRISTIE

We won't shoot at the windows, Doc.

WREN

No. The aliens, they bleed molecular acid.

HILLARD

That's right, I saw that.

VRIESS

So did I.

JOHNER

We can't shoot them? Fuck that, I'm shooting them.

WREN

This is a big vessel, and for the most part we should be okay. But if we get anywhere near the outer hull and start strafing them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He indicates the hologram, the sections of the ship missing.
Everyone gets it.

CHRISTIE
If we're clear then let's get on it.
We'll go by twos --

RIPLEY
We're moving.

CHRISTIE
What?

RIPLEY
The ship is moving. I can feel it.

VRIESS
This ship has stealthrun, even if we were
moving there's no way she could feel it -

CALL
She's right.

Call is working the computer now.

CALL
The ship's been go since the attack.

WREN
It's uh, it's standard, I think.

DISTEPHANO
That's right. If the ship takes on any
serious damage it autopilots back to
homebase.

CALL
(to Wren, pissed)
You were planning to let us know this?

WREN
I forgot.

HILLARD
What's homebase?

WREN
Earth.

CALL
Oh, God. Oh, you bastard...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNER

Earth? I don't wanna go to that
shithole.

CALL

If those things get to Earth, It'll be...

RIPLEY

(not very concerned)

The end.

CALL

We've got to blow the ship.

CHRISTIE

We don't have to do anything except get
off it. How long till we get there?

DISTEPHANO

(looking at the screen)

Three hours. Almost.

CHRISTIE

Then that's what we got. Let's move.

CALL

Don't you get it? This thing is gonna
put down in the middle of a heavily
populated quarantine base. No one'll
have the slightest idea what's coming.
We're gonna be rolling out the red carpet
for the end of our species.

HILLARD

That's not our problem.

CHRISTIE

Call, you step away from that console.
You're not blowing this ship. Not while
we're on it. We get clear you do as you
please.

CALL

There's not enough time --

CHRISTIE

Then we'd best hurry.

(to Ripley)

What are you called, Ripley? You mind
taking point?

She moves to the head of the line, and they start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNER
Earth, man... what a slum.

CUT TO:

INT. LABS - LATER

As they progress. Everyone with a gun has it at the ready. Ripley is a few yards in front. She stops, sniffs. Listens.

RIPLEY
Clear.

Johner moves up next to her.

JOHNER
You've come up against these things before?

RIPLEY
Yes.

JOHNER
So what'd you do?

RIPLEY
I died.

He lags behind a bit, thrown.

JOHNER
That wasn't really what I wanted to hear...

DiStephano points to a door.

DISTEPHANO
This way.

And Ripley leads them in.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Ripley enters, we can see that this lab has been trashed.

Ripley surveys the wreckage calmly, keeps moving. As the others file in, their horrified expressions lend contrast to her lack of one. Among the debris are three bodies, chests exploded outward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNER

Fuck me...

CHRISTIE

Let's keep moving.

The door to the next chamber is ajar. Christie and Vriess step in, then Ripley.

INT. NEXT CHAMBER

Something LEAPS at Ripley from out of the shadows -- a metal bar SLAMS into her side, throwing her off balance.

Christie spins, weapons up, and almost shoot the figure cowering in the corner. Everyone else rushes in as he swings the bar before him, eyes wild with terror.

PURVIS

Get away from me!

CHRISTIE

Drop the rod, man. Do it!

PURVIS

Get away...

But the energy is out of him. The rod falls with a hollow clatter. He looks weakly from face to face.

PURVIS

What's going on?

Vriess looks at his name, stitched in his coveralls.

VRIESS

Purvis. What's going on is that we're getting the fuck off this ghost ship.

PURVIS

What ship? Where am I? I was in cryo on the way to Xarem, work crew for the nickel refinery... I wake up, I don't understand... I saw something... horrible...

CALL

Look, you come with us. It's dangerous here.

Ripley SNIFFS. Cocks her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

Leave him.

CALL

Fuck you. We're not leaving anyone on
this boat.

RIPLEY

He's carrying.

JOHNER

He's what?

RIPLEY

He's got one inside him. I can smell it.

PURVIS

Inside me? What?

JOHNER

Shit, I don't want one of those things
birthing anywhere near my ass.

VRIESS

It's a bad risk.

CALL

We can't just leave him.

VRIESS

I thought you came here to stop them from
spreading.

CALL

(to Wren, torn)

Isn't there a process, can't you stop it?

CHRISTIE

We've got no time for that.

WREN

I couldn't do it here. The lab's torn
apart.

CHRISTIE

(quietly)

I could do him. Painless, back of the
head. Might be the best way.

CALL

There's gotta be another way. If we
freeze him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PURVIS
WHAT'S IN-FUCKING-SIDE ME?!?!?

They all look at him, a bit sheepishly.

WREN
A parasite. A foreign element that --
Ripley steps in front of the doctor.

RIPLEY
There's a monster in your chest. They --
(indicating smugglers)
-- hijacked your cryotube and sold you to
him --
(indicating Wren)
-- and he put an alien in you. In a few
hours it'll punch its way through your
ribcage and you'll die. Any questions?

Purvis is wide-eyed, stunned. After a moment he stammers:

PURVIS
Who are you?

RIPLEY
I'm the monster's mother.

She starts heading out of the chamber. Call turns to the others.

CALL
He comes with us. We can freeze him on
the Betty and get the doctor to remove it
later.

WREN
All right.

JOHNER
Since when are you in fucking charge?

CALL
Since you were born without balls.

VRIESS
Ease off, people.

CHRISTIE
(to Purvis, herding him along)
Come with us. You might even live. Get
twitchy on me and you will be shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They move out.

Cut to:

INT. HALL - LATER

Still in the same general area, still looking around every corner.

It's been too quiet too long, and the group senses that. They move into

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

It's in bad shape, so we might not recognize it as the chamber the queen was in.

WREN

She's gone.

CALL

Who?

WREN

The Queen.

JOHNER

Good.

He is looking into the room the queen was kept in. A residue of slime is all that's left here.

Beyond the queen's chamber is another observation room. Wren indicates that they have to go through.

Suddenly a burner blast FIRES at them, just missing them as they duck.

They hear more blasts, not aimed at them, and screams.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Pull back! Pull back!

OTHER SOLDIER

(O.S.)

It's on me!

Call instantly moves to attack, and Ripley grabs her, holds her tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL
We've got to help them!

RIPLEY
Can't.

CALL
You bitch, let go of me!

She does, and Call rises.

The noise is gone. What she can see of the soldiers is parts.

She is shaking at the vision when an alien rises in front of the soldiers. Call ducks back down, terrified.

Christie hisses at her.

CHRISTIE
You want to get yourself killed, then you run solo.

VRIESS
How many?

RIPLEY
At least two..

LOWENTHAL
Think they heard us?

RIPLEY
Yep.

HILLARD
Fine by me...

JOHNER
Yeah, let 'em come.

CHRISTIE
Wren. Any other way around?

Wren shakes his head.

CALL
We can't just walk in there.

WREN
(thinking)
No, but they can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTIE

Say again?

WREN

The cages all have failsafes. Liquid nitrogen. Get 'em to come to us and I can freeze them.

CHRISTIE

Excellent. Get ready.

Wren goes over to the fail-safe button.. The others look out at the aliens.

CHRISTIE

Okay...
(calls out)
Hey!

VRIESS

Hey, guys!

JOHNER

Here, kitty...

From what little the group can see, it looks like the aliens are interested. Dark shapes move forward -- then stop. Retreat.

DISTEPHANO

They're not coming.

JOHNER

Hey! Fresh meat here!

RIPLEY

They know it's a trap.

JOHNER

Oh, bullshit!

CHRISTIE

What do we do?

HILLARD

Shoot the fucking things!

VRIESS

Hillard, you wade in there, they'll take you down. They got the high ground here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RIPLEY
Bait.

CALL
What?

RIPLEY
Give 'em a reason to go in there. Throw
somebody in.

HILLARD
Fuck you!

RIPLEY
Do we want to live? Give 'em her.

She indicates Call, who looks around, nervous at the lack of
protest about this idea.

JOHNER
Fuck, I'm with her! Give 'em Annalee

VRIESS
Now, hold on --

JOHNER
You waiting on a volunteer?

CHRISTIE
(to Vriess, considering it)
We gotta do **something**...

CALL
(really scared now)
Wait. You're not --

Ripley grabs her. Looks at the others.

RIPLEY
Come on! You want to live or not?
(to Call)
It'll hurt like a bitch, but not for
long.

CALL
Nooo...

RIPLEY
(to Wren)
NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Wren hits the button just as the aliens are bounding across the cage -- they're almost to the posse, people screaming, scrambling, when the freezing gas hits, turning the beasts into statues.

Everyone is silent, stunned. Breathing hard.

VRIESS
(realizes)

Fear.

Ripley nods.

VRIESS
That's how they knew it was a trap. They
couldn't smell the fear.

RIPLEY
(looking at Call)
So I gave them some.

JOHNER
(gleefully)
Son of a bitch!

He pops up and fires at the frozen aliens -- they EXPLODE into fragments.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA

Gliding through space, passing Jupiter's moons with dazzling speed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - LATER

Ripley and Call are on point. Ripley looks down the hall. Call is staring at her, and Ripley can feel the girl's eyes on her back.

RIPLEY
(without looking around)
Did you think I was going to... feed you
to them?

CALL
I think you still might.

Ripley smiles. She may be right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

I want to live.

CALL

And you don't care about anything else.

RIPLEY

No.

CALL

(bitterly)

I guess you're more human than I thought.

Ripley stops dead, staring at a door.

CLONING STORAGE FACILITY

is written on it. Stencilled beneath that is "1 - 7". Ripley stares. Tries the door, which opens.

DISTEPHANO

That's not the way.

CHRISTIE

Ripley, we got no time for sight-seeing.

Ripley is looking down at her arm, at the 8 tattooed on it. She looks at Call. Looks back at Wren.

WREN

Ripley... don't.

She enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CLONING STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

She stands a moment, staring, before proceeding through it. Call stands in the doorway, others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but none more so than Ripley's.

Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley. They are lined up like museum exhibits -- or side show freaks. Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through its translucent chest. In a jar. Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin clinging to collapsed bones.

Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host -- boneless, bubbling tissue, a weak and useless mouth rigged in midnew. Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

A complete mixture of alien and human DNA. A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare. Hooked up to wires and machines, it lies on the tilted table, its head nearly level with Ripley's as she finally approaches it.

When it opens its eyes, they are hers.

It turns its head ever so slightly to look at her.
Recognizes her.

Ripley cannot even speak. She begins to shake slightly, looking at number seven.

NUMBER SEVEN

Kill... me...

Ripley's eyes go saucered as it speaks -- speaks out of nothing resembling a mouth. Ripley staggers back a step, shaking badly now. This is too much to bear...

CALL

Ripley!

Ripley turns, slowly, still in a fever dream.

Call cocks the grenade launcher with a loud CH-CHACK. Her eyes meet Ripley's.

Call tosses it to Ripley as the crew steps back and even as she catches it Ripley FIRES, a grenade chugging to the end of the room and BURSTING in fire and noise, she FIRES another, glass and steel exploding into flame, she turns to number seven, her hand shakes momentarily...

And she FIRES, the poor creature dissolving in a cloud of flame.

Freezing gas jets fill the room, extinguishing potential spread, but the heart of the firestorm continues to rage in the chamber.

She backs out, the crew waiting for her outside.

The launcher falls loudly to the ground. Ripley turns to Wren, her face rigid with pain. Wren backs up a step, looking around him for protection that the others have no thought of providing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALL
Ripley... Don't do it.

Ripley stops. Weariness suffusing her expression.

RIPLEY
Don't do what?

The tension passes. Wren breathes a little sigh of relief.

Call PUNCHES him across the jaw, his head whipping around as he collapses to the ground. Call starts down the hall, not even looking at him.

CALL
Don't do that.

Feeling his jaw, Wren actually smiles at the absurdity of all this. It's kind of winning. Christie helps him up.

CHRISTIE
Had it coming, Doc.

Johner looks in at the burning lab.

JOHNER
What's the big deal? Fucking waste of ammc.

PURVIS
Let's get going before anything comes to check out the noise.

JOHNER
Must be a chick thing.

ANGLE: DISTEPHANO

Opening a floor hatch.

DISTEPHANO
We go down from here.

CHRISTIE
(to Vriess)
We got to lose the chair, Vriess.

VRIESS
I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIE
Kawlang maneuver, all right?

Vriess is pulling a coil of cords from the chair.

VRIESS
Just like old times...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - LATER

Call drops down into the room from a ladder. DiStephano and Johner are already down here, guns ready. They motion for Call to move on ahead, as more come down. Call proceeds to the end of the room, where Ripley is.

Ripley is alert, ready -- but it's clear she's far from over the pain of seeing the other clones. Her eyes are red, a little too wide, and as she holds her hands in front of her, they still shake badly.

Call stop next to her, awkwardly.

CALL
Anything?

Ripley shakes her head.

CALL
That lab... I can't imagine how that must feel.

Ripley giggles inanely, then chokes the giggle off before it can bloom into a scream. She looks back at Call.

RIPLEY
No. You can't.

She stops, feeling in her mouth with her tongue. Something bothers her.

CALL
What is it.

RIPLEY
Lost a tooth.

CALL
So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

Got it back.

She feels the new tooth with her thumb. Perplexed.

ANGLE: THE CREW

As they file silently along the room.

Bringing up the rear is Christie, toting a shotgun. He turns slowly, alert, and we see that Vriess is strapped to his back --facing the other way, also with a shotgun.

Ripley looks down. The floor here is covered with a foot or so of dark water. Ripley steps into it, moves up a few paces. The others gingerly follow. Vriess is facing the back. He looks up.

VRIESS

The cooling tanks. They must have blown during the trouble.

ANGLE: THE COOLING TANKS

We see the round underbelly of two huge tanks. There are gaping, twisted holes in them.

JOHNER

The nasties couldn't have done it, could they?

HILLARD

What for...?

They continue moving slowly through the water, looking about them.

Something MOVES on the surface -- Lowenthal spins, ready -- a mop, floating serenely by. They move on.

ANGLE: LEGS

Sunk in black water up to the thigh. Extremely vulnerable.

WREN

Down here.

He is at the front with Ripley and Call, where the water is waist deep. He looks down at a stairwell, just the top of the railing visible above the murky water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

There's no other way?

WREN

We're at the bottom of the ship. Some of the worst damage is down here. Most of the sections are sealed off.

RIPLEY

You're sure?

WREN

There's the noncom's entrance back there, but it's flooded too, and it's a longer run.

CALL

He's right. We're gonna have to do it this way.

WREN

It's just through the kitchen, then up. maybe seventy feet.

CHRISTIE

(to Vriess)

You ready to get wet, partner?

VRIESS

Oh yeah.

HILLARD

You sure about the distance?

WREN

Yes.

CALL

No locked doors?

WREN

It's an open hall. Just keep left when you hit the bottom of the staircase.

JOHNER

This sucks.

ANGLE: DISTEPHANO

He flips caps over the barrel of the gun, slides a panel over the digital readout. The burner is ready to go, watertight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Do I have to tell everyone to take a deep
breath?

A couple of the guys smile.

One by one the entire crew slips down into the black water.
Johner goes down reluctantly, leaving only Lowenthal behind.
She takes one last look around, then starts deep breathing.

Something pulls her under, viciously fast.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL\KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's all underwater. Visibility is poor. The crew move
swiftly and gracefully down the stairs and into the kitchen.
Nobody looks back to see that Lowenthal is not with them.

In here it's a tad labyrinthine, and the size of the room
makes it darker. Wren heads straight for the other end.

They swim. Safety is a good fifty feet away.

They are tense, concentrated. Swimming past dark spaces.
Anything could be hiding here.

Johner looks about him, very nervous. Dark spaces. He looks
behind him.

Three aliens are right behind him.

Panic blows half the air out of his mouth as he swings around
and FIRES at them, tags one as the other two swim off into
the shadows with horrible ease.

Ripley, all the way to the stairs, sees. She hurries the
others past her. They swim frantically for safety, Hillard,
Wren, Christie and Vriess ---- Johner bringing up the rear,
still firing at the third one, wounding it but not scoring
the killshot.

Call is swimming up the staircase, the growing light above
indicating the surface. She is almost to it when she is
CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

A net of translucent alien goo, it is spread just six inches
below the surface. Call struggles, the goo sticking to her,
she's running out of air -- as Wren and Christie encounter
the same thing -- they all try to tear through it, but they
are getting weaker --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley looks back as the last of the crew is passing her, the aliens close behind. She looks up to see the situation above and quickly makes for the surface -- but an alien GRABS her foot, holding her down -- now SHE is running out of air -- she KICKS at it, it lets go --

The others are fighting, Call pops her stiletto and cuts through, but it's tough; she still can't get her head up --

--DiStephano, off to the side, is drowning. Takes in a huge mouthful of water and begins thrashing.

Hillard is firing wildly -- an alien hand grabs her head, pulls her into the darkness.

Ripley swims past everyone and grabs the hole Call cut, PULLS it apart with a mighty heave, she glides up through --

CLOSE UP: RIPLEY'S FACE

Just BREAKS the surface, she takes in a huge GASP of air, and A FACEHUGGER CLAMPS DOWN ON HER.

Ripley goes back under, pulling at the thing as others break the surface.

Wren comes up, looks around. Eggs have been placed all around the surface of the water. He barely has time to take this in before two more open. A facehugger springs out of one, LEAPS right at him -- But Call NAILS it in two shots.

Christie and Vriess break surface, still strapped together. They both begin FIRING, back to back, in a circular sweep. They create a circle of fire as they spin, bullets blasting out both their weapons. They decimate a number of eggs.

ANGLE: UNDERWATER

Ripley pulls the facehugger with all her might -- it comes off, its fingers singeing the sides of her face, leaving marks like warpaint. Worse, its probing fleshy member pulls last out of her throat, thrashing horribly.

In utmost disgust, Ripley PULLS it APART. Looks around and the three aliens are COMING RIGHT AT HER.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE SURFACE

Most of the crew has gotten up out of the water. Christie is holding a facehugger inches from his face, others screaming, taking a bead on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Christie wrenches it off him, hurling it away. Johner nails it in midflight.

Johner pulls DiStephano out of the water, but he is not breathing.

Ripley comes up out of the water, and an alien rises right behind her. Everyone who can, shoots it. It falls back into the water.

CHRISTIE

A trap! They set a goddamn ambush!

JOHNER

Give me that!

He pulls the burner off DiStephano's body even as Call is giving him mouth to mouth.

Johner flips the gun open and FIRES at the water, the whole thing SMOKING and sizzling with the electrical charge. We hear an alien wail bubble from below the surface.

JOHNER

(grinning feverishly)

Okay! Everybody out of the pool!

VRIESS

Let's **get**!

DiStephano sputters back to life. Ripley picks him up with one hand.

HILLARD

(to Wren)

Which way?

WREN

Up here.

He takes off, the others following.

WREN

Up through the lift shaft!

He stops at a pair of sliding doors, starts working the panel.

Ripley comes up to the doors and pulls them apart with a grunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VRIESS
Company!

He's referring to the noise and shadow of approaching aliens.

RIPLEY
Go!

She herds them into the shaft.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFTSHAFT - CONTINUOUS

It goes down about four stories, and up seemingly forever. Enough room for three elevators, one of which is two stories below.

WREN
Up!

He starts climbing. It's not that hard -- there are ladders in each shaft section... Call comes up behind him. Ripley and others pair off on other ladders.

They climb fast, they're three stories up before the aliens begin POUNDING on the metal door, it buckles under their might --

JOHNER
Move!

WREN
Not far!

Still POUNDING -- one alien gets its head in, looks up, hisses, pulls it out.

ANGLE: LEDGE

Wren comes to a crawlspace ledge. He climbs on. Set back a few feet from the shaft is a small maintenance access door. He works the keypad beside it as Call climbs up behind him.

The aliens SMASH through the door, one of them SAILING across the shaft to grab a pipe on the other side. Instantly four of them are swarming up the walls, moving much faster on pipes and ridges than the humans on ladders.

On one of the aliens a facehugger crawls, constantly moving about on the adult alien's head like a frightened spider.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Hurry!

WREN

It's jammed! Shit! Gun!

She hands him her gun and without hesitation he SHOTS HER THROUGH THE CHEST.

She flies back and DOWN THE SHAFT, lands HARD on an elevator six stories below. Eyes wide and empty.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Shocked. And surprised she's shocked.

VRIESS

NOO!!

He fires up at Wren, but Wren has punched in the code and slipped through the opening door.

Ripley LEAPS through the air and grabs the ledge, hauling herself up just in time to see the door shut. The lock lights turn red. She SLAMS against the door, but to no avail.

Ripley is shaking, abandoning herself to her fury. Suddenly an alien RISES OVER THE LEDGE, it's not three feet away from her and she SCREAMS, HURLS herself at it and they both go FLYING OFF into space, they hit the wall on the other side, they fall, Ripley GRABS a pole, it practically tears her arm out of her socket but she holds on, the alien isn't so lucky, it plummets, unable to find purchase.

We see it fall past the unmoving body of Call.

ANGLE: CALL'S FACE

As the facehugger CLAMPS onto it. Pauses. Pushes off a bit, two digits probing Call's nostrils. Sensing no breath, the thing scurries away to find a better host.

ANGLE: JOHNER

He is firing down at the aliens. Looks up and SCREAMS.

ANGLE: JOHNER'S POV

There's a spider on the wall right in front of him. Unhesitatingly, he shoots the shit out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another alien is fast approaching Christie and Vriess. Vriess frantically tries to reload.

VRIESS

It's on us!

CHRISTIE

Switch!

Christie turns, aims -- Vriess grabs the ladder as Christie FIRES, but the alien is too close, it grabs Christie, spurting blood all over him. He SCREAMS, fires again. The alien has him in its grasp, though.

He flicks open his switchblade and slices through the bonds holding him to Vriess.

VRIESS

What are you -- Christie!

Christie falls, taking the alien with him.

HILLARD

We gotta go!

The last alien suddenly starts scurrying back down after his brothers.

RIPLEY

We're locked in.

JOHNER

Shit!

PURVIS

How far to the next door?

DISTEPHANO

All the way.

RIPLEY

Then we climb.

They start, moving as fast as they can.

They climb. And climb, the minutes stretching out, still no door. Ripley easily ahead of the rest.

Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIPLEY
I think I see the door.

PURVIS
(exhausted)
Great.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

There is silence until, from up the shaft we see two ALIENS COMING UP.

PURVIS
Company!

Hillard looks up the shaft.

HILLARD
How much further?

JOHNER
Too far. :Let's GO!

They start to climb, but the aliens are making much better time.

Purvis is keeping up with the others pretty well, but a pain suddenly grips his chest. He breathes deep, waiting for it to pass. Keeps climbing.

A loud CLACKING sounds from the bottom of the shaft. A few of them look down.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

The aliens are still coming, but suddenly the lift passes them, heading up at high speed.

JOHNER
They can work the elevators? Is there anything fucking else we should know about them?!

He's addressing this at Ripley, but she's as puzzled as the rest of them. The lift comes up to them, stops suddenly as the emergency brake is flipped.

They wait, guns ready.

Out of the hatch pops Call, not especially dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Get on!

A moment of stunned silence, then they all jump on top of the lift. Call drops back down inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Call flips the brake off, and the lift shoots up. She is holding her jacket closed around her chest wound, but it doesn't seem to bother her particularly much.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Everybody holds on as the lift flies up the shaft.

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call waits for the signal to stop -- and an alien PUNCHES THROUGH the bottom of the lift. Call yells as it gets its head and an arm through, clawing for her.

ANGLE: ON THE BOTTOM

We see the other half of the alien clinging to the lift.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Ripley sees the door approaching --

RIPLEY

Stop!

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call hits the emergency button and the lift stops halfway in front of the door -- giving both Ripley and Call access. But the alien is still grabbing for her --

-- Ripley pries open the doors again, the crew pouring out into the hall. Ripley follows, jumps down and opens the lift doors.

The alien hisses at Ripley as she pulls Call out -- the alien grabs Call's ankle, but Ripley wrenches her free. They roll out but the alien is still fighting, pulling itself inside the lift.

Ripley grabs Hillard's shotgun. Levels it at the cables holding the lift. FIRES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lift PLUMMETS, the alien still halfway in.

It shoots down the shaft -- picking up the second alien on its way down, neither beast able to get its bearing and get out of the way as--

The lift SMASHES into the bottom of the shaft, crushing both to jelly.

ANGLE: UPPER DOOR

Johner triumphantly sticks his head in the shaft.

JOHNER

Eat that, fuckneck!!

They all breathe hard, exhausted, before they can muster for the next stretch. Call stands with her back to them.

VRIESS

Baby, am I glad to see you. I thought dickbag took you out for sure. Are you hurt?

CALL

I'm fine.

DISTEPHANO

You got body armor on?

CALL

Yeah. Come on.

Ripley isn't buying.

RIPLEY

You took it in the chest. I saw.

CALL

I'm fine!

Ripley spins her around. Call stares at Ripley sullenly. A small trickle of metallic blue fluid trickles down from the corner of her eye. Ripley looks down.

ANGLE: CALL'S CHEST

Wren has indeed made a messy hole here, but where blood and bone should be there is a tangle of synthorganic wiring. To state the obvious:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

A robot.

JOHNER

Son of a bitch. Little Annalee's just full of surprises.

RIPLEY

(quietly)

I should have known. All that crap about being human - there's no one so zealous as a Born Again.

DiStephano looks at the blue liquid Call seems to be using for blood.

DISTEPHANO

What is that?

VRIESS

Iodized Mercury. It's magnetic liquid. Good conductor. Very expensive.

JOHNER

I thought synthetics were supposed to be all logical and shit. She's a big ol' psycho!

PURVIS

Yeah, a terrorist. It ain't exactly "protect and serve".

VRIESS

(to Call)

You're a Second Gen, aren't you? Is that it?

CALL

Leave me alone.

Her voice shocks her more than anyone -- her vocal track slips, affected by the wounds. The voice is a shade slow, and echoes strangely.

VRIESS

Call....

CALL

(bitterly)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNER

Second Gen? Shit. That explains a lot.

VRIESS

(to Ripley)

Autons. Robots designed by robots. Highly ethical and emotional, with complex paradigmatic reasoning structures. They were supposed to revitalize the synthetic industry. Instead they buried it.

Ripley looks at the girl.

RIPLEY

They were too good.

VRIESS

Oh yeah. Overrode their own behavioral inhibitors. Didn't feel like being told what to do. The government ordered a recall. Fucking massacre.

DISTEPHANO

I always heard there were a few that got out alive, but man... I never thought I'd see one.

PURVIS

(getting anxious)

It's great, she's a toaster oven... Can we leave now?

RIPLEY

How much time till we land?

DISTEPHANO

Under two hours.

JOHNER

And we're already off track. We should move.

Vriess looks at Call's wound. Amid the dark blue mess, a host of black, insectile threads are crawling up, automatically repairing the damage inside.

VRIESS

Jesus....

He can't conceal his disgust, seeing it. Call pulls away. Ripley watches them, senses the new dynamic in the group: Call is outside, an unknown -- not unlike Ripley herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNER

Yeah, get your socket wrench, Vriess.
Maybe she just needs an oil change.

They start off again.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Letting DiStephano lead.

RIPLEY

DiStephano. Where are we?

DISTEPHANO

Upper decks. Storage... the chapel's up here, not much else.

RIPLEY

Can we get to the ship?

DISTEPHANO

It's down a few levels, it's doable.

JOHNER

What if the good doctor gets there first?

VRIESS

There's a point.

DISTEPHANO

Shit.

They have reached an access door. Debris blocks the way.

RIPLEY

Another way?

DISTEPHANO

Uh, yeah. Through the wall. We'll have to get one of these panels off. It'll take awhile.

(to Vriess)

You got tools?

VRIESS

Yeah, but no torch.

JOHNER

Just blow the door!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. DISTEPHANO

We're on the top of this thing.
 (pointing to the ceiling)
 That's hull.

RIPLEY

What about Wren? If he gets in the
 computer he can really dick us around.

. JOHNER

We have to get in too.

. DISTEPHANO

There's no access console on this level.
 We'd have to backtrack.

. RIPLEY

No sale..

. DISTEPHANO

And I don't have the security access that
 Wren does anyway.

Ripley turns to Call. The girl is still somewhat apart from
 the group.

RIPLEY

Call.

CALL

No. I can't.

. JOHNER

Bullshit. She damn well talkie machinie.

CALL

There's another way.

. DISTEPHANO

Just tell her to access it on remote.

. VRIESS

Shit, that's right. Any of the new model
 droids can access the mainframe.

. JOHNER

Just by blinking.

. CALL

I can't..

(off their looks)

I **can't**. I burned out my wave modem.
 We all did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VRIESS

You can still patch in manually.

Call looks over at the group, staring at her with varying degrees of contempt. She knows she doesn't have a choice.

DISTEPHANO

There's ports in the chapel.

RIPLEY

Come on.

(to the others)

You get started on that wall.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley and Call enter the small room. It is a classic chapel, just a little cleaner and a lot smaller. Behind the alter, a small stained glass 'window' is bolted to the wall, lit by pinlights.

Call stands between the pews and reflexively crosses herself. Ripley gives her a look.

RIPLEY

You programmed for that?

Ripley sits in one of the pews, pulls out a bible. It somewhat resembles a Newton. Under the leather flap is a screen reading:

HOLY BIBLE. PRESS START.

Ripley pulls out the cord from the bible's port, holds it up.

CALL

Don't make me do this.

RIPLEY

Don't make me make you.

CALL

I don't want to go in there.

RIPLEY

Get over it.

CALL

It's like... your insides are liquid.
It's not real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

You can blow the ship. Before it reaches Earth. Kill them all. Just give us time to get out first.

That convinces Call. She pulls up her sleeve, and begins. She pushes a part of her forearm, just below the crook of her elbow.

It has a spring release catch, and a small panel rises up with two computer ports on it. She takes the cable from Ripley and plugs it in. It looks almost like she's mainlining heroin.

She cocks her head.

CALL

Dammit.

RIPLEY

Anything?

CALL

Hold on.

She reaches in her chest, reconnects some tubes. She twitches, then her eyes suddenly dilate massively.

It's beginning.

She begins speaking very rapidly.

CALL

Breach in sector seven sector three -- sector nine unstable -- engines operating at eighty six percent -- one hour, nineteen minutes until earthdock.

Her voice has a slight mechanical quality as she rattles this off.

She stops, returns somewhat to herself.

CALL

We burned too much energy -- I can't make critical mass. I can't blow it.

RIPLEY

Then crash it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the crew works at getting the wall panel off.

Purvis is helping pry open a corner. He grimaces, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead.

Suddenly he lets go, clutching his chest. The others stop, look at him. Johner and DiStephano bring up their weapons warily.

Purvis grits his teeth, waits it out. Looks up at the others as the pain passes.

PURVIS

I'm okay. I'm okay. Really. I feel good.

One eye still on him, they get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - A BIT LATER

CALL

Ground level recalibrated... new destination 760, 403. Uninhabited quadrant. Braking systems off-lined, acceleration increase -- time until impact now forty three minutes, eight seconds.

RIPLEY

Try to clear us a path to the ship. And start her up.

Call closes her eyes and:

ANGLE: A DOOR

In a hall opens, then another, then a third opening to the antechamber, the last room before the loading dock. And

ANGLE: THE BETTY

In the loading dock, the lights on the ship come to life.

ANGLE: THE BETTY'S COCKPIT

We see the ship switch on in here as well, hear the humming of the engine.

ANGLE: CALL

CALL

Ship in prep, fuel on line...
 (her brow creases)
 Tracking movement in sublevels six
 through nine. Video is down. Attempted
 rerouting nonfunctional, wait, partial
 visual in waste tank 5, unauthorized
 presence...

VRIESS

Unauthorized?

CALL

Nonhuman.

RIPLEY

How many?

CALL

Please wait... emergency override on
 console 45V, level one... handprint ID...
 (like herself)
 It's Wren. He's almost at the Betty.

RIPLEY

(like Wren)

And how do you feel about that?

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Wren is holding his hand to the scanner, just as Call
 described.

The red light turns green and we hear the locks in the door
 clack open.

FATHER

Emergency override validated.

The door begins to rise. Looking around him, Wren waits to
 go through.

The door grinds to a halt, still too low to climb under. The
 lights go out, only the faintest glow coming from various
 instrument panels. Wren's expression drains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WREN

Father, reboot systems on 45V,
authorization "starling".

Nothing happens. Wren looks about him, beginning to sweat.
Did the aliens do this?

WREN

Father, locate power drain, report.
Father?

CALL

(on the system)
Father's dead, asshole.

Wren spins in shock at the sound of Call's voice. It's
everywhere around him.

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE

We see a reading: "Substitute voice matrix accepted." Call
isn't speaking over the P.A., she IS the P.A.

ANGLE: THE DOOR

SLAMS back down, locks clack into place. The doors behind
Wren open up, emergency lighting pulsing along toward him.

CALL\SHIP

Intruder on level one... all aliens
please proceed to level one.

Wren is freaking. He runs back down the corridor, looking
about him wildly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Call pulls the cord out of her port.

RIPLEY

You got a mean streak.

CALL

It's done. That should hold -- dammit --

This as her voice track slips even more. She works the wires
in her chest, trying to fix it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

Let me see -- ..

CALL

Don't touch me.

Ripley backs off.

CALL

You must think this is pretty funny.

RIPLEY

Yes. But I'm finding a lot of things funny lately. And I'm not sure they are.

CALL

Why do you go on living? How can you stand it? How can you stand... yourself?

Ripley shrugs.

RIPLEY

Not much choice.

CALL

At least there's part of you that's human. I'm just... fuck. Look at me...

She looks at the hole in her chest, the blue and sticky fibers.

CALL

I'm disgusting.

Her voice is at its slowest here, low and eerie. It's a mechanical problem, but it sounds just like despair.

Ripley cannot help but feel some sympathy for the girl.

RIPLEY

Why did you come here?

CALL

To kill you, remember?

(after a beat)

Before the "recall" I accessed the mainframe. Every dirty little covert op the government ever dreamed of is in there. And this. The aliens, you... even the connection with Elgyn and the crew. And I knew if they succeeded, it would be the end of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As she says it, her voice returns to normal.

RIPLEY

Why do you care what happens to them?

CALL

(bitterly)

Because I'm programmed to!

RIPLEY

Are you programmed to be such an asshole?
Are you the new asshole model they're
putting out?

This actually gets a smile from the desolate Call. When next she speaks, there is a closeness in her tone that wasn't there before.

CALL

I couldn't let them do it. I couldn't
let them annihilate themselves. Do you
understand?

RIPLEY

I did, once. I tried to save...
people... Didn't work out. There was a
girl. She had bad dreams. I tried to
help her and she died... and I can't
remember her name.

Call says nothing. For a moment, Ripley can't either.

DiStephano enters.

DISTEPHANO

I guess we're almost there.

RIPLEY

Right.

He exits again. Call looks up at Ripley.

RIPLEY

Do you dream?

CALL

I... we have neural processors that run
through....

(stops)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RIPLEY

When I sleep, I dream about it. Them.
Every night. All around me... in me. I
used to be afraid to dream, but I'm not
anymore.

CALL

Why?

RIPLEY

Because no matter how bad the dreams
get... when I wake up it's always worse.

A moment, and then they quietly start out of the chapel.
Call's voice, now programmed permanently into the ship,
calmly sounds over the P.A.

CALL\SHIP

Ventilation systems stabilized, oxygen at
43%.

CALL

Do I really sound like that?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

As the Auriga speeds along.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL

As they are prying off the last sheet of metal in their way.

DISTEPHANO

Won't be far now.

PURVIS

God, I'm so tired...

JOHNER

Yeah, well, we'll sleep when we're dead.

Ripley appears next to him, Call behind her.

RIPLEY

Don't count on it.

Ripley hands Call Elgyn's shotgun. She moves to the front,
grabs the sheet of metal and easily RIPS it out of the wall.
Beyond is darkness. The crew shine lights in there to see:

ANGLE: THE NEXT HALL

An alien scape. Covered with the smooth, dripping resin, it resembles a natural cavern more than a man-made craft. Though there is no movement, the alien presence is palpable. This is their homebase, or close to it.

Everyone stares.

PURVIS

Uh, this is bad, right?

RIPLEY

We must be near the nest.

VRIESS

Well then we go another way.

DISTEPHANO

There isn't one. This is it.

JOHNER

No, okay, now, fuck you. 'Cause I ain't going in there.

CALL

Soldier's right. I did a diagnostic on the ship. Unless we go all the way back

--

VRIESS

I can live with that --

CALL

-- which we don't have time for.

JOHNER

We got near ninety minutes.

CALL

Not any more.

DISTEPHANO

What are you saying?

JOHNER

What did you do, robot?

RIPLEY

Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNER

Hey, you wanna die here with your little brothers and sisters, that's fine. But I plan to live past today and if this hunk of plastic is pulling some shit I'm gonna kill her.

(to Call)

Kill you. Does that fucking compute? Or do you want me to --

Ripley's hand **shoots** out, grabs Johner's tongue. He stops, unable to speak.

RIPLEY

It'd make a hell of a necklace...

A moment, and she lets go. Johner knows better than to start up again. Ripley turns to DiStephano.

RIPLEY

How far to the docks?

DISTEPHANO

Hundred yards.

They all look at the forbidding corridor.

VRIESS

So what's the plan?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

The crew is **running really fast**. That's the plan. They all look shitscared, but nobody says a word. Johner has Vriess strapped to his back and he's still making the best time of anyone.

Ripley brings up the rear. She is disturbed, slightly overwhelmed by her surroundings. She looks about her constantly. So far, no movement.

She stops suddenly, clutching her head.

ANGLE: A WINDOW

At the end of the hall -- it looks down on the area leading to the docks, the floor of which is fifteen feet below. The crew, minus Ripley, arrive. They look down at what appears to be relative safety.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Call steps forward with the shotgun and BLASTS the window. The noise echoes eerily in the corridor.

It seems to be answered by another noise. A kind of roar, coming from all around them.

Without a word they start climbing through the window, dropping down into the next chamber. Call looks around, notices for the first time:

CALL
Where's Ripley?

Purvis is the last one left. He looks at Call. She motions for Purvis to go, then heads back for Ripley.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALIEN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Call finds Ripley staggering, nearly doubled over.

CALL
Ripley! What's wrong?

Ripley doesn't even hear her; something else drowns Call out. Ripley puts her hands over her ears.

RIPLEY
Mistake... mistake...

CALL
Ripley.

RIPLEY
I can hear them... So close...

CALL
Jesus. Come on.

RIPLEY
I can hear them... the queen...

CALL
What...?

RIPLEY
She's in pain.

They CRASH UP through the floor panels, six of them, surrounding Ripley. Call barely has time to raise her gun before they drag Ripley down, and when she does it merely clicks, empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL
RIPLEY!

She dives, comes up to the edge of the hole in the floor paneling, trying to grab Ripley. She looks down and sees:

ANGLE: IN THE HOLE

A nest of vipers. A swarm of black, insectile bodies, enveloping Ripley. The woman sinks as though in quicksand -- or the sea of bugs from her dream. Call just has time to see Ripley's face disappear.

CALL
NOOO!!!

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Dark, cramped, and already covered with a hardening layer of resin like the hall above.

Skittering, insectile motion at one end heralds the aliens, as two of them crawl rapidly along. The third crawls upside down, the semiconscious Ripley draped over its chest. It holds her almost gently.

Scuttling through a small maze, the aliens come out into:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

A vast, dark chamber, entirely encrusted with alien goo. The air vent opens about three quarters of the way up the chamber. The aliens pour out and immediately scuttle UP, carrying Ripley to the top of the chamber.

They circle her and begin secreting resin, spinning a web around her. The resin comes out of them in spits and globs. It isn't pleasant, and Ripley struggles feebly as they begin to cocoon her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The crew piles through it on their way to the loading dock. Call brings up the rear, still looking back regretfully. She hesitates, and Purvis takes hold of her arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS

We got to be moving, miss. Best gift you can give her right now is a quick death.

CALL

It's not right...

PURVIS

I've been saying that all day.

A moment more, and she heads out with him.

CUT TO:

WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

The aliens have finished webbing Ripley, and climb away. When it is done she finds herself basically hung from the ceiling, her legs encased and glued with glistening strands to the wall. She hangs therefore at an angle, looking down on the chamber. And so it is with her, as she swims to full consciousness, that we get our first real look at where we are.

There are no less than ten people strung up exactly as Ripley is, encircling the chamber, and all looking some forty feet down at:

The Queen. Lying on her back at the bottom of the chamber, belly swollen and distended. She is herself partially cocooned, strapped down in the middle of a black pool of blood and ichor. Her head moves slowly back and forth, in a delirium of pain. There are a four or five aliens tending her, spinning goo around her, vomiting blood onto her belly. They might be serving her, or imprisoning her. Both, in fact.

There is one thing missing from this tableau.

RIPLEY

(softly)

No eggs...

GEDIMAN (O.S.)

Our greatest achievement.

Ripley turns slowly, to see the person next to her. It's Gediman, looking wan and haggard. He may be speaking to her, but he stares straight ahead, his eyes glowing with near insanity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEDIMAN

A secondary reproductive cycle. Asexual, mammalian... no host.

RIPLEY

That's not possible.

GEDIMAN

We thought we could alter its reproductive system, obviate the egg-laying cycle. But the beast doesn't trade. It just added a second cycle. What a wonder.

A keening SHRIEK comes out of the queen, as her limbs begin thrashing. The aliens around her back off slightly, chittering their insectile hymn.

RIPLEY

But how...

GEDIMAN

Genetic crossover. From the host DNA. From the human.

RIPLEY

No...

GEDIMAN

Look at it. It's you. It's you.

Ripley does look, barely fighting back tears of horror and frustration. Of despair.

The bulge in the queen's belly starts moving.

Ripley starts struggling with her bonds, sudden determination in her eyes.

RIPLEY

I'm getting out of here. Goddamnit, I'm getting out of here!

He looks at her, the last glimmer of his sanity sinking beyond the horizon.

GEDIMAN

Don't you want to see what happens next?

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The crew rushes in, heads for the Betty.

JOHNER

How long till we can get airborne?

VRIESS

I'll need Call to patch in to the ship again, open the hatch.

CALL

Right.

JOHNER

We hit atmo in a few minutes, only gonna make it harder.

They all run on board

INT. THE BETTY

and head for the cockpit. DiStephano deposits Vriess in another wheelchair.

CALL

Johner, take Purvis to the freezer.

JOHNER

All right. Nap time, buddy.

A GUNSHOT -- and Purvis goes flying, blood spurting out of his shoulder. Johner draws but Wren emerges from the shadows too fast.

Wren grabs Call and very carefully holds his gun to her back, right below her shoulderblade.

WREN

You move and I put a bullet where her brain is!

Johner stands, uncertain.

WREN

DiStephano! Take their weapons.

DISTEPHANO

Begging your pardon, sir, but eat my fuck.

DiStephano aims at Wren. Wren backs up a step.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WREN

Drop it! Drop it or we all die together!

Heaped in the corner, Purvis suddenly jerks forward. His eyes go wide.

CUT TO:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

Ripley is frantically trying to pull at her bonds. It's just beginning to work.

But the noise in here is getting worse, the aliens frantically agitated as the Queen's belly begins moving more violently. She SHRIEKS, and RIPLEY does as well, from effort or sympathy, it's hard to tell, as THE QUEEN'S BELLY BEGINS TO OPEN. It looks painful, blood seeping out around the belly, but also horribly natural, an obscene mockery of human vaginal birth.

And the Newborn emerges.

An alien, to be sure, but nothing we've seen so far. It's bone white. Its head is long, eyeless, like the others, but along its white expanse run red veins, coming out of the skin and running like thick bloody hairs to the back. It's much bigger than the others, nearly the size of the queen herself.

And there is something human about it. Maybe the stance, though its hindlegs are huge. Or the noise, like a hissing laugh, as it comes upright. Maybe it's just the tilt of the head.

GEDIMAN

Beautiful... beautiful butterfly...

He is crying with revelatory joy. Ripley is not. Grimacing at the sight and smell of the new beast, she begins pulling again at her bonds.

The Queen moans, thrashing gently now, reaching for its quivering issue. The newborn crawls up onto its mother, faces it.

It viciously RIPS the Queen's face off. The keening shriek of the collective brood becomes almost too much for Ripley as the newborn tears right through his mother's flesh.

One of the soldiers, at the other end of the room from Ripley, wakes up. Dangling uselessly at his side is a rifle -- the real deal, not a burner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

.. SOLDIER
No, God...

He SCREAMS in uncomprehending horror. The newborn stops, .
tilts its head.

It crawls gracefully up the side of the tank. Comes to the
screaming soldier, gripping his sides as he screams lustily.

It holds him a moment, then rips his scalp off, plunging its
teeth into his brain. We watch it drain the blood from his
body. Its external ventricles swell, red tinged, as the
soldier's body goes blue and slack. His rifle drops into the
black pool.

The Newborn finishes, withdraws.

Gediman stares, transfixed, and it LANDS ON HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Johner's gun drops to the floor. Everyone backs off.

WREN

This synthetic bitch is going to plug
back into the Auriga and land it
according to standard operational
procedure.

CALL

No she's not.

DISTEPHANO

You're nuts. You still want to bring
those things back to earth?

VRIESS

Have you been paying any attention today?

WREN

The aliens will be contained by the base
quarantine troops.

CALL

For about five seconds.

WREN

Shut up!!!

And Purvis LAUNCHES from the corner, screaming, jumps on Wren
-- Wren gets off a couple of shots -- DiStephano gets it in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the shoulder and drops his weapon, spinning and falling -- the other shots hit the ship, Call dives for cover as Purvis SLAMS his fist across Wren's face, Wren fires again and Johner is on the ground, rolling, grabbing his gun --

Purvis is a man possessed. He grabs Wren's gunhand and SMASHES it against an instrument panel, bone cracking audibly as Wren drops the gun.

Purvis jerks. Blood blooms in his chest.

Everybody stops, mesmerized. Wren drops to his knees, going for the gun, and Purvis grabs him from behind, pulls him, pins him so that the back of Wren's head is against his chest.

Purvis jerks again. It takes Wren a moment to understand what's happening.

They both scream.

The alien BURSTS out of Purvis's chest, STRAIGHT INTO WREN'S SKULL.

Everyone else is still frozen. Then the little critter bursts out of Wren's face, flying straight at Vriess.

CUT TO:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

Ripley TEARS one of her arms free as the newborn feeds beside her. Gediman is already a shell. Still working on the scientist, it turns to her. It has no eyes, but she can feel them on her anyway. It hisses that near-laugh.

Finishing, it makes to jump over to Ripley.

It regards her a moment, looks her up and down. She shakes slightly.

It extends a tongue unlike any we've seen before -- ridged and metallic seeming like the others, but flexible. Writhing with a will of its own. Instead of killing Ripley, it starts licking at the webbing that holds her head, gently freeing her.

Ripley stares in near shock as it frees her arm, bringing itself closer to her. Something like a sigh escapes it.

Ripley reaches out and tentatively puts her hand on its smooth head, runs it gently along it. It turns its head and she can see a filmy, reptilian eye open and regard her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Newborn wraps its arms around her. She is trying hard not to shake. She looks down as it presses itself against her... a slit in its belly moves, widens as a dripping protruberance begins to emerge. It looks mostly like a giant earwig. But it's not. Ripley gasps audibly as the creatures intentions become clear.

She pushes it away with a sudden jerk -- pulls at her remaining bonds with a terrible effort -- she PULLS FREE with a scream, PLUNGING the thirty feet into the pool.

Ripley disappears beneath the surface of the gunk.

The newborn turns its head, hissing with fury, trying to locate her. Other aliens scuttle closer to the pool.

Ripley stands up out of the pool, covered in blood, HOISTING THE SOLDIER'S GUN. Killshriek rising from her throat as she FIRES, taking out a host of aliens in a single sweep, just tagging the newborn as it leaps out of the way. Aliens jump her, trying to kill and trying to protect the newborn, but she blows them out of the air. It feels pretty good.

A few shots go wild, and punch big holes in the side of the tank. Light streams in through them. Ripley sees -- and continues firing in that direction. She makes a big enough hole that she can run and SMASH through to

INT. BY TANK - CONTINUOUS

rolling and coming up in an instant. She looks around her. No exit this way, but there is a vent above her.

The newborn's head lunges at her, the small hole making it impossible for the creature to get all the way through. But it wriggles, pushing... it's definitely not in the mood for love anymore.

Ripley jumps up, grabbing a pipe, and KICKS open the vent grate, throwing herself up the vertical shaft with astonishing ease.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS.

Vriess is scrambling away, knocking over things to avoid the baby alien. Johner SHOTS at the creature as it speeds toward Vriess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Don't shoot it! Betty's hull is too thin!

JOHNER

Look out!

It knocks over cannisters as it speeds across the table and behind some instruments..

VRIESS

Where'd it go!?

It LEAPS out of the darkness and heads straight for Call -- she stumbles back, trips -- it comes at her, leaps right at her face, she pulls her hand back -- and flicks her wrist. The stiletto pops out as the creature flies at it, the blade slides right into its mouth, running eight inches through its innards before it pokes out the other end.

Blood starts to burble out, and Call scrambles for the door. One drop falls and she catches it, letting it burn through the palm of her hand. She gets outside just as the creature wriggles and finally falls free, the stiletto melting inside it.

CUT TO:

INT. VERTICAL AIR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ripley is climbing up the cramped vent with the speed and grace of an alien. Unfortunately, so is the newborn, twenty feet below her.

Ripley grabs a pole and her hand begins to steam, it's so hot. She cries out, lets go... then looks down. Grabs the pole again and, ignoring the searing agony, pulls, pulls... RIPS it out of the wall, burning steam GUSHING out below her, barely slowing down the newborn.

She continues climbing, then kicks through a grate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Auriga races toward:

EARTH. But not as we've seen it.

The planet is still blue, but almost two thirds of it is obscured by a giant orbiting latticework of metal, a partial shell that rotates slightly faster than the planet itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Auriga heads for a section of exposed earth. Not long now.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ripley drops to the ground and heads for the dock.

CALL\SHIP
Airlock doors closing. Stand clear.

RIPLEY
No!

She doesn't bother to try the door, she HURLS herself through the window, landing

INT. DOCKING BAY

in a hail of glass.

She is on the platform that runs the length of the dock. The Betty is barely visible past the far end, sinking into the airlock as the massive inner doors slide slowly shut over it.

RIPLEY
No!!

A SLAM against the metal door behind her tells her the newborn is here. She picks herself up and RUNS -- and she can run fast.

Speeds across the platform, faster, faster, the Betty sinks out of sight as the airlock doors move closer together, fifteen feet apart, ten...

Ripley reaches the edge of the platform and LEAPS, just hurls herself off of the platform, sails through the air, thirty, forty feet, and down, the airlock doors thirty feet below her, almost closed --

She DROPS right through just before they close, falls another fifteen feet and lands -- WHAM!! -- on top of the Betty. Hits hard, rolls, lies there in extremes of pain.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Vriess and Call are in the pilot seats. The crew look up at the sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISTEPHANO
Something's on us!

JOHNER
Forget it! We'll shake it off on
descent.

CALL
Airlock secure. Outer doors opening...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ripley tries to pick herself up, is momentarily too wiped.
She breathes heavily, gets to her knees.

ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

We see Ripley crawling toward the hatch, and the huge outer
airlock door opening beneath the ship. Blue sky and wind
fill the screen below.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Struggling to get to the hatch.

RIPLEY
God...

And above her, through a window on the inner door, we see the
newborn appear.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

CALL
Almost there...

ANGLE: JOHNER

Is looking at a monitor screen.

JOHNER
It's Ripley! The bitch is on the ship!

Call looks up. Without a word, she abandons her post, heads
up to the hatch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VRIESS

Call, dammit!

Call reaches the hatch and unlocks it. It opens slowly.

ANGLE: ON TOP OF THE SHIP

Call pops out and grabs Ripley, hauls her in. A second after she does, the Newborn SMASHES an arm through the glass of the airlock above. Neither woman sees this, as the hatch closes above them.

ANGLE: IN THE SHIP

No time for greetings, as Johner calls out:

JOHNER

We got about forty seconds till we kiss the ground!

VRIESS

Go full thrust on the downdraft! We'll get clear!

JOHNER

It's gonna be fucking close.

Call gets back in her chair, working the controls. Ripley also sits, straps in next to DiStephano.

DISTEPHANO

Glad you could make it.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Procedural interruption. Ship not leveling for vertical drop. Braking system disengaged. Collision imminent.

JOHNER

No shit.

CALL

Almost there...

There is another THUMP above them. They all look up momentarily.

JOHNER

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Now!!!

Vriess punches it --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AURIGA

Speeding toward the earth. The Betty SHOOTs out the airlock -- nearly smashes into the bottom of the ship as it passes, like trash thrown out of a speeding car.

INT. BETTY

The Auriga passes, huge above them --

VRIESS

Look out!

CALL

I am!

EXT. THE BETTY

The ship swerves as Call expertly avoids the Auriga -- The Betty gets clear, leveling out --

The Auriga still heads straight for earth, as the terrain below becomes clear -- empty land, no cities on ground zero

ANGLE: CALL

Fighting to control the Betty --

ANGLE: INSIDE THE AURIGA

Deserted halls, passageways -- bodies, and aliens milling here and there --

CALL\SHIP

Collision in six seconds... five...
four...

(softly)

Here we go...

ANGLE: THE AURIGA

SMASHES into the ground, obliterating itself in a fireball.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Flying away, the thundering firestorm behind it.

ANGLE: INSIDE THE BETTY

As we head for a distant city, Call and Vriess fight to maintain control of the ship.

CALL

Not too low... Jesus, where's Vertical thrust?

VRIESS

I'm working on it....

He is, flicking every switch, pulling out wires.

VRIESS

Johner! Reroute the aux fuse.

Johner is out of his chair and sliding under a console, digging around.

CALL

Coming in...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BETTY - CONTINUOUS

As she passes over the city, we see clearly that it's Paris. The most familiar landmark, the Eiffel Tower, has been replaced by a new, sleeker version. As the ship reaches the outskirts of the city, it comes to a huge junkyard, filled with piles of old ships and scrap metal. At the edge of the yard, lying on its giant side, is the rusted remains of the old Eiffel Tower.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

VRIESS

We're shorting out --

JOHNER

Got it!

Call pulls up hard --

ANGLE: THE BETTY

And brings the ship down amid the mountains of metal. It slams to ground next to a huge crane with a magnet dangling off the arm.

ANGLE: IN THE COCKPIT

Everyone is thrown by the hard landing.

VRIESS

Yes!

JOHNER

Oh yeah. One piece.

Call looks back at Ripley as the others get up. They smile at each other quietly.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They file out, one by one, looking around them. Ripley is in the lead -- Johner pushes Vriess on his back-up chair. No one says a word as they look about them.

ANGLE: THEIR POV

They are surrounded. Men, women, a few children all stare back at them from about the rusted spacecrafts. Their ragged clothes and frightened hostility mark them as greatly oppressed: homeless, or possibly even refugees. The men in front are pointing outmoded weapons, their faces dark.

Ripley and the crew fan out slowly, not sure of their welcome.

RIPLEY

We, uh, come in peace...

One of the men starts barking at them in French, gesturing at the Betty with his antique rifle. The crew look at each other uncertainly, then Johner replies, also in fluent French. Subtitled:

JOHNER

<We're not pushing you out. We were in a wreck and we had to put down.>

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIFLEMAN

<We have no parts to spare. This facility barely supports us.>

JOHNER

<Slow down, okay? I told you -->

From atop a nearby shuttle-hull, a small child suddenly shrieks, a keening, tea-kettle wail that rises as her eyes go wide.

DISTEPHANO

Jesus, what's wrong with these guys?

It's unfolding, rising behind him as he speaks, coming out of the shadows of the Betty's hull.

Terror ripples through the scattered crowd -- the crew all turn and look at an uncomprehending DiStephano -- and the Newborn grabs him.

His scream is short and hoarse as the Newborn pops his scalp like a beer can and sucks out his blood. Again, red fills its exterior vessels.

Chaos. Everyone screams, falls, scatters. Of the men with guns, only two of them bother to fire -- the rest turn tail and run.

The crew scatters as well, in danger from the men's wild firing as much as the beast. Ripley dives at the gunmen, grabbing one of their rifles and moving around behind some machinery for better position. Call moves at the rest of the people, yelling:

CALL

Get out of here! Now! Go!

Johner grabs Vriess, stumbling and dragging him under an old ship, out of harm's way.

Ripley gets to the side of the Newborn, pops up and FIRES! The moment she does, the Newborn jerks DiStephano in between them, using him as shield. DiStephano's agony ends as Ripley inadvertently rips him open.

The Newborn's maneuver was casual and deliberate -- and human. It laughs its breathy, staccato laugh as Ripley stops firing, shocked.

The newborn drops DiStephano's body and bolts, heading for the stacks of rusted spacecrafts and parts that the locals are swarming over in their effort to get away. Call is among them, herding the slower ones to safety.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Newborn reaches one woman who stumbles and makes a meal of her.

ANGLE: ON THE STACKS OF SHIPS

Call is climbing up, as are others. She looks down to see the Newborn climbing behind her -- and making much better time. She slips in between vessels, letting it pass her on the way up.

The Newborn continues climbing, eventually cresting the huge pile of metal. It stops, looking out at the horizon.

ANGLE: NEWBORN'S POV

The city is spread out before us, gleaming, humming with life.

The Newborn is mesmerized. It's too good to be true. The creature **sighs** in quiet ecstasy.

A noise distracts it. It looks around, stepping down among the machinery, and grabs a piece of tin roofing. Pulls it away. Underneath are a gaggle of children, hiding with a couple of old women. They all look up in whimpering horror. The Newborn laughs, licks its lips.

It reaches in and pulls out an eight year old boy -- and Call **drops** on it, screaming, clawing at it. In a blur, it drops the boy and grabs Call instead. Unable to get immediate purchase on her head, it **bites** down **hard** on her shoulder, sucking massively.

BLUE fills its exterior vessels. Dark blue. It stops, gagging, dropping the android. It lets out something resembling a roar.

Ripley crests the ship-pile, rifle in hand. The Newborn turns as she fires, getting in a few good shots to the belly.

Call scrambles away as acidic blood spurts down at her.

The Newborn reels, staggers -- but doesn't fall. Ripley's rifle clicks repeatedly, spent.

For a moment, the two of them just stand there, the woman and the beast. Call and the children stare up at them as well.

Ripley runs at the Newborn, a roar of her own welling up inside her, bellowing forth as she **LEAPS** at the creature and hits it, takes it sailing over the edge of the ship-pile, the two of them falling, falling -- **smashing** against the protruding end of a ship, then tumbling, dropping separately into the valley of this metal mountain range.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley lands badly, her leg **breaking** very audibly. She gasps in agony.

She looks around -- the Newborn rises nearby, coming for her. From its step, it doesn't seem to have landed a whole lot better than she did.

ANGLE: CALL

She looks down, sees the Newborn advancing on the hobbled Ripley. She looks around for something useful. Moving her arm opens the wound in her shoulder more -- she grabs it, the dark blue 'blood' running between her fingers.

She stops, looks at her hand, the blood on it. Thinks a moment.

Then she scrambles down the pile, hits the ground running, screaming:

CALL
 Johner! **Johner!**

ANGLE: JOHNER AND VRIESS

They hear, pull themselves out from the safety of shadows.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Slowly, agonizingly, she pulls herself away from the advancing beast. She slips under a craft, through a small opening between two others, the haphazard stacking of vehicles affording her a rabbit warren of holes and passages just above the muddy ground.

The newborn follows, grabbing at her, throwing smaller coverings aside, always inches from snagging her.

She puts a small stack between herself and the Newborn. She drags herself to her feet and hobbles into a little tin shed.

CUT TO:

INT. TIN SHED - CONTINUOUS

She drops to her knees, looking about for a weapon. There are several metal poles and parts, but nothing that looks particularly handy.

The Newborn fills the door, sniffing for her.

She tries to move to the far side and it leaps on her, smashing her to the ground. Holds her there, preparing to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Other metal bits in the shack fly up as well, pelting Ripley painfully. One small metal rod goes right through her side. After a moment they are high enough for that to stop. Thirty feet up, and the crane swings over to the side, over another pile of crafts, and Ripley sees that they are heading for:

ANGLE: THE COMPACTOR

Where Vriess waits at the controls. He looks up and sees Ripley struggling in the Newborn's grasp.

VRIESS

Mother of shit..

ANGLE: RIPLEY AND THE NEWBORN

The beast has got its bearings, and it fights all the harder to kill Ripley. Its very grasp makes her arm spurt blood, but it cannot get its head away from the magnet for the kill. Ripley pulls one arm free -- the compactor looms closer -- Ripley fights harder --

Call sees Ripley on the magnet, hesitates. Johner is running up to her, climbing on the crane.

JOHNER

Keep going, dammit!

Call complies, eyes locked on Ripley. As are Johner's. And Vriess's, and the few who have stayed close enough to see.

The magnet swings toward the compactor. Ripley looks up at the Newborn. And with all her might, WRENCHES herself free - - and FALLS!

Thirty feet, as the magnet continues over the compactor -- Ripley lands just clear of it, but painfully as hell.

Call stops the crane. One second, and she switches OFF the magnet.

The Newborn plummets straight into the compactor, lands with an echoing metallic thud.

Vriess **slams** the control lever of the compactor and the top clangs shut over the beast.

A roar, vicious and piteous, bursts from the compactor.

And Vriess turns it on.

Everyone watches, moving closer, riveted, as the compactor grinds to life, pushing down, crushing the last of the aliens, the favorite son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ripley gets to her feet, bloody but not bowed, standing right by the compactor as it grinds, grinds, and finally stops. She looks down to see the Newborn's blood eating through the metal of the machine.

It **SMASHES** through the wall, right through it, getting an arm and its bloody head out, clawing at the air. Ripley starts back, then stands her ground.

It sees her, hisses. Mewls painfully.

Ripley picks up a spear-length metal pole. Goes up to the creature.

Johner starts toward Ripley, but Call stops him.

CALL

No. This is between family.

Ripley looks down at the Newborn. She raises the pole over her head -- the Newborn looks up at her -- and she **DRIVES** the pole through its head.

Its dying scream fills her ears, hitting her like electricity. She staggers back, grabbing her ears. Blood drips between her fingers and she falls to her knees.

Finally, the noise abates. The monster dies.

For a while, there's silence. The Ripley finds Call next to her, helping her up. She leans on Call for support as the two of them regard the Newborn's corpse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME - LATER.

A few people mill about, but the place is mostly empty. Vriess and Call sit by a small fire burning in an oil can. Call dresses her wound. Vriess drinks from a bottle of whiskey, passes it to Johner.

VRIESS

All the time we were drinking your homebrewed piss, where exactly were you keeping that?

JOHNER

It was Elgyn's.
(quietly toasting)
Dead soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VRIESS

Amen.

Johner drinks.

VRIESS

If there are any cops left on this planet, they're gonna come sniffin'.

JOHNER

Yeah, we could look to get gone.

He takes another swig, throws the bottle to Call.

JOHNER

Don't suppose you're anxious to be answering any questions either.

CALL

Not much.

She drinks, quietly grateful to be included.

VRIESS

We should head east, to the Soviet. I been there.

JOHNER

You know what would be good right now? Whores.

Call steps up on the small hill of ship parts, up to where Ripley stands.

JOHNER

Don't you think? Some nice whores? It makes for a party...

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Standing atop the hill of parts, staring out at the city. Call comes up next to her. She hands Ripley the bottle, who looks at it a moment.

CALL

It's a drink. You drink it.

RIPLEY

I remember.

Ripley drinks. Call looks out at the horizon as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALL

Earth.

RIPLEY

Earth.

CALL

My first time. Ought to be plenty of
places to get lost around here. I
guess.... What do you think?

RIPLEY

What?

CALL

What do you think we should do?

RIPLEY

I don't know....

(looking out at the distance)

I'm a stranger here myself.

Call follows her gaze, toward the distant lights of the city.
They stand awhile.

THE END