

"ALIENS"

by

James Cameron

FINAL
September 23, 1985

"ALIENS"

FADE IN

1 SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE - SPACE 1

Silent and endless. The stars shine like the love of God ...cold and remote. Against them drifts a tiny chip of technology.

CLOSER: It is the NARCISSUS, lifeboat of the ill-fated star freighter Nostromo. Without interior or running lights it seems devoid of life. The PING of a RANGING RADAR grows louder, closer. A shadow engulfs the Narcissus. Searchlights flash on, playing over the tiny ship, as a MASSIVE DARK HULL descends toward it.

2 INT. NARCISSUS 2

Dark and dormant as a crypt. The searchlights stream in the dusty windows. Outside, massive metal forms CAN BE SEEN descending around the shuttle. Like the tolling of a bell, a BASSO PROFUNDO CLANG reverberates through the hull.

CLOSE ON THE AIRLOCK DOOR: Light glares as a cutting torch bursts through the metal, moving with machine precision, cutting a rectangular path. The torch cuts off. The door falls inward REVEALING a bizarre multi-armed figure. A ROBOT WELDER.

FIGURES enter, back-lit and ominous. THREE MEN in bio-isolation suits, carrying lights and equipment. They approach a sarcophaguslike HYPERSLEEP CAPSULE, f.g. The leader's gloved hand wipes at an opaque layer of dust on the canopy.

ANGLE INSIDE CAPSULE: as light stabs in where the dust is wiped away, illuminating a WOMAN, her face in peaceful repose. WARRANT OFFICER RIPLEY sole survivor of the Nostromo. Nestled next to her is JONES, the ship's wayward cat.

LEADER

Bio-readouts are all in the green.
She's alive. Well, there goes our
salvage, guys.

DISSOLVE TO:

2-A EXT. SPACE/EARTH ORBIT

2-A

PANNING across the serene blue curve of Earth AS SEEN from high orbit onto GATEWAY STATION, a sprawling complex of modular orbital habitats. In f.g. a viewing portal opens in a vertical wall of the MEDICAL SECTION.

3 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

3

Harsh sunlight fills the room as the notorized shield continues to rise. A FEMALE MED-TECH turns from the window controls.

MED-TECH

Watch your eyes.

She crosses to a bed in which Ripley lies, looking wan, amid an array of arcane white MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. The tech exudes practiced cheeriness, but RIPLEY isn't buying it.

RIPLEY

When am I going to see someone in authority?

MED-TECH

So. Feeling stronger are we?

RIPLEY

We are tired of the runaround. Why won't anybody tell me what's going on? How long his it been?

MED-TECH

Well, you've been here at Gateway Station for three days. You were pretty groggy at first so --

RIPLEY

Look, I know that part! How long was I in hypersleep?

The tech glances up as the door opens o.s. She smiles, saved by the distraction.

MED-TECH

Looks like you have a visitor.

A MAN corsses the room carrying a familiar large, orange TOMCAT.

RIPLEY

Jones!

(CONTINUED)

Ignoring the man she grabs the cat and hugs it to her. Jones seems none the worse for wear and begins to purr.

RIPLEY

Jonesy. You ugly thing.

The visitor sits beside the bed and Ripley finally notices him. He is thrityish and handsome, in a suit that looks executive or legal, the tie loosened with studied casualness. A smile referred to as 'winning.'

MAN

Nice room. I'm Bruke. Carter Burke. I work for the company, but other than that I'm an okay guy. Glad to see you're feeling better.

Ripley's gaze turns stony.

RIPLEY

You're with the company? Then you're the last person I want to be talking to.

BURKE

(genuinely wounded)

Why is that?

RIPLEY

Because I'm bringing you guys up on charges...willful negligence leading to the deaths of my crew, for starters.

BURKE

Whoaa, Ripley. That's not me. Those guys are gone. There've been some ghanges. That's what I came here to tell you about.

RIPLEY

How long was I out there?

BURKE

It's bad, kiddo. It's gonna be a shock.

She grabs his arm, suprisingly strong.

RIPLEY

How long?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

Fifty-seven years.

Ripley is stunned. She seems to deflate, her expression passing through amazement and shock to realization of all she has lost. Friends. Family. Her world.

RIPLEY

Fifty-seven...oh, Christ...

BURKE

You'd drifted right through the core systems. It's blind luck that deep-salvage team caught you when they did. One in a thousand. You're just damn lucky to be alive...

While Burke is talking we have PUSHED IN TO A TIGHT CLOSEUP ON Jones, who begins to hiss and struggle in Ripley's arms. WE GO INTO SUBTLE SLOW MOTION. The cat leaps to the floor, bounding away. Ripley coughs suddenly, as if choking. Her expression becomes one of dawning horror. Burke, unaware of what is coming, hands her a glass of water from the nightstand. She slaps it away. It shatters with a SMASH. Jones dives, yowling, under a cabinet.

Ripley grabs her chest, struggling as if she is strangling. The med-tech hits a console button.

MED-TECH

(shouting)

Code Blue! 415. Code Blue!
4-1-5!

Burke and the med-tech are holding Ripley's shoulders as she goes into convulsions. A DOCTOR and TWO TECHS run in. Ripley's back arches in agony.

RIPLEY

No...nooo!

They try to restrain her as she thrashes, knocking over equipment. Her EKG races like mad. Joens, under the cabinet, hisses wide-eyed.

DOCTOR

Hold her...Get me an airway, stat!
And fifteen c.c.'s of...Jesus!

Ripley stares at the SHAPE RISING UNDER THE SHEET. Tearing itself out of her. A glimpse of the CHITTERING HORROR... IT SCREECHES...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

RIGHT ON RIPLEY, screaming, snapping up INTO FRAME. Alone in the darkened hospital room. She gasps for breath, clutching pathetically at her chest. There is no demented horror ripping itself out of her. Her eyes snap about wildly, slowing focusing on the reality of her safety. Shuddering, bathed in sweat, she kneads her breastbone with the heel of her hand and sobs.

A VIDEO MONITOR beside the bed snaps on. The MED-TECH's face.

MED-TECH

Bad dreams again? Do you want something to help you sleep?

RIPLEY

(faint)

No. I've slept enough.

The tech shrugs and switches off. Touching a button on the night stand Ripley opens the viewport, REVEALING Gateway and the turquoise Earth. She hugs Jones to her and rocks with him like a child, still shattered by the nightmare.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. PARK

4

Sunlight streams in shafts through a stand of poplars, beyond which a verdant meadow is VISIBLE. Jones stalks toward a bird hopping among fallen leaves. He leaps. And smacks into A WALL.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

That's brilliant, Jones.

WISER: As Jones steps back confused from the HIGH-RESOLUTION ENVIRONMENTAL WALL SCREEN, a sort of cinerama video-loop. Ripley sits on a bench in what we now SEE is an ATRIUM off the medical center. Burke ENTERS in his usual mode, casual haste.

BURKE

Sorry...I've been running behind all morning.

RIPLEY

Have they located my daughter yet?

BURKE

Well, I was going to wait until after the inquest...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He opens his briefcase, removing a sheet of printer hard copy, including a telestat photo.

RIPLEY

I she...?

BURKE

(scanning)

Amanda Ripley-McClaren. Married name, I guess. Age: sixty-six... at time of death. Two years ago.

(looks at her)

I'm sorry.

Ripley studies the PHOTOGRAPH, stunned. The face of a woman in her mid-sixties. It could be anybody. She tries to reconcile the face with the little girl she once knew.

RIPLEY

Any.

BURKE

(reading)

Cancer. Hmmmmm. They still haven't licked that one. Cremated. Interred Westlake Repository, Little Chute, Wisconsin. No children.

Ripley gazes off, into the pseudo-landscape, into the past.

RIPLEY

No children.

(a beat, then)

I promised her I'd be home for her birthday. Her eleventh birthday.

BURKE

Some promises you just can't keep.

Let's get one thing straight...Ripley can be one tough lady. But the terror, the loss, the emptiness are, in this moment, overwhelming. She cries silently. Burke puts a reassuring hand on her arm.

BURKE

The hearing convenes at 0930. You don't want to be late.

5 INT. CORRIDOR - GATEWAY

5

Elevator doors part and Ripley emerges, in mid-conversation with Burke.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

You read my deposition...it's complete and accurate.

BURKE

Look, I believe you, but there are going to be some heavyweights in there. You got feds, you got interstellar commerce commission, you got colonial administration, insurance company guys...

RIPLEY

I get the picture.

BURKE

Just tell them what happened. The important thing is to stay cool and unemotional.

6 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON RIPLEY - GATEWAY

6

Not cool. Not unemotional.

RIPLEY

Do you people have earwax, or what. We have been here three hours. How many different ways do you want me to tell the same story?

She faces the EIGHT MEMBERS of the board of inquiry at a long conference table. Gray suits and grim faces. They aren't buying. Behind Ripley on a large VIDEOSCREEN, PARKER grins like a goon from his personnel mugshot. His file prints out next to it. BRETT'S face and dossier replace it, and then the others as the scene continues... KANE, LMABERT, ASH the android traitor, DALLAS. VAN LEUWEN, the ICC representative, steeples his fingers and frowns.

VAN LEUWEN

Look at it from our perspective, please. You freely admit to detonating the engines of, and thereby destroying an M-Class star freighter. A rather expensive piece of hardware...

INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR

Forty-two million in adjusted dollars. That's munus payload, of course.

(CONTINUED)

VAN LEUWEN

The lifeboat's flight recorder corroborates some elements of your account. That for reasons unknown the Nostromo set down on LV-426, an uncharted planet at that time. That it resumed its course and was subsequently set for self-destruct. By you. For reasons unknown.

RIPLEY

Look, I told you, we set down here on company orders to get this thing, which destroyed all of us and your precious ship...

VAN LEUWEN

The recorder did not contain any entries concerning this hostile organism you allegedly picked up.

RIPLEY

Oh, that's cute. Allegedly. I like that.

Van Leuwen sighs with exasperation.

VAN LEUWEN

The analysis team which went over the lifeboat centimeter by centimeter found no physical evidence of the creature you describe...'

RIPLEY

That's because I blew it out the Goddamn airlock!

(pause)

Like I said.

INSURANCE MAN

(to the ECA rep)

Are there any species like this 'hostile organism' on LV-426?

ECA REP

No. It's a rock. No indigenous life.

Ripley grits her teeth in frustration.

RIPLEY

What? Did IQ's drop sharply while I was gone? I already said it was non indigenous. There was a derelict spacecraft. An alien ship. It wasn't from there. Get it? We homed on its beacon...

(CONTINUED)

ECA REP

And found something which has never been reported once from over three hundred surveyed worlds...a creature...

(she reads from Ripley's statement)

...'gestates inside a living human host,' these are your words, and has 'concentrated acid for blood.'

RIPLEY

Look, I can see where this is going. But I'm telling you those things exist. Kane, the guy that went in, said he saw thousands of eggs in that ship. Thousands...

VAN LEUWEN

Thank you, Officer Ripley. That will be...

RIPLEY

You're not listening. Just one of those things managed to kill my entire crew --

Van Leuwen stands, out of patience.

VAN LEUWEN

Thank you! That will be all.

RIPLEY

(shouting)

That's not all, Goddammit! It those things get back here, that will be all. Then you can just kiss all this good-bye, just kiss it good-bye.

7 INT. CORRIDOR

7

Ripley kicks the wall next to Burke who is getting coffee and donuts at a vending machine.

BURKE

You had them eating out of your hand, kiddo.

RIPLEY

They had their minds made up before I even went in there. They think I'm some kind of headcase.

BURKE

(cheerfully)

You are a headcase. Have a donut.

8 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIGHT ON RIPLEY - LATER

8

Van Leuwen clears his throat.

VAN LEUWEN

It is the finding of this board of inquiry that Warrant Officer Ellen Ripley, NOC-14472, has acted with questionable judgment and is unfit to hold an ICC license as a commercial flight officer.

Burke watches Ripley taking it on the chin, white lipped but subdued.

VAN LEUWEN

Siad license is hereby suspended indefinitely. No criminal charges will be filed at this time and you are released on own recognizance for a six month period of psychometric probation, to include monthly review by an ICC psychiatric tech...

Ripley's video-dossier fills teh screen behind her. At the bottom a new entry prints out: FILE CLOSED.

9 INT. CORRIDOR

9

DOLLY BACK as the conference room door bangs open and Ripley strides through. She shrugs off Burke's restraining arm and catches up to Van Leuwen walking down the corridor.

RIPLEY

Why won't you just check out LV-426?

VAN LEUWEN

Because I don't have to. There have been people there for over twenty years and they never reported any hostile organism.

RIPLEY

What are you talking about? What people?

Van Leuwen steps into an elevator with some others, but Ripley holds the door from closing.

VAN LEUWEN

Terraformers...planet engineers. They go in, set up these big atmosphere processors to make the air breathable. Takes decades. It's what we call a shake 'n bake colony.

The door tries to close again. Ripley slams it back. People are getting annoyed.

RIPLEY

How many are there? How many colonists?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

VAN LEUWEN

I don't know. Sixty, maybe seventy families.

RIPLEY

Families...Jesus.

INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR

Do you mind?

Ripley's hand slides off the door, strengthless. It closes in her face.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPE - DAY

10

PANNING SLOWLY ACROSS a storm-blasted vista of tortured rock and bleak twilight onto a metal sign which reads:

HADLEY'S HOPE - POP. 159

Some local has added "have a nice day" with a spray can. Gale-force wind SCREECHES around the corroded sign. In the b.g. is the COLONY, a squat complex surrounded by an angled storm-barrier wall.

11 EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

11

SEVERAL ANGLES ESTABLISHING the town, a cluster of bunkerlike buildings huddling in the wind. VISIBLE across two kilometers of barren heath, b.g., is the massive ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR, looking like an oil refinery bred with an active volcano.

12 INT. COLONY - MAIN CONCOURSE

12

A wide corridor bustling with routine activity. We SEE a cross-section of the hardy frontier stock who have come to live in this Godforsaken wilderness. Some CHILDREN race in the corridor on wheeled plastic toys.

13 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM / CONTROL BLOCK

13

The nerve-center of the colony, jammed with computer terminals, displays, technicians.

DOLLYING AHEAD OF SIMPSON, the harried OPERATIONS MANAGER, as he is approached by his assistant, LYDECKER.

SIMPSON

What?

LYDECKER

You remember you sent some wildcatters out to the middle of nowhere last week? Out past the Ilium range.

SIMPSON

Yeah. What?

(CONTINUED)

LYDECKER

One of them's on the horn, mom-and-pop survey team. Says he's onto something and wants to know will his claim be honored.

SIMPSON

Why wouldn't his claim be honored?

LYDECKER

Well because you sent them to that particular middle of nowhere on company orders, maybe. I don't know.

SIMPSON

Christ. Some honch in a cushy office on Earth says go look at a grid reference, we look. They don't say why, and I don't ask. I don't ask because it takes two weeks to get an answer out here and the answer's always 'don't ask.'

LYDECKER

So what do I tell this guy?

SIMPSON

Tell him, as far as I'm concerned, he finds something it's his.

14 EXT. ACHERON - THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

14

AN EIGHT-WHEELED TRACTOR roars across corrugated rock, blasting through soggy drifts of volcanic ash.

15 INT. TRACTOR

15

At the controls, intent on a PINGING scope, is RUSS JORDEN, independent prospector. Beside him is his wife/partner Annie and in the back their two kids are playing among the heavy sampling equipment.

JORDEN

(a gloating cackle)

Look at this fat, juicy magnetic profile. And it's mine, mine, mine.

ANNE

Half mine, dear.

NEWT, their six-year-old daughter, yells from the back...

(CONTINUED)

NEWT

And half mine!

JORDEN

I got too many partners.

NEWT

Daddy, when are we going back to town?

JORDEN

When we get rich, Newt.

NEWT

You always say that. I wanna go back,
Dad, can we?

Her older brother TIM sticks his jeering face close to hers.

TIM

Yeah, so you can play 'Monster Maze.'
Well, we're not gonna let you play
anymore. You cheat!

NEWT

Do not!

TIM

Do to! You go in places we can't
fit.

NEWT

So! That's why I'm the best.

ANNE

Knock it off! I catch either of
you playing in the air ducts again
I'll tan your hides.

NEWT

Mom. All the kids play it...

JORDEN

(reverently)

Holy shiiit!

ANGLE THROUGH FRONT CANOPY: on a bizarre shape looming ahead. An enormous bonelike mass projecting upward from the bed of ash. Canted on its side and buckled against a rock outcropping by the lava flow, it is still recognizable as an EXTRATERRESTRIAL SHIP. Bio-mechanoid. Non-human design.

JORDEN

Folks, we have scored big this time!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

The tractor moves around the base of the vast enigma, approaching a gash in the hull.

ANNE

Shouldn't we call in?

JORDEN

Let's wait 'til we know what to call it in as.

ANNE

(nervous)

How about 'big weird thing?'

16 EXT. TRACTOR

16

Jorden and Anne step down, wearing ENVIRONMENT SUITS. Carrying LIGHTS, PACKS, CAMERAS, TEST GEAR. Their breath clouds in the chill air.

ANNE

You kids stay inside. I mean it!
We'll be right back.

They trudge toward the alien derelict.

They pause at the enormous gash in the hull. Blackness inside.

17 INT./EXT. TRACTOR

17

Newt has her face pressed to the glass, steaming it. Watching her parents enter the strange ship. Tim GRABS HER from behind. She SHRIEKS.

TIM

Cheater!

18 EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

18

The tractor and the derelict are dark and motionless. The wind HOWLS around them.

19 INT. TRACTOR

19

Tim is curled up in the driver's seat. Newt shakes him awake, trying hard not to cry.

NEWT

Timmy...they've been gone a long time.

Tim considers the night. The wind. The vast landscape. He bites his lip.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TIM

It'll be okay, Newt. Dad knows what he's doing.

CRASH! Newt SCREAMS as the door beside her is RIPPED OPEN. A dark shape lunges inside! ANNE, panting and terrified, grabs the dash mike.

ANNE

Mayday! Mayday! This is Alpha Kilo Two Four Niner calling Hadley Control. Repeat. This is...

As Anne shouts the Mayday Newt looks past her, to the ground. Russ Jordan lies there inert, dragged somehow by Anne from inside the ship. There is SOMETHING ON HIS FACE. An appalling MULTILEGGED CREATURE, pulsing with obscene life. Newt begins to SCREAM hysterically, competing with the shrieking wind which rises to a crescendo as we:

CUT TO:

20 INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT - GATEWAY - DAY

20

Silence. Ripley, looking haggard, sits at a table in the dining alcove contemplating the smoke rising from her cigarette. The place is minimal, the bed is unmade, there are dishes in the sink. Jones prowls across the counter. The WALLSCREEN is on, a vapid commercial.

The door BUZZES. Ripley jumps like a cat. Jones doesn't.

21 INT. CORRIDOR

21

Carter Burke stands in the narrow, dingy corridor with LIEUTENANT GORMAN, Colonial Marine Corps. Young and severe in his officer's parade uniform. The door opens slightly.

BURKE

Hi, Ripley. This is Lieutenant Gorman of the...

SLAM. Burke buzzes again. Talks to the door...

BURKE

Ripley we have to talk. They've lost contact with the colony on LV-426.

The door opens. Ripley considers the ramifications of that. She motions them inside.

22 INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

22

Burke and Gorman are seated, nursing coffees. Ripley paces, very tense.

RIPLEY

No. There's no way!

BURKE

Hear me out...

RIPLEY

I can't believe this. You guys throw me to the wolves...and now you want me to go back out there? Forget it! It's not my problem.

BURKE

Look, we don't know what's going on out there. It may just be a down transmitter. But if it's not, I want you there...as an advisor. That's all.

GORMAN

You wouldn't be going in with the troops. I can guarantee your safety.

BURKE

These Colonial Marines are some tough hombres, and they're packing state-of-the-art firepower. Nothing they can't handle...right, Lieutenant?

GORMAN

We're trained to deal with these kinds of situations.

RIPLEY

(to Burke)

What about you? Why are you going?

BURKE

Well, the corporation co-financed that colony with the Colonial Administration, against mineral rights. We're getting into a lot of terraforming... 'Building Better Worlds.'

RIPLEY

Yeah, yeah. I saw the commercial.

BURKE

I heard you were working in the cargo docks.

RIPLEY

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

Running loaders, forklifts, that sort of thing?

RIPLEY

What about it?

BURKE

Look, I know it's all you could get. It's okay, you gotta stay busy. Nothing wrong with it. But what if I said I could get you reinstated as a flight officer? And that the company has agreed to pick up your contract?

RIPLEY

If I go.

BURKE

If you go. It's a second chance, kiddo. And it'll be the best thing in the world for you to face this fear and beat it. You gotta get back on the horse...

RIPLEY

Spare me, Burke. I've had my psych evaluation this month.

Burke leans close, a let's-cut-the-crap intimacy.

BURKE

Yeah, and I've read it. You wake up every night, sheets soaking, the same nightmare over and over...

RIPLEY

No! The answer is no! Now please go. I'm sorry. Just go, would you.

Burke nods to Gorman who rises with him. He slips a TRANSLUCENT CARD onto the table, and heads for the door.

BURKE

Think about it.

23 EXT. ACHERON LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

23

As the wind HOWLS through tormented rock, BUILDING IN PITCH until we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. APARTMENT

24

Ripley lunges up INTO FRAME with an animal outcry. She clutches her chest, breathing hard. Bathed in sweat she lights a cigarette with trembling hands.

24 CONTINUED:

24

TIGHT ON PHONE CONSOLE: as Ripley's hand inserts Burke's card into a slot. Burke's face, bleary with sleep, appears.

BURKE

Yello? Oh, Ripley. Hi...

RIPLEY

Burke, just tell me one thing. That you're going out there to kill them. Not to study. Not to bring back. Just to burn them out...clean...forever.

BURKE

That's the plan. My word on it.

CLOSEUP - RIPLEY: taking a deep slow breath. It's time to look the demon in the eye.

RIPLEY

All right. I'm in.

She punches off before Burke replies, before she can change her mind. She turns to Jones sitting on the bed and her tone becomes admonishing...

RIPLEY

And you my dear, are staying right here.

Jones blinks, cynical cat-eyes..."count me right out."

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DEEP SPACE - THREE WEEKS LATER

25

An empty starfield. Metal spires slice ACROSS FRAME, followed by a mountain of steel. A massive military transport ship, the SULACO. Ugly, battered...functional.

26

OUT

26

27 INT. CARGO LOCK

27

An enormous chamber, cavernous and dark. Squatting in the shadows are two orbit-to-surface shuttles. DROP-SHIPS.

28

OUT

28

29 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

29

Blackness, until a bank of indicators lights up. Hydraulics lift a grid of equipment from a row of horizontal HYPERSLEEP CYLINDERS. It reaches the ceiling. Locks.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lit up, white and sterile.

The canopies of the row of capsules are raised. Ripley sits up. Rubs her arms briskly. Next to her Gorman and Burke are stirring and beyond them the troopers, wearing shorts and dog tags. They are: MASTER SERGEANT APONE, CORPORAL HICKS, CORPORAL DIETRICH (female), PFC HUDSON, PFC VASQUEZ (female), PRIVATES DRAKE, FROST, WIERZBOWSKI, and CROWE, plus the drop-ship crew: CORPORAL FERRO (female, pilot) and crew-chief PFC SPUNKMEYER. In addition there is EXECUTIVE OFFICER BISHOP who supervises planetary maneuvering. GROANS echo across the chamber.

SPUNKMEYER

Arrgh. I'm getting too old for this shit.

DRAKE

They ain't payin' us enough for this, man.

DIETRICH

Not enough to have to wake up to your face, Drake.

DRAKE

Suck air. Hey, Hicks...you look like I feel.

Hicks just snorts good naturedly. Sergeant Apone moves down the row of freezers.

APONE

Awright, whattya waitin' for, breakfast in bed? Let's go. Let's go.

HUDSON

Man, this floor's freezing.

APONE

Christ. I never saw such a buncha old women. You want me to fetch you your slippers, Hudson?

HUDSON

Would you, Sir?

Ripley steps back as the troopers shuffle past nodding cursory hellos. She feels isolated by the camaraderie of this tight-knit group.

VASQUEZ eyes her coldly as she passes. Her combat-primer was the street in a Los Angeles barrio, and she is tough even by the standards of this group.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

HUDSON

Hey, Vasquez...you ever been mistaken for a man?

VASQUEZ

No. Have you?

She slaps Drake's open palm and it clenches into a greeting which is part contest. Playful but rough. We sense the bond between them.

FROST

I need some slack, man. How come they send us straight back out like this, we got some slack comin', right?

HICKS

You just got three weeks.

FROST

I mean breathing, not this frozen shit.

DIETRICH

Yeah, 'Top'...what about it?

APONE

You know it ain't up to me. Awright! Let's knock off the grabass. First assembly's in fifteen...let's shag it.

31 INT. SHOWERS

31

Through the swirling steam Hudson, Vasquez and Ferro are watching Ripley dry off.

VASQUEZ

Who's the freshmeat again?

FERRO

She's supposed to be some kinda consultant...She saw an alien once.

HUDSON

Whoooah! No shit? I'm impressed.

APONE

Let's go...let's go. Cycle through!

32 INT. MESS HALL

32

An unconscious segregation takes place as the troopers assemble at one long table while Gorman, Burke, and Ripley sit at another. Everybody is nursing a coffee waiting for eggs from the AUTOCHEF, served by Bishop.

HUDSON

Hey, 'Top.' What's the op?

APONE

Rescue mission. There's some juicy colonists' daughters we gotta rescue from virginity.

SPUNKMEYER

Shee-it. Dumbass colonists. What's this crap supposed to be?

FROST

Cornbread, I think. Hey, I wouldn't mind getting me some more a that Arcturan poontang. Remember that time?

HUDSON

Hey, Bishop, man. Do the thing with the knife.

BISHOP

Oh, please. Not again.

FROST

Yeah, do it, Bishop. Go on, man. This is great.

Frost tosses Bishop a K-Bar combat knife and Bishop slaps his palm on the table. He proceeds to stab the point down rapidly between his spread fingers, speeding up until the knife is a blur, as the others cheer. Inhumanly fast and precise.

HICKS

(low)

Looks like that new Lieutenant's too good to eat with us grunts.

FROST

Yeah. Got a corn cob up his ass, definitely.

Across the room, at the other table, Gorman sits with his creases perfect...the consummate strack NCO. Bishop takes a seat beside Ripley. He is sucking on one finger, scowling. He examines the tiny cut closely and to Ripley's horror a trickle of WHITE SYNTHETIC BLOOD runs down his finger. Ripley spins on Burke, her tone accusing.

RIPLEY

You never said anything about an android being here! Why not?

BURKE

Well, it didn't occur to me. It's just policy to have a synthetic on board.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

I prefer the term 'artificial person' myself. Is there a problem?

BURKE

A synthetic malfunctioned on her last trip out. Some deaths were involved.

BISHOP

I'm shocked. Was it an older model?

BURKE

Hyperdyne Systems 120-A/2.

Bishop turns to Ripley, very conciliatory.

BISHOP

Well, that explains it. The A/2's were always a bit twitchy. That couldn't happen now with our behavioral inhibitors. Impossible for me to harm or, by omission of action, allow to be harmed a human being.

(smiling)

More cornbread?

WHAM! Ripley knocks the plate out of his hand, halfway across the room.

RIPLEY

Just stay away from me, Bishop!
You got that straight?

Burke and Gorman exchange glances. Frost, at the next table, shrugs and turns back to the other troopers.

FROST

She don't like the cornbread either.

33 INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

33

TIGHT ON APONE: bellowing.

APONE

Tench-hut!

WIDER ANGLE: as the troops snap-to from their lounging among the racks of high-tech weaponry. Gorman enters with Burke and Ripley.

GORMAN

At ease. I'm sorry we didn't have time to brief before we left Gateway but...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON

Sir?

GORMAN

Yes, Hicks?

HUDSON

Hudson, Sir. He's Hicks.

GORMAN

What's the question?

HUDSON

Is this going to be a stand-up fight, Sir, or another bug-hunt?

GORMAN

All we know is that there's still no contact with the colony and that a xenomorph may be involved.

FROST

A what?

HICKS

It's a bug-hunt.
(louder)
So what are these things?

Gorman nods to Ripley, who stands before the troops.

RIPLEY

I'll tell you what I know. One of our crew members was brought back in with this thing on his face...like a parasite. We tried to get it off. We couldn't, but later it just came off by itself and died. Kane seemed okay. Then we were all having dinner and...it must have laid something inside him...down his throat...we were having dinner, and he just grabbed his chest and, uh...

VASQUEZ

Look, man, I only need to know one thing...where they are.

Vasquez coolly points her finger, cocks her thumb, and blows away an imaginary alien.

DRAKE

Yo! Vasquez. Kick ass!

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

Anytime. Anywhere.

HUDSON

Somebody said alien...she thought they said illegal alien and signed up.

VASQUEZ

Fuck you.

HUDSON

Anytime. Anywhere.

RIPLEY

Are you finished, Hudson? Because you know, none of us here would like to interfere with your love life.

Hudson settles down, smirking. Ripley locks eyes with Vasquez.

RIPLEY

I hope you're right. I really do.

Gorman stands, clearly taking over.

GORMAN

Okay, right. Thanks. We also have Ripley's report on disk, and I suggest you study it. Are there any questions? Hudson?

HUDSON

How do I get out of this chickenshit outfit?

GORMAN

All right! I want this to go smooth and by the numbers. I want DCS and tactical database assimilation by 0830.

(some groans)

Ordnance loading, weapons strip and drop-ship prep details will have seven hours...

34 EXT. SPACE - LV-426

34

They have arrived. From orbit the planet looks serene. The SULACO floats, its MANEUVERING JETS FIRING.

35

OUT

35

36 INT. LOADING BAY - CARGO LOCK

36

TIGHT ON MASSIVE FORKS: sliding into a heavy ordnance rack with an echoing CLANG. PULL BACK, REVEALING two powerful hydraulic arms. Spunkmeyer, seated inside a POWER-LOADER, swings the ordnance up into a belly nacelle of the DROP-SHIP. The loader is a sort of forklift that you wear, a robotic exoskeleton with two legs and two arms, powered by hydraulics.

Spunkmeyer's machine swings out from under the drop-ship and we become aware of the intense activity throughout the cavernous loading bay. Troopers on foot or driving TOW-MOTORS, OVERHEAD LOADING ARMS...all in motion. Hicks checks off items on an electronic manifest.

37 INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

37

Frost, Drake and Vasquez are fieldstripping light weapons with precise movements. Around them, in racks, is an arsenal of advanced personal artillery.

Vasquez swings one of the SMART-GUNS out on a work stand. It is a computer aimed, video targeted automatic weapon.

38 INT. CARGO LOCK

38

A massive APC, ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER, crosses the loading deck, b.g., as Ripley approaches Apone and Hicks, standing near the drop-ship.

RIPLEY

Is there anything I can do?

APONE

I don't know. Is there anything you can do?

RIPLEY

I can drive that loader. I've got a Class Two rating.

Apone turns. A SECOND POWER-LOADER sits unused in an equipment bay. Apone and Hicks exchange a skeptical glance, considering.

TIGHT ON POWER SWITCH: as Ripley's finger punches it on. A RISING WHINE of power. TIGHT ON the hydraulics as the massive machine stirs to life.

FULL, as the loader stands.

Ripley spins the wrist servos. The huge claws swing, open ...slide smoothly into lifting brackets on a cargo module, nearby. She raises it deftly.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38

RIPLEY

Where you want it?

Hicks looks at Apone, cocks an eyebrow appreciatively.

39 INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

39

The troopers are suiting up for the drop. Strapping on their bulky COMBAT-ARMOR.

APONE

Let's move it, boys and girls!

On the ready-line. Let's go, let's go.

40 INT./EXT. APC

40

Ripley double times into the APC with the line of hulking troopers. They take seats and begin strapping in. A KLAXON SOUNDS and the APC drives up a ramp into the drop-ship.

Hudson prowls the aisle, his movements predatory and exaggerated. Ripley watches him working his way toward her.

HUDSON

I am ready, man. Ready to get it on.
 Check-it-out. I am the ultimate badass...
 state of the badass art. You do not
 want to fuck with me. Hey, Ripley, don't
 worry. Me and my squad of ultimate
 badasses will protect you. Check-
 it-out...

He slaps the SERVO-CANNON controls in the GUN BAY above them.

HUDSON

Independently targeting particle-beam
 phalanx. VWAP! Fry half a city
 with this puppy. We got tactical
 smart-missiles, phased-plasma
 pulse-rifles, RPG'S. We got sonic
 eeelectronic ballbreakers, we got
 nukes, we got knives...shark sticks --

Hicks grabs Hudson by his battle harness and pulls him into a seat. His voice is low, but it carries.

HICKS

Save it.

HUDSON

Sure, Hicks.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Ripley nods her thanks to Hicks. MOTORS WHINE and the craft lurches. Burke, next to Ripley, grins eagerly like this is a sport fishing trip.

BURKE

Here we go.

She looks like she's in a gas-chamber waiting for the pellet to drop.

41 EXT. SULACO

41

The drop-ship lowers from the cargo-lock on a massive launch rig. The night side of Acheron yawns below...

42 INT. COCKPIT

42

Ferro and Spunkmeyer run rapidly through the switches.

FERRO

Initiate release sequencer on my mark. Three. Two. One. Mark!

43 EXT. SULACO - DROP-SHIP

43

Hydraulics WHINE. Clamps SLAM BACK. The ship drops.

44 INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

44

Apone, stalking the aisle, snatches for a handhold. Bishop, Burke and Gorman groan at the sudden gees. Ripley closes her eyes...the point of no return.

45 EXT. DROP-SHIP

45

It screams down through the stratosphere, plunging into dark turbulence.

46 INT. COCKPIT

46

Beyond the canopy is gray limbo. The craft shudders and lurches.

FERRO

Switching to DCS ranging.

SPUNKMEYER

Two-four-o. Nominal to profile.
Picking up some hull ionization.

FERRO

Got it. Rough air ahead. Stand by for some chop.

47 INT. HOLD - APC

47

TIGHT ON HICKS: asleep in his seat harness.

TIGHT ON GORMAN: as the ship begins to buck, his eyes closed. Pale. Sweating. He rubs his hands on his knees repeatedly.

RIPLEY

How many drops is this for you,
Lieutenant?

GORMAN

Thirty-eight...simulated.

VASQUEZ

How many combat drops?

GORMAN

Well...two. Including this one.

Vasquez and Drake exchange do-you-believe-this-shit expressions. Ripley looks accusingly at Burke.

48 INT. COCKPIT

n

48

FERRO

Turning on final. Coming around to
a seven-zero-niner. Terminal guidance
locked in. Where's the damn beacon?

49 EXT. DROP-SHIP

49

It emerges from the low cloud ceiling. From the twilight haze ahead the distant colony LANDING BEACONS become VISIBLE.

50 INT. HOLD - APC

50

Stumbling as the ship pitches, Ripley makes her way forward to the MOBILE TACTICAL OPERATIONS BAY (MTOB), a control console lined with monitor screens. She joins Burke watching over Gorman's shoulder as the Lieutenant plays the board like a video director.

TIGHT ON MONITOR CONSOLE: REVEALING screens labelled with the names of the troopers. Two for each soldier. The upper screens show images from the IMAGE-INTENSIFIED VIDEO CAMERAS in their helmets. The lower screens are BIO-MONITORS: EEG, EKG, and other graphic life-function readouts. Other screens show EXTERIOR VIEWS.

GORMAN

Let's see. Everybody on line.
Drake, check your camera. There
seems to be a...

50 CONTINUED:

50

CLOSE ON DRAKE: as he whacks himself on the head with an ammo case. A familiar malfunction.

GORMAN

...that's better. Pan it around a bit.

APONE

Awright. Fire-team A. Gear up. Let's move. Two minutes. Somebody wake up Hicks.

A clatter of activity as they don backpacks and weapons. Vasquez and Drake buckle on their smart-gun body harnesses. Ripley watches the AP station loom on the exterior screens.

RIPLEY

That the atmosphere processor?

BURKE

Yeah. Helluva piece of machinery. Completely automated. We manufacture them, by the way.

51 EXT. SHIP - STATION

51

The tiny ship circles the roaring tower. A metal volcano THUNDERING like the engines on God's Lear jet.

52 INT. HOLD - APC

52

Gorman plays with the controls, zooming the image of the colony.

GORMAN

Hold at forty. Slow circle of the complex.

RIPLEY

The structure seems intact. They have power.

GORMAN

Okay, let's do it.

APONE

Awright! I want a nice clean dispersal this time.

Ripley turns as Vasquez squeezes past her.

VASQUEZ

You staying in here?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

RIPLEY

You bet.

VASQUEZ

(turning away)

Figures.

GORMAN

Okay, Ferro, set down on the landing grid. Immediate dust off on my 'clear,' then stay on station.

APONE

Ten seconds, people. Look sharp!

53 EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

53

The ship roars down, extending the loading ramp. The APC hits the ground a moment later, pulling away from the ship as it leaps up in a cloud of spray and peels off, circling.

The APC pulls to the edge of the complex. The CREW DOOR opens. Troopers hit the ground running. Spread out. They drop behind immediate cover. Apone scans with his image intensifier visor lowered.

APONE'S P.O.V.: through the starlight-scope visor. Bright as a sunny day, though contrasty and lurid, we SEE the colony buildings. Trash blows in the street. No other movement.

GORMAN

(voice over; filtered)

First squad up, on line. Hicks, get yours in a cordon. Watch the rear.

APONE

Vasquez, take point. Let's move.

Sprinting in a skirmish line, Apone's team advances on the colony main entry-lock. Parked tightly across the doors are two heavy-duty tractors. Vasquez reaches one of the tractors, looks inside. The controls are ripped out, as if by a crowbar or axe. She moves on.

54 EXT. COLONY BUILDING

54

Vasquez reaches the main doors, Drake flanking on the right. Apone tries the door controls. Nothing.

APONE

Sealed. Hudson, run a bypass.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Hudson, all business now, moves up and studies the door control panel. He pries off the facing and starts clipping on the bypass wires.

APONE

First squad, assemble on me at the main lock.

The wind roars around the bleak structures. A neon sign creaks overhead. Hudson makes a connection. The door shrieks in its tracks and rumbles aside. It jams partway open. Apone motions Vasquez inside. She eases over the wrecked tractor, through the doors. The others follow.

GORMAN

(voice over; filtered)

Second team, move up. Flanking positions.

55 INT. COLONY - MAIN CONCOURSE

55

DOLLYING SLOWLY FORWARD: following Vasquez and Apone as they move into the broad corridor. A few emergency lights are still on. Farther down, rain drips through blast-holes in the ceiling. Evidence of a fire-fight with pulse-rifles.

ON VASQUEZ: moving forward, her smart-gun cannon swinging slowly in an arc.

56 INT. APC

56

Ripley watches as the bobbing images REVEAL the empty colony buildings.

GORMAN

Quarter and search by twos. Second team move inside. Hicks, take the upper level. Use your motion trackers.

57 INT. MAIN CONCOURSE - SECOND LEVEL

57

Hicks leads his squad up the stairwell to second level. They emerge cautiously. An empty corridor recedes into the dim distance. Hicks unslings a rugged piece of equipment. Aims it down the hall. He adjusts the "gain." It remains silent.

HICKS

Nothing. No movement.

They pass rooms and offices. Through doors they see increasing signs of struggle.

58 INT. APC

58

Ripley et al. watching.

BURKE

Looks like my room in college.

Nobody laughs.

59 INT. SECOND LEVEL

59

Hicks' group passes several burnt-out rooms. There are no bodies. In several offices the exterior windows are blown out, admitting wind and rain. Hicks picks up a half-eaten donut beside a coffee cup overflowing with rainwater.

60 INT. LOWER LEVEL - QUARTERS

60

Apone's men are searching systematically in pairs. They pass through the colonists' modest apartments, little more than cubicles. Hudson, on tracker, flanks Vasquez as they move forward. Hudson touches a splash of color on the wall. Dried blood. His tracker BEEPS.

Vasquez whirls, cannon aimed. The BEEPING grows more frequent as Hudson advances toward a half-open door. The door is splintered part way out of its frame. Holes caused by pulse-rifle rounds pepper the walls. Vasquez eases up to the door. Kicks it in. Tenses to fire.

Inside, dangling from a piece of flex conduit, a junction-box swings like a pendulum in the wind from a broken window. It clacks against the rails of a child's bunk bed as it swings.

61 INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

61

Ripley watches Hicks' monitor.

RIPLEY

Wait! Tell him to...

(plugs in
headset jack)

...Hicks. Back up. Pan left. There!

The image shifts, REVEALING a section of wall corroded almost through in an irregular pattern.

HICKS

(voice over; filtered)

You seeing this okay? Looks melted.

Burke raises an eyebrow at Ripley.

BURKE

Hmm. Acid for blood.

61 CONTINUED:

61

HICKS
 (voice over; filtered)
 Looks like somebody bagged them
 one of Ripley's bad guys here.

62 INT. FIRST LEVEL

62

Hudson is looking up at something.

HUDSON
 Hey, if you like that, you're gonna
 love this...

WIDER: showing the trooper standing beneath a gaping hole.
 Another hole, directly beneath, is at his feet. The acid
 has melted right down through two levels into the
 maintenance level.

APONE
 Second squad? What's your status?

HICKS
 (voice over; filtered)
 Just finished our sweep. Nobody home.

APONE
 (to Gorman)
 The place is dead, Sir. Whatever
 happened, we missed it.

63 INT. APC

63

Gorman turns to the others.

GORMAN
 All right, the area's secured. Let's
 go in and see what their computer can
 tell us.
 (into mike)
 First team head for operations. Hudson,
 see if you can get their CPU on line.
 Hicks, meet me at the south lock...

64 INT. FIRST LEVEL

64

GORMAN
 (voice over)
 ...We're coming in.

HUDSON
 (cupping his mike)
 He's coming in. I feel safer already.

VASQUEZ
 (sotto voce)
 Pendejo jerkoff.

65 EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

65

Frost and Hicks emerge from the south lock just as the APC rolls up close to the entrance. The crew-door slides back. Gorman emerges, followed by Burke and Bishop. Burke looks back to see Ripley stop in the APC doorway, eyeing the ominous colony structure. She meets his eyes. Shakes her head "no." Not ready.

HUDSON

(voice over; filtered)

Sir, the CPU is on-line.

GORMAN

Okay, stand by in operations.

(to those present)

Let's go.

66 INT. APC

66

The crew-door cycles home with a clang. Ripley sits in the dark interior, lit by the tactical displays. The wind howls outside, an incredibly desolate sound. She hugs herself. Alone. Unarmed. She knows she's in a tank, but remembers the acid. Leaps up. Hit's the door switch.

67 EXT. APC - SOUTH LOCK

67

The crew door opens and Ripley emerges. In time to see the lock doors rumbling closed.

RIPLEY

Burke!

The wind snatches her words away. The crew door whines shut behind her. She walks to the exterior lock door-controls and studies them. She punches some unfamiliar buttons. Nothing happens. She looks really nervous, alone in the howling wind. She hits another button. The door motors come to life and she relaxes a little. Glances behind her. **AND SCREAMS!** There's a face right there! Right at her shoulder. She jumps back, gasping for breath.

FROST

Scare you?

RIPLEY

Jesus, Frost.

FROST

Sorry. Hicks said to keep an eye on you.

He gestures for her to precede him inside.

68 INT. CONTROL BLOCK CORRIDOR

68

Ripley catches up with the others as they move into the bowels of the complex.

GORMAN

(to Burke)

Looks like your company can write off its share of this colony.

BURKE

(unconcerned)

It's insured.

ON RIPLEY: as they move along the corridor...reacting to the fact that she is back in alien-country. She sees the ravaged administration complex. Fire-gutted offices. Hicks notices her looking around nervously. He motions to Frost with his eyes and the trooper casually falls in beside her on the other side, rifle at ready. A two-man protective cordon. She glances at Hicks. He winks, but so fast maybe it's something in his eye. Trooper DRAKE emerges from a side corridor ahead.

DRAKE

Sir, you should check this out...

69 INT. CORRIDOR

69

This wing is completely without power. The troopers switch on their pack lights and the beams illuminate a scene of devastation worse than they have seen. Her expression REVEALS that Ripley is about to turn and flee.

DRAKE

Right ahead here...

They approach a barricade blocking the corridor, a hastily-welded wall of pipes, steel-plate, outer-door panels. Acid holes have slashed through floor and walls in several places. The metal is scratched and twisted by hideously powerful forces, peeled back like a soup can on one side. They squeeze through the opening.

70 INT. MED LAB

70

The pack-lights play over the devastation of the colonists' last ditch battle. The equipment of the med labs has been uprooted to add to the barrier.

FROST

Last stand.

GORMAN

No bodies?

(CONTINUED)

DRAKE

No, Sir. Looks like it was a helluva fight.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY: transfixed by something.

RIPLEY

(low)
Over there.

The others turn and approach, seeing what she sees. She has entered a second room, part of the med lab area. In a storage alcove at near eye-level stand seven transparent cylinders. STASIS TUBES.

They seem to contain SEVERED ARTHRITIC HANDS, the palsied fingers curled in a death-rictus.

BURKE

Are these the same...?

Ripley nods, unable to speak. Burke leans closer in fascination, his face almost touching one cylinder...

RIPLEY

Watch it, Burke...

The creature inside lunges suddenly, slamming against the glass. Burke jumps back. From the "palm" of the thing's body emerges a pearlescent TUBULE, which slithers tongue-like over the inside of the glass.

HICKS

(to Burke)
It likes you.

Only two of the creatures seem to pulse with life. Burke taps the other stasis cylinders.

BURKE

These are dead. There's just the two alive.

Bishop takes a file-folder from above one of the live specimens. Inside is a medical chart printout with hand-written entries.

BISHOP

(reading)
Removed surgically before embryo implantation. Subject: Marachuk, John L. Died during procedure.
(looking up)
They killed him getting it off.

(CONTINUED)

HICKS

Poor bastard.

They are startled by a LOUD BEEP. They turn. Hicks is intent on his motion tracker, aimed back toward the shattered barricade. BEEP. BEEP.

HICKS

Behind us.

He gestures at the corridor they just passed through.

RIPLEY

One of us?

GORMAN

Apone...where are your people?
Anybody in D-Block?

APONE

(voice over; filtered)
Negative. We're all in Operations.

Vasquez swings the smart-gun to ready position. She and Hicks head toward the source of the signal, the others following.

71

OUT

71

72

INT. MED LAB

72

Hicks' tracker reads out more rapidly. Ripley reluctantly follows the group.

HICKS

It's moving.

VASQUEZ

Which way?

Hicks nods toward a complicated array of equipment. They move forward, weapons levelled. Frost trips over a metal cannister, sending it CLANGING. Ripley half climbs the wall.

Hicks' tracker beeps rapidly. CRASH. Something moves in the dark, toppling a rack of equipment.

ON VASQUEZ: Pivoting smoothly to fire. In the same instant Hicks' rifle slashes INTO FRAME. Slams Vasquez' barrel upward. A STREAM OF TRACER FIRE rips into the ceiling.

VASQUEZ

You fuck!

Hicks ignores her, moving past and aiming his light under a row of steel cabinets. He gestures to Ripley, who steps forward. Trusting his judgment. She crouches beside him.

RIPLEY'S P.O.V.: lit by Hicks' pack-light...a tiny cowering figure. A very dirty, very terrified NEWT JORDEN. She clutches a plastic food packet in one hand, its top gnawed partway through. In the other hand she grips the HEAD OF A LARGE DOLL, holding it by the hair. Just the head.

RIPLEY

(soothingly)

Come on out. It's all right...

Ripley moves toward her, reaching slowly under the cabinet. The kid bolts like a shot, scuttling along beneath the cabinetry. Ripley scrambles to follow...to keep her in sight. Hicks makes a grab, catching one tiny ankle. He snaps his hand out a moment later.

HICKS

Ow! Shit. Watchit, she bites.

The girl reaches an air duct set in the baseboard, and scrambles inside.

DRAKE

Let her go, man. Who cares?

Ripley dives, squirms into the duct without thinking. Just ahead she sees Newt enter a dark space and slam a steel hatch. Ripley pushes the hatch open before the child can latch it, and crawls in after her.

Newt is backed into a cul-de-sac in the tiny steel chamber. Ripley shines her light around in amazement. It is a NEST. A nest built by a child. Wadded up blankets and pillows line the space, mixed up with a haphazard array of TOYS, STUFFED ANIMALS, DOLLS, CHEAP JEWELRY, COMIC BOOKS, EMPTY FOOD PACKETS, even a battery-operated TAPE PLAYER.

Newt edges along the far wall and dives for the hatch. Ripley grabs her, controlling her in a bear hug. The kid struggles wildly, like a cat at the vet's.

RIPLEY

It's okay, it's okay. It's over...
you're going to be all right now...
it's okay...you're safe...

Newt goes limp, almost catatonic. Her stare vacant, traumatized. We read a dark nightmare world in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

Ripley's light falls on something amidst the debris...a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Newt, dressed up and smiling, a ribbon in her hair. In embossed gold letters underneath it says:

SECOND GRADE CITIZENSHIP AWARD
REBECCA JORDEN

73 INT. OPERATIONS - MANAGER'S OFFICE

73

Newt sits huddled in a chair, arms around her knees. Looking at a point in space.

GORMAN

What's her name again?

DIETRICH

Rebecca.

Gorman kneels in front of her while Dietrich watches the readouts from a BIO-MONITORING CUFF wrapped around Newt's tiny arm.

GORMAN

Now think, Rebecca. Concentrate.
Just start at the beginning...

No response. Ripley enters, carrying a coffee mug.

GORMAN

Where are your parents? You have to try to...

RIPLEY

Gorman! Give it a rest would you.

Gorman stands with a sigh of dismissal.

GORMAN

Total brainlock.

DIETRICH

Physically she's okay. Borderline malnutrition, but I don't think any permanent damage.

She unsnaps the bio-monitoring cuff.

GORMAN

Come on, we're wasting our time.

Gorman and the others exit, leaving only Ripley with Newt. Through the window of the office, out on the main floor of the operations room, we SEE Gorman join Burke and Bishop at a computer terminal.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Ripley kneels beside Newt, brushing the girl's unkempt hair out of her eyes in a gently, maternal fashion.

RIPLEY

Here, try this. A little instant hot chocolate.

She wraps the child's hands around the cup. Raises it to her lips for her. The girl drinks mechanically, spilling down her chin.

RIPLEY

Poor thing. You don't talk much do you? That's okay with me. Most people do a lot of talking and they wind up not saying very much.

She sets the cup down and wipes the child's chin clean.

RIPLEY

Uh oh. I made a clean spot here. Now I've done it. Guess I'll just have to do the whole thing.

She pours water from a squeeze-bottle onto a small cloth and gently washes the little girl's face.

RIPLEY

Hard to believe...there's a little girl under all this. And a pretty one at that.

Newt doesn't seem to know she's there.

74 INT. OPERATIONS

74

The ground teams are gathered around a terminal in the computer center. Hudson has the CPU main computer on-line and reading out.

TIGHT ON MONITOR SCREEN: as an abstract of the main-colony groundplan drifts across the screen. Searching.

Hudson bashes at the keyboard, his fingers dancing expertly.

BURKE

(to Gorman)

What's he scanning for?

GORMAN

PDT's. Personal-Data Transmitters. Every adult colonist has one surgically implanted.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

HUDSON

If they're within twenty clicks
we'll read it out here, but so far
...zip.

75 INT. OFFICE

75

Ripley is washing Newt's tiny hands with a cloth, pink
skin emerging from black grime.

RIPLEY

I don't know how you managed. You're
one brave kid, Rebecca.

Newt's voice is all but inaudible.

NEWT

N-newt.

Ripley leans closer. The single syllable was
incomprehensible.

RIPLEY

What did you say?

NEWT

Newt. My n-name's Newt. Nobody
calls me Rebecca, except my brother.

Ripley grins. She speaks quietly, not wanting to break
the spell.

RIPLEY

All right, Newt. I'm Ripley. Pleased
to meet you. And who is this? Does
she have a name?

Newt glances at the disembodied doll, still clutched in
one filthy hand.

NEWT

Casey.

RIPLEY

Hello Casey. And what about your
brother, what's his name?

NEWT

Timmy.

RIPLEY

Is he around here too? Maybe hiding
like you were?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Newt seems to close up, staring at her knees as if Ripley was not there.

RIPLEY

Who else is there in your family,
Newt? Sisters?

Newt shakes her head "no," barely moving.

RIPLEY

Mom and Dad?

The little girl nods, almost imperceptably.

RIPLEY

Newt...look at me, Newt.
Where are they?

NEWT

Dead! They're dead. All right?
Can I go now?

RIPLEY

Don't you think you'd be safer
here with us?

Newt shakes her head "no" with chilling certainty.

RIPLEY

Newt, these people are here to
protect you. They're soldiers.

NEWT

(distantly)
It won't make any difference.

76 INT. OPERATIONS

76

Everyone jumps as Hudson cries out triumphantly.

HUDSON

Hah! Stop your grinnin' and drop
your linen! Found 'em.

GORDON

Alive?

HUDSON

Unknown. But, it looks like all of
them. Over at the processing station
...sub-level four under the main
cooling towers.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

TIGHT ON SCREEN: showing an amoebalike cluster of flashing blue dots clumped tightly in one area.

HICKS

Looks like a Goddamn town meeting.

GORMAN

Let's saddle up.

APONE

Awright, let's go girls, they ain't payin' us by the hour.

76-A INT. OFFICE

76-

Hicks knocks and enters.

HICKS

We're moving out.

Newt uses the diversion, bolting like a rodent under the furniture, toward the door to a connecting office. Hicks leaps grabbing her arm, and the kid spins to bite him.

RIPLEY

Newt!

Hicks snaps his hand back as Ripley grabs the little girl by the shoulders. Newt stops struggling. Hicks rubs his hand where the child bit him earlier.

HICKS

Hope the kid don't have rabies.

RIPLEY

(to Newt)

Come on.

She leads the little girl out, following Hicks.

77 EXT. ACHERON - TWILIGHT

77

The APC roars across the stygian landscape toward the ATMOSPHERE STATION two kilometers away. Behind it the drop-ship settles to the ground at the colony landing field.

78 INT. APC

78

The troopers sit, more subdued now, swaying and bouncing in the heavily sprung vehicle. Ripley and Newt sit side by side just aft of the driver's cockpit, where Frost is in the saddle.

Ripley's gaze is rivetted to a monitor which the atmosphere station looms ahead.

79 EXT. APC-STATION

79

The vast structure towers above the parked personnel carrier. Deploying in front of the APC, backlit by its lights, the troopers cast long shadows. The base of the station is a depthless maze of conduits and pressure vessels, like an oil refinery.

GORMAN

Forty meters in, bearing two two one there should be a stairwell...

APONE

Check. Got it.

GORMAN

You want sub-level two. Next one down. Then proceed on a one-two-five.

They descend the stairwell into the dark pit of machinery.

80 INT. APC

80

Huddled around the screens are Ripley, Burke and Gorman. Newt squeezes in from behind.

GORMAN

We're not making that out too well. What is it?

HUDSON

(voice over; static)

You tell me, man. I only work here.

81 INT. COMPLEX

81

The group stands before a bizarre tableau. Among the refinerylike lattice of pipes and conduits something new and not of human design has been added.

It is a structure of some sort, extending from and crudely imitating the complex of plumbing, but made of some strange encrusted substance.

82 INT. APC

82

Ripley stares at the scene in dread fascination.

GORMAN

What is it?

RIPLEY

I don't know.

GORMAN

(to team)

Proceed inside.

83 INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

83

They enter the organic labyrinth, playing their lights over the walls, REVEALING a BIO-MECHANICAL LATTICE.

84 INT. APC

84

They watch the various helmet-camera P.O.V's of the wall detail.

RIPLEY

(low)

Oh God...

CLOSE ON VIDEO: as it pans slowly...REVEALING a bas-relief of detritus from the colony: furniture, wiring, human bones, skulls...fused together with a translucent, epoxylike substance.

DIETRICH

(voice over; static)

Looks like some sort of secreted resin.

RIPLEY

Newt, go sit up front. Go on. Now!

BURKE

They've been busy little creatures, haven't they?

85 INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

85

Steam swirls around them as the troopers move deeper inside.

FROST

Hotter'n hell in here.

HUDSON

Yeah...but it's a dry heat.

86 INT. APC

86

Ripley leans forward suddenly, studying the graphic readout of the STATION GROUND PLAN.

RIPLEY

Lieutenant, what do those pulse-rifles fire?

GORMAN

10 mm explosive-tip caseless, the standard light-armor piercing round. Why?

RIPLEY

Well, look where your team is, they're right under the primary heat exchangers.

GORMAN

So?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

So, if they fire their weapons in there, they'll rupture the cooling system.

BURKE

Oh, oh. She's right.

GORMAN

So? So what?

BURKE

Look, this thing's a big fusion reactor, right? We're talking thermonuclear explosion. Adios muchachos.

GORMAN

Oh, great. Wonderful. Shit!
(into mike)

Uh, Apone...look, we can't have any firing in there. I, uh, want you to collect magazines from everybody.

87 INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

87

The troopers look at each other in dismay.

HUDSON

Is he fucking crazy?

FROST

What're we supposed to use, man? Harsh language?

GORMAN

(voice over; static)
Flame-units only. I want rifles slung. Just do it. And no grenades.

APONE

Let's go. Pull 'em out.

He walks among the troopers, collecting the magazines from each one's weapons. He puts them in a rucksack and hands it to Frost to carry.

Frost, Dietrich and Wierzbowski unsling their small flamethrowers. When Apone moves on, Vasquez slips a spare magazine from concealment and inserts it in her weapon. Drake does the same. Hicks hangs back in the shadows. He opens a leather quiver attached to his battle-harness. Slides out an oldstyle PUMP TWELVE-GUAGE with a sawed-off butt stock. Chambers a round.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

HICKS

(low, to Hudson)

I always keep this handy. For close encounters.

APONE

(o.s.)

Let's move. Hicks, back us up.

88 INT. LARGE CHAMBER

88

The air is thick. Lights flare.

GORMAN

(voice over; very faint)

Any movement?

Hudson watches his tracker, scanning.

HUDSON

Nothing. Zip.

Apone stops, his expression changing. They face a wall of living horror. The colonists have been brought here and entombed alive...

COCOONS protrude from the niches and interstices of the structure. The cocoon material is the same translucent epoxy. The bodies are frozen in twisted positions. Rib cages burst outward, exploded from within. Paralyzed, then brought here as hosts for the embryos which grew within them.

Arrayed across the floor are a number of LEATHERY OVOIDS, alien eggs, their tops open like flower petals. Apone shines his light into one. Empty and dry. His beam crosses the floor, finding one of the multi-legged parasites, curled up and shrivelled like a dead spider. Others lie at the feet of the cocooned colonists, graphically illustrating the bizarre life-cycle.

Dietrich moves close to examine one of the figures, perhaps the most "recent." A WOMAN ghost-white and drained. The woman's EYES SNAP OPEN. They seem to plead.

DIETRICH

Sir!

The woman's lips move feebly.

WOMAN

Please...God...kill me.

89 INT. APC

89

Ripley watches the woman, white-knuckled.

90 INT. COCOON CHAMBER

90

The woman begins to convulse. She SCREAMS, a sawing shriek of mindless agony.

APONE
Flamethrower! Move!

Frost hands it to him. Suddenly, the woman's chest EXPLODES in a gout of blood. A SMALL FANGED HEAD EMERGES, HISSING VICIOUSLY. Apone pulls the trigger. Then the other troopers carrying flamethrowers open fire. An orgy of purging fire. The cocoons vanish in the shimmering heat.

A SHRILL SCREECHING begins, like a siren made from fingernails on blackboards. Unseen by the troopers, SHAPES begin to emerge from the walls themselves...glistening bio-mechanoid forms. Visibility drops to zero as smoke fills the chamber.

HUDSON
Movement!

APONE
What's the position?

HUDSON
Can't lock up...

APONE
Talk to me, Hudson.

HUDSON
Uh, multiple signals...they're closing!

APONE
Go to infrared. Look sharp people!

The squad members snap down their image-intensifier visors.

91 INT. APC

91

Gorman is playing with the gain controls on the monitors.

GORMAN
We can't see anything back here,
Apone. What's going on?

Ripley senses it coming, like a wave at night. Dark, terrifying and inevitable.

RIPLEY
Pull your team out, Gorman.

92 INT. COCOON CHAMBER

92

In abstract glimpses we SEE the walls come alive...The troopers move in the smoky grotto, seeing without seeing.

HUDSON

I got readings in front and behind.
Still closing.

FROST

Where, man? I don't see anything.

HUDSON

Look, I'm telling you, something's moving and it ain't us.

DIETRICH

Maybe they don't show up on the infrared at all.

FROST

I say we back on outta here.

Dietrich, standing near a wall of the structure, grips her flamethrower tightly. She doesn't see the nightmarish figure emerge from the wall behind her. It strikes, seizing her. She FIRES, reflexively, wild. The jet of flame ENGULFS FROST, nearby.

Crowe and Wierzbowski turn, horrified, to see the human torch drop his flaming satchel full of pulse-rifle magazines. They run. VOOM! They are catapulted forward by the blast, with Crowe striking a pillar head-on.

93 INT. APC

93

Ripley watches Crowe's monitor spin and go black. Frost's and Dietrich's have turned to static break up. Their bio-readouts go FLAT-LINE.

GORMAN

Jesus Christ! Apone, what's going on?

94 INT. COCOON CHAMBER

94

Vasquez nods to Drake with grim satisfaction.

VASQUEZ

Let's rock.

They OPEN UP simultaneously. Vasquez moves ferret-quick in a pivoting dance. Thunder and lightning. Better than sex for her.

95 INT. APC

95

GORMAN

Who's firing, Goddammit? I ordered
a hold fire!

RIPLEY

GET THEM OUT OF THERE! DO IT NOW!

GORMAN

Shut up! Just shut up! Uh...Apone,
I want you to lay down a suppressing
fire with the incinerators and fall
back by squads to the APC, over.

APONE

(voice over; heavy static)
Say agian? All after incinerators?

GORMAN

I said...

96 INT. COCOON CHAMBER

96

Apone adjusts his headset.

GORMAN

(voice over; static)
...lay down (garbled)...squads to
...(garbled)

Gorman's voice breaks up completely. A SCREAM. Apone
whirls uncertain.

APONE

Dietrich? Crowe? Sound off! Frost?
Frost?

Nothing. Apone spins, isolated in the dense smoke. Can't
see anything. Suddenly, his eyes snap upward and he
raises his flamethrower to fire.

97 INT. APC

97

Apone's monitor whites out as his flamethrower fires, then
SPINS CRAZILY. Sounds of a vicious struggle...then rolling
static.

GORMAN

Apone? Apone?

The battle of phantoms unfolds on the video screens. Ripley
flinches as another scream comes over the open frequency.
Wierzbowski's monitor breaks up. His life-signs plummet.
Voices blend and overlap.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

HUDSON

(voice over; freaked)

The Sarge's gone, man! Let's
get the fuck out of here.

HICKS

(voice over)

Not that tunnel, the other one!

DRAKE

(voice over)

You sure? Watch it...behind you.
Fucking move, will you!

Gorman is ashen. Confused. Gulping for air like a
grouper. How could the situation have unravelled so fast?

GORMAN

I told them to fall back.

RIPLEY

They're cut off! Do something!

But he's gone. Total brain lock.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY: as she struggles with a decision. She's
terrified...of what she knows she's about to do. But more
than that, she's furious. Shouldering past a paralyzed
Gorman she runs up the aisle of the APC.

RIPLEY

Newt, put your seat belt on!

Ripley jumps into the driver's seat of the APC. Takes a
deep breath. Starts slapping switches.

GORMAN

Ripley, what the hell...?

She slams the tractor into gear.

98 EXT. APC

98

As the drive-wheels spin on the wet ground. The massive
machine leaps forward.

99 INT. APC

99

Ripley sees smoke pouring out of the complex ahead as she
slides sideways onto the descending rampway. She slams the
left and right drive-wheel actuators viciously, spinning the
machine in a roaring pivot. Gorman lunges forward along the
aisle, abandoning his command console.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

GORMAN

What are you doing? Turn around!
That's an order!

He claws at her, hysterical. Burke pulls him off.

100 INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

100

The APC roars down into the smoky structure, tearing away outcroppings of alien-encrustation. Ripley hits the floodlights. Strobe-beacon. Siren. She homes on the flash of weapons-fire ahead.

101 INT. COCOON CHAMBER

101

The APC crashes inside, showering debris. Hicks, supporting a limping Hudson, appears out of the smoke. The APC pulls up broadside and Burke gets the crew-door open.

Drake and Vasquez back out of the dense mist, firing as they fall back. Drake goes empty, slaps the buckles cutting loose his smart-gun harness, and unslings a flamethrower he has picked up.

Hicks pushes Hudson inside, leaps in after him and drags Vasquez inside, massive gear and all. She sees a DARK SHAPE lunge toward Drake. She fires one burst, prone. Clean body hit. The flash lights up the inhuman grin, blowing open the thing's thorax. A spray of BRIGHT YELLOW ACID slashes across Drake's face and chest, eating into him like a hot knife through butter. He drops in boiling smoke, reflexively triggering his flamethrower.

The jet of liquid fire arcs around as he falls, engulfing the back half of the APC.

102 INT. APC

102

Vasquez rolls aside as a gout of napalm shoots through the crew-door, setting the interior on fire. Hicks is rolling the door closed when Vasquez lunges, clawing out the opening. He stops her, dragging her inside.

VASQUEZ

He's down! Drake's down!

Hicks screams right in her face.

HICKS

He's gone! Forget it, he's gone!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

VASQUEZ
 (irrational)
 No. No, he's not. He's --

Burke and Hudson help him drag her from the door.

HICKS
 (to Ripley)
 Let's go!

Ripley jams reverse. Nails the throttle. The APC bellows backward up the ramp. Hicks gets the door almost closed. Suddenly CLAWS appear at the edge. The door is being SLOWLY WRENCHED OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDE. Hicks yells at a paralyzed Gorman.

HICKS
 Get on the Goddamn door!

Gorman backs away, eyes wide. Hicks jams his shoulder against the latching lever and frees one hand to raise his 12-gauge. An alien head wedges through the opening, its hideous mouth opening. And Hicks jams his SHOTGUN MUZZLE between its jaws and pulls the trigger! BLAM! The creature is flung backward, its shattered head fountaining acid blood. The spray eats into the door, the deck, hits Hudson on the arm. He shrieks. They slide the door home and dog it tight.

103 EXT. APC

103

The armored vehicle roars backward up the ramp. Slams into a mass of conduit. Tears free.

104- INT./EXT. APC
105104-
105

The shock tears loose a storage rack and Gorman disappears under a pile of equipment. Ripley works the shifters, pivoting the massive machine. Everybody's shouting, trying to put out the fire. Pandemonium.

The APC rips away a section of catwalk and heads for clear air, its flank trailing fire like a comet. Ripley fights the controls as the big machine slews, broadsiding a control room out-building. Office furniture and splintered wall sections are strewn in the APC's wake.

Suddenly, an alien arm arcs down, right in front of Ripley's face. It smashes the windshield. Glistening, hideous jaws lunge inside.

(CONTINUED)

104- CONTINUED:
105

10
10

Ripley recoils. Face to face once again with the same mind-numbing horror. She reacts instinctively. Slams both sets of brakes with all her strength. The huge wheels lock. The creature flips off, landing in the headlights. Ripley hits full throttle. The APC roars forward, smashing over the abomination. Its skeletal body is crushed under the massive wheels. The machine thunders out onto the open landscape and away from the station. A sound like bolts dropped in a meat grinder is coming from the APC's rear end. Hicks eases Ripley's hand back on the throttle lever. Her grip is white knuckled.

HICKS

It's okay...we're clear. We're clear. Ease up.

The grinding clatter becomes deafening even as she slows the machine.

HICKS

Sounds like a blown transaxle. You're just grinding metal.

106 EXT. APC/LANDSCAPE

10

The personnel carrier limps to a halt, a smoking, acid-scarred mass...A HALF-KILOMETER from the station.

107 INT. APC

10

Ripley, still running on the adrenaline dynamo, spins out of her seat into the aisle, looking all around. She spots Newt, wedged into a tiny space between the driver's seat and a bulkhead. She is trembling, and looks terrified, but it's not the basket case catatonia of before.

RIPLEY

You okay?

Newt gives her a THUMPS-UP, wan but stoic. Ripley goes back to the others. Hudson is holding his arm and staring in stunned dismay at nothing, playing it all back in his mind. Burke tries to have a look at his arm. He jerks away.

HUDSON

I'm all right, leave it!

Ripley joins Hicks who is bent over an unconscious Gorman, checking for a pulse. Gorman has a nasty forehead gash.

HICKS

He's alive. Looks like concussion.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

VASQUEZ

He's dead!

She grabs Gorman by the collar, hauling him up roughly, ready to pulp him with her other fist.

VASQUEZ

Wake up pendejo! I'm gonna kill you, you useless fuck!

Hicks pushes her back. Right in her face.

HICKS

Hold it. Hold it. Back off, right now.

Vasquez releases Gorman. His head smacks the deck.

HUDSON

Hey...hey! Look, Wierzbowski and Dietrich aren't dead, man. Their signs are real low but they ain't dead.

They turn to see Hudson at the MTOB monitors, pointing at the bio-function screens.

VASQUEZ

Well I guess we better just go back in and get them.

HUDSON

I ain't going back. Fuck that.

Hudson is pale, his voice panicky.

RIPLEY

You can't help them. Right now they're being cocooned just like those colonists.

HUDSON

Oh, God. Jesus. This ain't happening.

Ripley and Vasquez lock eyes. Ripley doesn't want it to be "I told you so" but Vasquez reads it that way. She turns away with a snap.

108 INT. MED LAB

108

Bishop is hunched over an ocular probe doing a dissection of one of the dead parasites. Spunkmeyer enters with some electronics gear on a hand truck and parks it near Bishop's work table.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

SPUNKMEYER

Need anything else?

Bishop waves "no" without looking up.

109 EXT. COLONY - DROP-SHIP

109

Spunkmeyer emerges, crossing the tarmac to the loading ramp of the ship. As he nears the top of the ramp, his boot slips...skidding on something wet. Kneeling, he touches a small puddle of thick slime. He shrugs, and hits the controls to retract the ramp and close the doors.

110 INT. APC

110

ON VASQUEZ: wired and intense.

VASQUEZ

All right, we got seven canisters of CN-20...we roll them down there and nerve gas the whole nest.

RIPLEY

No good. We don't know if it'll affect them.

HUDSON

Look, let's just bug out and call it even, okay?

RIPLEY

I say we take off and nuke the entire site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

BURKE

Whoah! Hold on a second. This installation has a substantial dollar value attached to it --

RIPLEY

They can bill me. I got a tab running.

BURKE

I know this is an emotional moment, but let's not make snap judgments. This is clearly an important species we're dealing with here. We can't just arbitrarily exterminate them --

RIPLEY

Wrong.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

Yeah. Watch us.

HUDSON

Hey, maybe you haven't been keeping up on current events, but we just got our asses kicked, pal!

BURKE

I'm sorry, I just can't authorize this action.

RIPLEY

I believe Corporal Hicks has authority here.

BURKE

Corporal Hicks!?

RIPLEY

This operation is under military jurisdiction and Hicks is next in chain of command. Right?

HICKS

Looks that way.

Burke starts to lose it and it's not a pretty sight.

BURKE

Look, this is a multimillion dollar installation. He can't make that kind of decision. He's just a grunt!
(glances at Hicks)
No offense.

HICKS

None taken. Ferro, you copying?

FERRO

(voice over; static)
Standing by.

HICKS

Prep for dust-off. We're gonna need an immediate evac.

(to Burke)

I think we'll take off and nuke the site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

He winks. Burke looks like a kid whose toy has been snatched.

111 EXT. DROP-SHIP

111

The ship rises through the spray thrown up by the down blast of the VTOL Jets, hovering above the complex like a huge insect, its searchlights blazing.

112 EXT. APC

112

The group is filing out of the personnel carrier, which is clearly a write-off. Hicks and Hudson have Gorman between them, and the others emerge into the wind. They watch the ship roar in on its final approach.

113 INT. DROP-SHIP COCKPIT

113

Ferro flicks the intercom switch several times. Thumps her headset mike.

FERRO

Spunkmeyer? Goddammit.

The compartment door behind her slides slowly back.

FERRO

(turning)

Where the fu --

Her eyes widen. It's not Spunkmeyer.

An impression of leering jaws which blur forward, then a whirl of motion and a truncated scream. The throttle levers are slammed forward in the melee.

114 EXT. APC - LANDSCAPE - STATION

114

They watch in dismay as the approaching ship dips and VEERS WILDLY. Its main engines ROAR FULL ON and the craft accelerates toward them even as it loses altitude. It skims the ground. Clips a rock formation. The ship slews, sideslipping. It hits a ridge. Tumbles, bursting into flame, breaking up. It arcs into the air, end over end, a Catherine wheel juggernaut.

RIPLEY

Run!

She grabs Newt and sprints for cover as a tumbling section of the ship's massive engine module slams into the APC and it explodes into twisted wreckage. A drop-ship skips again, like a stone, engulfed in flames...AND CRASHES INTO THE STATION. A TREMENDOUS FIREBALL.

The remainder of the ground team watches their hopes of getting off the planet, and most of their superior fire power, reduced to flaming debris. There is a moment of stunned silence, then...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON

(hysterical)

Well that's great! That's just fucking great, man. Now what the fuck are we supposed to do, man? We're in some real pretty shit now!

HICKS

Are you finished?
(to Ripley)
You okay?

She nods. She can't disguise her stricken expression when she looks at Newt, but the little girl seems relatively calm. She shrugs with fatalistic acceptance.

NEWT

I guess we're not leaving, right?

RIPLEY

I'm sorry, Newt.

NEWT

You don't have to be sorry. It wasn't your fault.

HUDSON

(kicking rocks)

Just tell me what the fuck, we're supposed to do now. What're we gonna do now?

BURKE

Maybe we could build a fire and sing songs.

NEWT

We should get back, 'cause it'll be dark soon. They come mostly at night. Mostly.

Ripley follows Newt's look to the AP station looming in the twilight, the burning drop-ship wreckage jammed into its basal structure.

115 EXT. CONTROL BLOCK - NIGHT

115

The wind howls mournfully around the metal buildings, dry and cold.

116 INT. OPERATIONS

116

The weary and demoralized group is gathered to take stock of their grim options. Vasquez and Hudson are just setting down a scorched and dented packing case, one of several

(CONTINUED)

culled from the APC wreckage. Hicks indicates their remaining inventory of weapons, lying on a table.

HICKS

This is all we could salvage. We've got four pulse-rifles, with about fifty rounds each. That ain't so good. About fifteen M-40 grenades and one flame thrower less than half full...one damaged. And we've got four of these robot-sentry units with scanners and display intact.

He opens one of the scorched cases, REVEALING a high-tech servo-actuated machine gun with optical sensing equipment, packed in foam.

RIPLEY

How long after we're declared overdue can we expect a rescue?

HICKS

About seventeen days.

HUDSON

We're not going to make it seventeen hours! Those things are going to come in here, just like they did before, man... they're going to come in here and get us, man, long before...

RIPLEY

She survived longer than that with no weapons and no training.

Ripley indicates Newt, who salutes Hudson smartly.

RIPLEY

So you better just start dealing with it. Just deal with it, Hudson... because we need you and I'm tired of your bullshit. Now get on a terminal and call up some kind of floor plan file. Construction blueprints, I don't care, anything that shows the layout of this place. I want to see air ducts, electrical access tunnels, subbasements. Every possible way into this complex.

Hudson gathers himself, thankful for the direction. Hicks nods approval of her handling of it.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

HUDSON

Aye-firmative. I'm on it.

BISHOP

I'll be in medical. I'd like to continue my analysis.

RIPLEY

Fine. You do that.

117 INT. OPERATIONS

117

Burke, Ripley, Hudson and Hicks are bent over a large HORIZONTAL VIDEO SCREEN, like an illumination chart table. Newt hops from one foot to the other to see.

RIPLEY

This service tunnel is how they're moving back and forth.

HUDSON

Yeah, right, it runs from the processing station right into the sublevel here.

He traces a finger.

RIPLEY

All right. There's a pressure door at this end. The first thing we do is put a remote sentry in the tunnel and seal that door.

HICKS

We gotta figure on them getting into the complex.

RIPLEY

That's right. So we repair the barricades at these intersections...
(pointing)

...and weld plate-steel over these ducts here and here. Then they can only come at us from these two corridors, so we put the other two sentry units here.

Hicks contemplates her game plan and raises his head, satisfied

HICKS

Outstanding. Then all we need's a deck of cards. All right, let's move like we got a purpose.

HUDSON

Aye-firmative.

NEWT

(imitating Hudson)

Aye-firmative.

118 INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - SUBLEVEL

118

A long straight service tunnel, lined with conduit, seems to go on forever. Vasquez and Hudson have finished setting up two of the robot sentry guns on tripods in the tunnel.

VASQUEZ

(shouting)

Testing!

She hurls a wastebasket down the tunnel, into the automatic field of fire. The sentry guns swivel smoothly, the wastebasket bounces once...and is riddled by two quick bursts. They retreat behind a heavy steel FIRE DOOR which they roll closed on its track. Vasquez, using a PORTABLE WELDING TORCH, begins sealing the door to its frame, as Hudson paces nervously.

HUDSON

Hudson here. A and B sentries are in place and keyed. We're sealing the tunnel.

119 INT. SECOND LEVEL CORRIDOR

119

Hicks pauses in his work.

HICKS

(into mike)

Roger.

He and Ripley are covering an air duct opening with a metal plate, welding it in place, showering sparks in the dark corridor. Behind them Burke and Newt are moving back and forth with cartons of food on a hand truck, stacking it inside the operations center. Hicks sets down his welder and removes what looks like a wristwatch from his arm. It is a standard issue LOCATING BEEPER.

HICKS

Here, put this on. Then I can find you anywhere in the complex on this --

He indicates a tiny LOCATOR hooked to his battle harness. He shrugs, a little self-consciously.

HICKS

Just a...precaution. You know.

Ripley pauses for a moment, regarding him quizzically.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

HICKS

Uh, what's next?

She consults a printout of the floor plan.

120 EXT. CONTROL BLOCK

120

The wind has died utterly and in the eerie stillness a diffuse mist has rolled in to shroud the complex. Everything looks underwater. There is no movement.

121 INT. CORRIDOR

121

In the barricaded corridor sentry-guns "C" and "D" sit waiting, their "ARMED" lights flashing green. Through a hole torn in the ceiling at the far end of the corridor the fog swirls in. Water drips. An expectant hush.

122 INT. MED LAB ANNEX/SURGERY

122

Ripley carries an exhausted Newt through the inner connecting rooms of the medical wing. She reaches an OPERATING ROOM which is small but very high-tech...vaultlike metal walls, strange equipment. Several metal cots have been set up, displacing O.R. equipment which is pushed into one corner.

Newt is resting her head on Ripley's shoulder, barely awake ...out of steam. Ripley sets her on one of the cots and Newt lies down.

RIPLEY

Now you just lie here and have a nap.
You're exhausted.

NEWT

I don't want to...I have scary
dreams.

This obviously strikes a chord with Ripley, but she feigns cheerfulness.

RIPLEY

I'll bet Casey doesn't have bad
dreams.

Ripley lifts the doll's head from Newt's tiny fingers and looks inside. It is, of course, empty.

RIPLEY

Nothing bad in here. Maybe you
could just try to be like her.

Ripley closes the doll's eyes and hands her back. Newt rolls her eyes as if to say "don't pull that six-year-old shit on me, lady. I'm seven."

NEWT

Ripley...she doesn't have bad dreams
because she's just a piece of plastic.

RIPLEY

Oh. Sorry, Newt.

She turns, reaching for a PORTABLE SPACE HEATER, sitting nearby, and slides it closer to the bed. She switches it on. It HUMS and emits a cozy orange glow.

NEWT

My mommy always said there were no monsters. No real ones. But there are.

Ripley's expression becomes sober. She brushes damp hair back from the child's pale forehead.

RIPLEY

Yes, there are, aren't there.

NEWT

Why do they tell little kids that?

Newt's voice reveals her deep sense of betrayal.

RIPLEY

Well, some kids can't handle it like you can.

NEWT

Did one of those things grow inside her?

Ripley begins pulling blankets up and tucking them in around her tiny body.

RIPLEY

I don't know, Newt. That's the truth.

NEWT

Isn't that how babies come? I mean people babies...they grow inside you?

RIPLEY

No, it's different, honey.

NEWT

Did you ever have a baby?

RIPLEY

Yes. A little girl.

NEWT

Where is she?

RIPLEY

Gone.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT

You mean dead.

It's more statement than question. Ripley nods slowly.

Ripley unsnaps the TRACER BRACELET given to her by Hicks and puts it on Newt's tiny wrist, cinching it down.

RIPLEY

Here, this is for luck.

She switches off the light and starts to rise. Newt grabs her arm. A plaintive voice in the dark.

NEWT

Don't go! Please.

RIPLEY

I'll be right in the other room.
And look...I can see you on that
camera right up there.

Newt looks at the VIDEO SECURITY CAMERA above the door.

RIPLEY

Newt...I won't leave you, honey.
I mean it. That's a promise.

NEWT

You promise?

RIPLEY

Cross my heart.

NEWT

And hope to die?

Ripley flinches at the innocently grim expression.

RIPLEY

And hope to die.

Newt grabs her in a desperate hug and Ripley returns it slowly, a bit overwhelmed at first, then with fierce emotion. The child's need is so vast, Ripley prays she has made a promise she can keep.

RIPLEY

Now go to sleep...and don't dream.

Ripley EXITS and Newt turns on her side, gazing at the bracelet.

Ripley stands over Lieutenant Gorman, lying motionless on a gurney, his head bandaged. Bishop, crouched over his instruments, is still analyzing the face-hugger specimens. Hudson and Vasquez are nearby, their weapons cradled.

RIPLEY

Okay, now let me get this straight. They grabbed the colonists, took them over there, and immobilized them to be hosts for more of those...

Ripley points at the stasis cylinders containing the facehugger specimens.

RIPLEY

Which would mean lots of those parasites, right? One for each person...over a hundred at least.

BISHOP

Yes. That follows.

RIPLEY

But each one of these things comes from an egg, right? So who lays the eggs?

BISHOP

I don't know yet. It must be something we haven't seen.

HUDSON

Hey, maybe it's like an ant hive.

VASQUEZ

Bees. Bees have hives.

HUDSON

You know what I mean. There's like one female that runs the show.

BISHOP

That's right. The Queen.

HUDSON

Yeah, the momma. And she's badass, man. Big.

Hudson gestures, about an inch long.

VASQUEZ

These things ain't ants.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

123

RIPLEY

I want those specimens destroyed as soon as you're done with them. You understand?

Bishop glances at the creatures, pulsing malevolently in their cylinders.

BISHOP

Mr. Burke gave instructions that they were to be kept alive in stasis for return to the company labs. He was very specific.

Ripley feels the fabric of her self-restraint tearing. She slaps the intercom switch.

RIPLEY

Burke!

24 INT. MED LAB ANNEX

124

In a small observation chamber separated from the med lab by a glass partition, Ripley and Burke have squared off.

RIPLEY

Look, Burke, we had an agreement!

BURKE

I know, I know, but we're dealing with changing scenarios here. This thing is major, Ripley. You gotta go with its energy. Look, you're the representative of the company who discovered this species, your percentage is going to be some serious money. I mean serious.

Ripley stares at him like he's a particularly disagreeable fungus.

RIPLEY

You son of a bitch.

BURKE

Look, those specimens are worth millions to the bio-weapons division. Now, if you're smart we can both come out of this heroes. Set up for life.

RIPLEY

You'll never get a dangerous organism past ICC quarantine.

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

They can't impound it if they don't know about it.

RIPLEY

But they will know about it, Burke. From me. Just like they'll know how you were responsible for the deaths of one hundred and fifty-seven colonists here --

BURKE

Now, wait a second --

RIPLEY

You sent them to that ship. I just checked the coronary log...directive dated six-twelve-seventy-nine. Signed Burke, Carter J.

Ripley's fury is peaking, now that the frustration and rage finally have a target to focus on.

RIPLEY

You sent them out there and you didn't even warn them, Burke. Why didn't you warn them?

BURKE

Look, maybe that ship didn't even exist, right? And if I'd made it a major security situation, the Administration would've stepped in. Then no exclusive rights, nothing.

(shrugs)

It was a bad call, that's all.

Ripley snaps. She slams him against the wall, surprising herself and him.

RIPLEY

Bad call? These people are dead, Burke! Do you have any idea what you've done here?

(she releases him)

Well I'm going to see they nail your hide to the wall...kiddo.

She steps back, shaking, and looks at him with utter loathing, as if the depths of human greed are a far more horrific revelation than any alien.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

124

BURKE

I expecte more of you, Ripley, I
thought you would be smarter than this.

RIPLEY

Happy to disappoint you.

She turns away and strides out. The doors close. Burke
stares after her, his mind a whirl of options.

25 INT. CORRIDOR

125

Ripley is walking toward operations when a STRIDENT ALARM
begins to sound. She breaks into a run.

26 INT. OPERATIONS

126

Ripley double-times it to Hicks' TACTICAL CONSOLE where
Hudson and Vasquez have already gathered. Hicks slaps
a switch, killing the alarm.

HICKS

They're coming. They're in the tunnel.

The TRILLING of the motion sensor remains, speeding up.
TWO RED LIGHTS on the tactical display light up
simultaneously with an echoing crash of gunfire which
vibrates the floor.

HICKS

Guns A and B. Tracking and firing
on multiple targets.

The RSS guns pound away, echoing through the complex. Their
separate bursts overlap in an irregular rhythm. A counter
on the display counts down the number of rounds fired.

HUDSON

They must be wall to wall in there.
Look at those ammo counters go. It's
a shooting gallery down there.

127 INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - TIGHT ON THE RSS GUN

127

Blasting stroboscopically in the tunnels. Their barrels
are overheating, glowing cherry red. One CLICKS empty
and sits smoking, still swiveling to track targets it
can't fire upon.

128 INT. OPERATIONS

128

The digital counter on B-gun reads zero.

HICKS

B-gun's dry. Twenty on A. Ten.
Five. That's it.

(CONTINUED)

:8 CONTINUED:

128

SILENCE. Then a GONGLIKE BOOMING echoes eerily up from sub-level.

RIPLEY

They're at the pressure door.

The BOOMING INCREASES in volume and ferocity.

HUDSON

Man, listen to that.

Mixed with the echoing crash-clang is a nerve-wracking SCREECH of claws on steel. The intercom buzzes, startling them.

BISHOP

(voice over)

Bishop here. I'm afraid I have some bad news.

HUDSON

Well, that's a switch.

29 INT. OPERATIONS - MINUTES LATER

129

Everyone, including Bishop, is crowded at the window, intently watching the AP station which is a dim silhouette in the mist. Suddenly a column of flame, like an acetylene torch, jets upward from the complex at the base of the cone.

BISHOP

That's it. Emergency venting.

HICKS

How long until it blows?

BISHOP

Four hours. The blast radius will be about thirty kilometers. About equal to twenty megatons.

HICKS

We got problems.

HUDSON

I don't fucking believe this. Do you believe this?

RIPLEY

Why can't we shut it down from here?

BISHOP

I'm sorry. The crash did too much damage. The overload is inevitable, at this point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

129

HUDSON

Oh, man. And I was gettin' short,
too! Four more weeks and out. Now
I'm gonna buy it on this fuckin' rock.
It ain't half fair, man!

VASQUEZ

Hudson, give us a break.

They watch as another gas jet lights up the fog-shrouded
landscape. Ripley turns to Hicks.

RIPLEY

We need the other drop-ship from the
Sulaco. Can we bring it down on
remote, somehow?

HUDSON

How? The transmitter was on the
APC. It's wasted.

RIPLEY

I don't care how! Think of a way.
Think of something.

HUDSON

Think of what? We're fucked.

RIPLEY

What about the colony transmitter?
That up-link tower down at the
other end. Why can't we use that?

BISHOP

No, I checked. The hardwiring between
here and there was damaged. We can't
align the dish.

Ripley is wound up like a dynamo, her mind spinning out
options, grim solutions.

RIPLEY

Well then somebody's just going to
have to go out there. Take a
portable terminal and go out there
and patch in manually.

HUDSON

Oh, right! Right! With those things
running around. No way.

BISHOP

(quietly)

I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

129

RIPLEY

What?

BISHOP

Well, I'm really the only one qualified to remote-pilot the ship anyway.

HUDSON

Yeah, right. Bishop should go. Good idea.

BISHOP

Believe me, I'd prefer not to. I may be synthetic but I'm not stupid.

RIPLEY

All right. Let's get on it. What'll you need?

VASQUEZ

Listen. It's stopped.

They listen. Nothing. An instant later comes the HIGH-PITCHED TRILLING of a motion-sensor alarm. Hicks looks at the tactical board.

HICKS

Well, they're into the complex.

30 INT. MED LAB

130

One of the acid holes from the colonists' seige has yielded access to sub-floor conduits. Bishop, lying in the opening, reaches up to grasp the portable terminal as Ripley hands it down to him. He pushes it into the constricted shaft ahead of him. She then hands him a small satchel containing tools and assorted patch cables, a service pistol and a small cutting torch.

RIPLEY

How long?

BISHOP

Let's see, this duct runs almost to the up-link assembly. One hundred eighty meters. Say, forty minutes to crawl down there. One hour to patch in and align the antenna. Thirty minutes to prep the ship, then about fifty minutes flight time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

130

Ripley looks at her watch.

RIPLEY

It's going to be close. Okay, get going.

BISHOP

(cheerfully)

See you soon.

He squirms into the shaft, pushing the equipment along ahead of him with a scraping rhythm. Vasquez slides a metal plate over the hole and begins spot-welding it in place.

INT. CONDUIT

131

Bishop looks back as the welder seals him in. He sighs fatalistically and squirms forward. Ahead of him the conduit dwindles straight to seeming infinity.

INT. MED LAB

132

Ripley jumps as an ALARM suddenly blares through the complex.

HICKS

(voice over)

They're in the approach corridors.

RIPLEY

On my way.

Ripley jumps up, unslinging a FLAMETHROWER from her shoulder in one motion, and sprints for Operations with Vasquez. The sound of SENTRY GUNS opening up in staccato bursts echoes from close by.

3 INT. OPERATIONS

133

Ripley runs to the tactical console where Hicks is mesmerized by the images from the surveillance cameras. The flashes of the sentry-guns flare-out the sensitive video, but impressions of figures moving in the smoky corridor are occasionally visible. The robot-sentries hammer away, driving streamers of tracer fire into the swirling mist.

HICKS

Twenty meters and closing. Fifteen.
C and D guns down about fifty percent.

The digital readouts whirl through descending numbers. An inhuman SHRILL SCREECHING is audible between bursts of fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

133

RIPLEY

How many?

HICKS

Can't tell. Lots. D gun's down
to twenty. Ten. It's out.

Then the firing from the remaining gun stops abruptly. The video image is a swirling wall of smoke. There are black and twisted shapes scattered at the edge of visibility. However, nothing emerges from the wall of smoke. The motion-sensor TONE shuts off.

RIPLEY

They retreated. The guns stopped them.

The moment stretches. Everyone exhales slowly.

HICKS

Yeah. But look...

The digital counters for the two sentry guns read "0" and "10" respectively. Less than a second's worth of firing.

HICKS

Next time they can walk right up
and knock.

RIPLEY

But they don't know that. They're
probably looking for other ways to
get in. That'll take them awhile.

HUDSON

Maybe we got 'em demoralized.

HICKS

(to Vasquez and Hudson)

I want you two walking the perimeter.
I know we're all in strung-out shape
but stay frosty and alert. We've
got to stop any entries before they
get out of hand.

The two troopers nod and head for the corridor. Ripley sighs and picks up a cup of cold coffee, draining it in one gulp.

HICKS

How long since you slept?
Twenty-four hours?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Ripley shrugs. She seems soul-weary, drained by the nerve-wracking tension. When she answers, her voice seems distant, detached.

RIPLEY

(grimly)

They'll get us.

HICKS

Maybe. Maybe not.

RIPLEY

Hicks, I'm not going to wind up like those others. You'll take care of it won't you, if it comes to that?

HICKS

If it comes to that, I'll do us both. Let's see that it doesn't. Here, I'd like to introduce you to a close personal friend of mine.

He picks up his pulse-rifle, snaps open the bolt, drops out the magazine and hands it to her.

HICKS

M-41A 10mm pulse-rifle, over and under with a 30mm pump-action grenade launcher.

Ripley hefts the weapon. It is heavy and awkward.

RIPLEY

Okay. What do I do?

134 INT. CONDUIT

134

Bishop is in claustrophobic limbo between two echoing infinities. He approaches an irregular hole which admits a tiny shaft of light. He puts his eyes up to the acid-etched opening.

HIS P.O.V.: as drooling jaws flash toward us, SLAMMING against the steel with a vicious scraping SNAP.

Bishop flattens himself away from the opening and inches along, looking pale and strained. He glances at his watch.

135 INT. OPERATIONS

135

Ripley has the stock of the M-41A snugged up to her cheek and is awkwardly trying to keep up with Hicks' instructions.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

HICKS

Just pull it in real tight. It will kick some. When the counter here reads zero, hit this...Just let it drop right out. Get the other one in quick. Just slap it in hard, it likes abuse. Now, pull the bolt. You're ready again.

Ripley repeats the action, not very smoothly. Her hands are trembling. She indicates a stout TUBE underneath the slender pulse-rifle barrel.

RIPLEY

What's this?

HICKS

Well, that's the grenade launcher... you probably don't want to mess with that.

RIPLEY

Look, you started this. Now show me everything. I can handle myself.

HICKS

Yeah. I've noticed.

136 INT. CORRIDOR

136

DOLLYING WITH Ripley walking down the corridor, now carrying her newfound friend, the M-41A. Gorman steps out of the door to the med lab, looking weak but sound. Burke is right behind him.

RIPLEY

How do you feel?

GORMAN

All right, I guess. One hell of a hangover. Look, Ripley...I...

RIPLEY

Forget it.

She shoulders by him into the med lab. Gorman turns to see Vasquez staring at him with cold, slitted eyes.

137 INT. MED LAB - ANNEX'

137

Ripley crosses the deserted lab, passing through the annex to the small O.R. where she left Newt.

8 INT. SURGERY

138

Entering the darkened chamber, Ripley looks around. Newt is nowhere to be seen. On a hunch she kneels down and peers under the bed. Newt is curled up there, jammed as far back as she can get, fast asleep. Still clutching "Casey."

Ripley stares at Newt's tiny face, so angelic despite the demons that have chased her through her dreams and the reality between dreams. Ripley lays the rifle on top of the cot and crawls carefully underneath. Without waking the little girl, she slips her arms around her. Newt cries out, a vague inarticulate plea. Ripley rocks her gently.

RIPLEY

There, there. Ssshh. It's all right.

39 EXT. UPLINK TOWER - VIEW OF AP-STATION

139

A VIEW OF the processing station from the colony landing field.

PAN ONTO Bishop f.g., hunched against the wind at the base of the telemetry tower. He has a TEST-BAY PANEL open and the portable terminal patched in. His jacket is draped over the keyboard and monitor unit to protect it from the elements and he is typing frenetically.

BISHOP

Now, if I did it right...

He punches a key marked "ENABLE."

40 INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT

140

The drop-bay is empty and silent, with the remaining ship brooding in the shadows. A KLAXON sounds and rotating clearance lights come on. Hydraulics whine to life. Drop-ship two moves out on its overhead track and is lowered into the drop-bay for launch-prep. Service booms and fueling couplers move in automatically around the hull.

41 INT. SURGERY

141

TIGHT ON Ripley as she awakens with a start. She checks her watch...an hour has passed. She sees something and FREEZES. Across the room, just inside the door to the med lab, are TWO STASIS CYLINDERS. Their tops are hinged open, and the suspension fields are switched off. They are both EMPTY. Ripley realizes the inescapable certainty of a lethal presence.

RIPLEY

(whispers)

Newt. Newt, wake up.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT

Wha...? Where are...?

RIPLEY

Sssh. Don't move. We're in trouble.

Newt nods, now wide awake. They listen in the darkness for the slightest betrayal of movement. Ripley reaches up and, clutching the springs of the underside of the cot, begins to inch it away from the wall.

When the space is wide enough she cautiously slides herself up between the wall and the edge of the cot, reaching for the rifle she left lying on top of the mattress. Her eyes clear the edge of the bed. The rifle is GONE.

She snaps her head around. A SCUTTLING SHAPE LEAPS TOWARD HER. She ducks. The obscene thing hits the wall above her. Reflexively she slams the bed against the wall, pinning the creature inches above her face. Its legs and tail writhe with incredible ferocity.

Ripley heaves Newt across the polished floor and in a frenzied scramble rolls from beneath the cot. She flips it over, trapping the creature underneath.

They back away, gasping. The creature scuttles from beneath the bed and disappears under a bank of cabinets in a blur. Ripley hugs Newt close and heads toward the door, moving as if every object in the room had a million volts running through it. She reaches the door. Hits the wall switch. Nothing happens. Disabled from outside. She tries the lights. Nothing. She pounds on the door. The accoustically dampened door panel thunks dully. She moves to the observation window.

RIPLEY

(shouting)

Hey...hey!

She pounds the window. Through the double thickness window we can SEE that the lab is dark and empty. Ripley whirls, hearing a loathsome scrabbling behind her. Newt starts to whimper, feeding off her fear. She steps in front of the video surveillance camera and waves her arms in a circle.

RIPLEY

Hicks! Hicks!

142 INT. OPERATIONS

143

TIGHT ON THE VIDEO MONITOR SHOWING Ripley waving her arms. There is no sound, a surreal pantomime. A hand ENTERS FRAME and switches off the monitor. Ripley's image vanishes.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

142

WIDER: as Burke straightens casually from the console. Hicks is talking via headset with Bishop and hasn't noticed Ripley's plight or Burke's action.

HICKS

(into mike)

Roger. Check back when you've activated the launch cycle.

(turning)

He's at the up-link tower.

BURKE

(calmly)

Excellent.

43 INT. SURGERY

143

Ripley picks up a steel chair and slams it against the observation window. It bounces back from the high-impact material.

Ripley turns, studying the room. Newt starts a thin, high wailing.

Ripley steadies herself, realizing Newt's terror and the child's dependence on her. She gets an idea. Removes her lighter from a jacket pocket and picks up some papers from the counter. Moving cautiously she boosts Newt up onto the SURGICAL TABLE in the center of the room and clambers up after her.

NEWT

Ripley...I'm scared.

RIPLEY

I know, honey. Me too.

Ripley lights the papers and holds the flaming mass under the temperature-sensor of a fire-control system SPRINKLER HEAD. It triggers, spraying the room from several sources with water. An ALARM sounds throughout the complex.

144 INT. OPERATIONS

144

Hicks jumps at the sound of the alarm, finally identifying its source among the lights flashing on his board. He bolts for the door, yelling into his headset as he moves.

HICKS

Vasquez, Hudson, meet me in Medical! We got a fire!

Ripley and Newt are drenched as the sprinklers continue to drizzle in the darkness. She is eye-level with a complex surgical MULTILIGHT. She looks into its tangle of arms and cables, inches away. Looks away. Her eyes snap back. SOMETHING LEAPS AT HER FACE. She SCREAMS and topples off the table, splashing to the floor. Newt shrieks and scrambles away as Ripley hurls the CHITTERING creature off of her. It slams against a wall of cabinets, clings for a moment, then leaps back as if driven by a steel spring. Ripley scrambles desperately, pulling equipment over on top of herself, clawing across the floor in a frenzy of motion.

The creature scuttles up her body. She tears at it, but it is incredibly powerful for its size. It moves like lightning toward her head, avoiding her fumbling hands. Newt screams abjectly, backing away, until she is pressed up against a desk in one corner. Ripley has both hands up, forcing the pulsing body back from her face. The thing's tail whips around her throat and begins to tighten, forcing the underside of its body close to her. Ripley thrashes about, knocking over equipment, sending instruments CLATTERING.

ANGLE ON NEWT: as crablike legs appear from behind the desk, right behind her. She sees it and, thinking fast, jams the desk against the wall, pinning the writhing thing. The desk jumps and shudders against all the pressure her tiny body can bring to bear on it. She wails between gritted teeth as the second creature gets one leg free, then another and another.

The legs of the chittering thing claw at Ripley's head, getting a surer grip even as she whips her head from side to side. The obscene TUBULE extrudes wetly from the sheath on the creature's underside, forcing itself between the arms she has crossed tightly over her face.

A figure appears at the observation window, a silhouette behind the misted-over glass. A hand wipes a clear spot. Hicks' eyes appear. He steps back. WHAM! A burst of pulse-fire shatters the tempered glass. Hicks dives into the crazed spiderweb pattern and explodes into the room. He hits rolling, and slides across to Ripley. He gets his fingers around the thrashing legs of the vicious beast and pulls. Between the two of them they force it away from her face, though Ripley is losing strength as the tail tightens sickeningly around her throat. Hudson leaps into the room, flings Newt away from the desk to go skidding across the wet floor, and blasts the second creature against the wall. Point-blank. Acid and smoke.

Gorman appears at Ripley's side and grabs the tail, unwinding its writhing length like a boa constrictor coil from her throat. All of them grip the struggling, SHRIEKING creature.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

145

HICKS

The corner! Ready?

HUDSON

Do it!

Hicks hurls the thing into the corner. It scrabbles upright in an instant and leaps back toward them. WHAM! Hudson gets it clean. Ripley collapses, gagging. The alarm and sprinklers shut off automatically. Hicks sees the stasis cylinders.

RIPLEY

(coughing)

Burke...it was Burke.

146 INT. OPERATIONS

146

ANGLE ON HUDSON: looking decidedly stressed-out. He grips his rifle tightly, AIMED RIGHT AT CAMERA.

HUDSON

I say we grease this ratfuck
son of a bitch right now!

THE GROUP is gathered around Burke who sits in a chair, maintaining an icy calm although beads of sweat betray intense concealed tension.

HICKS

(pacing)

I don't get it. It doesn't
make any Goddamn sense.

RIPLEY

He figured he could get an alien
back through quarantine if one of
us was impregnated...whatever you
call it...then frozen for the trip
back. Nobody would know about the
embryos we were carrying. Me and
Newt.

HICKS

Wait a minute. We'd know about it.

RIPLEY

The only way it would work is if
he sabotaged certain freezers on the
ship. Then he could jettison the
bodies and make up any story he liked.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON

Fuuuck! He's dead.
 (to Burke)
 You're dog meat, pal.

BURKE

This is total paranoid delusion.
 It's pitiful.

RIPLEY

You know, Burke, I don't know which
 species is worse. You don't see them
 screwing each other over for a fucking
 percentage.

HICKS

Let's waste him.
 (to Burke)
 No offense.

Ripley shakes her head. The rage giving way to a sickened
 emptiness.

RIPLEY

Just find someplace to lock him
 up until it's time to --

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Everyone stops in the sudden darkness,
 realizing instinctively it is a new escalation in the
 struggle. Hicks looks at the board. Everything is out.
 Doors. Video screens.

RIPLEY

They cut the power.

HUDSON

What do you mean, they cut the
 power? How could they cut the
 power, man? They're animals.

Ripley picks up her rifle and thumbs off the safety.

RIPLEY

Newt! Stay close.
 (to the others)
 Let's get some trackers going.
 Come on, get moving. Gorman, watch
 Burke.

Hudson and Vasquez pick up their scanners and move to the
 door. Vasquez has to slide it open manually on its track.

7 INT. CORRIDOR

147

The two troopers separate and move rapidly to the barriers at opposite ends of the control block.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

Anything?

BEEP. Hudson's tracker lights up, a faint signal.

HUDSON

There's something.

He pans it around. Back down the corridor. It beeps again, louder.

HUDSON

It's inside the complex.

VASQUEZ

(voice over)

You're just reading me.

HUDSON

No. No! It ain't you. They're inside. Inside the perimeter. They're in here.

RIPLEY

Hudson, stay cool. Vasquez?

ANGLE ON VASQUEZ: swinging her tracker and rifle together. She aims it behind her. BEEP.

VASQUEZ

(cool)

Hudson may be right.

.48 INT. OPERATIONS

148

Ripley and Hicks share a look..."here we go."

HICKS

(low)

It's game time.

RIPLEY

Get back here, both of you. Fall back to operations.

149 INT. CORRIDOR

149

Hudson backtracks nervously, peering all around. He looks stretched to the limit.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON

This signal's weird...must be some interference or something. There's movement all over the place...

RIPLEY

(voice over)

Just get back here!

Hudson reaches the door to operations at a run, a moment before Vasquez. They pull the door shut and lock it.

50 INT. OPERATIONS

150

Hudson joins Ripley and Hicks, who are laying out their armament. Flamethrower. Grenades. M-41A magazines.

Hudson's tracker beeps. Then again. The tone continues through the SCENE, its rhythm increasing.

HUDSON

Movement! Signal's clean.
Range twenty meters.

RIPLEY

(to Vasquez)

Seal the door. Move fast.

Vasquez picks up a hand-welder and moves to comply.

HUDSON

Seventeen meters.

HICKS

Definitely inside the barricade.

Sparks shower around Vasquez as she begins welding the door.

RIPLEY

They found a way in, something we missed.

HICKS

We didn't miss anything.

HUDSON

Fifteen meters.

RIPLEY

Something under the floors, not on the plans. I don't know!

She picks up Vasquez's scanner and aims it the same direction as Hudson's.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON

Twelve meters. Man, this is a big fucking signal. Ten meters.

HICKS

They're right on us.

RIPLEY

Vasquez, how you doing?

Vasquez is heedlessly showering herself with molten metal as she welds the door shut. Working like a demon.

HUDSON

Nine meters. Eight.

RIPLEY

Can't be. That's inside the room!

HUDSON

It's readin' right. Look!

Ripley fiddles with her tracker, adjusting the tuning.

HICKS

Well you're not reading it right!

HUDSON

Six meters. Five. What the fu --

He looks at Ripley. It dawns on both of them at the same time. She feels a cold premonitory dread as she angles her tracker upward to the ceiling, almost overhead. The tone gets louder. Hicks climbs onto a file cabinet and raises a panel of the accoustic drop-ceiling. He shines his light inside.

151 HICKS' P.O.V.

151

A soul-wrenching nightmare image. Moving in the beam of his light are alien warriors. They are crawling like bats, upside-down, clinging to the pipes and beams of the structural ceiling. The inner sanctum is utterly violated. Hicks' P.O.V. SPINS, REVEALING a LUNGING SHAPE, coming straight at him from behind.

152 INT. OPERATIONS

152

Hicks falls into the room, firing, just as the creatures detach en-masse from the handholds. THE CEILING EXPLODES, raining debris. Nightmare shapes drop into the room. Newt screams. Hudson opens fire. Vasquez grabs Hicks, pulls him up, firing one handed with her flamethrower. Ripley scoops up Newt and staggers back. Gorman turns to fire and

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

152

Burke bolts for the only remaining exit, the corridor connecting to the med lab. In the strobelike glare of the pulse-rifles we SEE flashes of aliens, moving forward in the smoke from the flamethrower fires.

RIPLEY

Medical! Get to medical!

53 INT. MED LAB CORRIDOR

153

DOLLYING BEHIND her as she sprints. Ahead of her Burke clears the door to the med lab. HE SLIDES IT CLOSED. Ripley slams into the door. Hears it LOCK from the far side.

RIPLEY

Burke! Open the door!

NEWT

Look!

Behind her a warrior is moving down the corridor like a locomotive. Shaking, Ripley raises her rifle. She squeezes the trigger. NOTHING HAPPENS. Ripley checks the SAFETY. The safety is off. The DIGITAL COUNTER. The magazine is full. Newt begins to wail. The thing is almost on Ripley, filling the corridor, when she remembers. She snaps the bolt back, chambering a round. Whips the stock to her shoulder. FIRES. FLASH-CRACK! A FLASHBULB GLIMPSE of shrieking jaws as the silhouette is hurled back, screeching insanely.

54 INT. OPERATIONS

154

The fire-control system has tripped, with sprinklers spraying the room and a mindless SIREN wailing. Total pandemonium.

HUDSON

Let's go! Let's go!

HICKS

Fuckin' A!

Hudson screams as floor panels lift under him, and clawed arms seize him lightning fast, dragging him down. Another skeletal shape leaps on him from above. He disappears into the subfloor crawlway. Hicks, Vasquez and Gorman make it to the med lab access corridor.

155 INT. CORRIDOR

155

The troopers seem to materialize out of the smoke.

HICKS

Hold your fire!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

155

RIPLEY
(indicating door)
It's locked.

HICKS
Stand back.

Hicks snaps the torch off his belt and cuts into the lock. Inhuman shapes enter the far end of the corridor. Vasquez hands her flamethrower to Gorman and unslings her rifle. She starts loading 30mm grenades into the launcher, like oversized 12-gauge shells. Hicks kicks the door in, molten droplets flying.

6 INT. MED LAB ANNEX

156

They enter a small cubicle, Vasquez trailing. She slides the door almost closed, then fires three grenades rapid-fire through the gap. She slams the door home as the grenades detonate, the explosion sounding gonglike through the metal.

Ripley sprints across the room, trying the far door. Burke has locked it as well. Hicks switches his hand-torch from CUT to WELD and starts sealing the door they just passed through.

7 INT. MED LAB

157

Burke, hyperventilating with terror, backs across the dark chamber. Gasping, almost paralyzed with fear, he crosses to the door leading to the main concourse. His fingers reach for the latch. It moves by itself. The door opens slowly.

ON BURKE: his eyes wide, transfixed by his fate.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MED LAB ANNEX

158

The door dimples with a clanging impact, separating slightly from its frame. Another crash, the squeal of tortured steel. Newt grabs Ripley by the hand and tugs her across the room.

NEWT
Come on! This way.

She leads Ripley to an air vent set low in the wall and expertly unlatches the grille, swinging it open. Newt starts inside but Ripley pulls her back.

RIPLEY
Stay behind me.

(CONTINUED)

Ripley trades her rifle for Gorman's flamethrower before he can protest and enters the air shaft, which is a tight fit. Newt scrambles in behind, followed by Hicks, Gorman and Vasquez on rearguard. Glancing back fearfully Newt pushes on Ripley's butt as they crawl rapidly through the shaft.

NEWT

Come on. Crawl faster.

RIPLEY

Do you know how to get to the landing field from here?

NEWT

Sure. Go left.

Ripley turns into a larger MAIN DUCT where there is enough room to crab-walk in a low crouch. She runs, scraping her back on the ceiling. The troopers' armor clatters in the confined space. They approach an intersection. She fires the flamethrower around the corner, then looks. Clear.

NEWT

Go right.

They sprint into the narrow connecting duct, the maze becoming a blur. Ripley fires the flamethrower periodically, as they pass side ducts covered by louvered grilles or vertical shafts going to higher or lower levels.

HICKS

(into headset)

Bishop, you read me? Come in, over.

There is a long pause then Bishop's VOICE, almost unintelligible with interference, comes over the radio.

BISHOP

(voice over; static)

Yes, I read you. Not very well...

159 EXT. UP-LINK RELAY - LANDING FIELD

159

Bishop is huddled against the base of the telemetry mast, out of the wind which is now gusting viciously.

BISHOP

(yelling; over enunciating)

The ship is on its way. ETA about sixteen minutes. I've got my hands full flying...the weather's come up a bit.

(CONTINUED)

) CONTINUED:

159

Bishop's fingers are blurring over the terminal keys. In the b.g. the station has become a raging demon, wreathed in boiling steam and electrical discharges.

) INT. AIR DUCT

160

HICKS

All right, stand by there. We're on our way. Over.

The beam of Ripley's light wavers hypnotically in the tunnel ahead. She blinks, seeing something...not sure. A GLINTING OBSCENE FORM MOVING TOWARD THEM, filling the tunnel at the absolute limit of the light's power.

RIPLEY

Back. Go back!

They try to crawl back, jamming together. Behind them, the way they have come, a GRATING is battered in with a FEROCIOUS CLANG and the deadly silhouette of a warrior flows into the duct. They are trapped. Vasquez opens fire with her pulse rifle. Hicks snaps out his hand-welder and cuts into the wall of the duct. Vasquez goes empty and reloads with icy precision. Bracing his back, Hicks kicks hard at the cherry-hot metal. It bends aside.

Beyond is a narrow SERVICE WAY, lined with pipes and conduit. Hicks slides through the searing hole, lifting Newt safely through as Ripley hands her out. Ripley follows and turns to help Gorman. Vasquez' pulse gun runs empty. She draws her SERVICE PISTOL. Suddenly she looks up as a WARRIOR SCREECHES DOWN FROM A VERTICAL SHAFT, right above her.

She fires with incredible rapidity...BAM! BAM! BAM! Rolls aside. It lands on her legs and she snaps her head to one side just its TAIL-STINGER buries into the metal wall beside her cheek. She fires again, emptying the pistol, kicking the thrashing shape away.

Acid cuts through her armor, searing into her thigh. She grits her teeth against the white-hot pain. Gorman sees Vasquez hit, unable to move. Sees the creatures coming the other way...and turns away from the escape hole. He crawls back to her, grabs her battle harness and starts dragging her toward safety. Too late. They are cut off. Vasquez sees him, barely conscious.

VASQUEZ

You always were an asshole, Gorman.

She seizes his hand in a deathly grip, but we recognize it as the "power greeting" she shared with Drake...something for the chosen few. Gorman returns the grip. He hands her two grenades and arms two himself.

INT. SERVICE WAY

161

RUSHING WITH Ripley, Newt and Hicks at a full tilt run. The service way lights up with a POWERFUL BLAST behind them and they stumble with the shockwave. Newt breaks out ahead and it's all Ripley and Hicks can do to keep up.

NEWT

This way. Come on, we're almost there!

RIPLEY

Newt, wait!

The kid moves like lightning, diving and dodging around obstacles. They reach a large metal housing and Newt crawls inside.

NEWT

Here! Go up. There's a shortcut across the roof.

It is a junction of several shafts, including a vertical duct with ladder rungs leading up to an exterior vent hood. The "floor" is actually the top of a large blower drum, a vaned cylinder.

Ripley crosses to the ladder, seizes a rung to steady herself, and reaches back for Newt. The blower rotates suddenly as their weight shifts and Newt falls, slipping nightmarishly through a narrow gap into another duct, a chute angling into the depths at 45°. She catches the lip of the chute and holds on.

NEWT

Riiiiippleee --

Ripley dives, getting one arm through the opening as Hicks steadies the drum, but she can't squeeze through the gap. She strains, her hand groping for Newt's. Their fingers miss, inches apart.

In a desperate lunge Hicks seizes the sleeve of Newt's oversize jacket just as she loses her grip AND SHE SLIPS OUT OF IT. With an echoing scream Newt plummets, sliding down the chute into darkness, disappearing around a bend. Ripley screams after the child.

RIPLEY

NEWT!

The shaft recedes into darkness. No answer. Ripley yells again. Nothing. Then...a plaintive call from the darkness. Echoey, distorted, terrified.

NEWT

(o.s.)

Mooomneee...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

161

Hicks grabs Ripley's arm.

HICKS

Come on, we can find her with this.

He jerks the LOCATOR off his belt and switches it on. Ripley nods, then yells down the chute into blackness.

RIPLEY

Newt! Stay right where you are.
Don't move!

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL

162

Kicking out a ventilator grille, Hicks emerges onto a stairwell landing, followed by Ripley. He studies the locator's signal.

HICKS

This way.

INT. SUBBASEMENT

163

Newt is in a low grottolike chamber, filled with pipes and machines. It is flooded, almost up to Newt's waist. She looks up, seeing light streaming through a grating.

Newt climbs some pipes toward the overhead grille, hearing voices above.

1 INT. CORRIDOR

164

Ripley follows Hicks, sprinting along the corridor, intent on the locator's signal.

HICKS

We're close.

RIPLEY

(shouting)

Newt.

NEWT

(o.s.)

Here! I'm here. I'm here!

Halfway along the corridor, Ripley stops. Looking down through the floor grating she sees Newt's tear-streaked face. Newt reaches up. Her tiny fingers wriggle up through the bars of the grate. Ripley squeezes the child's precious fingertips.

RIPLEY

Climb down, honey. We have to cut through.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

164

Newt backs away, climbing down the pipe as Hicks cuts into the bars with his hand-torch.

5 INT. SUBBASEMENT

165

Newt, standing waist deep in water, watches sparks shower blindingly as Hicks cuts. Silently a glistening shape rises in one graceful motion from the water behind her. It stands, dripping, dwarfing her tiny form. She SCREAMS as the shadow engulfs her.

6 INT. CORRIDOR

166

Ripley panics, hearing the screaming below, then splashing. She and Hicks kick desperately at the grating, smashing it down. Ripley lunges into the hole with her light. The surface of the water reflects the beam placidly. Newt is gone. Bobbing in the water, eyes staring, is "Casey" the doll head. It sinks slowly, distorting, vanishing in darkness.

Hicks pulls Ripley away from the hole. She struggles furiously, trying to tear out of his grip.

RIPLEY

No! Nooooo!

He drags her back. It takes all his strength.

HICKS

(intense)

She's gone. Let's go!

He sees something moving toward them through a lattice of pipes. Ripley is irrational. Hysterical.

RIPLEY

No! No! She's alive! She's alive!
They don't kill you! They --

HICKS

All right! She's alive. I believe
it. But we gotta get moving! Now!

He drags her toward an ELEVATOR not far away at the end of the tunnel. Gets her inside, slamming her against the back wall. Hits the button to go to surface level. An alien warrior leaps into the tunnel, starts toward them. The doors are closing. Not fast enough. The creature, gets one arm through, the doors closing on it. THEY OPEN AGAIN, an automatic safety feature. THE WARRIOR HISSES, LUNGING. Hicks FIRES, POINT-BLANK. It spins away, SCREECHING. Acid sluices between the closing doors, across Hicks' armored chest plate. The lift starts upward. Hick's fingers race

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

166

with the clasps. Galvanized out of her hysteria, Ripley claws at his armor, helping him as much as she can. He screams as the acid contacts his chest and arm. He shucks out of the combat armor like a madman as acrid fumes fill the air. The elevator stops. The doors part and they stumble out.

A EXT. COLONY/NORTH LOCK

166-A

Ripley supports Hicks who is doubled over in agony as they emerge into the storm-blasted night.

RIPLEY

Come on, you can make it. Almost there! Come on, Hicks.

EXT LANDING FIELD/UP-LINK TOWER BASE

167

Drop-ship two descends toward the landing grid, sideslipping in hurricane gusts. Bishop stands, guiding it with the portable terminal. The ship sets down hard. Slides sideways. Stops. Bishop turns as Ripley and Hicks stumble toward him. He goes to them, helping to support Hicks and they run toward the ship, buffeted by the gale. Ripley shouts, her words barely audible over the wind.

RIPLEY

HOW MUCH TIME?

BISHOP

WE'RE OKAY. TWENTY-SIX MINUTES!

RIPLEY

WE'RE NOT LEAVING!

The loading ramp deploys and they run into the ship.

EXT. PROCESSING STATION

168

An infernal engine, roaring out of control. Steam blasts and swirls, lightning zaps around the superstructure and columns of incandescent gas thunder hundreds of feet into the air.

WE APPROACH, hypnotically. The drop-ship ENTERS FRAME, moving toward the station. It pivots, hovering in the blasting turbulence, and settles onto a NARROW LANDING PLATFORM twenty levels above the ground.

) INT. DROP-SHIP

169

Ripley finishes winding tape around a bulky object and drops the roll. She has crudely fastened an M-41A assault rifle together, side by side, with a flamethrower. She works rapidly, snatching magazines, grenades, belts and other gear from the fully stocked ordnance racks of the drop-ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

169

Hicks is sprawled in a flight seat, the contents of a FIELD MEDICAL KIT strewn around him. He's out of the game... contorted with pain. Bishop comes aft from the pilot's compartment.

BISHOP

Ripley...

RIPLEY

She's alive. They brought her here and you know it. It's not too late.

BISHOP

In nineteen minutes this place will be a cloud of vapor the size of Nebraska.

Ripley is stuffing gear rapidly into a satchel, her hands flying.

RIPLEY

Hicks, don't let him leave.

HICKS

(grimacing with pain)
We ain't going anywhere.

She hefts the hybrid weapon, grabs the satchel and spins to the door controls. The door opens. Wind and machine thunder blast in.

RIPLEY

See you, Hicks.

Hicks is holding a wad of gauze plastered over his face.

HICKS

Dwayne. It's Dwayne.

Ripley grabs his hand. They share a moment, albeit brief. Mutual respect in the valley of death.

RIPLEY

Ellen.

HICKS

(nods with
satisfaction)
Don't be long, Ellen.

Ripley runs down the ramp, crossing the platform to the open doors of a LARGE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. The doors close.

70 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

170

The elevator descends. Ripley removes her jacket and dons a battle harness directly over her T-shirt. Her eyes burn with a determination that holds the gut-panic in check. She checks her weapons.

Attaches a BANDOLIER OF GRENADES to her harness. Primes the flamethrower. She checks the MARKING FLARES jammed in the thigh pockets of her jump pants.

This is the most terrifying thing she has ever done. She begins to hyperventilate, soaking with sweat. The elevator descends. The lift motors whine, slowing. It hits bottom with a bump. The safety cage retracts. Slowly, expectantly, the doors open...

HER P.O.V.: THROUGH the parting doors...an empty corridor. Dark, swirling with steam, a ruddy glow VISIBLE here and there. It seems to have been a descent into Dantean Hell. Like the beating of a vast heart the pounding of massive pumps echoes through the station.

71 INT. CORRIDOR

171

Ripley moves out of the lift, knuckles white on the rifle. Behind her we SEE a SECOND ELEVATOR next to hers, its lift cage somewhere on a higher floor. Not far ahead the bio-mechanoid catacomb begins. She enters the maze, darting glances at Hicks' LOCATOR, taped to the top of her weapon. A VOICE echoes down the tunnels, calm and mechanical.

VOICE

Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately. You now have fifteen minutes to reach minimum safe distance.

172 INT. CATABOMB

172

Range and direction read out in rapid-fire alpha-numics on the locator display.

Ripley blinks sweat out of her eyes, moving through the swirling steam of the alien maze. She approaches an intersecting tunnel. Flashing emergency lights illuminate the insane fresco of the walls. She spins, firing the flame thrower. Nothing there. She moves forward. The locator signal strengthens as she turns, crouches through a low passage, turns again. At each intersection she quickly lights a FIFTEEN MINUTE MARKING FLARE and drops it. For the way back. She has to turn sideways, inching through a fissure between two walls of death...cocoon niches, a human bas-relief sealed in resin.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

172

SUDDENLY SOMETHING SHOOTS OUT, GRABBING HER! A hand. She recovers, then recognizes the face sealed in the wall. Carter Burke.

BURKE

Ripley...help me. I can feel it
...inside. Oh, God...it's moving!
Oh Gooood...

She looks at him. No one deserves this.

She hands him a grenade, popping the safety cap, placing his thumb over the priming button.

VOICE

You now have thirteen minutes to
reach minimum safe distance.

Ripley moves ahead. The locator signal shows she is almost there. A CONCUSSION rocks the place, like an earthquake, jarring her almost off her feet. The whole station seems to shudder. Following the tracker she turns a corner and stops. The RANGE INDICATOR READS ZERO. She looks down, horrified to see Newt's tracer bracelet lying on the floor of the tunnel. All hope recedes, disintegrating into mindless chaos.

73 INT. EGG CHAMBER

173

Newt is cocooned in a pillarlike structure at the edge of a cluster of alien eggs. Her eyelids flutter open and she becomes aware of her surroundings. The egg nearest her begins to move...opening like an obscene flower. Newt stares, transfixed by terror, as jointed legs appear over the lip of the ovoid one by one. She SCREAMS.

74 INT. CATACOMB

174

Ripley hears the scream and breaks into a run.

75 INT. EGG CHAMBER

175

Newt watches the face-hugger emerge and turn toward her. Ripley runs in just as it is tensing to leap, and FIRES, blasting it with a burst from the assault rifle. The flash illuminates the figure of an adult warrior, nearby. It spins, moving straight for Ripley. Firing from the hip she drills it with two controlled bursts which catapult it back. She steps toward it, FIRING AGAIN. Her expression is murderous. AND AGAIN.

It spins onto its back. She unleashes the flamethrower and it vanishes in a fireball. Ripley runs to Newt and begins tearing at the fresh resinous cocoon material, freeing the child. She swings her up onto her back.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT

(weakly)

I knew you'd come.

RIPLEY

Newt, I want you to hang on, now.
Hang on real tight. Okay?

Newt nods groggily and hooks her arms and legs through Ripley's battle harness. Ripley turns to retrace her steps only to have an explosion on a lower level engulf the passageway in an enormous fireball. She retreats, moving into a LARGE CHAMBER, its floor an expanse of eggs. A PIERCING SHRIEK fills the chamber. She turns. And there it is...

A massive silhouette in the mist, the ALIEN QUEEN glowers over her eggs like a great, glistening black insect-Buddha. What's bigger and meaner than the Alien? His momma. Her fanged head is an unimaginable horror. Her six limbs, the four arms and two powerful legs, are folded grotesquely over her distended abdomen. The egg-filled abdomen swells and swells into a great pulsing tubular sac, suspended from a lattice of pipes and conduits by a weblike membrane as if some vast coil of intestine was draped carelessly among the machinery.

As Ripley backs away from the Queen, deeper into the egg chamber she becomes aware of a number of warriors moving toward her from the dim recesses. She fires the flame thrower above the rows of eggs and then lowers her aim toward the eggs, while staring fixedly at the Queen. The warriors freeze. A nightmare tableau. Ripley fires another warning jet of flame. The warriors move back into the shadows, clearly at the Queen's direction. A Mexican standoff between two females fighting for their young. Ripley backs slowly across the chamber until she reaches an exit tunnel. Then she unleashes the flame thrower, igniting the field of eggs with an insane fury. The Queen goes berserk, SCREECHING like some psychotic steam whistle.

Ripley pumps the slide on her grenade launcher. She fires. Pumps and fires again. Four times. The grenades punch deep into the egg sac and EXPLODE, ripping it open from within. Eggs and tons of gelatinous matter pour across the chamber floor.

Everything disappears behind a wall of fire. Ripley drops a magazine and grabs another from her belt, ramming it home just as a warrior leaps from the inferno like a living fireball. She blasts it back to hell with a long burst. She unslings the bandolier of grenades, primes one, and throws the whole thing as far as she can into the egg chamber. Dashing into the catacombs, she is hurled forward by the shock wave of multiple explosions.

5 INT. CATACOMB

176

Ripley runs, blindly, with panting intensity verging on hysteria. She sees one of the flares she dropped and turns. Sees another, sprinting toward it as the foundations of the world shake.

7 INT. EGG CHAMBER

177

Lashing in a frenzy, the QUEEN DETACHES FROM THE EGG SAC, ripping away and dragging torn cartilage and tissue behind it.

8- INT. CATACOMBS - CORRIDOR

178-

9

179

Ripley uses the flame thrower ahead of her, firing bursts of pulse-rifle fire down side corridors at indistinct shapes and shadows. The weapon is empty when she reaches the freight elevators. A mass of debris, falling down the shaft from a high level, has demolished the lift cage she descended in. She slams the control for the other cage and hears the sound of the LIFT MOTOR'S WHINE as it begins its slow descent from several levels up. AN ENRAGED SCREECH ECHOES in the corridor. Ripley sees a silhouette moving in the smoke... THE QUEEN. Her last cartridge is reading zeroes. The grenades are gone. Ripley drops the weapon and looks up the shaft to the descending lift...then at the approaching FIGURE. The elevator won't be in time. She runs to a ladder set in the wall as a horrendous screech beats in her ears. She scrambles up the rungs.

10 INT. SECOND LEVEL

180

Ripley struggles up through a narrow hatch, Newt clinging to her. She dives aside as a POWERFUL BLACK ARM shoots up through the opening, its razor claws slamming into the grille floor inches from her.

Looking down through the grille she sees the great horrifying jaws directly below her, wet and leering. She scrambles up, running, as the grille floor lifts and buckles behind her with the titanic force of the creature below. It hurls itself with insane ferocity against the metal, pacing her from below as she runs.

81 INT. STAIRWELL

181

Ripley reaches an open grid emergency stairwell and sprints upward. It rocks and shudders with the station's death throes.

82- INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATORS

182-

83

183

The lift reaches bottom, the doors rolling open. The Queen turns and freezes, as if contemplating the open lift cage.

INT. STAIRWELL

184

Ripley stumbles, smashing her knees against the metal stairs. As she rises she hears the LIFT MOTORS start up. Looking down through the latticework of the station she sees the lift cage start ominously upward.

5 EXT. LANDING PLATFORM

185

Ripley, with Newt still clinging to her, slams through the door opening onto the platform. Through wind-whipped streamers of smoke she sees...THE SHIP IS GONE.

RIPLEY

BISHOP!

Her shouts become inarticulate screams of hatred, outrage at the final betrayal. She scans the sky. Nothing.

The lift rises ponderously into view. Ripley turns, backing away from the doors toward the railing. There is no place to run to on the platform. EXPLOSIONS detonate in the complex far below and huge fireballs well upward through the machinery. The platform bucks wildly. Nearby a cooling tower collapses with a THUNDEROUS ROAR and the SHRIEK OF RENDING STEEL. Ripley stares transfixed as the lift stops. The safety cage parts.

RIPLEY

(to Newt, low)

Close your eyes, baby.

The lift doors begin to open. A glimpse of the apparition within.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY AND NEWT: as the drop-ship RISES RIGHT BEHIND THEM, its hovering jets roaring.

VOICE

You now have thirty seconds to reach...

Ripley leaps for the loading boom projecting down from the cargo bay and it raises them into the ship. A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE COMPLEX nearby, slamming the ship sideways. Its extended landing legs foul in a tangle of conduit, grinding with a hideous squeal of metal on metal.

36- INT./EXT. DROP-SHIP - STATION

186-

37

187

Ripley leaps into a seat with Newt, cradling her. Begins strapping in. Bishop wrestles with the controls. The landing legs retract, ripping free. Ripley slams her seat harness latches home.

(CONTINUED)

- CONTINUED:

186-

187

RIPLEY

Punch it, Bishop!

The entire lower level of the station disappears in a fireball. The air vibrates with intense heat waves and concussion. The drop-ship engines fire. Ripley is slammed back in her seat. The ship vaults out and up, Bishop standing it on its tail, pouring on the gees. Ripley and Newt see everything shake into a blur.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE

188

The drop-ship lunges up out of the cloud layer into the clear high night. Below, the clouds light up from beneath from horizon to horizon.

A SUN HOT DOME OF ENERGY bursts up through the cloud layer, whitening out the FRAME. The tiny ship is slammed by the shockwave, tossed forward...and climbs, scorched but functioning, toward the stars.

9 INT. DROP-SHIP

189

Ripley and Newt watch the blinding glare fade away and they sit, wide-eyed, trembling, realizing they are finally and truly safe. Newt starts to cry quietly, and Ripley strokes her hair.

RIPLEY

It's okay, baby. We made it.
It's over.

0 INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT - LATER

190

The scorched and battered ship once again sits in its drop bay, steam blasting from cooling vents beside the engine. Rotating clearance lights sweep the dark chamber hypnotically.

01 INT. DROP-SHIP

191

Bishop stands behind Ripley as she kneels beside a comatose Hicks.

BISHOP

I gave him a shot, for the pain, but I think he's going to be okay. We'll need to get a stretcher to carry him up to medical.

Ripley nods and, picking up Newt, precedes Bishop down the aisle to the loading ramp.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

191

BISHOP

I'm sorry if I gave you a scare
but that platform was just becoming
too unstable...

2 INT. CARGO LOCK - DROP-SHIP

192

Bishop continues as they move down the ramp.

BISHOP

I had to circle and hope things
didn't get too rough to take you
off.

Ripley turns to him, stopping partway down the ramp.
She puts her hand on his shoulder.

RIPLEY

You did okay, Bishop.

BISHOP

Well, thanks, I --

He notices a tiny innocuous drop of liquid splash onto the ramp next to his shoe. SSSSSS. Acid. SOMETHING BURSTS FROM HIS CHEST, spraying Ripley with milklike android blood. It is the razor-sharp scorpion TAIL of the alien QUEEN. Driven right through him from behind. Bishop thrashes, seizing the protruding section of tail in his hands, as it slowly lifts him off the deck. Above them the Queen glowers from its place of concealment among the hydraulic mechanisms inside one landing-leg bay. It blends perfectly with the machinery until it begins to emerge. Seizing Bishop in two great hands it rips him apart and flings him aside, shredded, like a doll. It descends slowly to the deck, the rotating lights glistening across its shiny black limbs, dripping acid and rage. Still smoking where Ripley half fried it. The Queen is huge, powerful...and very pissed off. It descends slowly, its six limbs unfolding in inhuman geometries.

Ripley moves with nightmarish slowness herself, staring hypnotized...terrified to break and run. She lowers Newt to the deck, never taking her eyes off the creature.

RIPLEY

Go!

Newt runs for cover. The alien drops to the deck, pivoting toward the motion. Ripley waves her arms, decoying.

RIPLEY

Here!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

192

Without warning it moves like lightning, straight at her. Ripley spins, sprinting, as the creature leaps for her. Its feet slam, echoing, on the deck behind her. She clears a door. Hits the switch. It WHIRRS closed. BOOM. The alien hits a moment later.

3 INT. DARK CHAMBER

193

Ripley moves ferret-quick among dark, unrecognizable machines.

VARIOUS ANGLES: VERY TIGHT ON what she is doing...her feet going into stirruplike mechanisms. Velcro straps fastened over them. Fingers stabbing buttons in a sequence. Her hand closing on a complex grip-control. The HUM of powerful motors. The WHINE of hydraulics.

4 INT. CARGO LOCK

194

The Queen turns its attention from the doors to Newt as the little girl crawls into a system of trenchlike service channels which cross the deck.

5 INT. CHANNEL

195

Newt scurries like a rabbit as the looming figure of the alien appears above, SEEN THROUGH the bars. A section of grille is ripped away behind her.

6 INT. CARGO LOCK

196

The Queen spins at the sound of door motors behind her. The parting doors REVEAL an inhuman silhouette standing there.

Ripley steps out, WEARING TWO TONS OF HARDENED STEEL. THE POWER LOADER. Like medieval armor with the power of a bulldozer. She takes a step...the massive foot CRASH-CLANGS to the deck. She takes another, advancing.

RIPLEY

Get away from her, you bitch!

The Queen SCREECHES pure lethality and leaps. WALLOP! A roundhouse from one great hydraulic arm catches it on its hideous skull and slams it into a wall. It rebounds into a massive backhand. CRASH! It goes backward into heavy loading equipment.

RIPLEY

(screaming)

Come on!

The Queen emerges as a blur of rage, lashing with unbelievable fury. The battle is joined.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

196

Claws swipe, tail lashes. Ripley parries with radical swipes of the steel forks. They circle in a whirling blur, demolishing everything in their path. The cavernous chamber echoes with nightmarish sounds...WHINE, CRASH, CLANG, SCREECH.

They lock in a death embrace. Ripley closes the forks, crushing two of the creature's limbs. It lashes and writhes with incredible fury, coming within inches of her exposed body. She lifts it off the ground. The hind legs rip at her, slamming against the safety cage, denting it in. The striking teeth extend almost a meter from inside its fanged maw, shooting between the crash-bars. She ducks and the teeth slam into the seat cushion behind her head in a spray of drool. Yellow acid foams down the hydraulic arms toward her. The creature rips at high-pressure hoses. Purple hydraulic fluid sprays...machine blood mixing with alien blood. They topple, off balance. The Queen pins her. Ripley hits a switch. The power-loader's CUTTING TORCH flares on, directly in the thing's face. They roll together, over the lip of a RECTANGULAR PIT, A VERTICAL LOADING AIRLOCK.

97 INT. LOADING LOCK

197

They crash together five meters below, twisted in the loader's wreckage. The alien shrieks, pinned.

Ripley pulls her arm out of the controls of the loader and claws toward the panel of airlock actuating buttons. She slaps the red "INNER DOOR OVERRIDE" and latches the "HOLD" locking-key down. A KLAXON begins to sound. She hits "OUTER DOOR OPEN" and there is a hurricane shriek of air as the doors on which they are lying separate, REVEALING the infinite pit of stars, below.

All this time the alien has been lashing at her in a frenzy and she has been parrying desperately in the confined space. The airlock becomes a wind tunnel, blasting and buffeting her as she struggles to unstrap from the loader. The air of the vast ship howls past her into space as she claws her way up a service ladder.

98 INT. CARGO BAY

198

Newt screams as the hurricane airstream sucks her across the floor toward the airlock. Bishop, torn virtually in two, grips a stanchion and reaches desperately for Newt as she slides past him. He catches her arm and hangs on as she dangles doll-like, in the airblast.

INT. LOADING DOCK

199

The alien seizes Ripley's ankle. She locks her arms around a ladder rung, feels them almost torn out of their shoulder sockets.

The door opens farther, all of space yawning below. The loader tumbles clear, falling away. It drags the alien, still clutching one of Ripley's lucky hi-tops, into the depths of space. Its SHRIEK fades, is gone.

With all her strength Ripley fights the blasting air, crawling over the lip of the inner doorway. She releases the OVERRIDE from a second panel. The inner doors close. The turbulent air eddies and settles.

She lies on her back, drained of all strength. Gasping for breath. Weakly she turns her head, seeing Bishop still holding Newt by the arm. Encrusted with his own vanilla milkshake blood, Bishop gives her a small, grim smile.

BISHOP

Not bad for a human.

He winks. Ripley crosses to Newt.

NEWT

(weakly)

Mommy...Mommy?

RIPLEY

Right here, baby. Right here.

Ripley hugs her desperately.

10 INT. HYPERSLEEP

200

Ripley sits at the edge of an open hypersleep capsule in which Newt is lying. Behind them, already going under, is Hicks and in a farther capsule, Bishop, wrapped in a plastic membrane.

NEWT

Are we going to sleep all the way back?

RIPLEY

That's right.

NEWT

Can we dream?

RIPLEY

Yes, honey. I think we both can.

(CONTINUED)

0 CONTINUED:

Ripley brushes a strand of hair from Newt's forehead.

DISSOLVE TO RIPLEY IN CAPSULE...where we started. Except now it's a TWO SHOT, with Newt behind, perfect in sleep.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT

THE END