

**ALIEN III**

**Rewrite**

**by**

**Rex Pickett**

**(Based on Walter Hill/David Giler draft 12-18-90)**

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**1ST Draft (Revised)  
January 5, 1991**

NOTE: I was hired by 20TH CENTURY FOX four weeks prior to the start of principle photography (1-14-91) on ALIEN III. First on my agenda was a complete rewrite of the second half of the Walter Hill/David Giler screenplay due to certain major character and narrative changes mandated by Walter Hill. Once that was accomplished I was to attend to the first half and write an amalgamated version which was to include scenes from their draft and new scenes that I wrote. Thus, the resultant screenplay - particularly the first half - contains scenes that I was instructed to include whether I wanted to or not. And, because of the highly exigent nature of the impending production, there was little latitude for serious change. Further, I adhered to the "broken paragraph" prose style of Hill/Giler, even though this is not a true reflection of my own prose style. In short, this was a "crunch time" rewrite, and to fully appreciate the work that is represented here, the reader should refer to the Hill/Giler draft that I was rewriting from.

ALIEN III

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEEP SPACE 1

A vast star field.  
Movement through the eerie void.  
A silence so all-encompassing it's portentous.

BEGIN CREDITS:

2 FAST CUT - FACE HUGGER DIGIT 2

moving ...

3 EXT. DEEP SPACE 3

The sky suffused with stars.  
A sense of movement through the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

4 INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO 4

NEWT'S FACE through the glass.  
Suddenly, the glass spiderwebs into a crack.

5 EXT. DEEP SPACE 5

Continuing the movement through the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

6 CAT SCAN IMAGE - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL 6

The Face-Hugger on Newt.  
An ALARM SOUNDS.

7 EXT. DEEP SPACE 7

P.O.V. of the Sulaco rocketing through the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

7A RIPLEY - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL 7A

Looking down at Newt.

7B NEWT - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL 7B

Marks on her face. Her look seems to say: "Ripley, help me."

7C      RIPLEY - ENSCONCED IN HER CAPSULE      7C  
 Asleep, growing agitated, as if in the throes of a bad dream.

8      INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO - SLOW MOTION -      8  
 ELLIPTICAL  
 Acid blood dripping on the floor.

9      EXT. DEEP SPACE      9  
 Movement through the star-clotted void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

10      INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SLEEP CHAMBER      10  
 Cracks appearing on the cylinder's glass.

11      EXT. DEEP SPACE      11  
 Movement through the void continuing.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

12      INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - THE SULACO      12  
 Lights blazing on.  
 An ALARM SOUNDS.

13      EXT. DEEP SPACE      13  
 Movement through the void.  
 Turning, as though altering course.  
 The void grows darker.  
 A supernova burns out suddenly in the distance. An omen.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

13A      FAST CUT - THE SULACO      13A  
 Blood blossoming through fabric. Indistinct. Ambiguous.

14      EXT. DEEP SPACE      14  
 Growing darker and darker.  
 A planet in the distance.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

14A      QUICK CUT - BULKHEAD      14A  
 A bolt EXPLODES.  
 Metal buckles.

15 EXT. DEEP SPACE 15

Movement through the void.  
Turbulence suddenly.  
For a moment the stars seem to zigzag out of control.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

15A THE SULACO - SLEEP CHAMBER - QUICK CUT 15A

The individual sleep chambers falling away from camera through a tube.

16 INT. SULACO - POD 16

The sleep chamber slots into place alongside the other three.

16A INT./EXT. - SULACO 16A

The sleep chamber (Emergency Escape Vehicle), falls away from the Sulaco. Into the astral void.

CREDITS END.

17 E.C.U. - RIPLEY'S EYES 17

pulling back as droplets of moisture run in rivulets across her face, revealing cracked canopy glass.

18 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA 18

The E.E.V. tumbling end over end as if unguided and out of control, within the pull of Fiorina's gravity field.

SUPER:

THE PLANET FIORINA  
THE HYPERION GALAXY  
MAXIMUM SECURITY WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY  
PROJECT: ORE AND MINERAL REFINEMENT  
TOTAL POPULATION: 25 (ALL MALE)  
ABANDONED 2263 - SEVEN YEARS AGO

The E.E.V. entering the Planet Fiorina's atmosphere suddenly heats up and a flame erupts from its rear.

19 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - BEACH - DUSK 19

The curve of the fiery tail of the E.E.V. disappearing away from us melds with the selfsame curve of the BALD HEAD of a MAN, turning now towards us:

CLEMENS -

Tall, lean, muscular, handsome, but gaunt in a way that suggests the years have been filled with suffering of a kind we are never meant to wholly understand. He's encased in a plastic wrap-suit and just below the crown of his closely-cropped head of hair is a BAR CODE tattoo. Wind whips at his plastic protection. At his feet, the dark sand is alive with tiny iridescent insects: LICE.

20 INT. FURY 161 - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - 20  
DAT SCAN OPERATOR - MONTAGE

The HANDS of a MAN work a small keyboard, typing in the following:

THE PLANET FIORINA  
FURY 161: CLASS C PRISON UNIT  
REPORT EMERGENCY ESCAPE VEHICLE CRASH  
0800 HOURS  
PERSONNEL TOTAL FOUR  
ONE SURVIVOR: A LT. RIPLEY  
HOLD FOR ID CONFIRM  
FOUND DEAD: CORPORAL HICKS  
I-BEAM HEAD DISMEMBERMENT - ID CONFIRM

21 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - THE SKY - INTERCUT 21

A FIERY LIGHT appears through a boiling storm cloud.

CLEMENS -

stares at it with darkening fascination.

BLACK SEA

The fireball disappears over the horizon line of a black sea in a turmoil of whitecaps.

22 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAT SCAN MONITOR 22

Computer type continuing:

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE CHILD: ORIGIN  
UNKNOWN APPARENT DROWNING - HOLD FOR ID  
CONFIRM - COLONEL BISHOP (ANDROID)  
INITIAL REPAIR STATUS: D MINUS - PARTS  
REQUIRED.

23 EXT. BEACH - INTERCUT 23

A FIGURE rolls up onto the slippery beach.

CLEMENS

sees it, startled, disbelieving, breaks into a slow trot, then a full run as he clods clumsily through the viscous sand to discover:

A FIGURE

on the beach which Clemens now realizes is a human, unconscious, but shivering uncontrollably. He bends down and cautiously turns it over and his eyes widen in consternation as he sees the bloodied, beautiful face of a woman, matted hair in a wet tangle slightly obscuring her features. He pulls the hair back off her face to REVEAL:

RIPLEY -

unconscious, unmoving.

CLEMENS -

unsure at first what to do, then, mustering all his strength, gathers her in his arms.

THE SEA -

the destroyed LIFEPOD bobs on gray waves.

23A DAT SCAN MONITOR

23A

Computer type continuing:

REQUEST EMERGENCY RESCUE UNIT.  
STRESS DELICATE NATURE OF HOLDING LONE  
SURVIVOR WITH PRISONERS.  
AWAIT RESPONSE.  
SUPERINTENDENT LEE ANDREWS.  
M51089JTLM - TRANSMISSION END.

CUT TO:

24 INT. FURY 161 - BUG WASH

24

Clemens appears in a doorway at the end of a long corridor lined with crude steel benches.

Three Prisoners of the facility, JANNI, ARTHUR, and ED, in the middle of delousing themselves, stop when they see Clemens and regard him with a mixture of fear and disdain in their eyes.

He hurries inside and attempts to prop Ripley up against one of the benches, but her body is limp.

CLEMENS  
 (out of breath)  
 Escape vehicle ... crashed in the sea.  
 There might be others. Get help!

The PRISONERS stare transfixed at Ripley, it suddenly dawning on all of them that a woman has just been brought in from the outer surface. Dumbfounded, they can't move.

CLEMENS  
 MOVE! NOW!

The grab their clothes and hustle out.

Clemens rips off his plastic hood, unplugs the cotton wadding from his ears and kneels down beside the comatose Ripley.

AT A TABLE

Clemens negotiates the unconscious Ripley onto a table. He holds her face in his hands and examines her eyes, pulling a lid up, then letting it shut. He puts an ear to her chest and listens for a heartbeat. Her lips start to move ... She utters something unintelligible - a crude language trying to make sense out of fractured dreams.

Clemens tries to hear what she's saying, but she stops.

Then, realizing that she's struggling for oxygen, he bends her over and helps her vomit out the salt water she's swallowed.

25 INTERCUTS

25

Continuing over maxi-graphic message from communications room:

A. EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - BEACH

Oxen appear over a small sandy rise.

B. EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER LOCATION

PRISONERS drag the remaining bodies out of the destroyed E.E.V.

C. EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER LOCATION

Oxen roped to the E.E.V. drag it over a sandy knoll.

D. EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER LOCATION

One of the oxen has collapsed dead.  
 A Prisoner rushes over to examine it.



CUT TO:

26

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

26

Four stories high, cathedral-like, with dusty books stacked floor to ceiling. Minimal electric light is augmented with glowing candles in every corner lending the dungeon-like gray of the room a kind of underground warmth, as it were.

The PRISONERS move into position on the various floors looking down on the center.

They hang over steel railings

They lean on stacks of books, etc.

Smoke cigarettes - unfiltered Camels, half-smoked Cheroots.

There are twenty-two of them in all.

They are all ages from early twenties to middle fifties, hard-muscled physiques, pitted faces from a life of bad diet, excess cigarette smoking and time spent in the joint.

They wait.

ANDREWS -

lean-muscled, Marine sargeant-type - the Superintendent. He waits in the center on the first floor for them to get settled.

Aaron, his general factotum, stands next to him, looking up, counting the assembled inmates.

When he's satisfied that all are present he turns to Andrews and nods.

NEW ANGLE -

PRISONER DILLON

steps out of the darkness of one of the adjoining hallways and a hush falls over the prison population.

Cigarettes are put out all around.

Dillon is a physically powerful black man in his late forties.

He has the respect of the inmates by his mere presence. Everything settles and grows strangely quiet.

Dillon addresses the prisoners in a booming voice that would waken the dead to devotion.

DILLON

What are we?

PRISONERS

(in perfect unison)

The wretched!

DILLON

And where are we headed?

PRISONERS  
Salvation through our Lord.

DILLON  
And how will we get there?

PRISONERS  
Hard work!

DILLON  
And?

PRISONERS  
Suffering!

DILLON  
And why are we here at Fury 161?

PRISONERS  
To atone for our sins!

DILLON  
And what are our sins?

PRISONERS  
Wicked crimes against our fellow man.

DILLON  
Give us strength, O Lord, to endure,  
with each passing day. To the end.

PRISONERS/DILLON/ALL  
AMEN!

The prisoners all raise their right fists.  
Dillon steps aside.  
Prisoners re-light their cigarettes.  
We notice CLEMENS on the first floor opposite Andrews.  
Andrews stands again and addresses the prisoners, business-  
like, clearly not one of the devoted. The whole previous  
ceremony is mostly a formality and an annoyance to him.

ANDREWS  
All right, listen up. Here are the  
preliminary facts: at 0 eight hundred  
hours an E.E.V. of the prototype 337JTLM  
crash-landed in the Sea of Darkness.  
There were three dead, including a  
Droid, and one survivor ...  
(looks up for emphasis)  
... A woman.

Urgent whispering among the inmates.  
We don't know whether they are excited about this news or  
(difficult to believe) disconcerted.

MORSE -

late twenties, tight-jawed, gold teeth, steps forward and stares at Andrews.

MORSE

We took a vow of celibacy. We believe in redemption through abstinence. That means no women!

The prisoners grow vocal in their collective approbation of Morse's complaint.

Andrews looks to Dillon.

Dillon steps up to Morse who is sincerely disturbed about this new state of events.

DILLON

What Brother Morse means to say is that we view the presence of an outsider - particularly a woman - as a potential erosion of the spiritual unity we've worked hard to achieve.

ANDREWS

I understand the feelings of the prisoners ...

Suddenly interrupted ...

Outcries from the prisoners all.

Morse, a live-wire ex-con, looks like he's going to attack Andrews.

Dillon shoves Morse aside with his huge paw and shoves his imposing face into Andrews, a look of cold enmity.

DILLON

They are the forsaken, the suffering, but never prisoners, is that clear?

ANDREWS

My apologies.

And Andrews backs down, realizing the true power basis here.

ANDREWS

(finishing his speech)

I have requested a rescue team A.S.A.P. to evacuate the woman survivor.

(turns to Clemens)

What's her current medical status, Clemens?

All eyes turn to Clemens who stands.

(Clemens is clearly an outsider, himself, but one who is respected by the prisoners because of his willingness to serve the medical needs of this forgotten backwater work colony.)

CLEMENS

Possible broken rib, multiple contusions. Even more dangerous is the fact she came out of cryo-sleep without being decompressed.

ANDREWS

Will she live?

CLEMENS

She's alive. That's all I can tell you.

Reactions of confusion from the prisoners.

ANDREWS

stares down Clemens, wondering if he's telling the truth or not. Then, siding with Dillon's and the prisoner's sympathies:

ANDREWS

We will keep her confined at all times to the infirmary, is that understood?

Clemens doesn't say anything.

ANDREWS

We do not need a repeat of the Dugan riot three years ago.

(to the prisoners)

We will return to our set routines.

Nobody moves.

Dillon raises both fists and the assemblage breaks up.

Dillon turns to Clemens:

DILLON

(admonishingly)

Tread lightly, Doctor. My men do not need to be reminded of their past.

Remember, we're all out here together.

Clemens just looks at Dillon and doesn't say anything.

A prisoner named JUNIOR sidles up to Dillon, smiling.

JUNIOR

A woman. A real woman?

DILLON

Watch yourself, Junior. No one is  
exactly beyond temptation.

27 INT. INFIRMARY

27

Ripley lies still on a cot.  
There's an IV running from her arm to a medical pack half-filled with a nutrient liquid hanging on a metal stand next to the cot.  
Clemens checks the pack, then the spot where the IV is inserted in her arm.  
He looks at her eyes again.  
Checks her pulse.  
Looks concerned.

WINDOW -

One of the prisoners - GOLIC - a seemingly meek little man with crossed eyes and a slightly deranged look peers wide-eyed through the window.

Clemens turns and Golic is gone.

ANDREWS AND AARON -

suddenly appear at the door and stride into the infirmary.  
Andrews looks down at Ripley.

ANDREWS

Any change in her status?

CLEMENS

Vital signs seem to be improving.

Andrews exchanges a disapproving look with Aaron.  
Turns back to Clemens.

ANDREWS

You're aware, of course, of the  
potential problems if she survives.

Andrews looks at Clemens meaningfully.

CLEMENS

I may be a prisoner, Andrews, but I'm  
still a doctor. What do you expect me  
to do?

ANDREWS

(obviously upset)

I expect you to keep me informed of her  
status at all times.

Clemens and Andrews exchange steely looks.

Then Andrews and Aaron walk out.  
Clemens watches him.

FADE TO:

27A INT. INFIRMARY - A FEW HOURS LATER

27A

Distinguished by the fact that candles have burned down to their holders.

Clemens has fallen asleep on a cot next to Ripley, keeping vigil as it were over her comatose body.

RIPLEY -

Grows agitated in her unconsciousness.  
Her hands curl into tight fists.  
Perspiration beads her temples.  
Her lips start to move, muttering something incoherently.

CLEMENS -

comes awake instantly and is at her side.

Ripley's eyes come open.

RIPLEY

Hospital?

CLEMENS

It's all right.

RIPLEY

Where am I? Where's my craft?

CLEMENS

All in due time.

Ripley tries to get up, but is restrained by two canvas straps across her body.

RIPLEY

What is this?

CLEMENS

It's o.k. You're a little delirious,  
you're coming out of hyper-sleep.

Clemens prepares a syringe.

RIPLEY

(still delirious)

I'm first Lieutenant Ripley, chief  
navigator of the Nostromo ....

CLEMENS

We know who you are.

RIPLEY

(re: the syringe)

What is that?

CLEMENS

Something to ease you back into consciousness.

RIPLEY

Are you a doctor?

CLEMENS

Barred. But still practicing.

RIPLEY

Great.

Clemens opens the inside of her arm and prepares to inject her.

Ripley doesn't really resist.

She's still delirious.

RIPLEY

Do you tie all your patients down, or just the females?

And the injection hits her brain and she goes out.

FADE TO:

INT. - INFIRMARY - EARLY MORNING

Clemens removes the canvas restraining straps.

Ripley, still a little groggy, scratches her head furiously.

RIPLEY

I'm itching all over. What is it?

CLEMENS

Lice. Big problem here. You'll need to be shaved.

RIPLEY

What happened?

CLEMENS

You crash landed on Fury 161.

Basically, we're an outer-galactic dump site run by a handful of convicts who have found religion. I know it sounds like a bad dream, but don't be alarmed, a rescue unit is on the way.

Ripley looks at him as though he were nuts.  
Then, suddenly, it dawns on her. Afraid to ask, but knowing she has to:

RIPLEY  
What about the others?

CLEMENS  
They didn't make it.

Ripley gets an anguished look on her face.

RIPLEY  
The little girl?

CLEMENS  
Drowned, I'm sorry to say.

Ripley shuts her eyes in despair. Then, with a sense of urgency born of professionalism:

RIPLEY  
I need to go to the ship.

CLEMENS  
You're not well. I've been asked to keep you confined here.

Ripley stands.  
Naked, except for a single, gray sheet wrapped around her.

RIPLEY  
Do you want to get me something to wear or would you rather I go like this?

CLEMENS  
Lieutenant, this is a colony of religious prisoners. They've all taken vows of celibacy. You're not exactly welcome here.

RIPLEY  
Believe me, I'm not thrilled to be here, either. Now either you take me to my ship or I'm going to find it myself!

CUT TO:

28 INT. CONE OF SILENCE - STAIRWELL

28

A fully-clothed Ripley walks with Clemens down a stairwell leading into the Cone of Silence.  
Prisoner Gregor passes them in the corridor.  
Clemens fills Ripley in on the details of Fury 161.



CLEMENS

This used to be a major ore mining facility run by Weyland-Yutani, but they pulled out when the lead market went belly up. We still process lead to line the various toxic waste disposals that we have here.

RIPLEY

Are these men dangerous?

CLEMENS

The religion seems to have settled them down. Watch your back, though.

29 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

29

Prisoners WILLIAM, ARTHUR, VINCENT, and CHRISTOPHER struggle to secure the E.E.V., lowered by a crude crane powered by a hand winch which William is turning, onto cement blocks. They stop as Clemens enters with Ripley dressed in standard-issue brown tunic.

They follow her walk with fascination.

They haven't seen a woman in years.

Ripley gets her first look at some of the prison population. Can't believe where she's come to.

30 INT. - E.E.V.

30

The destroyed interior, a veritable shambles.

Ripley stops in the center, kneels, swivels her head surveying the damage.

She turns to Clemens holding a candle in the gaping hole of the escape hatch.

Ripley ignores him.

RIPLEY

Where are the bodies?

CLEMENS

We have a morgue. We've put them there until the investigative team arrives, probably in a week's time.

RIPLEY

There was an android ...

CLEMENS

Disconnected. There were pieces of him all over the place. What's left of him was thrown in the trash. The Corporal was impaled by a support beam. He never knew what hit him. The little girl drowned in her cryo-tube. I don't think she was conscious. I'm sorry.

Ripley runs her hand over the face-plate. Then she sees something in the cryo-tube. It's a small DOLL. She flashes back tears. Struggling for control, she looks at the doll, as if remembering. Then, suddenly, her despair changes to horror. Pulling one of her hands away from the doll, she tenses with fear. A BURN MARK, clearly visible on the cryo tube, sends shock-waves of horrific memories rocketing through her consciousness.

RIPLEY

The little girl. You checked her over?

CLEMENS

Yes. What is it?

RIPLEY

I want to see what's left of her body.

CLEMENS

What do you mean, what's left? The body's intact.

RIPLEY

It is? I want to see it.

CLEMENS

Why? Was she your daughter?

RIPLEY

No, a friend.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MORGUE - STEPS LEADING DOWNWARD

31

Clemens leads Ripley along the circular stairwell.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MORGUE - MAIN FLOOR

32

Along one wall, floor to ceiling, stainless steel cabinets.  
The floor is corrugated tile, chipped and cracked by time.  
A drawer is pulled from the wall.

## THE DRAWER

Has a drain at its center.  
Collapsible sides.  
They both look down at Newt's body.

RIPLEY

Give me a moment.

Clemens steps away.

RIPLEY

Good-bye, baby.

She touches Newt's face.  
Ripley closes her eyes.  
A moment of silence.  
Then she turns back to Clemens..

RIPLEY

We need to perform an autopsy.

CLEMENS

What?

RIPLEY

I need to see inside her. I have to  
make sure how she died.

CLEMENS

I told you, she drowned.

RIPLEY

It might have been something else.

CLEMENS

What?

RIPLEY

She may have had a virus. This whole  
colony could be infected.

CLEMENS

What kind of virus?

RIPLEY

It was something unknown. It had extraordinary mutation capabilities. It wiped out everyone where I came from. If she was infected there would be physical evidence. I have to see inside her. Trust me.

CUT TO:

A TRAY

clattering along the tile.

CLEMENS

lifts a scalpel with gloved hands, looks at Ripley:

CLEMENS

I was trained to be an anesthesiologist. I've never done this sort of thing before.

Ripley doesn't say anything in response. Clemens turns back to the body of Newt.

CLEMENS

I'm going to make an incision now down the length of the sternum.

Clemens makes the incision in Newt's chest from the top of her throat to the bottom of her sternum. Then he picks up an electric saw.

CLEMENS

Now I'm going to use a surgical saw and break the ribcage.

Ripley barely watches.

He proceeds to saw through the ribcage.

When he's finished he turns to Ripley.

RIPLEY

(without looking at Clemens)

Now, open the chest.

Clemens sets the saw down, exasperated.

CLEMENS

Lieutenant. Would you mind telling me what we're looking for?

Ripley, still not looking at Clemens, steps up to Newt.

RIPLEY

I wouldn't stand there if I were you.

Clemens moves.

Then, Ripley, with both hands, grabs the ribcage where the surgical cut was made and ...

PULLS IT OPEN ALL AT ONCE.

She jumps back.

NEWT'S BODY CAVITY

Nothing. Just the usual.

CLEMENS

Lungs flooded with fluid. Lieutenant,  
she drowned.

Ripley turns away.

CLEMENS

Would you mind telling me what this is  
all about?

RIPLEY

Maybe I'm wrong, but if it did come with  
us, the bodies should be cremated.

They're interrupted by the sound of a door SLAMMING OPEN.

AARON enters the room with ANDREWS trailing.  
Andrews has the gray, tense pallor of someone who's best  
friend has been shot. Aaron likewise.

ANDREWS

Clemens? What's going on in here?

CLEMENS

Lieutenant Ripley, Superintendent  
Andrews.

Ripley extends a hand, but Andrews disdains it.

ANDREWS

(tight-lipped)

Glad to see you're up and about.

(to Clemens)

Why is the little girl in this  
disgusting state?

CLEMENS

The Lieutenant, sir, feared that she may have brought ... cholera to the Colony. I'm conducting an autopsy.

Clemens and Ripley exchange furtive looks of complicity in the lie.

ANDREWS

Cholera?

RIPLEY

There was an outbreak on the planet I came from. It's a public health issue. The bodies should be cremated.

Andrews glances from Clemens to Ripley back to Clemens, suspiciously.

ANDREWS

And your conclusion?

CLEMENS

Difficult to determine. But to be safe I agree with the Lieutenant about burning the bodies.

ANDREWS

Is the Lieutenant aware that cremation is not permitted here?

RIPLEY

Is not permitted ...?

CLEMENS

(cutting her off and explaining)

As part of the prisoners' religious beliefs, when someone dies, they want the body whole so they will be resurrected during the coming Apocalypse.

(to Andrews)

But given that they are not one of us and the urgency of the situation, I think Dillon will look the other way.

ANDREWS

(still tight-lipped)

Does the Lieutenant understand that she is not to be paraded around in front of the prisoners?

CLEMENS

I made an exception. Under the circumstances.

Andrews turns to Ripley condescendingly:

ANDREWS

Our good doctor here sometimes forgets that there are twenty-two hard-core convicts in this facility. Despite their religious transformation they are still quite capable ... do you take my meaning?

RIPLEY

I should be locked up and they should roam at will. What kind of a prison warden are you?

Andrews gives up on Ripley and turns back to Clemens with an acid stare:

Andrews

Clean this up. Make sure the Lieutenant has no trouble finding her way back to the infirmary. I'll take the cremation under advisement with Dillon.

Andrews turns and walks out, followed by Aaron.

Ripley turns to Clemens for a sign of anything, but all he has left is a cold, uncertain stare at the back of the departing Andrews.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ABATTOIR

33

Shiny, tiled walls, with stalls housing live chickens, goats, lambs, oxen, rabbits, etc.

Behind a screen across the way various cuts of meat: chicken, lamb, etc. are suspended from old hooks in the gloom of the room.

Row upon row of razor sharp knives hang from nail supports pounded into the wall.

FRANK -

the strongman, lumbers into the room, muscles straining, as he tugs on a huge braided rope.

Trailing him, and also tugging hard is:

MURPHY -

early twenties, convicted armed robber, dark furtive eyes that telegraph a killer, his arms like steel support wires bulging as he pulls with Frank

THE DEAD OX -

into the room on a rusted ore cart.  
With great difficulty they upend the cart and the ox hits the floor with a dull thunderous thud.  
They wrap chains around the dead animal's back legs and begin to winch it overhead.

MURPHY

Frank, what do you think killed Babe?

FRANK

Just keeled over. Strangest thing I ever saw.

Straining to get the ox higher still so that its entire body is off the floor.

MURPHY

When are we going to carve her into steaks?

FRANK

Got to know what killed her, Murphy.

MURPHY

Ah, Frank, come on.

FRANK

This ox was healthy. Something screwy about the way she went down.

And the ox is winched to the top.  
Frank and Murphy stand there sweating.

CUT TO:

34 INT. LEAD WORKS

34

A huge bucket of molten lead suspended over a furnace.  
Sheets of lead are carried off the assembly line by TROY, MARTIN, DAVID, Morse, and ARTHUR.  
A din of noise reverberating off the walls.

DILLON

works the front of the line, leading by example, as he cocks an ear to:



ANDREWS

standing just off from him.

DILLON

First a woman, now cremation. You know  
I don't approve.

ANDREWS

We have a medical situation here.

Dillon throws a huge sheet of lead onto a pile and turns to  
the prisoners.

DILLON

ALL RIGHT, SHUT IT DOWN!

The prisoners shut off the lead sheet molding machine.  
The fires are banked.  
The room grows noticeably quieter.

DILLON

As long as it's not one of us.  
(to the prisoners)  
Let's go.

Dillon turns on his heel and the prisoners follow.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LEAD WORKS - BLAST FURNACE

35

An immense space located in the bowels of the operation.  
Vaguely rectangular, the room is carved out of the very rock  
of the planet.

In the center there's an enormous pit.

Flames are visible over beveled edges descending to the  
depths.

On one wall, a series of ducts and fans control oxygen and  
methane flow into the furnace area.

Cranes on tracks running up and down the room can be loaded  
or unloaded from catwalks above the pit.

36 BELOW THE CATWALK

36

A small claustrophobic space cramped with iron pipes, levers  
and pulleys.

PRISONER TROY, sweating profusely, starts opening valves for  
he's worth.

On a panel before him, gauges come to life.

Pressure builds.

On a dial to his right, Troy shoves a lever into the second  
position.

Gauges leap into the red zones.

37 THE WALL

37

of the furnace, as giant air-ducts slide open.  
Huge fans force air into the chamber.

## IN THE PIT

Now, combined with the rush of oxygen, the methane flame rises, growing hotter and hotter, blitzing through the color spectrum, red to white to a cold fiery blue.

## ON THE CATWALK

RIPLEY stands with Clemens, both looking down on the raging furnace.

## TWO PRISONERS -

walk onto a crane with the bodies of Hicks and Newt in canvas bags.  
They wait.

## PRISONERS -

on a catwalk opposite Ripley and Clemens wait.

## ANDREWS -

stands alone, away from the prisoners and Ripley and Clemens, maybe slightly apprehensive about the whole thing.

## MORSE -

A prisoner and one of Dillon's close acolytes, offers Dillon a huge TOME.

Dillon smiles at him, but shakes his head "No."

Morse takes the book away.

Dillon turns to the gathered Prisoners and addresses them extemporaneously:

## DILLON

O Lord, thou who resideth in the darkest  
corners of our black and corrupted  
hearts, thou who has rescued us, pariahs  
of the most wretched, outcasts from the  
most desolate of planets, we who have  
crushed men's heads with our bare hands  
for nothing more than their wallets ...

The soot-blackened faces of the prisoners ...

DILLON (CONT.)

(voice rising  
imperiously in volume)

... We have chosen to live in this forgotten part of your most wondrous galaxy only to serve you as punishment for our sins in hope that on the day of judgment you will give back to us that moment before we were born - a second chance - to be free all over again ...

ANDREWS

puffing on an unfiltered Camel and watching the proceedings with a wary eye.

RIPLEY AND CLEMENS

standing together, listening reverently.

IN FIRE CONTROL -

A small claustrophobic space below the catwalk, cramped with iron and pipes, levers and pulleys.

PRISONER TROY, sweating profusely, starts opening valves for all he's worth.

On a panel in front of him, needles on gauges come to life. Pressure builds.

A dial to his right.

Troy moves the lever to the second position.

Dials on the panel creep into the red zones.

Dillon's BOOMING VOICE can be heard over the roar:

DILLON (O.S.)

Two days ago, lost souls like ours, came to our planet not of their own volition.

An illness has infected them and now threatens our lives. And though we do not sanctify the burning of bodies, we ask that you make an exception ....

THE WALL -

of the furnace as giant air-ducts slide open. Huge fans force air into the chamber.

IN THE PIT -

Now combined with oxygen, the methane flame rises, growing hotter and hotter.

Blitzes through the spectrum, going from red to white-hot.

INTERCUT:

38 INT. THE ABATTOIR - THE DEAD OX

38

Hanging upside down, it begins to jerk spasmodically. Its massive, hairless stomach starts to undulate in violent peristaltic waves.

We hear a weird, monstrous baby SCREECH, muffled, issuing from inside.

Something wanting out.

CUT TO:

39 INT. THE LEAD WORKS

39

DILLON, continuing his eulogy.

DILLON

It's a terrible world where death can come to someone so young and frail and so full of the promise of life, and yet in our hearts we pray, that you will be merciful in your judgment, that out of the fire will come the purification of her soul ...

THE FURNACE -

the fire rages.

ON THE CRANE -

the two Prisoners, unable to stand the intensity of the heat any longer, hurl the bodies into the flames ...

ON THE CATWALK -

Ripley, tears streaming down her stoically beautiful face, watches the remains of Newt and Hicks go out in a sudden hot white light.

She holds up the doll she found in Newt's cryo-tube, kisses it once and tosses it in after the bodies.

THE PIT -

the DOLL, in slow-motion, free-falling into the fire.

DILLON (O.S.)

... But it had to be done. For life to go on ...

INTERCUT:

40 INT. THE ABATTOIR

40

the ox's body is now convulsing wildly.  
the baby monster SCREECH is now a frenzied high-pitched  
whine. Suddenly:

A CHEST-BURSTER

explodes from the ox's thorax.  
Rockets out of the carcass and tumbles to the floor.

The thing has four legs, Alien head, and drooling mouth.  
Like a horrific fawn of some god-forsaken species, it  
struggles to get legs under it.  
It wobbles in place for a moment, feeling its first few  
seconds in the new world.  
Then, as if fully acclimated to its surroundings, it scurries  
off into air-duct.

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE LEAD WORKS - IN THE GALLERY

41

DILLON

pauses in his eulogy, looks up and catches Ripley's eye.  
A compassionate look.  
Then he turns back to the Prisoners

DILLON

Let us now pray ...

And Dillon closes his eyes.

RIPLEY -

clutches Clemens' hand.  
He turns and looks at her.  
She doesn't look at him.

ANDREWS -

glances up at Ripley and Clemens, nodding almost  
unconsciously something to himself.

THE FIRE -

burning white-hot.

RIPLEY -

scratches her head, here, there, everywhere.  
Looks over to Clemens.

CUT TO:

42 INT. BUG WASH

42

Ripley in a stall, her face appearing in a mirror above a steaming basin.

Studies her appearance: now bald!

CHEMICAL SHOWER -

Ripley under a hard liquid spray, steam rising all around her. An act of purification.

OUTER BUG WASH DOOR -

Clemens stands guard, watching Ripley intently through the glass partition.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MESS HALL

43

The PRISONERS eating - gossiping about the arrival of the woman in hushed tones, how they feel about it, etc.

TABLE -

Prisoners GOLIC, BOGGS, and RAINS eating, Boggs and Rains at one end of the table, Golic at another.

DILLON sits down at the table.

DILLON

Now, what's this I hear about your not going out tonight?

No one says anything, they just eat away.

Dillon pounds his fist on the table and their soup bowls clatter.

They look up.

DILLON

Speak to me, brothers!

RAINS

All right, I'll tell you. It's not the dark, it's not the cold, it's not the bugs, it's Golic.

DILLON

What about Golic?

BOGGS

He says with the woman here we are in danger.

RAINS

Some kind of evil.

BOGGS

I'm telling you the man not only smells, he's got a cracked brain-pan. I won't go out with him.

DILLON

Golic, is this true?

Golic smiles innocently at Dillon.

DILLON

Golic, I forbid you to speak of such things. Remember, it was I who gave you the chance to come here. Against my better judgment.

(to all of them)

You have a job. All of you. You are foragers. You are to find abandoned provisions and equipment. This is your part in helping your fellow sinners. I don't want another word about this superstition.

A MUFFLED exclamation issues from the prisoners as:

RIPLEY -

enters the room.

Shaven-head, looking out of place, suspicious.

She takes some cornbread from a basket on one of the tables.

Eyes Dillon.

Walks over to his table.

ANDREWS' TABLE -

Andrews watches Ripley sitting down next to Dillon, a look of disapprobation on his face.

He turns to Aaron:

ANDREWS

Speaking of the devil ...

DILLON'S TABLE -

Golic is weirdly fascinated with Ripley evidenced by the various looks on his face.

Boggs and Rains aren't sure how to regard her now.

Ripley addresses Dillon.

RIPLEY

I want you to know, I appreciated the eulogy.

Dillon stares straight ahead, ignoring her presence at first. Then he turns to her:

DILLON

You don't want to know me, sister. I'm a convicted murderer and rapist.

RIPLEY

I must make you nervous then?

Out of nowhere, Dillon breaks into a smile. Ripley sits down.

RIPLEY

Do you mind?

DILLON

Do you have any faith, Lieutenant?

RIPLEY

(sitting down)

Not much. Not after what I've been through.

DILLON

Rough ride?

RIPLEY

I've seen more than my share in one life.

DILLON

Well, don't despair, there's enough faith to go around for everyone here.

RIPLEY

Even a woman?

DILLON

We recognize your right to exist. We've chosen this way, that's all.

Ripley seems to understand.

RIPLEY

What are you doing out here?

DILLON

It's an outpost of final suffering. A jumping off point for the Resurrection.

Ripley looks at him as though he were crazy, but there's something about Dillon's manner that makes you believe him.



RIPLEY  
Where do you get this?

DILLON  
The books. They changed my life.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

44

Ripley and Clemens are seated among the stacks of books, lit by flickering candles.  
Clemens pours a small amount of whiskey in a glass, hands it to Ripley.

CLEMENS  
These books were sent out here for storage. They're mostly rare treatises on Gnosticism, Alchemy, Hinduism, forgotten religions, books of poetry, mysticism. Dillon borrows from every discipline. He's self-taught. He's read them all.

Clemens sips his whisky.

RIPLEY  
What about the other prisoners?

CLEMENS  
They're all illiterate. Dillon is their god. Andrews runs the facility, but Dillon controls it with the power of his message.

RIPLEY  
And what about you?

CLEMENS  
I'm a rationalist.

RIPLEY  
How did you find your way here?

CLEMENS  
They needed a medical officer. I'm allowed to practice here.

There's a pause.  
The warm candlelight softens their features.  
Ripley smiles, sips some more of her whisky.  
Then, admits something:

RIPLEY

You know, when I was in the infirmary and I was unconscious I remember being out of my body looking down, like an after-death experience, I was going away ... and I saw you camped out, sleeping next to me. Why?

CLEMENS

You reminded me of someone.

Ripley doesn't say anything.  
Clemens looks off.

CLEMENS

Someone very beautiful.

Ripley doesn't say anything in response.

CLEMENS

Seems like a long time ago.

Clemens is feeling a little uncomfortable suddenly.  
He sets his drink down.

CLEMENS

I'd best take you back to the infirmary.

But Ripley doesn't move.  
She sips her drink, looks at him over it.

RIPLEY

Doctor?

CLEMENS

Clemens. Please.

RIPLEY

Clemens.

(BEAT)

I'd prefer not to be alone tonight.

Clemens looks at her briefly, then glances off.  
Ripley wonders if he got the message.

RIPLEY

It's only the comfort of a man I desire.  
Nothing more.

CLEMENS

Lieutenant. Out here, we only know the meaning of nothing more.

And their eyes meet.  
 Clemens flips what looks like a COIN in her direction.  
 Ripley catches it.  
 Looks up at him.

RIPLEY

What's this?

CLEMENS

A good luck charm. I haven't been with  
 a woman in years.

CUT TO:

45 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

45

An ENORMOUS FAN with razor-sharp blades is spinning in a blinding blur.  
 It fills the air-duct with warm air and soot.  
 MURPHY is cleaning the passageway, chipping away at carbon deposits and scrubbing down the wall.  
 He whistles as he works.  
 Suddenly, he stops whistling for a moment, spots something in the dark of the air-duct.  
 He moves forward, kneels down, examines it.  
 Looks like the skin shed by an unusually large reptile.  
 He stretches it out - it's even bigger than he first thought.  
 Nervously, he starts whistling again.

Then, he turns abruptly, hearing something in the darkness to his left.  
 He stops whistling again, sees a recessed storage area built into the wall of the air-duct.  
 A gurgling sound is issuing from inside.  
 Half-curious, half-afraid, Murphy moves closer.  
 What in god's name is that noise?  
 Stopping before the recessed area, Murphy peers inside.  
 There's definitely something in there, but he can't make out what it is in the gloom.  
 He lights a candle, inches closer ... closer

THE ALIEN

still fawn-like, but growing exponentially ...  
 Murphy is nonplussed with fear and horror.  
 Suddenly, the creature --

SPITS ACID

in Murphy's eyes.  
 Leaps forward as if shot on steel springs and claws at his face, peeling flesh away from his cheeks.  
 Murphy reels backward in a futile attempt to escape.  
 Screaming, he slams sideways into a wall, staggers, loses his balance into:

## THE FAN

which shreds him instantly.  
 In the blink of an eye, the walls of the air-duct are splattered with his remains.  
 The fan CLANGS to a ringing stop, crunching to a halt on his skeleton.  
 Within the recess on the wall we HEAR a sound.  
 Very much like a kitten licking milk from the bottom of a bowl.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CLEMENS' QUARTERS

46

E.C.U. on BAR CODE on the back of CLEMENS' HEAD being traced by the delicate finger of a woman.

WIDEN to REVEAL Ripley propped up on one arm lying under a sheet on a small cot.

Clemens sits with his naked back to her, pouring a drink.  
 The room is candle-lit, soft.

CLEMENS

Care for a drink?

RIPLEY

Yeah.

Clemens pours another one and hands it to her.  
 She sips.

RIPLEY

(re: the bar code)

Want to talk about it?

CLEMENS

Another time, maybe.

A pause.

CLEMENS

Tell me more about this virus. You said it mutated, becoming what?

RIPLEY

It's horrifying ... a nightmare. I pray that it was only a dream.

CLEMENS

You saw something?

RIPLEY

Yes ...

Ripley stops, holding her stomach.  
She looks pale.  
Clemens turns.

CLEMENS  
Where does it hurt?

RIPLEY  
Abdomen.

CLEMENS  
Are you nauseous?

RIPLEY  
Yeah.

Ripley calms.  
Clemens gets up.  
Goes over to a table, removes a syringe and brings it back to her.

RIPLEY  
Damn cryo-sleep. I'll be all right.

CLEMENS  
It's best. Give me your arm.

Ripley obliges.  
Something almost fetishistic in the way in which Clemens injects her.  
The serum hits her central nervous system like a fist against an imaginary wall.  
She goes slightly limp.

Suddenly, they're interrupted by a BUZZ on the INTERCOM.  
Clemens bolts to his feet.

AARON (V.O.)  
Clemens?

Clemens moves to the speaker, depresses a button.

CLEMENS  
Yes, Aaron.

AARON (V.O.)  
Report to Vent Shaft Seventeen on the  
Second Quadrant A.S.A.P. There's been  
an accident.

CLEMENS  
Right away.

Clemens moves over to where Ripley is knocked out.  
She's trying to get up.

RIPLEY

Can I come with you? I don't want to be alone.

CLEMENS

No. Stay here. Rest.

Clemens sweeps a hand briefly through her hair. Then EXITS.

RIPLEY

falls back to the cot, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

47 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

47

PULLING BACK from the inside of the mangled fan and the strewn, pulverized remains of Murphy.

CLEMENS

kneeling on the floor, examining what's left of Murphy. ANDREWS and AARON look on grimly.

AARON

I tell 'em: stay away from the fans, they suck a shitload of air ...

ANDREWS

Well, this is one that didn't listen.

Clemens glances up at Andrews:

CLEMENS

No need for an autopsy here.

ANDREWS

Hilarious, Clemens. I take it he was sucked into the fan?

Clemens stands and examines the fan blades.

CLEMENS

Except ... this fan was blowing.

Aaron looks at Andrews:

AARON

(utterly disturbed)  
Suicide, sir?

ANDREWS

I don't think it's part of their religious doctrine.

Clemens ignores their patter, continues to examine the inside of the air-duct.

Moving closer to the recess in the wall, he notices something.

A BURN MARK - like the one Ripley found in the E.E.V. - etched into the wall.

Clemens touches it with his fingers.

Looks at it strangely.

ANDREWS

What is it?

CLEMENS

(genuinely perplexed)

I really don't know.

Andrews' pins Clemens with a steely gaze.

Clemens looks away, thinking a thousand thoughts.

Instantly, Andrews grows suspicious.

ANDREWS

I want to see you in my quarters in thirty minutes.

Andrews turns on his heels and trudges off.

Aaron follows like a faithful dog.

Their footsteps echoing down the ventilation shaft, Clemens turns back to the grizzly scene.

He examines the burn mark a little more intently.

CUT TO:

48 INT. E.E.V. - CONE OF SILENCE

48

Ripley rummages through the cramped interior of the E.E.V., shoving debris aside, obviously looking for something very specific.

Beneath some destroyed equipment secured within the bulkhead she finds what she's looking for:

A SEAL ON THE WALL

with the following lettering just above it:

FLIGHT RECORDER  
DO NOT BREAK SEAL

Wiping sweat from her eyes, she breaks the seal on the container.

A MODULAR BLACK BOX appears from beneath the seal.  
She pries open a plate on the black surface and PRESSES A  
BUTTON.

She SEES pulses on a meter in the box's face.  
Determines that the flight recorder is still operational.  
Shutting it off, she puts it on the floor beside her.  
She looks in despair at the shambles of the E.E.V.  
She's interrupted by ...

CLEMENS -

appearing in a hole in the bulkhead.  
Comes inside.  
He's angry. Worried.

CLEMENS

What are you doing?

RIPLEY

I want to know why the E.E.V. was  
activated.

CLEMENS

What for?

RIPLEY

(ignoring him)

What was the accident?

CLEMENS

One of the prisoners backed into a huge  
fan. Cut him to shreds.

RIPLEY

Backed into a fan?

CLEMENS

He was either pushed or .. he ran; I  
don't know which. But that isn't all.  
I found something very much like what  
you found in the girl's cryo-tube.

Ripley's eyes grow wide in consternation.

CLEMENS

Talk to me, Lieutenant. I'm up to here  
in shit with Andrews for allowing you to  
traipse around.

RIPLEY

The droid that was on the E.E.V. He has  
an internal computer that can access  
this flight recorder. Where is he?



CLEMENS

On the junk heap. What's left of him.  
I doubt he's functional.

RIPLEY

Just point me in the direction. When I  
get the answer I'm looking for, I'll  
tell you for sure what I know.

Clemens looks at her, considering this.

CLEMENS

All right, Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CANDLE STORE-ROOM

49

Prisoner Lawrence is helping Golic, Boggs, and Rains load  
candles into oversized backpacks.  
Golic is stuffing food into his mouth like a pig.  
Lawrence pulls a strap tight on Golic's backpack, and patting  
it as though "all finished."

LAWRENCE

You're all set. .

Dillon comes in to check on them.

DILLON

Golic?

GOLIC

Yeah?

DILLON

Light a candle for Murphy, will you?

GOLIC

I'll light a thousand.

DILLON

And no more of that devil talk.  
Understand?

Golic nods up and down, smiling insouciantly.  
Then the three of them take off, disappearing into one of the  
ventilation shafts.

CUT TO:

50

## INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

50

Clemens and Andrews are seated across each other at a small wooden table.

Andrews is red-face with anger, veins popping like ropes on his forehead.

Drumming his fingers on the table.

Clemens waits.

Suddenly, Andrews stands, yelling:

ANDREWS

What is she now, your physical spittoon!

Clemens eyes Andrews across the table, pure sang-froid. Then he starts to get up.

CLEMENS

Pardon me while I repair to the Bug Wash.

ANDREWS

How would you like it if I gave her a photocopy of your dossier, doctor? See if she still thinks you're the sensitive type. You're still a prisoner here, and I give the orders. NOW, SIT THE FUCK DOWN!

Clemens sits back down, leans back in his chair, maintains his cool.

Andrews turns, paces a little, tries to muster a little professionalism.

ANDREWS

At 0-seven-hundred hours I got the first high-level communication from the network that this installation has ever received. They want this woman looked after. They consider it top priority.

CLEMENS

Why?

ANDREWS

Why do you think I have you in here? To give me a tetanus shot? You know they don't tell us shit.

CLEMENS

I have no idea.

ANDREWS

You've been spending a lot of quality time with our visitor. Maybe she's told you something.

CLEMENS

Only that she was part of a combat team that was wiped out. I assume beyond that it's all classified.

ANDREWS

Why is she so curious about the E.E.V.?

CLEMENS

Wants to reconstruct what happened. Professional curiosity, I presume.

ANDREWS

Nothing else.

CLEMENS

No.

ANDREWS

And what you found in the vent shaft this afternoon?

CLEMENS

No idea. A complete mystery.

Andrews turns and puts both hands on the table and leans over Clemens with a stare that could wilt flowers.

ANDREWS

If you're holding out on me. If the woman knows something. If the prison routine gets disrupted. You'll wish you believed in an afterlife like all the rest of them.

Clemens meets his stare.

ANDREWS

Thank you for your time, doctor.

CLEMENS

(standing)

As long it's quality time, warden.

And Clemens EXITS.

Andrews lights a cigarette and watches him walk off with a look of malice and suspicion etched in his pock-marked face.

CUT TO:

51 EXT./INT. OPEN CYLINDER - GARBAGE DUMP - NIGHT

51

As the wind howls.

A gigantic pit stands open to the night sky.

It's piled high with everything the prisoners have discarded. Standing on a mountain of rusted engines, pneumatic drills and other equipment --

RIPLEY

rummaging through miles of wire, tubing, spare parts.

The wind tears her eyes.

She suddenly stops for moment, a pounding like a sledgehammer beating a rock underwater assailing her head.

She brings both hands to her head in a moment of silent anguish.

It passes.

She continues scavenging.

Stops, eyes grow wide with interest, SEES:

A HAND

sticking out of a pile of some wiring.

Realizing what she's looking at she begins digging frantically through the refuse, possessed.

Has she gone a trifle mad perhaps?

Finally, she unearths the remains of --

BISHOP

The android.

He's a shambles.

Most of his face and lower jaw are missing, but parts of his neck, left shoulder, and back are intact.

At the back of his mouth is a small SPEAKER.

Grabbing some WIRE, maybe a small TRANSFORMER or CIRCUIT BOARD, Ripley stuffs various items into a canvas bag.

NEW ANGLE -

Suddenly, a dark SILHOUETTE of a PRISONER comes up from behind her, grabs her around the neck.

Another arm grabs her shoulders.

The hand of ANOTHER ARM starts to fondle her private parts.

With a sharp piece of some electronic part, Ripley stabs the attacker in the hand and he falls back, crying out.

We SEE that it's MARTIN.

Then, before she has a chance to catch her breath, two other prisoners - GREGOR and WILLIAM close in on her.

Ripley executes a perfectly-timed karate kick into William's groin and he doubles over, his face contorted in pain.

Ripley holds up the sharp end of an old transformer to Gregor as he starts to advance on her.

Right behind Gregor suddenly is JUNIOR, a big, strapping, slobbering idiot, leering like a moron in a candy store. He reaches down, grabs a metal bar from the junk pile.

JUNIOR

You do it for the doc, you do it for us.  
He ain't no better than us. Right,  
William?

Ripley starts to run.

Junior catches her.

Bends her over a railing and starts to slit her pant legs with a razor.

Then, seemingly from nowhere,

DILLON

materializes out of the dark.

He grabs Martin and William, just now struggling to their feet and bangs their heads together.

They go down in a heap.

Junior turns.

Gregor cowers.

Dillon blocks a haymaker from Junior, who has let go of Ripley, and decks him with a vicious right.

Junior falls backwards on his ass, wailing.

DILLON

Rapists. How could you do this thing!

Dillon brutally teaches Junior a lesson by hitting him in the face over and over.

JUNIOR

No!

DILLON

How could you stray so far after all these years! I thought we had a pact! Celibacy. You know what that means?

Gregor comes to his feet.

Dillon clobbers him.

He's utterly enraged.

JUNIOR

We weren't going to do nothing. We were just kidding.

DILLON

Now, you're lying to me. That's worse!

And he bashes Junior in the face.

Then he picks Gregor up by the tunic and now he has both of them in his powerful grasp.

DILLON

You meant to break the vows. You have set us back years!

And he smashes their heads together and they go down in a heap on the floor.

Finally, Dillon turns to Ripley.

DILLON

Are you all right?

RIPLEY

Thanks to you.

DILLON

You'd better get going. I've got some serious teaching to do.

Ripley picks up the bag with Bishop's parts.

She passes by Gregor.

Stops and looks him in the eye.

A BEAT.

Then she knees him in the groin.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

52

Deep within the unexplored vastness of Fury 161.

It's black as night.

Illuminated by the light of his torch, Golic eyeballs a SIGN on the wall in front of him.

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE PERMANENTLY SEALED  
OFF LIMITS

Golic glances back at Rains.

Rains lights a candle.

Positions it at the edge of the passageway.

Looking back we see an uneven line of flickering candles lighting their progress, finally disappearing around a curve.

They come to a stop.

Boggs takes out a map and studies it.

When anyone speaks their voice reverberates off the concrete walls of the passageway.

BOGGS  
How many candles?

RAINS  
(checking notes)  
That makes a-hundred-and-eighty-six now.

Golic has wandered up ahead a few yards.  
He's discovered an upended CIGARETTE VENDING MACHINE.  
He's banging on it like kid in a candy store.  
Boggs and Rains pounce on him like two cats.

GOLIC  
Cigarettes, cigarettes, cigarettes. For everyone!

BOGGS  
God damnit, Golic, shut up!

RAINS  
You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS  
Don't tell Dillon.

RAINS  
Don't swear.

GOLIC  
Let's get the cigarettes.

BOGGS  
Golic. Wait a minute.  
(turns to Rains)  
We've circled this entire compartment once, right?

RAINS  
Right.

BOGGS  
How many candles again?

Boggs doesn't get an answer.  
He glances sideways at Rains.  
Rains is scratching himself furiously.  
Stares fixedly down the row of flickering candles.  
Golic is pulling on the cigarette brand selection levers.  
Something very bizarre is happening.

A CANDLE IN THE DISTANCE

goes out.

RAINS, BOGGS, AND GOLIC

Golic stops what he's doing, his eyes wide as saucers.

BOGGS

What the hell is doing that?

GOLIC

What?

RAINS

Candles ... they're going out.

The three prisoners hold their torches high in the air.  
Try to determine what's causing the candles to get snuffed.  
It's too far away, whatever it is.

CANDLES AT THE END OF THE PASSAGEWAY

now going out one by one in an eerie forward progression.

RAINS, BOGGS, AND GOLIC

starting to grow afraid.

BOGGS

Must be a draft from one of the vent  
shafts.

GOLIC

I don't feel nothing.

RAINS

How are we going to find our way back?

The torch lighting Golic's face in a demented countenance.

GOLIC

It's the devil.

BOGGS

Shut up, Golic.

RAINS

One more word about that shit and we  
leave you here?

BOGGS

(to Rains)

All right, we're even on the swear  
words.

RAINS

Okay. I'm going to have to go back and  
re-light the candles.



BOGGS  
 (turning to Golic)  
 Give him your torch.

Golic hands Rains his torch.  
 Rains moves down the line of candles, his companions receding in the distance, his footsteps echoing sharply inside the passageway.  
 Behind him, a ways away from him now, he hears Boggs' voice:

BOGGS  
 Watch your step.

The words echo and reverberate within the enclosed space.  
 Moving forward, Rains breaks out into a cold sweat.  
 Ahead, another CANDLE GOES OUT.  
 Golic and Boggs are weird apparitions lit by their torches in the distance now.  
 Only three more candles to go.  
 Beyond, there's nothing but a black hole.  
 Coming to a stop at the last flickering candle, Rains raises his torch high in the air.  
 There's nothing there.  
 Relieved, he shakes his head to himself scoldingly.

RAINS  
 (sotto voce)  
 Yea, though I walk through the Valley of  
 Candles, God will not snuff me out.  
 (shouting back to Golic  
 and Boggs)  
 It's nothing.

Rains turns back, realizes suddenly there's a massive patch of blackness off to his right.  
 It's not reflecting the light from his torch (!).  
 And it's moving.  
 It's moving very fast.

#### THE ALIEN

rises up, directly in front of Rains.  
 Now a fully mature creature.  
 It moves with the speed of a big cat.  
 In one blurred moment, it is upon him.  
 Tears open his chest - carves a gaping hole in his abdomen.  
 Rains' SCREAMS reverberate like the Voice of Death through the dark passageway, where ...

#### GOLIC AND BOGGS -

A hundred yards away, panicked, insane with fear, watch Rains' torch go out.  
 Boggs takes the torch out of Golic's hand and runs screaming out-of-control in the opposite direction.

Golic charges after him, stumbling over the cigarette machine.

Rounding corners, hitting the walls, falling, picking themselves up.

A maze of ink-black passageways crudely lit by Boggs' torch.

Golic finally catches up to Boggs and wrestles the torch out of his hand.

Both men are exhausted, out of breath, completely lost.

Trying to collect himself, Golic stares around.

Ahead, he SEES CANDLES flickering in the dark.

There's an eerie silence, the eye of a hurricane.

BOGGS

We ran in a fucking god damn  
motherfucking circle.

GOLIC

It has come!

BOGGS

Shut up!

Lighting his own torch, he peers around in the dark.

Lambent light illuminates something horrific.

Spread-eagled on the dark concrete, covered with blood is:

RAINS

staring blankly at nothing, a look of abject terror forever frozen on his face.

Boggs staggers to his knees, sick to his stomach.

He never quite gets the chance to vomit.

Waving his torch around, searching the ceiling, Golic SEES:

THE ALIEN

crawling upside-down like the most horrible spider.

At the speed of light, it reaches down and rips off Boggs' head.

Blood spurts everywhere, splattering Golic in the face.

His tunic drenched, paralyzed with fear, Golic watches the Alien hurl Boggs' helpless body against the wall.

Still hanging from the ceiling, the Alien loses interest in Boggs and turns its attention to Golic.

Their eyes meet.

The Alien smiles!

Seeing this, Golic freaks.

(From this moment on he will be a lunatic in the asylum of his own mind's horror.)

Screaming like a banshee, torch still in hand, he takes off running into the echoing dark.

CUT TO:

53

INT. INFIRMARY

53

Alone, Ripley studies the remains of Bishop.  
 There's a battery pack in his left shoulder.  
 She checks the connections.  
 A spark sizzles.  
 Producing a cable from her backpack she connects a terminal  
 in Bishop's smashed thorax to the black FLIGHT RECORDER.  
 Almost at once, Bishop's one eye blinks open.  
 A unintelligible sound issues out of the small speaker at the  
 back of his mouth.  
 Ripley shoves her hand into his throat and adjusts the  
 speaker.  
 Bishop's voice, though crackly, becomes intelligible.  
 His eye wanders all over the place like some demented robot  
 as he speaks.

BISHOP

Ripley?

RIPLEY

(with urgency)

Yeah, it's me. Bishop, can you feel  
 anything.

BISHOP

My legs ...

RIPLEY

Sorry. Can't help you with that.

BISHOP

It's okay. Hey, I like your new  
 haircut? Retro-punk?

CUT TO:

53A

INT. MESS HALL - INTERCUT

53A

Shadows slant like fallen pillars.  
 Eerie. Empty  
 Almost, except for the lone presence of a PRISONER - moving  
 up behind him in a slow REAR DOLLY as if someone's P.O.V..  
 He's eating cereal from a bowl.

CUT BACK TO:

53 CONT.

53 CONT.

INT. INFIRMARY

Ripley talking to Bishop:

RIPLEY

Can you access the data on the flight recorder?

BISHOP

Give it a shot. I'm not all here.

Ripley plugs the black box into a connection, wires it to his head.

Bishop's one good eye rotates around in its socket, opening and closing involuntarily.

What remains of his forehead wrinkles in concentration.

RIPLEY

The Sulaco. What happened? Why were the cryo-tubes ejected into the E.E.V.?

Seconds pass.

We HEAR the WHIRRING of a TAPE REWINDING.

Then, the sound of a FEMALE VOICE out of Bishop's voice box:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat:  
fire in cryogenic compartment. All  
personnel report to ...

RIPLEY

What started the fire?

(no response)

Bishop, can you hear me?

BISHOP

(going in and out)

Electrical ... in the subflooring ...

RIPLEY

(very urgent)

Was there any other life form on the ship before separation?

CUT TO:

53B INT. MESS HALL - INTERCUT

53B

The COOK, carrying a load of plates back into the kitchen. Turns. SEES:

GOLIC

slowly eating a bowl of Rice Krispies.

But ... something is wrong.

He's covered in BLOOD.

And he's wearing some kind of translucent shawl around him.

THE COOK

drops the plates and they explode on the hard tile floor in a thousand pieces.

Golic looks up, smiles like a Buddhist monk and returns to his Rice Krispies.

CUT TO:

53 CONT.

53 CONT.

INT. INFIRMARY

Bishop starting to wig as only an Android can.

Ripley plays with the crude circuitry connecting Bishop to the flight recorder box.

She rattles Bishop around like a vending machine that doesn't work.

RIPLEY

Bishop, god damn it, does the flight recorder indicate anything on board? An Alien?

Long pause.

Bishop's eye rotates crazily in its socket.

BISHOP

Yes ... Alien life form ... Confirm ...

Ripley, intense, holding Bishop's head in place:

RIPLEY

Did it come on the E.E.V.? Bishop?

BISHOP

It was with us all the way, Ripley.

(losing it fast)

... Gray lines ... grids ... Ripley, be a sport, disconnect me?

RIPLEY

All right, Bishop. If I ever make it back, I'll get you on line again ...

And with that, Ripley pulls the wires.

Bishop's head rolls onto its side.

A LIGHT goes out in its mechanical head.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MESS HALL

54

Golic, eyes blazing madness, lifts the bowl of Rice Krispies to his mouth and drinks the milk left at the bottom.  
The CAMERA BOOMS UP slowly to REVEAL:

ANDREWS, AARON, DILLON

followed by CLEMENS, MORSE.  
All marching in as though in a dire emergency.

CUT TO:

55A INT. INFIRMARY

55A

Andrews, Aaron, Dillon, Clemens, Morse, and the Cook are standing in a circle around the blood-spattered GOLIC, who is completely lost in his own world.  
Andrews is shaking his head.  
Dillon is listening to him disconcertingly - one of his own has gone off the deep end.

Ripley is silhouetted behind some semi-diaphanous curtains.

GOLIC

Dillon, I saw it! It's the Darkness coming! Just like you said! I saw it! I am one of the chosen! It smiled at me! It said, Golic! come with me, I will save you!

Andrews turns to Dillon, who looks concerned.

ANDREWS

You want to handle this?

Dillon turns to Golic.  
Leans down to half comfort him:

DILLON

What did you see?

GOLIC

It moved like an angel, it murdered like the devil. You will see. It will come for you. ALL OF YOU! We're all going to die and be resurrected in the final Apocalypse!

Dillon slaps Golic across the face. Tries to shake him to his senses.

DILLON

Boggs and Rains. Where are they?

GOLIC

I didn't do it, Dillon. They met the beast. It drank their blood. They've gone. It's coming!

DILLON

What's this you're wearing?

GOLIC

It's the Dragon Coat. He gave it to me. I'm one of the dragons now.

But, on closer inspection, the translucent shawl that Golic has draped around him is clearly the EXOSKELETON that Murphy found prior to his demise.

Clemens leans in.

CLEMENS

He's seen something, suffered some kind of trauma.

ANDREWS

Trauma, my ass. He murdered them in cold blood and now he's trying to cover it up with this religious malarkey.

DILLON

You don't know that. Doc is right. He's seen something.

ANDREWS

Seen the old homicidal urges he once had maybe!

GOLIC

I didn't kill them. They wanted to die. He saved me because I'm special. Dillon, I'm special, aren't I?

DILLON

You'd better come clean with me right now, Golic.

GOLIC

It had six legs, steel teeth like razors. It gave me the coat.

Dillon turns to Junior and nods.

Junior grabs Golic from behind as though he were an insect. Golic's arms and legs are kicking every which way.

ANDREWS

Get him out of here. Take him to the infirmary. Put him in a strait-jacket. Clemens, sedate him. Now!

NEW ANGLE -

RIPLEY

suddenly appears through the shadows in the dark where she has been privy to this entire scene.

RIPLEY

You better listen to what he's saying. He's telling the truth.

DILLON

This is not your place, Lieutenant.

ANDREWS

(to Ripley)

What the hell are you talking about? And what are you doing out of your quarters?

RIPLEY

Listen to me, all of you, for your sake and everybody else's, this man has seen something ... And it's for real.

DILLON

Back off.

Ripley starts to pull the exoskeleton off Golic's shoulders, but he holds on to it fiercely.

RIPLEY

This is the exoskeleton of the Xenomorph. It's already mutating, getting bigger!

GOLIC

Give me back my dragon jacket. Get your own.

DILLON

Morse.

Morse gets the signal from Dillon and clobbers Golic over the head and knocks him out.

RIPLEY

The man's telling the truth, it's ...



CLEMENS

(cutting her off)

Ripley. Not here.

ANDREWS

What's going on between you two? Are you trying to undermine my authority?

DILLON

Maybe we should hear what she has to say?

ANDREWS

I've got a stark-raving mad ex-murderer with blood all over him and two missing prisoners and you want me to believe a god damn beast out of one of those devil books is out there killing my men?

RIPLEY

I've been fighting it in two different galaxies. I only needed to confirm that it came with us ... I know what we're up against now. If you'll listen to me ....!

Clemens pulls Ripley back.  
Whispers urgently.

CLEMENS

Not here, Ripley. I'm warning you.

Andrews takes charge the only way he knows how: ordering people around:

ANDREWS

Morse. Get Golic to the infirmary, NOW!  
Clemens, attend to him.

(turns to Dillon)

Dillon, I suggest we plan a visit to the scene of the devil sighting.

(turns to Ripley)

And, Lieutenant. I want to see you. In my quarters. Alone.

(to the Cook)

Clean this up and keep your mouth shut about it!

CUT TO:

56

INT. ANDREWS QUARTERS

56

Andrews sitting behind his desk.  
Aaron stands off to the side and behind him slightly.  
Ripley stands, facing them both.

ANDREWS

Let me see if I have this correct. You repaired a droid and he accessed the flight recorder on your E.E.V. and confirmed that an insect about the size of a human with extraordinary killing capabilities has arrived with you on Fury 161 and if we don't do something about it we're all going to die?

RIPLEY

That's right. Just as Golic said.

ANDREWS

And if I stretch the outer limits of my imagination and believe this for one minute, what do you suggest we do, Lieutenant?

RIPLEY

What kind of weapons do you have around here?

ANDREWS

Weapons and prisoners make bad bedfellows.

(exasperated)

We don't have any. Except some carving knives and fire axes.

RIPLEY

(thinking to herself)

Then we'll have to find some way to outsmart it. I don't know.

ANDREWS

You don't know. Well, I know. You're confined to the infirmary until the rescue team arrives to take you back. Aaron, show the lady out of here.

Aaron starts to move towards Ripley.

RIPLEY

All right, I get it, prisoners are dying for a reason. Yes, of course, there's no devil. It's a murderer. One of your men. Golic. Just a coincidence that it started happening when I crashed here. Maybe I'm the devil. And you're the angel. And we're all in a loony bin.

ANDREWS

That's all, Lieutenant. Dismissed.

Aaron grabs her by the wrist.  
 Ripley shakes it off brusquely.

RIPLEY  
 I'm going. Don't worry.  
 (to Andrews)  
 You find it. You fight it. I'm tired.

CUT TO:

57 INT. INFIRMARY

57

E.C.U. on a needle being extracted from Ripley's arm.

WIDEN to REVEAL:

CLEMENS

sitting on the cot administering to Ripley.

CLEMENS  
 There, that should ease the pain.

RIPLEY  
 Thanks, doc.

Ripley sits up, looking a little world-weary.

In the background, GOLIC lies strapped to a cot. He's been cleaned up, but he's still a blithering idiot.

GOLIC  
 The center has loosened. It has no hold. Glory be to the darkness for It has come!

And Golic goes catatonic, staring fixedly at nothing.

RIPLEY  
 I can understand his madness. When you see it, you'll know what I mean.

CLEMENS  
 Unfortunately, Dillon will think he can battle it with prayer. And Andrews won't believe you until it's too late.

RIPLEY  
 Do you think I'm crazy?

CLEMENS  
 I think you suffered quite a shock. About the beast, I don't know.

RIPLEY

Is there any way off this planet?

CLEMENS

A supply ship comes every six months.  
The rescue vehicle won't be here for  
another week.

RIPLEY

Great.

Ripley looks positively depressed.

CLEMENS

How are you feeling?

RIPLEY

Stomach still hurts. Last night, I had  
a terrible headache.

CLEMENS

You came down pretty hard. You were  
lucky to survive.

RIPLEY

Right.

CUT TO:

57A INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

57A

Andrews, Dillon, Aaron and Morse close to where Rains and  
Boggs were butchered  
Aaron has a MAP out.

AARON

Should be around here somewhere if what  
Golic said is right.

ANDREWS

I don't trust convicts. Especially  
short ones. Their brains are too close  
to their butts.

Dillon stops and stands threateningly in front of Andrews.

DILLON

I've got a problem with you, warden.

ANDREW

Yeah. Well, I've got a problem with  
you.

They stare each other down for a long moment.  
Almost like they're going to go at it.

DILLON

One day you will be called. And I hope  
you have the answer.

ANDREWS

(sarcastically)

Faith. That's right. I forgot.

Morse is examining something up ahead.  
Turns to the others.

MORSE

Hey. Over here.

They move off in his direction.  
Gather around him.  
Morse leaning down, SEES:  
SCRATCH MARKS on the wall.  
There's blood all over the floor.

ANDREWS

What is it?

MORSE

Some kind of marks.

Aaron holds his torch close to the floor.

AARON

There's blood everywhere, sir.

ANDREWS

There should be some kind of trail.

DILLON

There's no trail.

Aaron holds his torch up to the ceiling where the vent shaft  
is located.  
There's splotches of blood around an opening.  
Some of it drips down on Andrews tunic.  
They all look at one another.

MORSE

Something just picked these bodies up.

ANDREWS

It doesn't explain anything.

DILLON

Golic's not strong enough to haul those  
bodies off.

ANDREWS

I've seen little men go through walls  
when they're deranged.

AARON

Rains and Boggs? They're pretty good-  
sized men, sir.

ANDREWS

Thank you, Aaron, for the anatomical  
information.

DILLON

I'm telling you, it ain't Golic.

ANDREWS

(angry, frustrated)  
Then, who is it?

Aaron, Morse, and Dillon all look at Andrews.  
No one has the answer.

CUT TO:

57 CONT.

57 CONT.

INT. INFIRMARY

Golic, his eyes wide as saucers, sits rigid in the  
background, staring into the void of his imagination.

RIPLEY AND CLEMENS

RIPLEY

You never told me. Why did you get sent  
out here?

CLEMENS

(matter-of-factly)  
I killed two people.

BEAT.

RIPLEY

Why?

CLEMENS

A woman had a bad accident, lapsed into  
a coma, had no chance of ever coming out  
of it, so I gave her a lethal shot.

Pause. Ripley lets this sink in a moment. Then:

RIPLEY

Who was the other one?

CLEMENS

The seven-month old fetus she was carrying.

(MAJOR BEAT)

She was my wife.

RIPLEY

The woman I reminded you of?

CLEMENS

Yes. The authorities gave me a choice. The reason I came here is I wanted to go some place far enough away in order to forget.

There's a pause.

CLEMENS

What about yourself, Ripley. Are you married?

RIPLEY

No.

Clemens just nods.

GOLIC

sensing something in his hallucinated mind, starts straining at his straps.

A SHADOW

indistinct looms on the ceiling.

GOLIC

I'm here, your humble servant. Into the darkness. Into the void.

RIPLEY

Isn't there something you can give him?

CLEMENS

There's one thing we still haven't learned to cure: insanity.

GOLIC

(in the background)

I want my dragon jacket back! I want my dragon jacket back!

RIPLEY

He's right. It's out there. Somewhere.

CLEMENS

We'll get off this place. You and I.

Ripley looks at him dejectedly as though all hope had been lost.

They're interrupted by a BUZZ on the INTERCOM:

AARON (O.S.)

Report to the Mess Hall. Andrews requests your presence in the Mess Hall.

GOLIC

(really wiggling now)  
Prepare for deliverance, get ready for redemption!

Suddenly ...

THE ALIEN

drops down from the ceiling behind Clemens.  
Rises to its full height - over eight feet tall.  
Big, black, shiny-smooth head moves into the light.  
Then it moves towards Ripley, cable-like arms stretched out in front of its torso, moving out of sync with its feet.  
Ripley tries to move, cry out, but she's immobilized with fear and horror.

The Alien comes right up behind Clemens.  
But, before he can turn, it rips his head off violently.

Ripley can't scream, she's nonplussed with fear.  
The Alien closes in on her.

GOLIC

I am the darkness and you are the light,  
I am the son and you are the mother!

The Alien continues to close in on Ripley, now crawling backwards on the floor.  
Gets right over her.  
Then it stops.  
Cocks its head.  
Looks at Ripley odd-like.  
As if it sensed something.  
Clemens' blood drips onto her face.

Then, suddenly, for no reason, it vaults up into the overhead air-shaft and is gone.

RIPLEY

Mouth agape, scared shitless, thinking she was a goner.  
What happened?



Golic has gone catatonic again, lost in his own hallucinated world.

CUT TO:

58 INT. - MESS HALL

58

The prisoners have gathered.  
They're all smoking, muttering in heated whispers.  
The word has spread.  
Suddenly, they GROW QUIET, as:

DILLON

addresses them with his booming, imperious voice.

DILLON

My sinner brothers. Our God works  
sometimes in strange ways. We may not  
know His purpose or understand, but we  
must keep the faith.

(BEAT)

I have distressing news. Three of our  
brothers have fallen, and four others  
have strayed from the path.

Reactions from the prisoners.  
Junior and Gregor, standing together, looking shamefaced.

DILLON (CONT.)

It is not for us to judge; it is our  
responsibility to pray for them, to pull  
together in this dark time.

The assembled prisoners nod to one another in renewed  
affirmation of their beliefs.

DILLON (CONT.)

I beseech you to stay to the course I  
have taught you, to hold firm in your  
beliefs. You must come to me first if  
temptation assails you.

(BEAT)

This will be a lesson to all. And we  
will forgive!

Andrews standing off to the side with Aaron, waiting his  
turn.

THE PRISONERS

WE WILL FORGIVE!

ANDREWS

steps forward now, addressing the prisoners.

## ANDREWS

Here are the facts. At 0-four-hundred hours, Brother Murphy was sucked into a fan in Vent Shaft Seventeen and died.

Reactions from the prisoners.

## ANDREWS (CONT.)

At 0-eight-hundred hours, Brothers Rains, Boggs, and Golic set out on a routine foraging mission. Three hours later, Brother Golic returned babbling incoherently about some kind of beast.

The PRISONERS grow vocal now, wondering what to believe.

## ANDREWS (CONT.)

Quiet! After an inspection in which Brother Dillon was present it was determined that Rains and Boggs have met their death at the hands of Golic.

Outcries from the PRISONERS.  
They bang CUPS on the railings.  
A small-scale riot.

## ANDREWS (CONT.)

(talking over the  
prisoners' outcries)

Quiet! I have not finished the report. The investigation is continuing. As to the dragon that Brother Golic claims to have seen, I think we can safely conclude that this is a convenient ...

Suddenly ...  
A SOUND from above.  
Andrews stops and looks up.

## THE ALIEN

the "beast" that he has just decried, whips down like a bolt of lightning and snatches him away.  
Both gone in an instant.  
The Prisoners shriek in fear.  
Dillon has a stunned look of terror frozen onto his face.  
No one knows what to do.

## DOORWAY

Ripley pulls open the door.  
Just in time to see the last of Andrews - screaming in his death throes - heading up into an air shaft in the clutches of the fleeing Alien.

Ripley turns to Dillon.

RIPLEY  
Get these people under control.

Dillon looks at Ripley, understands.

DILLON  
EVERYONE PRAY!

And the Prisoners all stop the ruckus at once.  
They begin a low haunting GREGORIAN CHANT.

Ripley comes up to Dillon.

RIPLEY  
It just got Clemens. We've got to move.  
Fast.

Morse just stands there, unable to chant, mouth agape, still  
staring up at the ceiling.

MORSE  
Fuucckkk ...

SCENES 59-60 ARE INCLUSIVE OF 58.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

61

All the PRISONERS are huddled in the Assembly Hall.  
They're in groups, smoking, whispering heatedly about what  
they've just witnessed, etc.

JANNI, ERIC, MARTIN -

ERIC  
You see that thing?

JANNI  
Looks like something I used to get for  
Christmas when I was little.

MARTIN  
Or something you see in those old  
movies.

GREGOR, LAWRENCE, JUDE, WALTER -

in another small group.

JUDE  
I'm saying there was a reason it took  
Andrews.

LAWRENCE

Because he was a peckerhead.

Ripley, Dillon, Aaron, Morse and a few other Prisoners.  
They're listening to Ripley now:

RIPLEY

It's some kind of parasite. It lives  
off a host until it's big enough to move  
around on its own.

DILLON

What kind of host?

RIPLEY

Human. You and me.

MORSE

That thing ain't getting in to me.

AARON

How do we stop it?

RIPLEY

It's afraid of fire, but without  
weapons, I don't know ...

MORSE

I say we charge it. It wants to fuck  
with us, we'll ...

DILLON

Morse! Watch your language!

RIPLEY

Any heavy machinery? Industrial tools?

AARON

Just industrial waste.

RIPLEY

Anything toxic? flammable?

AARON

Toxic and flammable. Quinitricetylene.  
They've been unloading that shit on us  
for years.

RIPLEY

How much have you got?

AARON

How much do you want?

CUT TO:

NOTE: SCENES 62 & 63 HAVE BEEN REVERSED

62 INT. UNDERGROUND STORAGE AREA

62

Ripley, Dillon, Aaron, Morse, a few OTHER PRISONERS, standing around piles of heavy DRUMS that have "Quinitricethylene - Highly Flammable" stenciled on them.

AARON

I once saw a truck hit a wall and ignite ten of these. Blew out five city blocks. We can force this thing in any direction we want with this shit.

RIPLEY

Okay, but we're not going to be setting these things off like firecrackers. I just want to fire up these passageways and find a way to seal it off somehow. Until the rescue team comes.

AARON

This place is nothing but air-ducts and vent shafts.

RIPLEY

Great. That's home sweet home for this thing. Isn't there any place that can be locked off?

MORSE

What about the Toxic Waste Dump?

Ripley turns to Morse with renewed hope:

RIPLEY

What's that?

CUT TO:

63 INT. FILE ROOM

63

A large dingy room bulging with file cabinets and dilapidated desks.

A MAP

is laid out before Ripley, Aaron, Morse, and Dillon.

AARON

It's at the end of this passageway. Here.

And Aaron points to a place on the map clearly denoting the Toxic Waste Container.

RIPLEY

What are its dimensions?

MORSE

Fourteen foot thick lead-lined steel walls. It's acid-proof, blast-proof, nuclear waste proof.

RIPLEY

All right. It'll nest in one of the passageways until it needs to get another one of us for its reproduction purposes.

DILLON

Golic was right.

Ripley looks at Dillon.

Then she turns her attention back to the map.

RIPLEY

We need to fire up these outer passageways and force it towards this container.

AARON

That's a hell of a lot of tunnels to seal off.

RIPLEY

We're going to need all the men.

DILLON

Some of them may not go. They've got nothing at stake fighting this thing.

RIPLEY

Except their lives. You've got to talk to them, Dillon. This is our only chance.

Dillon looks at Ripley, slowly nodding assent.

CUT TO:

64 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

64

The PRISONERS have gathered.

Solemn, not smoking, as if understanding the gravity of this meeting.

Ripley and Aaron are standing off to one side.

DILLON

takes center stage:

DILLON

A grave peril has descended on our  
wretched sanctuary. The dragon that  
Golic saw is real!

Muffled exclamations from all the prisoners.

DILLON

Whether it is God testing us once again  
I don't know, but we have no choice but  
to fight it.

PRISONER

(shouting out)

I ain't going out like Rains and Boggs.

OTHER PRISONERS

Yeah! Yeah!

DILLON

This is not a time for discord and  
division. We are one. We work  
together. We eat together. We pray  
together. And we will fight together.

OTHER PRISONERS

Yeah! Yeah!

DILLON

Those who don't want to fight it, who  
want to lay in their cells while the  
rest of us are out there in the  
passageways risking our lives, LEAVE THE  
ROOM NOW!

Nobody moves.

There are still some muffled protestations, but everyone is  
afraid to challenge Dillon.

DILLON

We will follow the plan of Lieutenant  
Ripley. Though she is a woman, she has  
told the truth about this peril!

There's a silence.

DILLON

Who believes in the paradise after  
suffering?

THE PRISONERS

WE DO!

DILLON

Who believes that redemption comes to  
those who fight the Evil and will not  
run away from it!

THE PRISONERS

WE DO!

DILLON

For the Brotherhood!

THE PRISONERS

FOR THE BROTHERHOOD!

Dillon steps aside.

He walks over to where Aaron and Ripley are.

Ripley gives him a thumbs up.

Dillon smiles.

Aaron gets up.

AARON

We will meet in the Toxic Storage Area  
in one hour. Be ready.

SLAM CUT TO:

(SCENES 65-83 - THE BURN-AND-BAG SEQUENCE. NOTE: THE STAGING OF THE BURN-AND-BAG SEQUENCE WILL BE FULLY ADDED TO THE TEXT AS STORYBOARD INFORMATION BECOMES AVAILABLE. IN ESSENCE: PRISONERS PAINT SHAFTS WITH NAPALM, LIGHT IT, WHICH FORCES THE XENOMORPH INTO LARGER CORRIDORS - WHICH ARE ALSO TORCHED FORCING THE BEAST INTO THE TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL WHERE IT IS TRAPPED BEHIND THE STEEL DOORS. SEVERAL PRISONERS ARE KILLED IN THIS PROCESS.)

CUT TO:

83 CONT.

83 CONT.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

Dillon activates the sprinklers

MONTAGE:

The faces of the remaining Prisoners.

Water pouring down on them.

All of them singing a Gregorian chant.



DILLON (V.O)  
 Those that have fallen ... Lawrence,  
 Gregor, Janni, Arthur, and even Junior  
 ... have gone to a better place, for ...

CUT TO:

84 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 84

Dillon stands imperiously before the remaining prisoners.

84A INTERCUT - 84A

graphic silhouettes of the gathering of the bodies.

DILLON  
 (speaking to the  
 congregation)  
 ... there is no such thing as death.  
 There is only this life and the  
 afterlife.

RIPLEY AND AARON IN THE GALLERY

whispering under their breath:

RIPLEY  
 Any word from the Company?

AARON  
 Rescue team should be here in two, three  
 days tops. The only message we got was  
 that you were top priority.

Ripley looks at Aaron:

RIPLEY  
 (thinking to herself)  
 They want to take it back ...

AARON  
 Take it back? Are you out of your mind?

RIPLEY  
 They don't want to kill it.

Aaron just looks at her, not understanding what she's talking about.

DILLON -

DILLON

Their sins have been atoned. Now, let's close our eyes in a moment of silence ... imagine where our fallen brothers have gone to rest ...

CUT TO:

85 INT. INFIRMARY

85

Golic still strait-jacketed.  
Guarded by Morse.

GOLIC

Hey, Morse, let me out of this thing.

MORSE

No way, Golic. Dillon's orders.

GOLIC

What am I going to do if that thing comes in here?

MORSE

We got it trapped in the Toxic Waste. It ain't going nowhere.

GOLIC

You think I'm going to hurt you or something?

MORSE

You? I could break you in two with my left hand.

GOLIC

Do you think I'm crazy?

MORSE

I don't know, Golic. A lot of bad shit has gone down.

GOLIC

I was right about the Dragon, wasn't I?

MORSE

Yeah, so what? That don't change my following orders.

GOLIC

You saw it. Everybody saw it. Imagine me in the tunnels seeing that thing.

MORSE

That's why I'm not a forager like you.

GOLIC

Have some pity, Morse. How would you like to be in this thing? Huh?

MORSE

I wouldn't.

GOLIC

Don't I always give you cigarettes before anyone else, huh?

MORSE

Yeah.

GOLIC

Well, let me out of this thing and I'll give you two cartons I've got stashed.

Morse looks at Golic for a long moment.  
Then he starts to remove the straps from the strait-jacket.

MORSE

All right. Just to shut you up. You're hurting my ears.

Morse finishing unstrapping Golic.  
Golic swings his arms, gets his circulation back.

GOLIC

In the toxic waste, huh?

MORSE

Yeah.

Golic rips a small FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall.

MORSE

Hey ...

Smack! Smack!  
Golic hammers Morse down and out.

GOLIC

No more cigarettes for you, Morse.

And he wanders off.

CUT TO:

86 INSERT - DAT SCAN SCREEN - COMPUTER TYPE

86

COMMUNIQUE FROM FURY 161.  
WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.  
REPORT DEATH OF SUPT. ANDREWS, MEDICAL  
OFFICER CLEMENS, EIGHT PRISONERS AT THE  
HANDS OF ...

87 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

87

AARON turns to RIPLEY who is standing over him.

AARON  
What do we call it?

RIPLEY  
A Xenomorph.

AARON  
Right.  
(starts to turn back)  
How do you spell it?

RIPLEY  
Here.

Ripley elbows him aside.

INSERT - DAT SCAN SCREEN

Ripley typing ...

... A XENOMORPH. HAVE MANAGED TO TRAP  
IT IN TOXIC WASTE CONTAINER. REQUEST  
PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

AARON -

AARON  
We can't kill it.

RIPLEY  
They don't know that.

AARON  
Then why bullshit them?

Ripley ignores him and turns her attention back to the Dat  
Scan monitor.

INSERT - DAT SCAN MONITOR

An answer starts coming back:

RESPONSE TO FURY 161 - WORK CORRECTIONAL  
FACILITY FROM NETWORK CONTROL - WEYLAND-  
YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED. RADIO  
CONTACT WITH EMERGENCY RESCUE UNIT.  
TO ARRIVE AT TWELVE HUNDRED HOURS.  
PERMISSION DENIED TO TERMINATE XENOMORPH  
- REPEAT: PERMISSION DENIED!

AARON -

a disbelieving look on his face:

AARON

What the ...

And Ripley just looks at Aaron, as though: Now do you understand?

CUT TO:

88 INT. PASSAGEWAY - TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL

88

A torch is planted in a crack in the concrete wall.  
Flickering light illuminates the battered door.  
It's dented all to hell but still intact.  
Silence from within the container.  
Some distance away on the very edge of the light ...

ARTHUR

has been posted as guard. He's seated by the massive steel containment door.

GOLIC

approaches.

Arthur stands, a perplexed look on his face.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here, Golic, you're supposed to be locked up.

GOLIC

The mind is a prison.

ARTHUR

What the fuck are you talking about?

GOLIC

I have to talk to the Dragon.

ARTHUR

What? You ain't going in there, shithead. Big motherfucker eat you alive. And everybody else.

Golic suddenly lifts a straight razor and slashes Arthur's throat.  
Blood spurts on his face.

GOLIC  
(matter-of-factly)  
I didn't want to kill you, but I had to.  
Sorry.

And Golic closes his hand over the straight razor.

GOLIC

He eyeballs the battered door.  
Silence.  
Golic starts to fiddle with the control.  
Finding the right button, he pushes it.  
Somewhere, gears creak and whine.  
Steel scrapes on steel.  
Slowly, the massive door opens.  
Golic peers dementedly into the enveloping darkness.  
Nothing.  
Silence.

GOLIC  
It's me, Golic, sir, are you in there?

A sound.  
Golic has a look of terror and excitement in his face.  
The blackness stretched out in front of him looks portentous.

GOLIC  
I need to know what to do next?

THE ALIEN

appears in all its malevolent glory.  
Looks bigger, more dangerous than ever.  
Then, ignoring Golic, it gallops off down the passageway.

GOLIC

turns, looks.  
Smiles.  
Then he takes off, chasing after the Alien.

CUT TO:

89 INT. - MESS HALL

89

DILLON sits alone at one of the tables, quietly flipping through the pages of an old leather-bound book on medieval alchemy.  
Fabulous pictures of mythological demons.

Ripley stands, looking down at him, despondent about the situation.

DILLON

You're telling me they're coming to take this thing back to Earth?

RIPLEY

That's right.

DILLON

What's the problem then?

RIPLEY

If this thing gets back to Earth it's going to wipe everything out.

DILLON

And why should that concern me?

Ripley comes around and sits across from him.  
She slams the book shut in his hands.  
Gets him to look at her.  
Can't believe she heard what he just said.

RIPLEY

Not exactly the words of a religious man.

DILLON

(angry)

Listen to me, Lieutenant. We left that place because it made us who we are. We don't have any affection for Earth and its people. For us there's no going back. Understand? We had our own little world out here until you came.

RIPLEY

This place is the ass-end of the universe.

DILLON

Yeah, but it's ours. And we don't care if the Company wants to come and take the beast back or not!

Ripley looks at Dillon, eyes blazing anger.  
Dillon reopens his book.

The sound of quickly approaching FOOTSTEPS.  
MORSE comes into view.  
A look of utter panic contorting his face.

MORSE

Dillon. There's an emergency!

Ripley's face, quickly transmogrifying into horror.

CUT TO:

90 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 90

Sometime later.

Ripley, Dillon, Aaron and Morse have arrived and are surveying the situation.

They stare at the open door.

Arthur is sprawled on the concrete in a pool of blood, his throat slashed ear to ear.

Everyone is looking over their shoulder.

It could be anywhere. Ominous music.

AARON

The fucker's loose. God damn son of a bitch, Golic! Andrews was right. We should have chained his ass!

MORSE

(looking down at  
Arthur)

I don't know if we should be out here, man. Now, we've got two maniacs running loose.

AARON

It's your fault, peckerhead!

MORSE

You don't run this facility!

AARON

Fuck I don't!

And Aaron jumps up in front of Morse.

Morse raises his fist, ready to unload.

Dillon flattens Morse with a powerful chest-punch.

Morse staggers back.

Aaron starts to go for Morse.

Dillon puts his arm between the two of them.

DILLON

Back off, Morse.

AARON

Tell your fuckin' bozo to shape up!



Ripley has collapsed against the wall.  
She cuffs a hand over her ear and pulls away.  
It's covered with blood.  
She staggers in place.

AARON  
What's wrong with her?

DILLON  
(to Ripley)  
There's blood coming out of your ear.

RIPLEY  
I must have had a concussion all this  
time.

Ripley staggers in place again, feeling a sharp pain in her  
stomach.  
Dillon comes over and puts an arm around her.

RIPLEY  
I need someone to take me to the E.E.V.

AARON  
What for?

RIPLEY  
Neuroscanner. I need to do a CAT scan.  
If it's a concussion I should be in the  
infirmary.

MORSE  
Why the fuck are we worried about her?  
We're just standing around waiting to be  
something's lunch.

AARON  
We haven't got time for a CAT scan.  
We've got a god damn alien beast running  
around again.

No one is in charge anymore.  
Total anarchy.

DILLON  
Let's think.

AARON  
What are you going to do, tell everyone  
to start chanting?

Dillon ignores Aaron.  
Ripley is still in the background, knees weakening beneath  
her.

RIPLEY

Someone, please.

DILLON

(with authority)

Aaron, help Ripley to the E.E.V. and do what she wants. Morse, get your brothers in the Assembly Hall and tell 'em to bring all the fire axes, kitchen knives, whatever they've got stashed away. Let's go!

CUT TO:

91 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

91

The E.E.V. still sits on the hangar floor.  
Light flickers, dims and surges again  
Shadows moving inside the E.E.V.  
Whispered VOICES from with the vehicle:

92 INT. E.E.V.

92

Ripley, with Aaron's assistance, crawls partially clothed into one of the cryo-tubes.  
Aaron steps over in front of a control panel.  
There's a small keyboard in front of him.

AARON

You're going to have to talk me through this, Lieutenant.

RIPLEY

Hit the "Monitor On" switch.

Aaron finds it, presses it.

CAT SCAN MONITOR

BRIGHTENS SLOWLY to an IMAGE of her internal organs.

AARON

Check.

RIPLEY

What do you see?

AARON

Bones, fluid. What the hell am I looking for? I'm no neurosurgeon.

Tight on Ripley's face:

RIPLEY

I don't know. Hit "Start Scan."

Aaron finds the appropriate button and pushes it.  
 The CAT Scan machine starts to move very slowly along the  
 length of her body.  
 The Monitor: more bones and fluid.

RIPLEY

Anything?

AARON

Nothing unusual I can see.

CAT Scan machine continuing to move slowly.

AARON (O.S.)

Ripley?

RIPLEY

What is it? What do you see?

The CAT Scan MONITOR:  
 something horrific, unfocused, starts to come into view.

AARON

How do I stop this thing?

RIPLEY

"Stop Scan" button.

Aaron presses a button.  
 The machine stops, grows quiet.

AARON

(barely able to speak)  
 Oh my god, it's like ... the thing ...  
 only very tiny. Inside you. Jesus  
 mother of god.

BEAT.

RIPLEY

I want to see the thermal printout.

AARON

I don't know, Lieutenant ...

RIPLEY

Just show it to me.

Aaron reaches over to the thermal printer and takes the image  
 that's rolling out.  
 He hands it to Ripley.

RIPLEY

On her face as she looks at the image.

## THE PRINTOUT

Her entrails.

Looking closer, we SEE:

curled around the base of her spine, close to her womb:

## A BABY QUEEN ALIEN

It looks like a reptile of some kind.

## RIPLEY'S FACE

RIPLEY

(almost to herself)

It's ... inside me.

AARON

What does it mean?

RIPLEY

(very calmly)

Press Zoom, please.

Aaron does as he's told

## THE MONITOR -

Zooming in to E.C.U. on the Baby Queen.

Within it, we SEE thousands upon thousands of MICROSCOPIC EGGS ...

RIPLEY

What do you see?

AARON

Looks like spores, thousands of 'em.

RIPLEY

(stunned voice)

It must be a queen.

AARON

What?

RIPLEY

(matter-of-factly)

A baby queen.

(BEAT)

The Mother of the Apocalypse.

Aaron's eyes are bulging out of their sockets.

RIPLEY

That's why it wouldn't kill me.

AARON

When the rescue team comes, I'm sure there will be a doctor. They can remove it.

RIPLEY

(resignedly)

No. Don't you see. This is what they want.

AARON

What?

RIPLEY

It all ends here on fury 161.

Aaron's face registering a kind of mindless terror.

93 OMITTED

93

CUT TO:

94 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

94

General confusion as the REMAINING PRISONERS talk heatedly among themselves.

Brandish their newfound weapons: axes, cleavers, whatever they could get their hands on.

DILLON

fire axe held aloft over his head, takes center stage.

The Prisoners grows quiet.

They're frightened; they want answers.

DILLON

Give us strength, O Lord, to endure.  
Until the day. Amen.

REMAINING PRISONERS

AMEN!

Dillon looks his men over, one by one. Then:

DILLON

It's loose.

Horried reactions from the assembled convicts.

DILLON

I'm not going to lie to you. We're in trouble. It could be anywhere - in the passageways, the air vents, right in here. We're not safe anymore.

GREGOR

I vote we head for the beach.

DILLON

There's only arctic gear for three people. And even then you wouldn't last out there more than two hours. We're going to stay together. We're going to sleep in shifts. We're going to look out for each other. Until something can be figured out.

TROY

What about Golic? He's out there now, too.

GREGOR

Yeah, he's killing his own brothers now.

DAVID

Murdered Arthur.

OTHER PRISONERS

Yeah.

Dillon is losing his power, moment by moment.

DILLON

I was wrong about Golic. I thought I could trust him.

TROY

So, what are you going to do about it?

DILLON

I don't know. He's my personal responsibility. I'll take care of it.

GREGOR

Yeah, like you took care of us when we burned all that shit to get it trapped?

The remaining prisoners start to side with Gregor.

DILLON

Those of you that want to go it alone, be my guest. But I'm staying here. God have mercy on your souls.

The prisoners continue grumbling among themselves.

Suddenly,

AARON

appears, looking shaken.

He's apprehensive with all these convicted murderers suddenly armed around him.

He walks up to Dillon.

The two exchange words only between themselves.

Ripley is nowhere in sight.

DILLON

What is it?

CUT TO:

95 INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

95

Ripley is standing, despondent, slumped against the wall.  
Dillon stands over her, holding his axe.

Ripley slowly looks up at Dillon.

RIPLEY

The one inside me is a queen. I could  
see thousands of eggs. I don't know how  
long the gestation period is going to  
be. But when it comes ...

(BEAT)

... It will be ... the end of  
everything.

DILLON

What are we going to do?

RIPLEY

We've got to destroy it.

And she looks straight at Dillon with deadly meaningful eyes.

RIPLEY

You've got to kill it.

Dillon looks at her as if she were out of her mind.

RIPLEY

And after you do it, you've got to  
cremate me. Like the little girl.

DILLON

I can't kill anyone. I can't cremate  
anyone.

RIPLEY

Look, I'm dead anyway. When these things are born ... !

DILLON

(cutting her off)

I don't kill anymore. Get someone else. Or do it yourself!

RIPLEY

It's got to be done now. Help me. Before it comes out. Get it over with!

Dillon looks down at her.

Ripley breaks down, starts to cry, in utter despair over the situation.

RIPLEY

There's no other solution. Please.

DILLON

I used to be a violent man - a cold-blooded murderer. And I paid a price. But I don't kill no more. Not for war, not for love, not for money, not for anyone.

RIPLEY

Please. Do it for humanity.

DILLON

You want to die, Lieutenant, because you have this thing inside you?

RIPLEY

Yes.

DILLON

You fall out of the heavens and bring this thing upon us all, and now you want to check out and leave us here to go it alone?

RIPLEY

Yes. I'm sorry.

DILLON

(angry, raises his axe)

All right, if that's what you want. Is that what you want?

RIPLEY

(weakly)

Yes.



DILLON

You want to die?

RIPLEY

Yes ...

DILLON

Say good night, Lieutenant.

And Dillon raises the axe even higher.

Ripley shuts her eyes tightly.

Dillon swings the axe down with all his strength.

SLAM!

Into the wall an inch from her head.

Slowly, Ripley opens her eyes, turns her head to Dillon, who's staring down at her with veins popping like ropes on his forehead.

DILLON

I can't kill you. And I don't think you want to die. Not like this. When you're ready to start talking about how we can save ourselves, you know where to find me.

And Dillon turns around and walks off with the axe still buried in the wall next to her head.

Ripley's face, stunned disbelief.

CUT TO:

96

INT. ABATTOIR

96

Eric, William, and Gregor, bandaged due to his burns, are getting into what looks like post-apocalyptic arctic anti-nuclear gear.

ERIC

Okay, we got food, survival kits. We get to the caves off the beach. Rescue unit arrives. We're home free.

WILLIAM

What are they going to do with us?

GREGOR

They're going to take us back with 'em.

ERIC

Right. We got it made. Them other dumb shits gonna get the chop.

WILLIAM

Let's go.

Across the way, one of the lights go off.  
Then another.

GREGOR  
What is that?

WILLIAM  
What's it look like?

ERIC  
Like the fuckin' light went off.

WILLIAM  
That's what I thought.

GREGOR  
Yeah. Okay. But who turned it off?  
Another light goes off.

GREGOR  
Who's turning off the fucking lights?  
Yet another light goes off.

WILLIAM  
(into the darkness)  
Turn 'em back on whoever it is.

GREGOR  
Yeah, motherfucker.

ERIC  
Maybe they're burning out.

WILLIAM  
Let's just get the hell out of here.

GREGOR  
Let's hold on a moment.

WILLIAM  
What, we're afraid of lights burning  
out?

ERIC  
Might be the dragon.

WILLIAM  
Dragons don't know how to turn off  
lights, moron!

GREGOR

He's right. It ain't the dragon. Don't make sense. Lights are probably on some automatic timer.

ERIC

I've been here ten years and never heard of no automatic timer.

WILLIAM

What the fuck do you know?

ERIC

I know there's no automatic timer.

WILLIAM

Well, turn 'em back on, then?

ERIC

Me?

WILLIAM

Yeah, you, meathead.

The room is now very dark.

The far walls are no longer visible through the gloom.

GREGOR

Fuck it. I'll go. Any of you pussies want to come with me?

William and Eric look at one another.

ERIC

Fuck it, I'll go.

WILLIAM

I'll watch the stash.

Gregor and Eric move off.

William stands alone in the darkness.

WILLIAM

Automatic timer, I'm telling 'em.

But he's getting nervous.

Suddenly, he feels something behind him in the dark. He turns, a look of horror.

It's Golic running at him full speed with a huge butcher knife clutched in both hands over his head. He stabs William right below the throat. William is more stunned than dead.

WILLIAM

Golic. Hey, buddy, it's me, William.

And then William topples over backwards.  
Stone dead.

Golic removes the huge butcher knife from William's chest,  
all the while smiling.

GOLIC

I had to do it, William. It's better  
this way.

Then Golic disappears into the shadows.

GREGOR

having heard the voices is running back by himself.

GREGOR

It's just the circuit break ...

Right into Golic.  
Who slashes his throat.

Then, Golic starts cutting the arctic gear off Gregor's body  
in strips with the butcher knife.  
Something is moving in behind him.  
Golic has a weird little smile on his face, as though he  
knows something we don't.  
He turns, brandishing his blood-stained knife.  
He's both frightened and out of his gourd at the same time.  
He waits.  
A SHADOW closes darkens over him.  
Golic slowly nods to himself.

ERIC

in the far corner of the Abattoir, seeing something O.S.,  
screams bloody murder and takes off running.

CUT TO:

97 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAT SCAN

97

Ripley is sitting at the DAT Scan machine.  
She's typing in different codes.  
Every time she HEARS a BEEP and gets the same readout:

ACCESS DENIED.

ENTER SECRET CODE FOR NETWORK OUT-LINE.

Ripley types in another possible code.  
Another BEEP.  
Another error message on the monitor.

NEW ANGLE -

AARON

comes in and stands over her.

RIPLEY

What's the code? I want a line out to the Network.

AARON

What for?

RIPLEY

I'm going to tell them that the whole place is toxic and to get a message to the rescue team to turn around.

AARON

What are you, fucking crazy?

RIPLEY

What's the code?

AARON

I'm not giving you the code, Lieutenant!

RIPLEY

You listen to me, you little junior warden, if it gets off this planet it'll annihilate everything. And I know that for a fact because I'm the only one who's ever survived it.

AARON

Why in god's name would they want to take it?

RIPLEY

They want it for their bioweapons division. Do whatever they do to it to make whatever they want out of it. But they can't control it. You've seen what it can do.

Aaron looks at her like she's half-cocked.

AARON

I'm sorry you've got this thing inside you, Lieutenant, but I'm not going down in this miserable shithole with all these scum. I've got a wife and kid. I've already been reassigned. That rescue unit's going to be taking all of us ...

Suddenly, Aaron halts mid-sentence, looks over his shoulder,  
SEES:

DILLON

appearing out of the shadows, looming large.

DILLON

Taking all of us? Where?

Aaron is scared shitless now.

Dillon moves closer to him, not threateningly, but Aaron  
feels like an idiot anyway.

DILLON

What did you just say?

AARON

They're shutting it down. We're all  
going back.

DILLON

How long have you known this?

AARON

Over a year.

Dillon stares at Aaron for a long moment.

BEAT. Then:

DILLON

Give her the code!

AARON

You're going to have to kill me, Dillon.

RIPLEY

(laughing out loud)

He won't do it.

Aaron looks at Ripley.

AARON

This place has gone fucking nuts.

AN ALARM GOES OFF.

A VOICE comes crackling over the INTERCOM.

TROY (O.S.)

Dillon. It's Troy. The abattoir.  
Something has happened!

CUT TO:

98

INT. ABATTOIR

98

The scene of the carnage.

Ripley, Dillon, Aaron and Morse are walking slowly through the abattoir.

The murdered bodies of Gregor and William lay sprawled in pools of blood.

Eric is sitting in a corner, hands over his head, blubbering like a fool.

AARON

Jesus Christ.

Ripley pays particular attention to the ox whose chest has exploded open.

RIPLEY

This is where it started.

Morse looks down at the body of William.

MORSE

Golic's work.

Moving deeper into the abattoir, Dillon finds:

GOLIC

cocooned, ensconced in fluid, and still alive!

He appears to be trying to say something.

Morse leans forward and listens.

Then he turns to Dillon:

MORSE

He's saying 'I'm sorry, sir.'

Dillon just looks at Golic, shaking his head.

The others all stand behind him, looking.

Eric continues babbling inanely in the background.

Ripley walks up to three of them now, galvanized:

RIPLEY

It could be anywhere now, we've got to move.

AARON

Let's just let the Company handle it.

We'll barricade ourselves in the Toxic

Waste if we have to.

RIPLEY

The Company's not going to handle it!  
I'm telling you! Every time I've come  
across this thing they've got some  
excuse for keeping it alive.

Aaron starts to take Ripley a little more seriously.

DILLON

All I know is they're not getting into  
this facility.

AARON

(to Dillon)

There's nothing we're going to be able  
to do about it.

DILLON

Nothing you can do about it? You  
underestimate us, warden, and our desire  
to stay.

MORSE

What? They're shutting it down? We're  
going back?

DILLON

They've got no more use for us, Morse.

MORSE

That sucks!

AARON

That's reality.

RIPLEY

That's not the problem.

Everyone turns to Ripley who has their attention now.

RIPLEY

If - this - thing - gets - off - this -  
planet, no one will have anything to  
look forward to, anywhere. No religious  
colony, no wife, kids, nothing.

They all look at her, beginning to believe.  
To Aaron, especially, the magnitude of the situation begins  
to sink in.

AARON

O.k., what if ... what if it is the  
Apocalypse, then what the fuck are we  
going to do?



MORSE

We're not doing another one of those  
quinitri-nitro-burn-and-boogie missions.  
You can count me and the brothers out,  
Devil Lady.

AARON

There's none of that stuff left anyway.

RIPLEY

What about these Lead Works?

AARON

What about them?

RIPLEY

You've got a furnace there, right?

MORSE

Yeah.

RIPLEY

Hot enough to refine ore?

AARON

Yeah, so? How do we get it in there?

MORSE

Yeah, 'come here, little poochie.'

AARON

You're not helping, Morse, so shut up.

RIPLEY

(ignoring them)

It won't kill me. It can't. I'm  
carrying the queen.

(BEAT)

If we can figure some way to lure it out  
and ... the lead, those sheets you were  
making ... how do you do that?

MORSE

We forge 'em in a mould.

RIPLEY

A mould? Air tight?

MORSE

A piston closes it off from the other  
side.

RIPLEY

Air tight?

MORSE

Do I hear an echo?

AARON

Let me understand this, Lieutenant.  
We're going to lure this thing into the  
Lead Works and then what?

BEAT.

RIPLEY

We're going to bury it alive in molten  
lead.

Everyone exchanges portentous looks.

AARON

Why do we have to be heroes? Why don't  
we just take our chances and hole up  
somewhere? Or spread out and hope some  
of us make it?

Aaron looks at Ripley - not knowing that to say anymore.  
Ripley turns to Dillon now:

RIPLEY

It's your call, Dillon. We need  
everyone.

(BEAT)

Are you ready to try to save this place?

DILLON'S FACE, slowly nodding ...

100 OMITTED

100

CUT TO:

101 INT. THE BUG WASH

101

The Prisoners are seated around.  
Some of them smoke cigarettes.  
Ripley and Aaron are off to the side.  
Dillon addresses them now with the tacit understanding that  
they are all going to probably die.

DILLON

This is the test, the test of our faith, for everything we've suffered. I don't know what this thing is or where it came from. But it chose us first. This is why we came here, this is why we made this place our own. We're being tested now. And maybe it doesn't look like we'll make it out of this. But if we believe in ourselves, what we've accomplished here, then that's all that matters.

KEVIN

I'd rather choose my own way to die.

DILLON

We were meant to sacrifice for something higher. We've done a lot of bad, now let's do some good.

Scattered grumbling among the remaining prisoners.

DAVID

You're saying we let that thing chase us and kill us?

DILLON

I'm saying we have to fight it. With whatever we have left. And it doesn't look like much, I know. But we have one thing.

TROY

What's that?

BEAT.

DILLON

We're going to fight it with our motherfucking souls.

The prisoners look at Dillon.  
Their eyes riveted on him.

DILLON

We're going to stare down this evil like men. And there ain't going to be a single one of us not redeemed in the eyes of God.

Silence.

Everyone looks at one another.

DILLON

In or out. I want a show of hands.

Slowly, one by one, the Prisoners raise their hands.  
Morse waits until all of them are in the air.  
Then, slowly, he raises his.

Off to the side, Aaron raises his as well. He's one of them now.

Dillon nods as if, "okay, that's settled".

DILLON

Those that make it ... remember the  
rest of us.

(BEAT)

Lock the doors! This thing ain't  
getting off Fury 161.

The Prisoners raise their clenched fists together in silent unison.

CUT TO:

102 INT. THE DOORS IN THE BUG WASH LEADING TO THE OUTSIDE 102

Troy and another Prisoner lock the doors.  
A RESOUNDING THUD reverberates through the Bug Wash.

CUT TO:

(THE BAIT-AND-CHASE WILL BE WRITTEN OUT WHEN THE NEW STORYBOARDS ARE MADE AVAILABLE IN THE ENSUING DAYS. THE IDEA OF THE BAIT-AND-CHASE PLAN IS AS FOLLOWS: THERE IS A MAIN CORRIDOR WHICH LEADS TO THE LEAD MOULD - A NARROW ENCLOSURE WHERE THE MOLTEN LEAD IS POURED. OFF THE MAIN CORRIDOR THERE ARE SIX DOORS - THREE ON EACH SIDE. THESE DOORS LEAD TO THE LABYRINTHINE MILES OF PASSAGEWAYS ON THE PLANET. THE PLAN IS TO POSITION THE VARIOUS PRISONERS OUT IN THE PASSAGEWAYS IN ORDER TO LURE THE ALIEN INTO THE MAIN CORRIDOR WHERE THE OTHER PRISONERS WILL HOPEFULLY SHUT THE DOORS AND IMPRISON IT THERE. ONCE THE ALIEN IS TRAPPED IN THE MAIN CORRIDOR, AARON WILL THROW THE SWITCH THAT ACTIVATES A HUGE PISTON ON ROLLERS THAT MOVES DOWN THE CORRIDOR IN AN AIR-TIGHT PERFECT FIT TOWARDS THE LEAD MOULD. WHAT HAPPENS IS THAT ALL ANARCHY BREAKS OUT IN THE EFFORT TO GET THE ALIEN INTO THE CORRIDOR AND MOST OF THE PRISONERS BUY THE FARM. BUT THEY FINALLY MANAGE TO GET IT INTO THE CORRIDOR AND CLOSE MOST OF THE DOORS. SEEING THAT THE PLAN IS GOING AWRY, RIPLEY TAKES IT UPON HERSELF TO TRY TO LURE THE ALIEN INTO THE MOULD. BUT THE ALIEN WON'T GO AFTER HER - IT ACTUALLY WANTS TO PROTECT HER BECAUSE SHE'S CARRYING THE QUEEN. DILLON HEROICALLY STEPS UP AND PRETENDS TO HOLD HER HOSTAGE. NOW THE ALIEN GOES AFTER THEM. THEY BACK IT INTO THE MOULD. AARON, MEANWHILE, HAS GONE RUNNING BACK INTO THE FACILITY TO INTERCEPT THE WEYLAND-YUTANI COMPANY MEN. MORSE, THE ONLY OTHER PRISONER LEFT BESIDES DILLON, OPERATES THE GANTRY.)

(I'M GOING TO PICK UP THE ACTION NOW AT THE POINT WHERE AARON THROWS THE SWITCH ON THE PISTON THAT FORCES THE ALIEN INTO THE LEAD MOULD WITH RIPLEY AND DILLON.)

CUT TO:

150 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - THE BEACH 150

The RESCUE SHIP lowers its landing pods in preparation for landing ...

CUT TO:

151 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ENTRANCE TO THE MOULD 151

Ripley, with Dillon's massive arms encircled around her, back down the main corridor towards the Lead Mould.

152 ALCOVE - 152

Aaron waits on the piston switch.

153 PASSAGEWAY - OFF MAIN CORRIDOR 153

The last Prisoner in the Bait-and-Chase front end of the relay lure, bloodied, crawls through the door and slams it shut.

154 THE MAIN CORRIDOR 154

Ripley and Dillon, seeing now that the Alien only has one way left to go, shouts to Aaron:

RIPLEY

Now!

155 AARON IN THE ALCOVE 155

throws the switch to activate the piston.

156 MAIN CORRIDOR 156

The Alien, shut off now from the passageways turns around to see:

156A THE PISTON 156A

forcing the Alien in the direction of Ripley and Dillon.

157 THE LEAD MOULD 157

Ripley and Dillon back into the mould.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - THE BEACH 158

The COMPANY MEN - twelve in all - heavily armed with pulse rifles, disembark.

CUT TO:

159 ALCOVE 159

Aaron closes the door on the last passageway, preventing the Alien from going in any other direction, and then takes off running.

160 THE MAIN CORRIDOR 160

The piston continues moving forward.  
Exoskeletal parts of the Alien are abraded and ripped off by the moving piston.

161 THE LEAD MOULD 161

Ripley and Dillon, waiting now.

RIPLEY

It's closed off. Nowhere to go now, but in here.

DILLON  
You called it, sister.

RIPLEY  
Scared?

DILLON  
To quote Revelations 7:18. Fucking A,  
sister.

Ripley smiles.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. - ENTRANCE TO FURY 161 162

The Company Men approach the doors leading into Fury 161.

163 INT. PRISON COMPLEX - 163

A BEAT.  
Then the doors blow open.

REVEALING

the Company men, led by their Commander - Bishop II (but we don't reveal him as such until later - he will be either silhouetted or shot in overs).

They survey the situation briefly, then the Commander signals them and they march off.

CUT TO:

164 THE LEAD MOULD 164

The Alien turns away from the piston now closing in on it and focuses his attention on:

RIPLEY AND DILLON

backing into the mould.  
Dillon still has her in his grasp.

THE ALIEN

is confused.  
It's Ripley, who it can't destroy and, Dillon, who he must.  
It moves towards them.

165 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR 165

Aaron is running pell-mell through the corridor.

166 INT. - MESS HALL

166

The Commando Team, led by Bishop II, striding through the Mess Hall, armed, looking every which way.

Suddenly,

AARON

comes flying into view, out of breath, a look of utter consternation on his face.

He stops dead in his tracks when he SEES:

THE COMMANDO TEAM

all twelve of them, heavily armed.

Bishop II - silhouetted - approaches him:

BISHOP II  
Assistant Superintendent Aaron?

AARON  
Yes, sir. We have an emergency here, sir.

BISHOP II  
We know all about it.

AARON  
The Colony's been wiped out. There's no one left except me.

BISHOP II  
Where's Lieutenant Ripley?

AARON  
She's dead. The place has gone toxic. You should get out while you can.

BISHOP II  
Don't panic. We're here to micromanage the situation.

AARON  
(re: Commando Team)  
What's all this?

BISHOP II  
A specially trained team to help get the Xenomorph under control. Now, where is she?



Aaron looks over at the Commando Team and notices that, aside from pulse rifles some of them are carrying what appear to be sophisticated animal-control devices.

AARON

I don't know.

BISHOP II

Look, we want to help her. We want to help all of you, get you out of here safely. You must believe that.

AARON

I'm confused.

BISHOP II

That's why we're here. Show us to Lieutenant Ripley.

Aaron, perspiring, ambivalent, wanting to believe.

AARON

All right. Follow me.

Aaron starts walking off.

Bishop II signals to his men.

They stride off, weapons brandished, Aaron leading the way.

CUT TO:

167 INT. LEAD WORKS - GANTRY PLATFORM

167

Morse looks down at the lead bucket, positioned directly over the raging furnace, its contents now a lava-like liquid the temperature of Venus.

Satisfied that it's ready, Morse pulls the appropriate levers and begins to maneuver the gantry and the Lead Bucket into position over the Lead Mould.

168 THE LEAD MOULD

168

Ripley and Dillon continue to back through the narrow opening of the mould.

THE ALIEN

bears down on them.

CUT TO:

169 THE PRISON COMPLEX

169

The Commando Squad continues their march through the complex towards the Lead Works, moving purposively.

CUT TO:

170 THE GANTRY PLATFORM 170

Morse continues to maneuver the Lead Bucket into position over the mould.

171 THE LEAD MOULD 171

Ripley and Dillon reach the end of the mould.  
The only way now is up.

THE ALIEN

Continues its stalking of Ripley and Dillon.

CUT TO:

172 THE PRISON COMPLEX 172

The Commando Team continues marching towards the Lead Works.

CUT TO:

173 THE LEAD MOULD 173

The Alien withdraws into the shadows of the narrow mould.  
Seems to have ceased for a moment its pursuit of Ripley and Dillon.

RIPLEY AND DILLON

Dillon interlocks his hands and Ripley puts one foot in and hoists herself up.  
She shoves her fingers into the cracks of the mould wall like an experienced rock climber and begins the difficult ascent out of the mould.

RIPLEY

Stay close.

DILLON

Don't worry about me.

Ripley's hands reaching for a hold.  
Her fingers bleed from contact with the rough concrete walls.

THE ALIEN

out of the shadows, enters the mould, moving forward inexorably now.

CUT TO:

174 THE PRISON COMPLEX 174

The Commandos marching towards the Lead Works.  
Aaron leading.

CUT TO:

175 THE GANTRY 175

Morse, operating the crane that's coupled with the Lead Bucket, now has it in position over the mould.

MORSE  
Shit, come on Ripley.

176 THE MOULD 176

Ripley climbing, the skin on her fingers abrading, blood running in rivulets over her hands.

Dillon, with all his strength, has his arms extended, giving Ripley the last boost she needs to make it to the top of the mould.

DILLON  
Keep going!

Then he mounts the wall and starts climbing.

THE ALIEN

moves closer to Dillon.  
Sees now that he's separated from Ripley.

177 TOP OF THE MOULD 177

Ripley struggles to the top of the mould.  
She looks down, SEES:

DILLON

only a few feet off the floor.  
And the Alien (!) closing in on him with lightning speed.

RIPLEY  
Behind you. Watch out!

And Ripley reaches her hand back to help Dillon.

Their hands come close, a few feet.  
Ripley leans farther down.  
Dillon climbs higher up.  
The Alien looms up just behind Dillon now, its arm reaching up to grab hold of him.

RIPLEY

Your hand. Give me your hand.

Dillon reaches up.

Their hands touch. For only a moment.

DILLON

Go in peace ... Ripleeey ....

And the Alien attacks with savage fury.

It's inner jaw slides out and its tongue explodes into Dillon's head.

The walls of the mould are suddenly awash in blood.

RIPLEY

horrified, scrambles over the lip of the mould.

Nothing more she can do.

178 THE GANTRY PLATFORM

178

where Morse can see what's happening to Dillon.

MORSE

DILLON! NO!

179 THE LEAD MOULD

179

But it's too late.

Dillon is annihilated by the ferocity of the Alien.

180 TOP OF THE MOULD

180

Ripley reaches out and clutches some nearby pipes.

She starts to ascend the pipes, climbing frantically.

Almost out of the mould now, she looks over to SEE:

MORSE

on the gantry platform.

RIPLEY

GET READY!

181 THE MOLTEN LEAD BUCKET

181

swings into view over the mould.

182 THE LEAD MOULD

182

The Alien is climbing up the walls of the Lead Mould.

CUT TO:

183 THE LEAD WORKS 183

Company Soldier in the foreground kicking open a door.  
Bishop II, still shadowed, enters and strides past into the  
Lead Works.

183A THE LEAD WORKS - ANOTHER ANGLE 183A

Morse in the foreground on the gantry crane.  
The molten lead bucket swinging over the Lead Mould.  
The furnace roaring incandescently.  
Ripley hanging on to the pipes.

184 MORSE 184

slams forward a main RED LEVER.

185 THE LEAD BUCKET 185

boiling to the top with molten lead, tips and unloads the  
scalding liquid.

186 THE LEAD MOULD 186

The molten lead cascades towards the camera, into the mould.

187 RIPLEY 187

still clinging to the pipes, watches as the molten lead  
plunges just out of reach past her into:

188 THE LEAD MOULD 188

where the Alien shrieks in agony in what appears to be its  
final death-throes.  
It thrashes around violently in last desperate effort.

189 THE LEAD WORKS 189

Bishop II and the Company Men advance towards the stairs  
leading up to the Observation Platform

190 RIPLEY 190

On the pipes, almost directly over the mould, staring down at  
the writhing Alien.

191 THE MOULD 191

Smoke billows up as the Alien continues to thrash about  
desperately.  
Then it disappears beneath the surface of the molten lead.

## A MAJOR LEAGUE BEAT

Then, suddenly, the Alien rises phoenix-like out of the boiling metal death shower directly towards the pipes. It gets a hold, smoking and burning. It seems surcharged by the very temperature it's risen to.

- 192    RIPLEY    192  
 realizing that it's not over by a long shot, reaches out for a heavy chain hanging nearby.
- 193    THE ALIEN    193  
 advances up the pipes, growing closer and closer.
- 194    RIPLEY    194  
 swings out on the chain over the mould.  
 She dangles precariously in the air.  
 Then she pulls on the chain.
- 195    A LARGE WATER DUCT    195  
 The lid explodes open and water gushes with the force of gravity over:
- 196    RIPLEY    196  
 drenched in water, clinging to the chain for dear life, past her to:
- 197    THE ALIEN    197  
 burning its way up the pipes.  
 The freezing water inundates the Alien all in a rush and:
- 198    THE ALIEN EXPLODES    198  
 its head blowing out into a million pieces.  
 It's final death shriek cyro-freezes our spine.
- 199    RIPLEY    199  
 holding on as she's hit by the blast full force.
- 200    THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE PLATFORM    200  
 Bishop II and the Company Men fall backwards, holding their hands up over their heads.

## 201 THE LEAD WORKS

201

A few moments after the blast.  
Sounds of the fallout.

Bishop II and the Company Men gather themselves together.

Morse looks down on the violent aftermath, a look of sadness perhaps for Dillon.

Ripley, still swinging on the chain, knows it isn't over yet:

RIPLEY

Morse!

Ripley climbs hand-over-hand along the chain towards the gantry platform.

Morse goes into action and maneuvers the platform towards her.

## 202 THE GANTRY

202

Morse helps Ripley onto the gantry just as she's about to lose her hold on the chain and plummet into the mould.

## 203 THE STAIRS TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM

203

The Company Men start walking up.

## 204 THE GANTRY

204

With Morse's help, Ripley struggles to her feet.

They walk off together towards the stairs leading down.

## 205 THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM

205

Halfway down the stairs, Ripley stops, SEES:

THE COMPANY MEN

standing, armed.

Then, out of the shadows, the light hitting his face directly we REVEAL the Commander as:

BISHOP II

an exact replica of Bishop the android.

RIPLEY

is completely taken aback by his presence.  
 She doesn't know what to think.  
 She neither goes forward nor backwards.  
 Morse stands a few feet behind her, not knowing what to do.  
 And Ripley looks haggard, spent.  
 She's not all there anymore.

Bishop II walks up to her, smiling a knowing smile.

BISHOP II

It's all over, Ripley. Congratulations.  
 We've come to take you back.

RIPLEY

(delirious)

Bishop? Is that you?

BISHOP II

No, I'm the human prototype. They  
 wanted to send a friendly face.

Ripley starts backing up the stairs slowly.  
 Morse moves with her.  
 At first Bishop II doesn't close the distance.  
 Aaron steps forward.

AARON

Ripley, they're here to get us out  
 safely.

Ripley stops her backwards movement.  
 Sees Aaron in the shadows.  
 She's thoroughly confused now.

RIPLEY

You've come to take me back?

BISHOP II

Yes. Everything's going to be fine.

AARON

They've got the rescue ship all ready.

Ripley looks at Aaron, then back at Bishop II, not sure what  
 to believe now.  
 Feeling vertiginous, she closes her eyes, opens them again,  
 struggles to focus.

RIPLEY

(pained look)

But ... it's inside me.



BISHOP II

We know. Mr. Aaron told us. We've got Dr. Matshuita here - one of the finest transplant surgeons in the world - he's going to remove it.

RIPLEY

Remove it?

BISHOP II

Yes. You're going to live a long life. It's fortunate we came when we did.

Ripley doesn't know what to think.

She looks at Aaron.

Bishop II reaches out a kind hand to help her down the stairs.

BISHOP II

Here, let me help you.

Bishop II benevolently holds out his hand. He's smiling.

Ripley starts to back up the stairs again.

RIPLEY

How are you going to remove it? I have to know.

Bishop II starts up the stairs.

BISHOP II

We'll sedate you and when you wake this whole nightmare will be over. Forever.

Ripley has reached the top of the platform leading out to the gantry.

There's a chain-link safety gate that closes off access to the Observation Platform once the gantry is in motion.

Dr. Matshuita, standing just behind Bishop II:

DR. MATSHUITA

It's quite painless. Only two very small incisions.

BISHOP II

Ripley, time is of the essence. We've got an emergency surgery room all set up on the Rescue Ship ready to go. Please.

Ripley now has reached the safety gate.

She steps back out on to the gantry.

Her head is spinning.

She seems slightly delirious all of a sudden.

Bishop II extends his hand.  
Ripley looks down at it.  
She really is gone.

BISHOP II  
You're not well, Ripley.

RIPLEY  
Even if you can remove it, what are  
going to do with it?

BISHOP II  
We have to study it. We have to see  
what it's made of. It's an amazing  
specimen. And you're the one that  
brought it to us. We applaud you for a  
job well done. Now, give me your hand.

Suddenly, a wave of nausea overcomes her and she staggers in  
place.

BISHOP II  
Ripley. You don't need to die. You're  
a beautiful woman. Just tell us what  
you want and it's yours.

Everyone waits.  
Ripley looks enervated, drained of everything.  
She struggles to think.

RIPLEY  
I want it totally destroyed.

BISHOP II  
Fine. Then, we'll destroy it.

Ripley looks at Bishop II's smiling face.  
Dr. Matshuita also smiles.  
She turns back to Morse, grim-faced, but seeming to think  
that maybe this is the only way.  
She starts to hold out her hand to Bishop II.  
Then she stops.

RIPLEY  
What guarantee do I have you're going to  
destroy it once you remove it from me?

BISHOP II  
You have my word.

Ripley looks into Bishop II's eyes.  
He's smiling so benevolently, there's something creepy about  
it.

Ripley suddenly has a bad feeling.  
In her stomach; in her head; in her imagination ...  
She reaches for a lever that activates the safety gate.

RIPLEY

No.

And with that, she slams the lever down and the chain-link safety gate starts to close.  
Bishop II's face grows dark all at once.

RIPLEY

Morse. Back it off!

206 THE GANTRY 206

Morse scrambles quickly to the control panel on the gantry.  
He throws a lever the gantry starts to move away.

207 DOOR SEPARATING GANTRY FROM PLATFORM 207

Bishop II starts towards Ripley, manages to get a grasp on her tunic.

Ripley tries to pull away.

208 AARON - THE PLATFORM 208

realizing what's happening now, picks up a lead pipe - debris from the blast - blows past the Company Men and swings it viciously, hitting Bishop II in the side of the head.

AARON

You fucking asshole!

Bishop II topples to the ground, shrieking in pain.  
Real blood issues from the side of his head.

BISHOP II

See, I am not a droid!

For his efforts, Aaron gets the butt of a gun in the side of his face.

He staggers against the railing.

209 THE GANTRY PLATFORM 209

Morse throws another lever and the gantry moves farther away.

210 THE FURNACE 210

Roaring now, hotter than ever.

- 211 THE GANTRY PLATFORM 211  
as is starts to pull away from Bishop II and the Company Men.
- 212 OBSERVATION PLATFORM 212  
Bishop II struggles to his feet.
- BISHOP II  
Ripley, we can still save you. Once  
it's born it's over!
- 213 THE GANTRY 213  
Morse maneuvering it farther and farther away from the  
Observation Platform
- RIPLEY  
as a wave of sharp pain hits her and she doubles over.  
Violent peristaltic movement in her abdomen.  
Morse rushes over to help her.
- MORSE  
Ripley.
- RIPLEY.  
Over the furnace. Now.
- Morse looks at her doomfully.
- RIPLEY  
Good-bye. And thank you.
- And Morse, with a sick feeling, scrambles back to the gantry  
control seat.
- 214 THE PLATFORM 214  
One of the Company Men fires a pulse rifle at Morse.
- 215 MORSE - ON THE GANTRY 215  
A bullet rips into his leg.  
He goes down, but still manages to get back to the controls.
- 216 RIPLEY - EDGE OF THE GANTRY 216  
Doubled over in pain, leans out over the gantry.  
The movement in her stomach grows more horrific with every  
passing second.

217 THE FURNACE 217  
 raging.

218 OBSERVATION PLATFORM 218  
 Farther and farther away.

BISHOP II  
 (remonstrating)  
 Ripley, there's still hope. Come back.

219 THE GANTRY 219  
 Ripley, on her knees now.  
 She turns away.  
 Her face is contorted in a kind of delirium tremens as though  
 in the throes of the most painful childbirth.

Then, suddenly,

THE BABY QUEEN ALIEN

erupts from her abdomen.  
 A horrifying little monster, but not big enough or conscious  
 enough yet to endanger her.

Ripley clutches it desperately with her hands, turning it's  
 nascent face of apocalyptic doom towards her for one final  
 look.

220 THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM 220  
 Bishop II, holding his bleeding head, struggling to his feet.

BISHOP II  
 Noooo!!!

221 ON THE GANTRY 221  
 Morse, clutching his bleeding leg, continues to maneuver the  
 gantry directly over the furnace.

222 RIPLEY - EDGE OF THE GANTRY 222  
 Her hair singed by the heat of the roaring furnace, pulls the  
 Baby Queen Alien to her breast and holds it there tightly.

RIPLEY  
 I will never be your mother.  
 And with that, she leans backwards and plunges ...

223 THE LEAD WORKS 223  
 WIDE of Ripley as she plummets headlong into the furnace.

224 THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM 224  
 Bishop II and the rest of the Men reacting.

225 THE FURNACE 225  
 Suddenly goes pure white - then cold blue - as if her spirit  
 had risen the moment her body was incinerated.

226 THE LEAD WORKS 226  
 That selfsame BLUE LIGHT fulgurates through the Lead Works.

227 MORSE ON THE GANTRY 227  
 bathed in blue light, head bowed in prayer:

MORSE  
 (sotto voce)  
 There is no such thing as death. There  
 is only life and the afterlife. Amen.

LONG FADE TO:

INT. - FURY 161

The abandoned remains of the prison facility.  
 Tracking slowly through the rooms.  
 A weird plastic bird drinks from a Styrofoam cup.

Morse and Aaron are being led out of the facility in chains.

INT. CONE OF SILENCE

Morse and Aaron walking slowly, heads bowed, past the E.E.V.

INT. E.E.V.

Still. Quiet. The cryo-tubes empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

EPILOGUE:

INT. SPACESHIP

(Production Note: This shot could be cheated anywhere for the purpose of this epilogue.)