

ALIEN

by

Walter Hill  
and  
David Giler

Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett

Brandywine Productions  
10201 West Pico Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California 90064

Science fiction plucks from within us  
our deepest fears and hopes then shows  
them to us in rough disguise: the  
monster and the rocket.

W.H. Auden

Sometime in the future.

INTERIOR. HYPERSLEEP VAULT.

Walls packed with instrumentation.  
Readouts and digital displays pulsating slowly.  
Banks of panels with fluttering gauges.  
Continuous repetition.  
Then a beeping signal.  
The machinery begins to awaken.  
Circuits close, lights blink on.

HORIZONTAL FREEZER COMPARTMENTS.

Explosions of escaping gas.  
The lids on the freezers pop open.  
Slowly, groggily, the seven humans sit up.  
All of them nude.

The crew of the commercial starship Nostromo.

Dallas.....	Captain
Kane.....	Executive Officer
Ripley.....	Warrant Officer
Ash.....	Science Officer
Lambert.....	Navigator
Parker.....	Engineer
Brett.....	Engineering Technician

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT  
Jesus am I cold.

DALLAS  
Everybody to their stations.

PARKER  
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT  
Yo.

RIPLEY  
Lucky us.

They yawn, stretch, shiver.  
Dallas looks over at a flashing yellow light.

Continued.

Cont.

ASH  
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.  
Yawns.

PARKER  
You look dead.

KANE  
Nice to be back.

PARKER  
Before we dock maybe we better  
go over the bonus situation.

BRETT  
Yeah.

PARKER  
Brett and I think we deserve a  
full share.

DALLAS  
You two will get what you con-  
tracted for. Just like everybody  
else.

BRETT  
Everybody else gets more than us.

DALLAS  
Everybody else deserves more than  
you two. Now get below.

They begin to swing out of the freezers.

DALLAS  
One of you jokers get the cat.

Ripley picks a limp cat out of one of the compartments.

ASH  
Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS  
I saw it. Yellow light. Security  
one. For my eyes only.

COMPUTER ROOM.

Dallas and Ash enter.  
Ash seats himself across from Data-Mind bank.

Continued.

Cont.

Brings an electronic navigation board to life.  
Dallas begins punching up a computer code on the keyboard.  
Nothing happens.

DALLAS

What's my God damn key. I  
can never remember it.

ASH

01335 on the binary side.  
Press the red bar first...  
I hope you remember the  
security code.

DALLAS

I remember it.

Minor irritation.  
Dallas isn't pleased by having to ask for information.  
He again punches a combination on the keyboard.  
Immediately starts getting a readout.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Circular, jammed with instruments.  
Above eye level the room is ringed by viewscreens.  
All of them blank.  
Seats for four crew members.  
Kane, Ripley and Lambert enter.  
Dallas' seat remains empty.  
All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual  
consoles.  
Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-backed  
chair.

KANE

Plug us in.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.  
The control room starts to come to life.  
Colored lights flicker.  
Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE

Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.  
Viewscreens glimmer into life.

Continued.

Cont.

LAMBERT  
Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT  
Where's Earth.

KANE  
You're the navigator.

RIPLEY  
That's not our system.

KANE  
Scan.

Lambert hits several toggles.  
On the screens the images begin to drift.

ONE OF THE SCREENS.

A moving image of a starfield.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

The starship lumbering within the depths of interstellar space.

Cargo tanker with a dark, battered exterior.  
Panning cameras affixed to the skin of the craft.  
They begin to turn silently.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

KANE  
Contact traffic control.

Lambert switches on her transmission unit.

LAMBERT  
This is deep space commercial vessel Nostromo, registration number 180246. Do you read me. Over.

Continued.

Cont.

There is only the hiss of static.

KANE  
I don't recognize that constellation.

RIPLEY  
It's not our system.

A horn begins to beep.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Parker and Brett in a glass cubicle.  
Each having a beer.  
Huge power-plant stretching before them.  
Giant reactor system purring smoothly.  
All units on automatic hyper-drive.  
Parker hits a switch above his desk.  
A green light goes on.

PARKER  
How's your light.

BRETT  
Green.

PARKER  
Mine too.

They both take a swig.  
Suddenly the beeper signal begins.

PARKER  
Christ. What is it now.

BRETT  
Right.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

Entire crew present.  
Ash still working at his console.  
Gathering data from the computer.

DALLAS  
Mother is programmed to interrupt the course of our voyage if certain conditions arise.  
They have.

Continued.

Cont.

Pause.

DALLAS  
We've received transmission  
from another ship. A distress  
signal.

BRETT  
So what.

KANE  
So we're obligated under Section  
B2....

RIPLEY  
That's right, Kane. We're going  
in.

PARKER  
Shit.

BRETT  
Right.

Dallas has had enough from these two.

DALLAS  
Right, what.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT  
Right, we're going in.

Smiles.

BRETT  
Sir.

Dallas turns to Ash.

DALLAS  
Can we land on it.

He tears off another printout from Mother.

ASH  
The other ship did.

DALLAS  
That's what I mean.

Continued.



Cont.

Studies the printout.

ASH  
Yeah. It's big enough. Can't  
see any reason why not.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Dallas, Kane, Ripley and Lambert strapping themselves to  
their seats.  
Dallas studies viewscreen four.

DALLAS  
More surface detail.

KANE  
I'll see what I can do.

Jabs his controls.  
The image zooms toward a rust-colored oblate shape.  
All detail vanishes into a grey haze.

DALLAS  
Out of focus.

RIPLEY  
That's atmosphere.

Works her panel.

RIPLEY  
Vapor clouds.

DALLAS  
Put us in atmospheric mode.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

The dish antenna on the Nostromo folds down.  
Locks against the main body of the ship.  
Other sections flatten.  
The ship assumes aerodynamic form.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Dallas sets his coffee aside.  
Continues studying the viewscreen.

DALLAS  
Give us a set and bring us  
in on the transmission.

Kane adjusts three toggles.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

Engines coughing into life.  
The Planet five thousand kilometers below.  
Completely enveloped in dun-colored clouds.  
The ship begins its arc toward the surface.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Dallas' eyes still riveted on the opaque viewscreens.

DALLAS  
Activate lifter quads.

RIPLEY  
Activated. Vertical drop  
checked. Correcting course.  
On tangential course now,  
orbiting.

Checks her instruments.

PARKER  
Crossing the terminator.  
Entering night side.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

Now within the planet's orbit.  
Descending on an incline.  
Below, night's tide rolls across the sphere's surface.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

The viewscreens shimmer..

RIPLEY  
Turbulence.

DALLAS  
Give us navigation lights.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

Hydroplaning downward.  
A set of brilliant lights switches on.  
Cuts through the thick atmosphere.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Parker's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT  
Approaching point of origin.  
Closing at 200 kilometers, 150  
and slowing. One hundred. Fifty.  
Directly above the source of the  
transmission.

DALLAS  
What's the terrain.

RIPLEY  
Line of sight impossible. Radar  
gives me noise. Sonar gives me  
noise. Infrared, noise. Ultra-  
violet. There. Flat. It's totally  
flat.

DALLAS  
Bounce something off. Get a fix.

A moment.

KANE  
It's...basalt. Rock.

Point of decision.

DALLAS  
Okay. Let's take her down.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Drop begins...now. Fifteen  
kilometers and descending...  
twelve...ten...eight and  
slowing. Five. Three. Two.  
One kilometer and slowing.  
Lock tractor beams.

A loud electrical hum.

KANE

Locked.

RIPLEY

Kill drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

DALLAS

Engines off.

RIPLEY

Nine hundred meters and dropping.  
Eight hundred. Seven hundred.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. NIGHT.

Rain blowing across the night-shrouded surface.  
The Nostromo hovers on glowing beams of light.  
Landing struts unfold like insect legs.  
The ship slams down.  
Rocks heavily on massive shock absorbers.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

RIPLEY

We're down.

All seems well.  
Then an enormous vibration.  
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.  
Lights go out.

KANE

Lost it. Lost it.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Another huge vibration.  
With shattering effect overhead pipes burst.  
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

ENGINE ROOM. GLASS CUBICLE.

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.  
Brett hits the secondary generator switch.  
A pressure valve blows.  
Another pipe breaks loose.  
Metal groans as the pipe arcs over and smashes into the  
cubicle.  
All glass shatters.  
Liquid spewing.  
All lights go out.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT  
Secondary generator should  
kick over.

KANE  
Where is it.

Moments.  
Then illumination returns.

DALLAS  
What happened.

Ripley hits the voice amp.

RIPLEY  
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER  
Jesus.

BRETT  
It's big.

CUT.

ENGINE ROOM. CUBICLE.

Parker fighting an electrical fire on one of his panels.  
Brett shouting into his voice-amp.

Continued.

Cont.

BRETT

The intakes are clogged. We  
overheated and burned out a  
whole cell...Christ, shit's  
really flying down here...

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

DALLAS

Could somebody give me a  
simple answer. Has the hull  
been breached.

Ripley scans her gauges.

RIPLEY

I don't see anything. We've  
still got pressure.

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS

Hit the screen.

Kane snaps three toggles.  
The screens flicker, but remain black.

KANE

Nothing.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. SHIP. NIGHT.

The wind sounds.  
Rain continues to blow around the craft.  
A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from  
absolute darkness.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Dallas and the crew survey the damage.

PARKER

We've lost two panels, wiring  
totally shot, the panels we  
lost control the retrograde  
activators...

Continued.

Cont.

KANE

That means we can't steer the ship in deep space...

LAMBERT

No kidding.

PARKER

Yeah. And we need to re-route a couple of these ducts. Can't really fix the sons of bitches, need a whole drydock for that.

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER

We lost a cell. Some fragments caked up and blew the whole system. We've got to clean it all out and repressurize.

BRETT

Right.

Dallas looks over at Ripley.

DALLAS

How long before we're functional.

Ripley glances at Parker and Brett.

RIPLEY

Forty-eight hours.

Pause.

RIPLEY

Maybe more.

BRETT

Right.

DALLAS

Get started.

Turns and walks out.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Dallas, Kane, Ash and Lambert.  
Slouched around the room.

Continued.

Cont.

Drinking coffee.  
Occasionally staring at the opaque screens.

DALLAS  
Any response yet.

Ash pulls off his audio-clip.

ASH  
Nothing but the same S.O.S.  
transmission every thirty-two  
seconds. All the other channels  
are dead.

Pause.

DALLAS  
Kick on the floods.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. SHIP. NIGHT.

A ring of floodlights comes to life.  
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.  
The wind and rain now at a higher pitch.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Dallas stares at the dark screens.

KANE  
We can't go anywhere in this.

ASH  
Mother says the sun's coming  
up in about twenty minutes.

DALLAS  
How far from the source of  
the transmission.

ASH  
Northeast...about 3000 meters.

KANE  
Close enough to walk to.

DALLAS  
Let's run an atmospheric.

Continued.



Cont.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH  
10% argon, 85% nitrogen, 5% neon...  
I'm working on the trace elements.

DALLAS  
Pressure.

ASH  
Ten to the fourth dynes per square  
centimeter.

KANE  
Moisture content.

ASH  
Why don't you take a look out the  
window.

DALLAS  
Anything else.

ASH  
Rock, lava base. No vegetation.  
A lot of rain and it's hot as hell.

LAMBERT  
I'll rig up a portable unit to  
follow the transmission to its  
source...

KANE  
I volunteer for the first group  
going out.

DALLAS  
I heard you.

A pause.

DALLAS  
One more thing. Let's get out  
some weapons.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. SHIP. DAWN.

Sunrise.  
The atmosphere begins to lighten.  
Silhouette of the Nostromo becoming dimly visible.  
Starship perched on barren rock.

Continued.

Cont.

A steam rising from the stoney plain.  
More rolling clouds of moisture.  
The floodlights automatically shut off.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Parker and Brett laser-welding one of the ducts.  
Shirts off.  
Sweat steaming.  
Ripley re-wiring one of the panels.  
Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER

Just our luck. We land on a  
God damn sweathole and the  
air-conditioning goes out.

BRETT

Right.

Parker looks over at Ripley.

PARKER

Hey Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

PARKER

Do we get to go out on the  
expedition or are we stuck here  
until everything's fixed.

RIPLEY

You know the answer to that.

BRETT

What about the shares in case  
they find anything.

RIPLEY

Don't worry, you'll both get  
what's coming to you.

BRETT

I'm not doing any more work  
unless we get full shares.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Look yo-yo, you're guaranteed  
by law that you'll get a share...  
now both of you knock it off and  
get back to work.

Parker looks at her.  
Snaps on the laser-weld.  
Starts to join another section of the duct.

BRETT

Right.

CUT.

INTERIOR. MAIN AIR LOCK. DAY

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock.  
All wear gloves, boots, jackets.  
Carry laser pistols.  
Kane touches a button.  
Servo whine.  
Then the inner door slides quietly shut.  
The trio pull on their helmets.

DALLAS

I'm sending. Do you hear me.

KANE

Receiving.

LAMBERT

Receiving.

DALLAS

All right. Keep away from those  
weapons unless I say otherwise.  
Ash are you receiving.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

Ash looking at them on screens two and three.

ASH

Read you.

INTERIOR. MAIN AIR LOCK. DAY.

DALLAS

Open outer hatch.

Continued.

Cont.

Another servo whine.  
Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.  
Clouds of rain and steam swirl before the three crew members.  
A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.  
Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The trio walk down the gangplank.  
Arrive at surface level.  
Their feet striking onto a thick layer of lava rock.  
The wind and rain at gale force.

DALLAS

Which way.

Lambert is bent over the portable direction-finder.

LAMBERT

Over here.

DALLAS

You lead.

Lambert walks into the dark rain.  
Followed closely by the others.

DALLAS

We're on our way.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

Ash is the sole occupant of the bridge.  
Leans over his console.  
Smoking a bright blue cigarette.  
Three images moving on the screen in front of him.

ASH

Read you. Good contact on my  
board.

DALLAS' VOICE

I'm getting you clear and free.  
Let's keep the line open.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The three crew members push their way along.  
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.  
The rain continues driving down in dark sheets.

DALLAS

Can't see more than three meters  
in any direction out here. We're  
walking on instruments.

They wade on, following Lambert.  
She abruptly halts.

DALLAS

Something wrong.

LAMBERT

My signal's fading.

A long look at the direction finder.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ash watching intently and listening to the transmission.  
Images on each screen of the trio from separate points  
of view.

LAMBERT'S VOICE

It's the wind, it's interfering...

Ash approaches the console.

LAMBERT'S VOICE

I've got it again. It's over  
that way.

ASH

Any problems.

DALLAS

Yeah. A lot of rain and wind.  
Starting to get some fade on  
the beam.

ASH

Figures.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The trio still moving through a dark limbo.  
Lambert stops again.  
Studies the direction finder.

LAMBERT  
It's close.

DALLAS  
What's the reading.

LAMBERT  
We should be almost on top  
of it. I just can't quite...

A large shape looms through the dense clouds.  
The rain clears slightly.  
Reveals a space ship rising from the rock.  
Black metallic surface.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

Ash listening.  
Watching intently.

KANE'S VOICE  
God damn look at that thing.

LAMBERT'S VOICE  
Is it one of ours.

DALLAS' VOICE  
Sure. Look at the markings.  
It's just a warmed over L-52..  
New model I heard they were  
working on. Big waste of money.

Pause.

DALLAS' VOICE  
No signs of life. No lights...  
No movement...We're approaching  
the base.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. DAY.

A hatchway yawns open.

INTERIOR. SPACECRAFT. DAY.

The doorway a glowing geometric blur of light.  
 Dark chamber beyond.  
 Dallas, Kane and Lambert appear silhouetted against the  
     open archway.  
 They switch on their datasticks.  
 Step inside.  
 Pick their way past indistinct machinery.

DALLAS

Let's find the control room.

Move their lights around.  
 Bulkheads and ceiling full of huge, irregular holes.  
 Kane shines his light into an opening above.

KANE

Looks like somebody was firing  
 a disintegrator in here.

DALLAS

Climbing gear.

Kane draws out a pressure gun.  
 Aims it up into the hole and fires.  
 A graplon is launched into the darkness.  
 Thin wire trailing after.  
 A dull clunk, the wire dangles.  
 Dallas attaches it to a powered gear box on the chest of  
     his suit.  
 Presses a button.  
 With a mechanical whine, he is pulled up into the hole.

INTERIOR. CONTROL ROOM. BLACK SPACECRAFT.

Totally dark as Kane arrives at the top of the hole.  
 Unclips himself from the climbing wire.  
 Dallas already tracing his beam through the hanging dust.  
 Lambert now arrives.  
 Kane stumbles.  
 Shines his light downward, sees...  
 A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.  
 Round opening at the top, empty within.  
 Suddenly, Lambert lets out a grunt of shock.  
 Her light has illuminated a skeletal shape.  
 Seated twenty feet beyond them in the control chair.  
 A human being, terribly disfigured.  
 A few moments of shocked silence.  
 Then Dallas shines his light on a nearby console.  
 Moves closer.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS

Over here.

They approach the panel.

Train their lights downward.

A machine.

On the mechanism, a small bar moves steadily back and forth.

Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE

Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT

Automatic recording.

DALLAS

Yeah. I'll get the log.

Pause.

Looks at Kane.

DALLAS

The rest of the crew is probably below decks...We have to go look.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. THE NOSTROMO. SUNSET.

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.

Then the sun is down.

The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.

Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Ash hovers over a readout panel.

Dallas and the rest of the search party move across the screens.

DALLAS

One dead space jockey, no sign of the other crew members, the old L-52's generally went up with a compliment of seven...

Continued.



Cont.

LAMBERT  
They're probably scattered out  
on this plain.

DALLAS  
Maybe.

ASH  
Hey, I think I've got something.  
Dallas continues walking forward on the video images.

DALLAS  
Yeah.

ASH  
North, northwest, thirteen degrees...  
an irregular shape.

DALLAS  
On our way.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. NIGHT.

Three human shapes move across the plain.  
They stop, stare at the vast semicircle of rock above them.  
A steam geyser explodes upward nearby.  
They move on.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ripley walks in, joins Ash.

ASH  
I was scanning the horizon to  
see what I could pick up...  
Screen two.

Ash enlarges the image.  
The screen shows a range of hills on the near horizon.  
One hundred meters high.  
Reddish lava rock and dark obsidian.  
Ripley stares at the viewscreen for a long moment.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. NIGHT.

With a shriek, the storm returns.  
The space ship again becomes completely obscured.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. NIGHT.

Dallas, Lambert and Kane.  
They move around another rock formation.  
Stop, look ahead.

A RED CYLINDER...

On the horizon.  
One hundred meters high.

THE TRIO.

KANE  
Who built it.

DALLAS  
Probably some kind of government  
installation.

LAMBERT  
Installation of what.

DALLAS  
Ammunition depot, landmark, hot-  
house, how the hell do I know.

KANE  
Maybe the rest of the crew is  
in there waiting to be rescued.

DALLAS  
Don't hold your breath.

The rain increases.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. NIGHT.

The trio moves to the base of the cylinder.  
Pushing at an angle through the wet wind.

KANE  
We can't make out any details  
or features yet.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

Ripley and Ash.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS' VOICE  
There's only one thing I can...

Dallas' voice disappears.  
As do the images on the viewscreens.

ASH  
Lost their signal.

He shakes the console in front of him.  
Ripley turns.  
Looks at him.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. BASE OF CYLINDER. NIGHT.

The trio at the base of the massive structure.

LAMBERT  
Maybe it's buried. Could be  
under our feet.

Dallas looks upward through the rain.  
Staring at the crest of the Cylinder.

KANE  
This is a government Model 503.  
Concrete.

DALLAS  
I know what it is. I just want  
to know what the hell it's doing  
out here.

KANE  
It's got an entrance on top. I  
volunteer.

Kane looks at Dallas.  
A long pause.  
Then Dallas smiles.

KANE  
Why not.

DALLAS  
Yeah. I'm more valuable and  
she's the navigator...So you  
can go inside, after I take a  
look.

Continued.

Cont.

Dallas takes out the graplon gun.  
 Fires the hook up toward the top of the Cylinder.  
 It catches.  
 He again looks back at Kane.  
 Then clips himself to the wire.  
 Dallas turns on the climbing device.  
 Begins to walk up the side of the Cylinder.

DALLAS

Climbing the Cylinder.  
 Wind and rain breaking over him.

EXTERIOR. TOP OF THE CYLINDER. NIGHT.

No seams other than the lip along the edge.  
 Dallas arrives at the top.  
 Pulls himself over onto its surface.  
 Sees a wheel recessed into a contiguous pillbox.  
 Spokes shaped to accept a clutching hand.  
 Dallas pulls the spokes.  
 The wheel slides out of the pillbox.  
 Turns and locks on its axle.

DALLAS

I've found a wheel. It's not  
 part of regulations.

LAMBERT'S VOICE

A what.

DALLAS

A wheel. Come on up.

Dallas tries the wheel.  
 No resistance.  
 The wheel rotates effortlessly through a full turn.  
 A few meters away an opening appears in the Cylinder's  
 surface.  
 Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.  
 Only blackness.  
 He unclips his light from his belt.  
 Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS

It just goes down...Smooth  
 walls. I can't see the bottom --  
 light won't reach.

Kane and Lambert come over the side.

Continued.

Cont.

Scramble to the top of the Cylinder.  
Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS  
Let's take a look.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.

DALLAS  
Just for a preliminary look  
around...

Looks at Kane.

DALLAS  
This is your big chance.

KANE  
Okay.

DALLAS  
Don't unhook yourself from the  
cable. Be out in less than ten  
minutes. Read me.

KANE  
Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod across the mouth of the opening.  
Unspools a couple feet of wire.  
Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.  
Climbs over the lip and drops into the hole.  
Now hanging by the wire...  
Head and shoulders out of the opening.  
Kane activates the climbing unit.  
Lowers himself into the fissure.

INTERIOR. CYLINDER OPENING.

Kane braces his feet against the wall of the vertical  
shaft.  
Switches on his light, points it into the depths.  
The beam penetrates only thirty feet or so, then is lost  
in darkness.

KANE  
Hotter in here. Warm air rising  
from below.

He starts down, paying out the line.  
Descending in short leaps.  
Stops to catch his breath.

Continued.

Cont.

Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.  
A little sunlight filters from above.  
Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole...  
A glowing spot of light.

DALLAS  
You okay in there.

KANE  
Haven't hit bottom yet.

LAMBERT'S VOICE  
I lost you, do you hear me.

KANE  
This is work. Can't talk now.

He kicks off and continues down.  
Taking longer and longer hops as he gains confidence.  
Pausing for a moment to regain his breath, he shines the  
light on his instruments.

KANE  
I'm below ground level.

EXTERIOR. TOP OF CYLINDER. NIGHT.

DALLAS  
What'd he say.

LAMBERT  
I don't know. He's too far in.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

RIPLEY  
The whole area around the Cylinder  
is dead to transmission. I think  
we should go after them.

ASH  
I don't think so. We can't spare  
the personnel. We've got minimum  
takeoff capability right now.  
That's why Dallas left us on board.

Ripley looks steadily at Ash.

CUT.

27.

INTERIOR. CYLINDER.

Kane resumes his downward climb.  
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of  
the shaft disappear.  
The tunnel has reached its end.  
Below him is dark, cavernous space.  
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

KANE  
Tunnel's gone. Cave or some-  
thing below me. Feels like  
the God damn tropics in here...

He consults his instruments.

KANE  
...high nitrogen content, no  
oxygen...

Still puffing, he releases his purchase on the stone walls.  
Begins to lower himself on power.  
Now Kane is dangling free in darkness.  
Spinning slowly on the wire as the chest unit unwinds.  
Then his feet hit bottom.  
Kane grunts in surprise, almost loses his balance.  
He flashes his light.  
The beam reveals that he is in a large room.  
Row after row of metal cases stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE  
It's like some kind of storage  
area. Is anybody there. Do  
you read me.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. TOP OF THE CYLINDER. NIGHT.

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS  
How long till sunrise.

LAMBERT  
Another hour. How long do we  
give him down there before we  
go after him.

CUT.

## INTERIOR. CYLINDER.

Kane approaches the center of the room.  
 Moves near a large, broad pedestal.  
 On the plinth are rows of leathery jars.  
 He walks around the urns.  
 Shines his light on one.  
 Then lays a gloved hand on the surface.

KANE

I don't know if you can hear me, but the place is full of large bottles or jars, like the one we found on the other ship...except these are sealed... soft to the touch.

He peers closely at the leathery object.  
 Turns away.  
 Raised areas begin to appear where his fingertips touched the urn.  
 Kane moves his light along the rows of cabinets.  
 Turns back to the urn he was examining.  
 Something has changed.  
 Now there is a hole in the top.  
 Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of the urn.  
 Sees the stopper that had filled the hole.  
 He picks it up, studies it.  
 The interior surface spongy and irregular.  
 Kane turns back to the now open urn.  
 Shines the light inside.  
 With shocking violence, a small creature smashes outward.  
 Fixes itself to his mask.  
 Sizzling sound.  
 The creature melts through the mask.  
 Attaches itself to Kane's face.  
 Kane tears at the thing with his hands.  
 Falls backward.

CUT.

## EXTERIOR. TOP OF CYLINDER. NIGHT.

The intensity of the wind increases.

DALLAS

We can haul him out of there if he doesn't hurry up.

LAMBERT

It'll yank him right off his feet if he's not expecting it.

Continued.



Cont.

DALLAS  
Try him again on the radio.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the winch mechanism.

DALLAS  
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT  
Still nothing on the radio...

Pause.

LAMBERT  
Do you think he could have  
unhooked himself.

Dallas switches on the winch motor.  
With a whine, it begins to reel the line in.  
After a moment the line tightens with a jerk.  
The motor slows, laboring under added weight.

DALLAS  
It caught.

LAMBERT  
Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS  
No, it's coming.

LAMBERT  
Can you see anything.

Dallas shines his light down into the hole.  
Shakes his head.

DALLAS  
Line's still moving.

A long moment.  
Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS  
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS  
Get ready to grab him.

Continued.

Cont.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.  
Dangles limply from the wire.  
Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS  
Look out. There's something  
on his face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT  
What is it.

Kane appears to be completely unconscious.  
The life form is still wrapped motionless around his face.

LAMBERT  
Oh Jesus.

DALLAS  
Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.  
Lift him from the hole.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Ripley and Ash are moodily silent.

ASH  
I've got them. They're back  
on my screens.

RIPLEY  
How many.

ASH  
Three blips. They're coming  
this way.

Ripley grabs a speaker.

RIPLEY  
Dallas, Lambert. Can you hear  
me.

Dallas appears on the viewscreens.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS

We hear you. We're coming  
back...Kane's injured...We'll  
need some help getting him in.

Ripley stares at the screen.  
Ash moves to the voice amp.

ASH

Parker, Brett, this is Ash.  
Meet me at the main air lock.

Ash moves from the room.  
Ripley remains seated at her console.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIRLOCK.

Ash comes down the steps.  
Hurries to the inner lock door.  
Presses the wall voice amp.

ASH

Ripley, I'm by the inner lock  
hatch. I'll wait for you to  
let them in.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

RIPLEY

Aye. Aye.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK.

Parker comes running up.

PARKER

What's going on.

ASH

We don't know. Kane got hurt  
somehow.

PARKER

How bad.

Ash shrugs.  
Brett appears at the top of a companionway.

BRETT

What's going on.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Ripley seated alone in the room.  
Dallas appears as a huge image on all screens.  
Lambert behind him.  
Kane pinioned to Dallas.

DALLAS  
Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY  
Right here.

DALLAS  
We're coming up now, open the lock.

RIPLEY  
What happened to Kane. I need a clear definition.

DALLAS  
Some kind of organism. It's attached itself to him. Let us in.

Long moment.

DALLAS  
You hear me. Open the lock.

RIPLEY  
Listen to me. If we let it in, the ship could be infected.

DALLAS  
God damn it. Open the hatch.

RIPLEY  
We've already broken every rule of quarantine. If we bring an organism on board, we won't have a single layer of defense left.

LAMBERT  
Open the hatch. Please. We have to get him inside.

RIPLEY  
If you were in my position you'd do the same.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK.

DALLAS' VOICE  
Ripley do you hear me.

RIPLEY'S VOICE  
I read you. The answer is  
negative.

Pause.

Ash hits the emergency switch.  
A red light goes on.  
Servo whine.  
Followed by a solid metallic clunk.

ASH  
Outer door's open.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ripley staring at the console.  
Can't believe what she sees.  
Turns to the viewscreens.  
Watches as Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter.

CUT.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK.

The servo again turns over.  
Another clunk.  
The outer door has closed.  
Red light off.  
The inner door slides open.  
Dallas and Lambert stagger into the passageway.  
Carry Kane's body between them.  
Dallas pulls off his mask.

DALLAS  
Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH  
God.

PARKER  
Is it alive.

LAMBERT  
I don't know but don't touch  
it.

Continued..

Cont.

DALLAS  
Take him to the Autodoc.

BRETT  
Right.

Ash and Brett move in carefully to help with the limp burden.

INTERIOR. INFIRMARY.

Brett flicks on the lights.  
A small cubicle.  
Walls lined with instrumentation.  
Mechanized bunk bed, resting in a cradle.  
Activated, it slides out of a slot in the wall.

PARKER  
Help me, come on, let's get  
him up here.

They slide Kane onto the bunk.

ASH  
Did you try to get if off him.

DALLAS  
Not yet.

ASH  
Medical gloves.

Each crew member pulls elastic gloves from a dispenser.  
The life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.  
Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.  
Tries to pull it free.  
Unsuccessful.  
The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASH  
Let me try.

Ash takes a pair of pliers from a rack.  
Carefully grasps the tip of the Creature.  
Squeezes tightly.  
Leans back.

LAMBERT  
You're tearing his face.

A trickle of blood appears on Kane's cheek.

Continued.

Cont.

BRETT

It's not going to come off  
without pulling his whole  
face off, at the same time.

DALLAS

Let the machine work on him.

They strip Kane.

Then Ash presses a switch.

The machine lights up.

Kane is sucked into the slot in the wall.

Visible inside through the glass layer.

The machine immediately sprays a cloud of disinfectant  
over him.

A blinding colored light performs antiseptis.

Banks of video monitors pop on.

Revealing X-ray images of different parts of Kane's body.

THE DOORWAY

Ripley appears.

Dallas turns and looks at her.

A long moment.

DALLAS

When I give an order I expect  
it to be obeyed.

RIPLEY

Even if it's against the law.

DALLAS

That's right.

Lambert steps forward and slaps Ripley across the face.  
Ripley slowly puts her hand to her cheek.

LAMBERT

You were going to leave us out  
there.

PARKER

Maybe she should have. Who  
the hell knows what that is.

BRETT

Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.

A moment.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Let's call it settled.

Lambert gives her a curt nod.  
Ash turns his attention to the instrumentation.

RIPLEY  
Somebody fill me in.

DALLAS  
He went into the structure  
alone, we lost radio contact.  
When we pulled him out, it  
was on his face...

ASH  
Where did it come from.

DALLAS  
He's the only one that knows  
that.

PARKER  
How the hell is he breathing.

They study the monitors.

ASH  
Blood's thoroughly oxygenated.

DALLAS  
How. His nose and mouth are  
blocked.

ASH  
We better look inside his head.

Ash punches three buttons.  
On the monitors, an X-ray image appears.  
A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.  
The Alien is clearly visible.  
A maze of complicated biology.  
Kane's jaws are forced open.  
The Creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and  
throat.  
The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

BRETT  
It's got something down his  
God damn throat.

ASH  
That must be how it's getting  
oxygen to him.

Continued.



Cont.

RIPLEY

It doesn't make sense. It paralyzes him, puts him into a coma, then keeps him alive.

PARKER

Let's kill it. We can't leave the damn thing on him.

ASH

I don't know. At the moment the Creature is keeping him alive. If we terminate it we might terminate Kane...

DALLAS

I don't think so. Let's take the chance and cut it off him.

ASH

You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS

That's right.

Slips into surgical gloves.  
Presses a switch, Kane slides back out of the booth.

DALLAS

Give me the knife.

Ripley takes a surgical laser blade from the case.  
Carefully passes it to Dallas.  
He manipulates the knife until he has a comfortable grip.  
Flicks a small button with his thumb.  
The blade begins to hum.  
Dallas advances on Kane's prostrate form.  
Touches the scalpel to the Creature.  
The electronic blade slides effortlessly downward.  
Suddenly a urine-like fluid begins to drip from the wound.

DALLAS

Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.  
Starts to hiss.  
Smoke curls up from the stain.  
Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.  
Then drips onto the deck below.  
Metal bubbling and sizzling.  
More smoke rises, sending the crew into a coughing jag.  
The crew jostle their way out of the cabin.

Continued.

Cont.

Huddle in the passageway outside, still coughing.  
Dallas pulls on a breathing mask.  
Frantically attempts to apply pressure to the wound.  
In the process, some of the fluid gets on Dallas' gloves.  
They begin to smoke.  
Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.  
Then runs out into the corridor, yanks his mask away.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY.

BRETT

Shit. It's going to eat  
through the decks and out  
the hull...

He starts to run for the companionway.

CUT.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS WITHIN THE NOSTROMO

Dallas hurls himself down a companionway.  
The others follow.

DALLAS

There.

A droplet of fluid is sizzling on the ceiling bulkhead.  
It oozes down.  
Drips to the deck.  
Runs across a hatch cover.  
Continues to bubble.  
Then goes through the bulkhead.

ASH

What can we put under it.

Ripley and Parker charge down the next companionway below.

INTERIOR. SECOND LEVEL.

Ripley and Parker move cautiously down the passageway.  
Look up at the ceiling bulkhead.

RIPLEY

Should be coming through about  
there.

PARKER

Don't get under it.

INTERIOR. LEVEL ABOVE.

Dallas, Brett and Ash crouch by the spot where the acid  
sizzles.

Ash fishes a pen out of his pocket.  
Probes the hole in the deck.

ASH  
It's stopped penetrating.

Ripley comes charging back up the companionway.

RIPLEY  
What's happening.

ASH  
I think it's lost steam.  
No longer active.

Ripley checks the opening.  
Ash straightens up.  
Starts to put the pen back into his pocket.  
Changes his mind and stands holding it by the end.

ASH  
I've never seen anything like  
that except molecular acid....

PARKER  
This thing uses it for blood.

DALLAS  
Wonderful defense mechanism.  
You don't dare kill it.

Looks across.  
Sees the hatch cover.  
Steps over to it.

ASH  
It's the asbestos that stopped  
it, otherwise it would have  
gone straight through.

Brett comes up the companionway.

BRETT  
It's stopped bleeding.

DALLAS  
Yeah. After it penetrated  
two levels.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
What about Kane.

Starts up the companionway.

INTERIOR. INFIRMARY.

They return.  
Kane still motionless on the bunk.  
The Alien remains secured to his face.  
Somewhat larger.  
Wound completely healed over.

PARKER  
Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS  
Doesn't look like it.

BRETT  
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH  
Healed over.

PARKER  
Shit. And it looks bigger than  
it was. You cut the God damn  
thing and it grows.

LAMBERT  
Isn't there some way we can  
get it off.

Ash looks at Dallas.

ASH  
I don't think you ought to try  
again. It didn't work out too  
well last time.

Dallas gives him a look in return.  
Ripley presses a button.  
Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.  
More buttons pressed.  
Displays light up again, showing the different parts of  
Kane's body.

ASH  
I better get some intravenous  
feeding started. So far I can't  
tell what the Alien has absorbed  
from his system.

Continued.

Cont.

The machine begins to invade Kane's body.  
Multiple needles slide into him.

RIPLEY

What's the stain on his lungs.

The X-ray reveals a spreading dark blot in the chest cavity.  
At the center, the stain is completely opaque.

ASH

Whatever it is, it's blocking  
the X-ray.

A long moment.  
The stain spreads.

LAMBERT

What happens now.

Ash sets aside his partially melted pen.  
Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS

Good question.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

The sun dips below the horizon.  
Rain and wind continue to swirl.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Parker at work on the final intake screen.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

Ash playing solitaire.  
Kane respirating on the viewscreens above.  
Still deep within a coma.  
All instruments recording his life processes.  
The Alien's position unchanged.  
Ripley approaches the Data Bank.  
Sits near Ash.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Anything new.

ASH  
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY  
What about the Creature.

ASH  
It's got an outer layer of  
protein polysaccharides. A  
lot of amino acids in the  
underside. That would account  
for prolonged resistance to  
adverse environmental conditions...  
That enough for you.

RIPLEY  
Plenty. What's it mean.

ASH  
Interesting combination of  
elements making it one tough  
little son-of-a-bitch...

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Is that why you let it in.

ASH  
I was following a direct order.  
Remember.

RIPLEY  
While Dallas and Kane are off  
the ship I'm senior officer.  
And one more thing...you broke  
every quarantine law the Science  
Division set up.

ASH  
When I get an order from the  
Captain, I obey it no matter  
where he is... Besides there  
was a life at stake.

RIPLEY  
That's bullshit. By breaking  
quarantine procedure you risk  
everybody's life.

Continued.

Cont.

ASH  
I take my responsibilities  
as seriously as you do...  
You do your job and I'll do  
mine.

CUT.

INTERIOR. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.  
Big band swing music.  
His foot tapping with the rhythm.  
Beep.  
An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS  
Dallas.

ASH'S VOICE  
I think you should have a look  
at Kane. Something's happened.

DALLAS  
Serious.

ASH'S VOICE  
Interesting.

Dallas exits.

CUT.

INTERIOR. INFIRMARY.

The door slides open, lights go on.  
Dallas steps into the room.  
Ripley and Ash appear behind him.  
Dallas activates the bed, it slides out of the wall.  
A long pause.

DALLAS  
It's gone.

They move to Kane's prone form.  
The Alien is no longer on his face.

Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.  
Face covered with sucker marks.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
The door was closed. It must  
still be in here.

ASH  
We can't open the door. We  
don't want to let it out.

RIPLEY  
Yeah I remember. We can't grab  
it. We can't kill it...

DALLAS  
Maybe we can catch it.

Dallas picks up a stainless steel tray with a lid.

ASH  
As long as we're careful not  
to damage it.

Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.  
Tray in one hand.  
Lid in the other.  
Looking.

Ash and Ripley do the same.  
Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.  
Nothing.

She stands.  
Doesn't see the Alien vibrating on a ledge above her.  
Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.  
It leaps onto her shoulder.  
She screams. Twists.  
The Alien drops to the floor.  
Then lies motionless.  
It's skin faded to a dead-looking grey.  
Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.  
Prods the Alien.  
No response.

DALLAS  
I think it's dead.

Looks at Ripley.

DALLAS  
You okay.

RIPLEY  
Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.  
Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.  
Quickly closes the lid.  
Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.

CUT.



INTERIOR. INFIRMARY.

Minutes later.  
Bright light trained on the Alien.  
The Creature in a supine position.  
Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH  
Look at these suckers. No  
wonder we couldn't get it  
off him.

RIPLEY  
Where's its mouth.

ASH  
It's this tube-like thing,  
up in here.

Carefully he extracts the end of the organ.

ASH  
It's hardening.

He slips the Creature under a flouroscope.

ASH  
It's dead. No life signs  
whatsoever.

RIPLEY  
Good. Let's get rid of it.

ASH  
Are you kidding. This has to  
go back. This is our first  
contact with a specimen like  
this. All kinds of tests need  
to be run.

RIPLEY  
That thing bled acid, God knows  
what it'll do when it's dead.

ASH  
I guess you believe in zombies...  
Captain, we have to keep this  
specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS  
You're the science officer.  
It's your decision.

Continued.

Cont.

ASH  
That's right, and it's made.  
We keep it...I'll seal it in  
a helium tube.

Pause.

RIPLEY  
What about Kane.

Ash turns back to the bunk.  
Studies the life support gauges.  
Kane continues to breathe steadily.

ASH  
Running a fever. And still  
unconscious. The machine  
will bring his temperature  
down. His vital functions  
are strong...who knows, he  
may make it.

Ash begins to seal the Alien in a large vacuum tube.

RIPLEY  
I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPANIONWAY.

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY  
I've got a question. How could  
you leave that kind of decision  
to him.

DALLAS  
I don't have any choice. Those  
are my orders. I just run the  
ship. Anything that has to do  
with science division Ash has  
the final word.

RIPLEY  
How does that happen.

DALLAS  
Same way everything else happens.  
Orders from the Company.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Since when is that standard procedure.

DALLAS

There isn't any standard procedure. You just do what they tell you... Besides, I don't know anything about science, I went maritime, became a pilot. I know about flying...

RIPLEY

Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS

First time. I went five cargo hauls with another science man. Then two days before we took off they replaced him with Ash.

She looks at him.

DALLAS

So what. They replaced my warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY

I don't trust him.

DALLAS

I don't trust anybody. Why don't you do your job and get the engines fixed.

They walk past.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The Nostromo's engines come to life.  
Roar out streams of superheated air.  
The starship vibrates.  
Begins to surge forward.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

The crew at their posts.  
An electrical hum permeates the air.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Lock tractor beams.

The pitch of the hum changes.  
The ship levels itself.

RIPLEY  
Retract landing struts.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The Nostromo hovering above the ground.  
Held on beams of shimmering force.  
The landing struts begin folding.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

DALLAS  
Take us up.

Ash bends over the voice amplifier.

LAMBERT  
One kilometer on ascension.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. DAY.

The Nostromo begins to levitate skyward.  
Seemingly pushing upward on the beams of light.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

The ship continues vibrating.

RIPLEY  
Switch on lifter quads.

A powerful, deep throbbing begins.  
The vibrations increase.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. DAY.

The starship hovering...  
Then begins to accelerate through the dense atmosphere.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. DAY.

All viewscreens operational.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Engage artificial gravity.

Ash throws a switch.  
The ship lurches.

ASH  
Engaged.

RIPLEY  
I'm altering the vector now.  
The pitch of the engines changes, deepens.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO.

The ship moves at an acute angle.  
Slices through the boiling clouds.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Parker and Brett watching the gauges.  
Wave their arms in exultation.  
Break open a couple of bottles of beer.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

On the screens, clouds, clouds, clouds.  
Another tremor shudders through the ship.  
The crews' eyes riveted to their instruments.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. DAY.

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.  
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.  
Trailing a wake of glimmering dust flecks.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

The Nostromo now safely beyond gravity.

DALLAS  
Set our course and get us into  
light speed plus four.

Lambert begins punching buttons.

Continued.

Cont.

LAMBERT  
Feets get me out of here.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

The Nostromo now at light speed.  
Perceptible movement in the surrounding universe.  
A corona effect emerges.  
Stars approaching the Nostromo appear blue.  
Receding stars going to amber.  
Redshift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Crew unstrapping.  
Beep.

DALLAS

Dallas.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

Ash at the voice-amp.  
Kane's face on the screens above.  
His eyes flicker.  
Dallas appears on screen three.

ASH

Everyone should go see Kane.  
Right away.

DALLAS

Any change in his condition.

ASH

It's simpler if we just go see  
him.

CUT.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Footsteps echo.  
The entire crew moving toward the infirmary.

Continued.

Cont.

PARKER

The best thing to do is just to freeze him. Stop the God damn disease. He can get a doctor to look at him when we get back home.

BRETT

Right.

LAMBERT

Whenever anybody says anything you say 'right', you know that, Brett.

BRETT

Right.

LAMBERT

What do you think, Parker. Your staff just follows you around and says 'right'. Don't you think he sounds like an asshole.

PARKER

Yeah. Shape up. What are you, some kind of asshole.

BRETT

Right.

DALLAS

Knock it off.

ASH

Kane will have to go into quarantine.

RIPLEY

Yeah. And so will we.

They pop the hatch.

INTERIOR. INFIRMARY.

What they see is... Not what they expect.  
Kane is sitting up in bed...wide awake.

KANE

Mouth's dry...can I have some water.

Continued.

Cont.

Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup of water.  
Kane gulps it down in a swallow.

KANE

More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container.  
Hands it to Kane.  
He greedily consumes the entire contents.  
Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS

How do you feel.

KANE

Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH

You don't remember.

KANE

Don't remember anything. Can't  
hardly remember my name.

PARKER

Do you hurt.

KANE

All over. Feel like somebody's  
been beating me with a stick for  
about six years.

Pause.

Then Kane smiles.

KANE

God I'm hungry.

RIPLEY

What's the last thing you can  
remember.

KANE

I don't know.

DALLAS

Do you remember the Cylinder.

KANE

Just some horrible dream about  
smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY

Hyperspace. We're going home.

Continued.



Cont.

ASH  
We're getting ready to go back  
into the freezers.

KANE  
I'm starving. I want some food  
first.

PARKER  
I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS  
One meal before bed.

CUT.

INTERIOR. GALLEY.

The entire crew is seated.  
Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.  
The cat eats from a dish on the table.

PARKER  
First thing I'm going to do  
when we get back is eat some  
biological food.

LAMBERT  
Christ, you're pounding down  
this stuff like there's no  
tomorrow.

PARKER  
I've had worse than this, but  
I've had better too, if you  
know what I mean.

Pause.

- PARKER  
I mean I like it.

LAMBERT  
No kidding.

PARKER  
Yeah. It grows on you.

BRETT  
You know what they make this  
stuff out of...

Continued.

Cont.

PARKER  
I know what they make it out  
of. So what. It's food now.  
You're eating it.

BRETT  
She didn't say it was bad for  
you, but she's right. It's  
kind of sickening, that's all.  
If you think about it.

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY  
What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

KANE  
I don't know...I'm getting  
cramps.

The others stare at him in alarm.  
Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise.  
Clutches the edge of the table with his hands.  
Knuckles whitening.

ASH  
Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE  
Oh God, it hurts so bad. It  
hurts. It hurts.

Stands up.

KANE  
Ooooooh.

BRETT  
What is it. What hurts.

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony.  
He falls back into his chair.

KANE  
Ohmygooooaahhh.

A red stain.  
Then a smear of blood blossoms on his chest.

Continued.

Cont.

The fabric of his shirt is ripped open.  
A small head the size of a man's fist pushes out.

The crew shout in panic.  
Leap back from the table.  
The cat spits, bolts away.

The tiny head lunges forward.  
Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.  
Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.  
Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.  
Wriggles away while the crew scatters.  
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.

Kane lies slumped in his chair.  
Very dead.  
A huge hole in his chest.  
The dishes are scattered.  
Food covered with blood.

BRETT

No, no, no, no.

LAMBERT

What was that. What the Christ  
was that.

PARKER

It was growing in him the whole  
time and he didn't even know it.

Slowly, they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.

ASH

It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY

That means we've got another  
one.

DALLAS

Yeah. And it's gone.

ASH

Where.

PARKER

God damned if I know.

BRETT

I didn't see where it went..

LAMBERT

Me either.

Continued.

Cont.

They all look at one another.

CUT.

INTERIOR. GALLEY.

Later.  
Kane still dead in his chair.  
Room otherwise empty.  
Lambert walks in.  
Then Parker and Brett.  
Then Ash.  
Then Ripley.  
Finally Dallas.

DALLAS

Any signs.

LAMBERT

Nothing.

ASH

Nothing.

PARKER

Didn't see a God damn thing.

BRETT

Me either.

RIPLEY

We can't go into hypersleep  
with that thing running loose.  
We'd be sitting ducks in the  
freezers.

ASH

We can't kill it, if we do  
it will spill its body acids  
right through the hull...

BRETT

Son of a bitch.

RIPLEY

We have to catch it and eject  
it from the ship.

ASH

Our supplies are based on us  
spending a limited amount of  
time out of suspended animation.  
Strictly limited.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
We have to find it.

DALLAS  
We've got something else to  
do first.

He looks at Kane's body.

CUT.

INTERIOR. ELECTRONIC CENTER.

Tape sliding through magnetic terminals.  
All speakers switched on.  
An electronic bass drum beats out a slow rhythm.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. OUTER SPACE. . .

A hatch slides open on the side of the ship.  
Kane's wrapped body tumbles silently out.  
The electronic dirge continues.  
Kane drifts into eternity.

CUT.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

The remaining crew moves toward the bridge.

RIPLEY  
I've checked on the supplies.  
We've got about a week left.

BRETT  
Then what.

LAMBERT  
We run out of food and oxygen,  
dumbo...

DALLAS  
All right, that's what we've  
got. A week. It's plenty of  
time.

They enter the bridge.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

PARKER

Put on our pressure suits and  
blow all the air out of the  
ship. That might kill it.

LAMBERT

What a swell idea.

PARKER

What's wrong with it.

ASH

We've got forty-eight hours  
of air in our pressure suits  
and it takes 250 years to get  
home.

LAMBERT

That's what's wrong with that  
idea.

Parker won't give up on this one.

PARKER

Maybe we could work out some  
kind of special lines to the  
tanks. Brett and I are pretty  
good practical engineers...We  
got us back up you know.

RIPLEY

No you didn't, I did.

ASH

I hate to point this out but  
it might be better off without  
oxygen. It lived that way long  
enough.

DALLAS

We're going to have to flush it  
out.

ASH

How.

DALLAS

Room by room, corridor by corridor.

Continued.

Cont.

One of those suggestions that nobody likes.

LAMBERT

What do we do when we find it.

RIPLEY

Trap it somehow.

BRETT

If we had a really strong piece of net, we could bag it...I could put something together. A long metal rod with a battery in it.

RIPLEY

Jesus.

LAMBERT

Why do we listen to this meathead.

BRETT

Only take a couple of hours.

Pause.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS

He might be right.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

Dallas enters.

Ash working at Mother's readout section.

DALLAS

I want to talk.

ASH

I'm a little busy at the moment.

Pause.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS  
It's important.

Ash looks up.

ASH  
All right, go ahead.

DALLAS  
It's about the Alien. Why did  
you let it survive inside Kane.

ASH  
I'm not sure you're getting  
through to me.

DALLAS  
Yes I am. Mother was monitoring  
his body. You were monitoring  
Mother. You must have had some  
idea of what was going on.

ASH  
What are you trying to say.

A long moment.

DALLAS  
You want the Alien to stay alive  
...I figure you have a reason.

ASH  
Name one.

DALLAS  
Look, we both work for the same  
company. Let me in on the news.

ASH  
I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about. And I don't like  
any of the insinuations. The Alien  
is a dangerous form of life...It  
killed Kane...I want it dead...as  
much as anyone does.

DALLAS  
You're sure.

ASH  
Yeah, I'm sure. You should be  
too.

Continued.



Cont.

Dallas walks out.  
Ash watches him go.  
Stares in his direction a long while...

CUT.

INTERIOR. VENTRAL OBSERVATION DOME.

Dallas seated within the bubble.  
Peering at the myriad lights of outer space.  
Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY  
I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS  
Are the nets finished.

Pause.

RIPLEY  
We've got an hour...Look, I  
need some relief.

DALLAS  
Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY  
Let me tell you something.  
You keep staring out there  
long enough, they'll be peeling  
you off a wall...I've seen it  
happen.

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS  
We're the new pioneers, Ripley.  
We even get to have our own  
special diseases.

RIPLEY  
I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

DALLAS  
You waited too long.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.  
His arms move around her.

CUT.

INTERIOR. MAINTENANCE LEVEL.

The crew has assembled.  
Brett unfolds several yards of asbestos netting.  
Hands out five thin rods.  
Each of them like metal broom handles.

BRETT  
I put portable generators in  
each of these. They're insul-  
ated down to here. Just be God  
damn careful not to get your hand  
on the end.

He touches the tip to a metal object.  
A blue spark leaps.

BRETT  
It won't damage the little  
bastard unless its skin is a  
lot thinner than ours...It'll  
just give it a little incentive.

LAMBERT  
Terrific invention. Now if we  
could only find it.

Ash picks up a small portable unit.

ASH  
I've taken care of that...tracking  
device. You set it to search for  
a moving object...It hasn't much  
range but when you get within a  
certain distance it starts beeping.

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY  
What's it key on.

ASH  
Micro changes in air density.  
Keep it pointed ahead of you.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS

We'll break into two teams.  
Whoever finds it first catches  
it in the net and ejects it  
from the nearest airlock.

Pause.

DALLAS

For starters, let's make sure  
the bridge is safe.

Parker turns on his unit.  
Scans it around the room.

PARKER

We seem to be okay...If this  
damn thing works.

DALLAS

Ash and myself will go with  
Lambert. Brett and Parker  
will make up the second team.  
Ripley, you command.

They start doling out the quipment.

DALLAS

Everybody carries a communi-  
cator. We want to keep in  
constant contact.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Lambert and Dallas carry the net.  
Ash walks directly behind, carrying the tracking device.  
He continually scans from side to side.

ASH

Nothing yet...nothing...

INTERIOR. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY.

Parker and Brett move silently along.  
Ripley ahead of them with the tracker.

RIPLEY-

Hold it.

A small light flashes.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense.  
Start looking around.

BRETT  
Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY  
Machine's screwed up, I can't  
tell. Needle's spinning all  
over the dial.

BRETT  
God damn, malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side.  
The needle stabilizes.

RIPLEY  
No, just confused. It's coming  
from below us.

They all look down at their feet.

INTERIOR. MAINTENANCE LEVEL.

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down a crude metal companionway.  
Move into a drab, functional section of the ship.  
The passageway illuminated by rows of bare bulbs.  
They stop at the foot of the companionway.  
Move into position.  
Spread the net across to the bulkhead.

RIPLEY  
Okay.

Looks at the tracker.  
Nods down the passageway.

RIPLEY  
Down there.

They begin to walk in that direction.  
Surrounded by deep shadows.  
Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

What happened to the over-heads.

PARKER

Circuits must have burned out on takeoff.

They switch on helmet lights.  
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY

Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY

It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.  
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.  
She also has the job of approaching the signal's source.  
Moves with great care.  
Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.  
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.  
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.  
Behind Ripley's plastic mask, perspiration rivers down.  
She sets aside the tracker.  
Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.  
Yanks it open.  
Jams the electric prod inside.  
A nerve-shattering squall.  
Then a small Creature comes flying out of the locker.  
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.  
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.

RIPLEY

God damn it...hold it.

Very annoyed.  
They open the net and release the captive.  
Which happens to be the cat.  
Hissing and spitting, it scampers away.

PARKER

God damn little fucker. We  
should have killed it...Now  
we might pick it up on the  
tracker again.

BRETT

Right.

Continued.

Cont.

Ripley's tracker beeps.

RIPLEY

This way.

They move toward the companionway.

BRETT

Must be the cat again. We've  
got to find it before we can  
figure out where the Creature  
is.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS.

Ripley, Parker and Brett walk along.

INTERIOR. HATCHWAY.

Outside an air lock.  
The trio moves past.  
Crouching, staring at the deck.  
Nets poised.  
Brett trailing Ripley and Parker.  
None of them notice something in the air lock above.

THE ALIEN

Now seven feet tall.  
It leaps down and grabs Brett.  
He shrieks as it presses him close.  
Snaps his spine.  
Killing him as he screams.  
Ripley and Parker turn.  
Stand horrified as the Alien bounds down a companionway.  
Moves out of sight carrying Brett's still writhing body.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

The entire crew assembled.  
Long faces.  
Ash behind the others, working with readouts from Mother.

LAMBERT

Now what.

Continued.

Cont.

PARKER

Blast the rotten bastard with  
a laser and take our chances.

LAMBERT

That's a wonderful idea. At  
its present size it's holding  
enough acid to tear a hole in  
this ship as big as this room.

ASH

Anyway it wouldn't do any good.  
It's self-regenerating. You  
saw that when we operated on it.

RIPLEY

The only plan that's going to  
work is the same one we had  
before. Drive it into an air  
lock and blow it out into space.

PARKER

Drive it, look you saw the son  
of a bitch...It's eight feet  
tall. You saw what it did to  
Brett...

LAMBERT

Dumbe has a point. How do we  
drive it.

Ripley looks at Ash.

RIPLEY

The science department should  
be able to help...What could  
scare it...

Looks across at Ash.

ASH

According to Mother he's a  
primitive form of encephledpod...

DALLAS

How come it's a he.

ASH

Just a phrase. As a matter of  
fact he's both, bisexual or  
hermaphrodite to be precise.  
He won't need a partner to  
reproduce.

Continued.

Cont.

DALLAS  
Skip its sex life. How do we  
scare it.

ASH  
Most forms of life retreat  
from fire.

Pause.

DALLAS  
Anybody got any better ideas.

Pause.

PARKER  
I can hook up a couple of  
incinerating units in about  
fifteen minutes. I'll use  
some methane tanks...

RIPLEY  
All we have to do is find it.

ASH  
Maybe I can help.

Pause.

ASH  
According to Mother something  
just broke into our food locker.

He tears off a printout.

CUT.

INTERIOR. HATCHWAY.

Near the Food Storage Locker.  
The hatch stands open.  
Thrashing sound from within.  
The crew approaches.  
Dallas and Parker with makeshift flamethrowing devices.  
Another thrashing sound.  
Then rending metal.

PARKER  
Jesus. Look I told you it  
was big...

Pause.

Continued.



Cont.

DALLAS  
Yeah. Let's go.

PARKER  
After you, chief.

Dallas steps forward.  
Parker reluctantly follows...  
They disappear inside the Food Storage Locker.  
Ripley, Ash, Lambert all stare at one another...  
A moment.  
Silence.  
Then...

PARKER'S VOICE  
It's okay, you can come in...  
The son of a bitch took off...

They move forward.

INTERIOR. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER.

Ripley enters with Ash and Lambert.  
Dallas and Parker at the center of the room.  
Packages have been ripped to shreds.  
Foodstuffs scattered over the floor.

LAMBERT  
Looks like he helped himself.

Carefully, they poke through the garbage.

PARKER  
This is where he went.

On the wall, a ventilator grill has been ripped open.  
They move to the shredded ventilator.  
Shine their lights inside the shaft.

RIPLEY  
This could work for us. The  
duct comes out at the central  
air lock...There's a couple of  
detours on the way but if we  
can drive it to that spot we  
can blow its ass right into  
space.

LAMBERT  
Yeah. All you have to do is  
crawl in the vent with it, find  
your way through the maze and  
hope it's afraid of fire.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
I'm willing to try...

DALLAS  
Forget it.

No doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

CUT.

INTERIOR. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER.

Dallas is strapping on an oxygen mask.  
Ash hands him the makeshift flame-throwing device.  
He fires a couple of practice bursts.  
Next, Ash hands him the air displacement tracker.

ASH  
Good luck. I hope you won't  
need me, but if you do, I'm  
right here. Ready to help.

DALLAS  
Help who.

ASH  
Still don't trust me.

DALLAS  
Not much.

ASH  
Why would I help the Alien.

DALLAS  
I haven't figured that out.

Dallas turns and climbs into the ventilator opening.  
Just large enough to crawl through.  
Ash watches him disappear into the tunnel.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

Completely dark within the tunnel.  
Dallas turns on his helmet light.  
Then switches on his communicator.

DALLAS  
Do you receive me down. Ripley.  
Parker. Lambert.

13.  
INTERIOR. ATMOSPHERE CONTROL COMPARTMENT.

The hum of vast cooling plants.  
Large airshafts run off in different directions.  
Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.  
Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT  
We're in position.

Parker hefts his flame-thrower.

DALLAS' VOICE  
Parker, if it comes out the  
bypass make sure you hit it  
not me.

PARKER  
Right.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Near the central air lock.  
Ripley pops open the hatch.  
The air lock now open and ready.  
She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY  
Air lock open.

DALLAS' VOICE  
Ready.

RIPLEY  
Ready.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

Dallas begins to crawl forward.  
The tunnel is narrow...  
Only a foot or two wider than his shoulders.

DALLAS  
I'm under way.

Turns a corner.  
Several more tight turns.  
The tracker suddenly beeps.  
Dallas pulls back.  
Raises the flamethrower.

Continued.

Cont.

Fires a blast into the darkness.  
It roars loudly in the confined tube.  
Smoke drifts back into his face.

INTERIOR. ATMOSPHERE CONTROL COMPARTMENT.

Ash arrives.  
Parker points to a large rectangular opening in one wall.

PARKER  
That's where it's got to  
come out, if it misses the  
main shaft.

He throws a switch.  
A large metal pane rises and seals off the opening.

ASH  
Flip-flop gate to channel  
the air...

LAMBERT  
Let's keep it open. I'd like  
to know if anything's coming.

Parker again throws the switch.  
Ash sets up a portable viewing screen.  
The panel shows a section of the ship's schematic.

ASH  
I've got Dallas...and something  
else in front of him.

LAMBERT  
Close.

ASH  
Next level up.

Parker raises his flamethrower.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Ripley waiting.  
Stares at the duct opening.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.  
Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.

Continued.

Cont.

He moves toward the corner.  
 Fires another blast from the flamethrower.  
 Then starts crawling down, head first.  
 The shaft makes yet another turn.  
 Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.  
 The tracker starts beeping.  
 He clutches the flamethrower.  
 Suddenly hears a hissing cry from up ahead.  
 Next something scrambling over metal.  
 Dallas gets the weapon into position.  
 Sprays another flaming burst.

INTERIOR. ATMOSPHERE CONTROL COMPARTMENT.

Ash staring at the screen.

ASH  
 They're getting close.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.  
 Clutching his flamethrower.  
 Whispers into his voice amp.

DALLAS  
 Ripley.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Ripley flips on her communicator.

RIPLEY  
 Read you clear.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

DALLAS  
 I don't think this shaft goes  
 much farther...It's getting  
 pretty hot in here.

He readies the flamethrower.

INTERIOR. ATMOSPHERE CONTROL COMPARTMENT.

ASH  
 Get ready.

Continued.

Cont.

Parker readies his weapon.

INTERIOR. AIR SHAFT.

Dallas blasts.

Blasts again.

Then again.

Moves forward.

Comes out into a large open space.

Stands...

Sees the Alien standing fifteen feet away.

Fires as it closes on him.

Fires again.

The Alien comes through the flame...pulls him close.

INTERIOR. ATMOSPHERE CONTROL COMPARTMENT.

Ash and Parker bend forward.

Hear the sounds of the struggle...

And a scream.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Ripley listens to the scream die away.

Then silence.

CUT.

A SMALL TABLE

Dallas' flamethrower on its surface.

PARKER'S VOICE

I just found it laying there  
in the shaft. No sign of him...

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

The remaining crew standing at the table.

RIPLEY

Until Captain Dallas returns  
I'm in command.

PARKER

Look there's no point in kidding  
ourselves about it, he's dead.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Unless someone has a more  
operable theory in dealing  
with the Alien we'll proceed  
with the last plan...

Silence.

RIPLEY  
First priority is defense.  
How are our weapons.

Parker impressed with Ripley's authority.

PARKER  
They're working fine...we could  
use some more methane for the  
one Dallas had...

RIPLEY  
Go get some.

Pause.

PARKER  
Right.

He moves for the hatchway.  
Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY  
Any ideas. From you or Mother.

ASH  
None. Just the idea you're  
operating under.

RIPLEY  
That's not good enough.

Ash growing exasperated.

ASH  
I'm terribly sorry. What would  
you like me to do, Captain.

RIPLEY  
Go on back to Mother and start  
asking questions in different  
ways. I can't believe that  
there isn't some technological  
answer.

Continued.

Cont.

ASH  
Neither can I...I'll try.

Ash turns and goes.  
Ripley and Lambert now the sole occupants of the bridge.

RIPLEY  
How long since you've done a  
cross plot.

LAMBERT  
Couple of hours. We're right  
on course, headed for home.

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Let me ask you something...

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Did you ever sleep with Ash.

LAMBERT  
No, not ever. How about you.

RIPLEY  
No.

LAMBERT  
With me I never got the impres-  
sion he was very interested.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Near the air lock.  
Parker quickly turns the corner.  
Comes to an abrupt halt.  
Sees an open hatch leading to the lower decks.  
He hesitates, uncertain what to do.  
Then a sound from the direction of the air lock.  
Parker hesitates, peers inside.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ripley and Lambert.  
Noise on the voice-amp.  
Ripley hits a toggle.

Continued.



Cont.

RIPLEY

Ripley.

Muffled sound.

RIPLEY

Repeat transmission. Didn't  
read you.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Parker still whispering.

PARKER

It's in the main air lock.  
The Alien. Blow the lock.  
Blow the lock.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ripley hesitates, starts to frame a reply.  
Changes her mind, throws the switch.

INTERIOR. AIR LOCK.

Servo-whine.

Then the alarm beeper goes off.

The Creature hears the sound.

Makes a catapult leap.

Falls across the threshold of the air-hatch lock.

Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.

Acid comes boiling out.

The appendage crushed to a thickness of three inches.

The acid continues to bubble.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

The Alien comes flying outward.

Deals Parker a blow.

Knocks him backward.

Retreats out of sight.

Screaming with pain.

On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INTERIOR. AIR LOCK.

The inner hatch narrowly held open by the Alien's appendage.  
Lock broken by the seeping acid.  
The outer hatch begins to move.  
Followed by a tremendous rush of escaping air.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. OUTER SPACE.

Silence.  
Then steam comes out the opening hatch.  
The ship's atmosphere freezes as it squirts into the  
vacuum.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

A windstorm begins.  
The Nostromo's air is sucked out toward the lock.  
Sirens begin to sound.  
A red light blinks.

"Critical Depressurization"

Ripley bolts out of the control room.  
Chased by the deep female voice of the computer.

COMPUTER'S VOICE  
Critical Depressurization.  
The inner door of the main  
lock has failed to seal.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Loose papers, articles of furniture hurtle about.  
Ripley runs toward the air lock.  
Partly sucked along by the wind current.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. NOSTROMO. OUTER SPACE.

The plume of vapor grows.

CUT.

# INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS.

Now lashed by hurricane winds.  
 Ripley slams to a momentary halt against the bulkhead.  
 Hesitates there, trying to regain her balance.  
 Sees the Alien scurry down another passageway.  
 Ignoring the Creature, she pushes off from the bulkhead.  
 Starts running.  
 Approaches the end of the hatchway near the air lock.  
 Ripley stops herself by grabbing the edge of a bulkhead.  
 The wind now at gale force.  
 Objects flying.  
 The only sound a deafening whistle.  
 Ripley begins turning a large wheel.  
 A hatch begins to close.  
 The wind current decreases.  
 Then is finally cut off.

Exhausted, Ripley collapses onto the floor.  
 The atmosphere now very thin.  
 Her violent efforts to breathe can barely be heard.  
 She rises, moves away.  
 Footsteps booming thinly.

# INTERIOR. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY.

Ripley comes across Parker and Lambert.  
 Both choking, clawing at their throats.  
 Gasping like fish out of water.  
 The trio perspires heavily, their noses begin to bleed.  
 Try to speak to one another.  
 But only distant croaks are audible.  
 Ripley stumbles down the corridor.  
 Followed by the others.

# INTERIOR. MAIN AIR TANK COMPARTMENT.

The door bursts open and Ripley enters.  
 Footsteps pinging on the metal deck.  
 Several rows of large oxygen tanks before her.  
 All connected by hoses to massive petcocks.

Ripley staggers across, starts twisting the handles.  
 A piercing hiss of escaping gas.  
 The sound level gradually returns to normal.  
 Parker and Lambert sink to the floor.  
 Gratefully take in oxygen.

Finally recover enough to be able to sit up.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

How much oxygen did we lose.

Lambert rises unsteadily, peers at the gauges.

LAMBERT

Six hours left.

PARKER

Sweet Christ.

LAMBERT

Anybody know what happened.

PARKER

The Alien got himself jammed  
in the air lock hatch. Part  
of his body held it open.

RIPLEY

How did it get out in time.

PARKER

What do you mean.

RIPLEY

I blew the hatch. Why didn't  
the Alien get sucked out.

PARKER

Because you turned on the God  
damn emergency horn when you  
blew the hatch that's why. It  
scared the fucker and it jumped  
back into the ship.

Pause.

RIPLEY

I didn't hit the alarm.

PARKER

Who did.

Looks at Lambert.

RIPLEY

She didn't.

Ripley rises.

LAMBERT

What difference does it make.  
We're all dead.

Continued.

Cont.

The cat emerges from a hiding place, yowling with fear.

PARKER

Poor kitty. Puss, puss, puss.

Pause.

PARKER

Six hours of air. Shit.

RIPLEY

It's not over. We can shut down all the cooling systems on the engines.

PARKER

That's crazy. The ship will explode.

RIPLEY

It'll take a few minutes for the engines to overheat and melt down to the core. In the meantime we get in the shuttle and leave the ship.

PARKER

Blow the ship up.

RIPLEY

And the Alien with it. We can make it back to Earth in the shuttle.

PARKER

What about the methane in the hold. The cargo's the only thing that makes our shares worth something.

RIPLEY

Forget it. Total write-off.

LAMBERT

It won't work. There's only one hypersleep freezer on the shuttle. Only one of us would be able to survive.

Pause.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Are you sure.

LAMBERT

Safety specs are my department.  
They gave us the R220B. It's  
the old model.

RIPLEY

Then we'll turn it around.  
Get the Creature into the  
shuttle, launch it and blow  
it up.

PARKER

Yeah. We can load the shuttle  
up with volatile, trigger it  
remote once the shuttle is free.

LAMBERT

Yeah. Great. Now how do we  
drive it into the shuttle.

RIPLEY

There's something else we have  
to do first.

LAMBERT

Sounds important.

RIPLEY

It is. You two start searching  
this deck for Ash. Find him and  
place him under arrest.

PARKER

Why.

RIPLEY

He's not on our side.

She walks out.  
Lambert and Parker look at one another.  
Then follow.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPUTER ROOM.

Ripley enters.  
Ash nowhere in sight.  
Ripley gazes around the room, then moves to Mother's  
keyboard.

Continued.

Cont.

Begins punching up.  
Nothing happens.  
Punches another combination.  
One screen comes to life.  
Another combination.  
She moves to the second keyboard.  
Screen One spells out the question: IS ASH PROTECTING  
THE ALIEN...

A moment.

Response: AUTHORIZATION.

A moment.

Punches again.

Screen One: EMERGENCY CODE 425: SECURITY PRIME, CAPTAIN  
RIPLEY.

All screens light up.

Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN.

Response: YES.

Question: WHY IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN.

Response: SPECIAL ORDER NUMBER ONE. PRIORITY, RED.

Statement: REQUEST READOUT OF SPECIAL ORDER NUMBER ONE.  
PRIORITY, RED.

Screen Two flickers.

Response: WEAPONS SECURITY: DEFINITION EXPERIMENTAL  
OFFENSIVE ANTI-PERSONNEL SYSTEM. MISSION: PROCEED  
TO CO-ORDINATES 1483 TO 61325 OF FIFTH GALAXY, GATHER  
INDIGENOUS LIFE FORM AND RETURN TO EARTH. TOP PRIORITY,  
MAXIMUM SECURITY, NECESSARY TERMINATIONS APPROVED. CREW  
EXPENDABLE ACCORDING TO SECTION 5161 OF PRIORITY SYSTEM.  
FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS ON CODE 51234, CHANNEL 351.

A hand slams down on Ripley's arm.

She whips around in her chair.

Faces Ash.

Ripley lashes out with her foot.

Kicks him in the middle.

No effect.

Ripley twists away.

Ash throws a punch at her.

Misses.

Ripley hits the alarm.

Whooping siren sounds.

She goes for a laser gun in a case on the wall.

Cut off by Ash.

He throws another punch.

Misses.

She pushes a chair at him.

Overturns the desk.

Throws a panel over onto its side.

Ash lifts the chair.

Hurls it at her.

It splinters on the bulkhead above her.

Continued.

Cont.

She tries again for the gun.  
 Again cut off by Ash.  
 He moves close.  
 Grabs her.  
 Begins choking.  
 Alarm continuing to sound.  
 Parker and Lambert burst through the door.  
 Lambert falls on Ash's back.  
 Parker across the way; he kicks open a maintenance locker...  
 Ash turns to Lambert.  
 Tosses her across the room.  
 Returns to Ripley.  
 Again choking her.  
 Parker lifts a huge wrench.  
 Steps behind Ash.  
 Swings the wrench.

And tears his head off.

Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.  
 Where his head used to be.  
 Ash's hands release Ripley.  
 Search above his neck for his missing head.  
 He walks backward.  
 All eyes on Ash's headless body.  
 He walks the room.  
 Still feeling for his missing head.

PARKER

A fucking robot, a God damn  
 fucking Droid.

Ash turns on him.  
 Starts to advance.  
 Parker hits him again with the wrench.  
 Again.  
 Again.  
 No avail.  
 Ash begins choking Parker.

Ripley lifts a pair of scissors.  
 Closes on Ash's back.  
 Tears away the fabric.  
 Lambert pulling at Ash's legs.  
 Ripley tearing at the controls buried in Ash's back.  
 Parker's eyes bulge in pain.  
 Ash, headless, choking, choking...  
 Ripley finds the wires, stabs the scissors home...  
 Ash's grip lessens.

Continued.



Cont.

Another stab.  
The grip lessens...  
Another stab.  
The headless body collapses.  
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER

Fucker.

Kicks the headless body.  
Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT

Tell me...What the hell's  
going on.

Pause.

RIPLEY

The Alien is a weapon. Ash  
was supposed to pick it up.  
Take it back.

PARKER

What.

RIPLEY

The Corporation sent Ash along  
with us to make sure we went to  
the planet...

PARKER

What kind of crap is that.

RIPLEY

The planet was a weapons breeding  
ground for the Corporation. We  
were the guinea pigs.

LAMBERT

Why us.

RIPLEY

Because we're expendable. It  
wasn't personal. Just the luck  
of the draw...They had to send  
a Droid...If they sent a real  
flesh and blooder the Alien might  
have killed him, so they sent the  
one thing the Alien doesn't care  
about. A machine.

Continued.

Cont.

PARKER  
Shit.

LAMBERT  
Bastards.

Pause.

LAMBERT  
Anyway, now we don't have anyone  
working against us.

PARKER  
Right.

RIPLEY  
That's the good news. The bad  
news is still wandering around  
someplace on the ship.

CUT.

INTERIOR. CARGO BAY.

Ripley, Parker and Lambert come down the metal companionway.  
Tools and large items of machinery store haphazardly.  
Racks of shelving stocked with metal containers.

LAMBERT  
Which explosives.

PARKER  
Over here...The N-13 sticks.  
They're portable, no problem  
to sonar detonate.

He opens a locker.  
Draws out long, broomhandle like sticks.  
Ripley is staring at the rows of metal cannisters.  
Lambert takes an armload of the N-13 sticks.  
Stumbles.  
Ripley grabs her.

PARKER  
It's stable. Doesn't hurt  
to drop it.

Exit.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Ripley's tracker suddenly beeps.

They all stop.

Beeps again.

Ripley sets her portage down.

Arcs the tracker.

Nods up some steps.

RIPLEY

Up there.

They all look at each other.

Parker puts down his bundle.

Lifts the flamethrower.

PARKER

Finish loading the boat...or  
flush it out now. I say finish  
loading.

RIPLEY

If we can get it into the boat,  
we won't have to blow it up.  
We can just eject it into space.

Parker holds up the flamethrower...extends it toward Ripley.

PARKER

You better go...No way you're  
going to talk me into it. I  
don't give a God damn who's  
Captain, I'm not going up there.

Ripley takes the flamethrower from Parker.

Looks at Lambert

Then starts up the steps.

INTERIOR. COMPANIONWAY.

Dim overhead light.

Ripley advances up the circular steps.

Suddenly, a metallic tapping is heard.

She freezes.

Then continues upward.

INTERIOR. DORSAL OBSERVATION DOME.

Open view of interstellar space.

Continued.

Cont.

As Ripley comes up the steps, the tapping is heard again.  
A long look around.  
Then she sees it.  
Kane's corpse floats outside the glass dome.  
Tangled within some rigging.  
The cadaver taps on the glass periodically.  
Ripley turns, shouts behind her.

RIPLEY

You can come up.

The others ascend the steps.  
Lambert sees Kane's corpse.

LAMBERT

Oh, Jesus.

The body is discolored.  
Bloated where the wrappings have torn loose.  
Another tap, tap, against the glass.  
Kane almost looks like he wants to come inside.

RIPLEY

The ship's gravitational  
attraction must have drawn  
him back.

LAMBERT

Maybe we should go outside  
and bring him in.

RIPLEY

After we've destroyed the Alien.

They retreat from the observation dome.  
Kane remains against the glass.  
Peering in with dead eyes.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BOW OF THE NOSTROMO.

The deck slopes as the passage funnels inward.  
Ends with an entrance to a narrow crawlway.  
The passageway forms the connection between the bow and  
the shuttle.  
The three crew members come to the hatchway entrance.  
Still carrying the N-13 sticks.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Connecting to the stern of the shuttle, Narcissus.  
Which reveals itself to be a simple, stripped down vehicle.  
Metal struts and beams exposed.  
An escape-craft, nothing more.

RIPLEY

Along the bottom of the bulk-  
heads.

They stack the N-13 sticks against both sides of the  
shuttle.  
Wire them tightly into position.

PARKER

This ought to do it.

Lambert surveys the Narcissus uneasily.

RIPLEY

Somebody should stay by the  
shuttle to slam the hatch on  
the thing once it's inside.

PARKER

Yeah...And serve as bait.

LAMBERT

Who gets the privilege.

Pause.

LAMBERT

I'll tell you one thing...I  
don't want to be alone.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BOW OF THE NOSTROMO. LATER.

Parker demonstrates a small transistorized switching  
system.

PARKER

Just keep your finger off  
the flop over button until  
it's well away. That's all  
there is to it.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Primed.

PARKER

If you hit it right now, the  
whole bow of the ship goes up.

Puts the detonator on the ledge above her.

LAMBERT

We'll be in constant touch on  
the voice amp.

PARKER

Stand aside while we drive it in.

RIPLEY

Don't worry about that.

Pause.

Parker's face twitches.  
He's more than reluctant to begin the hunt.

RIPLEY

We haven't got much time.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BOW OF THE NOSTROMO. LATER.

Ripley settles herself at the controls.  
Runs through them to gain familiarity.  
Using a switch, she opens and closes the shuttle door.  
Ripley snaps three toggles.  
Activates the tape mechanism.  
Jazz music.  
Next sets the launch button ready.  
And waits.  
And waits.  
And waits.  
Beep.

PARKER'S VOICE

We've got something on the  
tracker. Got to be it, too  
big for the cat.

The music continues.

Continued.

Cont.

LAMBERT'S VOICE  
It's coming from down there.

Ripley hears various sounds.  
Rustling, breathing.  
She snaps off the tape.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Parker has the flamethrower ready.  
Lambert staring at the tracker.

LAMBERT  
Must have stopped moving.  
I'm not getting anything.

Carefully, Lambert advances down the passageway.  
Then the Alien steps out from behind Parker.  
Picks him up.

Parker screams.

Lambert whirls around.  
Sees the Creature dangling Parker.

PARKER  
Use it. Use it. God, use it.

LAMBERT  
I can't.

The Alien takes a bite out of Parker.  
He screams, writhes.

Lambert can stand it no longer.  
She raises the flamethrower and fires.  
The Creature swings Parker around as a shield.  
He catches the full blast.  
Lambert instantly releases the trigger mechanism.  
But Parker is now a kicking ball of flame.  
Still held at arm's length by the Alien.

INTERIOR. BOW OF THE SHIP.

Ripley listening on the communicator.  
Shrieks and crashing noises.  
Then the voice amp goes dead.  
A rush of static.

Continued.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
Parker. Lambert.

She waits for a response.  
But her expression shows that she expects none.  
A long moment.  
Expectation fulfilled...  
Nightmare without end.

DISSOLVE.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS.

Ripley walking slowly, studying the tracker.  
Carries an arc-pistol in the other hand.  
She comes across Lambert's flamethrower.  
Picks it up.  
Substitutes it for the arc-pistol.  
Continues on.

INTERIOR. MAINTENANCE COMPANIONWAY.

Ripley follows the device for a short distance.  
Moves twenty paces down the companionway.  
Beep. Beep. Beep.  
The source of the signal directly under her feet.  
She sees that she is standing on a square metal plate.  
Ripley removes the heavy disc.  
Exhumes a dark opening with a descending ladderway.  
She exchanges the tracker for her data stick.  
Still carrying the flamethrower, Ripley starts downward.

INTERIOR. STORAGE COMPARTMENT.

Pitch black.  
Ripley arrives at deck level.  
Shines her light.

The arc of the data stick reveals the Alien's lair.  
Bones, shreds of flesh.  
Pieces of clothing, shoes.

Something moves in the darkness.  
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.  
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.

Continued.



Cont.

Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.  
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.  
The body of Dallas inside.

Unexpectedly, his eyes open.  
Focus on Ripley.  
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS

Kill me.

RIPLEY

What did it do.

Dallas moves his head slightly.  
Ripley turns her light.  
Another cocoon dangles from the ceiling.  
But of a different texture.  
Smaller and darker, with a harder shell.  
Almost exactly like the spores in the temple.

DALLAS

That was Brett...it ate  
Lambert.

RIPLEY

I'll get you out of there...  
We'll get up to the Autodoc.

A long moment.  
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY

What can I do.

DALLAS

Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.  
Raises the flamethrower.  
Sprays a molten blast.  
Another blast.  
The entire compartment bursts into flames.  
Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

INTERIOR. MAINTENANCE DECK.

Ripley drops to her knees.  
Gasps for breath.  
Regains control of herself.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

At light speed.  
The Nostromo appearing to hang motionless.  
Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

Ripley puts the cat into a metal, vacuum-sealed box.  
A small oxygen tank on the side of the container.  
She seals the catbox, then turns on the oxygen.  
A faint hiss of pressurized air.  
The cat peers out a little window.  
Yowls.  
Ripley picks up the container, leaves the bridge.

INTERIOR. CARGO BAY.

Ripley's portage includes the catbox, shoulder-bag and  
flamethrower.  
She goes quickly to the nearest rack of metal containers.  
Checks the labels.  
Puts a cannister in the shoulder-bag.  
Hurries back up the steps.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

Ripley enters the power center.  
Stares at the massive light-plus engines.  
Approaches the main control board.  
Begins closing the switches, one by one.  
A long moment.  
Then the sirens begin to honk throughout the ship.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. The cooling units  
for the light-plus engines are  
not functioning. Engines will  
overload in four minutes, fifty  
seconds.

Ripley stares at the shuttle "Launch" button.  
The Alien can be heard crashing about the shuttle compartment.  
Finally, Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS.

Ripley runs through the ship.  
Level after level.  
Bounding down companionways.  
Her footsteps clanging metallicly throughout the ship.  
A final sprint for the engine room.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Engines will overload in three minutes, twenty seconds.

INTERIOR. ENGINE ROOM.

The door crashes open, Ripley comes pounding in.  
The chamber filled with smoke.  
Engines whining dangerously.  
Ripley breaks out in perspiration from the intense heat.  
She runs to the controls.  
Begins throwing the cooling unit switches back into place.  
The sirens continue sounding.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Engines will overload in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY

Mother. I've turned all the cooling units back on.

COMPUTER VOICE

Too late for remedial action.  
The core has begun to melt.  
Engines will overload in two minutes, thirty-five seconds.

A moment.

Then Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAYS.

Again, Ripley must run through the levels of the ship.  
Up the companionways, exhausted, stumbling...

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Engines will overload in two minutes.

INTERIOR. BOW OF THE NOSTROMO.

Ripley staggers into the vestibule.  
The Narcissus berthed twenty meters beyond.  
She grabs the flamethrower.  
Turns it toward the passageway.  
Then realizes the shuttle door is open again.  
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.  
Then advances down the passageway.  
Flamethrower gripped tightly in her hands.  
Goaded on by the siren and the Computer.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Engines will explode  
in ninety seconds.

She makes it to the end of the passageway.  
Looks into the shuttle.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INTERIOR. HATCHWAY.

She turns and dashes back to the head of the passage.  
Grabs the catbox and bag.  
Runs toward the shuttle.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. The engines will  
explode in sixty seconds.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley enters on the run.  
Hurls the cat box and bag toward the front.  
Dives under the control chair.  
Hits the "Launch" button.

EXTERIOR. BOW OF THE NOSTROMO. OUTER SPACE.

The retainer clips drop away.  
A blast of ram jets.  
The shuttle is launched from the mother ship.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley frantically straps herself in.  
G-forces from the shuttle's acceleration pulling against  
her.

EXTERIOR. SPACE.

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mother ship.  
The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.  
All is strangely serene.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.  
Reaches and grabs the catbox.  
The cat yowling within.  
Ripley hugs the box to her chest.  
Hunches her head down over the container.

EXTERIOR. SPACE.

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.  
Finally becomes a small point of light.  
Then it blows up.  
Transforms into expanding orange fireball.  
Pieces of metal flying in all directions.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

The shockwave hits the shuttle-craft.  
Jolting and rattling everything within.  
Then all is quiet.  
Ripley unhooks herself from her straps.  
Rises, and goes to the back of the escape craft.  
Stares out through the porthole.  
Face bathed in the orange light.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. SPACE.

Pieces of debris float past.  
The boiling fireball fades into nothingness.  
The Nostromo has ceased to exist.

## INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and  
crewmates.

A very long moment.

Then, behind her, the Alien emerges from a deep shadow.

It has been in the shuttle-craft all along.

Cat yowl.

Ripley whirls.

Finds herself facing the Creature across the length of  
the craft.

It squats, then pulls out a large piece of flesh.

Begins to eat.

Ripley's first thought is for the flamethrower.

It lies on the deck next to the Alien.

Next she glances around for a place to hide.

Her eye falls on a small locker containing a pressure  
suit.

The door standing open.

She begins to edge toward the compartment.

The Creature stands.

Throws down the meat.

Comes for her.

Ripley dives for the open door.

Hurls herself inside.

Slams it shut.

## INTERIOR. LOCKER.

A clear glass panel in the door.

The Alien puts its head up to the window.

Peers in at Ripley.

Their faces only two inches apart.

The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.

Then the moaning of the cat distracts it.

## INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

The Alien moves to the pressurized catbox.

Bends down and peers inside.

The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

## INTERIOR. LOCKER.

Ripley knocks on the glass.

Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.

Continued.

Cont.

The Alien's face is instantly back at the window.  
Getting no more interference from her, the Creature  
returns to the catbox.  
Ripley looks around.  
Sees the pressure-suit.  
Quickly begins to pull it on.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

The Alien picks up the catbox.  
Shakes it.  
The cat moans.

INTERIOR. LOCKER.

Ripley is halfway into the pressure-suit.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

The Creature throws the catbox down.  
Very hard.  
Picks it up again.  
Hammers it against the wall.  
Then jams it into a crevice.  
Begins to pound the container into the opening.  
The cat now beyond all hysteria.

INTERIOR. LOCKER.

Ripley pulls on the helmet, latches it into place.  
Turns the oxygen valve.  
With a hiss, the suit fills itself.  
A rack on the wall contains a long metal rod.  
Ripley peels off the rubber tip.  
Revealing a sharp steel point.

INTERIOR. SPACESUIT LOCKER.

Ripley inhales.  
Kicks the door open.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

The Creature rises.  
Faces the locker.

Continued.

Cont.

Catches the steel shaft through its midrift.  
 The Alien clutches at the spear.  
 Yellow acid begins to flow from the wound.  
 Before the fluid can touch the floor...  
 Ripley reaches back and pulls the switch.  
 Blows the rear hatch.  
 The atmosphere in the shuttle immediately sucked into space.  
 The bleeding Creature along with it.  
 Ripley grabs a strut to keep from being pulled out.  
 The Alien shoots past her.  
 Grabs Ripley's ankle with an appendage.

EXTERIOR. NARCISSUS. OUTER SPACE.

Ripley now hanging halfway out of the shuttle-craft.  
 The Alien clinging to her leg.  
 She kicks at it with her free foot.  
 The Creature holds fast.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley looks for any salvation.  
 Grabs the hatch lever.  
 Yanks it.  
 The hatch slams shut, closing Ripley safely inside.  
 Traps the end of the Creature's appendage within the doorjamb.

EXTERIOR. NARCISSUS. OUTER SPACE.

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.  
 Within the vacuum of space.  
 The tip of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Acid starts to foam along the base of the hatch.  
 Eats away at the metal.  
 Ripley stumbles forward to the controls.  
 Pushes the ram jet lever.

EXTERIOR. NARCISSUS. OUTER SPACE.

The Creature struggling.  
 Jet exhausts located at the rear of the craft.

Continued.



Cont.

The engines belch flame for a few seconds.  
Then shut off.  
Incinerated, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS.

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.  
Peers out through the glass.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

The burned mass of the Alien drifts slowly away.  
Writhing, smoking.  
Tumbling into the distance.  
Pieces dropping off.  
The shape bloats, then bursts.  
Spray of particles in all directions.  
Then smoldering fragments dwindle into infinity.

INTERIOR. NARCISSUS. LATER.

Now re-pressurized.  
Ripley is seated in the control chair.  
Calm and composed, almost cheerful.  
Cat purring in her lap.  
She dictates into a recorder.

RIPLEY

I should be at the frontier  
in another 250 years, with  
a little luck the network  
will pick me up...This is  
Ripley, W564502460H, execu-  
tive officer, last survivor  
of the commerical starship  
Nostromo signing off.

Pause.

RIPLEY

Come on cat.

Ripley leans forward and switches off the recorder.  
Walks to the hypersleep freezer.  
Climbs inside, stretches out.

Continued.

Cont.

Holds the cat against her chest.  
With one hand, she presses a switch.  
The lid closes over her.

CUT.

EXTERIOR. OUTER SPACE.

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.  
Pointed toward its rendezvous.  
Earth, 250 years beyond.

FADE.

END.