ALIEN

by

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and

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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 contracted 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.
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.

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...

RILEY
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.

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

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.

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

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.
RILEY
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.

RILEY
Kill drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

DALLAS
Engines off.

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

CUT.

EXTERIOR. PLANET. NIGHT.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

RILEY
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.
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.
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 sweat hole 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.
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.
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.
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.
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 view screens.

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.
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.
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.

RILEY
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.
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 something 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.
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 it 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.
BRET
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 antisepsis.
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.

RIPELEY
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.

BRET
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.
Continued.

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.
RILEY
Anything new.

ASH
He's holding, no changes.

RILEY
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.

RILEY
Plenty. What's it mean.

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

Pause.

RILEY
Is that why you let it in.

ASH
I was following a direct order. Remember.

RILEY
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.

RILEY
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 fluoroscope.

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

Pause.

RILEY
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.

RILEY
I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

CUT.

INTERIOR. COMPANIONWAY.

Ripley and Dallas.

RILEY
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.

RILEY
How does that happen.

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

Continued.
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.
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.
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.
PARKER
The best thing to do is just to freeze him. Stop the Goddamn 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.
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. Hunggrily 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.

RILEY
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
Ooooon.

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.
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.
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.
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.
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 equipment.

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.

BRETTL
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.

BRETTL
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.
RILEY
What happened to the overheads.

PARKER
Circuits must have burned out on takeoff.

They switch on helmet lights.
Move around two turns.

RILEY
Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RILEY
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.

RILEY
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.
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
Dumbo 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.
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.
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.
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. PASSAGENAY.

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

INTIOR. 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.
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.

RIPELY
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 impression he was very interested.

INTERIOR. PASSAGEWAY.

Near the airlock.
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 airlock.
Parker hesitates, peers inside.

CUT.

INTERIOR. BRIDGE.

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

Continued.
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.
Gaspíng 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.
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.
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.
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 1432 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.
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, 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.
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 DONE.

Open view of interstellar space.

Continued.
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 bulkheads.

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 whirs 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.
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.
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 metallically 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.
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.
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.
Wringing, 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 commercial 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.