

"ALIEN"

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FINAL SCREENPLAY
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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

We live, as we dream -- alone.

Joseph Conrad

"ALIEN"

FADE IN

INT. CORRIDOR

1

Long, empty.

INT. BRIDGE

2

Circular, jammed with instruments.
All of them idle.
Console chairs for four.
Empty.

ENGINE ROOM

3

Turbos throbbing.
No other movement.

INFIRMARY

4

Distressed ivory walls.
All instrumentation at rest.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

5

Data-Mind Bank at rest.
Unoccupied.
Moments of silence.
Then a yellow light goes on.
Electronic hum.
A green light goes on.
Electronic pulsing sounds.
Finally the two banks of lights wink at one another.
An electronic conversation ensues.
Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.
The lights go off, save the yellow.

BRIDGE

6

Vacant.
Two space helmets resting on chairs.
Electrical hum.
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

7

Explosion of escaping gas.
The lid on a freezer pops open.
Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.

Cont.

Nude.
Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.
Stands. —
Looks around.
Stretches.
Looks at the other freezer compartments.
Scratches.
Moves o.s.

INT. GALLEY

8

Kane plugs in a Silex.
Lights a cigarette.
Coughs.
Grinds some coffee beans.
Runs some water through.

KANE

Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

9

Another lid pops open.
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT

What time is it.

KANE

(voice over)

What do you care.

INT. GALLEY

10

Pot now half-full.
Kane watches it drip.
Inhales the fragrance.

KANE

Now Dallas and Ash.
(calls out)
Good morning, Captain.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Where's the coffee.

KANE

Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.
Pours herself a cup.

3

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

11

Two more lids pop open.
A pair of men sit up.
Look at each other.

INT. GALLEY

12

Kane enjoys a freshly brewed cup.

KANE

Ripley...

The sound of another lid opening.

KANE

Parker.

Another moment.
And then the sound of another lid opening.

KANE

And if we have Parker, can
Brett be far behind.

Lid opening sound.

KANE

Right.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

13

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS

One of you jokers get the cat.

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

INT. MESS

14

The crew of the commercial starship Nostromo seated around
a table.

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

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

Cont.

LAMBERT
Jesus am I cold.

DALLAS
Everybody hit their stations.

PARKER
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT
Yo.

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

KANE
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.
Yawns.

PARKER
You look dead.

ASH
Nice to be back.

PARKER
Before we dock maybe we'd 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.

Cont.

ASH

Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS

I saw it. Yellow light for
my eyes only...Now, everybody
hit their stations.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

15

Floor to ceiling data banks.
Another flashing yellow light.
A legend underneath.
COMMAND PRIORITY ACCESS ONLY.
Dallas enters, ASH at his side.

Dallas sits at his console.
Removes insignia master computer key attached to
his shirt.
Plugs it into the board under the light.
All banks burst into life.
Dallas punches up a computer code on the keyboard.
Nothing happens.

DALLAS

What's my Goddamn 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.

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 TO:

INT. BRIDGE

16

Above eye level the room is ringed by viewscreens.
All of them blank.
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 in...

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.

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.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS

17

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO

18

The Factory Starship lumbering within the depths of
interstellar space.

Function:	Petroleum tanker and Refinery.
Capacity:	200,000,000 tons.
Length:	One and one half kilometers.
Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.	

INT. BRIDGE

19

Lambert pours over charts.
Consults her console.
Puzzled.

Cont.

KANE
Contact traffic control.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY
This is commercial vessel
Nostromo. Registration
number 180246. Do you read
me. Over.

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

KANE
Keep trying.

Turns to Lambert.
Ripley attempting transmission in b.g.

KANE
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT
Working on it...

Eureka.

LAMBERT
Found it.

KANE
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT
What the hell are we doing
out here.

KANE
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY
It's not our system.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

20

PARKER and BRETT in a glass cubicle. Each having a beer.
Huge power plant stretching before them.
Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

Cont.

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.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Report to the mess.

Pause.

PARKER
I want to know why they never
come down here. This is where
the work is...

BRETT
Same reason we have half a
share to their one, our time
is their time, that's the way
they see it.

PARKER
Well, I'll tell you something...
It stinks.

They move towards the companionway.

INT. MESS

Entire crew present.

DALLAS
Some of you may have figured
out that we're not home.

Cont.

BRETT
What the hell.

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

(pause)
We've received intermittent
sonar transmission from
quadrant points QBR 157, 052.
Somebody's gone down.

BRETT
So what.

KANE
We're obligated under Section
B2...

PARKER
Christ. We're a commercial
ship not some rescue team.
This kind of duty's not in
our contract.

ASH
You better read your contract.
Transmission received in
noncommercial lanes...

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALLAS
We're going in, that's it.
Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT
Right, we're going in.
(smiles)
Sir.

Dallas turns to Ash.

DALLAS
Can we land on it.
He takes a printout from Mother out of his hand.

ASH
The other ship did.

Cont.

DALLAS

That's what I mean.

Studies the printout.

ASH

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

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

22

Dallas at his console speaking to Ash in the Annex.

DALLAS

We're coming into range of
the planet. What kind of
orbit do you plan for the
cargo.

ASH

Z local verticle mode.

DALLAS

You figure it will hold that.

ASH

You worried about redundancy
management disabling CMGS
control.

DALLAS

Yeah.

ASH

CMG control is inhibited via
DAS/DCS. We'll augment with
TACS and monitor through
ATMDC and computer interface.
(pause)
Feel better.

DALLAS

A lot.

EXT. NOSTROMO

23

Moving within range of the planet.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew straps themselves to their seats.

DALLAS

Prepare for separation and
orbital insertion of the
cargo.

Much preparation for separation, etc.

DALLAS

Give me an EC pressure reading.

RIPLEY

3.45 N/C M² (5 psia).

DALLAS

Shout if it changes. Deactivate
probe retract system.

KANE

What about the pressure
seal.

Dallas hits appropriate switches.

DALLAS

Now the probe retract system.

Kane hits other equally appropriate switches.

KANE

Okay.

DALLAS

Release captive hatches and
disengage probe.

Kane working switches and buttons.

KANE

Disengaged.

Dallas punches buttons of his own.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The refinery separates from the tug-module.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a viewscreen.

KANE

All free and clear.

DALLAS

Ash.

ASH

(voice over)

Orbital insertion complete.

DALLAS

Okay. Let's take it down.

Punches buttons.

Image on viewscreen changes.

The planet appears enveloped in clouds.

EXT. NOSTROMO

27

Engines coughing into life.

The Nostromo begins its descent.

Below night's tide rolls across the planet's surface.

INT. BRIDGE

28

The viewscreen shimmers.

RIPLEY

Turbulence.

EXT. NOSTROMO

29

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.

A set of brilliant lights switches on.

Cuts through thick atmosphere...

INT. ENGINE ROOM

30

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats.

Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence...

PARKER

Christ. Overloading. What
the hell are we going through.

BRETT

The dust is fritzing the
compressor.

PARKER

There goes the conversion
stablizer.

Cont.

BRETT

I don't know if the digital
solaroid...

PARKER

Forget it. If we don't crash
we're going to get an electrical
fire...

INT. BRIDGE

31

The turbulence continues unabated...
Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

Lock tractor beams.

A loud electrical hum.

KANE

Locked.

DALLAS

Kill Drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

LAMBERT

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

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

32

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

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

33

RIPLEY

We're down.

An enormous vibration.

Cont.

The panels in the room flash simultaneously.
Lights go out.

KANE

Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

34

Another huge vibration.
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - GLASS CUBICLE

35

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.
All lights go out.

INT. BRIDGE

36

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

(voice over)

Goddamn electrical fire, that's
what happened.

BRETT

(voice over)

It's big.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

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

BRETT

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

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS

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.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

PARKER

4 panel is totally shot, the
secondary load sharing unit is
out, at least three cells on 12
module are gone.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening to Parker.
Dallas standing over her.
No images on any screens.

RIPLEY

Is that it.

PARKER

(voice over)

Couldn't fix it out here anyway.
And we need to reroute a couple
of these ducts. Can't really
fix them without a whole drydock...

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

BRETT

(voice over)

Right.

RIPLEY

Get started on 4 panel. I'll
be down in five minutes.

She shuts off voice communicator.

DALLAS

How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY

Fifteen to twenty hours...

DALLAS

Stay on it.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

42

Bridge lights come to life.
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.
The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM-BLISTER

43

Ash at the Data-Mind Bank.
Punches up a combination.
Looks out at the dark planet.
A long moment.

He rises, moves through the hatch.
Disappears down a companionway.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dallas, Kane, Ash and Lambert.
Slouched around the room.
Drinking coffee.
Occasionally staring at the opaque screens.

DALLAS

Any response yet.

Ash pulls off his audio-clip.

ASH

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

Pause.

DALLAS

Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

45

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

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

46

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 three-thousand
meters.

KANE

Close enough to walk to.

Cont.

DALLAS

Let's run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH

Ten percent argon, eighty-five percent nitrogen, five percent neon...I'm working on the trace elements.

DALLAS

Pressure.

ASH

Ten to the fourth dynes per square centimeter.

KANE

Moisture content.

ASH

None. Zero.

DALLAS

Anything else?

ASH

Rock, lava base. And cold... well below the centigrade line.

LAMBERT

I'll rig up a portable unit to its source...

KANE

I volunteer for the first group going out.

DALLAS

I heard you.

(pause)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAWN

47

Sunrise.

The atmosphere begins to lighten.

Silhouette of the Nostromo becoming dimly visible.

Starship perched on barren rock.

More rolling clouds of dust.

The floodlights automatically shut off.

CUT TO:

ENGINE ROOM

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

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.

RIPLEY

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.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

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.

Lambert isn't happy.

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

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

50

Ash looking at them on screens two and three.

ASH
Read you.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

51

DALLAS
Open outer hatch.

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

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

52

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

DALLAS
Which way.

Lambert is bent over the portable direction-finder.

LAMBERT
Over here.

DALLAS
You lead.

Cont.

Dallas walks into the storm.
Followed closely by the others.

DALLAS

It's on.

ASH

(voice over)

It's tuned to the source. Let
it lead you.

LAMBERT

Can't see a goddamn thing.

DALLAS

Come on.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

53

Ash leaning over his console.
Three images moving on the screen in front of him.

ASH

Read you. Good contact on my
board.

DALLAS

(voice over)

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

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

54

The three crew members push their way along.
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.
The wind and dust 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.

A long look at the direction-finder.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

55

Ash watching intently.
Images on each screen of the trio from separate points of
view.

Cont.

Ash approaches console.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
I've got it again.

ASH
Any problems.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Yeah. A lot of dust and wind.
Starting to get some fade on
the beam.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

56

The trio still moving through a dark limbo.

LAMBERT
There it is.

Lambert indicates left.
Moves in that direction.
The others follow.
The storm growing.

KANE
It's close.

They approach a large rock formation.

KANE
Did we pass it.

DALLAS
Not unless it's underground.

They stand for a moment...

Then move away from the rock formation.
Fossilized into the other side of the rock is a shape.
Fifteen feet tall.
Unseen by the members of the party.

INT. BLISTER

57

Ash receiving the video transmissions.
Notices the form within the formation.
Freezes the images.
Enlarges it.
Enlarges again.

23

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE.

58

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
Then the sun is up.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

59

Brett and Parker still at work.
Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph...

RIPLEY

You ought to be able to handle
the rest.

PARKER

Don't worry.

RIPLEY

If you run into trouble, I'll
be in the bridge.

BRETT

Right.

She leaves.

PARKER

Bitch.

INT. BLISTER

60

Ash still working on the video image.
Enhances the enlargement.
Transfers the image to cathode ray.
The image reveals itself to be a skeletal form.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY

(voice over)
How's it going.

Ash shuts off the video image.
Hits the sonar transmitter.

INT. BRIDGE

61

Ripley at her console.
Looking at Ash on her screen.
Ash's video image not visible to Ripley.

ASH

(voice over)
All right.

RIPLEY

Have you tried putting it
through ECIU.

ASH
(voice over)
Mother hasn't identified it as
yet. It's not a language.

RIPLEY
I'll give it a shot.

ASH
(voice over)
Be my guest.

She punches some buttons.
The noise is now heard on her speaker.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

62

Dust clearing.
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

63

Empty landscape.
Then Kane comes up over a rise startled by what he sees.
Suddenly the sonar transmission is deafening.

KANE
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V.

64

A gargantuan spaceship rising from the rock.
Clearly of non-human manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

65

Noise still at shrill pitch.
All members of the party shouting into their voice amps.

KANE
Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT
Are you sure. It's weird...

DALLAS
Ash, can you see this.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

ASH

Yeah. Never seen one like it.
Neither has Mother.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Keep looking for enhancement.

ASH

Whatever the sonar transmission
is, it's inside that.

KANE

(voice over)

I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Hold on. Ash, I don't see any
lights or movements. Do you.

ASH

I can't get any reading.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

67

ASH

(voice over)

It's putting out so much power
I can't get any reading.

Dallas shuts off his receiver.
Sudden quiet.
A long moment.

DALLAS

It looks pretty dead from here.
We'll approach the base.

They move toward the ship.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

68

Ash watching.

DALLAS

(voice over)

There's only one thing I can...

Cont.

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

ASH

Dallas...
(frantically punches
buttons on the
console)
Dallas...Do you read me.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

69

DALLAS

(voice over)
No signs of life. No lights...
no movement...

Ripley running the transmission through ECIU.
Long series of binary programs...

DALLAS

(voice over)
We're approaching the base.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

70

The lower part of the entrance filled with dust and pumice.

KANE

Looks like an entrance.

DALLAS

Yeah...Let's move inside...

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

INT. CHAMBER

71

No seams other than the lip along the edge.
Dallas arrives at the tip.
Pulls himself over onto its surface.
A few meters away an opening appears.
Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.
Only blackness.
He unclips the 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.

Cont.

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.

INT. STRUCTURE OPENING

72

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.
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

(voice over)
You okay in there.

KANE

Haven't hit bottom yet.
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.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

73

Ripley working at her console.
Gets a readout.
Looks worried.
Speaks into communicator.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Ash, tell Dallas computer interface speculates that noise is some kind of warning.

ASH

(voice over)

I can't tell him anything. I've lost contact. The transmission around the ship is killing all transmissions.

Pause.

RIPLEY

I'm going out after them.

ASH

(voice over)

What's the point. In the time it takes to get there. They'll know if it's a warning.

RIPLEY

I still think we should go after them.

ASH

(voice over)

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

Ripley looks steadily at Ash.

CUT TO:

INT. STRUCTURE

74

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.

DALLAS

(voice over)

See anything.

Cont.

KANE

No...Tunnel's gone. Cave or
 something below me. Feels like
 the goddamn tropics in here...
 (consults his
 instruments)
 ...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 protrusions stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE

This is weird.

DALLAS

(voice over)
 What do you mean.

KANE

There's something all over the walls.

Kane walks around the room.
 Examines the organic protrusions.

INT. CHAMBER

75

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS

How long 'til sunset.

LAMBERT

Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. STRUCTURE

76

Kane approaches the center of the room.
 Moves near a large, broad pedestal.
 On the plinth are rows of leather ovoid shapes.
 He walks around the sacs.
 Shines his light on one.

KANE

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

DALLAS

(voice over)

Loud and clear.

KANE

The place is full of leather
sacks...sealed...soft to the touch.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Can you see what's in them.

KANE

I'll give it a look.

He tries to open one of the sacks.
It won't open.

KANE

Strange feeling to the touch.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Don't open it. You don't know
what's in it.

He peers closely at the leather objects.
Turns away.
Raised areas begin to appear where he touches the sack.
Kane moves his light along the rows of cabinets.
Turns back to the pouch he was examining.
Something has changed.
The opaque surface begins to clear.
Object becoming visible within.
Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of the sack.
He picks it up, studies it.

KANE

Jesus...

DALLAS

(voice over)

What.

Viscera and mandible now visible.
The interior surface spongy and irregular.
Kane 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.
His mouth forces open.
He falls backward.

INT. CHAMBER

The intensity of the wind increases.

DALLAS

Kane...Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT

What's the matter.

DALLAS

We better haul him out.

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

Try him again.

LAMBERT

Kane...Kane...goddamn it.
Answer me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the winch mechanism.

DALLAS

The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT

He doesn't answer.

(pause)

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.

Cont.

LAMBERT

I can't see anything.

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

DALLAS

Line's still moving.
(a long moment,
shines his
light again)
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS

Get ready to grab him.

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

INT. BRIDGE - DUSK

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.
Ash and Ripley waiting.
They stare at the inactive monitors.
Suddenly:

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.

DALLAS

(voice over)

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 the voice-amp.

ASH

I'll be there.

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

INT. ENTRANCE TO DERELECT

79

Kane is now pitioned between Dallas and Lambert.
The storm raging through and beyond the ship...

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

80

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.

INT. BRIDGE - DUSK

35

81

RIPLEY

Okay.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

82

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 TO:

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

83

Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

84

Parker comes running up.

PARKER

What's going on.

ASH

Kane got hurt somehow.

PARKER

How bad.

Ash shrugs.

Brett appears at the top of a companionway.
Puzzled look on his face.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

85

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

DALLAS

(voice over)

Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY

Right here.

DALLAS

(voice over)

We're coming up now. Open the
lock.

RIPLEY

What happened to Kane. I need
a clear definition.

DALLAS

(voice over)

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

(long moment)

You hear me. Open the lock.

RIPLEY

If we let it in, the ship could
be infected.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Goddamn 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

(voice over)

Open the goddamn hatch. We
have to get him inside.

RIPLEY

I can't. If you were in the
position you'd do the same.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

86

DALLAS

(voice over)

Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

I read you. The answer is
negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.

A red light goes on.

Servo whine.

Followed by a solid metallic clunk.

ASH

Inner hatch open.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

INT. 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.

DALLAS

Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT

Right.

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

INT. 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.

BRETT

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

DALLAS

Let the machine work on him.

They strip Kane.
Then Ash presses a switch.
The machine lights up.
Kane is sucked into the slot in the wall.
Visible inside through the glass layer.
The machine immediately sprays a cloud of disinfectant
over him.
A blinding colored light performs antisepsis.
Banks of video monitors pop on.
Revealing X-ray images of different parts of Kane's body.

THE DOORWAY

90

Ripley appears.
Dallas turns and looks at her.
A long moment.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Even if it's against the law.

DALLAS

That's right.

Lambert steps forward and slaps Ripley across the face.

Ripley slowly puts her hand to her cheek.

LAMBERT

You were going to leave us out there.

PARKER

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

BRETT

Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.

A moment.

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

Somewhere inside that ship.

PARKER

How the hell is he breathing.

They study the monitors.

ASH

Blood's thoroughly oxygenated.

Cont.

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 colour 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 goddman throat.

ASH

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

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.

Cont.

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.
Huddles in the passageways 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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

91

BRETT

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

He starts to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - 'B' DECK

92

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.

INT. SECOND LEVEL - 'C' DECK 93

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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - 'B' DECK 94

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.

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

Cont.

DALLAS

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

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

Brett comes up the companionway.

BRETT

It's stopped bleeding.

DALLAS

Yeah. After it penetrated
two levels.

RIPLEY

What about Kane.

Starts up the companionway.

INT. INFIRMARY

95

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
goddamn thing and it grows.

LAMBERT

There must be some way we can
get it off.

Cont.

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.

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.

BRETT

What happens now.

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

DALLAS

You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

96

Brett at work in the machinery.
Parker supervising in the cubicle.

BRETT

I think I've got it. Give it a try.

Parker pushes a button.
Nothing happens.

PARKER

Nothing.

BRETT

Damn. I was sure that was it.

PARKER

Well, it isn't. Try something else.

BRETT

Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

What's happening.

He punches the communicator.

PARKER

A lot of hard work. Real work.

INT: BRIDGE - NIGHT

97

PARKER

(voice over)

You ought to try it sometime.

RIPLEY

I've got the toughest job on this ship.

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY

I have to listen to your bullshit.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

98

PARKER

Get off my back.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

I'll get off your back when 12 module is fixed.

She clicks off.
Parker turns away..

PARKER

Christ.

INT. INFIRMARY

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

RIPLEY

Anything new.

ASH

He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY

What about the Creature.

ASH

It's got an outer layer of
protein polysaccharides. A
lot of Amino Acids for prolonged
resistance to adverse environmental
conditions...That enough for you.

RIPLEY

Plenty. What's it mean.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

Is that why you let it in.

ASH

I was following a direct order.
Remember.

RIPLEY

While Dallas and Kane are off
the ship, I'm Senior Officer.

ASH

Yes, of course -- I forgot.

RIPLEY

You also forgot the science
division's basic quarantine law.

ASH

No. That I didn't forget.

Cont.

RIPLEY

You just broke it.

ASH

What would you have done with Kane...His only chance at staying alive was to get into the infirmary.

RIPLEY

By breaking quarantine procedure you risk everybody's life.

ASH

Maybe I should have let him die out there. Maybe I have jeopardized the rest of us... It's a risk I'm willing to take.

RIPLEY

This is your official position as a Science officer. Not exactly out of the manual...

ASH

The first position of science is the protection and betterment of human life.

Ripley stands...looks at Ash.
Walks out.

INT. MESS

100

Lambert playing solitaire.
Smoking a cigarette.
Looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

101

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS

102

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.
His foot tapping with the rhythm.
Beep.
An interruption on the communicatot.

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH

(voice over)

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

DALLAS

Serious.

ASH

(voice over)

Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. INFIRMARY

103.

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.

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 try 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.

Cont.

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.
Its skin faded to a dead-looking gray.
Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.
Prods the Alien.
No response.

DALLAS

I think it's dead.
(looks at Ripley)
You okay.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.
Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.
Quickly across the lid.
Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.
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 extracts
the end of the organ)
It's hardening.
(slips the Creature
under a fluoroscope)
It's dead. No life sign whatsoever.

RIPLEY

Let's get rid of it.

Cont.

ASH
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 think it's safe to assume it's
not a zombie...Dallas, we have to
keep this specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS
You're the Science Officer.
It's your decision.

ASH
Then it's made...I'll seal it
in a helium tube.

Pause.

RIPLEY
What about Kane.

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

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

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

RIPLEY
I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

104

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY
How could you leave that kind of
decision to him.

DALLAS

I just run the ship. Anything that has to do with science division, Ash has the final word.

RIPLEY

How does that happen.

DALLAS

Same way everything else happens. Orders from the company.

RIPLEY

Since when is that standard procedure.

DALLAS

Standard procedure is you do what they tell you...Besides, I don't know anything about science. I know about flying and I haul cargo for a living.

RIPLEY

Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS

First time. I went five 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...What's holding up the repairs.

RIPLEY

They're pretty much finished now.

DALLAS

Why didn't you say so.

RIPLEY

There are still some things left to do.

DALLAS

Like what.

RIPLEY

Reserve power subsystem. Video
on B and C.

DALLAS

That's crap. We can take off.

RIPLEY

It's not a sure thing.

DALLAS

I want to get out of here.
Turn the engines over...

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

105

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

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

106

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

RIPLEY

Lock tractor beams.

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

RIPLEY

Retract landing struts.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

107

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

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

108

DALLAS

Take us up.

Lambert bends over the voice amplifier.

LAMBERT

One kilometer on ascension.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

109

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

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

110

The ship continues vibrating.

DALLAS

Switch on lifter quads.

A powerful deep throbbing begins.
The vibrations increase.

RIPLEY

(into speaker)

Everything holding together
down there.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

111

Parker and Brett strapped in and vibrating.

PARKER

We fix something it stays fixed.

BRETT

Right.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

112

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

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

113

All viewscreens operational.

DALLAS

Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT

Engaged.

DALLAS

I'm altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs through the ship.

Cont.

PARKER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Dust is clogging the damn intakes
again. We're overloading.

DALLAS

Just hold us together until
we're beyond G1...

The pitch of the engines change...deepens.

EXT. NOSTROMO

114

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM

115

Parker and Brett watching the gauges.
They pull on gasmasks.
The engine chamber filling with dust.
Parker turns on a huge exhaust unit.
It begins inhaling particles.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

116

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

DALLAS

Let's pick up the money and go
home.

EXT. NOSTROMO - SPACE

117

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.
Trailing a wake of glimmering dust flecks.
Attaches itself to the hovering refinery and cargo holds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

118

Parker and Brett tear their masks off.
Brett waves his arms in exultation.

BRETT

We did it.

PARKER

Walk in the park. When we fix
something it stays fixed.

Big smiles.

INT. BRIDGE

119

The Nostromo now safely beyond gravity.

DALLAS

Set our course and get us up
to light plus four.

Lambert begins punching buttons.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

120

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.

INT. BRIDGE

121

Crew unstrapping.
Lambert plotting the course.

DALLAS

Anyway we're out of there.

LAMBERT

How about a little something to
lower your spirits.

DALLAS

Let's hear it.

LAMBERT

According to my calculations...
based on the time spent getting
to and from the planet and the
speed at which it's moving away
from the other...

DALLAS

Give me the short version...

LAMBERT

It'll take us six weeks just to
get back on course.

DALLAS

How far to Earth.

LAMBERT

Four months.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH

(voice over)

You might go see Kane right
away...

DALLAS

Any change in his condition.

ASH

(voice over)

It's simpler if you just go
see him.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

122

Footsteps echo.

The entire crew moving toward the infirmary.

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 he 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.'

PARKER

Yeah. Shape up.

BRETT

Right.

Cont.

DALLAS

Knock it off.

ASH

Kane will have to go into
quarantine.

RIPLEY

Yeah. And so will we.

They pop the hatch.

INT. INFIRMARY

123

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

LAMBERT

Kane...Are you all right.

KANE

Mouth's dry...can I have some
water.Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup and 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. I can
barely remember my name.

PARKER

Do you hurt.

Cont.

KANE

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

(smiles)

God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY

What's the last thing you can remember.

KANE

I don't know.

DALLAS

Do you remember what happened on the planet.

KANE

Just some horrible dream about smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY

We're on our way home.

BRETT

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.

INT. MESS

124

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

KANE

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

PARKER

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

Cont.

LAMBERT

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

Pause.

PARKER

I mean I like it.

KANE

No kidding.

PARKER

Yeah. It grows on you.

KANE

It should. You know what they make this stuff out of...

PARKER

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

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY

What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT

What's the matter.

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)
Ooooooh.

Cont.

BRETT

What is it. What hurts.

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

KANE

Ohmygooooaahh.

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

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.
Wiggles 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.

Cont.

ASH

Where.

PARKER

Goddamned if I know.

BRETT

I didn't see where it went.

LAMBERT

Me either.

- They all look at one another.

INT. MESS

125

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 goddamn thing.

BRETT

Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY

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

LAMBERT

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

BRETT

Son-of-a-bitch.

Cont.

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.

RIPLEY

First we have to find it.

DALLAS

No, first we've got something
else to do...

He looks at Kane's body.

INT. AIR LOCK

126

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE

127

The crew looking at Kane on viewscreens.
Silent.
Depressed.

DALLAS

Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS

Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.
He nods at Ripley.
She presses a button.

INT. AIR LOCK

128

The outer hatch opens.
Yawning space outside.
Kane's body shoots out into eternity.
The hatch closes.

INT. MESS

129

The crew assembled.

RIPLEY

I've checked on the supplies.
For about a week we can stay out
of hypersleep.

BRETT

Then what.

LAMBERT

We run out of food and oxygen.

DALLAS

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

PARKER

I say we 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 six months to get home.

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

All by yourselves.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

There's another problem. How
do we find it. There's no visual
communication on B & C -- All
the screens are out.

Cont.

DALLAS

We're going to have to flush
it out.

ASH

Sounds great...but how.

DALLAS

Room by room, corridor by
corridor.

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. Only take a couple of
hours.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS

He might be right...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

130

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

INT. AUTO DOCK

131

Dallas enters.

Ash working at a read-out section.

DALLAS

I want to talk.

ASH

I'm a little busy at the
moment.

Pause.

DALLAS

I don't care.

Cont.

Pause.

ASH

All right, go ahead.

DALLAS

Why did you let the Alien survive inside Kane.

ASH

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

DALLAS

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. I just want to know what's going on.

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...I don't want it to stay alive any more than you do.

DALLAS

You're sure.

ASH

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

Dallas walks out.

Ash watches him go.

Stares in his direction a long while...

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.
Staring 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 the wall.

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.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.
His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE

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 insulated
down here. Just be goddamn
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

Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH

I've taken care of that...tracking
device. You set 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.

DALLAS

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

(pause)

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

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

Cont.

LAMBERT

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 communicator. We want to keep in constant contact.

INT: PASSAGEWAY - 'B' LEVEL

134

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

INT: ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - 'B' LEVEL

135

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

RIPLEY

Hold it.

A small light flashes.

RIPLEY

I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense. Start looking around.

BRETT

Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

Goddamn, 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.

INT: MAINTENANCE - 'C' LEVEL

136

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 bulk head.

RIPLEY

Okay.

(looks at the
tracker; nods down
the passageway)

Down there.

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

RIPLEY

I thought you fixed 12 module.

BRETT

We did.

PARKER

Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on helmet lights.
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY

Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling..

RIPLEY

It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.
She also has the job of approaching the signal's source.
Moves with great care.
Almost in a half crouch, ready to leap back.
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulk head.
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 never-shattering squall.
Then a small Creature comes flying out of the locker.
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.

RIPLEY
Goddamn 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
We should have killed it...
Now we might pick it up on
the tracker again.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
Go get it. We'll go on.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.
Moves into another passageway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - 'C' LEVEL 137

Brett walking down a dark corridor.
Looking for the cat.
Nervous.

BRETT
Jones...Here kitty...Jones
...Goddamn it Jones.

Scratching noises.
A reassuring cat yowl.
Brett moves on.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - 'C' LEVEL 138

Ripley and Parker walk along.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - 'C' LEVEL 139

Brett still looking for Jones.
Another yowl followed by a hiss.
Two eyes shining in the dark.
Jones.
Relieved, Brett moves toward the cat.

BRETT

Here kitty...Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.

Jones hisses.

An arm reaches for Brett.

The Alien.

Now seven feet tall.

Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.

Brett screams.

To no avail.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR

140

The entire crew assembled.

Long faces.

LAMBERT

Now what.

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

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...The son-of-a-bitch
is eight feet tall.

LAMBERT

He has a point. How do we drive
it.

RIPLEY

The science department should be
able to help...

Cont.

ASH

According to Mother, he's a primitive form of encephlepod...

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.

DALLAS

Skip its sex life. How do we kill it.

ASH

It seems to have adapted to an oxygen rich atmosphere and it's certainly adapted well for its nutritional requirements. The only thing we don't know about is temperature.

RIPLEY

Curious isn't it...That the Alien is an encephlepod...

ASH

What's so curious about that.

RIPLEY

It's curious because lower species can't adapt as quickly as higher ones. And this one's doing very well. A real survivor. Might even have as good a chance as we do.

ASH

You're getting paranoid again.

RIPLEY

All right what about the temperature. What happens if we change it.

ASH

Let's give it a try. Most animals retreat from fire.

Pause.

Cont.

PARKER

I can hook up a couple of
incinerating units in about
fifteen minutes.

Pause.

DALLAS

Anybody got any better ideas.

Nobody does.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - 'B' LEVEL

141

The crew walking along.
Tracking devices beeping.
Parker and Dallas leading armed with improvised flame-
throwers.
The sound from the tracking device growing louder.

DALLAS

The food locker.

They approach it.
Sound of rending metal from within.

PARKER

Jesus. It's big.

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

It's okay, you can come in...
It took off...

They move forward.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER - 'B' LEVEL

142

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.

DALLAS

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 it 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.

DALLAS

Well Parker, you wanted an equal share...

PARKER

Yeah.

DALLAS

Get in the pipe.

PARKER

Why me.

DALLAS

I just wanted to see you get your full share.

PARKER

No way.

RIPLEY

I'll go...

DALLAS

Forget it.

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

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER - 'B' LEVEL

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

ASH

I'll be here if you need me.

DALLAS

Thanks...I should have given
this to Ripley.

Dallas removes the master computer key.

ASH

You'll come through this.

DALLAS

Who knows. You give it to her
if I don't.

ASH

Okay.

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

ASH

Good luck.

INT: AIR SHAFT

144

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.

INT: MAINTENANCE LEVEL

145

The hum of vast cooling plants.
Large air shafts 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 flamethrower..

DALLAS

(voice over)

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

PARKER

Right.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

146

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 over)

Ready.

RIPLEY

Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT

147

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

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

148

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.

LAMBERT

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

Parker again throws the switch.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

149

Ripley waiting.
Stares at the duct opening.

INT. AIR SHAFT

150

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.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER

151

Ash staring at the funnel.

INT. AIR SHAFT

152

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

DALLAS

Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

153

Ripley flips on her communicator.

RIPLEY

Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT

154

DALLAS

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

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

155

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE DECKER PASSAGEWAY

156

Dallas moves to a cat walk floor.

Looks about.

His feet dangle through the ladder aperture to the next level.

Suddenly the Alien's hand swipes and misses his leg as he moves on.

Dallas moves to the next ladder.

Starts for next level.

As he moves for the grid the Alien strikes again, narrowly misses...

Dallas senses a movement...

Looks toward the Alien...

Dallas blasts.

Blasts again.

Then again.

Moves forward.

Comes to a large junction.

Stands...

Looks around...

Sees the Alien standing fifteen feet away.

Fires as it closes on him.

Fires again.

Suddenly his flamethrower expires...

He looks at the Alien.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

157

Lambert and Parker bend forward.

Hear the sounds of the struggle...

And a scream.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

158

Ripley listens to the scream die away.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

159

Dallas's flamethrower on its surface.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

The remaining crew standing at the table.

RIPLEY

That puts me in command.

Cont.

PARKER

Great.

She ignores him.

RIPLEY

Unless someone's got a better
idea about dealing with the Alien,
we'll proceed with the last plan.

Silence.

RIPLEY

How are our weapons.

PARKER

They're working fine...We
could use more fuel for that
one.

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY

Get it.

PARKER

Right.

He leaves.

Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY

Any ideas. From you or Mother.

ASH

Nothing new. Just the one you're
operating under.

RIPLEY

You mean to tell me all our
technology is powerless against
a goddamn beast.

ASH

That's the way it looks.

RIPLEY

I can't believe that.

Ash growing exasperated.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

Go back to Mother and keep asking questions until you get some better answers.

ASH

All right...I'll try.

He starts to go.

RIPLEY

Dallas didn't leave the master computer key with you.

ASH

You didn't get it.

RIPLEY

No.

ASH

Well, we probably won't need it anyway.

He leaves.

RIPLEY

I think he's got it.

LAMBERT

Why should he lie.

RIPLEY

Without that key, I can't get into interface with Mother. No way to check up on him.

LAMBERT

You that good with computers.

RIPLEY

Maybe. I'd like to try.

Lambert shrugs.
They start to leave.

INT. METHANE STORE

160

Parker selects two full cylinders.
He tests them.
Moves out.

INT. CORRIDOR BRIDGE

161

RIPLEY

. Did you ever sleep with Ash.

LAMBERT

No. What about you.

RIPLEY

No.

LAMBERT

I never got the impression he
was particularly interested.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

162

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

INT. BRIDGE

163

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

RIPLEY

Ripley.

Muffled sound.

RIPLEY

Repeat transmission. Didn't
read you.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

164

Parker still whispering.

PARKER

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

INT. BRIDGE

165

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

INT. AIR LOCK

166

Servo whine.
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.
The acid continues to bubble.
Metal boils...
Parker moves forward to blast it with his flamethrower.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

167

The Alien wrenches itself free.
Comes flying outward.
Smashes Parker down.
Flees.
On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INT. AIR LOCK

168

Metal still boiling.
Lock broken by the seeping acid.
The outer hatch begins to move.
Followed by a tremendous rush of escaping air.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

169

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

INT. BRIDGE

170

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

"Critical Depressurization"

RIPLEY

What the hell...

Pushes a switch.
Pushes it again.

LAMBERT

What's happening.

Red light blinks.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Inner hatch sealed. The outer hatch is open. But we're still losing pressure.

LAMBERT

What about Parker.

RIPLEY

I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

INT. VESTIBULE

171

Parker unconscious.

The escaping pressure pulls his body across the floor. Glues it to the hatch.

INT. AIR LOCK

172

The inner hatch still closed.

The air continues to escape.

Through the holes created by the acid from the Alien. The holes growing larger.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

173

Loose papers, articles of furniture hurtle about.

Ripley runs toward the air lock.

Partly sucked along by the wind current.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

174

The plume of vapor grows.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

175

Winds building.

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against the bulkhead.

Regains her balance.

She pushes off from the bulkhead.

Starts running.

INT. VESTIBULE

176

Parker now conscious still crushed against the gap in the inner hatch.

Unable to free himself.

Ripley arrives.

Attempts to pull Parker off the gap.

They struggle until he is finally free.

Crawl out of the vestibule.

She closes the vestibule hatch.

Ears bleeding from lack of pressure.

Parker unconscious.

INT. BRIDGE

177

Lambert watches.
Red light continues to blink.
Readout on console.

"Inner Hatch Sealed"

She activates emergency oxygen.

LAMBERT

Ash, get the oxygen. Meet
me at the air lock.

Rushes out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VESTIBULE - 'B' LEVEL

178

Repressurization sounds.
Parker regains consciousness.
Struggling to breathe.
Ripley unable to move.
Breath coming in shallow pants.
Lambert arrives with an oxygen tank.
Ash follows.
Oxygen administered to Ripley and Parker.

Finally:

ASH

You all right.

RIPLEY

We didn't get it.

PARKER

The warning went off and it
jumped back in the ship.

ASH

Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY

You tell me.

ASH

What does that mean.

RIPLEY

I guess the alarm went off
by itself.

ASH

If you've got something to
say, say it. I'm sick of
these coy accusations.

RIPLEY
Nobody's accusing you.

ASH
The hell you're not.

Sullen silence.

RIPLEY
Go patch him up.
(turns to
Lambert)
How much oxygen have we lost.

Ash and Parker leave.

RIPLEY
I want an exact reading.

LAMBERT
You were accusing him.

RIPLEY
I think he did it.

Pause.

LAMBERT
You'll have to prove it to me.

RIPLEY
Since when are you so close
to Ash.

LAMBERT
Since he saved my life.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

179

Ripley cautiously descends the stairs to the blister.
Carrying a flamethrower.
A faint tapping sound.
She freezes.
The sound fades.
She continues down the stairs.

INT. BLISTER

180

An open view of interstellar space.
Ripley comes down the steps.
Looks around the blister.
Satisfied it's deserted.
She puts down the flamethrower.

Methodically begins to search for the key.
In the glass behind her a vague unrecognizable shape.
Appears briefly.
Then disappears.
She looks around.
Sees nothing.
Resumes searching.
Ripley finds the key.
The shape reappears.
With the tapping sound.
She whips around to see.
Kané's corpse floating outside the glass.
Tangled in some rigging.
Disfigured.
She looks at it for a moment.
Then picks up the key and the weapon.
Moves quickly up the stairs.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

181

Ripley plugs the key into the board.
Data banks come to life.
She sits at the console.
Thinks for a moment.
Then punches up a code.
Nothing happens.
Punches another combination.
Nothing happens.
Another combination.
One screen comes to life.
Another combination.
She moves to the second keyboard.
Screen One spells out the question:
Question: WHO TURNED ON AIR LOCK 2 WARNING SYSTEM.
Response: ASH
Another code.
Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN.
Response: YES
New code.
Question: WHY
Response: SPECIAL ORDER 937 SCIENCE EYE'S ONLY.
She starts a new code.
A hand slams down next to Ripley's arm.
It sinks elbow deep into the computer.
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.

Cont.

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.
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...Wallop!

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 the room.
Still feeling for his missing head.

PARKER

A robot, a goddamn 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 the cavity once covered by his head.

Parker's eyes bulge in pain.
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking...
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the scissors home...
Ash's grip lessens.
Another stab.
The grip lessens...
Another stab.
The headless body collapses.
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER

Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.
Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT

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

Pause.

RIPLEY

Let's find out. Wire him
back up.

PARKER

What kind of crap is that.

RIPLEY

Do it!

They set to work.
Begin to reassemble the wiring in Ash's head..

RIPLEY

Ash let it on board. Ash let
it grow inside Kane. Ash
blew the warning signal.

LAMBERT

Why.

RIPLEY

Special Order 937.

PARKER

What's that.

RIPLEY

That's what I want to know.

Ash's eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

What is Special Order 937.

ASH

You know I can't tell you that.

RIPLEY

Then there's no point in talking to you. Pull the plug.

ASH

Special Order 937 in essence asked me to direct the ship to the planet, investigate a life form, possibly hostile and bring it back for observation. With discretion, of course.

RIPLEY

Why. Why not tell us.

ASH

Would you have gone.

PARKER

It wasn't in the contract.

ASH

My very point.

RIPLEY

They wanted to investigate the Alien. No matter what happened to us.

ASH

You're being unfair. Actually, you weren't mentioned in the order.

LAMBERT

Those bastards.

ASH

See it from their point of view. They didn't know what the Alien is.

RIPLEY

How do we kill it.

ASH

I don't think you can. Not in the ship given your life support systems. But I might be able to.

RIPLEY

How.

ASH

I don't know quite yet. I'm not exactly at my best at the moment. If you would reconnect...

RIPLEY

No way.

ASH

Don't be so hasty. You'll never kill it without my help.

RIPLEY

We've had enough of your help.

ASH

You've barely got any oxygen left. If you don't go into hypersleep, you'll die with or without the Alien.

RIPLEY

Nice try, Ash.

ASH

I will do whatever I can to help you. I swear it.

PARKER

Pull the plug.

LAMBERT

I agree.

ASH

You idiots. You still don't realize what you're dealing with. The Alien is a perfect organism. Superbly structured, cunning, quint -- essentially violent. With your limited capabilities you have no chance against it.

LAMBERT

You admire it.

ASH

How can one not admire perfection. I will kill it because I am programmed to protect human life as you know.

Cont.

RIPLEY

Even if you have contempt for it.

ASH

Even then.

Bitter and angry.

RIPLEY

Sorry Ash. I don't buy it.

ASH

You egocentric morons. You'll be ripped to shreds, destroyed and...

Ripley makes a movement.
Ash softens...

ASH

Oh, please don't, please...

Ripley pulls the plug.

PARKER

He was probably right. We do need him.

RIPLEY

He was conning us.

LAMBERT

He is programmed to protect human life.

RIPLEY

He wasn't protecting our human lives and that's all I care about. Anyway it's done.

Ripley exits to the bridge.
The others follow after a moment.

INT. BRIDGE

182

Ripley in the Computer Annex.
Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY

He's right about one thing.
We've got less than twelve hours oxygen left.

PARKER
It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT
I don't know about the rest
of you, but I think I prefer
a painless, peaceful death
to any of the alternatives
on offer.

RIPLEY
We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small spansule.

LAMBERT
We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY
I think we should blow up
the ship.

LAMBERT
I'll stick with chemicals
if you don't mind.

RIPLEY
We leave in the shuttle and
then blow up the ship.

LAMBERT
The closest lane where we'd
stand even a remote chance
of being picked up is six
weeks away. There's enough
oxygen in the shuttle to
last the three of us two
weeks.

RIPLEY
Not if we took all the reserve
tanks and the pressure suits.

Cont.

LAMBERT

Right. Make that three weeks.

PARKER

That's not enough.

Lambert just looks at him.

RIPLEY

It's the best chance we've got...Besides, I want to kill it.

LAMBERT

You make it sound personal.

RIPLEY

It is. Let's go...

PARKER

Yeah. At least we'll kill the goddamn thing.

INT. CORRIDOR - 'B' LEVEL

183

Parker and Lambert carrying oxygen tanks to the Narcissus.
Ripley watches for the Alien.
Carrying flamethrower and tracker.

PARKER

We won't have enough room for food.

RIPLEY

We'll get by on concentrates.

PARKER

I hate that crap.

The tracker begins beeping.
All freeze.
Scuttling sound overhead.
Drifting away.
Beep fades.
They move on.

INT. AIR LOCK AND NARCISSUS

Ripley, Parker, Lambert.
The Narcissus is loaded with oxygen.
Ripley in the Narcissus.

RIPLEY

The hatches can be blown from
in here can't they.

PARKER

Right.

RIPLEY

If you'd been in here when the
Alien was where you are, you
could have blown him out.

PARKER

Yeah.

RIPLEY

So if we could get it back in
here we could blow it out. Save
the ship. Save the cargo and
everything.

LAMBERT

How do we get it in here.

RIPLEY

Drive it.

PARKER

We haven't been doing too well
at that so far.

RIPLEY

Somebody'll be in here. Alone it
might attract him.

LAMBERT

Bait.

PARKER

No way. I'm nobody's bait. No
way.

RIPLEY

Nobody asked you.

INT. CORRIDOR - MAINTENANCE LEVEL

185

Parker and Lambert track the Alien.
Lambert carries the tracker.
Parker the flamethrower.
Both very nervous.

PARKER

Anything.

LAMBERT

Not yet.

INT. NARCISSUS

186

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

(voice over)

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

The music continues.

LAMBERT

(voice over)

It's coming from down there.

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

INT. PASSAGEWAY

187

Parker has the flamethrower ready.
Lambert intent on the tracker.
Beeping steadily.

LAMBERT

It's moving towards you.
Fast...I can't hold it.

Tracker begins to fade.
Then stops.

Cont.

LAMBERT
I've lost it. Are you getting
anything. It was headed toward
you.

INT. NARCISSUS

188

Ripley checks her tracker.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
It's disappeared.

Ripley checks her tracker.
Turns up the music.
She sees presence of Alien on the tracker.
Looks beyond the door of Narcissus' view...
Into the corridor beyond the air lock.
She waits expectantly, finger on the button.
A portion of the Alien comes round the corner...
Advances towards the air lock.

P.O.V. SHOT

189

The Alien approaches the air lock threshold...
Ripley shrinks back into Narcissus.
Finger still on the button...
She turns up the music.

The Alien hesitates on the threshold...
Stares on the open doorway of the Narcissus...
The music bellowing out...

The Alien slowly turns and retreats the way it came...

INT. PASSAGEWAY

190

Parker and Lambert still tracking.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I blew it. I scared it off.

LAMBERT
What now. We're out of time.

INT. NARCISSUS

191

Ripley is back inside.

RIPLEY

You come back down.

PARKER'S VOICE

(voice over)

We're right by the food locker.
Want us to take some.

RIPLEY

All you can carry.

She picks up her gear.
Exits.

INT. FOOD LOCKER

192

Parker and Lambert.
Parker following Ripley's instructions to the letter.

Arms full, he moves out of the locker.

A faint light on the tracker.
Unnoticed by Lambert.

INT. CORRIDOR

193

Parker tries to pick up the flamethrower..
Can't manage it and the food.
Drops some of the packages.

PARKER

Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT

What's the matter.

PARKER

Nothing. Just hurry up.

The tracker begins to beep.
Parker picks up the flamethrower..
Looks for the Alien.

PARKER

Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT

Right now.

Cont.

The Alien appears out of the funnel.
 Lambert turns.
 Screams.
 The Alien grabs for her.
 Parker looks back into the locker.
 Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.
 He hesitates for a moment.
 Then strides into the locker.
 Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER

Goddamn you.

INT. FOOD LOCKER

194

Parker rushes in.
 The Alien drops Lambert.
 Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.
 No effect.
 The Alien strikes him once.
 Killing him instantly.

INT. NARCISSUS

195

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

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 TO:

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

196

Ripley walking slowly, studying the tracker.
 Carries a flamethrower in the other hand.
 Continues on.
 Hears moan.

INT. MAINTENANCE COMPANIONWAY

197

Ripley follows the sound for a short distance.
 Moves twenty paces down the companionway.
 The source of the sound directly under her feet.

Cont.

She sees that she is standing on a square metal plate.
Ripley removes the heavy disc.
Exhumes a dark opening with a descending ladderway.
Still carrying the flamethrower, Ripley starts downward.

INT. STORAGE COMPARTMENT 198

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.
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.

Cont.

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.

INT. MAINTENANCE DECK

199

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

EXT. OUTER SPACE

200

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

INT. BRIDGE

201

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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

202

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.

INT. BOW

203

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

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

204

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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

205

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.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

206

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

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Engines will overload
in two minutes.

INT. BOW OF NOSTROMO

207

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

208

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. HATCHWAY

209

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

210

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

EXT. BOW OF NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

211

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

INT. NARCISSUS

212

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

EXT. SPACE

213

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

103

INT. NARCISSUS

214

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.

EXT. SPACE

215

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

216

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.

EXT. SPACE

217

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

INT. NARCISSUS

218

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.

Cont.

Throws down the meat.
Comes for her.
Ripley dives for the open door.
Hurls herself inside.
Slams it shut.

INT. LOCKER

219

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.
The moaning of the cat distracts it.

INT. NARCISSUS

220

The Alien moves to the pressurized catbox.
Bends down and peers inside.
The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

INT. LOCKER

221

Ripley knocks on the glass.
Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.
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.

INT. NARCISSUS

222

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

INT. LOCKER

223

Ripley is halfway into the pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS

224

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.

105

INT. LOCKER

225

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.

INT. SPACESUIT LOCKER

226

Ripley inhales.
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS

227

The Creature rises.
Faces the locker.
Catches the steel shaft through its midriff.
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.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

228

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

229

Ripley looks for any salvation.
Grabs the hatch lever.
Yanks it.
The hatch slams shut, closing Ripley safely inside.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

230

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

INT. NARCISSUS

231

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.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

232

The Creature struggling.
 Jet exhausts located at the rear of the craft.
 The engines belch flame for a few seconds.
 Then shut off.
 Incinerated, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

INT. NARCISSUS

233

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

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

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Now repressurized.
 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 five weeks. With a little
 luck the network will pick me up...
 This is Ripley, W564502460H,
 executive officer, last survivor of
 the commercial starship Nostromo
 signing off.
 (pause)
 Come on cat.

She switches off the recorder.
 Stares into space.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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The shuttle craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT