"ALIENS"

by

James Cameron

FINAL
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"ALIENS"

FADE IN

1

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE - SPACE

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

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

2

INT. NARCISSUS

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

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

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

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

LEADER

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

DISSOLVE TO:
2-A EXT. SPACE/EarTH ORBIT

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

3 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

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

MED-TECH
Watch your eyes.

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

RIPLEY
When am I going to see someone in authority?

MED-TECH
So. Feeling stronger are we?

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

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

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

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

MED-TECH
Looks like you have a visitor.

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

RIPLEY
Jones!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

RIPLEY
Jonesy. You ugly thing.

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

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

Ripley's gaze turns stony.

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

BURKE
(genuinely wounded)
Why is that?

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

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

RIPLEY
How long was I out there?

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

She grabs his arm, suprisingly strong.

RIPLEY
How long?

(CONTINUED)
BURKE

Fifty-seven years.

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

RIPLEY

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

BURKE

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

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

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

MED-TECH

(shouting)

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

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

RIPLEY

No...nooo!

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

DOCTOR

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

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

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

MED-TECH
Bad dreams again? Do you want something to help you sleep?

RIPLEY
(faint)
No. I've slept enough.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK

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

RIPLEY
(voice over)
That's brilliant, Jones.

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

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

RIPLEY
Have they located my daughter yet?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

    RIPLEY
    I she...?

    BURKE
    (scanning)
    Amanda Ripley-McClaren. Married name, I guess. Age: sixty-six...
at time of death. Two years ago.
    (looks at her)
    I'm sorry.

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

    RIPLEY
    Any.

    BURKE
    (reading)

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

    RIPLEY
    No children.
    (a beat, then)
    I promised her I'd be home for her birthday. Her eleventh birthday.

    BURKE
    Some promises you just can't keep.

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR - GATEWAY

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

    (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

RIPLEY
I get the picture.

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

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON RIPEY - GATEWAY

Not cool. Not unemotional.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Van Leuwen sighs with exasperation.

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

RIPLEY
That's because I blew it out the Goddamn airlock!
(pause)
Like I said.

INSURANCE MAN
(to the ECA rep)
Are there any species like this 'hostile organism' on LV-426?

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

Ripley grits her teeth in frustration.

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

(CONTINUED)
ECA REP
And found something which has never been reported once from over three hundred surveyed worlds...a creature...
(she reads from Ripley's statement)
...'gestates inside a living human host,' these are your words, and has 'concentrated acid for blood.'

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

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

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

Van Leuwen stands, out of patience.

VAN LEUWEN
Thank you! That will be all.

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

BURKE
You had them eating out of your hand, kiddo.

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

BURKE
(cheerfully)
You are a headcase. Have a donut.
8 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIGHT ON RIPLEY - LATER

Van Leuwen clears his throat.

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

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

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

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

9 INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

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

RIPLEY
What are you talking about? What people?

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

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

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

RIPLEY
How many are there? How many colonists?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

RIPLEY
Families...Jesus.

INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR
Do you mind?

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

CUT TO:

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

HADLEY'S HOPE - POP. 159

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

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

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM / CONTROL BLOCK
The nerve-center of the colony, jammed with computer
terminals, displays, technicians.

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

SIMPSON
What?

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

SIMPSON
Yeah. What?

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

SIMPSON
Why wouldn't his claim be honored?

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

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

LYDECKER
So what do I tell this guy?

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

EXT. ACHERON - THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

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

INT. TRACTOR

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

JORDEN
(a gloating cackle)
Look at this fat, juicy magnetic
profile. And it's mine, mine, mine.

ANNE
Half mine, dear.

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

(CONTINUED)
NEWT
And half mine!

JORDEN
I got too many partners.

NEWT
Daddy, when are we going back to town?

JORDEN
When we get rich, Newt.

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

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

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

NEWT
Do not!

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

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

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

NEWT
Mom. All the kids play it...

JORDEN
(reverently)
Holy shiiit!

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

JORDEN
Folks, we have scored big this time!

(CONTINUED)
15 CONTINUED: (2)
The tractor moves around the base of the vast enigma, approaching a gash in the hull.

ANNE
Shouldn't we call in?

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

ANNE
(nervous)
How about 'big weird thing?'

16 EXT. TRACTOR

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

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

They trudge toward the alien derelict.

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

17 INT./EXT. TRACTOR

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

TIM
Cheater!

18 EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

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

19 INT. TRACTOR

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RIPELEY'S APARTMENT - GATEWAY - DAY

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

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

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

The door opens. Ripley considers the ramifications of that.
She motions them inside.
22 INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

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

RIPLEY
No. There's no way!

BURKE
Hear me out...

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

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

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

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

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

RIPLEY
(to Burke)
What about you? Why are you going?

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

RIPLEY
Yeah, yeah. I saw the commercial.

BURKE
I heard you were working in the cargo docks.

RIPLEY
That's right.

(CONTINUED)
BURKE
Running loaders, forklifts, that sort of thing?

RIPLEY
What about it?

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

RIPLEY
If I go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BURKE
Think about it.

23 EXT. ACHERON LANDSCAPE - NIGHT
As the wind HOWLS through tormented rock, BUILDING IN PITCH until we:

CUT TO:

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

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

BURKE
Yello? Oh, Ripley. Hi...

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

BURKE
That's the plan. My word on it.

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

RIPLEY
All right. I'm in.

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

RIPLEY
And you my dear, are staying right here.

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

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DEEP SPACE - THREE WEEKS LATER

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

26 OUT

27 INT. CARGO LOCK

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

28 OUT

29 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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

DISSOLVE TO:
30 INT. HYPERSONIC VAULT

Lit up, white and sterile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUDSON
Man, this floor's freezing.

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

HUDSON
Would you, Sir?

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

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

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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

VASQUEZ
No. Have you?

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

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

HICKS
You just got three weeks.

FROST
I mean breathing, not this frozen shit.

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

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

INT. SHOWERS

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

VASQUEZ
Who's the freshmeat again?

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

HUDSON
Whooohh! No shit? I'm impressed.

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

INT. MESS HALL

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

HUDSON
Hey, 'Top.' What's the op?
APONE
Rescue mission. There's some juicy colonists' daughters we gotta rescue from virginity.

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

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

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

BISHOP
Oh, please. Not again.

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

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

HICKS
(low)
Looks like that new Lieutenant's too good to eat with us grunts.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
BISHOP
I prefer the term 'artificial person' myself. Is there a problem?

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

BISHOP
I'm shocked. Was it an older model?

BURKE
Hyperdyne Systems 120-A/2.

Bishop turns to Ripley, very conciliatory.

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

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

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

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

FROST
She don't like the cornbread either.

INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

TIGHT ON APONE: bellowing.

APONE
Trench-hut!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Sir?

Gorman

Yes, Hicks?

Hudson, Sir. He's Hicks.

What's the question?

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

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

A what?

It's a bug-hunt.

(louder)

So what are these things?

Gorman nods to Ripley, who stands before the troops.

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

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

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

Yo! Vasquez. Kick ass!

(continued)
VASQUEZ
Anytime. Anywhere.

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

VASQUEZ
Fuck you.

HUDSON
Anytime. Anywhere.

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

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

RIPLEY
I hope you're right. I really do.

Gorman stands, clearly taking over.

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

HUDSON
How do I get out of this chickenshit outfit?

GORMAN
All right! I want this to go smooth and by the numbers. I want DCS and tactical database assimilation by 0830. (some groans) Ordnance loading, weapons strip and drop-ship prep details will have seven hours...

EXT. SPACE – LV-426

They have arrived. From orbit the planet looks serene. The SULACO floats, its MANEUVERING JETS FIRING.
INT. LOADING BAY - CARGO LOCK

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

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

INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

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

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

INT. CARGO LOCK

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

RIPLEY
Is there anything I can do?

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

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

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

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

FULL, as the loader stands.

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

(CONTINUED)
RIPLEY
Where you want it?

Hicks looks at Apone, cocks an eyebrow appreciatively.

INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

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

APONE
Let's move it, boys and girls!
On the ready-line. Let's go, let's go.

INT./EXT. APC

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

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

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

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

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

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

HICKS
Save it.

HUDSON
Sure, Hicks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

BURKE

Here we go.

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

EXT. SULACO

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

INT. COCKPIT

Ferro and Spunkmeyer run rapidly through the switches.

FERRO

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

EXT. SULACO - DROP-SHIP

Hydraulics WHINE. Clamps SLAM BACK. The ship drops.

INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

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

EXT. DROP-SHIP

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

INT. COCKPIT

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

FERRO

Switching to DCS ranging.

SPUNKMEYER

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

FERRO

Got it. Rough air ahead. Stand by for some chop.
INT. HOLD - APC

TIGHT ON HICKS: asleep in his seat harness.

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

RIPLEY
How many drops is this for you, Lieutenant?

GORMAN
Thirty-eight... simulated.

VASQUEZ
How many combat drops?

GORMAN
Well... two. Including this one.

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

INT. COCKPIT

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

EXT. DROP-SHIP

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

INT. HOLD - APC

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RIPELEY
That the atmosphere processor?

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

EXT. SHIP - STATION

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

INT. HOLD - APC

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

GORMAN
Hold at forty. Slow circle of the complex.

RIPELEY
The structure seems intact. They have power.

GORMAN
Okay, let's do it.

APONE
Awright! I want a nice clean dispersal this time.

Ripley turns as Vasquez squeezes past her.

VASQUEZ
You staying in here?

(CONTINUED)
52 CONTINUED:

RIPLEY
You bet.

VASQUEZ
(turning away)
Figures.

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

APONE
Ten seconds, people. Look sharp!

53 EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

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

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

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

GORMAN
 voz over; filtered
First squad up, on line. Hicks, get yours in a cordon. Watch the rear.

APONE
Vasquez, take point. Let's move.

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

54 EXT. COLONY BUILDING

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

APONE
Sealed. Hudson, run a bypass.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

APONE
First squad, assemble on me at the main lock.

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

GORMAN
(voice over; filtered)
Second team, move up. Flanking positions.

INT. COLONY - MAIN CONCOURSE

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

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

INT. APC

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

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

INT. MAIN CONCOURSE - SECOND LEVEL

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

HICKS
Nothing. No movement.

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

Ripley et al. watching.

BURKE
Looks like my room in college.

Nobody laughs.

INT. SECOND LEVEL

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

INT. LOWER LEVEL - QUARTERS

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

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

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

INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

Ripley watches Hicks' monitor.

RIPLEY
Wait! Tell him to...
(plugs in headset jack)
...Hicks. Back up. Pan left. There!

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

HICKS
(voice over; filtered)
You seeing this okay? Looks melted.

Burke raises an eyebrow at Ripley.

BURKE
Hmm. Acid for blood.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HICKS

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

INT. FIRST LEVEL

Hudson is looking up at something.

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

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

APONE
Second squad? What's your status?

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

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

INT. APC

Gorman turns to the others.

GORMAN
All right, the area's secured. Let's
go in and see what their computer can
tell us.

(into mike)
First team head for operations. Hudson,
see if you can get their CPU on line.
Hicks, meet me at the south lock...

INT. FIRST LEVEL

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

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

VASQUEZ
(sotto voce)
Pendejo jerkoff.
EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

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

HUDSON
(voice over; filtered)
Sir, the CPU is on-line.

GORMAN
Okay, stand by in operations.
(to those present)
Let's go.

INT. APC

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

EXT. APC - SOUTH LOCK

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

RIPLEY
Burke!

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

FROST

Scare you?

RIPLEY

Jesus, Frost.

FROST

Sorry. Hicks said to keep an eye on you.

He gestures for her to precede him inside.
68 INT. CONTROL BLOCK CORRIDOR

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

GORMAN
(to Burke)
Looks like your company can write off its share of this colony.

BURKE
(unconcerned)
It's insured.

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

DRAKE
Sir, you should check this out...

69 INT. CORRIDOR

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

DRAKE
Right ahead here...

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

70 INT. MED LAB

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

FROST
Last stand.

GORMAN
No bodies?

(CONTINUED)
DRAKE
No, Sir. Looks like it was a helluva fight.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY: transfixed by something.

RILEY
(low)
Over there.

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

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

BURKE
Are these the same...?

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

RILEY
Watch it, Burke...

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

HICKS
(to Burke)
It likes you.

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

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

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

BISHOP
(reading)
Removed surgically before embryo implantation: Subject: Marachuk, John L. Died during procedure.
(looking up)
They killed him getting it off.
CONTINUED: (2)

HICKS

Poor bastard.

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

HICKS

Behind us.

He gestures at the corridor they just passed through.

RIPLEY

One of us?

GORMAN

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

APONE

(voice over; filtered)

Negative. We're all in Operations.

Vasquez swings the smart-gun to ready position. She and Hicks head toward the source of the signal, the others following.
Hicks ignores her, moving past and aiming his light under a row of steel cabinets. He gestures to Ripley, who steps forward. Trusting his judgment. She crouches beside him.

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

RIPLEY
(soothingly)
Come on out. It's all right...

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

HICKS
Ow! Shit. Watch it, she bites.

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

DRAKE
Let her go, man. Who cares?

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECOND GRADE CITIZENSHIP AWARD  
REBECCA JORDEN

INT. OPERATIONS - MANAGER'S OFFICE  

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

GORMAN  
What's her name again?

DIETRICH  
Rebecca.

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

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

No response. Ripley enters, carrying a coffee mug.

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

RIPLEY  
Gorman! Give it a rest would you.

Gorman stands with a sigh of dismissal.

GORMAN  
Total brainlock.

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

She unsnaps the bio-monitoring cuff.

GORMAN  
Come on, we're wasting our time.

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

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

RIPLEY
Here, try this. A little instant hot chocolate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

Hudson bashes at the keyboard, his fingers dancing expertly.

BURKE
(to Gorman)
What's he scanning for?

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

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

INT. OFFICE

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

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

Newt's voice is all but inaudible.

NEWT
N-newt.

Ripley leans closer. The single syllable was
incomprehensible.

RIPLEY
What did you say?

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

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

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

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

NEWT
Casey.

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

NEWT
Timmy.

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

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

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

Newt shakes her head "no," barely moving.

RIPLEY
Mom and Dad?

The little girl nods, almost imperceptibly.

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

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

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

Newt shakes her head "no" with chilling certainty.

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

NEWT (distantly)
It won't make any difference.

INT. OPERATIONS

Everyone jumps as Hudson cries out triumphantly.

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

GORDON
Alive?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

HICKS
Looks like a Goddamn town meeting.

GORMAN
Let's saddle up.

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

76-A INT. OFFICE

Hicks knocks and enters.

HICKS
We're moving out.

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

RIPLEY
Newt!

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

HICKS
Hope the kid don't have rabies.

RIPLEY
(to Newt)
Come on.

She leads the little girl out, following Hicks.

77

EXT. ACHERON - TWILIGHT

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

78

INT. APC

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

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

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

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

APONE
Check. Got it.

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

They descend the stairwell into the dark pit of machinery.

INT. APC

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

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

HUDSON
(voice over; static)
You tell me, man. I only work here.

INT. COMPLEX

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

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

INT. APC

Ripley stares at the scene in dread fascination.

GORMAN
What is it?

RIPLEY
I don't know.

GORMAN
(to team)
Proceed inside.
They enter the organic labyrinth, playing their lights over the walls, REVEALING a BIO-MECHANICAL LATTICE.

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

RIPLEY

(low)

Oh God...

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

DIETRICH

(void over; static)
Looks like some sort of secreted resin.

RIPLEY

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

BURKE

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

Steam swirls around them as the troopers move deeper inside.

FROST

Hotter'n hell in here.

HUDSON

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

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

RIPLEY

Lieutenant, what do those pulse-rifles fire?

GORMAN

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

RIPLEY

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

So?

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

BURKE
Oh, oh. She's right.

GORMAN
So? So what?

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

GORMAN
Oh, great. Wonderful. Shit!
(into mike)
Uh, Apone...look, we can't have any firing in there. I, uh, want you to collect magazines from everybody.

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

The troopers look at each other in dismay.

HUDSON
Is he fucking crazy?

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

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

APONE
Let's go. Pull 'em out.

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

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

HICKS
(low, to Hudson)
I always keep this handy. For close encounters.

APONE
(o.s.)
Let's move. Hicks, back us up.

INT. LARGE CHAMBER

The air is thick. Lights flare.

GORMAN
(voice over; very faint)
Any movement?

Hudson watches his tracker, scanning.

HUDSON
Nothing. Zip.

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

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

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

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

DIETRICH
Sir!

The woman's lips move feebly.

WOMAN
Please...God...kill me.

INT. APC

Ripley watches the woman, white-knuckled.
INT. COCOON CHAMBER

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

APONE
Flamethrower! Move!

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

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

HUDSON
Movement!

APONE
What's the position?

HUDSON
Can't lock up...

APONE
Talk to me, Hudson.

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

APONE
Go to infrared. Look sharp people!

The squad members snap down their image-intensifier visors.

INT. APC

Gorman is playing with the gain controls on the monitors.

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

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

RIpley
Pull your team out, Gorman.
INT. COCOON CHAMBER

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

HUDSON
I got readings in front and behind.
Still closing.

FROST
Where, man? I don't see anything.

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

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

FROST
I say we back on outta here.

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

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

INT. APC

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

GORMAN
Jesus Christ! Apone, what's going on?

INT. COCOON CHAMBER

Vasquez nods to Drake with grim satisfaction.

VASQUEZ
Let's rock.

INT. APC

GORMAN

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

RIPLEY

GET THEM OUT OF THERE! DO IT NOW!

GORMAN

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

APONE

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

GORMAN

I said...

INT. COCOON CHAMBER

Apone adjusts his headset.

GORMAN

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

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

APONE

Dietrich? Crowe? Sound off! Frost? Frost?

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

INT. APC

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

GORMAN

Apone? Apone?

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

(CONTINUED)
HUDDSON
(voice over; freaked)
The Sarge's gone, man! Let's
get the fuck out of here.

HICKS
(voice over)
Not that tunnel, the other one!

DRAKE
(voice over)
You sure? Watch it...behind you.
Fucking move, will you!

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

GORMAN
I told them to fall back.

RIPLEY
They're cut off! Do something!

But he's gone. Total brain lock.

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

RIPLEY
Newt, put your seat belt on!

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

GORMAN
Ripley, what the hell...?

She slams the tractor into gear.

EXT. APC

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

INT. APC

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

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

INT. COCOON CHAMBER

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

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

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

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

INT. APC

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

VASQUEZ

He's down! Drake's down!

Hicks screams right in her face.

HICKS

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

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

Burke and Hudson help him drag her from the door.

HICKS
(to Ripley)
Let's go!

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

HICKS
Get on the Goddamn door!

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

EXT. APC

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

INT./EXT. APC

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

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

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

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

HICKS

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

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

HICKS

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

EXT. APC/LANDSCAPE

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

INT. APC

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

RIPLEY

You okay?

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

HUDSON

I'm all right, leave it!

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

HICKS

He's alive. Looks like concussion.
CONTINUED:

VASQUEZ

He's dead!

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

VASQUEZ

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

Hicks pushes her back. Right in her face.

HICKS

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

Vasquez releases Gorman. His head smacks the deck.

HUDSON

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

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

VASQUEZ

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

HUDSON

I ain't going back. Fuck that.

Hudson is pale, his voice panicky.

RIPLEY

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

HUDSON

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

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

INT. MED LAB

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SPUNKMEYER

Need anything else?

Bishop waves "no" without looking up.

EXT. COLONY - DROP-SHIP

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

INT. APC

ON VASQUEZ: wired and intense.

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

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

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

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

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

RIPLEY
They can bill me. I got a tab running.

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

RIPLEY
Wrong.

(CONTINUED)
VASQUEZ
Yeah. Watch us.

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

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

RIPLEY
I believe Corporal Hicks has authority here.

BURKE
Corporal Hicks?!

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

HICKS
Looks that way.

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

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

HICKS
None taken. Ferro, you copying?

FERRO
(voice over; static)
Standing by.

HICKS
Prep for dust-off. We're gonna need an immediate evac. (to Burke)
I think we'll take off and nuke the site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

He winks. Burke looks like a kid whose toy has been snatched.
EXT. DROP-SHIP

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

EXT. APC

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

INT. DROP-SHIP COCKPIT

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

FERRO

Spunkmeyer? Goddammit.

The compartment door behind her slides slowly back.

FERRO

(turning)

Where the fu --

Her eyes widen. It's not Spunkmeyer.

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

EXT. APC - LANDSCAPE - STATION

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

RIPLEY

Run!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
114 CONTINUED:

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

HICKS
Are you finished?
(to Ripley)
You okay?

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

NEWT
I guess we're not leaving, right?

RIPLEY
I'm sorry, Newt.

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

HUDSON
(kicking rocks)
Just tell me what the fuck, we're supposed to do now. What're we gonna do now?

BURKE
Maybe we could build a fire and sing songs.

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

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

115 EXT. CONTROL BLOCK - NIGHT

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

116 INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

HICKS
About seventeen days.

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

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

Ripley indicates Newt, who salutes Hudson smartly.

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

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

(continued)
HUDDSON
Aye-firmative. I'm on it.

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

RIPLEY
Fine. You do that.

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

He traces a finger.

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

Hicks
We gotta figure on them getting into the complex.

Ripley
That's right. So we repair the barricades at these intersections... (pointing)
...and weld plate-steel over these ducts here and here. Then they can only come at us from these two corridors, so we put the other two sentry units here.

Hicks contemplates her game plan and raises his head, satisfied:

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

Hudson
Aye-firmative.

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

VASQUEZ
(shouting)
Testing!

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

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

Hicks pauses in his work.

HICKS
(into mike)
Roger.

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

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

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

HICKS
Just a...precaution. You know.

Ripley pauses for a moment, regarding him quizzically.

RIPLEY
Thanks.

HICKS
Uh, what's next?

She consults a printout of the floor plan.
EXT. CONTROL BLOCK

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

INT. MED LAB ANNEX/SURGERY

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

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

RIPLEY

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

NEWT

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

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

RIPLEY

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

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

RIPLEY

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

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

NEWT

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

RIPLEY

Oh. Sorry, Newt.

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

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

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

RIPLEY
Yes, there are, aren't there.

NEWT
Why do they tell little kids that?

Newt's voice reveals her deep sense of betrayal.

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

NEWT
Did one of those things grow inside her?

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

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

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

RIPLEY
No, it's different, honey.

NEWT
Did you ever have a baby?

RIPLEY
Yes. A little girl.

NEWT
Where is she?

RIPLEY
Gone.

(CONTINUED)
NEWT
You mean dead.

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

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

RIPLEY
Here, this is for luck.

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

NEWT
Don't go! Please.

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

Newt looks at the VIDEO SECURITY CAMERA above the door.

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

NEWT
You promise?

RIPLEY
Cross my heart.

NEWT
And hope to die?

Ripley flinches at the innocently grim expression.

RIPLEY
And hope to die.

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

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

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

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

Ripley points at the stasis cylinders containing the
facehugger specimens.

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

BISHOP
Yes. That follows.

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

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

HUDSON
Hey, maybe it's like an ant hive.

VASQUEZ
Bees. Bees have hives.

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

BISHOP
That's right. The Queen.

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

Hudson gestures, about an inch long.

VASQUEZ
These things ain't ants.

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

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

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

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

RIPLEY
Burke!

24 INT. MED LAB ANNEX

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

RIPLEY
Look, Burke, we had an agreement!

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

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

RIPLEY
You son of a bitch.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
BURKE
They can't impound it if they don't know about it.

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

BURKE
Now, wait a second --

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

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

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

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

(shrugs)
It was a bad call, that's all.

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

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

(she releases him)
Well I'm going to see they nail your hide to the wall...kiddo.

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

(CONTINUED)
BURKE
I expecte more of you, Ripley, I thought you would be smarter than this.

RIPLEY
Happy to disappoint you.

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - TIGHT ON THE RSS GUN

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

INT. OPERATIONS

The digital counter on B-gun reads zero.

HICKS

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

RIPLEY
They're at the pressure door.

The BOOMING INCREASES in volume and ferocity.

HUDSON
Man, listen to that.

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

BISHOP
(voice over)
Bishop here. I'm afraid I have some bad news.

HUDSON
Well, that's a switch.

INT. OPERATIONS - MINUTES LATER

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

BISHOP
That's it. Emergency venting.

HICKS
How long until it blows?

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

HICKS
We got problems.

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

RIPLEY
Why can't we shut it down from here?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

VASQUEZ
Hudson, give us a break.

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

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

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

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

HUDSON
Think of what? We're fucked.

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

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

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

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

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

BISHOP
(quietly)
I'll go.

(CONTINUED)
9 CONTINUED: (2)

RIPLEY

What?

BISHOP

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

HUDSON

Yeah, right. Bishop should go.

Good idea.

BISHOP

Believe me, I'd prefer not to.

I may be synthetic but I'm not stupid.

RIPLEY

All right. Let's get on it.

What'll you need?

VASQUEZ

Listen. It's stopped.

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

HICKS

Well, they're into the complex.

30 INT. MED LAB

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

RIPLEY

How long?

BISHOP

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ripley looks at her watch.

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

BISHOP
(cheerfully)
See you soon.

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

INT. CONDUIT

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

INT. MED LAB

Ripley jumps as an ALARM suddenly blares through the complex.

HICKS
(voice over)
They're in the approach corridors.

RIPLEY
On my way.

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

How many?

HICKS

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

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

RIPLEY

They retreated. The guns stopped them.

The moment stretches. Everyone exhales slowly.

HICKS

Yeah. But look...

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

HICKS

Next time they can walk right up and knock.

RIPLEY

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

HUDSON

Maybe we got 'em demoralized.

HICKS

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

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

RIPLEY

How long since you slept? Twenty-four hours?

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

RIPLEY
(grimly)
They'll get us.

HICKS
Maybe. Maybe not.

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

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

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

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

Ripley hefts the weapon. It is heavy and awkward.

RIPLEY
Okay. What do I do?

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HICKS

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

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

RIPLEY

What's this?

HICKS

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

RIPLEY

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

HICKS

Yeah. I've noticed.

INT. CORRIDOR

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

RIPLEY

How do you feel?

GORMAN

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

RIPLEY

Forget it.

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

INT. MED LAB - ANNEX'

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

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

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

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

9 EXT. UPLINK TOWER - VIEW OF AP-STATION

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

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

BISHOP
Now, if I did it right...

He punches a key marked "ENABLE."

40 INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT

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

41 INT. SURGERY

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

RIPLEY
(whispers)
Newt. Newt, wake up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NEWT
Wha...? Where are...?

RILEY
Sshh. Don't move. We're in trouble.

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

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

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

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

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

RILEY
(shouting)
Hey...hey!

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

RILEY
Hicks! Hicks!

INT. OPERATIONS

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

HICKS
(into mike)
Roger. Check back when you've activated the launch cycle.
(turning)
He's at the up-link tower.

BURKE
(calmly)
Excellent.

INT. SURGERY

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

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

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

NEWT
Ripley...I'm scared.

RIPLEY
I know, honey. Me too.

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
45 CONTINUED:

HICKS
The corner! Ready?

HUDSON
Do it!

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

RIPLEY
(coughing)
Burke...it was Burke.

146 INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

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

HICKS
(pacing)
I don't get it. It doesn't make any Goddamn sense.

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

HICKS
Wait a minute. We'd know about it.

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

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

Burke
This is total paranoid delusion.
It's pitiful.

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

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

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

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

The Lights Go Out. Everyone stops in the sudden darkness,
realizing instinctively it is a new escalation in the struggle. Hicks looks at the board. Everything is out.
Doors. Video screens.

Ripley
They cut the power.

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

Ripley picks up her rifle and thumbs off the safety.

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

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

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

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Anything?

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

HUDSON
There's something.

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

HUDSON
It's inside the complex.

VASQUEZ
(voice over)
You're just reading me.

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

RIPLEY
Hudson, stay cool. Vasquez?

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

VASQUEZ
(cool)
Hudson may be right.

INT. OPERATIONS

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

HICKS
(low)
It's game time.

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Just get back here!

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

HUDDSON
Movement! Signal's clean.
Range twenty meters.

RIPLEY
(to Vasquez)
Seal the door. Move fast.

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

HUDDSON
Seventeen meters.

HICKS
Definitely inside the barricade.

Sparks shower around Vasquez as she begins welding the door.

RIPLEY
They found a way in, something we missed.

HICKS
We didn't miss anything.

HUDDSON
Fifteen meters.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

HICKS
They're right on us.

RIPLEY
Vasquez, how you doing?

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

HUDSON
Nine meters. Eight.

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

HUDSON
It's readin' right. Look!

Ripley fiddles with her tracker, adjusting the tuning.

HICKS
Well you're not reading it right!

HUDSON
Six meters. Five. What the fu --

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

HICKS' P.O.V.

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

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

RIPLEY
Medical! Get to medical!

INT. MED LAB CORRIDOR

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

RIPLEY
Burke! Open the door!

NEWT
Look!

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

INT. OPERATIONS

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

HUDSON
Let's go! Let's go!

HICKS
Fuckin' A!

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

INT. CORRIDOR

The troopers seem to materialize out of the smoke.

HICKS
Hold your fire!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RILEY
(indicating door)
It's locked.

HICKS
Stand back.

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

INT. MED LAB ANNEX

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

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

INT. MED LAB

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MED LAB ANNEX

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

NEWT
Come on! This way.

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

RILEY
Stay behind me.

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

NEWT
Come on. Crawl faster.

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

NEWT
Sure. Go left.

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

NEWT
Go right.

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

HICKS
(into headset)
Bishop, you read me? Come in, over.

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

BISHOP
_voice over; static_
Yes, I read you. Not very well...

EXT. UP-LINK RELAY - LANDING FIELD

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. AIR DUCT

HICKS

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

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

RIPLEY

Back. Go back!

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

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

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

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

VASQUEZ

You always were an asshole, Gorman.

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

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

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

RIPLEY
Newt, wait!

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

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

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

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

NEWT
Riiiippppleee --

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

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

RIPLEY

NEWT!

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

NEWT
(o.s.)
Mooommmeee...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Hicks grabs Ripley's arm.

HICKS
Come on, we can find her with this.

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL

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

HICKS
This way.

INT. SUBBASEMENT

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

HICKS
We're close.

RIPLEY
(shouting)

Newt.

NEWT
(o.s.)

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

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

RIPLEY
Climb down, honey. We have to cut through.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. SUBBASEMENT

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

RIPLEY

No! Nooooo!

He drags her back. It takes all his strength.

HICKS

(intense)
She's gone. Let's go!

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

RIPLEY

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

HICKS

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

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

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

A EXT. COLONY/NORTH LOCK

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

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

EXT LANDING FIELD/UP-LINK TOWER BASE

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

RIPLEY
HOW MUCH TIME?

BISHOP
WE'RE OKAY. TWENTY-SIX MINUTES!

RIPLEY
WE'RE NOT LEAVING!

The loading ramp deploys and they run into the ship.

EXT. PROCESSING STATION

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

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

INT. DROP-SHIP

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

BISHOP

Ripley...

RILEY

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

BISHOP

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

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

RILEY

Hicks, don't let him leave.

HICKS

(grimacing with pain)

We ain't going anywhere.

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

RILEY

See you, Hicks.

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

HICKS

Dwayne. It's Dwayne.

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

RILEY

Ellen.

HICKS

(nods with satisfaction)

Don't be long, Ellen.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

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

INT. CATACOMB

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

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

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

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

She looks at him. No one deserves this.

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

VOICE
You now have thirteen minutes to
reach minimum safe distance.

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

INT. EGG CHAMBER

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

INT. CATACOMB

Ripley hears the scream and breaks into a run.

INT. EGG CHAMBER

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

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

(CONTINUED)
NEWT
(weakly)
I knew you'd come.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. EGG CHAMBER

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

INT. CATACOMBS - CORRIDOR

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

INT. SECOND LEVEL

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

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

INT. STAIRWELL

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

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATORS

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

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

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM

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

RILEY

BISHOP!

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

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

RILEY

(to Newt, low)
Close your eyes, baby.

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

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

VOICE
You now have thirty seconds to reach...

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

INT./EXT. DROP-SHIP - STATION

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIPLEY

Punch it, Bishop!

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

EXT. STRATOSPHERE

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

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

INT. DROP-SHIP

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

RIPLEY

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

INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT - LATER

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

INT. DROP-SHIP

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

BISHOP

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. CARGO LOCK - DROP-SHIP

Bishop continues as they move down the ramp.

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

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

RILEY
You did okay, Bishop.

BISHOP
Well, thanks, I --

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

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

RILEY
Go!

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

RILEY
Here!

(CONTINUED)
Without warning it moves like lightning, straight at her. Ripley spins, sprinting, as the creature leaps for her. Its feet slam, echoing, on the deck behind her. She clears a door. Hits the switch. It WHIRRS closed. BOOM. The alien hits a moment later.

INT. DARK CHAMBER

Ripley moves ferret-quick among dark, unrecognizable machines.

VARIOUS ANGLES: VERY TIGHT ON what she is doing...her feet going into stirruplike mechanisms. Velcro straps fastened over them. Fingers stabbing buttons in a sequence. Her hand closing on a complex grip-control. The HUM of powerful motors. The WHINE of hydraulics.

INT. CARGO LOCK

The Queen turns its attention from the doors to Newt as the little girl crawls into a system of trenchlike service channels which cross the deck.

INT. CHANNEL

Newt scurries like a rabbit as the looming figure of the alien appears above, SEEN THROUGH the bars. A section of grille is ripped away behind her.

INT. CARGO LOCK

The Queen spins at the sound of door motors behind her. The parting doors REVEAL an inhuman silhouette standing there. Ripley steps out, WEARING TWO TONS OF HARDENED STEEL. THE POWER LOADER. Like medieval armor with the power of a bulldozer. She takes a step...the massive foot CRASH-CLANGS to the deck. She takes another, advancing.

RIPLEY
Get away from her, you bitch!

The Queen SCREECHES pure lethality and leaps. WALLOP! A roundhouse from one great hydraulic arm catches it on its hideous skull and slams it into a wall. It rebounds into a massive backhand. CRASH! It goes backward into heavy loading equipment.

RIPLEY
(screaming)
Come on!

The Queen emerges as a blur of rage, lashing with unbelievable fury. The battle is joined.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Claws swipe, tail lashes. Ripley parries with radical swipes of the steel forks. They circle in a whirling blur, demolishing everything in their path. The cavernous chamber echoes with nightmarish sounds...WHINE, CRASH, CLANG, SCREECH.

They lock in a death embrace. Ripley closes the forks, crushing two of the creature's limbs. It lashes and writhes with incredible fury, coming within inches of her exposed body. She lifts it off the ground. The hind legs rip at her, slamming against the safety cage, denting it in. The striking teeth extend almost a meter from inside its fanged maw, shooting between the crash-bars. She ducks and the teeth slam into the seat cushion behind her head in a spray of drool. Yellow acid foams down the hydraulic arms toward her. The creature rips at high-pressure hoses. Purple hydraulic fluid sprays...machine blood mixing with alien blood. They topple, off balance. The Queen pins her. Ripley hits a switch. The power-loader's CUTTING TORCH flares on, directly in the thing's face. They roll together, over the lip of a RECTANGULAR PIT, A VERTICAL LOADING AIRLOCK.

INT. LOADING LOCK

They crash together five meters below, twisted in the loader's wreckage. The alien shrieks, pinned.

Ripley pulls her arm out of the controls of the loader and claws toward the panel of airlock actuating buttons. She slaps the red "INNER DOOR OVERRIDE" and latches the "HOLD" locking-key down. A KLAXON begins to sound. She hits "OUTER DOOR OPEN" and there is a hurricane shriek of air as the doors on which they are lying separate, REVEALING the infinite pit of stars, below.

All this time the alien has been lashing at her in a frenzy and she has been parrying desperately in the confined space. The airlock becomes a wind tunnel, blasting and buffeting her as she struggles to unstrap from the loader. The air of the vast ship howls past her into space as she claws her way up a service ladder.

INT. CARGO BAY

Newt screams as the hurricane airstream sucks her across the floor toward the airlock. Bishop, torn virtually in two, grips a stanchion and reaches desperately for Newt as she slides past him. He catches her arm and hangs on as she dangles doll-like, in the airblast.
INT. LOADING DOCK

The alien seizes Ripley's ankle. She locks her arms around a ladder rung, feels them almost torn out of their shoulder sockets.

The door opens farther, all of space yawning below. The loader tumbles clear, falling away. It drags the alien, still clutching one of Ripley's lucky hi-tops, into the depths of space. Its SHRIEK fades, is gone.

With all her strength Ripley fights the blasting air, crawling over the lip of the inner doorway. She releases the OVERRIDE from a second panel. The inner doors close. The turbulent air eddies and settles.

She lies on her back, drained of all strength. Gasping for breath. Weakly she turns her head, seeing Bishop still holding Newt by the arm. Encrusted with his own vanilla milkshake blood, Bishop gives her a small, grim smile.

BISHOP
Not bad for a human.

He winks. Ripley crosses to Newt.

NEWT
(weakly)
Mommy...Mommy?

RIPLEY
Right here, baby. Right here.

Ripley hugs her desperately.

INT. HYPERSLEEP

Ripley sits at the edge of an open hypersleep capsule in which Newt is lying. Behind them, already going under, is Hicks and in a farther capsule, Bishop, wrapped in a plastic membrane.

NEWT
Are we going to sleep all the way back?

RIPLEY
That's right.

NEWT
Can we dream?

RIPLEY
Yes, honey. I think we both can.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ripley brushes a strand of hair from Newt's forehead.

DISSOLVE TO RIPLEY IN CAPSULE...where we started. Except now it's a TWO SHOT, with Newt behind, perfect in sleep.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT

THE END