

"ALIEN"

by  
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Based on screenplay  
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Story by  
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REVISED FINAL

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

W.H. Auden

We live, as we dream -- alone.

Joseph Conrad

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Empty, cavernous.

## INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

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

## INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Long, dark.  
Empty.  
Turbos throbbing.  
No other movement.

## INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

Long, empty.

## INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

Distressed ivory walls.  
All instrumentation at rest.

## INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

Black, empty.

## INT. BRIDGE

Vacant.  
Two space helmets resting on chairs.  
Electrical hum.  
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.  
Moments of silence.  
A yellow light goes on.  
Data mind bank in b.g.  
Electronic hum.  
A green light goes on in front of one helmet.  
Electronic pulsing sounds.  
A red light goes on in front of other helmet.  
An electronic conversation ensues.  
Reaches a crescendo.  
Then silence.  
The lights go off, save the yellow.

## INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Lights come on.  
Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.  
Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Explosion of escaping gas.  
The lid on a freezer pops open.  
Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.  
Pale.  
Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.  
Stands.  
Looks around.  
Stretches.  
Looks at the other freezer compartments.  
Scratches.  
Moves off.

INT. GALLEY

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

KANE

Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Another lid pops open.  
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT

What time is it.

KANE

(voice over)  
What do you care.

INT. GALLEY

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

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

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Where's the coffee.

KANE  
Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.  
Pours herself a cup.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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

INT. GALLEY

Kane enjoys a freshly-brewed cup.

KANE  
Ripley...

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

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

Lid opening sound.

KANE  
Right.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS  
One of you jokers get the cat.

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

INT. MESS

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

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

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT  
Jesus am I cold.

PARKER  
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT  
Yo.

RIPLEY  
Lucky us.

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

KANE  
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.  
Yawns.

PARKER  
You look dead.

ASH  
Nice to be back.

PARKER

Before we dock maybe we'd  
better go over the bonus  
situation.

BRETT

Yeah.

PARKER

Brett and I think we deserve a  
full share.

DALLAS

You two will get what you  
contracted for. Just like  
everybody else.

BRETT

Everybody else gets more than us.

DALLAS

Everybody else deserves more  
than you two.

ASH

Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS

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

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

Floor to ceiling data banks.  
Another flashing yellow light.  
A legend underneath.

COMMAND PRIORITY ACCESS ONLY.

Dallas enters.

Sits at his console.

Removes insignia master computer key attached to  
his shirt.

Plug it into the board under the light.

All banks burst into life.

Dallas punches up a computer code on the keyboard.

Legend on the screen...

What's my God damn key.

Print-out from computer answers...

01335 on the binary side.

DALLAS

Thank you Mother.

Dallas punches up the combination on the keyboard.  
Immediately start getting a readout.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

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

KANE

Plug us in.

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

KANE

Give us something to look at.

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

LAMBERT

Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT

Where's Earth.

KANE  
You're the navigator.

RIPLEY  
That's not our system.

KANE  
Scan.

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

ONE OF THE SCREENS

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Factory Starship lumbering with the depths  
of inter-stellar space.

Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.  
Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.  
Length: One and one half kilometers.

Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert pores over charts.  
Consults her console.  
Puzzled.

KANE  
Contact traffic control.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

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

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY  
Nothing.

KANE  
Keep trying.

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

KANE  
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT  
We're way out in the boondocks  
here...

KANE  
Keep trying...

LAMBERT  
Working on it.

Eureka.

LAMBERT  
Found it.

KANE  
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT  
What the hell are we doing out  
here.

KANE  
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY  
It's not our system.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

PARKER and BRETT in a glass cubicle. Each having a beer.  
Huge powerplant stretching before them.  
All units on automatic hyper-drive.  
Parker hits a switch above his desk. A green light goes on.

PARKER  
How's your light?

BRETT  
Green.

PARKER  
Mine too.

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

PARKER  
Christ. What is it now.

BRETT  
Right.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
Report to the mess.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

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

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

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

They move towards the companionway.

INT. MESS

Entire crew present.

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

BRETT  
What the hell.

DALLAS

Mother's interrupted the course  
of the voyage.  
Mother is programmed to interrupt  
the course of our voyage if  
certain conditions arise. They  
have...  
(pause)

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

BRETT

So what.

KANE

We're obligated under Section B2...

PARKER

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

ASH

You better read your contract.  
Transmissions received in non-  
commercial lanes...

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALLAS

We're going in, that's it.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT

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

Dallas turns to ASH.

DALLAS

Can we land on it.

He takes a print-out from Mother out of his hand.

ASH  
The other ship did.

DALLAS  
That's what I mean.

Studies the print-out.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTROMO AND REFINERY APPROACHING THE  
STAR/PLANET SYSTEM

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas at his console speaking to Ash.

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

ASH  
Z local vertical mode.

DALLAS  
You figure it will hold that.

ASH  
You worried about redundancy  
management disabling CMGS control.

DALLAS  
Yeah.

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

DALLAS  
A lot.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Moving within range of the planet.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew strap themselves to their seats.

DALLAS  
Prepare for separation and  
orbital insertion of the cargo.

Much preparation for separation, etc.

DALLAS  
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH  
3.45 n/c m<sup>2</sup> squared (5 psia)

DALLAS  
Shout if it changes. Deactivate  
probe retract system.

KANE  
What about the pressure seal.

Dallas hits appropriate switches.

DALLAS  
Now the probe retract system.

Kane hits other equally appropriate switches.

KANE  
Okay.

DALLAS  
Release captive hatches and  
disengage probe.

Kane working switches and buttons.

KANE  
Disengaged.

Dallas punches buttons of his own.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Refinery separates from Nostromo.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a viewscreen.

KANE  
All free and clear.

DALLAS  
Ash.

ASH  
Orbital insertion complete.

DALLAS  
Okay. The money's safe. Let's  
take it down.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Engines coughing to life.  
Nostromo begins its descent.

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

INT. BRIDGE

The viewscreen shimmers.

RIPLEY  
Turbulence.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.  
A set of brilliant lights switch on.  
Cut through the thick atmosphere.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats.  
Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence.

PARKER

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

BRETT

Dust fritzing the compressor.

PARKER

There goes the conversion  
stabilizer.

BRETT

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

PARKER

Forget it. If we don't crash,  
dollars to your aunt's cherry  
we get an electrical fire...

INT. BRIDGE

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

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

Lock tractor breams.

A loud electrical hum.

KANE

Locked.

DALLAS  
Kill drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

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

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

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

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

RIPLEY  
We're down.

An enormous vibration.  
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.  
Light go out.

KANE  
Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

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

INT. OILY CORRIDOR

Huge flash fire whips along corridor.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.  
Brett hits the secondary generator switch.  
A pressure valve blows.  
Another conduit breaks loose.  
All lights go out.  
They grab hand lights from wall.

INT. BRIDGE

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT  
Secondary generator should  
kick over.

KANE  
Where is it.

Moments. Nothing. Kane grabs emergency headlamp from  
facia.  
Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS  
What happened?

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY  
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER  
(voice over)  
God damn electrical fire, that's  
what happened.

BRETT  
(voice over)  
It's big.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

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

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

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS  
Somebody give me a simple answer,  
Has the hull been breached.

Ripley scans her gauges.

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

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS  
Hit the screen.

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

KANE  
Nothing.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

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

INT. BRIDGE

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

RIPLEY  
Is that it.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

BRETT

(voice over)

Right.

RIPLEY

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

She shuts off her voice communicator.

DALLAS

How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY

Fifteen to twenty hours...

DALLAS

Stay on it. What about the  
auxiliaries.

RIPLEY

Working on it.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

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

INT. BRIDGE

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

DALLAS  
Any response yet.

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

Pause.

DALLAS  
Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP

A ring of floodlights comes to life.  
Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.  
The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dallas stares at the dark screens.

KANE  
We can't go anywhere in this.

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

DALLAS  
How far from the source of the  
transmission.

ASH  
Northeast... about 3000 meters.

KANE

Close enough to walk.

DALLAS

Let's run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH

10 percent agron, 85 percent nitrogen, 5 percent neon...I'm working on the trace elements.

DALLAS

Pressure.

ASH

Ten to the fourth dynes per square centimeter.

KANE

Moisture content.

ASH

None. Zero.

DALLAS

Anything else.

ASH

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

KANE

I volunteer for the first group going out.

DALLAS

I hear you. Lambert. You too.

Pause.

LAMBERT

Swell.

DALLAS

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

EXT. SHIP - DAWN

Sunrise.

The atmosphere begins to lighten.  
Silhouette of the Nostromo becoming dimly visible.  
Starship perched on barren rock.  
More rolling clouds of dust.  
The floodlights automatically shut off.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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

PARKER

Hey, Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

You know the answer to that.

BRETT

What about the shares in case  
they find anything.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

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

RIPLEY

You're guaranteed by law that  
you'll get a share... Now both  
of you knock it off and get back  
to work.

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

BRETT

Right.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

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

DALLAS

I'm sending. Do you hear me.

KANE

Receiving.

LAMBERT

Receiving.

DALLAS

All right. Keep away from the  
weapons unless I say otherwise.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash descends companionway to blister.  
Punches up screens and instrumentation.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

DALLAS

Open the hatch.

Another servo whine.

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

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

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

DALLAS  
Which way.

LAMBERT  
Over here.

DALLAS  
You lead.

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

LAMBERT  
Now I can't see a God damn thing.

ASH  
(voice over)  
Turn on the finder.

DALLAS  
It's on...Ash are you receiving.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash leaning over his console.  
Watches them beneath him.  
Corresponding images on the screen in front of him.

ASH  
See you. Read you. Good contact  
on my board.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Getting you clear and free. Let's  
keep the line open.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The three crew members push their way along.  
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.  
The wind and dust continues driving down in dark sheets.  
Lambert repeats.

LAMBERT  
Can't see more than three meters  
in any direction.

KANE  
Quit griping.

LAMBERT  
I like griping.

DALLAS  
Come on.

They wade on, following Lambert.  
She halts abruptly.  
Confused.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash watches intently.  
Images on each screen of the trio.

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

ASH  
Any problems.

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

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The trio moves through a dark limbo.

LAMBERT

This way.

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

KANE  
It's close.

They approach a towering rock formation.  
The transmission stops.

LAMBERT  
It's gone again.

KANE  
Did we pass it.

DALLAS  
Not unless it's underground.  
Let's take a break.

They shelter with the rock formation.  
Storm howls round them.  
Dallas adjusts headset.  
The signal starts.

DALLAS  
I've got it again. Let's go.

LAMBERT  
How about our break.

DALLAS  
No. Let's move on while we've  
got the signal, again.

Dallas gets up.

They stand for a moment...

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

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash receiving the video transmission.  
Notices something within the formation.  
Freezes the image.  
Enlarges it.  
Enlarges again.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

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

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

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

RIPLEY

You ought to be able to handle  
the rest.

PARKER

Don't worry.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

Right.

She leaves.

PARKER

Bitch.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

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

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

How's it going.

Ash quickly shuts off the video image.  
Hits the intercom.

INT. BRIDGE

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

ASH  
(voice over)  
All right.

RIPLEY  
Have you tried putting the  
transmission through ECIU.

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

RIPLEY  
I'll give it a shot.

ASH  
(voice over)  
Be my guest.

She pushes some button.  
The noise is now heard on her speaker.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Dust clearing.  
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

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

KANE  
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

A gargantuan construction rising from the rock.  
Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

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

KANE

Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT

Are you sure. It's weird...

DALLAS

Ash, can you see this.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

ASH

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

DALLAS

(voice over)

Keep checking for enhancement.

ASH

Whatever the transmission is,  
it's inside that.

KANE

(voice over)

I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS

(voice over)

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

ASH

I can't get any reading.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

ASH

(voice over)

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

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

DALLAS

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

They move toward the ship.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

Ash still adjusting image of form in rock.  
It suddenly resolves.  
A skeleton. Fifteen feet long.  
He enlarges the image.

DALLAS

(voice over)

There's only one thing I can...

Dallas' voice fades in and out.  
As do their images on the screen.

ASH

Dallas...

(frantically punches  
buttons on console)

Dallas...Do you read me.

No reply.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.  
Over the speakers Dallas' voice fades in.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
No sign of life. No lights...  
No movement...

She studies a long series of binary programs...

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
We're beneath the base.

His voice fades into static.  
Disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

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

KANE  
Looks like an entrance.

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

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

INT. CHAMBER - DAY

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.  
Walls covered with shadowy lattices.  
Ghostly light filters dust-filled air.  
A few meters in an opening appears.  
Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.  
Only blackness.  
He unclips the light from his belt.  
Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS  
It just goes down... smooth walls.  
I can't see the bottom, light  
won't reach.

Kane and Lambert come over.  
Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS

Let's take a look around here  
first.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.

Dallas shines his light about, sees...

A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.

Round opening at the top, empty within.

Then Dallas shines his light on nearby lattice...

Moves closer.

DALLAS

Over here.

They approach.

Train their lights along the floor.

A machine.

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

Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE

Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT

Automatic recording.

Dallas snaps it off.

DALLAS

Now for a look down below.

(looks at Kane)

This is your big chance.

KANE

Okay.

DALLAS

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

KANE

Aye aye.

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

#### INT. STRUCTURE OPENING

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

KANE

Hotter in here. Warm air rising  
from below.

He starts down, playing out the line.  
Descending in short leaps.  
Stops to catch his breath.  
Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.  
A little sunlight filters from above.  
Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole...  
A glowing spot of light.

DALLAS

(voice over)  
You okay in there.

KANE

Haven't hit bottom yet.  
This is work. Can't talk now.

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

KANE

I'm below ground level.

#### INT. BRIDGE

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.

Gets a readout.  
Looks worried.  
Speaks into communicator.

RIPLEY

Ash, tell Dallas Mother speculates  
that the noise is some kind of  
warning.

ASH

(voice over)

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

Pause.

RIPLEY

I'm going out after them.

ASH

(voice over)

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

RIPLEY

I still think we should go after  
them.

ASH

(voice over)

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

Ripley looks steadily at Ash on her monitor.  
His screen, not visible to her, shows blowup of helmeted,  
skeletal head. Not human.

INT. STRUCTURE

Kane resumes his downward climb.  
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the  
shaft disappear.

The tunnel has reached its end.  
Below him is a dark, cavernous space.  
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
See anything?

KANE  
No...Tunnel's gone. Cave or  
something below me. Feels like  
the goddamn tropics in here...

He consults his instruments.  
Helmet instrumentation strobing softly in the darkness.

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

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

KANE  
This is weird.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
What do you mean.

KANE  
There's something all over the  
walls.

Kane walks across the chamber.  
Examines the organic protrusions.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS  
How long till sunset.

LAMBERT  
Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. HOLD

Kane approaches the center of the room.  
On the floor are rows of leathery ovoid shapes.  
He walks around them.  
Shines his light on one.

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

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Loud and clear.

KANE  
The place is full of leathery  
things sealed...soft to the  
touch.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Can you see what's in them.

KANE  
I'll give it a look.

He tries to open one of them.  
It won't open.

KANE  
Strange feeling to it.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Don't open it. You don't know  
what's in it.

Kane peers closely at the leathery ovoids.  
Turns away.  
Raised areas begin to appear where he touched it.  
He moves his light along the rows.  
Turns back to the one he was examining.  
Something has changed.  
The opaque surface begins to clear.  
Object becoming visible within.  
Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of it.  
He studies it.

KANE  
Jesus...

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
What.

Viscera and mandible now visible.  
The interior surface spongy and irregular.  
Kane shines the light inside.  
With shocking violence, a small creature smashes outward.  
Fixes itself to his mask.  
Sizzling sound.  
The creature melts through the mask.  
Attaches itself to Kane's face.  
Kane tears at the thing with his hands.  
His mouth forced open.  
He falls backward.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

DALLAS  
Kane...Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT  
What's the matter.

DALLAS  
We better haul him out.

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

DALLAS  
Try him again.

LAMBERT  
Kane...Kane...Goddamn it. Answer  
me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the wench mechanism.

DALLAS  
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT  
He doesn't answer.  
(pause)  
Do you think he could have unhooked  
himself.

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

DALLAS  
It caught.

LAMBERT  
Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS  
No, it's coming.

LAMBERT  
I can't see anything.

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

DALLAS  
Line's still moving.

A long moment.  
Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS  
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS

Get ready to grab him.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.

Dangles limply from the wire.

Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS

Look out. There's something on  
his face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT

What is it.

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

LAMBERT

Oh Jesus.

DALLAS

Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.

Lift him from the hole.

INT. ENTRANCE TO DERELICT - SUNSET

Kane is now pinioned between Dallas and Lambert.  
The storm raging through and beyond the entrance...  
Dallas begins to assemble travois.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.  
And the sun is down.  
The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.  
Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.

Ripley waiting on the bridge.  
Ash stares at his inactive monitors.  
Suddenly:

ASH  
We've got them. They're back  
on the screens.

RIPLEY  
How many.

ASH  
Three blips. They're coming  
this way.

Ripley presses transmitter.

RIPLEY  
Dallas, Lambert. Can you read me.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
We hear you. We're coming back...  
Kane's injured... We'll need some  
help getting him in.

Ripley stares at the screen.

ASH  
I'll go.

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

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois towards landing  
leg.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

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

ASH

Ripley, I'm by the inner lock  
hatch.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
Okay.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Parker comes running up.

PARKER  
What's going on.

ASH  
Kane got hurt somehow.

PARKER  
How bad.

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

INT. BRIDGE

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

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY  
Right here.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
We're coming up. Open the  
lock.

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

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Some kind of organism. It's  
attached itself to him. Let  
us in.  
(long moment)  
You hear me. Open the lock.

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

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Goddamn it. Open the hatch.

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

LAMBERT  
(voice over)  
Open the God damn hatch. We  
have to get him inside.

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

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
I read you. The answer is negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.  
A red light goes on.  
Servo whine.

Followed by a solid metallic chunk.

ASH  
Inner hatch open.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

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

DALLAS  
Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH  
God.

PARKER  
Is it alive.

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

DALLAS  
Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT  
Right.

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

INT. INFIRMARY

Kane's helmet.  
Hands begin to open it with a laser cutter.  
The helmet separates easily.  
The two halves part...  
...The life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.  
Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.  
Tries to pull it free.  
Unsuccessful.  
The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASH

Let me try.

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

DALLAS

You're tearing his face.

A trickle of blood appears on Kane's cheek.

BRETT

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

DALLAS

Let the machine work on him.

The Ash presses a switch.  
The machine lights up.  
Kane is sucked into a slot on the wall.  
Visible inside through the glass layer.  
A blinding colored light performs antiseptis.  
Two video monitors pop on.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

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

DALLAS

When I give an order, I expect

it to be obeyed.

RIPLEY  
Even if it's against the law.

DALLAS  
That's right.

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

LAMBERT  
You were going to leave us out there.

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

BRETT  
Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.  
A moment.

RIPLEY  
Let's call it settled.

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

RIPLEY  
Somebody fill me in.

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

ASH  
Where did it come from...

DALLAS  
Somewhere inside that ship.

PARKER  
How the hell is he breathing.

They study the monitors.

ASH

Blood's throughly oxygenated.

DALLAS

How. His nose and mouth seem  
to be blocked.

ASH

We better look inside his head.

Ash punches three buttons.

An X-ray image appears.

A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.

The Alien is clearly visible.

A maze of complicated biology.

Kane's jaws are forced open.

The creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and  
throat.

The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

BRETT

It's got something down his goddamn  
throat.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

PARKER

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

ASH

I don't know. At the moment the  
Creature is keeping him alive.

If we remove it we might  
terminate Kane...

DALLAS

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

ASH  
You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS  
That's right.

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

DALLAS  
Give me the knife.

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

DALLAS  
Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.  
Starts to hiss.  
Smoke curls up from the stain.  
Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.  
Then drips onto the deck below.  
Metal bubbling and sizzling.  
More smoke rising, sending the crew into a coughing jag.  
The crew jostle their way out of the cabin.  
Huddle in the passageway outside, still coughing.  
Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound.  
In the process, smoke of the fluid gets on Dallas's gloves.  
They begin to smoke.  
Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.  
Then runs out into the corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

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

He starts to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas wrenches an emergency lamp from a socket.  
Hurls himself down a companionway.  
The others follow.

DALLAS  
There.

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

ASH  
What can we put under it.

Ripley and Parker charge down the companionway below.

INT. SECOND LEVEL - "C" DECK

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

PARKER  
Don't get under it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas, Brett and Ash crouch by the spot where the acid  
sizzles.  
Ash fishes a pen out of his pocket.  
Probes the hole in the deck.

ASH  
It's stopped penetrating.

Ripley comes charging back up.

RIPLEY  
What's happening.

ASH

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

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

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

BRETT  
This thing uses it for blood.

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

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

Parker comes up the companionway.

PARKER  
It's stopped bleeding.

DALLAS  
Yeah. After it penetrated two  
levels.

RIPLEY  
What about Kane.

Starts up companionway.

INT. INFIRMARY

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

PARKER

Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS  
Doesn't look like it.

BRETT  
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH  
Healed over.

LAMBERT  
There must be some way we can get  
it off.

And look at Dallas.

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

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

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

The machine begins to process Kane's body.

RIPLEY  
What's the stain on his lungs.

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

ASH

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

A long moment.  
The stain spreads.

BRETT  
What happens now.

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

DALLAS  
You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett at work in the cubicle.  
Parker supervising him.

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

Parker pushes a button.  
Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER  
Nothing.

BRETT  
Damn. I was sure that was it.

PARKER  
Well, it wasn't. Try the next one.

BRETT  
Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
What's happening.

PARKER

This goddamn woman. I'll tell  
her what's happening. My Johnson  
is happening.  
(punches the communicator)  
A lot of hard work. Real work.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

PARKER  
(voice over)  
You ought to try it sometime.

RIPLEY  
I've got the toughest job on  
this ship...

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY  
I have to listen to your bullshit.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

PARKER  
Get off my back.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
I'll get off your back when 12  
module is fixed.

She clicks off.  
Parker turns away.

PARKER  
Smart mouth broad.

INT. INFIRMARY

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

RIPLEY  
Anything new.

ASH  
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY  
What about the Creature.

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

RIPLEY  
Plenty. What's it mean.

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

RIPLEY  
Is that why you let it in.

ASH  
I was following a direct order.  
Remember.

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

ASH  
Yes, of course -- I forgot.

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

ASH  
No. That I didn't forget.

RIPLEY

You just broke it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

By breaking quarantine procedure  
you risk everybody's life.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH

The first position of science is  
the protection and betterment of  
human life. I take my responsibility  
as seriously as you do... you do your  
job and I'll do mine.

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

INT. MESS

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.  
Cat's Cradle.  
Both looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.  
His foot tapping with the rhythm.  
Beep.

An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS  
Dallas.

ASH  
(voice over)  
I think you should have a  
look at Kane. Something's  
happened.

DALLAS  
Serious.

ASH  
(voice over)  
Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

Ash stares through window.  
Dallas joins him.  
Ripley appears behind.  
A long pause.

DALLAS  
It's gone.

Kane's prone form.  
The Alien is no longer on his face.  
Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.  
Face covered with sucker marks.

RIPLEY  
The door is closed. It must still  
be in there.

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

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

DALLAS

Maybe we can catch it.

ASH

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

INT. INFIRMARY

They enter cautiously.

Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.

Picking up a stainless steel tray.

Looking.

Ash and Ripley do the same.

Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.

Nothing.

Accidentally kicks over a tray.

She stands.

Doesn't see the Alien on a ledge above her.

Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.

It drops on her.

She screams. Twists.

The Alien drops to the floor.

Then lies motionless.

Its skin faded to a dead-looking grey.

Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.

Prods the Alien.

No response.

ASH

I think it's dead.

(looks to Ripley)

You okay.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.

Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.

Quickly closes the lid.

Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.

Bright light trained on the Alien.

The Creature in a supine position.

Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH

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

RIPLEY  
Where's its mouth.

ASH  
It's this tube-thing, up in  
here.  
(carefully extracts  
the end of the organ)  
It's hardening.  
(slips the Creature  
under a fluoroscope)  
It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY  
Let's get rid of it.

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

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

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

Pause.

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

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

Pause.

RIPLEY  
What about Kane.

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

ASH

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

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

RIPLEY

I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY

How could you leave that kind  
of decision to him.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

How does that happen.

DALLAS

Same way everything else happens.  
Orders from the Company.

RIPLEY

Since when is that standard  
procedure.

DALLAS

Standard procedure is do what  
they tell you... Besides, I only  
know about flying... I haul cargo  
for a living.

RIPLEY

Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS

First time. I went five hauls with another science man. Then two days before we left Thedus, replaced him with Ash.

She looks at him.

DALLAS

So what. They replaced my warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY

I don't trust him.

DALLAS

I don't trust anybody...What's holding up repairs.

RIPLEY

They're pretty much finished now.

DALLAS

Why didn't you say so?

RIPLEY

There are still some thing left to do.

DALLAS

Like what?

RIPLEY

We're blind on B and C decks. Reserve power systems blown...

DALLAS

That's crap. We can take off without them.

RIPLEY

Is that a good idea.

DALLAS  
I want to get out of here.  
Let's get this turkey off the  
ground.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

The Nostromo's engines roaring.  
Belching out streams of superheated air.  
The starship vibrates.  
Begins to surge forward.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

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

RIPLEY  
Lock tractor beams.

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

RIPLEY  
Retract leading struts.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

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

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

DALLAS  
Take us up.

Lambert bends over the voice amplifier.

LAMBERT  
One kilometer on ascension.

INT. PLANET

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

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The ship continues vibrating.

DALLAS

Switch on lifter quads.

A powerful, deep throbbing begins.  
The vibrations increase.

RIPLEY

(into speaker)

Everything holding together  
down there.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in and vibrating.

PARKER

We fix something it stays fixed.

BRETT

Right.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

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

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

All viewscreens operational.

DALLAS

Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.  
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT

Engaged.

DALLAS

Altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

PARKER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

DALLAS

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

The pitch of the engines changes...deepens.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett watching the gauges.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

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

DALLAS

Let's pick up the money and go  
home.

EXT. NOSTROMO

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett waves his arms in exultation.

BRETT

We did it

PARKER

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

Big smiles.

INT. BRIDGE

The Nostromo now safely beyond gravity.

DALLAS

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

Lambert begins punching buttons.

LAMBERT

Feets get me out of here.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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

INT. MESS

Parker, Brett, Dallas and Ripley around the table.  
Drinking coffee.

PARKER

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

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT  
Right.

RIPLEY  
What do you think, Parker. Your staff just follows you around and says 'right'. Like a regular parrot.

Parker turns to Brett.

PARKER  
Yeah. Shape up. What are you, some kind of parrot.

BRETT  
Right.

DALLAS  
Knock it off... Kane will have to go into quarantine.

RIPLEY  
Yeah. And so will we.

Lambert enters.

LAMBERT  
How about a little something to lower your spirits.

DALLAS  
Thrill me.

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

DALLAS  
Give me the short version...

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

DALLAS  
How far to Earth.

LAMBERT  
Ten months.

RIPLEY  
Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS  
Dallas.

ASH  
(voice over)  
Come and see Kane right away...

DALLAS  
Any change in his condition.

ASH  
(voice over)  
It's simpler if you just come  
see him.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

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

LAMBERT  
Kane...Are you all right.

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

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

KANE  
More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container.

Hands it to Kane.  
He greedily consumes the entire contents.  
Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS  
How do you feel.

KANE  
Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH  
You don't remember.

KANE  
Don't remember anything. I can  
barely remember my name.

PARKER  
Do you hurt.

KANE  
All over. Feel like somebody's  
been beating me with a stick  
for about six years.  
(smiles)  
God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY  
What's the last thing you can  
remember.

KANE  
I don't know.

DALLAS  
Do you remember what happened  
on the planet.

KANE  
Just some horrible dream  
about smothering. Where  
are we.

RIPLEY  
We're on our way home.

BRETT

Getting ready to go back into  
the freezers.

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

PARKER  
I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS  
One meal before bed.

INT. MESS

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

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

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

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

Pause.

PARKER  
I mean I like it.

KANE  
No kidding.

PARKER  
Yeah. It grows on you.

KANE  
It should. You know what they

make this stuff out of...

PARKER

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

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY

What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT

What's the matter.

KANE

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

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

ASH

Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE

Oh God, it hurts so bad.  
It hurts. It hurts.  
(stands up)  
Ooooooh.

BRETT

What is it. What hurts.

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

KANE

Ohmygooaaaahh.

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

The fabric of his shirt is ripped apart.  
A small head the size of a man's fist pushes out.  
The crew shouts in panic.  
Leap back from the table.  
The cat spits, bolts away.  
The tiny head lunges forward.  
Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.  
Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.  
Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.  
Wiggles away while the crew scatters.  
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.  
Kane lies slumped in his chair.  
Very dead.  
A huge hole in his chest.  
The dishes are scattered.  
Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT

No, no, no, no, no.

BRETT

What was that. What the Christ  
was that.

PARKER

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

ASH

It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY

That means we've got another  
one.

DALLAS

Yeah. And it's loose on the  
ship.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.  
Then they all look at one another.  
Then at Kane.  
Dead on the table.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK

Empty.

Parker and Brett descend companioway.  
They join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALLAS  
Any signs.

LAMBERT  
Nothing.

ASH  
Nothing.

PARKER  
Didn't see a goddamn thing.

BRETT  
Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY  
We can't go into hypersleep with  
that thing running loose. We'd  
be sitting ducks in the freezers.  
We have to kill it first.

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

BRETT  
Son-of-a-bitch.

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

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

RIPLEY  
First we have to find it.

DALLAS  
No. First we've got something

else to do.

He looks at Kane's body through mess doorway.

INT. AIR LOCK

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew looking at Kane's body on view screens.

Silent.

Depressed.

DALLAS

Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS

Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.

He nods to Ripley.

She presses a button.

INT. AIR LOCK

The outer hatch opens.

Yawning space outside.

Kane's body shoots out into eternity.

The hatch closes.

INT. MESS

The crew is assembled.

RIPLEY

I've checked on the supplies.

For about a week we can stay

out of hypersleep.

BRETT

Then what.

LAMBERT

We run out of food and oxygen.

DALLAS

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

PARKER

I say we put on our pressure  
suits and blow all the air out  
of the ship. That might kill it.

LAMBERT

What a swell idea.

PARKER

What's wrong with it.

ASH

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

LAMBERT

Other than that...A swell idea.

Parker won't give up on this idea.

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

All by yourselves.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

There's another problem. How  
do we find it. There's no

visual communication on B and  
C decks. All the screens are  
out.

DALLAS

We're going to have to flush it  
out.

ASH

Sounds great...but how.

DALLAS

Room by room, corridor by corridor.

One of those suggestions that nobody likes.

LAMBERT

And what do we do when we find it.

RIPLEY

Trap it somehow.

BRETT

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

LAMBERT

Why do we listen to this meathead.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS

He might be right...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

INT. INFIRMARY

Dallas enters.

Ash working at a read-out section.

DALLAS

I want to talk.

ASH  
I'm a little busy at the  
moment.

Pause.

DALLAS  
I don't care.

Pause.

ASH  
All right, go ahead.

DALLAS  
Why did you let the Alien survive  
inside Kane.

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

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

ASH  
What are you trying to say.

A long moment.

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

ASH  
Name one.

DALLAS  
Look, we both work for the same  
company. I just want to know  
what's going on.

ASH

I don't know what the hell you're talking about. And I don't like any of the insinuations. The Alien is a dangerous form of life...I don't want it to stay alive any more than you do.

DALLAS

You're sure.

ASH

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

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

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.  
Staring at the myriad lights of outer space.  
Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY

I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS

Are the nets finished.

Pause.

RIPLEY

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

DALLAS

Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY

Let me tell you something. You keep staring out there long

enough, they'll be peeling you  
off the wall.

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

DALLAS

You waited too long.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.  
His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE

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

BRETT

I put portable generators in  
each of these. They're insulated  
down here. Just be goddamn careful  
not to get your hand on the end.

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

BRETT

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

LAMBERT

Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH

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

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY

What's it key on.

ASH

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

DALLAS

We'll break into two teams. Whoever finds it first catches it in the net and ejects it from the nearest air lock.  
(pause)  
For starters, let's make sure the bridge is safe.

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

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

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

They start doling out the equipment.

DALLAS

Channels are open on all decks.

We'll be in constant touch.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

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

LAMBERT  
Anything down there.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

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

RIPLEY  
Nothing.

The move on.  
A small light flashes.

RIPLEY  
Hold it. I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense.  
Start looking around.

BRETT  
Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

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

BRETT  
Goddamn, malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side.  
The needles stabilize.

RIPLEY

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

They all look down at their feet.

INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down ladder onto an endless  
oily corridor.

They stop at the foot of the companionway...

They move down corridor into darkness.

RIPLEY

Okay.

Looks at the tracker.  
Nods down the passageway. Stops.

RIPLEY

Back this way.

They begin to walk in that direction.  
Entering drab section of the ship.  
Surrounded by deep shadows.  
Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

RIPLEY

I thought you fixed 12 module.

BRETT

We did.

PARKER

Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.  
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY

Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY

It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.  
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.  
Moves with great care.  
Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.  
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.  
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.  
Perspiration rivers down her face.  
She sets aside the tracker.  
Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.  
Yanks it open.  
Jams the electric prod inside.  
A nerve-shattering squall.  
Then a small creature comes flying out of the locker.  
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.  
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.  
Very annoyed.  
They open the net and release the captive.  
Which happens to be the cat.  
Hissing and spitting...it scampers away.

RIPLEY  
God damn it...hold it.

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

RIPLEY  
Go get it. We'll go on.

BRETT  
Right.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.  
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.  
Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.  
Looking for the cat.  
Nervous.

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

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

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL

Ripley and Parker walk along.  
Tracker signal weakens.  
Finally stops.

RIPLEY  
Nothing here.

PARKER  
Let's go back.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL

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

BRETT  
Here kitty...Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.  
Jones hisses.  
An arm reaches for Brett.  
The Alien.  
Now seven feet tall.  
Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.  
Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.  
Brett screams.  
To no avail...  
In the doorway Ripley and Parker.  
They witness the horror.

INT. MESS

The remaining crew assemble.  
Long faces.

LAMBERT  
Now what.

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

No. At its present size it's holding enough acid to tear a hole in this ship as big as this room.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

PARKER

Drive it...The son-of-a-bitch is huge.

LAMBERT

For once he has a point. How do we drive it.

RIPLEY

The science department should be able to help...

ASH

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

LAMBERT

How come it's a he.

ASH

Just a phrase. As a matter of fact he's both, bisexual or hermaphrodite to be precise.

DALLAS

Skip its sex life. How do we kill it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH

What's so curious about that.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

You're getting paranoid again.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

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

Pause.

PARKER

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

Pause.

DALLAS

Anybody got any better ideas.

Nobody does.

DALLAS

Okay. When Parker's ready,  
we'll work our way back down  
to 'C' deck.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Nostromo at light plus four.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Dallas lead.  
Armed with flamethrowers.  
They descend from companionway.  
Suddenly both tracking devices beep frantically.  
Sound of rending metal up ahead.  
The move forward cautiously.

DALLAS

It's in that food locker.

EXT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 12

More rending noises.

LAMBERT

Jesus. It must be huge.

PARKER

It's got to be using the  
airshafts to move around...

Dallas raises flamethrower.

DALLAS

Do these things really work.

PARKER

I made them didn't I.

RIPLEY

That's what worries me.

Dallas indicates door handle.  
Parker reluctantly takes it.

DALLAS  
Now.

Parker wrenches open door.  
Dallas fires a long blast. Another.  
Another and another...Silence.  
They move inside...

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Charred wreckage.  
Packages have been ripped to shreds.  
Foodstuffs scattered over the floor.  
Carefully, they poke through the smouldering garbage.

RIPLEY  
We didn't get him.

DALLAS  
This is where he went.

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

DALLAS  
This could work for us. The  
duct comes out at the starboard  
air lock. There's an exit on  
the way. But we can close that  
off. Then we drive it into the  
air lock and blast it into space.

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

DALLAS  
Well Parker, you wanted an  
equal share...

PARKER

Yeah.

DALLAS  
Get in the pipe.

PARKER  
Why me.

DALLAS  
I just wanted to see you get  
your full share.

PARKER  
No way.

RIPLEY  
I'll go.

DALLAS  
Forget it. You take the  
air lock. Parker and Lambert  
cover the exit.

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

INT. STARBOARD AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

Ripley stands in vestibule.  
Looks through the Bulkhead door to air lock.  
She throws a switch.  
Watches airshaft entrance into air lock open.  
The trap is ready.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Parker and Lambert get set.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Ash hands Dallas the makeshift flamethrower.  
He fires a couple of short bursts.

DALLAS  
It's still working.

ASH

Why do you have to go. Why  
didn't you sent Ripley.

DALLAS

It's my responsibility. I let  
Kane go into the craft. Now  
it's my turn.

ASH

You're the captain. It'll be  
harder on the rest of us, if  
we lose you.

DALLAS

Nothing I do that Ripley can't.

ASH

I don't agree.

DALLAS

The decision is final.

He removes the master computer key.  
Hands it to Ash.

DALLAS

If I don't take it back,  
Ripley will need this.

Ash nods.

Dallas turns and climbs into the ventilator opening.  
Just large enough to crawl through.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Completely dark.

Dallas turns on his helmet light.  
Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS

Do you receive me. Ripley.  
Parker. Lambert.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

The hum of vast cooling plants.  
Large air shafts run off in different directions.

Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.  
Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT

We're in position. I'll try  
and pick you up on the tracker.

Parker hefts his flamethrower.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Parker, if it tries to come  
out by you, make sure you drive  
it back in. I'll push it forward.

PARKER

Right.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

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

RIPLEY

Air lock open.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Ready.

RIPLEY

Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT

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

DALLAS

I'm under way.

Turns a corner.  
Several more tight turns.  
Instinctively Dallas pulls back.

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

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

A large rectangular duct in one wall.

PARKER

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

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

LAMBERT

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

Reluctantly, Parker again throws the switch and raises the  
metal pane.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley waiting.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.  
Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.  
He moves toward the corner.  
Fires another blast from the flamethrower.  
Then starts crawling down, head first.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT

Beginning to get a reading on  
you.

INT. AIR SHAFT

The shaft makes yet another turn.

Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12

Ash staring at the ventilator opening.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.  
Clutching his flamethrower.  
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS  
Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

RIPLEY  
Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT

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

He readies the flamethrower.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air  
tunnel.

Dallas crawls out and stands.  
Moves to a catwalk floor. Looks about.  
Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.  
Sits.

His feet dangle beneath the catwalk floor to the next level.

DALLAS  
Lambert, what kind of reading

are you getting.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Lambert huddled over her tracker.  
Puzzled.

LAMBERT

I'm not sure. There seems  
to be some kind of double  
image.

INT. AIR SHAFT DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

Dallas sitting.  
His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the catwalk.

DALLAS

It may be interference. I'll  
push on ahead.

Dallas begins to rise.  
From below, a gentle movement toward the hanging feet.  
A hand reaches up.  
Misses his leg as Dallas moves ahead.

Further on.

DALLAS

Lambert, am I coming in any  
clearer.

LAMBERT

(voice over)

It's clear all right, but I'm  
still getting two blips.

(pause)

I'm not sure which one is  
which.

Dallas stops.

Turns around.

Looks back down through the catwalk.  
Lowers the nose of the flamethrower, his finger on the  
trigger.

From behind him, the hand reaches up.  
The Alien is the front signal.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley bends forward.  
Hears the sounds of the struggle...  
And Dallas' screams.  
She cries out.

RIPLEY  
Dallas...Dallas...

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker.  
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
Oh my God.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

Dallas' flamethrower on the table surface.

PARKER  
(voice over)  
We just found it laying there.  
No sign of him. Only a hole  
torn through to the central  
cooling complex.

The remaining crew standing at the table.

RIPLEY  
This puts me in command.

PARKER  
Okay.

For the first time he's dropped his bullshit.

RIPLEY  
Unless someone's got a better  
idea about dealing with the

Alien, we'll continue with the  
last plan.

Silence.

RIPLEY  
How are our weapons.

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

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY  
Get it.

PARKER  
Right.

He leaves.  
Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY  
Any ideas. From you or Mother.

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

RIPLEY  
You mean to tell me with  
everything we've got, we're  
still powerless against the  
Beast.

ASH  
That's the way it looks.

RIPLEY  
I can't believe that.

ASH  
I'm sorry captain. what would  
you like me to do.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

All right...I'll try.

He starts to go.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

You didn't get it.

RIPLEY

No.

ASH

Well, we probably won't need it anyway.

He leaves.

RIPLEY

I know Ash has got the key.

LAMBERT

Why should he lie.

RIPLEY

He knows I want to check up on him...Without that key we've got no access to command priority information.

LAMBERT

Swell.

Lambert shrugs.  
They start to leave.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK

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

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

RIPLEY  
Did you ever sleep with Ash?

LAMBERT  
No. What about you.

RIPLEY  
No.

LAMBERT  
I never got the impression he  
was particularly interested...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker returning with methane cylinder.  
Turns a corner.  
Comes to an abrupt halt.  
A movement in front of him beyond the air lock.  
He hesitates.  
Then another shadowy movement...

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley and Lambert.  
Parker's voice on voice-amp.  
Muffled.  
Ripley hits a toggle.

RIPLEY  
Ripley.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER  
Keep it down...

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY  
Can't hear you...Repeat...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker whispering.

PARKER  
The Alien...It's outside the  
main air lock door. Open the  
door slowly...When I shout...  
close it fast.

INT. BLISTER

Ash listens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker still whispering.

PARKER  
Open it...slowly.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley hesitates.  
Starts to reply.  
Throws switch.

INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK

Low servo whine.  
Door opens.  
Slowly.  
Green light throbbing inside air lock.  
Creature looks curiously at it.  
Moves onto the threshold.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker watches...

INT. AIR LOCK

Creature move further into air lock.  
Fascinated by green light.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER

Now...Now...

INT. BRIDGE

As Ripley moves to throw switch...

INT. AIR LOCK

Suddenly, from out of nowhere a klaxon wails.  
The Creature leaps back across the threshold of the air lock.  
Bewildered.  
Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.  
Acid boiling out.  
The appendage crushed.  
The acid bubbles.  
Metal boils in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

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

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal still boiling.  
The outer hatch begins to open.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY

Parker...

Pushes a switch.  
Pushes it again.

LAMBERT  
What's happening, Parker.

In front of her a green light blinks.  
"Inner Hatch Closed."

RIPLEY  
Inner hatch sealed. The outer  
hatch is open.

LAMBERT  
What about Parker.

RIPLEY  
I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Air lock open.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker unconscious.

INT. AIR LOCK

The inner hatch still closed.  
Metal boils.  
The hole growing deeper.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal boiling in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "B" DECK

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.  
Regains her balance.  
Starts running.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker now half conscious.  
Ripley arrives as the hole in door blows open.  
Escaping air shrieks.  
Flashing sign comes on.  
Critical depressurization.  
Emergency klaxon.  
Simultaneously vestibule doors close either end.  
Sealing in Ripley and Parker.  
Door nearest to Parker half-closed on one of the methane  
cylinders.  
Leaving large gap.  
Windstorm begins as hole in air lock grows.  
Ripley reaches for other cylinder.  
Begins smashing the jammed cylinder out of door.  
Blood froths at their noses and ears.  
Cylinder finally is driven out.  
The door slams closed.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert watches.  
Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"  
"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

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

Rushes out.  
Down corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Ripley staggers toward an emergency panel.  
At far end of corridor.  
Pinging sound.  
Misty atmosphere.  
Tries to activate the door.  
Cannot.

Lambert appears other side of bulkhead.  
Activates door from outside.  
Rush of oxygen.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

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

Finally.

ASH  
You all right.

PARKER  
We didn't get it. The warning  
went off and it jumped back in  
the ship.

ASH  
Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY  
You tell me.

ASH  
What does that mean.

RIPLEY  
I guess the alarm went off by  
itself.

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

RIPLEY  
Nobody's accusing you.

ASH  
The hell you're not.

Sullen silence.

RIPLEY  
Go patch him up.

Ash and Parker leave.  
Ripley turns to Lambert.

RIPLEY  
How much oxygen have we lost.  
I want an exact reading.

LAMBERT  
You were accusing him.

RIPLEY  
If I could find the command  
computer key, I could prove it.

LAMBERT  
You're still accusing him of  
stealing the key.

RIPLEY  
You think I'm wrong.

LAMBERT  
I don't know. Wrong or crazy.

RIPLEY  
Thanks.

INT. BLISTER STAIRCASE

Ripley cautiously descends the stairs to the blister.  
Carrying a flamethrower.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER

Looks around the blister.

Satisfied it's deserted.  
She puts down the flamethrower.  
Methodically begins to search for the key.  
Faint tapping sound.  
Then stops.  
She looks around.  
Sees nothing.  
Resumes searching near blister window...  
Ripley finds key...  
Tapping sound.  
She whips around to see:  
Kane's disfigured face slapping against the plexiglass.  
She stifles a scream.  
Drops the key onto the curved surface of the blister.  
Fishes for it...  
Kane's bloated face swings in...  
Beneath her.  
She grabs the key and bolts up companionway.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

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

No effect.  
Ripley twists away.  
Ash throws a punch at her.  
Misses.  
She pushes a chair at him.  
Overturns the desk...  
And runs through bridge into mess.

He moves after her.  
Gets her.  
Parker and Lambert burst into the Mess.  
Lambert falls on Ash's back.  
Ash turns to Lambert.  
Tosses her across the room.  
Returns to Ripley.  
Again choking her.  
Parker lifts the tracker.  
Steps behind Ash.  
Swings the tracker...Wallop.  
Tears his head off...  
Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.  
Where his head used to be.  
Ash's hands release Ripley.  
Search above his neck for his missing head.  
He walks backward.  
All eyes on Ash's headless body.  
He walks the room.  
Still feeling for his missing head.

#### PARKER

A robot, a God damn Droid.

Ash turns on him.  
Starts to advance.  
Parker hits him again with the tracker...  
Again.  
Again.  
No avail.  
Ash begins choking Parker.  
Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.  
Closes on Ash's back.  
Tears away the fabric.  
Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.  
Ripley tears at the controls buried in the cavity once  
covered by his head.  
Parker's eyes bulge in pain.  
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking...  
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home...  
Ash's grip lessens.  
Another stab...electrical flash...

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

PARKER  
Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.  
Lambert looks at Ripley.

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

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Let's find out. Wire him back up.

PARKER  
What kind of crap is that.

RIPLEY  
Do it.

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

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

LAMBERT  
Why.

RIPLEY  
Special Order 937.

PARKER  
What's that.

RIPLEY  
That's what I want to know.

Ash's head is placed on the table.

His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

What is Special Order 937.

ASH

You know I can't tell you that.

RIPLEY

Then there's not point in talking to you. Pull the plug.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

Why. Why not tell us.

ASH

Would you have gone.

PARKER

It wasn't in the contract.

ASH

My very point.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

That's unfair. Actually, you weren't mentioned in the order.

LAMBERT

Those bastards.

ASH

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

RIPLEY  
How do we kill it.

ASH  
I don't think you can. Not  
in this ship, given its life  
support systems. But I might  
be able to.

RIPLEY  
How.

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

RIPLEY  
No way.

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

RIPLEY  
We've had enough of your help.

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

RIPLEY  
Nice try, Ash.

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

PARKER  
Pull the plug.

LAMBERT  
I agree.

ASH

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

LAMBERT

You admire it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

Even if you have contempt for it.

ASH

Even then.

Bitter and angry.

RIPLEY

Sorry Ash. I don't buy it.

ASH

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

Ripley make a movement.

Ash softens...

ASH

I can only wish you well...

Ripley pulls the plug.

PARKER

He was probably right. We do need him.

RIPLEY

He was conning us.

LAMBERT

He was programmed to protect  
human life.

RIPLEY

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

Ripley exits to the bridge.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley in the Computer Annex.  
Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY

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

PARKER

It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT

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

RIPLEY

We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules.  
Suicide pills.

LAMBERT

We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY

I think we should blow up the  
ship.

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

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

INT. AIR LOCK - NARCISSUS

Ripley, Lambert and Parker loading oxygen tanks onto the  
Narcissus.

RIPLEY  
That's all the oxygen.

PARKER  
That's it.

RIPLEY  
Now. Let's get the food, shut  
off the engines and get out...  
Jones. Where's Jones.

PARKER  
Who knows.

LAMBERT  
Last I saw him was in the mess.

RIPLEY  
Go look. We don't want to leave him.

LAMBERT  
I don't want to go by myself.

PARKER  
Always hated that damn cat.

RIPLEY  
I'll go. You load up the food.

They move out.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones lying on Dallas' console.  
Ripley comes in.  
Smiles.

RIPLEY  
Jones. You're in luck.

As she reaches for him, Jones jumps off the console.  
Moves away.

RIPLEY  
Come on, Jones.

She moves after the cat.  
We hear Parker and Lambert over the communicator  
from the coolant locker.

LAMBERT  
(voice over)  
How much do you think we'll  
need.

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Lambert loading food.

PARKER  
All you can carry.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
God damn it, Jones. Come here.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY  
Here kitty...come here kitty...

Jones moves away.

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" DECK

Arms full, Parker moves out of the locker.  
Lambert is still making her selection.  
A faint light on the tracker.  
Unnoticed.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley finally corners Jones.  
Finds his box.  
Tries to put him in it.  
Jones resists.  
Ultimately futile.

INT. FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

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

PARKER  
Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT  
What's the matter.

PARKER  
Nothing. just hurry up.

The tracker flashes faster.  
Now it's noticed.  
Parker picks up the flamethrower.

PARKER  
Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT  
Right now.

The Alien appears out of the air shaft ventilator.  
Lambert turns.  
Screams.  
Unfolding, the Alien grabs for her.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's screams.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

Parker looks back into the locker.  
Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.  
He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker.  
Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER  
Goddamn you.

INT. FOOR LOCKER NUMBER 6

The Alien drops Lambert.  
Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.  
No effect.  
The Alien strikes him once.  
Killing him instantly.  
He now moves to Lambert.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening on the communicator.  
Lambert's dying shrieks.  
Then the voice-amp goes dead.  
Silence.

RIPLEY  
Parker. Lambert.

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

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley descends, cautiously, holding flamethrower.  
Jones left above, squalling.

INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.  
Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.  
Sees carnage.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" DECK

Ripley running toward engine room.  
Out of breath.  
Exhausted she stops, gulps for air.  
Suddenly, ahead of her, the sound of human weeping.  
She moves quietly ahead until the source of the sound is  
directly under her feet.  
She is standing on a round metal plate.  
Ripley starts to remove the disc.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.  
Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.  
Pitch black.  
Ripley arrives at deck level.  
Shines her light.  
Its arc reveals the Alien's layer.  
Bones, shreds of flesh.  
Pieces of clothing, shoes.  
Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

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

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.  
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.  
Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.  
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.  
The body of Dallas inside.

Unexpectedly, his eyes open.  
FOCUS ON Ripley.  
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS  
Kill me.

RIPLEY  
What did it do.

Dallas moves his head slightly.  
Ripley turns her light.

Another cocoon dangles from the ceiling.  
But of a different texture.  
Smaller and darker, with a harder shell.  
Almost exactly like the ovoids in the derelict ship.

DALLAS  
That was Brett...

RIPLEY  
I'll get you out of there...  
We'll get up the autodoc.

A long moment.  
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY  
What can I do.

DALLAS  
Kill me.

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

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley emerges from below.  
Gasps for breath.  
Regains control of herself.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Ripley enters the power center.  
Stares at the massive light-plus engines.  
Approaches the main control board.  
Begins closing the switches, one by one.  
A long moment.

Sirens begin to honk.  
Mother speaks.

MOTHER'S VOICE  
(o.s.)

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

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley running toward the "B" deck companionway.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.  
Remembers Jones.

INT. "A" TO "B" LEVELS - COMPANIONWAY

Jones howling.  
In his box.  
Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flamethrower.  
Jones hisses.  
Fur rises.

Ripley stops, and stares down corridor toward Narcissus.  
The Alien can be heard thrashing about the shuttle craft.  
Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room, leaving  
Jones on "B" level companionway.

INT. COMPANIONWAY TO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL

Ripley bounds down the companionway.  
Her footsteps clanging metallically throughout the ship.  
A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE  
(o.s.)

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

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

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload  
in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY

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

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

A moment.

The Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley runs back down the corridor.  
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling...

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload  
in two minutes.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

She reaches companionway.  
Picks up Jones.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS

Ripley staggers towards the air lock.  
The Narcissus berthed beyond.  
She drags Jones and raises the flamethrower.  
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.  
Then advances down the passageway.  
Goaded on by the computer.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will explode  
in ninety seconds.

She makes it to the vestibule.  
Looks into the shuttle.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. VESTIBULE

She turns and dashes back.  
Grabs the cat box.  
Runs back toward the shuttle.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. The engines will  
explode in sixty seconds.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley enters on the run.  
Hurls the cat box toward the front.  
She dives into the control chair.  
Hits the "launch" button.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley frantically straps herself in.  
G-forces from the shuttles acceleration pulling against her.

EXT. SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. SPACE

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.  
Finally becomes a small point of light.  
Then it blows up.  
Transforms into expanding orange fireball.  
Pieces of metal flying in all directions.  
And then the refinery explodes.  
200,000,000 tons of fuel blasting silently into the cosmos.

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and crew mates.  
A very long moment.  
Then, behind her, the lethal hand emerges from deep shadow.  
The Alien has been in the shuttle-craft all along.

The cat yowls.

Ripley whirls.  
Finding herself facing the Creature.

Ripley's first thought is for the flamethrower.  
It lies on the deck next to the Alien.  
Next she glances around for a place to hide.  
Her eye falls on a small locker containing a pressure suit.  
The door standing open.  
She begins to edge toward the compartment.  
The Creature stands.  
Comes for her.  
Ripley dives for the open door.  
Hurls herself inside.  
Slams it shut.

INT. LOCKER

A clear glass panel in the door.  
The Alien puts its head up to the window.  
Peers in at Ripley.  
Their faces only two inches apart.  
The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.  
The moaning of the cat distracts it.

INT. NARCISSUS

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

INT. LOCKER

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

INT. NARCISSUS

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

INT. LOCKER

Ripley is halfway into a pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS

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

INT. LOCKER

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

INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER

Ripley inhales.  
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. NARCISSUS

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

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. NARCISSUS

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

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS

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

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

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

RIPLEY

I should reach the frontier in  
another five weeks. With a  
little luck the network will  
pick me up...This is Ripley,  
W564502460H, executive officer,  
last survivor of the commercial  
starship Nostromo signing off.

(pause)

Come on cat.

She switches off the recorder.  
Stares into space.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT

THE END

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