

FINAL DRAFT  
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ALIEN<sup>3</sup>

by

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# ALIEN III

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEEP SPACE - CREDIT SEQUENCE 1

the void, luxuriously veiled in a star field.

BEGIN CREDITS:

- |       |  |      |
|-------|--|------|
| 1a.   | quick - a facehugger finger --   | 1a.  |
| 2.    | quick - a face, under glass, out of focus -- the glass shatters...                     | 2.   |
| 2a.   | quick - a monitor -- A colorful catscan of a tendril, down someone's throat.           | 2a.  |
| 3.    | quick - acid blood hits the floor, sizzles, eats through insulation wires...           | 3.   |
| 3a.   | quick - smoke passes a sensor --   | 3a.  |
| 4.    | quick - a panel of lights explode on, flashing, urgent, something is very wrong...     | 4.   |
| 4a.   | quick - blood seeps through white fabric --  | 4a.  |
| 5.    | quick - an exploding bolt --   | 5.   |
| 5a.   | quick - hypersleep tube falls away --  | 5a.  |
| 6.    | quick - hypersleep tube being vacuum sucked along, packed into the EEV ...             | 6.   |
| 6a.   | quick - the EEV floats momentarily in its docking, then drops from CAMERA and away ... | 6a.  |
| 7.    | then - Ripley's face, quiet, peaceful -- moisture blows across her features ...        | 7.   |
| * 7a. | then - the planet FIORINA 161, grey, lifeless, alone in space --                       | *7a. |
| 8.    | then - the EEV tumbles by ...  | 8.   |

Legend: FIORINA 'FURY' 161  
 OUTER VEIL MINERAL ORE REFINERY  
 MAXIMUM SECURITY WORK-CORRECTIONAL  
 FACILITY

- |     |   |     |
|-----|---|-----|
| 8a. | then - FIORINA, horizon line -- a desolate industrial wasteland, black water in the distance. | 8a. |
|-----|---|-----|

Legend: JULY 3RD, 0600.

- |      |  |      |
|------|--|------|
| 9.   | then - through the dense atmosphere, a lone man wanders, dwarfed by derricks and cranes ...  | 9.   |
| 9a.  | then - close - the man turns and looks at the sky -- then - a light cutting through the clouds, beyond the cranes and derricks ... | 9a.  |
| 10.  | then - the man follows along, in no particular hurry.  | 10.  |
| 10a. | then - the EEV hits the water with great velocity --   | 10a. |
| 11.  | then - Newt's twisted, drowned face - she screams in slow motion under water -- a foetal Queen emerges --                          | 11.  |
| 11a. | then - Ripley's floating face - the foetal Queen forces her jaws open -- disappears inside ...                                     | 11a. |
| 12.  | then - the man stops to look at the sea, something catches his attention ...   | 12.  |
| 12a. | then - a body washed ashore --   | 12a. |

13. then - the man looking down -- 13.  
 then - rolls Ripley's body over ...
- 13a. then - carrying her through the wasteland -- 13a.  
 14. then - at the prison facility entrance -- they enter the 14.  
 weathertrap ...
15. INT. BUG WASH - WEYLAND - YUTANI WORK - 15.  
 CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY-161
- \* Medical Officer Clemens enters carrying Ripley's body - spots 3  
 three prisoners delousing across the way... \*

CLEMENS

An EEV's come down - get out on the beach. There may be others.

THE PRISONER'S SHOWER AREA

They react to seeing the woman's body...

CLEMENS

Now! Move!

The convicts grab their clothes --

AT A TABLE - BUG WASH

Clemens kneels beside Ripley, checks her eyes --  
 Her lips start to move...  
 Cradling her head, he tries to hear what she's saying --  
 Ripley suddenly SCREAMS ...  
 Clemens pulls her face close --  
 Turns her head away.  
 Gagging on black salty water, Ripley coughs up --  
 Struggling for air as ...

16. EXT. FIORINA - BEACH 16.  
 A group of prisoners run to the water ...  
 Prisoners herd half a dozen oxen over a low sand dune --
17. INT. INFIRMARY 17.  
 \* Clemens carries Ripley to her bed -- \*  
 She's out cold ...
18. EXT. FIORINA - BEACH 18.  
 The EEV ashore, attached to the oxen
19. INT. INFIRMARY 19.  
 as Ripley's clothes are cut from her --  
 tank top ...  
 shorts ...

20. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - WEYLAND YUTANI WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY 161 20.

A hand works as Dat-Scan operator. Types in the following:

FURY 161 - CLASS C PRISON UNIT  
 IRIS - 12037154 - REPORT EEV  
 UNIT 2650 CRASH - ONE  
 SURVIVOR - LT RIPLEY -  
 B5156170 - DEAD CPL. HICKS  
 L55321 - UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE  
 - APPROX. 12 YEARS OLD -  
 REQUEST EMERG. EVAC.  
 SOONEST POSSIBLE - AWAIT  
 RESPONSE SUPT. ANDREWS  
 M51021

21. INT. EEV 21.

A lantern reveals:  
 Bishop.  
 Hicks.  
 Newt.  
 Dead.

22. INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE - COMM ROOM 22.

TO: FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON  
 UNIT - 1237154 - FROM NETWORK  
 COMCON 01500 - WEYLAND  
 YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED.

23. INT. INFIRMARY - RIPLEY 23.

\* Oil is wiped from her face and body -- \*  
 Her eyes rem restlessly ...

24. EXT. FIORINA - BEACH 24.

A group of prisoners take the bodies from the wreckage, oxen  
 stand still lashed to the EEV --

25. EXT. HORIZON LINE - FIORINA - BEACH 25.

The setting sun...

\* END CREDITS. \*

- 26 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 26.

Four stories high.  
 Minimal electric light.  
 The assembled prisoners move into position...  
 Hang from railings...  
 Smoke.  
 A convict population of 25 men.

26 CONT

26 CONT

**SUPERINTENDENT HARRY ANDREWS**

Late-forties, solid build, shaved head, seated at the center...

**AARON -**

Andrew's general factotum.

**ARRON**

Allright, Allright. Let's pull it  
together -- get it going -- Right? Right.  
Here we go, Mr. Dillon --

**PRISONER DILLON**

Steps to the middle as all the prisoners rise and strike a reverent  
attitude.

**DILLON**

Give us strength, Oh Lord, to endure.  
We recognize that we are poor sinners  
in the hands of an angry God. Let the  
circle be unbroken -- Until the day.  
Amen.

The convicts all raise their right fists --

**CLEMENS -**

Some distance away... his face reflects the sombre mood of the  
room's assemblage.

**GROUND LEVEL**

Andrews clears his throat ...

**ANDREWS**

Thank you gentleman.. This is rumour  
control. Here are the facts. As some of  
you know, a 337 model EEV crash  
landed here at 0600 on the morning  
watch. There was one survivor. Two  
dead and a droid that was hopelessly  
smashed beyond repair.  
The survivor is a woman.

Mumbles among the prisoners.

**MORSE -** late twenties, tight-jawed, gold teeth - leans down  
from one of the upper tiers ...

**MORSE**

I just want to say that I took a vow of  
celibacy. That also includes women.  
We all took the vow. Now let me say,  
that I for one, do not appreciate  
company policy allowing her to freely  
intermingle ...

26 CONT

26 CONT

\*  
AARON  
(to Andrews)  
Cheeky bastard, right sir?

\*  
Dillon steps in front of Morse, a gesture of restraint ...

DILLON  
What brother means to say is ... We view the presence of any outsider, especially a woman, as a violation of the harmony, a potential break in the spiritual unity.

ANDREWS  
We are well aware of your feelings in this matter. You will be pleased to know that I have requested a rescue team - Hopefully, they will be here inside of a week and evacuate her A.S.A.P.  
(to Clemens)  
What's her medical status?

All eyes turn to Clemens.

CLEMENS  
She doesn't seem too badly damaged. She is unconscious. Difficult at the moment to make a specific diagnosis.

ANDREWS  
Will she live?

Clemens considers the question.

CLEMENS  
Yes. I should think so.

Pursing his lips, Andrews glances back at Dillon.

ANDREWS  
Look, none of us here is naive.  
(pause)  
It's in everybody's best interests if the woman doesn't come out of the Infirmary until the rescue team arrives. And certainly not without an escort. Right? So we should all stick to our set routines and not get unduly agitated. Correct? All right. Thank you, gentlemen.

27 INT. INFIRMARY

27

Ripley lies still on a cot.  
Clemens at her side.  
There's an IV pack taped to her arm.

27 CONT

27 CONT

Clemens checks her vital signs...  
 On a table beside the cot, he finds a syringe with clear liquid...  
 Prepares to give her an injection.  
 Ripley's eyes snap open.

RIPLEY

What's that?

Clemens is surprised, but tries not let it show -- expels air from the hypo.

CLEMENS

A light cocktail of my own mix. Sort of an eye opener.

RIPLEY

Are you a doctor?

CLEMENS

I've only got a 3-C rating. But I'm the best you're going to find around here ... I really ought to shave your head.

Startled, Ripley sits bolt upright on the cot, pulling the sheet around her.

CLEMENS

Lice. Big problem here, I'm afraid. When your hand is steadier you can attend to your private parts yourself.

Pause.

CLEMENS

My name is Clemens. I'm the Medical Officer here ...

RIPLEY

Here?

CLEMENS

Fury 161. One of Weyland-Yutani's backwater work prisons. Do you mind? This is just sort of a stabiliser ...

He lifts her arm -- gives her the injection.

CLEMENS

You crash landed in an EEV. Evidently separated from your mothership before you hit our atmosphere. I've no idea how long you were in hypersleep - coming down the way you did can be a jolt to your system.

27 CONT

27 CONT

RIPLEY

I'm gonna be sick for two weeks if I decompressed too fast.

CLEMENS

Yes. Quite nauseous.

RIPLEY

What about the others?

CLEMENS

I'm afraid they didn't make it.

This sinks in.

RIPLEY

What?

CLEMENS

They didn't survive.

RIPLEY

I have to get to the ship.

CLEMENS

You're in no condition for that.

She stands.  
Buck naked.

RIPLEY

You want to get me some clothes, or should I go like this?

CLEMENS

Given the nature of our indigenous population, I would suggest clothes.

He turns and opens a closet.

CLEMENS

None of them has seen a woman in years. Neither have I for that matter.

28 INT. STAIRWELL - CONE OF SILENCE

28

A now fully-clothed Ripley is being led along the corridor by Clemens.

CLEMENS

This used to be a thousand convict facility, but its been reduced all the way down to a twenty five man custodial staff. They keep the place on pilot light --

RIPLEY

Pilot light for what?



29 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

29

Prisoners WILLIAM, ARTHUR, VINCENT, CHRISTOPHER and Ed have lowered the EEV via a huge overhead crane.

CLEMENS

Toxic dump. The prisoners used to make lead sheets to seal off the shafts --

RIPLEY

Any women here?

CLEMENS

Sorry Lieutenant Ripley. This is a double Y chromosome facility. Strictly male.

RIPLEY

How come you know my name?

CLEMENS

It's stenciled on the back of your shorts. We also found your dog tags.

RIPLEY

Great.

Ripley takes a deep breath and crawls into:

30 INT. EEV

30

Everything is smashed, wrecked...  
In the very cramped quarters, Ripley finds a place to kneel.  
Clemens follows her inside.

RIPLEY

Where are the bodies?

CLEMENS

We have a morgue. We've put them there until the investigative team arrives, probably in a week's time.

RIPLEY

There was an android...

CLEMENS

Disconnected. There were pieces of him all over the place. What's left was thrown in the trash. The Corporal was impaled by a support beam straight through the chest. He never knew what hit him.

RIPLEY

What about the girl?

CLEMENS

She drowned in her cryo-tube. I don't think she was conscious when it happened...I'm sorry.

She struggles for control.

Impossible.

Her eyes fill with tears.

Eyes brimming, Ripley spots the remains of Newt's cryotube.

Faceplate is broken.

Probably happened in the crash.

There's a strange discoloration on the metal below the faceplate.

She leans forward, running her fingers over it...

CLEMENS

What is it?

RIPLEY

Where is she?

CLEMENS

I told you. The morgue.

RIPLEY

I want to see what's left of her body.

CLEMENS

What do you mean, what's left? The body's intact.

RIPLEY

It is? I want to see it.

31 INT. MORGUE - STEPS LEADING DOWN

31

CLEMENS

Any particular reason you're so insistent?

RIPLEY

I have to make sure how she died.

CLEMENS

I hate to be repetitious about a sensitive subject, but it's quite clear that she drowned.

Clemens stops at the foot of the stairs

CLEMENS

Was she your daughter?

RIPLEY

No ... She wasn't my daughter.

They both look down at the body.

RIPLEY

Give me a moment.

Clemens steps away ...  
Ripley begins to examine Newt's corpse.

After a couple of moments Clemens returns --

CLEMENS

O.K.?

RIPLEY

No. We need an autopsy.

CLEMENS

You're joking.

RIPLEY

No way. We have to make sure how  
she died.

CLEMENS

I told you she drowned.

Clemens begins to slide the body back. Ripley stops him.

RIPLEY

I'm not so sure - I want you to cut her  
open.

CLEMENS

Listen to me, I think you're  
disorientated --  
half your system's still in cryo-sleep.

Ripley doesn't want to hear this.

RIPLEY

Look, I have a very good reason for  
asking this and I want you to do it --

CLEMENS

Would you care to share this reason?

RIPLEY

Possible contagion.

CLEMENS

What kind?

RIPLEY

I'm not the doctor -- you are.

32 CONT

32 CONT

CLEMENS  
You'll have to do better than that.

RIPLEY  
Cholera.

CLEMENS  
You can't be serious. There hasn't been  
a case reported in 200 years.

She stares at him.

CLEMENS  
As you wish.

32A AUTOPSY - TIME CUT

32A

Clemens now masked and gowned begins to incise Newt's chest.  
It's a long time since he's done this, and he's not altogether sure  
why he's doing it now ...  
He cuts through her rib-cage.

CLEMENS  
We have nothing unusual. Everything  
in place. No sign of disease. No sign of  
any contagion. Lungs flooded with  
fluid - ergo, she drowned.

Makes a final cross-lateral incision.

CLEMENS  
Still nothing. Satisfied?

She turns away.

CLEMENS  
Now, since I'm not entirely stupid, do  
you want to tell me what you're really  
looking for?

From above a door smashes open -- Andrews and Aaron come  
clattering down the stairs.

ANDREWS  
Mr. Clemens.

CLEMENS  
Superintendent. I don't believe you've  
met Lieutenant Ripley.

ANDREWS  
What's going on, Mr. Clemens?

AARON  
Right sir, what's going on  
Mr. Clemens?

32A CONT

32A CONT

CLEMENS

First, Lieutenant Ripley is feeling much better, I'm happy to say. Second, in the interests of public health, I'm conducting an autopsy.

ANDREWS

Without my authority?

CLEMENS

There didn't seem to be time, but it's all turned out all right, the body shows no signs of contagion.

ANDREWS

Good. But it might be helpful if Lt. Ripley didn't parade around in front of the prisoners, as I am told she did in the last hour. It might also be helpful if you kept me informed as to any change in her physical status. Or would that be asking too much?

32

RIPLEY

We have to cremate the bodies.

ANDREWS

Nonsense. We'll keep the bodies on ice until a rescue team arrives.

AARON

(to Andrews)

Cremate -- that's a good one, sir.

RIPLEY

There is the public health issue.

Looks at Clemens.

CLEMENS

Lt. Ripley feels that there's the possibility of a communicable infection.

ANDREWS

I thought you said there was no sign of disease.

CLEMENS

It would appear that the child drowned, though without the proper laboratory tests its impossible to be absolutely certain - but I think it would be unwise to tolerate even the possibility of an unwanted virus. An outbreak of cholera would look very bad on your report, wouldn't it?

32A CONT

32A CONT

An unhappy Andrews turns to Ripley.

ANDREWS

We have twenty-five prisoners in this facility. All double Y chromos, all thieves, rapists, murderers, forgers, child molesters ... all scum. But scum that have taken on religion. I, for one, don't think that makes them any less dangerous. So I try not to offend their convictions. I don't want to disturb the order. I don't want ripples in the water. And I don't want a woman walking around giving them ideas.

RIPLEY

Yes. Obviously for my own personal safety.

ANDREWS

Exactly.

The two lock eyes -- then Andrews turns back to Clemens.

ANDREWS

I will leave the details of the cremation to you, Mr. Clemens.

33 INT. ABATTOIR - STALLS

33

Shiny, tiled walls.

Stalls and pens containing live chickens, oxen, ...

Behind a screen across the way -- various cuts of meat, chicken, lamb, etc., hang from rusted hooks in the arctic gloom...

Row upon row of razor sharp knives line a wall by the door.

Two prisoners, FRANK and MURPHY, lurch into the room, pushing the dead ox on a rusted ore-cart.

FRANK

(puffing)

Well, at least Christmas came early --

MURPHY

How's that --

FRANK

Any dead ox is a good ox --

MURPHY

God, ain't it right. Smelly bastards, all covered with lice.

FRANK

Only three more of the buggers left then we're done with the pillocks. God I hate hosing these brutes down, always get shit on my boots --

33 CONT

33 CONT

MURPHY  
Speakin' of hosing down, Frank --

FRANK  
Yeah?

MURPHY  
I mean if you got a chance - what  
would you say to her?

FRANK  
What do you mean, if I got a chance?

MURPHY  
You know, if you got a chance.

FRANK  
Just casual you mean?

MURPHY  
Yeah. How would you put it to her -  
you know, if you ran into her in the  
mess hall or something.

They manage to get the dead beast out onto the floor --  
Wrap chains around the animal's back legs and begin to winch it  
overhead.

FRANK  
No problem. Never had any problem  
with the ladies. I'd say 'good day, my  
dear, how's it going, anything I could  
do to be of service?' - then I'd give her  
the look, you know, up and  
down...give her a wink, nasty smile,  
she'd get the picture.

MURPHY  
Right. And she'd say 'kiss my ass you  
horny old fucker.'

FRANK  
I'd be happy to kiss her ass. Be happy  
to kiss her anywhere she wants.

MURPHY  
Yeah, but treat 'em mean, keep 'em  
keen - right, Frank?

FRANK  
Treat the queens like whores, the  
whores like queens. Can't go wrong.

They pull the beast higher, then to a full stop as it swings on the  
thick chains.

Frank? MURPHY

Yeah? FRANK

MURPHY  
What do you think killed Babe?

FRANK  
Beats me. Just keeled over.

MURPHY  
How old was she?

FRANK  
Charts say eleven. In the prime. Chop her up, later, we'll throw her in the stew.

MURPHY  
Right.

He lifts a small organism from the ore-cart where it was pancaked under the ox. It's a face-hugger.

MURPHY  
What's this?

FRANK  
Dunno. Looks like some jellyfish from the beach.

MURPHY  
Right.

Tosses it away.

34 OMITTED 34

35 INT. LEAD WORKS - BLAST FURNACE 35

An immense space located in the bowels of the operation. Vaguely rectangular, the room is carved out of the very rock of the planet. In the center, there's an enormous pit. Flames are visible over beveled edges descending to the depths. On one wall, a series of ducts and fans control oxygen flow into the furnace area.

Cranes on tracks running up and down the room can be loaded or unloaded from catwalks above the pit.



35 CONT

35 CONT

**TWO PRISONERS**

Stand on a crane, a short distance from the fire in the pit.  
 Rippling heat rises from the floor below.  
 The prisoners hold between them two canvas bags, one  
 containing Newt's body.  
 One containing Hicks' remains.  
 Below them --

**RIPLEY**

stands on a catwalk beside Clemens, looking at the two prisoners  
 on the crane.  
 Aaron, Dillon, and several other prisoners are behind her.  
 To her right, Andrews opens a book and begins to read:

**ANDREWS**

We commit this child and this man to  
 your keeping, O Lord. Their bodies  
 have been taken from the shadow of  
 our nights. They have been released  
 from all darkness and pain...

\* 36      **BELOW THE CATWALK**      36      \*

A small claustrophobic space cramped with iron pipes, levers  
 and pulleys.  
 Prisoner Troy, starts opening valves...

37      **THE WALL**      37

of the furnace, as giant air-ducts slide open...  
 Huge fans force air into the chamber.

**IN THE PIT**

Now combined with oxygen, the methane flame rises.  
 Getting hotter and hotter...  
 Blitzes through the spectrum, going from red to white-hot.

**ON THE CATWALK**

Ripley starts to quietly cry.  
 Tears run freely down her face.  
 Clemens watches her closely.  
 Still reading, Andrews raises his voice;

37 CONT

37 CONT

ANDREWS

The child and the man have gone  
beyond our world. They are forever  
eternal and everlasting...ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust.

38 INT. ABATTOIR - THE DEAD OX

38

Seemingly begins to dance crazily.  
Grotesque.  
Something inside the ox trying to break free...

39 CATWALK

39

Dillon shoulders his way through the others - stares out at the  
flames.

DILLON (O.S.)

Why are the innocent punished? Why  
the sacrifice? Why the pain?

Andrews puts down the book.  
Looks over to Dillon, who has, seemingly uninvited, taken over  
the service.

DILLON

There aren't any promises. Nothing's  
certain. Only some get called. Some  
get saved.

IN THE FURNACE

the fire rages...

ON THE CRANE

reeling from the heat, the two prisoners reach their breaking  
point.  
Hurling the two canvas bags into the pit, they beat a hasty  
retreat.

ON THE CATWALK

weeping freely, Ripley watches what used to be Newt and Hicks  
disappear into the inferno.  
Impulsively, she takes Clemens' arm for support.  
He gives it freely.  
Dillon keeps reading:

DILLON

She won't ever know the hardship and  
grief for those of us left behind. We  
commit this body to the void with a  
glad heart...

40

IN THE ABATTOIR

40

on the table, the ox's body is stretched and distorted.  
Suddenly, in a moment of carnal frenzy --

A CHEST - BURSTER

explodes from the ox's thorax.  
Rockets out of the carcass and tumbles to the floor.

This thing has four legs, Alien head and drooling mouth.  
Like a horrifying fawn, it struggles to get legs under it.  
Wobbles round the room.

DILLON (OS)

Within each seed there's the promise of  
a flower. And within each death, no  
matter how small, there's always a new  
life. A new beginning.

Struggling upright, the baby creature gurgles...  
Clatters across the floor and disappears into an air-duct.

41

IN THE GALLERY

41

Above the furnace...  
Ripley can no longer maintain.  
A nervous gesture to her hair.  
Another to her ear.  
Now scratches her head, despite the tears.  
Scratches again.  
Looks at her hand.  
Recoils.  
Looks over to Clemens...

42

INT. BUG WASH

42

Ripley in a stall.  
Her face appears in a mirror, above a steaming basin.  
She studies her appearance.  
Now bald.

CHEMICAL SHOWER

Ripley standing in the hard spray amid the swirling steam...  
Chin high.  
Eyes shut.  
An act of purification.

OUTER BUG WASH DOOR

Clemens stands guard.

43

INT. MESS HALL

43

All the prisoners eating -- making jokes, small talk.  
Andrews and Aaron at small table, off by themselves.

TABLE - MESS HALL

Prisoners GOLIC, BOGGS and RAINS eating.  
Each with a sullen look...  
Dillon sits down at their table.

DILLON

Okay. Lotta talk goin' round that we  
got some disharmony here -- You guys  
want to tell me what the problem is?

No response.

DILLON

Speak to me, brothers.

RAINS

All right, I'll tell you. I don't mind  
the dark, I don't mind the bugs, I don't  
mind wandering around in some cold,  
wet damp tunnel for a week at a time, I  
don't mind anything. But I mind  
Golic.

DILLON

(to Boggs)

That the way you feel about it?

BOGGS

Yeah. The man is crazy. And smells  
bad. I ain't goin' out with him  
anymore.

DILLON

(to Golic)

You got anything to say for yourself?

Golic shrugs, grins like an idiot.

DILLON

(to Rains and  
Boggs)

He's going with you. Golic is just  
another poor, miserable, suffering son-  
of-a-bitch like you and me.

RAINS

Except he smells worse.

BOGGS

And he's crazy.

DILLON

Knock this shit off -- you got a job to do. I don't want to hear another word about Golic.

He looks up --

RIPLEY

Enters...

The entire room goes silent.

She takes some cornbread from a basket on one of the tables...

All eyes riveted on her.

She spots Dillon.

Moves to his table...

ANDREWS' TABLE

Andrews watches Ripley as she moves to Dillon.

Not a happy look on Andrews' face.

He turns to Aaron.

ANDREWS

As I thought, Mr. Aaron. As I thought...

AARON

You called it, sir.

DILLON'S TABLE

As Ripley arrives.

Stands opposite Dillon...

He stares straight ahead.

Doesn't acknowledge her presence.

RIPLEY

I wanted to thank you for your words at the funeral. They helped...

He finally turns to her --

DILLON

You don't wanna know me. I am a murderer and a rapist. Of women.

RIPLEY

Really. I guess I must make you nervous.

DILLON

Do you have any faith, sister?

RIPLEY

Not a lot.

43 CONT

43 CONT

DILLON

We got lots of faith here. Enough even for you.

RIPLEY

I thought women weren't allowed.

DILLON

We never had any before. But we tolerate anybody. Even the intolerable.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

DILLON

That's just a statement of principle. Nothing personal. We got a good place here to wait. Up to now, no temptation.

RIPLEY

Wait for what?

DILLON

We are waiting for God to return and raise his servants to redemption.

A moment as they stare at one another - she turns and moves off.

44 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

44

Ripley and Clemens seated at ground level. Prisoner Martin sweeps up in the background. Clemens pours himself a short whisky.

CLEMENS

Dillon and the rest of them got religion, so to speak, about five years ago --

RIPLEY

What kind of religion?

CLEMENS

I don't know -- some sort of millenarian apocalyptic Christian fundamentalist brew...

RIPLEY

Ummm.

44 CONT

44 CONT

CLEMENS

Exactly. The point is when the Company wanted to close down this facility, Dillon and the rest of the converts wanted to stay. They were allowed to remain as custodians -- with two minders and a medical officer. And here we are.

RIPLEY

How did you get this great assignment?

He gestures...

CLEMENS

How do you like your hair cut?

RIPLEY

(rubs her head)

Weird.

CLEMENS

Now that I've gone out on the limb for you with Andrews, damaging my already less than perfect relationship with that good man, and briefed you on the hum-drum history of Fury 161, how about you telling me what were you looking for in the girl? And why was it necessary to cremate the bodies?

Pause.

RIPLEY

Are you attracted to me?

CLEMENS

In what way?

RIPLEY

In that way.

CLEMENS

You are rather direct.

RIPLEY

Yes. I've been out here a long time.

CLEMENS

So have I.

He swirls his drink -- looks at her.

An enormous fan with razor sharp blades is going full bore...  
 Fills the air-duct with warm air and soot.  
 Murphy is cleaning the passageway, chipping away carbon  
 deposits, scrubbing down the walls.  
 He whistles as he works, doesn't like the job much...

**MURPHY**

(now singing)

I see a red door and I want it painted  
 black. No col-ours any-y more, I want  
 them to turn black. I see the girls walk  
 by dressed in their sum-mer clothes. I  
 have to turn my head until my dark-  
 ness goes.

Stopping, Murphy spots something in the dark of the air-duct.  
 Kneeling, he checks it out.  
 Looks like a reptile's skin.  
 Holding his broom, he stretches it out.  
 Approximately the size of a small deer...  
 Weird.  
 He starts singing again ...

**MURPHY**

I look in-side my-self and see my heart  
 is black. I see my red door and I want  
 it paint-ed black. May-be then I'll fade  
 a-way and not have to face the facts.  
 It's not ea-sy fac-ing up when your  
 whole world is black.

He hears something in the darkness to his left.  
 Stopping, he sees a recessed storage area built into the wall of  
 the air-duct...  
 A gurgling sound is coming from inside.  
 Curious, Murphy moves closer.  
 Stopping before the recessed area, Murphy peers inside.  
 \* Sees the Alien-- \*  
 still fawn-like, but growing... \*  
 Time stops for a second. \*  
 \* Suddenly, the creature -- spits acid in Murphy's eyes... \*  
 \* Clawing at his face, flesh tom away from his cheeks -- \*  
 Murphy reels backwards.  
 Smoke pours through his fingers.  
 Screaming, he slams into a wall and staggers backwards into -- \*  
 \* The fan... \*  
 Which rips him to pieces --  
 In the blink of an eye, the walls of the Air-duct are splattered  
 with his remains...  
 The fan CLANGS to a ringing stop as Murphy's skull fouls the  
 blade.



46

INT. CLEMENS' QUARTERS

46

Ripley lies under the sheets on a small cot.  
Clemens, across the way, lights a cigarette and pours himself a  
small whisky...

CLEMENS

Sorry I can't offer you a drink, but  
you are on medication.

Clemens' back now turned, without his cowl for the first time --  
Ripley can see clearly etched into the back of his head a bar  
code.

CLEMENS

I really do have to ask you some  
questions I'm afraid ...

He hands her a glass.

RIPLEY

You're spoiling the mood?

CLEMENS

One does have a job to do. I'd like to  
know why you were so insistent on  
having the bodies cremated.

RIPLEY

I get it -- now that I'm in your cot, you  
think I owe you an answer.

CLEMENS

No, you owe me an answer and being  
in my bed has nothing to do with it.

RIPLEY

In hyper-sleep I had a bad dream...I  
don't want to discuss it. I just had to  
be sure what killed her -- I made a  
mistake...

CLEMENS

Yes, possibly.

RIPLEY

Maybe I made another mistake.

46 CONT

46 CONT

CLEMENS

How's that?

RIPLEY

Fraternizing with the prisoners.  
Physical contact. That's against the  
rules, isn't it?

CLEMENS

Definitely. Who was the lucky fellow?

RIPLEY

You, dummy.

CLEMENS

I'm not a prisoner.

RIPLEY

Then what about the bar code on the  
back of your head?

CLEMENS

I suppose that does demand an  
explanation. But I don't think this is  
the moment. Sorry -- we are rather  
spoilng things, aren't we?

Buzz.  
Intercom.

AARON (V.O.)

Clemens.

Clemens moves to the speaker...

CLEMENS

Yes, Mr. Aaron.

AARON (V.O.)

Andrews wants you to report to  
Ventshaft Seventeen on the Second  
Quadrant. A.S.A.P. We've had an  
accident.

CLEMENS

Something serious?

AARON (V.O.)

Yeah. You could call it that. One of  
the prisoners got diced.

Click.  
Clemens turns back to Ripley --

CLEMENS

I'm sorry...I have to go. Official  
duties.

RIPLEY

Maybe I should come.

CLEMENS

Best not to -- I don't think your presence will be appreciated by Superintendent Andrews. I'll be back.

As he turns away...

RIPLEY

Not looking very happy.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

Kneeling on the floor, Clemens examines the remains of Murphy.

Prisoner JUDE is mopping up.

There is precious little to look at.

The fan's been shut down.

Andrews and Aaron look on grimly.

AARON

He was a nutter...I gave him the assignment.

ANDREWS

No apologies, Mr. Aaron. It wasn't your fault.

Clemens glances up at Andrews:

CLEMENS

Not really much to say, is there?  
Death was instantaneous.

AARON

No shit.

ANDREWS

I take it he was pulled into the fan?

CLEMENS

A sudden rush of air I would imagine, except...

AARON

Right...almost happened to me once...four years ago...I always tell people...keep an eye out for the fans. Nobody listens.

CLEMENS

Except the fan was blowing.

47 CONT

47 CONT

Clemens stands, studying the inside of the air-duct.  
Moving closer to the recess in the wall, he notices it for the first time. Slowly, he looks inside.

Empty.

There's something running down the wall.  
Something appears to have been spilled over the edge of the recess.

AARON

What's that?

CLEMENS

I really don't know...

Andrews pins Clemens with his gaze.  
Clemens look away.

Instantly, Andrews is suspicious...

ANDREWS

I want to see you in my quarters in  
say...thirty minutes. If you please, Mr.  
Clemens.

He shepherds the others out of the air-duct.  
Alone, Clemens considers the grizzly scene before him...  
Returns his attention to the corrosive burn.

48 INT. EEV - CONE OF SILENCE

48

Ripley rummages through the cramped space, moving debris,  
looking for something.  
Beneath some smashed and decimated equipment, secured within  
the bulkhead, she finds what she's after.  
Above a seal on the wall in bold letters, she reads:

FLIGHT RECORDER  
DO NOT BREAK SEAL

Wiping sweat from her eyes, she breaks the seal on the  
container.

A modular black box appears from beneath the seal.  
She pries open a plate on the black surface and presses a button.  
She can see pulses on a meter in the box's face.  
Flight recorder still operational.  
Shutting it off, she puts it on the floor beside her.  
She studies the carnage in the cramped confines...  
Clemens appears, peering through the hole in the bulkhead:

CLEMENS

You know, wandering about without  
an escort is really going to piss  
Superintendent Andrews off...

RIPLEY

What about the accident?

48 CONT

48 CONT

CLEMENS

Very bad. One of the prisoners has been killed.

RIPLEY

How?

CLEMENS

Airshaft. Poor silly bastard backed into a six foot fan.

Pause.

CLEMENS

I found something at the accident site -  
- just a bit away from where it happened -- A mark, a burn...much like the one you found on the girl's cryotube.

Ripley just stares at him.

CLEMENS

I'm on your side. I want to help. But I need to know what's going on, or at least what you think is going on.

RIPLEY

(re: box)

I'm going to find out what happened here in the EEV, why we came down. If you really want to be helpful, find me a computer with audio capabilities so I can access this flight recorder.

CLEMENS

We don't have anything like that here.

RIPLEY

What about Bishop?

CLEMENS

Bishop?

RIPLEY

The droid that crashed with me.

CLEMENS

I'll point you in the proper direction. I'm afraid I can't join you. I have an appointment.

49

## INT. CANDLE STORE-ROOM

49

Prisoner GREGOR is helping Golic, Boggs and Rains load candles into over-sized backpacks. They are preparing to explore and forage among the abandoned mine shafts beneath the planet's surface.

GREGOR

There you are -- this'll top you off. Golic, don't fidget about. What's all this damn food you've got in here -- it's not properly wrapped.

Golic is stuffing food in his mouth.

BOGGS

What the hell does he ever do right?

RAINS

Eat. He's got that down pretty good.

Dillon and Junior appear in the doorway.

DILLON

Golic?

GOLIC

Yeah?

DILLON

Light a candle for Murphy, will you?

GOLIC

Right. I'll light a thousand. He was a special friend. He never complained about me. Not once. I loved him. Did his head really get split into a million pieces? That's what they say...

Golic and his two companions move off...

50

## INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

50

Clemens and Andrews seated across from each other at a small wooden table.

Andrews slowly pours tea.

ANDREWS

Sugar?

CLEMENS

Thank you.

ANDREWS

Milk?

50 CONT

50 CONT

CLEMENS

Yes, please.

Andrews suddenly explodes:

ANDREWS

Listen to me, you piece of shit. You screw with me one more time and I'll cut you in half.

Clemens remains very calm...

CLEMENS

I'm not sure I understand.

ANDREWS

At 0-seven-hundred hours, I received word from the network. I may point out this is the first high-level communication this installation has ever received to my knowledge. They want this woman looked after. They made it very clear --they consider her to be very high priority.

CLEMENS

Why?

ANDREWS

I have no idea -- Why'd you let her out of the infirmary? This accident with Murphy is what happens when one of these dumb sons-of-bitches walks around with a hard-on.

CLEMENS

I'm a doctor. Not a jailer.

ANDREWS

Don't hand me that. We both know exactly what you are...

Getting up, Clemens heads for the door.  
Andrews pounds his fist on the desk:

ANDREWS

Sit down!

CLEMENS

I think it might be better if I left. I find you very unpleasant to be around.

50 CONT

50 CONT

ANDREWS

You do? Isn't that lovely. Consider this, Mr. Clemens. Perhaps you'd like me to explain your sordid history to your new friend, Lieutenant Ripley? For her personal edification, of course...

(beat)

Now sit the hell down.

Clemens returns to his chair.

ANDREWS

I don't like you. You're unpredictable, insolent, possibly dangerous. You question everything and spend too much time alone. Always a bad sign. If I didn't need a medical officer, I wouldn't let you within light years of this operation.

CLEMENS

I'm very grateful.

ANDREWS

Keep your sarcasms to yourself. Now, is there anything I should know?

CLEMENS

About what?

ANDREWS

About the woman. Don't play with me, Mr. Clemens. You spend every second you can with her. And I have my suspicions that not all of your concerns with her are medical...Has she said anything to you? Anything about where she's from? What her mission is? What the hell she was doing in an EEV?

CLEMENS

She told me she was part of a combat team that came to grief. I assume beyond that it's all classified. I haven't pressed her for more.

ANDREWS

That's all?

CLEMENS

Yes.

ANDREWS

Nothing more?



50 CONT

50 CONT

CLEMENS  
 No.  
 ANDREWS  
 You're sure?  
 CLEMENS  
 Very sure.  
 ANDREWS  
 Get out of here.

Clemens rises, heads for the door.

51 EXT./INT. OPEN CYLINDER - GARBAGE DUMP - 51  
 NIGHT

As the wind shrieks...  
 A gigantic pit stands open to the roaring sky.  
 It's piled high with everything the prisoners have discarded.  
 Standing on a mountain of rusted engines, pneumatic drills and  
 other equipment --

RIPLEY

rummaging through miles of wires, tubing and parts.  
 The wind tears her eyes.  
 Stopping for a second, she sees...

A HAND

sticking out of a pile of some wiring.

Realizing what she's looking at, she starts digging through the  
 refuse at speed.  
 Finally, she unearths the remains of --

BISHOP

The Android.  
 He's a shambles.  
 Most of his face and lower jaw are gone.  
 Parts of his neck, left shoulder and back are intact.  
 At the rear of his mouth is a small speaker.  
 Grabbing some wire, Ripley starts stuffing them into a bag.

(NOTE: The following attackers are: Junior, Gregor, William,  
 plus one stunt prisoner).  
 An arm suddenly comes from behind and grabs her around the  
 neck.  
 Another arm grabs her shoulders.

51 CONT

51 CONT

Another arm starts to fondle her private parts.  
 As she struggles...  
 A PRISONER appears, starts to advance on her.  
 Ripley breaks free of the arms...  
 Punches the prisoner --  
 Kicks him in the balls.  
 But...  
 An even LARGER PRISONER appears.  
 It's Junior.  
 He grabs her -- spread eagles her over a pipe rail.  
 Two other prisoners appear just behind him.

Dillon suddenly materialises from the dark.

DILLON

Knock it off.

JUNIOR

Jump in the saddle man. You wanna go first?

DILLON

I said knock it off.

JUNIOR

Hey what's it to you, man?

DILLON

It's wrong.

JUNIOR

Fuck you.

Dillon smacks the two prisoners in back.  
 Junior tries to belt Dillon -- Dillon gut punches him, grabs a metal bar, cracks him twice over the head with it -- the second blow dropping him.  
 The prisoners cower--  
 Dillon hits them again -- Looks at Ripley--

DILLON

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah. Nothing hurt but my feelings.

51 CONT

51 CONT

DILLON

Take off. I've got to re-educate some  
of the brothers. We're gonna discuss  
some matters of the spirit.

She picks up the bag with Bishop's parts and starts to go.  
Passes one of the prisoners.

\* Stops -- \*  
\* \* \*

Punches him in the mouth... \*  
\* \*

52 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

52

Deep within the unexplored vastness of the complex.  
It's black as night.

Illuminated by the light of his torch --

Golic eyeballs a sign on the wall in front of him.

Behind him, Rains lights a candle.

Kneeling, he places it in a row that seems to crawl away forever  
into the dark.

The flickering light reveals a hallway.

A very long hallway.

The sign on the wall above Golic reads:

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

Boggs glances back at Rains.

Kneeling, he studies a map at his feet.

When he speaks, his voice echoes and re-echoes off the concrete  
walls.

BOGGS

How many?

RAINS

(checking notes)

This makes a hundred and eighty-six.

Golic shoves some food in his mouth and chews, noisily.

He steps over to an abandoned cigarette machine.

Kicks the lock off with a bang -- begins loading packs of  
cigarettes into his duffle ...

Irritated, Boggs turns on him.

BOGGS

Can't you work quietly? I'm trying to  
figure how big this compartment is. I  
can't think with all the Goddamn noise  
you're making.

RAINS

You're not supposed to swear.

52 CONT

52 CONT

BOGGS

Sorry..

Golic swallows.

BOGGS

Now...we've circled this entire  
compartment once.

(turning)

How many candles, again?

Boggs doesn't get an answer.  
He glances sideways at Rains.  
Rains is scratching himself furiously.  
Stares fixedly down the row of flickering candles.  
Golic follows his line of sight.  
Something very bizarre is happening .

Every few seconds, one of the candles goes out.

BOGGS

What the shit is doing that?

GOLIC

You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS

Shut up. It's okay to say shit. It's not  
against God.

RAINS

What the hell is going on with the  
candles?

The three prisoners hold their torches high in the air.  
Try to see what's going on.  
No deal.  
Whatever's snuffing out the candles is too far away to be  
illuminated by the torches.

BOGGS

Must be a wind from one of the  
ventshafts – backwash from the closest  
circulating unit. If all the candles go  
out, how're we going to know where  
we are?

RAINS

Somebody will have to go back and re-  
light 'em...

(beat)

I guess I'm nominated..

BOGGS

(turning)

Give him your torch.

52 CONT

52 CONT

Golic hands Rains his torch.  
 Rains moves down the line of candles.  
 His companions receding in the distance.  
 His footsteps echo inside the hallway.  
 Behind him, he hears Boggs:

BOGGS

Watch your step.

The words echo and reverberate within the enclosed space.  
 Moving forward, Rains starts to sweat.  
 Ahead, another candle goes out.  
 Golic and Boggs are a long ways behind him, now .  
 Only three more candles to go.  
 Beyond, there's nothing but a black hole.  
 Stopping at the last flickering candle, he raises his torch high in  
 the air.  
 There's nothing there.  
 Relieved, he starts to relax.  
 Then he realizes there's a massive glob of blackness off to his  
 right.  
 It's not reflecting the light from his torch.  
 And it's moving.

THE ALIEN

rises up, directly in front of Rains.  
 Now a fully mature creature.  
 It moves with the speed of a big cat...  
 In one blurred motion, it is upon him.  
 Tears open his chest -- leaves a gapping hole in his abdomen.  
 The last thing Rains hears is his own scream.

INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - GOLIC - BOGGS

Three hundred yards behind, they'd hear Rains' agonized cry  
 and watch the torch flicker out.  
 Suddenly panicking, Boggs grabs the torch and takes off in the  
 opposite direction.  
 Golic charges after him.  
 Rounding corners, charging through the blackness...  
 A maze of ink-black passageways.  
 Footsteps reverberate.  
 Finally catching Boggs, Golic takes back the torch.  
 Both men are exhausted, completely lost.  
 Out of breath, unable to speak...  
 Trying to collect himself, Golic stares around.  
 Ahead, he see candles flickering in the dark.

BOGGS

We ran in a circle. We're back...

52 CONT

52 CONT

\* Lighting the torch, he peers around in the dark. \*  
 Leaning against the wall, covered with blood --

**RAINS**

stares blankly at nothing, a look of abject terror frozen forever  
 on his face.  
 Boggs starts to get sick.  
 He never finishes.  
 Glancing up on the ceiling, Golic sees --

**THE ALIEN**

crawling across the ceiling like a spider.  
 At the speed of thought, it leans down and rips off Boggs' head.  
 Blood flies everywhere, splattering Golic in the face.  
 His tunic drenched...  
 Paralyzed with fear, Golic watches the Alien hurl Boggs'  
 helpless body against the wall.  
 Still hanging from the ceiling, it stops what it's doing and turns  
 to Golic.  
 Screaming like a banshee, torch in hand, he runs away into the  
 echoing dark... \*

53

INT. INFIRMARY

53

Alone, Ripley studies the remains of Bishop.  
 There's a battery pack in his left shoulder.  
 She checks the connections.  
 A spark sizzles.  
 Using a cable, she connects a terminal in Bishop's smashed  
 thorax to the black flight recorder.  
 Instantly, Bishop's one eye blinks.  
 A garbled sound comes out of the small speaker at the back of  
 his mouth.  
 Shoving her hand into his throat, she gives him an adjustment.  
 Bishop's voice suddenly becomes audible.  
 As he speaks, his eye wanders...

**BISHOP**

Ripley.

**RIPLEY**

Hello, Bishop. Can you feel anything?

**BISHOP**

Yes. My legs hurt.

**RIPLEY**

I'm sorry that --

53 CONT

53 CONT

BISHOP

It's okay. I'm just a glorified toaster --  
How are you? I like your new  
haircut...

RIPLEY

Can you access the data on the flight  
recorder?

BISHOP

No problem.

She plugs the black box into a connection, wires it to his head.  
Bishop's one good eye opens and closes.  
What remains of his forehead wrinkles in concentration.

BISHOP

I'm home.

RIPLEY

What happened on the Sulaco? Why  
were the cryo-tubes ejected?

Seconds pass.

Then, the sound of the female voice heard aboard the Sulaco just  
prior to separation, comes out of Bishop's voice box.

FEMALE VOICE (OS )

Fire in cryogenic compartment.  
Repeat. Fire in cryogenic compart-  
ment, All personnel report to --

RIPLEY

What started the fire, Bishop?  
(no response)  
Can you hear me?

BISHOP

The fire was electrical. It was in the  
subflooring...

RIPLEY

Did sensors detect any moving life  
form on the ship prior to separation?

BISHOP

It's very dark here, Ripley. I'm not  
what I used to be.

RIPLEY

Just tell me - does the recorder indicate  
anything? Was there an Alien on  
board?

An eternity.

BISHOP

Yes .

RIPLEY

Is it still on the Sulaco or did it come with us on the EEV?

BISHOP

It was with us all the way.

RIPLEY

Does the company know?

BISHOP

The company knows everything that happened on the ship. It all goes into the computer and gets sent back to the network.

RIPLEY

And they want it?

BISHOP

I don't know. I'm not feeling very well.

BISHOP

I wish I could help you but I'm really not good for much.

RIPLEY

Look -- maybe if I ever get out of here, they can wire you up again.

BISHOP

No. I'm tired. Do me a favor. Just disconnect. I can be re-worked but I'll never be top of the line again. I'd rather be nothing.

RIPLEY

You're sure?

BISHOP

Do it for me, Ripley.

She pulls the wires.  
Bishop's head rolls onto its side...

Golic seated, alone, eating Rice Krispies from a bowl.  
Battered, blood-smearred.  
Quite mad.  
Eric the Cook enters --  
Startled at the sight of Golic, he drops a load of plates.



54 CONT

54 CONT

ERIC

Golic?

Over Golic's shoulder, we see Dillon, Andrews, Aaron, Morse and Arthur enter the Mess Hall.

55 OMITTED

55

55A INT. INFIRMARY

55A

Ripley sits alone in the back of the Infirmary.  
She watches as Dillon, Andrews, Aaron, and Clemens enter with Golic in a strait-jacket.  
They tie him down to a bed.  
Golic is still covered in blood and gore.  
Clemens tries to attend to him...

GOLIC

The dragon did it. It wasn't me.  
Slaughtered em like pigs. It feeds on  
flesh. Why do I get blamed for  
everything? Nobody can stop it.

DILLON

What about Boggs and Rains?

GOLIC

I didn't do it. They just got  
slaughtered. It wasn't me.

ANDREWS

Stark raving mad. I'm not saying it  
was anyone's fault, but he should have  
been chained up.

AARON

You called it, sir. Mad as a fuckin'  
hatter.

ANDREWS

Keep him separated from the rest, I  
don't want him causing a panic.  
Clemens, sedate this poor idiot.

DILLON

Not until we know about the  
brothers...

(turns to Golic)

Now pull yourself together, man, talk  
to me. Where are the brothers?

GOLIC

I didn't do it!

55A CONT

55A CONT

ANDREWS

Hopeless. You're not going to get anything out of him... We'll have to send out a search team. I'm afraid we have to assume that there is a very good chance this simple bastard has murdered them.

DILLON

You don't know that. He's never lied to me. He's crazy. He's a fool. But he's not a liar.

Ripley walks up to the group from the shadows.  
All eyes turn to her.

RIPLEY

There's a good chance he's telling the truth. I need to talk to him about this dragon --

ANDREWS

-- You're not talking to anyone Lieutenant. I am not interested in your opinions because you are not in full possession of the facts. This man is a convicted multiple murderer -- known for particularly brutal and ghastly crimes --

GOLIC

I didn't do it!

ANDREWS

Isn't that right, Mr Dillon?

DILLON

Yeah, that part's right.

RIPLEY

(straight at  
Andrews)

I need to talk to you. It's important.

ANDREWS

When I have finished with my official duties I'll be quite pleased to have a little chat. Yes?

## 56 INT. ANDREWS QUARTERS

56

\* Andrews and Ripley -- Aaron stands against the back wall.  
Andrews leans very close to Ripley's face. \*

ANDREWS

Let me see if I have this correct, Lieutenant. It's an eight foot insect of some kind with acid for blood and it arrived on your spaceship. It kills on sight and is generally unpleasant. And, of course, you expect me to accept all this on your word.

RIPLEY

No. I don't expect anything.

ANDREWS

Quite a story. Yes, Mr. Aaron?

AARON

Right, sir. That's a beauty. Never heard anything like it, sir.

ANDREWS

I expect not... Tell me, Lieutenant, what would you suggest we do?

RIPLEY

What kind of weapons have you got?

ANDREWS

This is a prison. It is not a good idea to allow prisoners access to firearms.

RIPLEY

What keeps them from killing you?

ANDREWS

Fear. No way to escape. The company would kill them when the supply ship comes around.

RIPLEY

So no weapons of any kind?

ANDREWS

Some carving knives in the Abattoir, a few more in the mess hall. Some -- fire axes scattered about -- nothing terribly formidable.

RIPLEY

Then we're fucked.

PAGE 42A

56 CONT

\*

ANDREWS

No. You're fucked. Confined to the infirmary. Quarantined. I think you'll be safe from any large nasty beasts while you're there. Right? Yes, that's a good girl. Mr. Aaron will escort you.

57 INT. INFIRMARY

Ripley sits on a cot. Sullen, angry.

Buzz. Intercom:

AARON'S VOICE

Let's all report to the Mess Hall. Mr. Andrews wants a meeting. Mess Hall, right away, gang...

PAGE 42A

56 CONT

\*

57

57 CONT

57 CONT

RIPLEY

Isn't there any way off here? Some damn way to escape?

CLEMENS

Sorry. No way out. A supply ship comes once every six months.

RIPLEY

That's it?

CLEMENS

They are sending someone to pick you up and investigate this whole mess. Quite soon, I gather.

RIPLEY

Really? What's soon?

CLEMENS

I don't know. No one's ever been in a hurry to get here before ... Do you want to tell me what you and Andrews talked about?

RIPLEY

No I don't. You'd just think I was crazy.

Golic stands across the way in a corner, staring at the wall. He's gone catatonic. He's wearing a primitive looking straightjacket.

CLEMENS

That's a bit uncharitable -- How are you feeling?

RIPLEY

Not so hot. Sick to my stomach. And pissed off.

CLEMENS

Shock. Not unexpected, given the circumstances.

He examines her throat, checks her glands --

CLEMENS

I'd best give you another cocktail.

57 CONT

57 CONT

GOLIC

(mumbling)

I don't know why people blame me for things. Weird, isn't it. It's not like I'm perfect or something but sweet William I don't see where some people come off always blaming others for life's little problems.

Clemens fills a syringe.

CLEMENS

That's quite profound. Thank you, Golic.

In his straightjacket, Golic stares at nothing. Turning, he grins at Ripley. She looks away.

GOLIC

Are you married?

RIPLEY

Me?

GOLIC

You should get married. Have kids...pretty girl. I know lots of 'em. Back home. They always liked me. You're gonna die too.

He begins to whistle.

CLEMENS

Are you?

RIPLEY

What?

CLEMENS

Married?

RIPLEY

Why?

CLEMENS

Just curious.

RIPLEY

No.

He approaches her with the syringe.

57 CONT

57 CONT

RIPLEY

How about leveling with me?

CLEMENS

Could you be a little more specific?

RIPLEY

When I asked you how you got assigned here, you avoided the question. When I asked you about the prison i.d. tattoo on the back of your head, you ducked me again ...

CLEMENS

It's a long sad story. A bit melodramatic.

RIPLEY

Entertain me.

CLEMENS

If you insist ... after my student years, despite the fact that I had secretly become addicted to Morphine, I was considered most promising. A man with a future. While I was on my first residency, I did a 36-hour stretch in an E.R., went out, got more than slightly drunk, then got called back to duty after a boiler had blown on a fuel station. Thirty patients. Eleven of them died when I prescribed the wrong dosage of pain killer. I got seven years in prison and my license reduced to a 3-C. While in prison I kicked my habit. And here I am.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry.

CLEMENS

About what happened? Yes, so am I. I'm sure that the eleven people I killed had promising careers as well. About the prison sentence, no, I deserved it ...

RIPLEY

Did you serve time here?

CLEMENS

Yes, and I got to know this motley crew quite well. So when they stayed, I stayed. Nobody else would employ me.

He gets up to give Ripley her shot.

26/1/91 - W.H., D.G.

**PLEASE NOTE THAT THE ALTERNATIVE  
VERSION TO THE PREVIOUS SCENE  
HAS NOW BEEN CUT FROM YOUR SCRIPT.  
THE SCENE THAT NOW APPEARS ON THE  
PREVIOUS PAGE IS THE ONE THAT WAS  
SHOT.**

**FOR THE ABOVE REASON THERE IS NO  
LONGER A PAGE 46.**

**THANK YOU.**



## CLEMENS

So, do you will trust me with a needle?

The ALIEN suddenly drops down from the ceiling behind Clemens -  
Rises to its full height -- over eight feet --  
Big, black, shiny-smooth head moves into the light.  
It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side --  
moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move, to cry out -- she can't.  
The Alien moves up right behind Clemens -- he should feel its breath on his neck but he doesn't -- he doesn't turn -- the Alien tears his head off --

Ripley can't scream.  
Diaphragm pushes air out -- but no sound.  
The Alien moves closer to her.  
She can feel his breath --  
it evaporates the sweat on her forehead --  
a chill runs through her but she still can't move --  
The Alien stands alongside her bed.

## GOLIC

Hey, you. Get over here. Lemme loose. I can help you. I wanna be your friend.

The beast turns and looks at Golic, looks back at Ripley --  
Pulls itself back up into the overhead airshaft and is gone.

## RIPLEY

Mouth agape.  
Scared shitless.

58 INT. MESS HALL

58

Andrews stands before the assembled prisoners,  
Aaron seated nearby...  
Dillon at the center --

## DILLON

All rise, all pray. Blessed is the Lord.

The prisoners rise.  
Strike a reverent attitude.

## DILLON

Give us the strength, Oh Lord, to endure. We recognise we are poor sinners in the hands of an angry God. Let the circle be unbroken -- until the day. Amen.

The prisoners all raise their right fist...

58 CONT

58 CONT

**DILLON**

What the fuck is happening here?!  
What is this bullshit that's coming  
down!? We got murder! We got rape!  
We got brothers in trouble! I don't  
want no more bull shit around here!  
We got problems ... We stand together.

**ANDREWS**

begins after ceremoniously clearing his throat.

**ANDREWS**

Yes - thank you, Mr Dillon. All right,  
once again this is rumor control. Here  
are the facts. At 0-four-hundred  
hours, prisoner Murphy, through  
carelessness on his part, was found  
dead in vent shaft seventeen. From the  
evidence gathered on the spot, he  
seems to have been caught by a strong  
air draft and got blown into the  
ventilator fan...

He moves around the large room.

**ANDREWS**

At 0-four-hundred hours, Prisoners  
Boggs, Rains and Golic left on a  
routine foraging mission into the  
underground network -- at about 0-  
seven hundred hours, prisoner Golic  
re-appeared in a deranged state.  
Prisoners Boggs and Rains are missing.  
Unfortunately, there seems to be a  
good chance that they have met with  
foul play at the hands of prisoner  
Golic. We need to organize and send  
out a search party. Volunteers will be  
appreciated.

Stops under the air vent, near the doorway to the kitchen.

**ANDREWS**

I think it's fair to say that our  
smoothly running facility has suddenly  
developed a few problems. I can only  
hope that we are able to all pull  
together in the next few days, until the  
rescue team arrives for Lieutenant  
Ripley...

Suddenly: a door slams -- Ripley enters ...

**RIPLEY**

It's here! It got Clemens!

ANDREWS

Stop this raving at once! Stop it!

RIPLEY

I'm telling you, it's here!

ANDREWS

I'm telling you, get control of yourself, Lieutenant! Mr Aaron, get that foolish woman under control at once! Get her back to the infirmary!

The lights dim.  
Prisoner confusion.  
What the shit is going on here?  
A sound from above --  
Puzzled, Andrews looks up.  
Only to be snatched away by the beast.  
Both gone.  
Boom!  
Like that.

59

RIPLEY

59

As the Alien pulls Andrews' still kicking body up into an airshaft.

CAMERA WHIP-PANS TO:

MORSE

Fuck!

60

INT. MESS HALL - TIME CUT - LATER

60

Jude, once again, with his mop -- this time wiping up Andrews' blood.  
Complete, utter silence from the assemblage.  
Dillon rises -- then kneels...  
Begins to pray.

DILLON

We give you thanks, Oh Lord, your wrath has come and the time is near that we be judged. The apocalypse is upon us. Let us be ready. Let your mercy be just.

61

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

61

Prisoners David and Martin in the back...

DAVID

It was big. I mean big. And fast.

61 CONT

61 CONT

KEVIN

I saw it, asshole. I was there.

DAVID

Yeah. But I mean it was big...

Aaron, Dillon, Morse, and all remaining living prisoners --  
 Frank, Troy, William, Gregor, Junior, Lawrence (crowd),  
 Jude, Arthur, Kevin, Janni (crowd), Eric, Stunt V, Stunt E, and  
 Stunt C ...  
 Ripley sits off by herself, smoking a cigarette.

WILLIAM

Okay, what do we do mates?

Nobody says anything ...

WILLIAM

Well who's in charge? I mean we need  
to get organised here, right?

AARON

I guess I'm next in line.

MORSE

85's gonna be in charge - Jesus - give  
me a break!

AARON

Don't call me that! Not now, not ever!

Stands, moves to the center --

AARON

Look, no way I can replace Andrews -  
you guys didn't appreciate him - he  
was the best man I ever worked with --

DILLON

(cuts him off)

-- I don't want to hear that shit.

(to Ripley)

What about you? You're an officer --  
How about showing us a little  
leadership?

Ripley doesn't respond.

WILLIAM

You take over. You run things here  
anyway --

DILLON

No fuckin' way. I ain't the officer  
type. I just take care of my own.

61 CONT

61 CONT

WILLIAM

Well, what's this fuckin' beast want --  
is the fucker gonna try and get us all?

RIPLEY

Yeah.

MORSE

Well, isn't that sweet?. How do we  
stop it?

Ripley disgustedly throws her cigarette away --  
Stands, moves to the group.

RIPLEY

We don't have any weapons, right? No  
smart guns, no pulse rifles, nothing?

AARON

Right.

RIPLEY

I haven't seen one exactly like this, it's  
bigger - it's legs are different -- the  
other ones were afraid of fire. Not  
much else ... can we seal off this area?

AARON

No chance. The installation is ten miles  
square. There's six hundred air-ducts  
that run to the surface.

RIPLEY

What about video -- try to find it that  
way. I see monitors everywhere.

AARON

Video system hasn't worked in years.  
Nothin' much works here. We got a  
lot of technology, but no way to fix it.

MORSE

What 85's tryin' to tell you is --

AARON

-- Don't call me that! --

MORSE

-- We got no entertainment centers, no  
climate control, no viewscreens, no  
surveillance, no freezers, no fuckin'  
ice cream, no guns, no rubbers, no  
women, all we got here is shit.

Turns to Dillon --

61 CONT

61 CONT

MORSE

What the hell are we even talkin' to her for? She's the one that brought the fucker. Let's run her head through the wall.

RIPLEY

Sounds good to me.

Dillon walks over to Morse.

DILLON

I won't say it again. Keep your mouth shut.

Morse decides to keep quiet.

AARON

What do we do now?

All eyes on Ripley.

62 INT. MAIN PASSAGEWAY

62

Ripley and Aaron moving along, holding a schematic map -- the overhead is lit by a few dim, bare electric bulbs. Ripley stares at the map --.

RIPLEY

What's this?

AARON

That connects the infirmary and the mess hall.

RIPLEY

Maybe we can go in, flush it out.

AARON

\* Come on -- there's miles and miles of tunnels down there ... \*

RIPLEY

\* It won't go far. It'll nest in this area right around here. \*

\* She points on the map. \*

AARON

\* How do you know that? \*

RIPLEY

\* It's like a lion. It sticks close to the zebras. \*

PAGE 52A

PAGE 52A

62 CONT

62 CONT

AARON

\* We don't have any zebras here. \*

She stops, looks at him.

AARON

Oh, right ... but running around down there in the dark? You got to be kiddin'. We got no overheads once you get out of the main shaft here --

RIPLEY

How about flashlights?

AARON

Yeah, we got 6,000 of them. But no batteries. I told ya, nothin' works.

RIPLEY

What about torches? Do we have capacity to make fire? Most humans have enjoyed that privilege since the stone age.

63	OMITTED	53.
64	INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL	63
		64

Engulfed in an echoing sea of blackness, Ripley, Dillon,  
Aaron...

\* They hold torches -- \*

AARON

Never been used. They were gonna  
dump a lot of nuclear crap in there --  
store it in drums. They never got  
around to it, it's clean as a whistle  
inside.

A huge door leads into the disposal...

RIPLEY

This is the only way in or out?

AARON

That's right. Walls six feet thick --  
Solid steel. They really knew how to  
build these babies ...

RIPLEY

You get something in there and close it  
up, no way it can get out?

AARON

Right. No fuckin' way.

Ripley moves to the enormous door...  
Breaks the seal on a control box and pushes a button.  
The big door slides open with amazing speed.  
Ripley, Dillon and Aaron stare through the door.  
Empty chamber within...

DILLON

Lemme get this straight - you wanna  
burn it down and outta the pipes, force  
it here, slam the door and trap it's ass?

She's still looking at the map.

RIPLEY

Ummm.

DILLON

And you're looking for help from us  
Y-chromo boys.

RIPLEY

You got something better to do?



DILLON

Why should we put our ass on the line  
for you?

RIPLEY

Your ass is already on the line. The  
only question is what you're going to  
do about it --

64A INT. STORAGE AREA - NEAR CONE OF SILENCE 64A

A door opens, light breaks over metal drums -- Ripley, Aaron  
and Prisoner David appear.

AARON

This is where we keep it -- I don't  
know what this shit's called.

DAVID

Quinitricetyline.

AARON

(resentful)

I knew that.

(checks a  
notepad)

Okay - I'm off to work out the section  
assignments with Dillon for the paint  
brush team -- David, you get these  
drums organised, ready to move.

He moves off.

DAVID

Right, 85.

AARON

Don't call me that!

Disappears down the corridor.

RIPLEY

What's this 85 thing?

DAVID

Lot of the prisoners used to call him  
that. We got a hold of his personnel  
charts in the file room a few years ago  
-- It's his I.Q.

David starts to roll one of the drums.

DAVID

I saw a drum of this crap fall into a beachhead bunker once, blast put a tug in dry dock for seventeen weeks... great stuff.

65 INT. STORAGE ROOM

65

Troy and Arthur rooting through a barrel of batteries -- testing them with an electric device.  
A huge discard pile...

TROY

Goddamn it, one fucking battery in two thousand works.

ARTHUR

Hey, it could be a lot worse -- we mighta got the paint brush detail.

He tries a flashlight.  
The beam snaps on.

66 AIR-DUCTS - PRISONERS

66

\* crawling into the air-ducts --  
Push their flashlights ahead of them --  
Paint brushes in their hands.

\*

67 AIR DUCT - KEVIN AND GREGOR

67\*

crawling, painting the interior surface with quinatricetyline ... \*

KEVIN

This shit smells awful.

GREGOR

Don't breathe it.

KEVIN

Why not?

GREGOR

Fuckin' fumes.

KEVIN

I'm in a fuckin' pipe with it -- how can I keep from breathing it?

31/1/91 - W.H., D.G. 56  
68 PASSAGEWAYS BENEATH AIR DUCTS 68  
The prisoners cut off the Toxic Waste Dump -- \*  
Pour out buckets of junk, spreading the puddles with brooms...  
69 OMITTED 69  
70 PASSAGEWAY - DILLON AND RIPLEY 70\*

DILLON  
You miss the doc, right?

RIPLEY  
I didn't know him very well.

DILLON  
I thought you two got real close.

RIPLEY  
I guess you've been looking through  
some keyholes.

DILLON  
(smile)  
That's what I thought.

Unexpectedly, she is taken by a wave of nausea.  
Leaning on the wall, she gags ... coughs --  
Dillon moves to her side.  
Fighting for air, she shoves him away.

DILLON  
You okay?

RIPLEY  
Yeah.

DILLON  
Whatever you say - but you don't look  
okay to me, sister.

70A PASSAGEWAY AARON 70A\*

He stands looking up at the convicts above -- the other group of  
prisoners at his side.

AARON \*  
Okay. Listen up. Don't light this fire  
'til I give you the signal -- this is the  
signal --

He holds up his arm. \*

AARON \*  
You guys got it? Think you can  
remember that? \*

## 71 VERTICAL PASSAGEWAY

71 \*\*

high inside a vertical passageway, a convict drops a flare which hangs precariously on a ledge below him.  
Straining, he finally retrieves it, breathing a sigh of relief.

then - the Alien appears through the grate -- attacks ... \*

then - the Convict drops the flare, screaming, writhing -- \*

then - the flare falls in EXTREME SLOW MOTION,  
tumbling --

then - finally touching the ground -- EXPLOSION! \*

---

72 then - Aaron in the passageway --

72\*

72. Continued

72.

AARON

No, goddamn it -- wait for the fucking  
signal! Shit!

then - Aaron sees the Alien ...

AARON

Christ!

---

73. then - in the vertical passageways -- fire rips down tiny,  
collapsed mining passages -- 73.  
then - buckets of the junk explode --  
then - flames lick the ceiling.

---

74. then - Ripley dives to the ground -- 74.

---

75. then - the air vents ignite! 75.

---

76. then - a convict engulfed in flames as the fire races through  
the overhead AC duct: 76.

---

77. then - the Alien scuttles from the fire ... 77.  
then - Morse sees the beast --

MORSE

It's over here! Hey, it's here!

---

78. then - injured Prisoners drop from the burning ceiling -- 78.

---

79. then - Eric hurriedly crawls to safety in an ancillary pipe -- 79.

---

80. then - A PRISONER SCREAMS and dies as the Beast emerges  
from the overhead AC duct ... 80.

---

81. then - Aaron and a Convict race from the flames -- 81.  
then - Aaron escapes, the Convict is fully engulfed by the fire.

---

82. then - Ripley in the toxic waste dump passageway -- She and  
Dillon race over -- join Junior in beating out the fire on the  
Convict. 82.  
then - Aaron grabs a burning mop - jams it into the overhead  
duct --  
then - the Alien scuttles by overhead --

then - Gregor dies in Junior's arms -- Junior rises,  
races through the fire, insane with grief --

JUNIOR  
Come and get me, chino! Come and get  
me!

82a.	then - a prisoner falls from smoke inhalation ... then - he passes out, sees the Beast rise before him, backlit by flames, distorted by heat -- satanic ...	82a.
------	---	------

83.	then - Junior turns a corner --	83.
	then - the others retreat through the flames, turning a corner to see --	
	quick - the Alien drops to the ground --	

JUNIOR  
Run! Run!

then - all watch as Junior turns and rushes past the Beast ...  
then - the Alien gives chase --

then - Ripley and Prisoners run to Junior's aid, but the  
Creature bears down on Junior, as he nears the Toxic  
Dump door --

then - the beast's P.O.V. -- watches Junior turn in a doorway.  
then - in the distance, the other Prisoners stop --  
then - the Alien turns, looking at the group of Prisoners --  
then - Ripley, Aaron, Dillon throw burning mops at the beast --

JUNIOR  
Here! Take a shot, Fucker!!

then - WHIPLASH TURN -- the beast pounces on Junior --  
then - they tumble back into the toxic dump --

then - Dillon fights his way through the fire, beats out the  
flames on scorched convicts.  
then - he turns, plunges into the inferno -- tries to get to the  
back wall and the sprinkler controls ...

83 CONT

83 CONT\*\*

then - Ripley racing back through the flames down the  
 corridor - gets to the control box -- hits the button --  
 then - Aaron with another burning mop -- rushes to the door --  
 tries to prevent the beast from escaping --  
 then - Junior's cries as the door slams shut.

then - Dillon activates the SPRINKLERS ...  
 then - as the showers open up:

The faces of the remaining Prisoners.  
 Burned.  
 Exhausted.  
 Frightened.  
 Water pouring over them --

---

84 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 84

Dillon stands before the remaining prisoners --

---

84A INTERCUT - 84A

graphic silhouettes of the gathering of the bodies.

---

84B INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 84B

The convicts assembled ...

DILLON

Even for those who have fallen, this is  
 a time of rejoicing. We salute their  
 courage. They will live forever.  
 Those who are dead are not dead.  
 They have moved up -- they have  
 moved higher...

He joins the congregation in prayer.

GALLERY

Ripley and Aaron look down at the religious ceremony.

AARON

Andrews always said it was a good  
 thing Dillon and his meatballs were  
 hung up on this holy roller crap --  
 keeps 'em out of mischief.

RIPLEY

You're not the religious type -

AARON

Me? Shit no, I got a job.

Pause.

AARON

I figure rescue team gets here in four, five days, six tops. They open the door - go in there with smart guns and kill the bastard. Right?

RIPLEY

Have you heard anything from them?

AARON

Naw. We just got a message received. Later we got something that said you were top-priority -- They don't cut us in on much. We're the ass-end of the totem pole out here.

RIPLEY

Look -- if the company wants to take the thing back...

AARON

Take it back? Are you kiddin'? They aren't lunatics you know. They'll kill it right away.

\*

She just looks at him ...

85

INT. INFIRMARY

85

Golic still straight-jacketed...  
Guarded by Morse

GOLIC

Hey, Morse...

Morse just looks at him.

GOLIC

Let me out of this thing.

MORSE

No fucking way.

GOLIC

C'mon man, it hurts.

MORSE

Sorry.

GOLIC

I didn't do nothing.



85 CONT

85 CONT

MORSE

Don't talk to me.

GOLIC

What'd I do? Just tell me what'd I do?

MORSE

I'll tell you what I'm going to do, I'm gonna guard your ass just like I was ordered. I don't want no trouble with Dillon.

GOLIC

All I did was tell about the dragon. What it did to Boggs and Rains. I wasn't lying. You saw it.

MORSE

Fuckin' A. I saw it --

GOLIC

Let me loose, man. What if it gets in here? I couldn't even run. I'd be dead meat.

MORSE

It's not going to get in here. We got it trapped.

GOLIC

Then what's the big deal? Come on, man, let me loose. Didn't I always give you free ciggies before anybody else?

MORSE

Yeah.

GOLIC

You're my friend. I love you.

Pause.

MORSE

Yeah - I love you too - Fuck it. Why not? But behave yourself. No fuckin' around or I'll get nothin' but shit.

Morse starts to free the straps.

GOLIC

Hey, no problem. Trust me, mate.

Golic is now free.

GOLIC

Where they got it?

85 CONT.

85 CONT

MORSE

Up in the waste tank. We got that sucker nailed down. I mean tight.

Golic swings his arms -- gets his circulation back...

GOLIC

I gotta see it again. He's my friend.

Golic rips a small fire extinguisher off the wall.

MORSE

What the fuck you talkin' about?

Smack!

Golic hammers him with the extinguisher.  
Morse is down and out.

GOLIC

No more ciggies for you, mate.

He wanders off.

86 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

86

FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
12037154 - REPORT DEATH OF SUPT.  
ANDREWS, MEDICAL OFFICER CLEMENS,  
EIGHT PRISONERS.

87 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

87

Ripley hovers over Aaron as he types into the Dat-Scan.

AARON

Okay. We got the first part -- now what do I say?

RIPLEY

Tell them we trapped it.

AARON

Right. What do we call it?

RIPLEY

A Xenomorph.

AARON

Right. How do you spell it?

RIPLEY

Here...

She elbows him aside.

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

HAVE TRAPPED XENOMORPH. REQUEST PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

AARON \*  
We can't kill it. We don't have any weapons. Right?

RIPLEY \*  
Right.

An answer starts coming back.

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

TO: FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
1237154 - FROM NETWORK COMCON 01500  
- WEYLAND - YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED.

AARON (V.O.)  
See, that's all they ever tell us. Treat us like shit.

More type coming in...

RESCUE UNIT TO ARRIVE AT 12 HUNDRED HOURS -- PERMISSION DENIED TO TERMINATE XENOMORPH REPEAT -- PERMISSION DENIED. AVOID CONTACT UNTIL RESCUE TEAM ARRIVES. REPEAT -- PERMISSION DENIED --

RIPLEY

Staring at the message -- her worst suspicions confirmed.

88 INT. PASSAGEWAY - AT TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 88

A torch is planted in a crack in the concrete wall. Flickering light illuminates the door. Arthur has been posted as guard -- he's seated by the big door as Golic approaches ...

GOLIC  
Okay. Off and on. I gotta get in there.

ARTHUR  
What the hell you talkin' about?

He gets to his feet.

GOLIC

I just need to go on in there and see the beast. We got a lot of shit to talk over.

ARTHUR

You ain't goin' in there, dickhead. Big motherfucker eat you alive. Plus you let that baby out, kiss your ass goodbye.

Golic suddenly lifts a straight razor and slashes his throat.

GOLIC

I really didn't want to do that. I'll talk to your mother. I'll explain it.

He eyeballs the battered door.  
Starts fiddling with the control.  
Finds the right button --  
Somewhere, gears whine.  
Steel scrapes on steel.  
The door swings open.  
An ominous darkness is waiting within --  
Nothing.  
Silence.

GOLIC

Okay. Just tell me what you want. Just tell me what to do, brother.

Golic smiles.

GOLIC

Let's get this straight. I'm with you all the way. I just want to do my job.

Keeps smiling...

\*

GOLIC

You just gotta tell me what to do next.

It's the last thing he ever says -- Zap!  
Dead Meat.

\*

Dillon sits alone-- playing solitaire.  
Ripley stands nearby as Dillon turns over another card.

DILLON

You're tellin' me they're comin' to take this thing away?

RIPLEY

They'll try. They don't want to kill it. We've got to figure out some way to finish it off before they get here.

DILLON

Why do we have to kill it? You just said the company's coming for it.

RIPLEY

That's right. They're going to take it back.

DILLON

What's wrong with that?

RIPLEY

They don't understand. They can't control it. It'll kill them all.

DILLON

Like I said, what's wrong with that?

Bang!  
The cell block door opens.  
Morse enters.

MORSE

Hey, Dillon!

DILLON

Yeah?

MORSE

I think we got a very large fucking problem, mate.

90 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 90

Sometime later.  
Ripley, Dillon, Aaron and Morse have arrived.  
They stare at the open door -- Golic's mutilated body. \*  
The prisoner Golic killed - Arthur - lies close by...

AARON \*

(standing over  
Golic's body)

This cuts it. Miserable crazy son of a bitch let it loose. Got what he deserved by God. Now what the fuck are we gonna do? Andrews was right - we should have kept the shithead chained up.

(turning)

What's the matter?

She's sick again.  
Leaning on the wall for support, she struggles to get her breath.

MORSE

Piss on her -- The fuckin' thing's loose out there. Now what the fuck

DILLON

Both of you, shut up!!

They all stare at each other.

AARON

(to Dillon)

Okay -- I'm out of ideas. What do we do?

MORSE

What about the beach?

AARON

Right. The sun won't be up for another week, and when it's down it's forty below zero. The rescue team is ten hours away so that makes a lot of sense.

\*

Ripley wanders off ...

MORSE

Wonderful. So you just want us to stay here and let this fucking beast eat us for lunch.

\*

DILLON

(to Morse)

Get everybody that's still left together. Get 'em to the cell block --

(looks around)

Where'd she go?

\*

---

91 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

91

The EEV still sits on the hangar floor.  
Light flickers, dims and surges again.

---

92 INT. EEV

92

Ripley stripping down in the cramped quarters --  
Simultaneously working a small keyboard --  
A menu pops onto the display screen.  
She stares at it.  
Then hits the keyboard.

Ripley forces her now naked body into the cryo-tube.  
It's a very tight fit.  
Claustrophobic as hell.  
She reaches back to work on the keyboard.  
Her hand barely reaches --

AARON (V.O.)

You need some help?

She starts at his sudden appearance.

AARON

Hey, didn't mean to scare you. Look, you shouldn't be wandering around alone --

RIPLEY

-- Do me a favor - run the keyboard. I can't reach over and see what I'm doing.

Aaron moves to the keyboard as Ripley settles back into the cryo-tube.

AARON

What do I do?

RIPLEY

Hit either 'B' or 'C'. What's 'C'?

AARON

Display bio-functions.

RIPLEY

That's it.

Aaron watches the display monitor.  
A picture of Ripley's head appears on the screen.

AARON

Okay. We're hot. What am I supposed to be lookin' for? I don't know how to read this stuff.

Rapidly changing digital information and additional medical data are superimposed on the image.  
Aaron works the keyboard.  
A scanner begins moving down Ripley's body.  
Her neck and shoulders appear.  
He stares at the image on the display as it reveals the interior of Ripley's thorax.

AARON

How do we get some enhancement?

31/1/91 - W.H., D.G

68a\*\*

92 CONT

92 CONT\*\*

Try 'B'

RIPLEY

He does

Nothing

AARON

Tries again

I gotta get a better angel.

AARON

Tries again  
Then a long moment--



92 CONT

92 CONT

AARON

Holy shit...

Turns to her.

AARON

I don't know how to tell you this -- I think you got one inside you.

\*

A baby queen alien is clearly revealed, growing inside Ripley's chest.  
An embryonic head hangs down toward the pelvis.

RIPLEY

What's it look like?

AARON

Horrible.

\*

RIPLEY

Move the screen. I've got to take a look..

AARON

Hey, I don't think you want to.

RIPLEY

Do it.

Aaron adjusts the view screen...  
She takes a long look.

RIPLEY

Okay.

Punching a button, he shuts off the scanner.

AARON

I'm sorry. I don't know what to say --  
Anything I can do --

RIPLEY

-- Yeah. Help me get out of here --

93 OMITTED

93

94 INT. PRISONER'S CELL BLOCK - DILLON

94

One shot from his fist - Bam! he breaks the window on a fire hose wheel, tears out the small fire axe secured within --  
Holds the axe over his head.

\*

DILLON

Give us strength O Lord, to endure.  
Until the day. Amen.

94 CONT

94 CONT

The remaining prisoners are assembled.  
They all raise their right fist...

DILLON

It's loose. It's out there...a rescue team is on the way with guns and shit. Right now, there isn't any place that's real safe. I say we stay here in the cell block. No overhead vent shafts. If it comes in, it's gotta be through the door. We post a guard to let us know if it's comin'. In any case -- lay low. Be ready and stay right, in case your time comes.

DAVID

Bull shit, man. We'll all be trapped in here like rats.

DILLON

Most of you got blades stashed away, get 'em out.

WILLIAM

Right. You think we're gonna stab that mother fucker to death?

DILLON

I don't think shit. Maybe you can hurt it while you're checkin' out. It's something. You got any better ideas?

A long silence.

DILLON

I'm tellin' you, until that rescue team gets here -- we're in the shit. Get prepared.

WILLIAM

I ain't stayin' here. You can bet on it.

DILLON

Suit yourself.

He turns and walks away...

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM - COMPUTER ANNEX 97

Aaron taps out the five-digit code.  
Runs his thumb against the identiprint.  
The inner door opens  
Data banks come to life.

AARON

Okay, what do you want to send?

RIPLEY

You got a line back to the Network?

AARON

Yeah -- it's up. What do you want to say?

RIPLEY

I want to tell them this whole place has gone toxic.

AARON

Are you kiddin'? Then they won't come here. The rescue team'll turn back.

RIPLEY

Exactly.

AARON

What are you talkin' about? Our only hope is that they kill this fucker. And maybe they can do something for you. Freeze you -- do an operation. They got the technology...

RIPLEY

If it gets off this planet, it'll kill everything. We can't let the company come here. They'll try to take it back with them.

AARON

Fuck you. I'm sorry you got this thing inside you, lady, but I want to get rescued. I don't give a shit about these meatball prisoners, but I got a wife and kid. I go back on the next rotation.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry -- look, I know this is hard, but I've got to send a message back. I need the code.

AARON

Sorry, mum -- It's classified. \*

RIPLEY

Look, shithead, it's got to be done! Give it to me!

96 CONT

96 CONT

AARON  
No fucking way. You are not getting  
the code!

\*

Angry silence.

AARON  
Nothin' personal you understand. I  
think you're okay.

RIPLEY  
Thanks.

AARON  
Got any ideas?

RIPLEY  
It won't kill me.

AARON  
Oh yeah. Why?

RIPLEY  
It can't nail me without killing the new  
queen.

AARON  
You really want to bet this thing's that  
smart?

RIPLEY  
I'm going to go find it. We'll see how  
smart it is.

AARON  
You're gonna go look for it --

RIPLEY  
Yeah. I got a pretty good idea where it  
is -- it's just up there in the attic --

\*

AARON  
What attic? We don't have an attic.

\*

RIPLEY  
It's a metaphor.

\*

AARON  
Oh.

\*

RIPLEY  
Wanna come?

\*

She walks out the door.

Fuck me. AARON

---

97 OMIT 97\*\*

---

98 INT. CORRIDOR - RIPLEY 98\*

She holds a torch under the joints of a network of old half-inch rusted out water pipes -- satisfied, she jams the torch into a wall junction --

Grabs the overhead pipe and gives it a huge yank -- the joint breaks loose - the pipe bends back --

She gives it another turn --

Then grabs the torch again and holds it to the next joint ...

---

99 INT. INFIRMARY 99

Ripley with a five foot stand of half-inch pipe --

A flashlight ...

She pulls herself up into the overhead air duct --

---

99A INT. AIR DUCT 99A\*\*

Ripley crawling along --

Flashlight beam cutting through the dark ...

AROUND A CORNER

She peers into the darkness.

RIPLEY

Come on! I know you're here!

Moves forward.

RIPLEY

Come on. This is simple. Just do what you do.

Around another corner --

RIPLEY

Come on, you shithead. Where are you when I need you?

Again forward.

Stops.

Did she hear a noise?

RIPLEY

Shit.

Forward again.  
Another corner --

99B ALCOVE

99B\*

Big enough to stand --  
She gets to her feet.  
Looks at an old rusted out Hydro-Converter. \*  
A network of old rusted tangled pipes and a thousand gallon  
water tank --

RIPLEY - VERY CLOSE

Peering off into the dark void --  
Then another wave of nausea.  
She leans back against the Hydro-Converter ...

Suddenly --  
The Alien tail lazily flops out and knocks the electric torch  
from her hand. \*  
The light spins away - lands on the concrete apron -- but stays  
lit.

THE BEAST

Looking out at Ripley from within the network of pipes where  
it has been nesting -- resting -- sleeping.  
The Xenomorph almost looks weirdly puzzled ...

RIPLEY

You fucker.

She gathers her strength -- takes her pipe-weapon and rams it  
straight into the Xenomorph ...

Huge roar and cry as the beast comes boiling out of the network  
of pipes - metal crunching, giving way --  
The beast now fully aroused, stands directly in front of Ripley --

RIPLEY

Come on fucker - kill me!

She slams it again with the pipe -  
The beast roars out, knocks the pipe away like a matchstick --  
The two stare at each other --  
A long frozen moment.  
Then:  
The beast bolts away.

RIPLEY

Bastard.

100 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

100

Ripley seated alone in the huge, deeply shadowed room.  
Head in hands.  
Low ebb.  
Dillon, carrying his axe, enters ...

DILLON

What the fuck you talkin' about?

RIPLEY

You don't get it. I'm dead anyway the minute it's born. I've seen it happen -- This thing inside me can make thousands more -- It can wipe out the whole universe. It has to die and somebody's got to kill me -- You up to it?

DILLON

You don't have to worry about that ...

Ripley stands.

RIPLEY

Just do it. No speeches.

Turns her back on Dillon.  
He raises the axe.

RIPLEY

Come on, do it! You told me you were a killer -- do it. Just do it.

He looks at her -- then swings the axe full force.  
Drives it into the wall next to her head.

DILLON

I don't like losin' a fight, not to nobody, not to nothin'. That big one out there's already killed half my guys, got the other half scared shitless. As long as it's alive, you're not saving any universe -

RIPLEY

What's wrong? I thought you were a killer ...

DILLON

I want to get this thing - I need you to do it -- if it won't kill you then maybe that helps us fight it.

She looks at him - frustrated ...

DILLON

Otherwise, fuck you. Go kill yourself.

RIPLEY

We knock its ass off, then you'll kill me?

100 CONT

100 CONT

DILLON

You okay?

No response.

DILLON

What are you doin' out here -- You're supposed to be lyin' low?

RIPLEY

It's not going to kill me.

DILLON

Why not?

RIPLEY

I've got one inside of me. The big one won't kill it's own.

DILLON

Bull shit.

RIPLEY

Look, I saw it an hour ago. I stood right next to it. I could've been lunch, but it wouldn't touch me -- it ran away. It won't kill it's future.

DILLON

How do you know this thing's inside you?

RIPLEY

I saw it on the cat-scan. It's a queen. An egg layer. It can make thousands like the one that's running around out there --

DILLON

Still sounds like bull shit to me -- If you got this thing inside you - how'd it get there?

RIPLEY

When I was in hypersleep -- I got raped ... Great, huh? I get to be the mother of the mother of the apocalypse -- I can't do what I should -- so you've got to help -- You've got to kill me.



DILLON

No problem. Quick, painless, easy.

Tears the axe back out of the wall --

---

101 INT. CELL BLOCK

101

All remaining prisoners assembled.  
Aaron, off to one side, drinking a coke.  
Dillon and Ripley at the center --

DILLON

This is the choice. You die sitting here on your ass, or maybe you die out there -- but at least we take a shot at killing it. We owe it one. It's fucked us over. Maybe we get even for the others. Now how do you want it?

MORSE

What the fuck are you talkin' about?

DILLON

Killin' that big mother fucker.

AARON

Hold it - There's a rescue team on the way - why don't we just sit it out?

RIPLEY

Rescue team for who?

AARON

For us.

RIPLEY

Bull shit. All they want's the beast. You know that --

AARON

I don't give a damn what they want. They aren't gonna kill us --

RIPLEY

I'm not so sure.

AARON

Come on -- they're gonna take us home.

DILLON

They ain't gonna take us home.

MORSE

That still doesn't mean we should go out and fight it -- Jesus Christ, give me a break.

AARON

You guys got to be fucking nuts. I got a wife. I got a kid. I'm going home.

DILLON

Nobody gives a shit about you, 85. You are not one of us. You are not a believer. You are just a company man.

AARON

That's right - I'm a company man and not some fucking criminal. You keep telling me how dumb I am, but I'm smart enough not to have a life sentence on this rock, and I'm smart enough to wait for some fire-power to show up before we go out and fight the thing.

\*

DILLON

Right. Okay. You just sit here on your ass. It's fine.

\*

MORSE

How about if I sit here on my ass?

DILLON

No problem. I forgot -- You're the guy that's got a deal with God to live forever ... And the rest of you pussies can sit it out too. Me and her -- we'll do all the fighting.

MORSE

Okay - I'm with you. I want it to die. I hate the fucker - it killed my friends too. But why can't we wait a few hours and have the fuckin' company with guns on our side? Why the shit do we have to make some fucking suicide run?

RIPLEY

Because they won't kill it. They may kill you just for having seen it, but they won't kill it.

AARON

That's crazy. Just horse shit. They won't kill us.

RIPLEY

\*

The first time they heard about this thing, it was crew expendable. The second time they sent some marines -- they were expendable -- what makes you think they're gonna care about a bunch of double Y-chromos at the back end of space? Do you really think they're gonna let you interfere with weapons research? They think you're crud. They don't give a damn about one friend of yours that died. Not one.

PRISONER

You got some kind of plan?

DILLON

This is a leadworks, isn't it? All we have to do is get the fuckin' beast into the mould, pour hot lead on it.

Dillon kicks a stool across the corridor --

DILLON

You're all gonna die, only question is when. This is as good a place to take your first step to heaven as any. It's ours. It ain't much, but it's ours. Only question is how you check out. Now, you want it on your feet, or on your knees beggin'? I ain't much for beggin'. Nobody ever gave me nothin'. So I say, fuck it, let's fight.

CAMERA begins panning among faces of the remaining prisoners:

PRISONER 1

Yeah. Okay. I'm in.

PRISONER 2

Why not? We ain't got nothin' to lose.

PRISONER 3

Yeah.

PRISONER 4

Okay.

PRISONER 5

Right.

PRISONER 6

I'm in.

PRISONER 7

Let's kick its fuckin' ass.

PRISONER 8

(smile)  
You hold it, I'll kick it.

PRISONER 9

(smile)  
Right.

CAMERA stopping on Morse:

MORSE

Fuck it. Let's go for it.

---

102- INT. LEAD WORKS - VENT TUNNEL - 102 \*\*  
BAIT AND CHASE -

first - Morse holds two huge electrical connectors - they  
power the main corridor and doors ...  
then - the heavy steel electrical connectors slam together ...  
power surges ...

---

103. then - the lights flicker on -- 103.  
then - some bulbs burn out -- this part of Fury 161 hasn't been  
used in a while.

---

104. then - Troy stands waiting in one of the alcoves - his job, 104.  
activate the piston ...

---

105. then - Ripley and Dillon in another alcove, waiting ... 105.

RIPLEY

When was the last time you used this  
thing?

DILLON

We fired it up five, six years  
ago --

RIPLEY

You sure the piston's gonna work?

DILLON

Nothin's for sure. Includin' you. Let's  
get it straight -- long as you stand here  
that thing can't get out -- piston's  
gonna push it right into the mould --

RIPLEY

Your guys don't drop the ball, I wont --

DILLON

I don't know -- You better be right  
about that thing not wanting your ass.  
Because if it wants out -- this is how its  
gotta come -- no other way.

RIPLEY

Where you gonna be?

DILLON

Right behind you.

105. CONT

105.

 ~~Holds up the axe ...~~

106. then - corridor - two prisoners butting their foreheads into the wall.

106.

JUDE

Let's lunch this thing!

they whirl, smack elbows --

PRISONER

Yeah! Right on!

107. then - prisoner Martin positions himself along the length of the corridor --

107.

108. then - down the way - two prisoners with torches ...

108.

PRISONER 3

You believe in this heaven shit?

PRISONER 4

I dunno.

PRISONER 3

Yeah. Fuck it.

PRISONER 4

Right. We're here.

PRISONER 3

Yeah, ain't that the truth ... Well, hey, what the fuck -- right?

he laughs ...

his laughter hits the walls and booms back, amplified, distorted ...

109. then - corridor - the prisoners whispering to be quiet to one another -- their 'shushing' sounds reverberating ...

109.

110. then - corridor - prisoner Vincent presses a large button to activate a door.

110.

then - after a servo whine, the door opens -- jams before closing.

then - prisoner Vincent leans his head through the jammed door.

VINCENT

I don't know about this shit! My fuckin' door ain't workin'!

111. then - corridor - a piercing war cry echoes - prisoner Kevin carries a flare, runs forward - stops ...  
then - he sees the Alien appearing out of an overhead duct ...

111.

KEVIN

Hey fella! C'mon boy. Over here, shithead!

then - the Alien turns and looks at him malevolently.  
 then - Kevin rooted to the spot for a second - suddenly takes  
 off full tilt --  
 then - corridor - the Alien, charging after Kevin - around  
 corners in the dark passageway --  
 then - Kevin goes through a doorway - the huge steel door slams  
 shut in the Alien's face.  
 then - other side of the door - the thick steel buckles as the Alien  
 crashes into it --

---

112. then - on the Alien's side of corridor - in the distance prisoner  
 Jude becomes visible, his flare tauntingly held aloft --

112.

JUDE

Come and get me, fuckface! Take  
 your best shot!

then - the Alien swings around and sees Jude as he starts to  
 run ... The beast moves very fast onto the wall ... whips  
 around a corner --  
 then - Jude disappears through another door - the Alien rushes  
 towards him, but ... the door slams shut in its face.  
 then - other side of the door -- Jude gasping, out of breath --  
 then - glass panel above Jude -- an Alien foreleg smashes  
 through ...  
 then - as the Alien foreleg gropes for him, Jude scrambles  
 backwards along the wall -- screaming --

---

113. then - alcove - Ripley and Dillon react to the screams issuing  
 from somewhere deep in the lead works -

113.

DILLON

It's started.

---

114. then - Troy - waiting in his alcove - fearful -- his hand near  
 the large button ...

114.

---

115. then - corridor - prisoner David appears suddenly out of the  
 darkness, burning flare held aloft -- sees the Alien at  
 Jude's door --

115.

cocks his arm, ready to throw ...

then - the alien reacts to David - begins crawling crab-like  
 on the ceiling --

then - the burning flare flies across the corridor, clattering  
 ineffectually to the floor --

then - prisoner David running, followed by the Alien,  
 scampering on the ceiling -- the beast gaining --

then - corridor - David comes racing towards the door -- dives  
 through -- slam activates the vertical close mechanism --

then - the Beast hits the door at full speed, concussing it, metal  
 buckling --

then - an alien foreleg extends hideously under the space where  
 the door refuses to close ...

then - prisoner David - his face contorted in horror --

then - the door finally jerks shut -- the Alien foreleg withdraws  
 -- silence ...

---

116. then - alcove - Ripley and Dillon --

116.

116. Continued

116.

DILLON

What the hell is going on? All they  
have to do is run down a damn  
corridor -- stay here --

moves off with his axe ...

then - main corridor - Dillon steps out from his concealed  
position to assess what's going on.

117. then - plexiglass window - David looking apprehensively out ...  
the Alien tail appears -- slithers upward ...

117.

DAVID

Hey! It's in the air...

realizing something, he turns --

DAVID

...vent!!!

then - the alien strikes - prisoner David is pulled under the  
partially open door --

118. then - alcove - Ripley in a position of readiness, waiting ...

118.

119. then - alcove - Troy at the piston - extremely apprehensive. --

119.

120. then - corridor - prisoners Martin and Jude running -- burning  
flares in their hands, smoke streaming behind them --

120.

then - prisoner Jude slips in the blood and his feet go out from  
under him -- hits the floor hard on his ass and slides --

then - reaches down and gets a handful of some gross  
substance --

then - looks in horror back at prisoner Martin who has now  
stopped to see what's happening ...

then - they realise what the substance is: the remains of David --  
they simultaneously turn and scream!!

121. then - alcove - Ripley - as the screams reverberate ... she sees  
the Alien tearing by in the background --

121.

122. then - Troy - at the piston - in a panic - he starts to pull the  
switch --

122.

RIPLEY

No. Wait!

then - main corridor - faces of the remaining prisoners, all  
reflecting fear --

123. then - from an air vent - prisoner Kevin can be seen streaking  
past, torch held aloft ...

123.

then - the Alien reaching its forelegs down through the air  
vent -- snatching Kevin ...

then - Dillon -- as he turns to see the Alien clutching Kevin,  
now kicking in his death-throes --

then - Dillon begins running towards him -- reaches Kevin and  
encircles his kicking legs with his arms.

then - somehow he manages to wrestle Kevin's body free from  
the Alien -- Dillon slashes at the beast with his axe --

then - in one great leap the alien returns to the Air Vent --

124. then - Ripley looking -- sees Dillon drag Kevin along toward the  
main corridor --

124.

124. Continued

124.

then - air-lock - Dillon pulls the body through, checks Kevin --  
realises it's too late -- he's dead ...

125. then - alcove - Troy - looking down the empty corridor -- 125.

126. then - main corridor - suddenly, the ALIEN emerges from one  
of the side entrances -- head poking out, looking every  
which way ... 126.

127. then - alcove - Troy slams the switch down -- 127.

128. then - the piston jerks into motion, overhead lights flashing -- 128.

129. then - corridor - the alien leaps onto the abandoned body of  
Kevin -- 129.

then - corridor - behind the Alien, Dillon slams the steel door  
shut -- trapped, the Alien crashes into it --

then - corridor - the piston slams into Kevin's dead body --

130. then - steel door - the piston grinds past the air-lock window  
port -- 130.

131. then - Ripley - looking down the corridor as the piston  
approaches -- no Alien ... 131.

132. then - steel door - Dillon at the window port -- looking ...  
where the hell is it? 132.

then - he sees the remains of dead Kevin -- no Alien in sight --

133. then - Ripley turns and yells at Dillon -- 133.

RIPLEY

What the hell's happening?

134. then - Dillon suddenly screaming -- 134.

DILLON

Jude! Jude!

135. then - side passage - Jude hears Dillon's screams -- the Alien  
comes into view -- Jude takes off -- 135.

136. then - air lock - Ripley starts running -- heading for the piston  
which is about to grind up Kevin's body -- 136.

137. then - side corridor - the Alien rushes after Jude -- 137.

138. then - main corridor - Ripley stops, backs against a wall, holds  
her stomach -- nausea -- 138.

139. then - side corridor - Jude in the distance ... 139.

DILLON

Don't look back!

then - the Alien - looking down on the fleeing Jude, right on  
top of him --

140. then - Dillon leaps back into the main corridor -- the piston  
approaching in the background ... 140.

141. then - Jude is snatched into the air toward the door jamb --  
then - the air-lock door closes - blood splatters ... 141.

142. then - main corridor - Ripley jumps in front of the piston --  
pulls the body of Kevin away from the moving piston --  
Dillon moves to her side -- Dillon hefts Kevin -- Ripley  
and Dillon run with the body over his shoulder back  
through the air-lock, slamming it shut -- 142.

143. then - side corridor - Martin runs for his life -- 143.

then - the Alien slams into Martin using its head like a  
hammer --

then - Martin, beaten to death -- falls helpless



then - standing nearby, prisoner Frank -- showered in his cohort's blood, screaming for mercy ...  
 then - Martin is whisked up into the overhead air-duct by the Alien --  
 then - the Alien continues to demolish Martin as Frank crawls away ... comes to Ripley's feet --  
 then - air vent - the Alien being attacked with her flare by Ripley -- the Beast drops the ravaged Martin's body --

RIPLEY

Come on, you bastard!

then - Dillon arrives in the doorway, just as Ripley turns, shouting:

RIPLEY

Get back!

then - air vent - the Alien scuttles upside down -

144.

then - Ripley and Dillon back into the main corridor -- at the entrance to the mould ...

144.

DILLON

In here, you bastard!

then - the Alien leaps over the door jamb -- as ...

RIPLEY

Shut it! Now!

then - a Prisoner slams the door in front of her, imprisoning Dillon and Ripley in the main corridor with the Alien --

then - Ripley shouting at Frank on the other side:

RIPLEY

Now!

then - Frank slams his door shut --  
 then - main corridor - near the mould -- the piston crunches into the Alien -- the three-way door slides open ...  
 then - Ripley and Dillon have no choice -- they enter the mould --

145.

then - the piston - as the Alien tries to reach its foreleg around it, but the fit through the corridor is too tight --

145.

then - the piston - as exo-skeletal parts of the Alien are abraded and ripped away by the moving piston -- acid burns ...

then - the corridor - the piston pushes the Alien towards the mould -- the beast arrives at the three-way door --

146.

then - at the top of the gantry -- Morse climbing toward the crane cab ...

146.

147.

then - mould - the doors successfully close in front of the disappearing piston --

147.

then - the three-way door slams shut -- locks the Alien, Ripley and Dillon inside ...

31/1/91 - W.H., D.G.

86

148 EXT. SURFACE OF PLANET FURY - NIGHT

148\*

The backwash of huge rocket engines.  
A Wayland-Yutani rescue craft touches down.

149 EXT. ENTRANCE TO FURY COMPLEX THRU  
WINDOW PORT - AARON'S P.O.V.

149\*

The company men arrive.  
Guns ready --

150 INT. BUG WASH - AARON

150\*\*

A broad smile.

AARON

I knew they'd make it -- Over here!  
Hey, this way!

He begins to open the latch mechanism -- suddenly --  
The door EXPLODES inward ...  
Six Commandos and two medical officers enter.  
The Commando team covers the area with pulse rifles.  
The Captain is a dead ringer for the Android Bishop.  
Aaron snaps him a military salute --

AARON

Right, sir. Warder Aaron -- 137512 --

BISHOP II

Where is Lieutenant Ripley? Is she still  
alive?

AARON

Right, sir -- If she's alive, she's in the  
mould. They're all in the leadworks  
with the beast, sir. Absolute madness.  
Wouldn't wait. I tried to tell 'em ...

BISHOP II

You've seen this beast?

AARON

Right, sir. Horrible. Unbelievable.  
She's got one inside her.

BISHOP II

We know that.

He nods to the commandos -- they blast Aaron with their pulse  
rifles.  
He stares unbelievably -- then falls backward.

151 · INT. LEADWORKS - BAIT AND CHASE -  
CONCLUSION

151.\*\*

then - Ripley and Dillon continue backing into the  
inner-mould -- she glances upward ...

152. then - overhead - she can see the gantry moving away -- 152.  
153. her look goes to the entrance as the Alien enters ... 153.

RIPLEY

Climb! It's your only chance!

DILLON

What about you!

RIPLEY

It won't kill me!

DILLON

Bull shit! There's gonna be ten tons of  
hot lead in here!

RIPLEY

Good! I keep tellin' you I want to die!

DILLON

Yeah - but I don't!

then - mould - the Alien moves closer ...

RIPLEY

Now's your chance - Get going!

DILLON

I'm taking you with me!

then - he grabs her -- starts to climb ...

then - Dillon and Ripley climbing upward ...

then - the Alien - looks up - starts to follow --

154. then - top of the mould - Ripley climbs out - secures herself on 154.  
the ledge - reaches down to help Dillon --

155. then - Dillon trying to reach her -- The Alien advancing fast - 155.  
closing in --

then - the beast's inner jaw slides out ... Dillon kicks down,  
slashes with his axe --

156. then - she grabs at the nearby pipes ... starts to climb through 156.  
them.

157. then - Dillon - fighting the beast -- 157.

158. then - Ripley - she looks back at Morse driving the gantry/  
crane -- 158.

159. then - top of observation platform - Bishop II and the company 159.  
men appear, rising up from the circular steps -- they stride  
along the platform --

160. then - the molten lead bucket swinging overhead ... 160.

161. then - Bishop II - walks to edge of the platform ... sees: 161.  
the gantry crane --  
the mould --  
the furnace --

162. then - Morse operating the levers ... 162.

163. then - as the bucket tips -- Bishop II shouting ... 163.

## BISHOP II

Don't do it! No!

- |      |  |      |
|------|--|------|
| 164. | then - the Alien - now at the top of the mould ... close to Dillon and Ripley --                                   | 164. |
| 165. | then - Ripley watches as the lead pours past her and Dillon in a torrent -- streaming into the mould --            | 165. |
| 166. | then - the Alien screams, rolls within the molten lead -- falls back -- swept down and away by the fiery metal ... | 166. |
| 167. | then - Bishop gazes down ...   | 167. |
| 168. | then - a smiling Morse ...   | 168. |

## MORSE

Eat shit -- you miserable fucker!

- |      |  |      |
|------|--|------|
| 169. | then - Ripley, Dillon - stare down at the smoking lead within the mould - the beast has vanished ... | 169. |
| 170. | then - she sees Bishop II and the company men across the way --                                      | 170. |

## RIPLEY

They're here!

as Dillon looks off at Bishop II Ripley grabs him --

## RIPLEY

Keep your promise!

## DILLON

You mean it!

## RIPLEY

Yes! I've got it inside me! Quit fucking around!

he puts his hands around her throat -- hesitates --

## RIPLEY

Do it!

## DILLON

I can't! I can't do it.

he looks at her, almost pleadingly --  
 his face turns to horror as he is suddenly pulled backward --  
 then - Dillon - the Alien, burning and smoking, has reappeared in the mould -- it snatches Dillon away ... pulls him under the molten lead --  
 then - lip of the mould - the Alien's head appears --  
 then - Ripley reaches out for one of the nearby chains --  
 then - the Alien begins to climb out of the mould --  
 then - Ripley pulling on the chain --  
 then - large water duct - the chain pulls open the seal --  
 water gushes out ...

- |      |   |      |
|------|---|------|
| 171. | then - Ripley being drenched -- hanging on for her life -- the water cascades --  | 171. |
| 172. | then - the freezing water hits the Alien - it's head explodes!!<br>then - a huge explosion! the entire mould goes up -- | 172. |

## CONT

173.	then - Ripley still on the chain - buffeted by the blast --	173.
174.	then - top of gantry - Morse - also shaken by the concussion --	174.
175.	then - the blast slowly subsides ...	175.
176	then - Ripley - exhausted ... swinging on the heavy chain -- the gantry lurches toward her -- Morse reaching out to help her on board --	176.

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177	OBSERVATION PLATFORM	177
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Bishop II and his company watching --

178	ON THE GANTRY	178
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Dragging herself upright, Ripley grips the railing and glances down at the furnace.

Its cross-like shape blurs, slipping in and out of focus --

Suddenly, she's sick again.

Turning, she sees Bishop II and his group appear below.

Bishop II starts moving towards her. \*

Her voice cuts through the sweltering heat:

RIPLEY

Don't come any closer!

BISHOP II

Ripley. Wait. \*

RIPLEY

Stay where you are!

He stands still.

The others move in behind him.

Another wave of nausea overcomes Ripley.

BISHOP II

No, I don't think you understand --

We're all on the same side. I just want to help you.

RIPLEY

No more bullshit! I just felt the damn thing move.

Halting, Bishop II watches her step farther out on the gantry -- Something horrible hits Ripley in the chest, knocking the wind out of her.

Struggling for breath, she never takes her eyes off \*

Bishop II --

BISHOP II

You know who I am? \*

He gives her a small, comforting smile ...

RIPLEY

Yeah. A droid. Same model as Bishop.

**BISHOP II**

I'm not the Bishop android. I designed it. I'm the prototype. I'm very human. I was sent here to show you a friendly face -- and to demonstrate to you how important you are to us. Please come down.

Morse is now down from the gantry -- moves close to Bishop II ...

\*

**RIPLEY**

You just want to take it back.

**BISHOP II**

We want to take you home. We don't care what happens to it. We know what you've been through. You've done so much. You've shown great courage --

**MORSE**

I hate droids.

\*

Bishop II glances over to Morse --

\*

**BISHOP II**

Please --

\*

**RIPLEY**

Bullshit!

\*

**BISHOP II**

We admit we made mistakes. But we can make it up to you. All the potential lost, all the time, you can still have children, we'll give you back pay, money, promotions ... Everything you deserve.

\*

Resolute, she hits the control box.

**BISHOP II**

Ripley - time is important. We've got an emergency surgery room set up on the rescue ship - ready to go. Please. It's quite painless. Just a few incisions --

\*

Slowly, the giant crane starts to move, heading out over the furnace.

\*

**BISHOP II**

Ripley, I only have your best interest at heart. We can surgically remove the foetus. Once it's born, it's over. You're going to have a long, productive life.

RIPLEY

What'll you do with it?

BISHOP II

Destroy it, of course.

RIPLEY

How do I know you'll do it?

BISHOP II

You have to trust me.

He holds out his hand --  
Morse now moves very close to Bishop II.

\*

MORSE

I hate droids. They're so full of shit.

\*

BISHOP II

Trust me. Trust me. We only want to help you.

\*

**WHAM!**  
Morse stabs Bishop II in the middle of the head with his knife.  
Bishop II stands there frozen.  
Then turns to Morse...  
Blade stuck in his head.  
No wires.  
No milk.  
Real blood.

BISHOP II

I am not a DROIDDDDDDD!!!!!!

And dies.  
Ripley clutches her chest --

\*

RIPLEY

It's moving.

Below two company commandos level down on Morse.  
**BLAM! BLAM!**  
Kill him instantly with their pulse rifles.  
Then start to examine Bishop II's body...

\*

COMPANY MAN #1

This doesn't change anything, Ripley.  
We can still save you. You owe it to us. You owe it to yourself.

Ripley smiles like the Mona Lisa ...

\*

RIPLEY

No way ...

Then her face distorts in pain.  
Her chest bulges.

RIPLEY

It's too late!

The Alien Embryo bursts out!  
She catches it!  
Ripley holds it, the tiny beast kicking in her hands!!

RIPLEY

Too late!

Extends it above her head.  
Choking it -- fighting -- killing it --

COMPANY MAN #1

\*

Nooooo!!!!

Still shaking the EMBRYO --  
She steps backwards off the platform and disappears into the  
raging inferno.  
Down ...  
Down into the pure white flame.  
A moment of ecstasy.  
A moment of triumph.

179 INT. WEYLAND-YUTANI WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY 161 179

A complex maze of rooms and corridors...  
No sign of life.

180 INT. CONE OF SILENCE 180

In the dark the EEV sits -- a burnt out husk --

181 INT. EEV 181

Empty.  
Lifeless.  
A broken glass tube where someone once slept.  
Someone who made a sacrifice.  
Someone who was victorious.

NEARBY

\*

A weird plastic bird drinks from a styrofoam cup ...

FADE.