

"A L I E N I I I"

by

William Gibson

Revised first draft screenplay  
from a story by David Giler and Walter Hill

"ALIEN III"

FADE IN:

DEEP SPACE - THE FUTURE

The silent field of stars -- eclipsed by the dark bulk of an approaching ship. CLOSER.

ANGLE ON THE HULL

a towering cliff of metal, Sulaco.

INT. SULACO - HYPERSLEEP VAULT

TRACKING down the line of empty, open capsules. Frozen twilight. The final four capsules are sealed, lids in place.

ANGLE - INSIDE CAPSULE

NEWT, then RIPLEY. HICKS next, his head and chest bandaged. Then BISHOP in his caul of plastic. But the lid of Bishop's capsule is misted with hothouse condensation.

CLOSER

a tear of fluid streaks the condensation.

An alarm SOUNDS.

A monitor begins to scroll data.

TIGHT ON MONITOR

TROOP TRANSPORT SULACO  
CMC 846A/BETA  
MISSION/LV-426/RETURN  
STATUS RED  
TREATY VIOLATION  
REF: #99AG558L5  
CAUSE: NAVIGATIONAL ERROR

Bland feminine voice of the ship's computer, as the alarm continues to SOUND.

Attention. COMPUTER  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Due to failure of navigational circuitry, Sulaco has entered a sector claimed by the Union of Progressive Peoples. Auxiliary systems are now on line. Course corrected. Hardwired protocols prevent, repeat, prevent arming of nuclear warheads in the absence of Diplomatic Override, Decryption Standard Charlie Nine. On present course, Sulaco will exit the U.P.P. sector at nineteen hundred hours fifty three point eight minutes.

EXT. SULACO

The ship slides past beneath us. A U.P.P. interceptor descends INTO FRAME, matching course and speed with Sulaco. The interceptor settles on Sulaco like a wasp.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Three commandos climb into spacesuits. The Leader opens a hatch in the deck, revealing one of Sulaco's airlocks. FIRST COMMANDO, a young Vietnamese woman, scrambles down and attaches magnetic units to the airlock. SECOND COMMANDO studies a monitor, tapping out a sequence on a keyboard. First Commando gestures from hatch: no good. Second Commando tries again. A grating SOUND as Sulaco's airlock begins to open.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

Darkness. Armed commandos climb through opening and descend a ladder. Reaching the deck, they fan out, weapons ready. Their leader examines the damaged dropship. First Commando gestures urgently. She's found something.

Bishop's legs, broken, grotesquely twisted, still in fatigues, the white android blood clotted into powder. First and Second Commandos exchange looks through their faceplates.

COMPUTER

Attention. Integrity breach,  
Cargo Lock 3. Security alert.  
Integrity breach, B Deck...

INT. HYPERSLLEEP VAULT - LEADER'S POV

The chilly aisle of capsules.

Commandos move down the line, guns poised. They peer in at Newt, Ripley, Hicks, but the lid of Bishop's capsule is pearl-white. The Leader tries the controls at the foot of the capsule, where green and red indicators glow. Nothing happens. He opens a panel, finds an emergency lever, tries it. The green indicators wink off. The lid rises. A dense pale mist flows out, spilling over the edges of the capsule, revealing the gray ovoid of an Alien egg. Rooted in the tangle of Bishop's synthetic entrails, the egg instantly ejaculates a Face-hugger, which strikes the leader's faceplate in a spray of acid. He screams, blinded by the acid, grappling with the thing as it begins to force its way into his helmet, its tail lashing furiously. Clawing at it, he plunges blindly back down the aisle, stumbling, smashing into the empty capsules. He vanishes through the entranceway, his screams giving way to frenzied gagging SOUNDS.

The First Commando scrambles after him.

INT. CARGO LOCK

The Leader writhes on the deck beside the main cargo lock. First Commando rushes in, crouches beside him, takes careful two-handed aim with her sidearm -- she FIRES, attempting to kill the face-hugger without hitting the Leader. The face-hugger EXPLODES in a gout of acid; ragged holes burn through the side of his helmet. First Commando frantically works the lock controls. As the inner lock opens, she shoves the leader over the edge with her foot.

EXT. SULACO

Helmetless, headless, trailing a cloud of blood and acid, the Leader tumbles through space.

INT. CARGO LOCK

Eyes of the First Commando through her faceplate. Beat. Something moves, behind her. She spins, bringing up her gun. Backlit in the entrance to the vault, a black, multi-armed figure. The beam from her lamp finds it -- the Second Commando, with Bishop in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "ANCHORPOINT", WEYLAND YUTANI CORP.'S OUTPOST -  
IN DEEP SPACE - VARIOUS ANGLES

A station the size of a small moon, and growing; unfinished sections of hull are open to vacuum. A vast, irregular structure, the result of the shifting goals of successive administrations.

MOVE IN on hundreds of windows -- most of them dark. A light comes on in one of the windows.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TULLY'S SLEEPING CUBICLE

A phone is RINGING. The cubicle, terminally sloppy, resembles the nest of a high-tech hamster, not much larger than a berth on a train. The walls are plastered with a wistful collage of posters, ads, photos torn from magazines: beaches, desert, the Grand Canyon, redwoods, blue sky -- a hedge against claustrophobia and the emptiness of space.

TULLY, sitting up in bed, knuckling sleep from his eyes, wincing at the light; he slaps the phone console and the glum face of OPERATIONS OFFICER JACKSON (female) appears. She wears a nylon baseball cap with a computer light-pen attached to the bill.

JACKSON

'Morning, Tully.

TULLY

Morning? Jesus, Jackson, it's the middle of my downtime...

CLOSE ON THE CONSOLE SCREEN

ANGLE

The room behind Jackson is Anchorpoint's nerve-center, the Ops Room.

JACKSON

None of us up here in the Ops Room have seen our downtime for a while, Tully. A Marine transport came in on automatic sixteen hours ago.

She bobs her head as she speaks, using the pen on her cap to move a cursor on a screen in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

(continuing)

The Sulaco. Departed Gateway four years ago with a complement of fifteen. A dozen Marines, an android, a Company representative, and the former warrant officer of a merchant vessel...

TULLY

So?

JACKSON

So bio-readout gives us the warrant officer, one -- count him -- Marine, and a nine-year-old girl. Makes you wonder what happened out there, doesn't it?

TULLY

So ask 'em. Wake 'em up and ask 'em. Them, not me.

JACKSON

But that's the good news, Tully. Three hours before Sulaco turned up, we docked a priority shuttle out of Gateway. Two passengers. MiliSci, Tully. Weapons Division.

TULLY

That the bad news?

JACKSON

They want that ship pulled in, with full biohazard precautions, by oh-eight-hundred hours. BioLab techs are priority for the deck squad. That's you, Tully.

The phone screen goes blank.

TULLY

(heartfelt)

Shit.

He begins to fumble through his sleeping bag, looking for his clothes -- disturbing SPENCE, a young technician, who sits up groggily, hugging the bag to her breasts.

SPENCE

What? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TULLY

It's called the military-industrial complex; it's called my ass out of bed; it's called jerking me around... Any way you wanna call it, it's the same bullshit...

INT. CORRIDOR

Tully, groggy and irritated, emerges from his cubicle, wearing a battered leather flight jacket, its sleeves plastered with embroidered logo-patches for various products. His photo, name, job description, and number are slotted on the door in a transparent envelope -- "TULLY, CHARLES A. TECH-5, TISSUE CULTURE LAB.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT - DRY DOCK

A plain of gray steel, the size of several carrier decks, walls lost in dark and distance. Service vehicles lumber past in the b.g. Massive floods on towers of raw scaffolding backlight twenty waiting figures, the Deck Squad. Their spacesuits are white, clinical; over these they wear disposable Biohazard Envelopes of filmy translucent plastic. Some are Colonial Marines, armed with pulse-rifles or flame-throwers. Others are scientists and technicians, carrying recording and sampling gear. Their voices, over helmet-radio are furred with STATIC. Something CLANGS and BOOMS overhead, metal thunder.

OFFICER (V.O.)

Deck Squad brace for pressure drop. She's in the cradle. She's coming in.

A sudden WIND rushes across the deck, then dies. RUMBLE overhead as a monstrous hanger door rolls slowly open, revealing the naked stars. The dark hull of Sulaco blots out the stars as it descends.

OFFICER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Entry team to secondary cargo lock.

A cherry-picker vehicle, with extended boom, WHINES up to Sulaco.

The lock SIGHS open on darkness.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

BUZZ of static, indistinct RADIO exchanges, as a half-dozen lights play over the drop-ship, the walls of the lock. Tully enters, stares around, eyes wide through his faceplate. Beside him is a MARINE with a pulse-rifle -- obviously psyched for combat.

TULLY

Lights, how come they got no lights?

MARINE

Hey, man...

He shines his light on a blackened scar on the bulkhead.

MARINE

(continuing)

Lookit that. Been some action in here...

TULLY

Action?

MARINE

Man, what the fuck you supposed to be doing here?

TULLY

Forging a new home for mankind in the depths of space.

The Marine isn't amused. Tully raises an instrument; it makes a SUCKING noise.

TULLY

(continuing)

Collecting atmosphere samples.

MARINE

So just do it, right?

He moves away.

TULLY

Sure.

But he doesn't want to be alone; hustles after the Marine.

OFFICER (V.O.)

Technician Tully to the hypersleep vault, atmosphere samples...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARINE

Sounds like you.

TULLY

Yeah.

MARINE

Let's not keep the man waiting.

INT. ENTRANCE TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

The Marine OFFICER holds a tracker -- one of the small motion-sensors familiar from the previous film. Beside him are TWO MORE MARINES. The Officer raises the tracker and scans the face of the door.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

of tracker screen: zero.

ANGLE

OFFICER

One sample here.

SOUND of Tully's device sucking air.

OFFICER

(continuing)

Get another on the way in. Have they patched line in yet?

SECOND MARINE

Yessir. Lights on, in there.

The Officer presses a button.

The door slides open. Bright, white. The aisle. Empty. The row of capsules. Tully's Marine is first through the door, gun ready, slow, careful. Tully steps in after him, rises his instrument, takes a sample.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

The other two Marines move past Tully. Soft SCUFF of their boots on the deck. Tully doesn't quite know what to do. Lowers his sampler, hesitates. The first Marine reaches Newt's capsule. He lowers his rifle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARINE  
(something startled,  
almost gentle in  
his voice)

They're here...

Eight inches of razor-sharp serrated tail plunges out through the back of his suit as he's lifted off his feet by something we can't see. Ugly RIPPING noise as the ALIEN draws withdraws its stinger -- blood tidily contained by the translucent membrane of the biohazard envelope.

The stinger of a second Alien whips around the neck of one of the other two Marines; the Alien is clinging to the ceiling. He screams. Tully's Marine sags against the foot of Ripley's capsule, his arm across the controls -- the green indicators go out -- as the first Alien lunges up INTO VIEW.

CLOSE

on the jaws.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY

Her eyes snap open.

RIPLEY'S POV

as the Beast mounts her coffin, terminal nightmare.

ANGLE

RIPLEY

No-oooooooooooooooooooooo!

Her hands claw frantically at the smooth curve of the plastic canopy.

The remaining Marine, crazy with adrenaline and terror, unleashes his flame thrower. The first Alien and Ripley's capsule vanish in a napalm fireball. The Marine spins, screaming incoherently, and liquid fire hoses the second Alien, which drops its victim and falls burning to the deck.

The vault is an inferno. Ripley's capsule is sagging, melting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MEDLAB (SURGICAL)

A scorched hypersleep capsule is wheeled in under brilliant lamps. The waiting crisis team plug bio-monitor leads and a HISSING air-supply line into sockets on the capsule. A technician with a small hand-held power saw begins to cut away the heat-crazed canopy. Hands in surgical gloves lift the canopy away.

Ripley lies curled in a tight fetal knot.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MEDLAB QUARANTINE

A small white room, a white bed surrounded by medical gear. Hicks, in his underwear, is hunched on the edge of the bed, impatiently smoking a cigarette. The dressings on his head and shoulder have been changed. Spence enters. She wears a biohazard envelope over coveralls, bubble-goggles, a transparent filter-mask.

SPENCE

(lightly)

You know you can't smoke in here?

HICKS

Yes, ma'am.

He takes a puff.

SPENCE

I'm Spence. I'm not a medic, I'm from the tissue culture lab. I have to get a sample.

She opens a small white case and takes out a gleaming cylinder.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Uh, just stick your thumb in here.

Hicks gives her a hard look, inserts his thumb; she touches a stud -- SNIK! -- he winces, looks ruefully at his thumb.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Sorry.

(putting the tissue-sampler away)

You're the last one...

HICKS

(grabs her wrist)

The others. Ripley, Newt -- they came through okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCE

Who's Newt?

HICKS

The kid.

SPENCE

Rebecca. Rebecca's fine.

HICKS

Ripley?

SPENCE

(hesitates)

Ripley's fine, Hicks.

HICKS

Bishop. Where's Bishop?

SPENCE

(puzzled)

Bishop?

HICKS

The android.

SPENCE

(carefully; worried  
that she's gotten  
in over her head)

There were three of you. Three I  
know of, anyway. Maybe you should  
try to sleep now. You want the  
nurse? They can give you  
something...

HICKS

(leaning forward,  
still gripping  
Spence's wrist)

Why haven't I been debriefed?  
Where's the brass?

SPENCE

All I know is, we've all been  
sleeping short hours since your  
ship came in, soldier.

A CRASH from the corridor, a pained BELLOW, and Newt  
scuttles in, wearing a hospital gown. She backs into a  
corner as a large ORDERLY rushes in, clutching his  
right hand. Like Spence, he wears biohazard gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORDERLY

Goddamn it! She bit me!

He starts for Newt. Hicks comes off the bed like he's mounted on springs, hand cocked for a trained blow. The Orderly backs off.

NEWT

(near hysteria)

Where's Ripley? Where is she?

HICKS

(straightens out of hand-to-hand crouch without losing any of the threat)

She's asking you a question.

ORDERLY

You looking to get yourself sedated, Corporal?

NEWT

Where is she?

HICKS

Now I'm asking you the question...

Spence yanks her mask down in a reflexive, very human gesture. Moves slowly toward Newt, extending her hand.

SPENCE

Rebecca... Newt. Honey. It's okay. Ripley's going to be okay. C'mon now, I'll take you, you can see her...

ORDERLY

Spence, there's no way --

He moves to stop them, but Hicks takes a very deliberate step forward.

INT. MEDLAB - ANOTHER ROOM

Ripley lies in a coma, monitored by assorted white consoles. Her forehead is taped with half a dozen small electrodes. Newt, expressionless, walks slowly to the bedside as Hicks and Spence look on.

SPENCE

She's sleeping.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCE (CONT'D)  
(she and Hicks  
exchange glances)  
Sometimes people need to sleep...  
To get over things...

Newt looks up at a monitor that displays Ripley's EEG.  
Watches the jitter of peaks and valleys.

NEWT  
Is Ripley dreaming?

SPENCE  
I don't know, honey.

NEWT  
It's better not to.

EXT. RODINA, THE U.P.P. STATION - VARIOUS ANGLES

Smaller than Anchorpoint.

INT. RODINA - CYBERNETICS LAB

CLOSE on Bishop. He stares straight ahead, the corner of his mouth twitching mechanically. PULL BACK. Bishop's torso is mounted in the center of a large square platform; tubes and wires snake from his ruined lower ribcage. The walls of the lab are lined with monitor screens and printers.

Information is being reamed out of the android at high speed, printouts of measurements, graphs, formulas. COLONEL-DOCTOR SUSLOV is beside the Vietnamese Commando, who wears a sleeveless fatigue-blouse revealing regimental tattoos: a yin-yang, hashmarks, an ID marker like a supermarket bar-code. They watch as a graphics program generates a detailed anatomical drawing of a face-hugger on a large monitor. She says something short and emphatic in Vietnamese, repeats it: yes.

SUSLOV  
And this?

He taps a keyboard and the face-hugger vanishes. The screen begins to draft an Alien in side and frontal projections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST COMMANDO  
(eyes fixed on the  
screen in horror  
and fascination)

No...

On the slab, the robotic tic still works the corner of Bishop's mouth.

INT. SULACO - CARGO LOCK

Two TECHNICIANS in biohazard gear squat on either side of Bishop's legs. An electronic microscope has been set up on a low tripod. A small monitor displays magnified skin and a few dark globules. One Technician extracts an ultra-fine probe from its sterile package and leans forward.

TECH WITH PROBE  
You getting tape of this, Miller?

SECOND TECH  
Bet your ass. Orders.

TECH WITH PROBE  
That's good, because I'd swear I  
just saw of piece of this shit  
move...

On the monitor, the tip of the probe trembles, brushes one of the globules. The Second Tech takes it, inserts it in a plastic tube, seals the tube in a small metal canister, and writes #17 on the side in red grease pen.

SECOND TECH  
Since when do androids get  
diseases?

TECH WITH PROBE  
I dunno. Sure looks like  
something got to this poor  
bastard...

INT. ROSETTI'S OFFICE CUBICLE

COLONEL ROSETTI, Colonial Marines, is Anchorpoint's head of military operations. His office is furnished in the best futuro-Pentagon style: imitation rosewood, division insignia plaques, a desktop model of the drop ship from "Aliens."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosetti glances up from his monitor as his SECRETARY enters, a young woman in semi-dress Marine uniform.

SECRETARY  
(hands him a stiff  
red plastic envelope)  
Welles and Fox, Colonel. Military  
Sciences, Weapons Division.

Rosetti eyes the envelope with evident distaste, scrawls his signature in the required box before opening it, removes documents, hands empty envelope back.

ROSETTI  
Show them in.

Secretary exits.

ROSETTI'S POV - CLOSEUP

on two plastic microfiche cards, each with front and side views of Fox and Welles, retinal I.D. images, scaled-down fingerprints, etc. Stamped "MILISCI, WEAPONS DIV."

FOX (O.S.)  
Kevin Fox, Colonel.

ROSETTI'S POV - FOX

is tanned, athletic, hyperconfident, his smile a heartless display of state-of-the-art enamel-bonding techniques. WELLES is just behind him.

WELLES  
Susan Welles.

Same spa-tuned look, same expensive casualwear.

ROSETTI  
(flatly, with no  
other effort at  
greeting)  
Welcome to Anchorpoint.

Fox and Welles seat themselves without waiting to be asked.

FOX  
We're impressed, Colonel. Susan  
and I are definitely impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELLES

The videos don't really give you an idea of the scale, do they?

She might as well be talking about a tour of Notre Dame.

FOX

But we're particularly impressed with your handling of the situation, the situation so far. We're impressed with your cooperation...

ROSETTI

(flicking the cards down on his desktop with suppressed hostility)

We call it "following orders."

WELLES

Yes. It would simplify things if everyone did, wouldn't it? Particularly the civilian component of that Deck Squad. I think we may have a potential security problem there...

FOX

We've been going over psyche profiles, Colonel. Anchorpoint seems to be the kind of project that attracts... idealists.

ROSETTI

(with a thin grin)  
Liberals.

WELLES

Let's just say we've noted a certain antipathy to Military Sciences, Colonel. A certain lack of sympathy with the goals of the Weapons Division...

ROSETTI

Anchorpoint is under Colonial Administration authority. This isn't a military operation. If it were, we'd be in violation of the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOX

Looks great on paper, Colonel, but we want the civilians who boarded Sulaco sewn up. Tight.

WELLES

Forfeit agreements, for starts. Anyone talks, they lose their shares. We've found it reasonably effective, in most cases...

FOX

(taking a sheaf of printout from his attache)

But that's a simple matter. This isn't. Sulaco's data base indicates a boarding operation en route, Colonel.

ROSETTI

A boarding operation? Why wasn't I informed?

WELLES

We're informing you. You seem to have lost an android, Colonel. The Union of Progressive Peoples have Bishop...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ENTRANCE TO ANTI-BUGGING BUBBLE

A MARINE ushers Hicks into a large bare chamber. Hicks wears his dress uniform. The room is dominated by the bubble, a mirrored sphere.

MARINE

This way, Corporal.

The Marine leads Hicks up a gangway. Hicks enters the bubble. The Marine closes the door behind him.

INT. THE BUBBLE

Three members (Rosetti, TRENT, SHUMAN) of Anchorpoint's directorate are seated at a round table; with them are Fox and Welles. Hicks comes to attention and salutes.

ROSETTI

At ease, Hicks. Be seated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTI (CONT'D)

My name is Rosetti. Station's military attache. From my right: Trent, exobiology... Shuman, Diplomatic Corps... From your right...

FOX

I'm Kevin Fox, Hicks. This is Susan Welles. We're with the Company. We'd like to congratulate you on a successful mission.

HICKS

Successful? I lost my squad in that hole...

WELLES

But you returned, Corporal. And you've rescued the colony's sole survivor...

ROSETTI

(picks up a sheaf  
of printout)

We've all read the transcript of your debriefing, Hicks...

HICKS

Where's Bishop? Sir.

ROSETTI

(blinks)

If you don't mind, Hicks, we'll table that until --

TRENT

I've read the transcript. Are you certain, Hicks, that you have nothing more to tell us about the alien's life cycle? Detail, Hicks. Detail is crucial...

ROSETTI

Trent, the subject is classified. Corporal Hicks' security rating needs to be upgraded before we can --

HICKS

(ignoring Rosetti,  
he addresses Trent)

I've already told you everything I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTI

Hicks --

FOX

Let the Corporal have his say, Colonel. After all, he's seen these creatures in action.

ROSETTI

You ordered the subject classified Maximum Security, Fox.

TRENT

I seriously doubt that Corporal Hicks knows anything more than he's already told us. Which is a very great pity. But the android, Bishop, was designed for scientific observation. A Hyperdyne model A/5, a walking data bank...

WELLES

Corporal Hicks asked the right question to begin with.

ROSETTI

(stiffly)

To answer your question, Hicks: we aren't certain.

WELLES

(heavy sarcasm)

But we can guess, can't we Colonel?

HICKS

(to Welles)

Where?

FOX

Rodina station.

HICKS

The U.P.P.? What's the U.P.P. got to do with this?

ROSETTI

Sulaco's navigational system failed. You were in disputed territory for something over eighty-five minutes, Hicks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTI (CONT'D)

The U.P.P. would ordinarily respond to that as a violation of their space. So far there's been no protest. Nothing.

(he hesitates)

Sulaco's computer indicates a covert boarding operation...

FOX

"Indicates"...

SHUMAN

To put it in diplomatic terms, Hicks, they've got our ass in a sling. If they want to regard the Sulaco incident as a hostile act -- and let me assure you that they will, eventually -- they can compromise our position in the current round of arms reduction talks. We're talking serious ramifications here. Then we have the communications lag to and from Earth. A week either way. So we're looking at a fourteen day wait for policy clarification. We may have a major crisis on our hands.

WELLES

We arrived with a policy brief, Shuman, and you've seen it. We're here to implement that brief.

ROSETTI

And your orders predate knowledge of U.P.P. involvement.

FOX

We're here to do our job, Colonel.

SHUMAN

In this case, "doing your job" might involve the distinct possibility of precipitating nuclear war --

ROSETTI

(quick to break in;  
the subject's too  
sensitive for  
enlisted ears)

Any further questions for the Corporal? No? In that case, Hicks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

Sir.

Hicks stands, salutes.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - R & R ZONE, "THE MALL"

Tully slopes along looking haggard and spaced. He wears his trademark jacket. The Mall is a cross between a Hyatt atrium and an airport shopping concourse: shops, vegetation, fast food outlets, a bar. He arrives at what are apparently elevator doors. The doors open on a miniature subway car. Tully steps in and the doors close.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Spence is working with cultures. Her arms are up to the elbows in a pair of white gloves mounted in round openings on the side of a transparent plastic tank. She looks up as Tully enters.

TULLY

Hey.

SPENCE

You look like homemade shit.

(she withdraws her  
hands, the gloves  
pop out)

What happened down there, Tully?  
There's some kind of security  
blackout on...

TULLY

Yeah. And I'm part of it... I  
can't tell you anything. Had to  
sign a whole new set of papers.  
Talk to anybody and I lose my  
shares. All my shares, right?

SPENCE

You joking, Tully?

TULLY

Wish I was...

(changes the subject)

What's the old man got for me to  
dick around with this shift?

She crosses to a lab bench and takes something from a white wire basket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCE

Here. All yours. Orders are, you use the manipulators for this.

She hands him something wrapped in a sheet of white printout held with a rubber band. He removes the band, unrolls the paper. The canister. Number 17.

SPENCE

(continuing)

What the hell did happen on the ship, Tully? How come all the biopsy work on those three? and this very quiet sudden backlog of autopsy material? How come it's all triple-classified? What's going on? We had these two spooks from Gateway in here today acted like they just bought the place...

TULLY

(with a nervous glance around the lab)

Okay, okay... But later, okay? Not here...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Tully at the controls of a pair of high-tech servo-manipulators visible through the thick glass of an ultra-heavy duty rectangular tank. The controls are gloves. A cable leads from the wrist of each glove to the face of the tank. Tully moves his hands, testing. The skeletal steel waldos inside the tank mimic each move. He uses them to open the canister. Removes the probe. An electronic microscope is built into the tank, its monitor mounted just above the window. He positions the probe's tip under the microscope.

ANGLE OVER TOP OF MONITOR

for his reaction.

TULLY

Spence... What is this? Where did it come from?

Spence strolls up behind him with a cup of coffee, a pen tucked behind her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCE

C'mon, Charlie, don't you read the spec sheets anymore? It's off the shop. Off your transport. It's...God.

SPENCE'S POV - CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

The tip of the probe is encased in a sheath of glittering black filigree.

ANGLE

SPENCE

Up the rez...

Tully taps a lapboard; magnification increases by twenty powers.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONITOR

as the screen fills with an image that might be a bizarre landscape, its lines and textures recalling the interior of the derelict ship in "ALIEN."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ECO-MODULE

An experimental pocket Eden: a half-acre of artfully ragged concrete Disneylanded into lush rainforest, sun-dappled miniature meadows, patches of African cactus. Newt crouches in long grass, her hand extended toward a small animal. A lemur. Hicks stands nearby.

NEWT

Have you been there, Hicks?  
Africa?

HICKS

Morocco. Four weeks of Basic.  
But that was mountains. Not like  
this.

The lemur scoots away, spooked by his voice; Newt watches as it scurries up a tree.

NEWT

I'd like to go there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

No problem. You're going to Gateway station on Sulaco, right? Then you catch a shuttle down and you're in Oregon. Just a jump over a puddle, to Africa, once you're there.

Spence walks out of the miniature jungle, carrying a white wire tray of samples in plastic lab bottles.

NEWT

I don't remember them...

SPENCE

Your grandparents?

Newt nods.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Well, guess they remember you. Sure.

NEWT

But what if Ripley wakes up and I'm not here? Can't I wait?

HICKS

Hey. She'll know where you're going, right? Anyway, Sulaco's the only ship back to Gateway for two months. But look, you want to make double sure, then you leave her a map, exactly where you're going...

Spence grins at Hicks.

INT. NEWT'S DORM CUBICLE

Newt at a fold-down desk, at work on an elaborate multicolor feltpen starmap. A dotted line zigzags from Anchorpoint to Portland, Oregon. She carefully prints her new address:

NEWT JORDEN

c/o

MR. & MRS. RICHARD JORDEN

34877 GREENLEAF AVE. #582

NEW PORTLAND, OREGON AB994J2

INT. MEDLAB - RIPLEY'S ROOM

Ripley wan and comatose. Hicks waits awkwardly in the doorway, dangling Newt's knapsack, as she enters and tapes the finished starmap to the wall; the first thing Ripley would see, waking. Newt beside the bed, looking down at her friend.

NEWT

Ripley? Ripley, it's Newt. I...  
I gotta go now. I'm going to stay  
with my grandparents, in Oregon.  
Hicks says that's a good place...  
There's a map for you, Ripley, how  
to get there. You can come there  
and stay with me, okay? You have  
to, okay?

Tears on her cheeks as Hicks puts his hand on her  
shoulder and they leave the room.

INT. DEPARTURE BAY

Newt and Hicks amid a bustle of power-loaders, assorted  
robot vehicles. They approach the entrance to a narrow  
corridor. Sign: DEPARTURE BAY -- CREW ONLY BEYOND  
THIS POINT.

HICKS

That's you.

NEWT

I know.

HICKS

Good luck in Oregon.

He holds the red knapsack as she slips into the straps.

NEWT

Hicks...

HICKS

Yeah?

She looks at him: ghost of a grin. She gives him the  
thumbs-up sign.

NEWT

Affirmative.

He returns the sign.

HICKS

Affirmative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns and makes her way up the narrow boarding corridor. It's long, tapers to nothing. Tiny figure, receding, bright dot of the knapsack. She turns, waves. He waves back. She's gone.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

Sulaco pulls away, begins to accelerate, dwindles against the stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA - CONFERENCE CHAMBER

Cigarette-smoke drifts above a long narrow table in a narrow space. A half-dozen ranking TECHNOCRATS are jammed along either side in folding chairs, with Colonel-Doctor Suslov at the head.

BRAUN  
(Rodina's chief  
of R&D)

Obviously, Colonel Doctor, the purpose of their mission was to obtain specimens of this life-form. The android dissected a single specimen. One of the pre-larval forms -- like the thing that killed Lenko.

AN OFFICER  
And you believe that these creatures are of potential military importance?

BRAUN  
Yes, provided it's possible to clone the alien spores recovered from the android's skin and clothing...

SUSLOV  
With the goal of programming these "machines" for use as weapons?

BRAUN  
The adult form, Colonel-Doctor, is evidently a killing-machine of great strength, extraordinary sophistication. No evidence of intelligence. Purely instinctual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Our sources in the corporationist infrastructure are aware of the existence of a special project within Weyland-Yutani's Weapons Division. We have been unable to penetrate their security...

SUSLOV

The Intelligence Officer suggests that this special project concerns the alien?

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

I remind you, Colonel-Doctor, that we experiment with the alien genetic material only if we are prepared to violate primary biological warfare limitations in the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty...

BRAUN

And I remind the Diplomatic Officer that the Weyland Yutani corporation is obviously prepared to do so -- that they may already be doing so... As ever, our level of technology lags slightly behind that of the capitalist cartels... But now, by chance --

MILITARY OFFICER

By chance? You refer to the proven bravery and constant initiative of our People's Commando Division --

BRAUN

(smoothly, a seasoned political infighter covering his bases)

Not at all, Major. Their courage is unquestioned. Nonetheless, consider: we are in possession of a potential weapon -- a whole new technology, if you will -- which Weyland Yutani clearly intends to develop. We are in, as they might put it, on the ground floor. But only if we choose to be, if we choose to hold our advantage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSLOV

I agree. We have no choice but to proceed.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

Then I go on record as strongly advising that the android be returned to Anchorpoint. Are our technicians capable of repairing the thing?

BRAUN

Repairing it? Why?

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

You lack a sense of the importance of gesture, Braun. Let us avoid their customary accusations of barbarism... And buy ourselves time...

SUSLOV

Our technicians will repair the thing. Return it to them... And we will proceed. We will clone the alien...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - TISSUE CULTURE LAB

TRENT, head of BioLab, Rosetti, and Fox wait, seated, as Tully wheels a Holographic Display Module into position. The lights dim. A faint, ghostly cube shimmers in front of the three men.

TRENT

Initially this was merely routine, you understand. We attempted to determine its compatibility with terrestrial DNA.

FOX

What kind of DNA exactly, Doctor?

TRENT

Human, of course.

Something shivers and takes form in the cube of light: a double helix threaded with green and red beads of light.

TRENT

(continuing)  
Watch closely, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The alien genetic material looks like a cubist's vision of an art deco staircase, its asymmetrical segments glowing Day-glo green and purple.

ROSETTI

That's a biological structure?  
More like part of a machine...

The alien form makes contact with the human DNA. The transformation is shockingly swift, but its stages can still be followed: the thing seems to pull itself into and through the coils, for an instant the two are meshed, locked, and then the final stage. A new shape glows, a hybrid; the green and red beads have been altered beyond recognition.

FOX

Like a high-speed viral takeover...! What's real-time duration on this, Trent?

TULLY

(from the shadows  
beyond the glowing  
cube)

That was it. What you see, that's what you get. That's how fast it is...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MACHINE SHOP

Hicks enters the cavernous shop, dodging out of the way of an emerging power-loader. The place is an oily forest of steel; machines of various kinds await repair. WALKER is at a workbench, a big man in a grease-stained vest.

HICKS

Hicks. Temporary duty assignment.

Walker works the joystick on a handheld remote control unit. An unmanned power-loader comes to life and lumbers toward the bench. He brings it to a halt expertly, exactly where he wants it, with few casual twiddles of the stick.

WALKER

Walker. Know how to blow out the hydraulic lines on a force-feedback system?

HICKS

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Never too late to learn.

He offers Hicks a cigarette, lights it for him with a micro-torch from the bench.

WALKER

(continuing)

You off the mystery ship, Hicks?

HICKS

Sulaco? What's the mystery?

WALKER

(lighting his own  
cigarette)

Popular question. Whole thing's triple-classified now and word's getting around that two of the deck party never came back.

HICKS

(shrugs)

I was iced.

WALKER

Sure...

HICKS

You ready to show me this feedback system?

WALKER

(eyes Hicks narrowly)

Anytime.

INT. OPS ROOM

PAN along Jackson's multi-screen array in Operations, video images of various Anchorpoint locales: space-suited figures and robot welders making routine hull repairs.

HIGH ANGLE - THE MALL

A buzzer SOUNDS. Screen directly in front of Jackson displays:

INCOMING TRANSMISSION  
SOURCE: U.P.P. RODINA  
DIPLOMATIC INCRYPT>>>  
>>>DIPL CORPS SHUMAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson bobs her head, moving the cursor-cap to various "windows" on the screen.

JACKSON

(speaking into  
headset mike)

Somebody find me Shuman -- tell him we got incoming Rodina coded standard diplomatic. His opposite number must've decided it's time for the weekly bullshit session...

INT. ANTI-BUGGING BUBBLE

Shuman is seated alone at the round table. A miniature video camera is set up on the table. Opposite him is a large wall screen displaying an image of the U.P.P. Diplomatic Officer, also alone, seated at the far end of the narrow table in the Rodina conference room.

SHUMAN

Androids, by law, are afforded the status of persons. Citizens.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

Under your system, yes. We prefer to afford them the status of machines.

SHUMAN

You're holding one of our citizens captive.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

The "citizen" in question, the synthetic, Bishop, has been held in regard to a treaty violation involving an armed vessel.

SHUMAN

Sulaco was homing on Anchorpoint. The so-called violation was the result of a malfunction.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

The matter is under investigation.

SHUMAN

I repeat: you are holding one of our citizens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

The incident is also being investigated with regard to an apparent violation of the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty.

SHUMAN

Sulaco's weapons-systems fall entirely within the prescribed --

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

I refer to those sections of the treaty concerned with biological warfare.

Beat. The U.P.P. Diplomat has just scored, but Shuman maintains his poise.

SHUMAN

The allegation is false.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

We make no official allegations at this time. The matter remains under investigation. Bishop, however, is of no further use in the inquiry. We are returning him to you.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - SHUTTLE BAY - A U.P.P. SHUTTLE

docking. The bay closes behind it. (V.O.: STATIC, VOICES of Anchorpoint docking crew.)

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

Shuman and two Marines enter the bay. They wear bio-hazard envelopes, masks. The shuttle's hatch opens and the Vietnamese Commando steps out. Bishop emerges. He looks at the Commando, then at Shuman and the Marines waiting at the bottom of the gangway. The Commando gestures: go.

SHUMAN

You're under quarantine orders, Bishop.

(to the Marines)

Escort him to MedLab.

INT. THE MALL

Hicks has just come off shift; the Mall's bar catches his eye. The facade says it all: ye olde pre-packaged genuine simulated wood-grain generic tavern and the only joint in town.

INT. BAR

One wall is a screen showing a stale rerun of a Brazilian soccer match. Some of the customers play hologram game-consoles. Tully is seated at the bar. Hicks takes a stool beside him.

HICKS

Beer.

He fishes his dog tags out and detaches one, passes it to the bartender; the bartender inserts it in a terminal, rings up the beer, hands it back.

TULLY

You're Hicks. Sulaco...

Tully, in his trademark jacket, is obviously drunk.

HICKS

Who're you?

TULLY

Tully. Tech Five. Tissue lab.  
D-fucking-NA. Jesus... Sulaco...  
Lucky.

HICKS

Lucky? Who? You lucky, man?

TULLY

You. You're one lucky  
sonofabitch, Hicks.

Knocks back his drink.

HICKS

How's that?

TULLY

All that way. All the way back  
here with those... Those fucking  
things, man...

Tully has just gotten his sudden, undivided attention.

HICKS

Things? What things?

TULLY

Shit... We had to sign. All of  
us. Lose our fucking shares we  
tell anybody, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

(his whole body  
tenses)

They were on the ship...

TULLY

Yeah. Jesus. I saw 'em...

Reaches for his glass, but it's empty.

HICKS

Where? How many? When?

TULLY

(suddenly remembering  
his shares)

Look, I...

(cuts a glance  
around the bar)

Bad place to talk... I gotta go  
now, leave...

HICKS

(grabbing Tully  
before he can slide  
off the stool)

You aren't going anywhere, buddy.

Tully, suddenly angry, not so much at Hicks as at his  
whole situation:

TULLY

I didn't come out here to work on  
shit like that. Came out here to  
help design ecosystems, not build  
designer germs for the next year  
... You want an earful? You got  
it. Shift after next, place  
called DP-54, Level 7 map. Can't  
talk here...

He twists out of Hicks' grip and into the crowd.

Hicks sits at the bar, staring at his untouched beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BUBBLE

Rosetti, Trent, Fox, and Welles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELLES

And Bishop has agreed to undergo complete physical and chemical analysis?

ROSETTI

He requested it himself.

FOX

Results?

TRENT

No irregularities so far. No trace of the alien cellular material...

WELLES

Tampering, then? Reprogramming? Any new circuits in our Mr. Bishop? Any little surprises courtesy of the U.P.P.?

TRENT

No. Nothing.

FOX

And his data on the Alien? All there? Intact?

TRENT

Yes, it seems to be. But if his memory's been tampered with, we'd have no way of knowing. Neither would he...

WELLES

In any case, we have to assume that the U.P.P. accessed Bishop's memory. That they have that data. They may also have specimens of the alien genetic material...

ROSETTI

In other words, you want to get on with your brief, don't you? You want Trent to clone the cultures. And you didn't want Shuman at this meeting.

FOX

This isn't a question of diplomacy, Colonel Rosetti.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTI

Isn't it? A violation of the  
S.A.R. treaty?

FOX

Has anyone mentioned military  
applications, Colonel? Trent?

TRENT

(smiles)

No. I think a very nice case can  
be made here for applied  
exobiology. We do have a standing  
order to study alien life-forms  
when we encounter them.  
Preliminary analysis of the  
material from Sulaco reveals a  
remarkable adaptive capacity. The  
potential for cancer research  
alone...

WELLES

Imagine, Colonel: if it can be  
programmed to only kill cancer  
cells...

ROSETTI

And what exactly is it you propose  
to do, Trent?

FOX

(before Trent  
can answer)

We'll nourish the cells in stasis  
tubes, under constant observation.  
We'll terminate them before they  
become embryos...

ROSETTI

I see. Cancer research. And our  
motives are exclusively  
humanitarian. Is that it?

WELLES

Colonel, when Shuman gets his reply  
from Earth, priority will go to  
military development of the  
Alien. We know that because we  
know where our orders came from.  
The decision has already been made.

FOX.

And potential U.P.P. research in  
the same direction only adds to  
the urgency, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTI

The decision rests with me.

WELLES

Perhaps you misunderstood,  
Rosetti. The decision has been  
made.

FOX

They won't just break you,  
Colonel, they'll see to it that  
it's as though your career never  
happened. They're top people.  
They can do that. And you know  
it.

Rosetti, with a long, cold look for both of them; he  
got the message:

ROSETTI

Shuman, of course, will have to be  
informed.

FOX

Of course. "Cancer research"...

INT. MEDLAB - SCAN UNIT

Bishop patiently undergoes a scan; he lies on his back  
on a narrow support as a massive donut-shaped sensor  
moves down the length of his body. A life-size color  
scan-image is displayed on a large screen: his  
"organs."

TECHNICIAN

The knees. Looks like they do the  
joints in polycarbon...

MEDIC

How about it, Bishop? Knees okay?

BISHOP

Yes...

Tentative smile.

TECHNICIAN

Polycarbon. Won't hold up worth a  
damn...

INT. RODINA - BIOLAB

smaller than the Anchorpoint lab. Equipment looks less advanced. The only light is the yellowish glow from a stasis tube; Braun and two assistants are clustered around the tube, observing the thing suspended there: thumb-sized, grayish-pink. An embryo.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - A TUNNEL AT THE EDGE OF THE CONSTRUCTION ZONE

Hicks jogs through the tunnel. Its brightly-lit arc of white ceramic recalls London tube stations, but the floor is paved smooth and black, with freshly-painted traffic symbols. He passes a woman jogging in the opposite direction, keeps going. Small video cameras are mounted at intervals overhead, panning slowly from side to side. As he continues, less of the tunnel is finished; sections of tile are missing, revealing pipes, wiring, structural steel. Past a certain point he's jogging the raw steel tube, splashing through shallow puddles of condensation. Fewer lights, widely spaced. He reaches a junction and pauses, chooses a tunnel.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE CHAMBER - HIGH, LONG SHOT -- HICKS

comes out of the lit mouth of a tunnel. The space he enters is the size of a football stadium, but dark and industrially Gothic. Stacks of hull-plate and geodesic struts. A shower of sparks as he passes a robot welder (a la the machine in the opening sequence of "Aliens"). Down an aisle of material and heavy machinery. Spence is waiting.

SPENCE

Hicks.

She's in the shadows, smoking a cigarette.

HICKS

You, huh? Why you?

SPENCE

I work in the lab with Tully. He couldn't make it.

HICKS

Hangover?

SPENCE

Scared... That forfeit agreement he had to sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

Doesn't scare you?

SPENCE

I haven't signed. Not yet. They've only given them to the ones who saw what happened.

HICKS

Why you?

SPENCE

Tully's okay, Hicks. I know him. Believe it or not, he doesn't scare that easy. He told me what was on that ship, Hicks. What he saw. You know what it was.

HICKS

I don't think anybody knows what it is...

SPENCE

They've got us growing the stuff. We've been running recombinant DNA routines on it, using human genetic material...

HICKS

You've been what?

SPENCE

(stubbing out her  
cigarette)

Cancer research. Tully says that's just a cover. Says it's like trying to cure cancer with a shotgun. Anyway, everybody knows those two spooks from Gateway are MiliSci...

HICKS

Fox and Welles?

SPENCE

Weapons Division. Not even supposed to exist, these days. Not officially, anyway.

HICKS

(lights a cigarette  
of his own)

I still don't see why you're telling me this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCE

Maybe I don't either. It's just  
... we've got to tell somebody...  
Now there's a rumor somebody came  
in on a U.P.P. ship today,  
somebody off Sulaco...

HICKS

Bishop...

SPENCE

I don't know.

HICKS

Maybe Progressive Peoples'll get  
their own Alien, too. Maybe  
they'll grow some...

SPENCE

(horrified)

Shit! You'd better hope not...

HICKS

Why's that?

SPENCE

Their lab gear's five years behind  
ours. They'd never be able to  
control it.

HICKS

Think you can, huh?

SPENCE

I don't know...

INT. OPS ROOM

A BLEEP as Tully appears on one of Jackson's screens,  
looking up at a camera in the tissue culture lab.

TULLY

Get me some maintenance people  
down here, will ya? Run a check  
on the stasis system. Pressure  
differential's off and the read  
keeps fluctuating. And punch it  
Priority; Trent'll cover it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

(with a characteristic  
little jerk of her  
head, light-pen  
winking)

Sure. You want a piece of the  
Superbowl, Tully?

TULLY

(looking O.S.,  
distracted)

Nah.

JACKSON

Denver...

TULLY

Denver? No way. Gimme a tenth on  
Chicago.

INT. RODINA - BIOLAB

Braun is seated at a computer, entering data. Suslov  
is staring into the stasis tube containing the develop-  
ing Alien.

SUSLOV

There's an irony in this...

BRAUN

(engrossed in the  
data)

Irony, Colonel-Doctor?

SUSLOV

The readiness with which it lends  
itself to genetic manipulation,  
Braun. The speed with which its  
cells multiply.

BRAUN

Yes. Remarkable.

SUSLOV

As though the gene-structure had  
been designed for ease of  
manipulation. And this apparently  
universal compatibility with other  
plasms...

BRAUN

(reluctantly aban-  
doning his task)

And you find this ironic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSLOV

Ironic that we are attempting to program it as a weapon, yes.

BRAUN

How is that?

SUSLOV

Perhaps it is the fruit of some ancient experiment... A living artifact, the product of genetic engineering... A weapon. Perhaps we are looking at the end result of yet another arms race...

BRAUN

A defeatist attitude, Colonel-Doctor. Our project can only strengthen the Union of Progressive Peoples...

CLOSE - THE STASIS TUBE - A CHEST-BURSTER

is suspended there like an eyeless fetal dolphin.

INT. MACHINE SHOP

Hicks, alone in the shop, mechanically going through the motions of the busywork he's been assigned to keep him out of the way.

BISHOP

(from the doorway)

That's quite a piece of machinery, Corporal Hicks...

HICKS

(looking up,  
grinning)

That's what we used to say about you. How the hell are you, Bishop? Brass said you were snatched by the U.P.P. How're things in the socialist paradise?

BISHOP

I was returned. I assume they had no further use for me.

He moves among the silent machines, touching them as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

(Continuing)

There are rumors, Hicks, that Weapons Division intends to develop the Alien.

HICKS

(with a glance at the video camera on the wall)

Where'd the bastards get one, Bishop?

BISHOP

One of them managed to board Sulaco, Hicks. Ripley killed it...

HICKS

Good for her.

BISHOP

She called it "the queen." It was larger than the others. Very large. Somehow it deposited genetic material in the ship.

HICKS

Then they're stone crazy, man. I hear the U.P.P. might try it themselves.

BISHOP

Given the current state of the arms race, it's entirely possible. I'm programmed to protect human life, Hicks. It's my... nature. Everything I am, everything I know, tells me this experiment must be aborted.

HICKS

Yeah. I know the feeling.

BISHOP

But I can't be entirely certain that you can trust me, Hicks.

HICKS

You can't what?

BISHOP

The U.P.P. may have reprogrammed me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I've been very thoroughly examined, of course, but the possibility does exist.

HICKS

Wouldn't you know?

BISHOP

No. I may be functioning as an enemy agent.

HICKS

(beat)

What the hell. We have to kill it, don't we?

BISHOP

I have to try.

HICKS

I'm in, man. And I think I know where we can find us a little help...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Tully and Spence are alone.

SPENCE

Want coffee? I'm going to the machine.

TULLY

No.

He peers into one of the stasis tubes; a small ovoid of tissue is suspended there.

SPENCE

Maintenance cure your pressure differential problem?

TULLY

Said there wasn't any. Said it was a glitch.

SPENCE

Didn't want to get his hands dirty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TULLY

It settled down by itself.

Spence exits; Tully moves closer to the tube.

CLOSE - THE SINGLE DEVELOPING SPORE

inside; it looks like a much smaller version of the alien egg.

WIDER ANGLE

TULLY

Hey there. Hi ya. How ya doin'?  
Nutrient solution agreeing with  
you, hm? We're looking lots  
bigger today, aren't we? You  
bet. Terrific. Just absolutely  
fucking wonderful...

His monologue is interrupted by Welles' entrance; he's startled, looks up guiltily. The heavy glass doors HISS shut behind her.

WELLES

Communing with nature, Tully?

TULLY

You're not wearing a badge.  
(taps the plastic  
ID clipped to his  
lab coat)  
White strip registers  
contamination. Turns red if  
you're accidentally exposed to  
something. Got it?

WELLES

Where's Trent?

TULLY

Lunch.

WELLES

And how's our friend?

She moves to the stasis tube, looks in.

TULLY

Friends. Our little friends.  
Growing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELLES

Get me hard copy for the past six hours.

TULLY

Sorry. Ask Trent.

WELLES

I don't think you understood me, Technician Tully...

She's following him as he nears the main computer console; in the b.g., a stasis tube begins to HISS, CRACKS loudly, a hairline fissure emits a superfine spray of fluid. An alarm SOUNDS.

WELLES

(continuing)

What does th --

TULLY

O Jesus...

Two of the tubes BLOW OUT. Nutrient fluid and plastic shards everywhere. Welles and Tully go down. A louder ALARM cuts in; red lights strobe. Locks in the doors THUNK shut, an automatic containment measure, as Spence, outside, throws down her coffee and begins to struggle with the door-controls, trying to reach Tully. Tully, facedown in a pool of the fluid, sees that he's nine inches from the gray pigeon's-egg of alien tissue. His eyes widen. Gets to his knees as carefully as he can. Reaches slowly -- slowly -- sideways, manages to snag a pair of plastic tongs and a shallow lab tray from the counter...

Welles tries to scramble to her feet, loses her balance in the slippery goop, and snatches at his arm. He nearly falls on top of the thing, but cuffs her roughly away, kneels, tongs poised... Beat. A tiny orifice opens; for a split-second something glitters above the thing, a faint, fist-sized cloud of dark mist. Then it's gone and Tully's moving, swooping in with tongs and tray.

SPENCE (V.O.)

(intercom)

Tully! Tully, Goddamn it! What's happening? Are you okay?

TULLY

De-con. Get us down to De-con!

Welles is struggling to her feet.

INT. DECONTAMINATION SHOWER

Drenched, naked, furious, Welles is nearly invisible behind a scalding downpour as techs in biohazard gear scrub her down with detergents and antibacterial agents. She shoots eye-daggers at Tully, who's being worked over by two more techs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson at work. PAN ACROSS screens to security camera view of DNA lab, clean now but minus two stasis tubes -- image identified: TISSUE CULTURE / 25 AUGUST / 1900:15 HOURS. Jackson's attention is elsewhere.

INT. A CORRIDOR

Hicks keeps watch as Bishop opens a panel, exposing complex wiring; no hesitation whatever as he strips two wires, removes a Walkman-sized VCR from his belt, and clips leads to the stripped wires.

INT. OPS ROOM

CLOSE on monitor image of the lab. The picture fuzzes out, scrambles, returns -- but now reads: TISSUE CULTURE / 23 AUGUST / 1200:02 HOURS and the missing tubes are back in place.

INT. ENTRANCE - OUTSIDE LAB

BISHOP

We have three minutes at the outside.

HICKS

Go.

Bishop punches the code-sequence and the door hisses open; they're through, moving.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

They move down the row of stasis tubes. Bishop pauses when they reach the two units with missing tubes, then quickly moves on. He opens a wall panel, exposing controls and a large, very serious-looking red switch. Label above switch:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STASIS SYSTEM MICROWAVE STERILIZATION

Then, he hesitates. Turning slowly, as if under compulsion, he looks back: the line of glowing tubes.

HICKS

Do it!

And still he doesn't move... Hicks darts his arm past Bishop, breaking the trance and yanking the red switch.

A burst of unpleasant high-frequency SOUND as the fluid in the tubes instantly begins to boil.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE ALIEN CULTURES

as it bursts, disintegrates into a film of slime lost behind a storm of bubbles. The lab's ALARM system goes off. The doors slide open as three MARINES cover Hicks and Bishop with handguns.

MARINES

Just don't you fucking move, Jack.

Hicks stonefaces the Marines. Then cracks a grin.

INT. DETENTION UNIT

Hicks and Bishop, in white plastic "medical restraints" (like arm and leg-irons) precede the grim-faced Marines along a corridor and are thrown into separate cells.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BUBBLE

Meeting of Anchorpoint's full directorate, including Welles and Fox, Jackson, and a number of new faces. Welles is white-lipped with fury.

JACKSON

They knew the code, didn't they?  
The code for the door...

FOX

You got it, Ops. And they knew just where to go and which button to push to poach our eggs for us, didn't they? Struggling with an idea, Ops? Think it may even have been an inside job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

You're a Grade A Company prick,  
aren't you, mister?

(Her bitch truckdriver side; a tough lady, used to taking a lot of life-or-death responsibility in her job.)

WELLES

The Anchorpoint phase of the project is terminated, Rosetti. You'll keep Hicks and the android in solitary until they can return with us to Gateway to stand trial for treason.

TRENT

The Anchorpoint phase? What do you mean? We have no more material to work with...

FOX

You have no more material to work with, Trent. In any case, it's become obvious that you aren't quite the man for the job. We took the precaution of obtaining our own samples. They're on their way to Gateway.

WELLES

(with cold  
satisfaction)

... and everything, every move each of you have made, since our arrival, is going to be gone over with a fine tooth c-c-c-c--

As Welles begins to stammer, her eyes betray a terrible consternation. She half rises from her chair, lurches forward, catching herself on her hands. The C-C-C-C-C phases into a chattering palsy as a thick strand of blood-streaked drool descends toward the table. Fox, seated to her left, has instinctively shoved his own chair back, ready to run. Everyone else is frozen with shock.

As the chattering tooth-burr becomes a shrill SHRIEK of inhuman rage, the transformation takes place. Segmented biomechanoid tendons squirm beneath the skin of her arms. Her hands claw at one another, tearing redundant tissue from alien talons. Then the shriek dies. She straightens up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: .

And rips her face apart in a single movement, the glistening claws coming away with skin, eyes, muscle, teeth, splinters of bone... SOUND of ripping cloth. The New Beast sheds its human skin in a single, sinuous, bloody ripple, molting on fast forward.

An instant of utter silence as the featureless mask moves. From side to side. Scanning.

Trent vomits explosively. The Marine guard snatches his pistol from its holster and FIRES wildly across the table. Blind screaming chaos.

OVERHEAD SHOT

as the directorate plunges, like a single panicked organism, to the far side of the bubble. The thing is on Fox before he can get up from his chair.

CLOSE

on his scream as the sucking, fanged tongue plunges through the orbit of his eye.

ANGLE

A Marine with a flamethrower bursts through the door, torching Fox and the New Beast, setting fire to the bubble's acoustic foam baffles.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TULLY'S SLEEPING CUBICLE

Spence is coming down the corridor, carrying a clear plastic bag of styrofoam food containers. Nobody else in sight. She looks tired, but not particularly worried. She reaches the door to his cubicle. Thumps on it with the heel of her hand.

SPENCE

Tully! Hey! Open up. Got you  
some food...

No reply. She thumps again, then punches the combination (the lock looks like a telephone key-pad). Door opens. Dark inside.

SPENCE

(continuing)  
Tully? You sleeping?

INT. TULLY'S SLEEPING CUBICLE

She climbs in. Dark. Very. A red LED glows on the phone console. She crawls through the detritus of Tully's housekeeping and fumbles for the lights. Can't find the switch.

SPENCE

Tully?

Lights CLICK on. Nobody there. Nothing. Looks even messier than she last saw it. She sighs, puts the bag of food on a ledge, scoops a mound of dirty clothes off the pillow in an automatic cleaning-up gesture. And sees Tully's lab badge. Picks it up.

CLOSE ON THE BADGE

The contamination indicator strip is red.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETENTION CELL

Hicks sitting on the narrow bunk.

Door opens. One of the Marines who arrested him in the lab; he wears combat armor now.

HICKS

What's your problem, bud? Got a war on?

The Marine steps back, admitting a haggard Rosetti.

ROSETTI

Get up, Hicks. We need you in the Ops Room.

HICKS

We didn't kill it.

ROSETTI

No. It killed Fox and Welles...

INT. TUNNEL, CONSTRUCTION ZONE

Small vehicle WHINES TOWARD US through puddles of condensation: a skeletal electric micro-jeep with heavy roll bars, scratched and paint-scarred. Walker driving. Hicks behind him in partial combat armor and communication rig, cradling a pulse-rifle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walker's pushing it, driving fast; the jeep bounces and sways, skitters around a corner. Into the gloom of the big construction chamber. Halts.

HICKS  
(into mouthpiece)  
Gimme a read.

JACKSON (V.O.)  
(from headset)  
You're close. Hang a left.

HICKS  
Is he moving?

JACKSON  
No...

Walker swings the jeep around and they roll toward a narrow gap between massive stacks of geodesic struts.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson studies a simulator screen; a moving cursor, the Jeep, navigates a 3D grid-representation of the construction zone.

JACKSON  
Now left again.

The cursor turns. Nears a blinking red dot.

Spence, drawn and anxious, looks over Jackson's shoulder. Bishop and Rosetti are beside her.

SPENCE  
You're sure it's him?

JACKSON  
It's his locator frequency, isn't it? No two alike. Surgically implanted. Just like yours...

SPENCE  
(gnaws at her lip)  
He's not moving...

ROSETTI  
Why would he go down there?

BISHOP  
The badge. He knew that he'd been infected...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: .

SPENCE

Scared. He's scared.

(shudders)

Tully...

INT. CONSTRUCTION CHAMBER

Dark. The Jeep creeps along between stacks of prefab hull units, emerges into an open space, junction of several corridors. The deck is an inch deep in water.

JACKSON (V.O.)

He's there! You're right on top  
of him!

Walker stops the jeep. Hicks stands up, plays the beam of a flashlight around the area. Presses the mute button on his headset.

HICKS

(bellows)

Tully! Tully! Yo!

ECHO. DRIP of water.

Hicks clips the flashlight beneath the barrel of his gun and jumps down. Reflections ripple as he moves forward. Swings the beam along the surface -- something there... The logo-patches down a sleeve of Tully's ruptured, blood-soaked leather jacket. Drifting shreds of human tissue...

JACKSON (V.O.)

Can you see him?

HICKS

Yeah.

And the thing that was Tully launches itself from the top of one of the stacks of construction material. Lands on top of the jeep, going for Walker, through the roll bars.

CLOSEUP ON JAWS

CLOSEUP

as the thing's tail lashes past Walker's face, taking a nick out of a steel bar.

CLOSEUP ON WALKER'S HANDS

on the controls, a pair of levers: he yanks one back, shoves the other forward, thumbs both drive buttons simultaneously.

ANGLE

The jeep (separate drive-trains for each wheel) pulls two three-sixties on a dime, hurling the thing toward Hicks. It smashes into the desk, splash of water, leaps for Hicks instantly. The charge from his pulse-rifle takes it in mid-air, hideous bile-yellow spurt of acid... And it hits the water again with a terrific EXPLOSION of steam. The jeep lurches out through the steam, engines SCREAMING, wheels losing traction in the puddle, throwing up fantails of water, nearly overturning. Hicks jumps, snags a roll bar, empties the pulse-rifle's clip into the steam on full-auto as Walker hauls ass back down the corridor...

JACKSON (V.O.)

Hicks! What's happening?

INT. OPS ROOM

JACKSON

Hicks? Hicks!

CLOSE ON SCREEN

as the jeep-cursor speeds away from Tully's blinking locator-dot.

Spence's eyes fixed on the screen as she makes a serious stab at swallowing her own fist.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA - BIOLAB

VERY SLOW PAN past monitors -- one flickering like a defective strobe, the other displaying a readout in Russian -- past an overturned mug on a keyboard, past assorted equipment, past the shattered ruin of the big stasis tube, to Suslov and Braun cocooned in a glittering biomech structure of alien resin. Braun is dead, his rib cage gaping.

INT. RODINA - CREW MESS

SCREAMS and the HAMMER of automatic weapons. Station crew fleeing in panic enter through one door, crash into tables, scattering trays and food, claw at one another to escape through another door. The Vietnamese commando and her partner are last into the room; they spin in unison and FIRE back through the door. SOUND of rending metal and loud inhuman RAGE.

The commandos scramble for the far door as the alien crashes into the mess: a new form, the result of Suslov's genetic tinkering. Bigger. Meaner. Faster. Able to reproduce more quickly.

The frantic crew are climbing a ladder. The commandos start up the ladder. They climb through a circular hatch. Like the deck they stand on, the hatch is made of heavy steel expansion-grid. The alien swarms up the ladder, slams into the hatch just as the commandos close and lock it. The alien keeps on slamming. The steel begins to bulge and tear...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Hicks, Bishop, Rosetti, Shuman, and Jackson.

JACKSON

Can't raise 'em, boss.

SHUMAN

Try the diplomatic codes...

JACKSON

Diplomatic codes? They aren't responding to Mayday International. Maybe they've got a transponder down, but -- hey, check this, outgoing traffic...

(she bobs her head,  
taps her lapboard)

It's a squirt transmission...  
Military decryption standard.

ROSETTI

What do they have in the area?

JACKSON

(taps up a fresh  
screen of data)

Not much. Automated mining system working NC-313... Test module for a terraforming operation enroute MV-45...

(MORE.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And, here we go, the battle  
cruiser Nikolai Stoiko. Nine  
hours from Rodina if they push it.

HICKS

What I wanna know is, what do we  
have in the area?

JACKSON

(another screen  
of data)

Not much. How about the Kansas  
City, Colonial Admin transport?  
We hit her with a Mayday, -she'll  
get here inside twenty hours.

HICKS

Then what?

ROSETTI

We abandon the station.

HICKS

Destroy the station, man! We got  
nukes?

ROSETTI

Outlawed under the Strategic Arms  
Reduction treaty.

JACKSON

We can fiddle the overrides on the  
fusion package. Baby nova.

BISHOP

We're dealing with a new form,  
Colonel. We know nothing of this  
new mode of reproduction. Others  
may already have become hosts...

ROSETTI

What are you suggesting?

BISHOP

In order to be entirely certain,  
Colonel, it would be necessary to  
override the fusion package now.

Jackson looks up at Bishop; he's suggesting mass  
suicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

I thought you were programmed to  
protect human life?

BISHOP

(with android  
blandness)

I'm taking the long view.

Jackson's console CHIMES, begins to display new data,  
ID shots of three crew members.

JACKSON

Missing persons.

(she taps her way  
through windows  
of data)

Two were members of the clean-up  
crew who did the lab after the  
blowout. Third doesn't check...  
No, wait. Lives with one of first  
two... But that makes a total of  
fifteen... Something's  
happening...

HICKS

Goddamn, Rosetti, it's catching!

ROSETTI

(ignores him)

Mayday Kansas City, Jackson.

HICKS

What about Sulaco?

SHUMAN

It would take two days to raise  
her.

HICKS

(bitterly)

With that shit on board.

ROSETTI

Gateway will have our warning  
before Sulaco arrives.

SHUMAN

Fine, Colonel. And who do you  
suppose will be willing to take it  
seriously? Weapons Division?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Hey, I'm getting something! The socialist space brothers speak at last...

Her main screen flickers and jumps; the speakers fill with a roar of STATIC --

JACKSON

(continuing)

Their transmission standards get worse all the --

She falls silent as the screen clears, revealing a young Slavic madwoman -- one of Suslov's lab assistants -- in blood-drenched coveralls. Jerky handheld video, grainy transmission, indistinct background. She clutches a sheet of paper, reads aloud from it in a foreign language.

SHUMAN

Get a translation program on line, Jackson!

Jackson's already punching. An instantaneous computer translation cuts in as V.O.; the girl's lips move, out of sync, like a cheap dub; the translation is rendered in flat synthi-voice.

CLOSEUP ON SCREEN

SPOKESWOMAN

... of Progressive Peoples.  
Technician First Class, Tatjana Malik. Please, we wish to inform you: we have undertaken an experiment with genetic material obtained from the military transport vessel... We attempted to clone the xenomorph in stasis. Failure of the stasis system occurred in the fifteenth hour... Attempted modification of the genetic structure has resulted in a variant which replicates rapidly, more rapidly...

(and here, horribly,  
she smiles)

It has... taken... most of us.  
Those of us who remain...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPOKESWOMAN (CONT'D)

We wish to warn you: you must terminate any experiment with the material now. It is impossible. It cannot be contained. There is no --

The image flickers, vanishes.

ANGLE

JACKSON

Lost 'em. That's it... Goddamit, she was just a teeh. Their brass didn't bother...

HICKS

No brass left...

JACKSON

And you better check this, Hicks.

Her other screens display assorted images of nearly identical tunnels and passageways, but three of them are black; she gestures to the dark screens.

JACKSON

(continuing)

This is down by the main air-scrubber. System says those three cameras are still operational, but there's something in the way.  
Something big...

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - ECO-MODULE

Huge louvers pivot smoothly, like Venetian blinds, revealing lush vegetation through thick plastic...

INT. ECO-MODULE

Spence sits cross-legged in Newt's meadow, tearfully hugging a small tame primate. Light crosses the meadow as the louvers open overhead, beyond the geodesics. Artificial dawn. BIRDS begin to sing. Quiet before the storm...

EXT. RODINA

No sign of movement.

INT. RODINA - GEAR LOCKER

Dimly lit. Clutter of spacesuits, machinery. The Vietnamese commando seated on the floor, back to the wall, cradling her gun. The corpse of her partner is sprawled on the deck beside her, face hideously burned, his armor fretworked with acid. Her face is blank, eyes straight ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

The station.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - MEDLAB - CORRIDOR

Hicks, still in his fighting gear, walking purposefully. MedLab staff in hospital whites dubiously note his passage.

INT. MEDLAB - RIPLEY'S ROOM

Ripley comatose, still hooked up to assorted biomonitors, the only movement in the room the restless flicker of a bank of colored diodes.

Hicks enters, crosses to the bed, seems about to speak, makes a helpless little gesture with his hands -- then yanks the biomonitors leads from the bedside console. The diodes go out; a buzzer begins to SOUND. The bed is mounted on casters. He starts to pull it out of the room. Stops. Looks up at Newt's map on the wall.

He rips the map from the wall and stuffs it into her hospital gown.

INT. MEDLAB - CORRIDOR

Hicks hustles Ripley through MedLab, not about to stop for anyone; startled staff jump out of the way.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - ENTRANCE TO A LIFEBOAT

Signs and notices detailing lifeboat launch procedures. Hicks lifts Ripley from the bed, carries her through hatch into lifeboat. Places her in a hypersleep capsule, presses a button. The lid comes down. Silent moment as he looks down at her through the lid, his palm on the smooth plastic in a gesture of farewell, resignation. Then back through the hatch, where he activates controls that seal the boat, setting the launch-procedure in motion.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT - HULL SECTION WITH ROW OF LIFEBOATS

ANGLE on the blunt prows of the lifeboats receding around the curve of the station's hull.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Hicks watching digital countdown. Muted WHUMP of explosive bolts --

EXT. LIFEBOATS

Flash of the bolts as Ripley's boat is launched into the sweep of night.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Bishop enters behind Hicks.

BISHOP

But can you be certain she hasn't been infected?

HICKS

I'll take the chance.

BISHOP

Why?

HICKS

I owe her one.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson at her screens; display as before, the tunnels near the air-scrubber -- with three screens dark. CLOSEUP on one tunnel-view as an open, six-wheeled personnel carrier rolls past the video camera, Hicks looking up. Five Marines in full battle dress ride with him: ALSOP, GREENFIELD, BRICE, COSTELLO, WALLACE.

JACKSON

Next junction, hang a right...

INT. TUNNEL

Dim; lights spaced far apart along tunnel. The carrier takes a right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON (V.O.)

Left at the fork and you wanna  
take it slow. Fifty meters to  
whatever's in front of that  
camera...

Hicks gestures to Wallace, the driver. The carrier halts. SOUND of the air-scrubber from down the tunnel. The Marines shift their weapons, uneasily eye the tunnel ahead. These are young recruits, not the hard-case vets of "ALIENS."

HICKS

Now listen up. We don't do this  
by the book, we don't pair off.  
Stay together, tight. Greenfield  
up front with me; anything moves,  
you torch it. The rest of you, if  
it moves, kill it. You gotta get  
the fuckers before they get close.  
You know about the acid; you know  
they don't show on infrared. And  
you know you don't let 'em take  
you alive. You might have to do a  
friend a favor... Ready? Move  
out.

He climbs down from the carrier, heavily burdened with gear. The others follow. Greenfield has a flame-thrower. They move forward. Toward the next light; beyond it, the tunnel curves out of sight.

JACKSON (V.O.)

You're right up on it, Hicks.  
Right around the corner...

HICKS

Affirmative...

They round the turn, weapons ready. And stop, stunned.

GREENFIELD

Wha' th'...?

The tunnel, which widens here as it approaches the massive air-scrubber, has been transformed; its lights are dimly visible through shrouds of resin. Vast ribs of the stuff sweep up from a dim and monstrous shape that covers the deck at the base of the scrubber; we're looking into an Alien grotto, black and pearlescent, an obscene fairyland. The shape's symmetry suggests function. Patient DRUMMING of the air-scrubber's giant fans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS  
Scan it. Motion?

COSTELLO  
(consulting tracker,  
adjusting knob)  
Negative.

HICKS  
Also, gimme the flood...

Also, passes Hicks a portable halogen-flood. Hicks thumbs it on...

WALLACE  
Holy Christ.

The central shape is revealed as an enormous mutant queen. The thing is splayed on its back, mortared into the mass with resin, its vestigial head toward Hicks and the Marines. Its abdomen is arched like an inverted scorpion-tail, tipped with a swollen, semi-translucent sac that ripples and pulses in the glare of Hicks' lamp. A biomechanical birth-factory.

HICKS  
(passing the flood  
to Brice)  
Hold it... steady.

He kneels, unslings one of his gear cases, opens it, revealing a squat tube.

HICKS  
Moving. Something's moving...

Hicks is working on the tube-thing, snapping components into place.

Brice suddenly swings the beam away from the queen, revealing half a dozen new-model Aliens twisting out of recesses in the grotto walls...

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson and Bishop hear SCREAMS and FIRING over the comm-link.

HICKS (V.O.)  
The light! The goddamn light!  
(garble)

INT. SCRUBBER-TUNNEL

The Aliens tear into the Marines like living chainsaws. Wallace and Costello go down immediately; the Aliens begin to drag them away. Hicks has gotten hold of the light, struggles to keep it on the queen as he props the tube against his thigh. SCREAMS. Blue stutter of pulse-rifles. A tongue of fire from Greenfield's flamethrower, but an Alien jumps him; the napalm-stream arcs wildly, splashing the resin structure -- and the Queen wakes. The huge tail extends, lifts in the floodlight beam...

Hicks is still trying to assemble his mortar.

As the swollen, podlike tail-tip splits open with a sticky, tearing SOUND, releasing a puffball cloud of dark mist -- we've seen it before, in miniature, with Tully in the lab -- which begins to rise, drawn up toward the giant fans above the air-scrubber...

INT. OPS ROOM

HICKS (V.O.)

Stop the fans!

Bishop is instantly on the case, leaning over Jackson's shoulder to punch the right buttons, but..

INT. SCRUBBER-TUNNEL

Too late. The cloud of spores is sucked into the fans -- as Hicks drops a shell into the mortar. It bucks against his thigh and the queen is blown to shreds in an EXPLOSION that rips out the side of the scrubber.

HICKS

The vents! Seal the vents!

INT. OPS ROOM

Bishop's fingers fly as he punches another sequence.

INT. VENT

Straight down the pipe, a long way, to the whirling fans. Huge hermetic barriers SLAM across the vent in sequence -- one, two, three.

INT. SCRUBBER-TUNNEL

Hicks scrambles to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKS

Out! Out of here! Now!

The Marine beside him begins to spasm and quake as the Change comes. Hicks SHOOTs him in the chest at close range and sprints for the carrier.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA - HUB

The Vietnamese commando nears the station's hub. The walls, in one large chamber, are decorated with official U.P.P. art, like a blend of Mexican Socialists agitprop murals and Syd Mead techno-fantasy. She passes evidence of brief violent struggle: a wall splashed with dried blood, a single shoe, smashed equipment, ragged acid-scars in the deck.

She looks like a child now, moving through all this, small and alone. But not helpless: she still moves with a cat's wariness, her gun ready.

Three face-huggers scuttle across at an intersection of corridors, tails thrashing...

She comes to a door that opens onto Rodina's central hub, a large cylindrical space surrounding a core of equipment. The door is ajar; she edges through...

Virtually the station's entire crew, perhaps a hundred people, have been cocooned along the multi-storey column, a bas-relief of human bodies and glittering resin.

She stares from a railing, appalled, then slips back through the door.

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Rosetti, Jackson, Bishop.

JACKSON

I don't know what they did down there, but it's screwed up internal comm-link for the whole area; I can't raise 'em...

One of Jackson's consoles CHIMES; her central screen suddenly glows with a hi-rez simulation of Rodina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON  
(continuing)  
Rodina's got company...

EXT. SPACE

Silent approach of the U.P.P. cruiser Nikolai Stoiko, a vicious-looking mile-long slab of armament. Stoiko slows, comes to an ominous halt.

INT. RODINA

The commando bolts down a corridor. Total desperation. She's lost her gun. A CRASH behind her. The beast's shrill RAGE. She throws herself through the first available door -- and sees the interceptor waiting. She scrambles up a ladder, through the hatch, and frantically begins to activate systems. Sirens begin to SOUND in the launch bay. The interceptor's hatch closes as the twin gates of the bay begin to swing open -- and the beast is on her, striking at the view-port in the hatch, inches from her face. She flips open a safety-override on the interceptor's joystick and thumbs a red button.

EXT. RODINA

Total overdrive: the interceptor BLASTS out through the half-open gates in a fireball of exhaust gases, the beast and the service ladder tumbling after it...

EXT. SPACE - STOIKO

Something streaks from the bow of the cruiser...

INT. ANCHORPOINT - OPS ROOM

Jackson huddled over her screen.

JACKSON  
Missile!

EXT. SPACE - RODINA - INTERCEPTOR IN F.G.

The U.P.P. missile takes out the station. Whiteout of nuclear EXPLOSION; the interceptor is a black blot tumbling toward us like a singed leaf in a whirlwind...

INT. OPS ROOM

The simulation of Rodina on Jackson's screen is surrounded by an expanding blue sphere. The sphere stops expanding. The simulation blurs into digital static, fades as the sphere begins to contract...

JACKSON

Nuked 'em! Twenty megs! That coded transmission...

ROSETTI

Send Mayday.

JACKSON

I don't believe it! They send for help, their own people nuked 'em!

HICKS

(quietly)

Maybe they asked for it...

ROSETTI

That's an order, Jackson!

Bishop looks at Rosetti as though he's about to offer an opinion, but doesn't.

JACKSON

Maybe they'll nuke us too...

BISHOP

No. They're leaving...

EXT. SPACE - STOIKO

The cruiser begins to move, accelerates, is gone.

INT. OPS ROOM

ROSETTI

Bastards!

JACKSON

Yeah. And they violated the fucking arms treaty, too, didn't they? Well, Colonel Rosetti, how about a situation update? We got, lessee, fifty-six missing crew members as of fifteen hundred hours...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MALL

Deserted. The only SOUNDS are Muzak and the trickle of an artificial waterfall. Some signs of trouble: an overturned trash canister, someone's red nylon baseball cap on the polished concrete.

Walker strolls around a corner beside the bar with a pulse-rifle, grenades, and assorted gadgetry slung across his chest. Goes to the bar entrance, nudges the door open with the barrel of the rifle. Nobody there. Same soccer game on the big screen, but the sound is off. Silent cheering crowd rising to its feet, the flicker of the holo-game consoles. He glances around the mall, enters. Crosses to the bar, checks behind it, then fishes up a big plastic jug of liquor. Opens it, drinks from the jug.

Behind him, a mug topples, CLATTERS on the floor. He slowly lowers the liquor to the counter; just as slowly, he turns. A beast is there, waiting, beyond the Glimmer of the holo-games.

Walker and the beast move simultaneously. But he doesn't go for his gun -- he grabs the control unit hanging on his chest.

An unmanned power-loader walks straight through the glass facade, plowing tables and chairs out of its way, big vise-grip claws extended. The Alien SCREAMS, leaps for it, but the steel claws close and grip.

Walker twiddles the controls; the power-loader responds, pinning the Alien against the wall. The Alien writhes and HISSSES, striking furiously at the hydraulic arms. Walker tightens the grip, locks the loader in place. Picks up the jug of liquor and has another swallow.

WALLACE

Fuck you.

Beat. As his satisfied grin is replaced by something else. The Change...

INT. ECO-MODULE

Artificial dusk. Spence is crossing the micro-meadow with a wire basket of food for the module's population of small primates. Moths flutter through narrowing beams of sunlight as the louvers gradually close overhead. CRICKETS in the long grass.

She enters the scaled-down forest, ducking branches, and Spanish moss. Begins to make a Tk-tk-tk sound, calling the lemur, the monkeys...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And stops. Suddenly aware of a stillness, an absolute silence. Even the crickets...

She turns -- gasps. The primates have been cocooned in the branches of a tree. And screams as something pounces on her from above, the transformed lemur: a very small Alien. She bats the thing away with the strength of desperation. It hits the ground HISSING; she hurls the basket of food at it and bolts from the forest, sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

-INT. A TUNNEL

WHINE of an approaching engine. The six-wheeled carrier comes INTO VIEW, Hicks driving, alone. His face is fixed, white. The carrier slews against the tunnel wall, strikes sparks, bounces off. He hardly seems to notice. He plows into a row of big plastic crates, tumbling them like a child's blocks, bringing the vehicle to a halt. Beat. He looks up from the controls: the doors of a freight elevator.

INT. A CORRIDOR OFF THE MALL

Automatic CHIME as elevator doors open, revealing Hicks and his gun.

INT. THE MALL

Hicks warily crosses the Mall. SOUND of perpetual Muzak. He eyes the wreckage of the bar, but keeps moving. Into stuttering neon light from one of the shops. HISS and CRACKLE of bad wiring. He moves toward the shop, gun ready.

INT. SHOP

Hicks enters, surveys the wreckage of display cases, scattered 21st century consumer toys.

He finds five cocoons at the rear of the shop.

INT. THE MALL

LONG on the shop. Beat. SOUND of five rounds from the pulse-rifle. With the last shot, the neon flicker dies. The Muzak stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hicks emerges, continues across the Mall.

Arrives at the elevator-like entrance to the mini-subway, punches in his destination ("OPS" lights up in red). Muffled SOUND of the braking car; the door HISSES open -- on Spence, both hands white-knuckled on the loop of a hanger-strap, the car an abattoir, red with the blood of Transformation. Shredded clothing and rags of flesh.

HICKS

Spence...

She screams.

INT. OPS ROOM

Rosetti and Jackson are hunched over the screens as Hicks enters with Spence over his shoulder, brushing past two nervous Marines at the door. Bishop is making calculations on a console in the b.g. Hicks eases Spence down into a chair.

JACKSON

Revised ETA for the Kansas City's  
another thirteen hours...

HICKS

(yanking Rosetti  
around in his chair)  
Things don't look so shit hot out  
there right now, Rosetti. What  
about rigging the fusion package?

ROSETTI

(to Jackson;  
ignoring Hicks)  
Sound the general alert, routine  
lifeboat drill...

HICKS

A general fucking alert? Lifeboat  
drill? Who the hell you think's  
gonna be left to pick up? I say  
we do the fusion package now!

JACKSON

(wearily; without  
looking up from  
her screen)  
Hicks, you took out the scrubber,  
the main air-scrubber.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

























































































