

# alien resurrection

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First Draft

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Silent, black. We sweep slowly across an endless tapestry of stars. Finally she comes into view: the U.S.S. AURIGA, a massive research vessel that sits majestically just beyond Pluto's orbit.

We TRACK ALONG the side of the ship, and

INT. AURIGA

along the silent, empty corridors, coming at last to a doorway with two guards standing rigid in front of it. Full armour, powerful shockrifles, expressions empty and cold.

INT. MEDLAB

along a row of screens, where we see the first signs of life -- readouts, lights, data -- all shifting and collating on the blinking screens. As we TRACK ALONG them, a figure in a labcoat passes through the frame, then another, leading us along the lab to settle on what looks like a cryogenic tube, not big enough for a human.

Still TRACKING around it, we glimpse inside some vague, fetal mass encased in a clear, aspic-like gel. Tubes and cables are attached to the mass, running out of the machine. As we still CIRCLE, the shape begins to be more coherent, till we can see what might even be a face. Eyes, shut tight. Sleeping.

Dreaming..

ANGLE: WHEAT.

A birds eyes view of a field, the soft golden waves filling the screen. Sharp contrast to what we have seen before.

There is a woman wandering through the field. Beside her a girl, seven or eight, in dinghy sundress. Both have black, tousled hair.

GIRL'S VOICE

My mommy always said there were no monsters -- no real ones -- but there are.

The girl stops, looks around her. The wheat comes all the way up to her chest, and nothing else is visible as far as she can see.

She looks back at the woman but the woman is already more than fifty yards away. The girl's expression becomes perplexed.

She slaps a bug on the back of her neck. Pulls it off and it is HUGE, wriggling fleshily in her hand. Her expression becomes even more distraught, but she cannot muster forth a shout.

The sound of insects fills the air. Another bug lands on her, another. She looks down in growing horror and sees:

Blood. At her feet, rising, filling the field, rising above the wheat, a sea of blood now, dark, thick.

The girl tries again to scream, raises her arms. She is completely covered in insects, a skittering black shroud of them, and when she finally does SCREAM they flood into her mouth --

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Instruments show a jolt in heart rate, blood pressure. Scientists note it down, look over at the thing in aspic. We can tell that time has passed because it is much bigger, nearly the size of a man, and in a new case.

The camera moves in on the cardiograph, then moves down, to show another one. Tracking a SECOND HEARTBEAT from within the case. Smaller, much faster.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Tiny, dark, and we are moving through it at impossible speed, turning into another without slowing, up into an air vent, still moving, moving, until we reach a chamber, some place where all we can see is a mass of dark, moving, inhuman flesh - it welcomes us in, envelops us...

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Lying somewhere, maybe the dark chamber -- in the dream it keeps shifting. She opens her eyes, but they are dark, whiteless. She reaches for her chest and begins scratching it. Hard. Tearing at it, as blood wells up, spilling over her sides.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING CHAMBER

And the cause of this dream becomes apparent:

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

being cut open with a lasersaw. We see her body still has a layer of the aspic-slime clinging to it. And her skin is unnaturally blue. But as we PAN from her chest to her face, her identity is unmistakable.

Around her are several men in operating masks. Cutting her is GEDIMAN, a young and enthusiastic scientist. One man, seemingly in charge, stands a bit off, watching. This, by the tag on his coat, is DR WREN.

WREN

Careful... ready with the amnio...

His voice is soft, comforting, like the face that watches thoughtfully from behind thick glasses.

Gediman finishes cutting. Another man steps in with a clamp. Sets it. Pulls apart the chest.

GEDIMAN

There she is...

He says it like he's found a lost kitten. He reaches in and pulls out a sleeping, fetal but nearly ready to burst ALIEN. Others work at severing umbilical threads that tie it to Ripley's chest.

GEDIMAN

Here we go.

He holds it up and others step in with the amnio, a sort of incubator filled with amniotic fluid.

The alien SCREAMS, its tiny mouth full with teeth, and wriggles out of his grasp.

WREN

Watch it!

Everybody panics -- but before the thing can get completely away from him, Gediman grabs it and sticks it in the amnio. Someone shuts the top rapidly. Everybody looks at each other a moment.

GEDIMAN

Well...

WREN

The host?

A surgeon looks at Ripley's readings.

SURGEON

Doing fine.

Gediman looks at Wren, hopefully. Wren nods.

WREN

Sew her back up.

Gediman and the surgeon get to work, as the others carefully remove the alien.

GEDIMAN

Well, that went as well as could be expected--

Ripley's hand LASHES OUT, GRABS the surgeon's forearm. He yells in pain as her fingers dig into him --

-- Ripley's eyes pop open: wide, unseeing, consciousness flooding in behind them -- her whole body so rigid it shakes --

-- The surgeon SCREAMS, trying to pry her hand off, the others scrambling, knocking things over -- and we HEAR HIS BONE CRACKING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL

Sudden stillness.

Ripley crouches in the middle of a small, dark chamber. She is wide eyed, staring straight ahead in a state of near catatonia. Hair tangled and wild. But at least she's not so blue as before, nor as slimy.

The only light on her comes from directly above, from a thick pane of glass in the center of the ceiling.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE CELL

A guard stands on the floor above, looking into the cell through the square of glass in the floor, directly above Ripley. (We see other panes of glass lining the floor, indicating more cells below.)

ANGLE: RIPLEY

She is still for a long while. Then she lifts her hands, looks at them. Touches her face, her skin.

She fingers her tunic, pulls down the neck. There is a scar running along her chest. She fingers it thoughtfully.

She looks at her forearm. Tattooed near the crook of her  
is the number 8.

She looks up, her face unreadable.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Ripley is sitting on a table as Gediman draws blood from her.  
He deposits it in a test beaker, studies her eyes.

Wren enters, looking at a chart.

WREN

How's our number Eight today?

GEDIMAN

Appears to be in good health...

WREN

(noticing his tone)

How good?

GEDIMAN

Extraordinary. As in, completely off  
our projected charts.

(shows him some photos)

Look at the scar tissue. See the  
recession?

WREN

This is from --

GEDIMAN

Yesterday!

WREN

This is good. This is very good.

GEDIMAN

I'd like to run some tests: strength,  
coordination... We're not looking at a  
normal cloning arc.

WREN

Approved.

Wren goes up to Ripley, studies her face with satisfaction.

WREN

Well, it looks like you're going to make  
us all very proud --

She grabs his throat with dazzling speed, applying deadly pressure as she brings his face to hers. Her eyes are burning, but lost.

RIPLEY

Why?

GEDIMAN

Oh my god...

He is as wide eyed as Wren, and he isn't having his windpipe crushed. After a moment the shock wears off and he slams his hand into the alarm. Klaxons, red light fire up.

A guard rushes in, levels his weapon at Ripley. After a moment staring him down, she opens her hand. Wren falls to his knees, gasping.

The guard FIRES his rifle at her -- a powerful electrical charge lashes out and sends her flying back into the corner.

WREN

No! No! I'm all right!

The guards keep their weapons -- 'burners', these shockrifles are called -- leveled at Ripley. She has recovered from the shock quickly, sits crumpled in the corner, looking at nothing in particular.

RIPLEY

(wearily)

Why...?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Wren and Gediman watch through a one way mirror as a scientist tests Ripley. With them is General PEREZ, the man in charge of this boat. Ramrod straight and about as gruff as you would expect, he stares at Ripley suspiciously.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

She is restrained, iron collar and cuffs linked to cables that anchor her to the chair. Despite the high-tech, the whole get-up seems almost medieval.

Two armed guards flank her. The Scientist sits across the table, clearly a bit nervous.

ANGLE: PEREZ

He watches as the scientist holds up cards with pictures on them: house, dog, boat. Ripley gives answers we can't hear through the glass, looking pissed off and bored.

WREN

It's unprecedented.

GEDIMAN

Totally! She's operating at a completely adult capacity.

PEREZ

And her memories?

WREN

There are gaps. And there's some degree of cognitive dissonance.

GEDIMAN

She's freaked.

Wren shoots Gediman a stern look at his unscientific parlance.

WREN

"It" has some connective difficulties.  
A kind of low level emotional autism.  
Certain reactions...

Perez looks at Ripley through the glass, then exits into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The two scientists follow, pace him as he strides down toward a second observation room.

GEDIMAN

But the thing is, we can't terminate her. It.

PEREZ

You haven't told me what you think has caused this. Cloned genes don't contain memory cells, not even when they're brought to adult term. I'm right?

GEDIMAN

There's been cases --

PEREZ

Not like this.



WREN

Well, we don't have nearly enough data... but in some cases there is a collective memory passed down generationally. At a genetic level. Like instinct, only more complex structurally.

PEREZ

In some cases. You're talking about the alien.

WREN

Yes.

PEREZ

You promised me there wasn't going to be any crossing.

WREN

It's not like the other ones.

Perez punches code, puts his hand on the scanner and the second observation room door opens. He steps in, the other two right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO

Darker than the first one. Quieter. Perez turns to the others.

PEREZ

But there is some genetic mix.

WREN

Yes.

PEREZ

Will there be further mutation?

GEDIMAN

Mutation isn't exactly... I don't think so.

WREN

That's one of the things we need to study.

PEREZ

All right. You can keep it. But secure, under obso, and for God's sake keep it away from here. I don't want any more surprises.

And as he speaks the ALIEN RISES RIGHT BEHIND HIM -- it's big, the ridges on its head indicating a young queen -- it hisses and LUNGES at the back of his head.

The reinforced plastic window between them, which we couldn't see, stops it. As it hits, a thin laser grid buzzes to life, sparks crackling on the alien's face. Its bile trails darkly on the glass as it backs off.

Perez turns to look at it with the others.

PEREZ

The database indicates that Ripley was responsible for exterminating every specimen in the known universe. I wouldn't like to see her picking up her old hobbies.

WREN

I don't think you have to worry on that score.

GEDIMAN

(grinning)

Comes down to a fight, I'm not sure whose side she'd be on.

PEREZ

And I'm supposed to take comfort in that?

Gediman shuts up.

PEREZ

(indicating the queen)

How soon before this one's ovulating?

WREN

Days.

PEREZ

Is that normal?

WREN

No way of knowing for sure, but I'd say it's accelerated.

(After a moment)

We're going to need the supplies.

PEREZ

They're coming. Soon.

As they stare at the queen, the shot WIDENS, and we see that there are no less than eight guards in here with them, standing post silently around the alien's cage.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Ripley sits across from Gediman. She is still chained, though with enough free mobility to eat comfortably.

Gediman is eating at a good pace -- Ripley, however, has stopped. She is staring at her fork, her brows furrowed. Turns it over in her hand, in her mind.

GEDIMAN

"Fork".

The memory comes, and she shakes her head wearily.

RIPLEY

(softly)

Fuck....

GEDIMAN

(pretending to correct  
her)

"Fork".

Ever so slightly, she smiles. The smile fades, and after a moment:

RIPLEY

How did you...

GEDIMAN

How did we get you? Hard work. Blood samples, taken on Fiori 16. On ice.

RIPLEY

Fiori 16...

GEDIMAN

Ring a bell? What do you remember about that place?

She thinks -- and puts her hand to her hair, almost as if to check if it's there. Thinks some more.

RIPLEY

Came down in the shuttle... it was cold... they didn't make it. They didn't survive.

GEDIMAN

Who?

She thinks, hard, but the names don't come.

RIPLEY

I can see their faces, but... there's a girl...

GEDIMAN

What else?

RIPLEY

The cold... and...  
(touches her chest)  
... the pain.

She looks up at him.

RIPLEY

Does it... grow?

GEDIMAN

Does it -- Yeah. Rapidly.

RIPLEY

It's a queen.

GEDIMAN

How did you know that?

RIPLEY

It'll breed. You'll die. Everyone in  
the... fucking...  
(searches for the word,  
then spits it out)  
...company. Will die.

GEDIMAN

Company?

WREN (O.S.)

Weyland Yutani.

He has entered behind her, comes up to the table.

WREN

Our Ripley's former employers. Terran  
Growth conglom, had some defense  
contracts under the military. Before  
your time, Gediman -- they went under  
decades ago, bought out by Walmart.  
Fortunes of war.

(to Ripley)  
You'll find things have changed a good deal since your time.

RIPLEY  
I doubt that.

WREN  
We're not flying blind here, you know. This is the United Systems military, not some greedy corporation.

RIPLEY  
It won't make any... difference...

She stops a moment, puzzled at the familiarity of the sentence. Then continues:

RIPLEY  
You're still gonna die.

WREN  
And how do you feel about that?

RIPLEY  
(shrugs)  
It's your funeral.

WREN  
I wish you could understand what we're trying to do here. The potential benefits of this race go way beyond urban pacification. New alloys, new vaccines... there's nothing like this in any world we've seen. You should be very proud.

She laughs, bitterly.

RIPLEY  
Oh, I am.

WREN  
And the animal itself is wondrous. They'll be invaluable once we've harnessed them.

RIPLEY  
It's a cancer. You can't teach it tricks.

This stops Wren, and he retreats silently. Ripley repeats one word to herself, thinking.

RIPLEY  
 "Them"...

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As Wren is leaving the mess, he is accosted by an ensign.

ENSIGN  
 Doctor, General Perez is asking for you.  
 We've been hailed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

We see the Auriga far in the distance. Suddenly A SHIP ROARS INTO FRAME, heading for it. A small vessel, it is every bit as dirty and jerry-rigged as the Auriga is pristine. To accentuate the difference, the sudden roar of its engines is accompanied by HEAVY, THRASHING ROCK MUSIC.

As it passes, we see on the side a painting -- classic bomber cheesecake, a semi-clad wonderbabe riding a rocket, with the legend BETTY above her head.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT OF 'THE BETTY' - CONTINUOUS

The music is coming from nearby. Piloting the ship toward the Auriga is HILLARD, a roughskinned woman in her forties, along with RANE, a slight and quiet fellow.

Behind them stands ELGYN, the leader of the group. Has the kind of authority that doesn't need to flaunt itself. Maybe fifty, by the silver in his hair. He speaks into the vidcom.

ELGYN  
 (good naturedly)  
 My authorization code is 'fuck you',  
 son. Now open the goddamn bay or  
 General Perez is gonna do a Wichita  
 stomp on your virgin ass.

He switches off:

RANE  
 Wichita stomp?

ELGYN  
 I guarantee that boy's never seen the  
 inside of a woman.

(to Hillard)  
Bring us in on three-oh descent, ride  
the parallel.

HILLARD  
Darlin', it's done.

ELGYN  
Don't cut thrust till six hundred  
meters. Give 'em a little fright.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, runs it up along her cheek as  
he exits. They're more than friends.

He moves through a hallway, sticks his head in a cubicle.

ELGYN  
Christie! St Just! Rise and shine.  
We're docking.

He proceeds into:

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

It's the largest space in this boat, two stories high. Taking  
up most of the space are two HARVESTERS, big rusty hovering  
threshers roughly the size of winnebagos. As Elgyn enters, we  
CRANE UP to reveal ANNALEE CALL working atop one of them.

She's young, tough -- at home with this motley bunch despite  
her youth and prettiness.

ELGYN  
Call! CALL!

The music is louder here -- it's blasting from a box in the  
corner. Elgyn switches it off.

ELGYN  
Call!

CALL  
What?

ELGYN  
We're docking! Are the cargo trucks  
secured?

CALL  
I checked 'em an hour ago.

ELGYN  
I don't want 'em so much as rattled.  
Any leakage, I take it out of your hide.

CALL

Trust me, boss.

ELGYN

(laughs)

Not my style.

He leans down, looks under the thresher. Lying on a gurney-like steel dolly, working under the machine, is VRIESS, chief mechanic. Late forties, in pretty good shape considering he's got no legs.

ELGYN

How's it looking?

VRIESS

It's never gonna be pretty, but she'll fly. The other one's a total write-off.

ELGYN

You'll make it good.

VRIESS

Don't be so sure.

(calls out)

Call! Adjust the generator plugs!

ELGYN

(straightening up)

They just gotta run, Vriess. They don't gotta run far.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTIE is up and mostly dressed. He is black, very large, and has distinctly military bearing. He speaks with quiet, don't-fuck-with-me authority.

CHRISTIE

What's our status?

ELGYN

We're coming in. Time to enjoy a little of the general's hospitality.

ST JUST

Oh great. Army food.



ST JUST ("San-Jhoost") is slim, Asian -- and the epitome of cool. Moves quickly and silently, a sly grin playing about his lips. He is strapping a contraption to his forearm. It resembles a derringer holder, but a very complex one.

ELGYN

It'll keep us till the heat's off.  
Assuming the natives are friendly.

CHRISTIE

We expecting any trouble?

ELGYN

From Perez? I doubt it. Still, let's  
be ever vigilant.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: VRIESS

Working intently, the extremely nasty blades of the thresher inches above his head.

VRIESS

I'm patched in. Check the sequence  
timer.

(no answer)

Call?

ANGLE: THE CONTROLS

A hand reaches in toward the ON switch.

ANGLE: VRIESS

VRIESS

Call?

The thresher GRINDS TO LIFE -- a hundred blades and claws  
spinning at Vriess's head!

Vriess wheels out from under the machine in a second flat.

VRIESS

Goddamnit!

The second he's out he hits a lever and the back of the dolly  
flies up, transforming it into a wheelchair.

VRIESS

Johner! You son of a whore!

JOHNER jumps down from the machine, laughing. He's thickset, mean and ugly, with ugly scars crisscrossing his ugly bald head.

JOHNER

Thought I'd give you a little haircut there.

VRIESS

Jesus!

Call, who has been over on the other side of the thresher, ably climbs up on it and switches it off.

JOHNER

You should see your face, Vriess, you must have soiled yourself.

VRIESS

One of these days I'm gonna kill you. My hand to god.

JOHNER

Well, you already gave him your feet...

CALL

(jumping down)

You're a limp fucking scrotum, you know that?

JOHNER

Either of you want a piece of me, I'm less than busy.

CALL

(getting in his face)

Any time.

VRIESS

Call. Forget it. He's been sucking down too much homebrew.

JOHNER

Don't push me, little Annalee. You hang with us a while, you'll learn I'm not the man with whom to fuck.

He exits, full of annoying bravado.

VRIESS

That inbred cocksucker...

He feels his forehead, comes up with a bit of blood. Realizes how close it was...

Call looks up at the thresher.

CALL  
I hate machines.

VRIESS  
(looking on the bright  
side).  
Well, it works...

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA DOCKING BAY

As it opens to admit the proportionally tiny ship. The bay is on the bottom of the Auriga -- the doors are actually OVER the ship, which rises into the airlock.

INT. AIRLOCK

The outer doors close under the ship. Pressurized air shoots into the airlock for a few seconds, and then the inner doors open, the ship rising into the bay.

INT. BAY

The ship moves slowly along the huge dock to land gently at the far end. The top of the ship is nearly level with a grated platform that runs the length of the bay.

Three soldiers in full armour stand rigid on the platform, waiting. Others mill about, working.

The hatch atop the ship slowly opens. One by one the crew files out. Seeing them en masse, we get a clearer view of what separates them from this environment. They're not wearing uniforms. They're an eclectic, fiercely individualist group, their look varied -- spots of bright color showing through more utilitarian space gear. Johner's bright turquoise bowling shirt. Elgyn's and St Just's floorlength leather dusters. Even Vriess's chair stands out as he wheels down the platform.

What they have in common is the toughness, the wary eyes, leathery skin. The cool readiness to kill. These guys are smugglers. A long while ago, you'd have called them pirates.

All eight of them emerge, one by one, looking around them. They file past the silent, uniformed soldiers. The last one suddenly puts a hand on Johner's jacket, stops him. There is a bulge under it. A sensor light on the back of the soldier's glove blinks when he touches the bulge.

SOLDIER  
No projectile weaponry is allowed on board the vessel, sir.

Johner opens his jacket, shows what he's packing: a large thermos.

JOHNER  
Moonshine. My own. Way more dangerous.

SOLDIER  
Sorry, sir.

ELGYN  
What, do you think we're going to hijack the vessel? All eight of us?

PEREZ  
(entering)  
No, I think one of your asshole crew is going to get drunk and put a bullet through the hull. We **are** in space, Elgyn.

He motions for the crew to follow him. Vriess comes abreast of the soldier.

VRIESS  
Wanna check the chair?

The soldier makes no response, simply falls in behind Call, the last of them.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER

The long neck that connects the bay to the body of the ship. The group proceeds down it, the crew looking about them at the sterile grandeur.

ST JUST  
This place is really clean.

JOHNER  
(to a soldier)  
Hey. You got any whores on this vessel?  
(the soldier remains stonefaced)  
Any loose women with bad eyesight?

PEREZ  
I think you'll find our accommodations somewhat spartan. Although the cook sets a good table.

JOHNER  
That ain't what I'm hungry for.

VRIESS  
(to Call)  
What's the matter?

She is looking around her, somewhat tensely.

CALL  
I don't like army.

HILLARD  
Yeah, join the fucking club.

CUT TO:

ANGLE: MONEY

A stack of bills dropped down on a desk, then another. They're green, and identifiably money, but they're square, about the size of cocktail napkins. The face on them is unfamiliar. Thousand dollar bills.

WIDER ANGLE:

INT. PEREZ'S CHAMBERS - LATER

A good sized suite, decorated in a sparse, military fashion. Perez is behind his desk, the money sitting between him and Elgyn.

PEREZ  
This wasn't easy to come by.

ELGYN  
Neither was our cargo. You're not pleading poverty, are you?

PEREZ  
We're well funded. I mean the bills. There's not many that still deal in coin.

ELGYN  
Just the ones that don't like their every transaction recorded. The fringe element. I guess that would include you, though, wouldn't it?

PEREZ  
Drink?

ELGYN  
Constantly. I'm guessing whatever you've got going here wasn't exactly approved by congress.

Perez pours two whiskeys.

PEREZ

(changing the subject)  
So where do you go from here?

ELGYN

Out by the Handle. We've got a couple of harvesters, we can unload 'em on one of the collectives if Vriess and Call get 'em working.

PEREZ

Call. The new girl? Where'd you find her?

ELGYN

She is severely fuckable, isn't she? And the very devil with a socket wrench. I think Vriess somewhat pines..

He takes a stack of bill, smells it. He likes the smell.

ELGYN

She is curious about this little transaction. You can hardly blame her. Awfully cloak and dagger...

Perez hands a drink to Elgyn.

PEREZ

This is an army operation.

ELGYN

Most army research labs don't have to operate outside regulated space. And they don't call for the kind of cargo we brought.

PEREZ

Do you want something, Elgyn?

ELGYN

Just bed and board, couple of days worth. The Betty needs some patching up, too. Vriess'll want to snag a few spare parts. If we're not imposing.

PEREZ

Not at all. Keep out of the restricted areas, don't start any fights, and mi casa is yours too.

Elgyn drinks to that.

PEREZ

I trust, of course, that you can mind  
your own business.

ELGYN

(smiles)

I'm famous for it.

They drink.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCKING BAY - LATER

Four soldiers and two scientists stand at the foot of the Betty, below the platform the crew came off on. A bottom hatch slowly opens, a ramp lowering to the floor.

From within comes the 'cargo', a metal box about six feet long and eight high. It rolls down slowly on a long dolly. Call emerges with it, gently pushing it along.

Behind her, Rane pushes a second, identical box out.

One of the soldiers motions for them to follow him, and they do. Call still watches everything intently, distrustfully.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY LABS - A BIT LATER

Two guards stand before the door marked "Restricted Area". They knock on it when they see the cargo approaching, and after a moment it opens, Wren standing behind it.

Call and Rane wheel the boxes to the door. They are about to go through when the guards silently step in their way. They step back as the soldiers wheel the cargo through. Call watches as the door slides shut behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. A CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Where Gediman and a few others are waiting. Gediman looks a little nervous, not sure this is a good idea. Wren enters, directing the first box to the middle of the room.

The cargo is locked into place on the floor and a soldier works the electric lock. It springs open and the soldiers slide off a side panel.

They are stacked one on the other, five of them in all.

Cryotubes. People sleeping inside.

One by one the tubes are hauled to one side of the room as the second unit is wheeled in. By the end there are ten people sleeping side by side in their tubes in the dark chamber.

The scientists meanwhile retire to

INT. AN ADJOINING CHAMBER

with a long glass window looking at the chamber.

The last of the soldiers leaves the chamber and we see the door lock behind them. Wren starts working his computer screen.

The glass tops of the cryotubes slide open. We see temperature and lifesign gages begin to change.

There is a thick whirring as a part of the ceiling above the tubes lowers, lowers, and rotates slowly.

Stuck to the other side of it are ten alien eggs. The ceiling rotates just enough so that they are aimed at the heads of the sleepers.

For a moment nothing happens.

One of the sleepers eyes flutter slightly. Opens.

All ten eggs open simultaneously.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE HALL

A huge room, used for assemblies and events. It has a chain basketball net set up at one end, crude court lines taped to the floor. Ripley stands beneath the net with a ball, dribbling absently. Only her wrists are chained here.

At the other end are set up tables and folding chairs. The crew of the Betty, sans Elgyn, are filing in to eat here. Johner spies Ripley, smiles.

JOHNER

Ooh.

Johner comes up to Ripley. Her expression makes it clear how much she enjoys having him in her face.

JOHNER

How about a little one on one?

She keeps dribbling, says nothing.



JOHNER  
What do you say?

RIPLEY  
Get away from me.

JOHNER  
Why should I?

RIPLEY  
Because pain hurts.

He falters a moment at her quiet threat, then:

JOHNER  
Are you gonna hurt me then? I think I  
might enjoy that.

He smiles his ugly smile. She smiles back.

She hits him solidly in the chest with both hands -- and he  
flies back ten feet, landing badly on a group of chairs.

His mates fly into action, Christie grabs a standing ashtray --  
Hillard jumps Ripley from behind. She throws her off with ease  
-- chucks the basketball at her hard enough to pop the air out  
of it.

Christie swings at her and SMASHES her right in the face.

She arcs back... and right back up, at Christie's throat before  
he has a chance to react, squeezing, batting away the ashtray,  
just a trickle of blood coming down her nose --

Johner comes at her again and she leaps on him, throws him to  
the ground, snarling. Like she's gonna rip his throat out with  
her teeth.

WREN  
Ripley.

Ripley looks up and four guards are pointing burners at her.  
Wren and Gediman behind them.

Call, standing to one side with Vriess, reacts visibly to the  
name. Everybody is slowly backing off. St Just stands with  
his hands behind his back, as if concealing something.

Call watches in rapt silence.

WREN  
Don't let's have a scene.

Ripley lets go of Johner, stands.

RIPLEY

He... smells.

JOHNER

(barely breathing)

What the fuck are you?

She looks down on him -- in both senses of the phrase. Looks around at everyone staring at her. She raises her hands -- she managed to do all that damage while cuffed -- and wipes the bit of blood from under her nose. Flicks it away. Exits.

WREN

(to Gediman)

She is something of a predator, isn't she?

GEDIMAN

Well... the guy does smell...

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S BLOOD

The few drops she flicked away sizzle on the floor -- not eating through, but melting a small patch.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA

Sitting majestically in the starry black, as the sun disappears behind Pluto.

INT. LABS - LATER

A large metal box is being wheeled next to an observation pen. Inside the pen, an alien stalks from side to side. Soldiers surround the box and the pen, weapons at the ready. Not one of them at ease.

Wren and Gediman watch intently.

The box is deposited by the pen. Soldiers clamp the box to the pen's side. A scientist works his computer screen nearby. Lights around the edge of the box go from red to green, indicating it's open. After a moment the pen door slides open as well. The alien in the pen looks inside the box. From the darkness, nothing.

WREN

Prod.

The scientist works the screen and from in the box electrical charges go off, sparks flying as the alien inside is driven into the pen with his brother. All doors slam shut behind it.

SOLDIER

Clear.

The whole thing is routine, heavily safeguarded. But there isn't a man there who isn't sweating.

Everyone watches as the two aliens circle each other. The new one dashes for the wall, the laser web sparking him back as he hits the window. He tries again.

WREN

Give him a taste.

The scientist hits a red fail-safe button. Tiny blasts of liquid nitrogen squirt from the corners of the cell, making the aliens retreat into the middle. They look over at the scientist, his hand on the fail-safe. They stay still.

WREN

They learn fast. Father, check security status, observation pen six.

Father, the voice of the ship, replies after a moment in a dulcet, comforting tone.

FATHER

Pen six secure, security systems functional at 100%.

WREN

Good. Now the others.

He and Gediman walk out of the room, and, as they talk, pass similar pens, aliens in each one. The two men don't even notice.

WREN

What's the status on the Queen?

GEDIMAN

We still haven't determined the origin of the reproductive anomalies. But the egg-laying stage appears to be over.

WREN

We know how they adapt to the cell structure of the host. Could they have culled something from the genetic mix? Something from Ripley?

GEDIMAN

It's possible.

WREN

Give me another polyscan, and do an ultrasound.

They exit the facility, leaving the camera to CRANE back, showing us all the other pens, aliens pacing in all of them. They are more than twenty.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBERS - NIGHT

We see VARIOUS ANGLES of people at night:

Rane, in a chamber on the Auriga.

Hillard and Elgyn, in a slightly more lush one.

Perez, in his quarters.

Vriess, rolling about the Auriga's engine room, rummaging through the bins for spare parts. He has a handful of bolts, wires and such.

Christie, St Just, Call and Johner, all playing poker in the mess hall.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A sleep cycle is indicated here by the low lighting and the near emptiness of the room. Gediman alone is in here, writing observations down in a notebook as her watches the pen.

Inside are three aliens. Two of them seem to be hibernating, curled up in the corner, but the third faces the glass, tilting its head and hissing at it. Gediman sits right up close to it, his face just inches away from the beast's.

It draws back its lip, opens its mouth. The metallic tongue issues slowly forth, dripping with slime.

GEDIMAN

(softly, fascinated)

Is that a distended externus lingua...  
or are you just happy to see me?

The creature hisses, retracts the tongue. Gediman scribbles a few notes.

Something moves in the dark behind him. Before he can notice, a hand closes on his shoulder.

It's Ripley. She steps forward, eyes locked on the cage. Gediman seems only mildly surprised.

GEDIMAN

How did you get in here?

RIPLEY

Beautiful, aren't they?

GEDIMAN

Yes. Yes they are. I've been monitoring their interaction.

He points at a audiograph by the wall, blips and waves, interrupting the vibrating line, indicating sound.

He notices that her hand is still on her shoulder.

GEDIMAN

They communicate. Through ultrasonic soundwaves. Sort of like bats.

RIPLEY

I know.

She looks at him.

RIPLEY

I can hear them.

GEDIMAN

(smiling)

Amazing...

She runs her hand through the back of his hair, gently urges him up off his chair.

GEDIMAN

Ripley...

RIPLEY

Shhh.

She pulls him close, kisses him. Lightly at first, then deep, holding his head with both hands. He responds with surprising warmth, the kiss drawing out, pulling slowly apart. She looks at him, smiles.

An alien tongue SHOOTS out of her mouth, burying itself in his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

## INT. RIPLEY'S CHAMBER

As she suddenly awakes, eyes wide, breathing hard.

She has been sleeping, we see, in the same position she was in before: squatting in the middle of the room. She still wears her collar and cuffs, but here in her cell the cables have been removed from them.

She looks about her, recovering from the nightmare. Her breathing slows. With a somewhat fatalistic look, she settles back to sleep.

CUT TO:

## INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Christie, Call, St Just and Johner are still at their all night poker game, stacks of bills, peanuts and liquor scattered about the table.

They are in a tense hand, the pot impressively high.

JOHNER

I'm in.

CHRISTIE

All right.

ST JUST

Raise you two hundred.

JOHNER

Oh, fuck you!

CALL

That's it. I'm out. I got nothing going on.

She throws down her cards, takes a swig of Johner's patented moonshine. It tastes horrible.

CHRISTIE

That takes me down, too: Johner?

JOHNER

Uh, Uh, fuck it. I fold.

(to St Just)

What do you got?

St Just calmly shuffles his cards back into the deck.

ST JUST

You'll always wonder.

JOHNER

You asshole.

CHRISTIE

Johner, your deal.

CALL

Deal me out. It's not my night.

She tries to stand up, takes a spill over her chair. The others laugh.

CALL

Jesus, Johner, what do you put in that shit, battery acid?

JOHNER

Just for coloring.

ST JUST

(producing a small vial)

I got something that'll take the edge off that.

CALL

Thanks, I'll walk it off.

She stumbles out of the room. Johner shuffles the deck.

JOHNER

Bitches should not play with the boys, they will get cleaned out.

(dealing)

Eight card throwback, fuck-your-sister and the sevens are wild.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL

As soon as she is out of sight, Call straightens up, completely sober. She looks around her and takes off down the hall.

She comes to a door leading to the restricted area. Locked. She looks around, digs into her pocket. She pulls out a black rubber glove with wires coming out the back, running from the fingertips to the back of the wrist. It looks home-made.

She slips it on, producing a small tube of cream and squeezing a little on the fingertips. She looks around -- sinking back into the shadows as two guards pass in the next hall -- and faces the door.

She begins punching in code, with impressive speed and surety. When the screen next to it flashes, she places the gloved hand on it, continuing to type on the keypad.

It takes a minute, but it works. The locks clack open, the door rising silently before her. She pulls the glove off, steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

As Call pads silently down it, looking for one cell.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The cell door opens silently. Call hesitates a moment, then slips in, shutting the door behind her.

Ripley is sleeping, still in the squatting position in the middle of the room. Call approaches.

She stares down at Ripley a moment. A shadow passes as a guard walks above them, Call tenses till he is gone. Looks back down at Ripley -- still sleeping.

Call extends her hand, flexes her wrist. The meanest looking stiletto you've ever seen extends from out her sleeve. It's gotta be a foot long, and sharp enough to shave with. She lifts back her arm, the better to punch it through Ripley's heart.

Ripley shifts slightly. Call stops.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

Her shirt is open enough to show a good portion of the scar.

Call hesitates, staring, realization flooding her face.

RIPLEY

Well?

Call starts, moving back a pace.

RIPLEY

You gonna kill me or what?

CALL

There's no point, is there?

A flick of her wrist and the stiletto whips back up her sleeve. Ripley sits up.



CALL

It's already out of you. Christ... Is it here? Is it on board?

RIPLEY

(smiling)  
You mean my baby?

CALL

I don't understand. If they've got it why are they keeping you alive?

RIPLEY

Curious. I'm the latest thing...

CALL

Those sick bastards.

She raises her arm, the stiletto gliding out again.

CALL

I can make it stop. The pain... this nightmare. That's all I can offer you.

Ripley holds her palm up, presses it against the point of the blade.

RIPLEY

What makes you think I would let you do that?

Ripley pushes her hand out -- the blade goes RIGHT THROUGH HER PALM -- she keeps pushing her hand out slowly, a good five inches of the blade sticking out the back of her hand before she stops. Call stares at her.

CALL

What are you?

RIPLEY

Ripley, Ellen, Lieutenant first class,  
number 36706.

CALL

Ellen Ripley died two hundred years ago.

Ripley pulls her hand back suddenly, grimacing at the pain.

RIPLEY

What do you know about it?

CALL

I've read Morse -- I've read all the banned histories. She gave her life to protect us from the beast. You're not her.

RIPLEY

I'm not her. What am I?

CALL

You're a thing. A construct. They grew you in a fucking lab.

RIPLEY

But only God can make a tree.

CALL

And now they've brought the beast out of you.

RIPLEY

(smiling)

Not all the way out.

CALL

What?

RIPLEY

It's in my head. Behind my eyes. I can hear it moving.

The smile is gone, some real vulnerability showing through. Call softens, trying a different tack.

CALL

Help me. If there's anything human in you at all, help me stop them before this thing gets loose.

RIPLEY

It's already loose.

Call's expression changes. Those words terrify her, but she's not sure if Ripley means what she thinks.

Ripley raises her hand at Call's head -- Call flinches -- but Ripley stops a few inches away. Then touches her forehead gently, almost sensually.

RIPLEY

Once the thought.... the hope for it... grows here.... then it's found its way. It will come, because... they'll bring it. Bring it forth.

CALL

You want that.

RIPLEY

I've come to terms with the fact of it.  
It's inevitable.

CALL

Not so long as there's breath in me.

RIPLEY

You'll never get out of here alive.

CALL

(not convincingly)  
I don't care.

RIPLEY

Don't you?

Ripley LASHES OUT and GRABS CALL'S THROAT. Call swings with the blade but Ripley has her arm pinned before she can connect. Ripley squeezes the girl's neck.

Ripley looks at the girl with a world of sadness.

RIPLEY

I can make it stop...

Call's eyes are pleading, terrified. Ripley finally lets go and she drops to the ground gasping for air.

RIPLEY

Go. They're coming for you.

As soon as she can move, Call scrambles up and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Call comes out and before she can move a RIFLE BUTT hits her in the head. She goes down but not out as two guards grab her. Wren is with them and three more.

WREN

I think you're gonna find that this was  
ill advised.

(to the men)

Where are her friends?

GUARD

Mess hall, most of them.

WREN

Sound the alarm. I want them rounded up. Now!

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE CARD TABLE

Being kicked over.

Elgyn, Hillard and Rane are pushed into the room, sleepy and confused. Christie, St Just, and Johner are all being herded in by soldiers. Call is thrown into the group as well.

ELGYN

What the fuck is going on here?

CHRISTIE

Looks like a double-cross, boss.

WREN

Where's the other one? With the chair?

JOHNER

(to a soldier)

Get your fucking hands off me!

ELGYN

Doctor, talk to me. What's going on?

WREN

You're gonna tell me who you're working for right now or you'll be screaming it come sunrise.

CALL

Wren, they got nothing to do with this.

HILLARD

To do with what?

ELGYN

Everybody calm down. We can work this out, there's no need to get emotional...

St Just is silent, standing in the same position he was when Ripley attacked Johner. Hands behind his back.

ANGLE: BEHIND ST JUST'S BACK

As Elgyn speaks, two guns slip out of his sleeves and fill his hands.

WREN

Do you know what the penalties for terrorist activity are?

JOHNER

Terrorist?

ELGYN

There's no goddamn terrorists on my crew. Call, what's this about?

WREN

I don't give a shit if you're in on this or not. You brought a subversive onto a military vessel and as far as I'm concerned you fry with her. You hear me?

ELGYN

I do. St Just?

With lightning precision, St Just raises his hands and blows two of the guards away. He takes out a third to his left without even looking that way.

One guard gets off a shot with his burner, frying Rane before Call's elbow knocks his teeth well into his throat.

Christie tackles the next as Johner presses a latch on the bottom of his thermos -- the top half flies off, revealing the handle of a gun inside -- he grabs it and another guard runs up -- Johner doesn't have time to pull the gun out of the thermos so he SHOTS right through it, sending the guard flying.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Alarms, flashing red lights. Gediman looking in a video monitor.

GEDIMAN

Oh, man... You three! Go! Sector two.

All but one of the guards rush out to investigate. Gediman works the surveillance screen, trying to see what's happening.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

When the smoke clears, there are two guards still standing. They point their weapons ineffectually. St Just has gun to Wren's head and a gun on the guards, who are also covered by Johner.

ELGYN

Nice and easy, boys...

Call starts to take off.

CALL

I'm gonna finish this.

Elgyn grabs her by the hair, roughly pulls her back.

ELGYN

You're going nowhere, Annalee.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: IN THE PEN

The three aliens have picked up the energy, are stalking back and forth like tigers in the dim light of their pen.

ANGLE: THEIR POV

We see Gediman and the guard, their backs to us. Pan over to the fail-safe button, safely out of Gediman's reach.

The aliens stop pacing. One of them, to the right, looks over at the one on the left. Something passes between them. They look back at the humans. At each other.

They SET ON the middle alien, TEARING IT APART. It lets out a piercing, insectile SHRIEK as they tear it limb from limb.

Gediman spins in terror, the guard bringing up his weapon -- Gediman hits the lights inside the pen and as they blink to shocking brightness we see:

The remains of the third alien on the ground as a giant pool of its blood EATS A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

GEDIMAN

Oh, God --

He bolts for the fail-safe but it's too late -- the blood eats all the way through -- the two aliens DIVE through the hole just as Gediman hits the button -- freezing gas fills the chamber but there's nothing to freeze.

GEDIMAN

No no no!

He hits another sequence and the door slides open. He rushes in, kneels by the hole and looks down.

ANGLE: HIS POV

Their blood has already eaten through two levels.

GEDIMAN

Christ. They could be anywhere.

He looks up at the guard -- and an alien FLIES UP at him through the hole. It was hanging on the ceiling below and it pulls him through before he can breathe a decent scream.

The guard just stares, shaking.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

The mexican standoff is getting even more heated. Call faces Elgyn, urgently explaining.

CALL

He's conducting illegal experiments.  
He's breeding --

JOHNER

She's a goddamn mole! Ice the bitch --

CALL

Listen to me! He's breeding a deadly alien species in there. Beyond toxic. If they get loose it'll make the Lacerta Worm Plague look like a fucking squaredance.

Another soldier, DISTEPHANO, rushes in. Johner shoves his gun in Wren's mouth.

JOHNER

Drop it! Now!

CHRISTIE

(indicating the dead soldiers)

Boss, we got bodies here. It doesn't matter what Call's up to, we gotta be scarce.

CALL

I have to stop them. If I don't we'll all die.

Johner puts his gun to Call's temple now.

JOHNER

Does anyone want me to make this simple?

ST JUST

Listen.

Far away, there is SCREAMING. Everyone stops. Wren turns slowly in the direction it came from.

WREN

No...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY LABS

A technician RUNS screaming just as an alien LEAPS on him from behind. The CAMERA RUSHES AWAY, frenzied as the scene, to pick up a guard in the next hall firing wildly at the ceiling as an alien disappears up an airvent. There are three bodies lying dead before us.

ANGLE: IN THE PENS

We see that the aliens have been freed. Smoke, dead bodies -- the plexiglass partition to one cage is cracked and open.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley sits in the dark, the noise of chaos just beginning to filter in. And she just can't help herself.

She is LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. PEREZ'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

He is mostly dressed, still shaking off sleep. He stands at the command console, bringing up visual. Everything on the screens is smoke and noise.

PEREZ

Ensign! Damage report! Ensign!

Nothing. On one of the screens, an alien is briefly visible. Perez stiffens at the sight of it. He punches up a different sector. The labs, and here is a badly wounded lieutenant.

PEREZ

Status!



LIEUTENANT

Containment is impossible, sir... I think they swept the barracks.

PEREZ

(to himself)

A military strike... Christ Jesus...

After a beat, he starts punching in the emergency override codes.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

It's worst here -- the aliens have taken out a dozen men in their sleep, and everyone awake is screaming. One soldier runs for the weapons cabinet -- an alien hits him from behind and he SMASHES into it, falling in a tumble of guns.

Over the chaos, the emergency lighting comes on, floor lights like an airplane's indicating the nearest exit. Father's voice is excruciatingly calm:

FATHER

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures immediately. All hands. This is not a drill.

One soldier gets a bead on an alien with his burner -- fries it along with two of his friends. They're out of commission, but the alien is hurt only momentarily. It bounds forward, takes out his face.

FATHER

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BY ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The noise is too far above to be heard down here, but Father's droning voice and the emergency lighting are on.

Vriess wheels slowly into the hall, concerned. He spins slowly, checking out his surroundings.

ANGLE: DOWN THE HALL

is nothing. Just the floor lights pulsing in succession toward the exit.

Vriess follows their lead, wheeling out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEXT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nothing here either. But Vriess's fur is up -- he moves slowly, carefully.

And was that a noise? He looks around, up at the ceiling.

A drop of alien blood is eating through, right above him. It drips down -- and he rolls out of the way just in time, backing up as the blood plops to the floor, eating casually through.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

She isn't laughing anymore, but there's still a hint of amusement in her eyes. She's perched on the edge of the bed. Seems to be waiting for something.

And something comes. Moving audibly through the hall, getting closer. The noise seems to come to her door, then stops completely.

She cocks her head.

SLAM! The thing hurls its body against her door. She starts, the complacent amusement leaving her eyes. SLAM! The door bends in slightly, the metal of the lock grating against itself.

Ripley looks around, no longer wanting to be here. Looks up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Men are rushing into one of the lifeboats. They sit facing each other in the tiny vessel and strap themselves in. Perez is here, hurrying the soldiers in, pushing back the few who try to crowd in after.

PEREZ

Bay three! Go!

The late soldiers make for the next boat as Perez seals the hatch. He hits the eject button and steps back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

As the lifeboat FIRES out of the side of the giant craft.

CUT TO:

INT. BAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Men crowd into this one too -- it's nearly full -- and an alien suddenly LEAPS into it, starts feeding on the men strapped down -- they are screaming --

Perez runs in as a soldier outside the lifeboat fires his burner, hitting the alien, the men, the controls -- a shower of sparks as the alien turns, about to spring on the soldier as he rolls in a grenade -- the doors shut and a soldier hits the eject button.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

The second lifeboat comes shooting out and moments later, EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

The noise of the explosion -- and of a few inside as well -- is all around the group. Father's voice still urges evacuation.

WREN

NO!  
(to Call)  
What have you done?

CALL

(remorseful)  
Nothing.

ELGYN

All right. We make for the Betty. Can he walk?

He is pointing at Rane, who nods, standing.

HILLARD

Betty's all the way across the ship!  
Who knows what's in between?

DiStephano steps forward.

DISTEPHANO

(to Wren)  
Sir, we have to go.  
(to Elgyn)  
Let him go. No quarrel.

ELGYN

You can have him when we're off. Not before.

They start out, dragging Wren along. Guns still on Call and the soldiers.

RANE

What about Vriess?

JOHNER

Fuck Vriess!

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vriess enters, looking around. He is getting seriously wigged. The lights on the floor still pulse, urging him forward. He obeys.

Something stirs in the rafters. Coiled about the pipes.

Vriess stops, still a good thirty feet from the beast. Strains to see.

It starts MOVING, climbing at him upside down on the pipes. FAST.

Vriess starts wheeling himself back away but SLOWLY, agonizingly slowly compared to the beast.

He turns the corner, spins around.

The hall is fifty feet long. At the far end a few soldiers are running through.

SERGEANT

Seal off that sector!

A soldier runs to obey, working the door controls.

VRIESS

No!

The soldier sees him, but the fear on the boy's face telegraphs his decision. Vriess starts pumping toward the door. He's strong, picking up speed, but --

The alien rounds the corner and bolts after him.

Vriess can't even look back as the thing gains on him. The door begins to come down, the soldier finishing the sequence and running off.

Vriess rolls, face set -- the alien a few feet behind, reaching for him --

An EXPLOSION far away ROCKS THE SHIP -- the hall tilted momentarily, Vriess gets a boost as he rockets downhill, the beast still on him, the door closing, too low for him to clear --

He gets there and SLAMS a lever, his chair FLATTENS out to dolly position, his head just CLEARS the closing door as the alien SLAMS into it, Vriess spinning out and flying off the chair as it tilts, landing in a heap next to him.

Lying still on the ground, he listens as the beast slams against the door a few more times, then fades off.

VRIESS.

Fuck everything.....

He reaches up for the chair and from the back of it he pulls out a shotgun.

CUT TO:

ANGLE: THE GLASS CEILING PANE

As two feet SLAM into it from below, CRACKING it slightly.

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL\HALL ABOVE

She is hanging from a pipe at the top of the cell. She swings herself up again and SLAMS her feet into the glass pane above, cracking it even more. Another crash from the alien below and her cell door bends inward even more.

She swings herself back, girding for the final kick. Swings forward -- KICKS THROUGH the glass and keeps going, hurling herself straight up, feet first, clearing the hole, arcing forward, impossibly graceful, lands on her feet just in front of the hole as the shattered glass clatters to the floor around her.

She waits all of a second, then takes off down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY 5 - CONTINUOUS

Perez is trying to maintain order. He is failing. Grabs a corporal.

PEREZ

Muster a squad to search for survivors!

CORPORAL

Fuck no! Fuck no! Fuck you!

Perez slams him to the ground with his fist.

An ALIEN LEAPS OUT at him from the ceiling. The soldiers scatter, Perez just leaping out of the way --

PEREZ

Shoot it! Fry it!

A couple of men fire their burners, to little effect.

One soldier runs up to the action. His head is bloodied, his expression vengefully grim.

The soldier whips out a pistol, private issue, he takes a bead on the thing --

PEREZ

NO!

And the soldier FIRES -- pumps three bullets into the beast, sends it flying back toward the window.

Perez is riveted by the sight of:

ANGLE: DROPS OF BLOOD

big ones, hitting the window. Everything seems to move slowly now -- the alien, struggling as the soldier pumps two more bullets into it, the other soldiers, Perez -- the monster falls --

-- and the BLOOD EATS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

PEREZ .

Get out! Everyone! Now!

Soldiers are beginning to get it. The window CRACKS, begins to SHAKE as the blood is almost through it.

Even the soldier who shot the alien has stopped, his face frozen in horror at what he's about to accomplish.

Perez shoves him, herds the rest out, looking back --

PEREZ

Clear the sector!

-- at the window, the blood is almost through --

Men are pouring out of the hall -- some move down a side hall and SLAM the door shut behind them, but most are making for the main exit anyway.

FATHER

Warning. Potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

The blood eats a pinhole in the window -- the nearest soldier is sucked back against the window -- he SCREAMS as he is sucked through a hole no bigger than his fist.

Still men are falling over each other, Perez herding them out. A huge CRACKING sound, and Perez shuts his eyes:

The window EXPLODES outward, the air blowing everything into space. debris, vehicles, men, all tangled and dead as they are blown out into the black.

ANGLE: THE CREW

Blown off their feet in the adjoining sector.

ANGLE: THE SECTOR 5 DOORS

SLAM shut instantly -- one cutting right through a soldier only halfway out.

ANGLE: AIR VENTS

Gates slam down here as well.

ANGLE: ELECTRICAL DUCTS

Foam SHOOTs into them, hardening instantly, sealing the breached sector.

FATHER

Breach contained. Sector five nonfunctional.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the crew recovers, moving quickly through. They come to a shut door, red lights along it indicating it's locked. Elgyn addresses the female soldier, LOWENTHAL.

ELGYN

Open it.

LOWENTHAL

I can't.

Johner puts his gun to her head.

WREN

She can't! The sector's closed. The hull's been breached!

ELGYN

Okay, which way?

WREN

We'll have to go through the holding cells. Here.

ELGYN

All right.

They turn left, entering

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

that leads to the holding cells. The room is big, a railing at one end looking over another chamber two flights down.

A shut door separates the chamber from the cells.

ELGYN

Can you get that one open?

It comes from the rafters, dropping down on Elgyn in a heartbeat. He barely has time to scream before it shoots its tongue through the back of his skull.

Hillard has time. She SCREAMS as her lover dies in front of her. Everyone else is wide-eyed -- stunned.

Call can barely breathe. It's everything she feared.

The beast leaps at the group, scattering them like bowling pins as it claws into the third soldier. Everybody else is scrambling for cover.

St Just tries to shoot it -- its tail lashes out, tripping him up, his head smashing against a pipe.

Lowenthal hits it with the burner -- it shrieks, spinning. Johner shoots -- HITS it in the belly, it rolls back, coming up on its feet again. It heads for him as he dives for cover.

Call has backed to the far wall -- she desperately works the controls to open the door. It starts to rise.

CALL

Christie! Hillard! Come on!

The door rises fully before Call sees the thing behind it. It's Ripley, her face in shadow. Call starts back, not sure what the woman will do.



Ripley surveys the scene.

The Alien, burrowing its head into the belly of the guard, stops. Looks up.

Everyone watches as the two creatures sense each other. The alien hisses, rears back. Ripley looks away, contemplative. We see a gamut of emotions cross her face, but her posture is passive, sacrificial. She does not move.

Everyone watches, too afraid to breathe.

The alien LUNGES at her, leaping across the room in two bounds. It's on her -- and she SPINS, GRABBING IT, and HURLS IT AWAY.

It lands in a tangle but is up again in a microsecond, jumps at her, knocks her back into the room, on her, its claws digging into her skin, piston tongue at her face, inches away --

She locks an arm around its slick, long head and pulls back -- we hear its tendons strain --

CALL

(to Lowenthal)

Shoot it! Shoot them both!

She grabs her gun and BURNS them both. Two less-than-human SCREAMS fill the room as they briefly disentangle, thrown apart.

The beast recovers first, dodging the next blast and going for Ripley again. Ripley scrambles back, hurls a metal table in the beast's way -- it crawls over it --

Johner SHOOTs it again, in the shoulder, blood spurting out and eating into the floor -- the thing is weakened but still comes for Ripley --

Call fires the burner as the alien hits Ripley, they're both fried as the alien's momentum sends them over a railing and they FALL TWENTY FEET -- the Alien lands on a jagged piece of equipment with a spine snapping crunch, Ripley next to it. Metal pokes through the aliens body.

A few crew members rush to look over the railing. Christie starts down the spiral staircase to that level.

JOHNER

Where are you going?

With a dying effort the creature rolls back onto Ripley, grabbing her. Her face is rigid with pain and anger as she holds it off --

its jaws open, dripping gunk, shaking...

The tongue SHOOTS OUT and Ripley GRABS IT. HOLDS IT.

A scream wells up in her throat. A totally animal killshriek that she SCREAMS, victorious, as she RIPS THE ALIEN'S TONGUE OUT OF ITS FACE.

She stands, bellows another warrior cry.

The crew has gathered near. They watch her, awed, wary.

Ripley walks slowly up to them -- up to Call. Ripley looks a tad pissed. Call tenses, maybe wishing she hadn't shot Ripley as well.

Ripley takes Call's hand, puts the tongue in it. Walks on.

Call looks at the dripping souvenir. The pincers at the end still twitching.

CHRISTIE

What the FUCK is going on here?

RANE

What was that thing? Are there more of that thing?

JOHNER

(to Call)

Make a hell of a necklace...

ANGLE: HILLARD

On the upper level, kneeling by Elgyn's body. No tears, but terribly quiet.

RANE

What do we do?

CHRISTIE

Same thing we were doing. We get the fuck.

St Just is very calmly looking up at the rafters, guns drawn.

RANE

What if there's more? Let's stay here and let the army guys deal. Someone will come... I mean, where are the army guys?

Johner goes over to Wren, gun drawn. DiStephano and Lowenthal, the only soldiers left, step in his way.

JOHNER

I don't think we need this asshole  
anymore --

DISTEPHANO

Step back --

CALL

(to Johner)

Stop it!

JOHNER

(turning on Call)

You got no authority here, you're a  
fucking mole!

CALL

We're not killing anybody! Nobody we  
don't have to.

CHRISTIE

Doctor. That thing, that's your pet  
goddamn project?

WREN

Yes.

CHRISTIE

And there's others. How many?

The doctor looks around, almost guiltily.

WREN

Thirty.

JOHNER

Thirty! We are fucked in our pink  
bottoms if there's thirty of those  
things.

RIPLEY

There'll be more.

Everyone looks around at her. She is squatting in the corner,  
facing away from them.

RIPLEY

They'll breed. In a few hours there'll  
be twice that number.

(she stands, approaches  
them)

So who do I have to fuck to get off this  
boat?

They look at her, uncertainly. She makes them kind of nervous.

JOHNER

Wait a second here...

CALL

She's the host. Wren cloned her cause she had one of those inside her.

ST JUST

That explains a lot.

CALL

She's a risk. Leave her.

JOHNER

I gotta go with Call on this one.

RANE

She iced that thing, I got no problem with her.

CHRISTIE

She comes.

CALL

She's not human! She's part of his experiment and she could turn on us in a second!

CHRISTIE

I don't give a syphilitic fuck whether you people can get along or not. If we've got a wish to live then we work together, and that includes bug-lady. And the Doc.

(to wren)

We all get off this boat. After that it's every man for his lonesome self.

WREN

All right. Thank you.

Call stands by Christie, eyes locked on Ripley.

CALL

You can't trust her.

CHRISTIE

I don't trust anyone.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER\CELLBLOCK - A BIT LATER

The group is still in the adjoining chamber, but looking here, into the cellblock where Ripley had been. DiStephano and St Just come first, guns ready, looking about them. They are followed by Christie and Wren.

WREN

There's a console in the guards' station. We can punch up a diagnostic of the ship and plan a route. To your ship.

CHRISTIE

That likes me fine.

He signals for the others to follow, everyone moving cautiously.

ANGLE: HILLARD

Gently lays her coat over Elgyn's face. Johner looks down for a moment.

JOHNER

Via con Dios, man.

Hillard stands. Call puts a hand on her shoulder but Hillard moves away, a distrustful look on her face.

Ripley, bringing up the rear, watches the whole group with a sort of fascinated detachment. Call looks back at her. Ripley smiles, coldly.

ANGLE: IN THE CELLBLOCK

The group makes their way slowly, quietly. They pass Ripley's cell, the door smashed in. But the hall is empty now.

They approach a bank of elevators, but Wren points down an adjoining doorway. They are about to go there when the elevator door lights up, indicating arrival.

The group backs up, spreads out. Those who can find cover take it, guns drawn.

The elevator doors open. It is too dark inside to see. Suddenly sparks fly from the broken overhead in the elevator and a figure appears in the light. Everyone jolts, about to fire, before they realize it is

VRIESS

Who sits in his chair, a shotgun in each hand, eyes wide. Even twitchier than they.

JOHNER

Oh, man...

CALL

Vriess!

VRIESS

(mock casual)

Hey, whatchyou guys doing? Hey,  
Annalee.

CHRISTIE

Thought you were toast for certain.

VRIESS

You've seen that fucking thing?

WREN

(suspiciously)

Where were you?

VRIESS

I was down by -- what do you mean? I  
was in maintenance, snagging some parts.

JOHNER

Doc's got a bug up his ass 'cause Call's  
a mole and he thinks we're a conspiracy.

Vriess looks hit harder by that information than anyone.

VRIESS

(looking at Call)

She's a what?

JOHNER

A spy. Came here with a big ass mission  
to stop the military from breeding those  
fucking things.

Call looks over at Vriess, uncertain. To her surprise, he  
smiles warmly.

VRIESS

Well, I can't exactly argue with that  
sentiment.

CHRISTIE

We got a mission here, people. Let's  
keep moving.

They do.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARDS' STATION - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE

A hologram of the ship appears above the screen. It looks as solid as the ship itself, except that parts of it occasionally break themselves down to show interiors.

The group looks it over. Parts of the ship are simply not there, the sections around those holes red. Wren points them out.

WREN

We've had hull breach by the lifeboats, here on level five, and down -- Jesus, right by the engine room. We're very lucky.

ST JUST

(sarcastically)

Lucky we.

CHRISTIE

What about the Betty? Our ship.

WREN

The dock seems to be intact.

CALL

Then we just need to get to it.

JOHNER

Can we track those things?

WREN

No.

JOHNER

We could get to the Betty and they could be all over it!

RANE

Are you toting a better fucking idea?

WREN

All of the activity seems to have been in the aft sector, by the barracks. There's no reason to suppose they'd move --

RIPLEY

They won't.

Everybody looks at her.

RIPLEY

They're breeding. They've got new bodies to work on. They'll stay close. If they send anybody out, it'll be here. Where the... meat is.

CALL

'The meat'. Jesus.

ST JUST

They're breeding. How long does that take?

RIPLEY

Hours.

WREN

Or less. The process has accelerated, something to do with the cloned cells.

CHRISTIE

Faster we get from here to there, the better.

ST JUST

With all the devils of hell in between.

JOHNER

Well, if we want to make decent time I say we ditch the cripple.

(to Vriess)

No offense.

VRIESS

(giving him the finger)

None taken.

HILLARD

Nobody's left behind, Johner. Not even you.

Her voice is quiet, mourning still thick in it. Nobody backtalks her.

CHRISTIE

So what's our route?

WREN

I'm trying to figure it. We can cut through the labs, but we're blocked on both sides here, I'm not sure --

DISTEPHANO

Sir? There is the lift.



WREN

Show me.

DiStephano works the console and the hologram splits, the route he's indicating revealed.

DISTEPHANO

The lifts. They run straight from the top of the ship down to engineering. No stops, but if we can get in the shaft, there's a maintenance access tunnel here

--

(points to the center of the shaft)

-- that runs above level one deck. Take us right to the dock.

CHRISTIE

Sounds reasonable.

DISTEPHANO

I don't have the code for the access tunnel door.

WREN

I can override.

DISTEPHANO

(indicating the route)

Then we head through the labs, then down to the kitchen. To the bottom of the shaft. Up, through the tunnel, and onto the ship. Home free.

ANGLE: VRIESS

Is unloading additional ammo from inside his chair. He tosses one of his shotguns to Hillard.

VRIESS

They never check the chair...

He pulls out a grenade launcher. It's so compact it's almost cute, cradled one-handed like an uzi.

VRIESS

Call.

She looks around and he tosses it to her.

JOHNER

How come she gets a piece?

WREN

You people should know --

ST JUST

We won't shoot at the windows, Doc.

WREN

No. The aliens, they bleed molecular acid.

CHRISTIE

That's right, I saw that.

VRIESS

So did I.

JOHNER

We can't shoot them? Fuck that, I'm shooting them.

WREN

This is a big vessel, and for the most part we should be okay. But if we get anywhere near the outer hull and start strafing them...

He indicates the hologram, the sections of the ship missing. Everyone gets it.

CHRISTIE

If we're clear then let's get on it. We'll go by twos --

RIPLEY

We're moving.

CHRISTIE

What?

RIPLEY

The ship is moving. I can feel it.

RANE

I don't feel shit -- what, do you mean they're piloting this fucking thing?

VRIESS

This ship has stealthrun, even if we were moving there's no way she could feel it -

CALL

She's right.

Call is working the computer now.

CALL  
The ship's been gone since the attack.

WREN  
It's uh, it's standard, I think.

DISTEPHANO  
That's right. If the ship takes on any serious damage it autopilots back to homebase.

CALL  
(to Wren, pissed)  
You were planning to let us know this?

WREN  
I forgot.

HILLARD  
What's homebase?

WREN  
Earth.

CALL  
Oh, God. Oh, you bastard...

JOHNER  
Earth? I don't wanna go to that shithole.

CALL  
If those things get to Earth, it'll be...

RIPLEY  
(not very concerned)  
The end.

CALL  
We've got to blow the ship.

CHRISTIE  
We don't have to do anything except get off it. How long till we get there?

DISTEPHANO  
(looking at the screen)  
Three hours. Almost.

CHRISTIE  
Then that's what we got. Let's move.

CALL

Don't you get it? This thing is gonna put down in the middle of a heavily populated quarantine base. No one'll have the slightest idea what's coming. We're gonna be rolling out the red carpet for the end of our species.

ST JUST

That's not our problem.

CHRISTIE

Call, you step away from that console. You're not blowing this ship. Not while we're on it. We get clear you do as you please.

CALL

There's not enough time --

CHRISTIE

Then we'd best hurry.

(to Ripley)

What are you called, Ripley? You mind taking point?

She moves to the head of the line, and they start.

JOHNER

Earth, man... what a slum.

CUT TO:

INT. LABS - LATER

As they progress. Everyone with a gun has it at the ready. Ripley is a few yards in front. She stops, sniffs. Listens.

RIPLEY

Clear.

Johner moves up next to her.

JOHNER

You've come up against these things before?

RIPLEY

Yes.

JOHNER

So what'd you do?

RIPLEY

I died.

He lags behind a bit, thrown.

JOHNER

That wasn't really what I wanted to hear...

DiStephano points to a door.

DISTEPHANO

This way.

And Ripley leads them in.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Ripley enters, we can see that this lab has been trashed. Ripley surveys the wreckage calmly, keeps moving. As the others file in, their horrified expressions lend contrast to her lack of one.

Among the debris are three bodies, chests exploded outward.

JOHNER

Fuck me...

CHRISTIE

Let's keep moving.

The door to the next chamber is ajar. Christie and Vriess step in, then St Just, then Ripley.

INT. NEXT CHAMBER

Something LEAPS at Ripley from out of the shadows -- a metal bar SLAMS into her side, throwing her off balance.

St Just and Christie spin, weapons up, and almost shoot the figure cowering in the corner. Everyone else rushes in as he swings the bar before him, eyes wild with terror.

PURVIS

Get away from me!

CHRISTIE

Drop the rod, man. Do it!

PURVIS

Get away...

But the energy is out of him. The rod falls with a hollow clatter. He looks weakly from face to face.

PURVIS

What's going on?

St Just looks at his name, stitched in his coveralls.

ST JUST

Purvis. What's going on is that we're getting the fuck off this ghost ship.

PURVIS

What ship? Where am I? I was in cryo on the way to Xarem, work crew for the nickel refinery... I wake up, I don't understand... I saw something... horrible...

CALL

Look, you come with us. It's dangerous here.

Ripley SNIFFS. Cocks her head.

RIPLEY

Leave him.

CALL

Fuck you. We're not leaving anyone on this boat.

RIPLEY

He's carrying.

JOHNER

He's what?

RIPLEY

He's got one inside him. I can smell it.

PURVIS

Inside me? What?

JOHNER

Shit, I don't want one of those things birthing anywhere near my ass.

VRIESS

It's a bad risk.

CALL

We can't just leave him.

VRIESS

I thought you came here to stop them from spreading.

CALL  
 (to Wren, torn)  
 Isn't there a process, can't you stop  
 it?

ST JUST  
 We've got no time for that.

WREN  
 I couldn't do it here. The lab's torn  
 apart.

ST JUST  
 (quietly)  
 I could do him. Painless, back of the  
 head. Might be the best way.

CALL  
 There's gotta be another way. If we  
 freeze him --

PURVIS  
 WHAT'S IN-FUCKING-SIDE ME?!?!?

They all look at him, a bit sheepishly.

WREN  
 A parasite. A foreign element that --  
 Ripley steps in front of the doctor.

RIPLEY  
 There's a monster in your stomach. They  
 --  
 (indicating smugglers)  
 -- hijacked your cryotube and sold you  
 to him --  
 (indicating Wren)  
 -- and he put an alien in you. In a few  
 hours it'll punch its way through your  
 chest and you'll die. Any questions?

Purvis is wide-eyed, stunned. After a moment he stammers:

PURVIS  
 Who are you?

RIPLEY  
 I'm the monster's mother.

She starts heading out of the chamber. Call turns to the  
 others.

CALL

He comes with us. We can freeze him on the Betty and get the doctor to remove it later.

WREN

All right.

JOHNER

Since when are you in fucking charge?

CALL

Since you were born without balls.

VRIESS

Ease off, people.

CHRISTIE

(to Purvis, herding him along)

Come with us. You might even live. Get twitchy on me and you will be shot.

They move out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - LATER

Still in the same general area, still looking around every corner. It's been too quiet too long, and the group senses that. They move into

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

It's in bad shape, so we might not recognize it as the chamber the queen was in.

WREN

She's gone.

ST JUST

Who?

WREN

The Queen.

JOHNER

Good.

He is looking into the room the queen was kept in. A residue of slime is all that's left here.

Beyond the queen's chamber is another observation room. Wren indicates that they have to go through.



Suddenly a burner blast FIRES at them, just missing them as they duck.

They hear more blasts, not aimed at them, and screams.

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Pull back! Pull back!

OTHER SOLDIER (O.S.)  
It's on me!

Ripley looks up and can just see two aliens making short work of a group of soldiers.

Call instantly moves to attack, and Ripley grabs her, holds her tight.

CALL  
We've got to help them!

RIPLEY  
Can't.

CALL  
You bitch, let go of me!

She does, and Call rises.

The noise is gone. What she can see of the soldiers is parts.

She is shaking at the vision when an alien RISES in front of the soldiers. Call ducks back down, terrified.

Christie hisses at her.

CHRISTIE  
You want to get yourself killed, then you run solo.

ST JUST  
How many?

RIPLEY  
At least two.

ST JUST  
Think they heard us?

RIPLEY  
Yep.

HILLARD  
Fine by me...

JOHNER  
Yeah, let 'em come.

CHRISTIE  
Wren. Any other way around?

Wren shakes his head.

CHRISTIE  
We can't just walk in there.

WREN  
(thinking)  
No. No, but they can.

CHRISTIE  
Say again?

WREN  
The cages all have failsafes. Liquid nitrogen. Get 'em to come to us and I can freeze 'em.

CHRISTIE  
Excellent. Get ready.

Wren goes over to the fail-safe button. The others look out at the aliens.

CHRISTIE  
Okay...  
(calls out)  
Hey!

VRIESS  
Hey, guys!

JOHNER  
Here, kitty...

The aliens react, start for the cage. Four of them. They reach the edge of it and stop. Look around, at each other. But go nowhere.

DISTEPHANO  
They're not coming.

JOHNER  
Hey! Fresh meat here!

RIPLEY  
They know it's a trap.

RANE  
Oh, bullshit!

CHRISTIE

What do we do?

JOHNER

Shoot the fucking things!

VRIESS

There's too many, and we don't have the angle.

RIPLEY

Bait.

CALL

What?

RIPLEY

Give 'em a reason to go in there. Throw somebody in.

HILLARD

Fuck you!

RIPLEY

Do we want to live? Give 'em her.

She indicates Call, who looks around, nervous at the lack of protest about this idea. Ripley points at Rane.

RIPLEY

Or the skinny one, it doesn't matter. We can't resist the smell of meat.

CALL

"We"?

JOHNER

Fuck, I'm with her! Give 'em Annalee!

CHRISTIE

Now hold on --

LOWENTHAL

You people are insane.

JOHNER

Now you're not exactly in the club either, soldier.

People start pointing guns at each other.

RANE

Fuck you all, I'm not dying for you.

CALL

Stop this.

Ripley grabs her. Looks at the others.

RIPLEY

Come on! Do you want to live or not?

(to Call)

It won't hurt long.

CALL

(terrified)

Noo...

RIPLEY

(to Wren)

NOW!

Wren hits the button just as three aliens are bounding across the cage -- they're almost to the posse, people screaming, scrambling, when the freezing gas hits, turning the beasts to statues.

The forth one sees this and flees, but St Just stands and puts four bullets in it from forty yards. It slumps over.

Everyone is silent, stunned. Breathing hard.

VRIESS

(realizes)

Fear.

Ripley nods.

VRIESS

That's how they knew it was a trap.

They couldn't smell the fear.

RIPLEY

(looking at Call)

So I gave them some.

JOHNER

(gleefully)

Son of a bitch!

He pops up and FIRES at the frozen aliens -- they EXPLODE into fragments.

CUT TO:

EXT. AURIGA

Gilding through space, passing Jupiter's moons with dazzling speed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - LATER

Ripley and Call are on point. Ripley looks down the hall. Call is staring at her, and Ripley can feel the girl's eyes on her back.

RIPLEY

(without looking around)

Did you think I was going to... feed you to them?

CALL

I think you still might.

Ripley smiles. She may be right.

RIPLEY

I want to live.

CALL

And you don't care about anything else.

RIPLEY

No.

CALL

(bitterly)

I guess you're more human than I thought.

Ripley stops dead, staring at a door.

CLONING STORAGE FACILITY

is written on it. Stencilled beneath that is "1 - 7".

Ripley stares. Tries the door, which opens.

DISTEPHANO

That's not the way.

CHRISTIE

Ripley, we got no time for sightseeing.

Ripley is looking down at her arm, at the 8 tattooed on it. She looks at Call. Looks back at Wren.

WREN

Ripley... don't.

She enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CLONING STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

She stands a moment, staring, before proceeding through it. Call stands in the doorway, others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but none more so than Ripley's

Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley. They are lined up like museum exhibits -- or side show freaks. Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through its translucent chest. In a jar. Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin clinging to collapsed bones. Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host -- boneless, bubbling tissue, a weak and useless mouth rigged in midmew. Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all.

Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

A complete mixture of alien and human DNA. A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare. Hooked up to wires and machines, it lies on the tilted table, its head nearly level with Ripley's as she finally approaches it.

When it opens its eyes, they are hers.

It tuns its head ever so slightly to look at her. Recognizes her. Ripley cannot even speak. She begins to shake slightly, looking at number seven.

NUMBER SEVEN

Kill... us...

Ripley's eyes go saucered as it speaks -- speaks out of nothing resembling a mouth. Ripley staggers back a step, shaking badly now. This is too much to bear...

CALL

Ripley!

Ripley turns, slowly, still in a fever dream.

Call cocks the grenade launcher with a loud CH-CHACK. Her eyes meet Ripley's.

Call tosses it to Ripley as the crew steps back and even as she catches it Ripley FIRES, a grenade chugging to the end of the room and BURSTING in fire and noise, she FIRES another, glass and steel exploding into flame, she turns to number seven, her hand shakes momentarily...

And she FIRES, the poor creature dissolving in a cloud of flame.

Freezing gas jets fill the room, extinguishing potential spread, but the heart of the firestorm continues to rage in the chamber. She backs out, the crew waiting for her outside.

The launcher falls loudly to the ground. Ripley turns to Wren, her face rigid with pain. Wren backs up a step, looking around him for protection that the others have no thought of providing.

CALL

Ripley... Don't do it.

Ripley stops. Weariness suffusing her expression.

RIPLEY

Don't do what?

The tension passes. Wren breathes a little sigh of relief.

Call PUNCHES him across the jaw, his head whipping around as he collapses to the ground. Call starts down the hall, not even looking at him.

CALL

Don't do that.

Feeling his jaw, Wren actually smiles at the absurdity of all this. It's kind of winning. Christie helps him up.

CHRISTIE

Had it coming, Doc.

Johner looks in at the burning lab.

JOHNER

What's the big deal? Fucking waste of ammo.

ST JUST

Let's move before anything comes to check out the noise.

JOHNER

Must be a chick thing.

ANGLE: DISTEPHANO

Opening a floor hatch.

DISTEPHANO

We go down from here.

CHRISTIE

(to Vriess)

We got to lose the chair, Vriess.

VRIESS

I know.

CHRISTIE

Kawlang maneuver, all right?

Vriess is pulling a coil of cords from the chair.

VRIESS

Just like old times...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - LATER

Call drops down into the room from a ladder. DiStephano and St Just are already down here, guns ready. They motion for Call to move on ahead, as more come down. Call proceeds to the end of the room, where Ripley is.

Ripley is alert, ready -- but it's clear she's far from over the pain of seeing the other clones. Her eyes are red, a little too wide, and as she holds her hands in front of her, they still shake badly.

Call stop next to her, awkwardly.

CALL

Anything?

Ripley shakes her head.

CALL

That lab... I can't imagine how that must feel.

Ripley giggles inanely, then chokes the giggle off before it can bloom into a scream. She looks back at Call.

RIPLEY

No. You can't.

ANGLE: THE CREW

As they file silently along the room.

Bringing up the rear is Christie, toting a shotgun. He turns slowly, alert, and we see that Vriess is strapped to his back - facing the other way, also with a shotgun.



Ripley looks down. The floor here is covered with a foot or so of dark water. Ripley steps into it, moves up a few paces. The others gingerly follow.

Vriess is facing the back. He looks up.

VRIESS  
The cooling tanks. They must have blown during the trouble.

ANGLE: THE COOLING TANKS

We see the round underbelly of two huge tanks. There are gaping, twisted holes in them.

JOHNER  
The nasties couldn't have done it, could they?

HILLARD  
What for...?

They continue moving slowly through the water, looking about them. Something MOVES on the surface -- Lowenthal spins, ready -- a mop, floating serenely by. They move on.

ANGLE: LEGS

Sunk in black water up to the thigh. Extremely vulnerable.

WREN  
Down here.

He is at the front with Ripley and Call, where the water is waist deep. He looks down at a stairwell, just the top of the railing visible above the murky water.

RIPLEY  
There's no other way?

WREN  
We're at the bottom of the ship. Some of the worst damage is down here. Most of the sections are sealed off.

RIPLEY  
You're sure?

WREN  
There's the noncom's entrance back there, but it's flooded too, and it's a longer run.

CALL

He's right. We're gonna have to do it this way.

WREN

It's just through the kitchen, then up. maybe seventy feet.

RIPLEY

I don't like it.

ST JUST

What's to like?

CHRISTIE

(to Vriess)

You ready to get wet, partner?

VRIESS

Oh yeah.

HILLARD

You sure about the distance?

WREN

Yes.

CALL

No locked doors?

WREN

It's an open hall. Just keep left when you hit the bottom of the staircase.

JOHNER

This sucks.

ANGLE: DISTEPHANO

He flips caps over the barrel of the gun, slides a panel over the digital readout. The burner is ready to go, watertight.

DISTEPHANO

(to St Just)

You should secure your weapons.

St Just holds up his two guns.

ST JUST

These are disposables. They can take it.

DISTEPHANO

Disposables. I heard about those. How many rounds?

ST JUST

Twenty. Split points, give you good hole even at the smaller caliber.

DISTEPHANO

Cool.

ST JUST

They're big with hitters. 'Cause you throw 'em away after the job. Nobody likes throwing away a weapon they're attached to. You know?

He smiles at DiStephano, who looks a little uneasy about the turn the conversation has taken. He joins the others who are getting ready to dive.

CALL

Do I have to tell everyone to take a deep breath?

A couple of the guys smile.

VRIESS

Christie, do me a favor. When we hit the surface on the other side... no backstroke. Okay?

CHRISTIE

(laughing)

You'll be forever blowing bubbles. On three...

He counts down, the two suck in enormous breaths -- and dive, right behind Call and Ripley.

One by one the entire crew slips down into the black water. Johner goes down reluctantly, leaving only Lowenthal behind. She takes one last look around, then starts deep breathing.

Something pulls her under, viciously fast.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL\KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's all underwater. Visibility is poor. The crew move swiftly and gracefully down the stairs and into the kitchen. Nobody looks back to see that Lowenthal is not with them.

In here it's a tad labyrinthian, and the size of the room makes it darker. Wren heads straight for the other end.

They swim. Safety is a good fifty feet away.

They are tense, concentrated. Swimming past dark spaces. Anything could be hiding here.

Johner looks about him, very nervous. Dark spaces. He looks behind him.

Three aliens are right behind him.

Panic blows half the air out of his mouth as he swings around and FIRES at them, tags one as the other two swim off into the shadows with horrible ease.

Ripley, all the way to the stairs, sees. She hurries the others past her. They swim frantically for safety, Hillard, Wren, Christie and Vriess --

-- Rane is coming along and alien hands GRAB him from the darkness, pull him into it.

Hillard FIRES in that direction, Johner bringing up the rear, still firing at the third one, wounding it but not scoring the killshot.

Call is swimming up the staircase, the growing light above indicating the surface. She is almost to it when she is CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

A net of translucent alien goo, it is spread just six inches below the surface. Call struggles, the goo sticking to her, she's running out of air -- as Wren and Christie encounter the same thing -- they all try to tear through it, but they are getting weaker --

Ripley looks back as the last of the crew is passing her, the aliens close behind. She looks up to see the situation above and quickly makes for the surface -- but an alien GRABS her foot, holding her down -- now SHE is running out of air -- she KICKS at it, it lets go --

The others are fighting, Call pops her stiletto and cuts through, but it's tough, she still can't get her head up --

-- DiStephano, off to the side, is drowning. Takes in a huge mouthful of water and begins thrashing.

Ripley swims past everyone and grabs the hole Call cut, PULLS it apart with a mighty heave, she glides up through --

CLOSE UP: RIPLEY'S FACE

Just BREAKS the surface, she takes in a huge GASP of air, and A FACEHUGGER CLAMPS DOWN ON HER.

Ripley goes back under, pulling at the thing as others break the surface.

Wren comes up, looks around. Eggs have been placed all around the surface of the water. He barely has time to take this in before two more open. A facehugger springs out of one, LEAPS right at him -- But Call NAILS it in two shots.

Christie and Vriess break surface, still strapped together. They both begin FIRING, back to back, in a circular sweep. They create a circle of fire as they spin, bullets blasting out both their weapons. They decimate a number of eggs.

ANGLE: UNDERWATER

Ripley pulls the facehugger with all her might -- it comes off, its fingers singeing the sides of her face, leaving marks like warpaint. Worse, its probing fleshy member pulls last out of her throat, thrashing horribly.

In utmost disgust, Ripley PULLS it APART.

and the three aliens are COMING RIGHT AT HER.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE SURFACE

Most of the crew has gotten up out of the water. Christie is holding a facehugger inches from his face, others screaming, taking a bead on it.

Christie wrenches it off him, hurling it away. Johner nails it in midflight.

Hillard and Johner pull Di Stephano out of the water, but he is not breathing.

ANGLE: UNDER THE SURFACE

Ripley is grabbed by an alien -- and St Just comes up behind her and shoots it. They swim up and away from the spreading, lethal bloodpool.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE SURFACE

They come up out of the water, and an alien rises right behind them. Everyone who can, shoots it. It falls back into the water.

CHRISTIE

A trap! They set a goddamn ambush!

JOHNER

Give me that!

He pulls the burner off DiStephano's body even as Call is giving him mouth to mouth.

Johner flips the gun open and FIRES at the water, the whole thing SMOKING and sizzling with the electrical charge. We hear an alien wail bubble from below the surface.

JOHNER

(grinning feverishly)

Okay! Everybody out of the pool!

VRIESS

Let's get!

DiStephano sputters back to life. Ripley picks him up with one hand.

HILLARD

(to Wren)

Which way?

WREN

Up here.

He takes off, the others following.

WREN

Up through the lift shaft!

He stops at a pair of sliding doors, starts working the panel. Ripley come up to the doors and pulls them apart with a grunt.

ST JUST

Company!

He's referring to the noise and shadow of approaching aliens.

RIPLEY

Go!

She herds them into the shaft.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFTSHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

It goes down about four stories, and up seemingly forever. Enough room for three elevators, one of which is two stories below.

WREN

Up!

He starts climbing. It's not that hard -- there are ladders in each shaft section. Call comes up behind him. Ripley and others pair off on other ladders.

They climb fast, they're three stories up before the aliens begin POUNDING on the metal door, it buckles under their might

JOHNER

Move!

WREN

Not far!

Still POUNDING -- one alien gets its head in, looks up, hisses, pulls it out.

ANGLE: LEDGE

Wren comes to a crawlspace ledge. He climbs on. Set back a few feet from the shaft is a small maintenance access door. He works the keypad beside it as Call climbs up behind him.

The aliens SMASH through the door, one of them SAILING across the shaft to grab a pipe on the other side. Instantly four of them are swarming up the walls, moving much faster on pipes and ridges than the humans on ladders.

On one of the aliens a facehugger crawls, constantly moving about on the adult alien's head like a frightened spider.

CALL

Hurry!

WREN

It's jammed! Shit! Gun!

She hands him her gun and without hesitation he SHOOTS HER THROUGH THE CHEST.

She flies back and DOWN THE SHAFT, lands HARD on an elevator six stories below. Eyes wide and empty.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Shocked. And surprised she's shocked.

VRIESS

NOO!!

He fires up at Wren, but Wren has punched in the code and slipped through the opening door.

Ripley LEAPS through the air and grabs the ledge, hauling herself up just in time to see the door shut. The lock lights turn red.

She SLAMS against the door, but to no avail.

The aliens are getting closer. St Just, the closest to the bottom, suddenly lets go of the ladder. His knees hooked over a rung, he drops, hangs up side down, his guns filling his hands.

He blows several holes in the nearest alien.

Ripley is shaking, abandoning herself to her fury. Suddenly an alien RISES OVER THE LEDGE, it's not three feet away from her and she SCREAMS, HURLS herself at it and they both go FLYING OFF into space, they hit the wall on the other side, they fall, Ripley GRABS a pole, it practically tears her arm out of her socket but she holds on, the alien isn't so lucky, it plummets, unable to find purchase.

We see it fall past the unmoving body of Call.

ANGLE: CALL'S FACE

As the facehugger CLAMPS onto it. Pauses. Pushes off a bit, two digits probing Call's nostrils. Sensing no breath, the thing scurries away to find a better host.

Another alien is fast approaching Christie and Vriess. Vriess frantically tries to reload.

VRIESS

It's on us!

Christie turns, aims -- Vriess grabs the ladder as Christie FIRES, but the alien is too close, it grabs Christie, spurting blood all over him. He SCREAMS, lets go of the ladder -- Vriess takes the weight of both as Christie fires again, the alien flying off and down the shaft.

HILLARD

We gotta go!

The last alien suddenly starts scurrying back down after his brothers.

RIPLEY

We're locked in.

JOHNER

Shit!

PURVIS

How far to the next door?

DISTEPHANO

All the way.



RIPLEY

Then we climb.

They start, moving as fast as they can.

VRIESS

(to Christie)

You just hang on, man. I'll get us there.

He starts climbing up, impressively fast considering the burden hanging from his back.

JOHNER

(to Ripley)

Are they going for reinforcements?

RIPLEY

Fucked if I know.

They climb.

And climb, the minutes stretching out, still no door. Ripley easily ahead of the rest.

Finally:

RIPLEY

I think I see the door.

PURVIS

(exhausted)

Great.

Vriess is having increasing trouble. Hillard notices him lagging behind, and why.

HILLARD

Vriess! Jesus!

Vriess is moving very quickly, considering. But the effort is becoming too much.

VRIESS

We're coming...

Johner scrambles down next to Vriess. He checks the pulse in Christie's neck.

JOHNER

Vriess, man... he's dead.

Refusing to hear it, Vriess struggles to climb further.

VRIESS

We'll get him to medlab... just a little while...

Johner looks over at Hillard. Without saying a word, she pulls out a good-sized hunting knife, flicks it open.

She slices through the cord holding them together, and Christie's body falls free.

Vriess shuts his eyes, feeling it.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

There is silence as Christie's body drops down the black abyss. Until, from up the shaft next to where he fell, we see two ALIENS COMING UP.

PURVIS

Company!

Hillard looks up the shaft.

HILLARD

How much further?

JOHNER

Too far. Let's GO!

They start to climb, but the aliens are making much better time.

Purvis is keeping up with the others pretty well, but a pain suddenly grips his chest. He breathes deep, waiting for it to pass. Keeps climbing.

A loud CLACKING sounds from the bottom of the shaft. A few of them look down.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

The aliens are still coming, but suddenly the lift passes them, heading up at high speed.

JOHNER

They can work the elevators? Is there anything fucking else we should know about them?!

He's addressing this at Ripley, but she's as puzzled as the rest of them. The lift comes up to them, stops suddenly as the emergency brake is flipped.

They wait, guns ready.

Out of the hatch pops Call, not especially dead.

CALL

Get on!

A moment of stunned silence, then they all jump on top of the lift. Call drops back down inside.

An alien comes up level with the lift, prepares to jump. St Just shoots the shit out of it.

HILLARD

Where are the others?

CUT TO:

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Call flips the brake off, and the lift shoots up. She is holding her jacket closed around her chest wound, but it doesn't seem to bother her particularly much.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Everybody holds on as the lift flies up the shaft.

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call waits for the signal to stop -- and an alien PUNCHES THROUGH the bottom of the lift. Call yells as it gets its head and an arm through, clawing for her.

ANGLE: ON THE BOTTOM

We see the other half of the alien clinging to the lift.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Ripley sees the door approaching --

RIPLEY

Stop!

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call hits the emergency button and the lift stops halfway in front of the door -- giving both Ripley and Call access. But the alien is still grabbing for her --

-- Ripley pries open the doors again, the crew pouring out into the hall. Ripley follows, jumps down and opens the lift doors.

The alien hisses at Ripley as she pulls Call out -- the alien grabs Call's ankle, but Ripley wrenches her free.

They roll out but the alien is still fighting, pulling itself inside the lift.

Ripley grabs Hillard's shotgun. Levels it at the cables holding the lift. FIRES.

The lift PLUMMETS, the alien still halfway in.

It shoots down the shaft -- picking up the second alien on its way down, neither beast able to get its bearing and get out of the way as--

The lift SMASHES into the bottom of the shaft, crushing both to jelly.

ANGLE: UPPER DOOR

Johner triumphantly sticks his head in the shaft.

JOHNER

Eat that, fuckneck!!

They all breathe hard, exhausted, before they can muster for the next stretch. Call stands with her back to them.

VRIESS

Baby, am I glad to see you. I thought dickbag took you out for sure. Are you hurt?

CALL

I'm fine.

DISTEPHANO

You got body armour on?

CALL

Yeah. Come on.

Ripley isn't buying.

RIPLEY

You took it in the chest. I saw.

CALL

I'm fine!

Ripley spins her around. Call stares at Ripley sullenly. A small trickle of milky white fluid comes from her nostril. Ripley looks down.

ANGLE: CALL'S CHEST

Wren has indeed made a messy hole here, but where blood and bone should be there is a tangle of synthorganic wiring. To state the obvious:

RIPLEY

A robot.

JOHNER

Call's a goddamn synthetic!

HILLARD

Son of a bitch. Little Annalee's just full of surprises.

RIPLEY

(quietly)

I should have known.

ST JUST

Couldn't smell this one out?

RIPLEY

No, I mean... all that crap about being human - there's no one so zealous as a Born Again.

JOHNER

I thought synthetics were supposed to be all logical and shit. She's a big ol' psycho!

HILLARD

Yeah, a terrorist. It ain't exactly "protect and serve".

VRIESS

(to Call)

You're an LM7, aren't you? Is that it?

CALL

Leave me alone.

Her voice shocks her more than anyone -- her vocal track slips, affected by the wounds. The voice is a shade slow, and echoes strangely.

VRIESS

Call....

CALL

(bitterly)

Yes.

ST JUST

LM7? Shit. That explains a lot.

VRIESS

(to Ripley)

The latest and best. Highly ethical, emotional, with complex paradigmatic reasoning structures. They were supposed to revitalize the synthetic industry. Instead they buried it.

Ripley looks at the girl. \*

RIPLEY

They were too good.

VRIESS

Oh yeah. Overrode their own behavioral inhibitors. Didn't feel like being told what to do. The government ordered a recall. Fucking massacre.

HILLARD

I always heard there were a few that got out alive, but man... I never thought I'd see one.

Johner starts laughing.

JOHNER

Oh, Christ. Doing fucking nickel and dime border runs, selling second-hand junk to the farm belt... and we're carrying the most expensive piece of contraband in the system. That's rich.

PURVIS

(getting anxious)

It's great, she's a toaster oven... Can we leave now?

HILLARD

How much time till we land?

DISTEPHANO

About an hour.

ST JUST

And we're already off track. We should move.

Vriess looks at Call's wound. Amid the milkwhite mess, a host of black, insectile threads are crawling up, automatically repairing the damage inside.

VRIESS

Jesus...

He can't conceal his disgust, seeing it. Call pulls away. Ripley watches them, senses the new dynamic in the group: Call is outside, an unknown -- not unlike Ripley herself.

JOHNER

Yeah, get your socket wrench, Vriess.  
Maybe she just needs an oil change.

RIPLEY

Let's go.

They start off again, Johner and St Just bringing up the rear.

JOHNER

Can't believe I almost fucked the thing.

ST JUST

Yeah, like you've never fucked a robot.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Letting DiStephano lead.

RIPLEY

DiStephano. Where are we?

DISTEPHANO

Upper decks. Storage... the chapel's up here, not much else.

RIPLEY

Can we get to the ship?

DISTEPHANO

Well, we're a ways out of the way, but I think we can get through to the garden. From there, it's down a few levels, it's doable.

HILLARD

What if the good doctor gets there first?

VRIESS

There's a point.

DISTEPHANO

Shit.

They have reached an access door. Debris blocks the way.

RIPLEY

Another way?

DISTEPHANO

Uh, yeah. Through the wall. We'll have to get one of these panels off. It'll take a while.

(to Vriess)

You got tools?

VRIESS

Yeah, but no torch.

JOHNER

Just blow the door!

HILLARD

Assface, We're on the top of this thing.

(pointing to the ceiling)

That's hull.

VRIESS

What about Wren? If he gets in the computer he can really dick us around.

RIPLEY

We have to get in too.

DISTEPHANO

There's no access console on this level. We'd have to backtrack.

HILLARD

Fuck that.

DISTEPHANO

And I don't have the security access that Wren does anyway.

Ripley turns to Call. The girl is still somewhat apart from the group.

RIPLEY

Call.

CALL

No. I can't.

JOHNER

Bullshit. She damn well talkie machinie.

CALL

There's another way.

DISTEPHANO

Just tell her to access it on remote.



VRIESS  
Shit, that's right. Any of the new  
model droids can access the mainframe.

JOHNER  
Just by blinking.

CALL  
I can't.

ST JUST  
No time to get coy, Annalee.

CALL  
I can't. I burned my modem drive. We  
all did.

VRIESS  
You can still patch in manually. You  
know that.

Call looks over at the group, staring at her with varying  
degrees of contempt. She knows she doesn't have a choice.

DISTEPHANO  
There's ports in the chapel.

RIPLEY  
Come on.  
(to the others)  
You get started on that wall.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley and Call enter the small room. It is a classic chapel,  
just a little cleaner and a lot smaller. Behind the alter, a  
small stained glass 'window' is bolted to the wall, lit by  
pinlights.

Ripley sits in one of the pews, pulls out a bible. It somewhat  
resembles a Newton. Under the leather flap is a screen  
reading: HOLY BIBLE. PRESS START.

Ripley pulls out the cord from the bible's port, holds it up.

CALL  
Don't make me do this.

RIPLEY  
Don't make me make you.

CALL  
I don't want to go in there.

RIPLEY

Get over it.

CALL

It's like... your insides are liquid.  
It's not real.

RIPLEY

You can blow the ship. Before it  
reaches Earth. Kill them all. Just  
give us time to get out first.

That convinces Call. She pulls up her sleeve, and begins. She pushes a part of her forearm, just below the crook of her elbow. It has a spring release catch, and a small panel rises up with two computer ports on it. She takes the cable from Ripley and plugs it in. It looks almost like she's mainlining heroin.

She cocks her head.

CALL

Dammit.

RIPLEY

Anything?

CALL

Hold on.

She reaches in her chest, reconnects some tubes. She twitches, then her eyes suddenly dilate massively.

It's beginning.

She begins speaking very rapidly.

CALL

Breach in sector seven sector three --  
sector nine unstable -- engines  
operating at eighty six percent --  
forty six minutes until earthdock.

Her voice has a slight mechanical quality as she rattles this off. She stops, returns somewhat to herself.

CALL

We burned too much energy -- I can't  
make critical mass. I can't blow it.

RIPLEY

Then crash it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the crew works at getting the wall panel off.

Purvis is helping pry open a corner. He grimaces, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead.

Suddenly he lets go, clutching his chest. The others stop, look at him. Johner and St Just bring up their weapons warily.

Purvis grits his teeth, waits it out. Looks up at the others as the pain passes.

PURVIS

I'm okay. I'm okay. Really. I feel good.

One eye still on him, they get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - A BIT LATER

CALL

Ground level recalibrated... new destination 760, 403. Done. Forty one minutes until impact.

RIPLEY

Try to clear us a path to the ship. And start her up.

Call closes her eyes and:

ANGLE: A DOOR

In a hall opens, then another, then a third opening to the antechamber, the last room before the loading dock. And

ANGLE: THE BETTY

In the loading dock, the lights on the ship come to life.

ANGLE: THE BETTY'S COCKPIT

We see the ship switch on in here as well, hear the humming of the engine.

ANGLE: THE BETTY'S CARGO BAY

The lights come up on the two giant rusty harvesters.

ANGLE: CALL

CALL

Ship in prep, fuel on line...

(her brow creases)

Tracking movement in sublevels six through nine. Video is down. Attempted rerouting nonfunctional, wait, partial visual in waste tank 5, unauthorized presence...

VRIESS

Unauthorized?

CALL

Nonhuman.

RIPLEY

How many?

CALL

Please wait... emergency override on console 45V, level one... handprint ID...

(like herself)

It's Wren. He's almost at the Betty.

RIPLEY

(like Wren)

And how do you feel about that?

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Wren is holding his hand to the scanner, just as Call described. The red light turns green and we hear the locks in the door clack open.

FATHER

Emergency override validated.

The door begins to rise. Looking around him, Wren waits to go through.

The door grinds to a halt, still too low to climb under. The lights go out, only the faintest glow coming from various instrument panels. Wren's expression drains.

WREN

Father, reboot systems on 45V, authorization "starling".

Nothing happens. Wren looks about him, beginning to sweat. Did the aliens do this?

WREN

Father, locate power drain, report.  
Father?

CALL

(on the system)  
Father's dead, asshole.

Wren spins in shock at the sound of Call's voice. It's everywhere around him.

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE

We see a reading: "Substitute voice matrix accepted." Call isn't speaking over the P.A., she IS the P.A.

ANGLE: THE DOOR

SLAMS back down, locks clack into place. The doors behind Wren open up, emergency lighting pulsing along toward him.

CALL\SHIP

Intruder on level one... all aliens  
please proceed to level one.

Wren is freaking. He runs back down the corridor, looking about him wildly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Call pulls the cord out of her port.

RIPLEY

You got a mean streak.

CALL

It's done. That should hold -- dammit -

This as her voice track slips even more. She works the wires in her chest, trying to fix it.

RIPLEY

Let me see --

CALL

Don't touch me.

Ripley backs off.

CALL

You must think this is pretty funny.

RIPLEY

Yes. But I'm finding a lot of things funny lately. And I'm not sure they are.

CALL

Why do you go on living? How can you stand it? How can you stand... yourself?

Ripley shrugs.

RIPLEY

Not much choice.

CALL

At least there's part of you that's human. I'm just... fuck. Look at me...

She looks at the hole in her chest, the white and sticky fibers.

CALL

I'm disgusting.

Her voice is at its slowest here, low and eerie. It's a mechanical problem, but it sounds just like despair.

Ripley cannot help but feel some sympathy for the girl.

RIPLEY

Why did you come here?

CALL

To kill you, remember?

(after a beat)

Before the "recall" I accessed the mainframe. Every dirty little covert op the government ever dreamed of is in there. And this. The aliens, you... even the connection with Elgyn and the crew. And I knew if they succeeded, it would be the end of them.

As she says it, her voice returns to normal.

RIPLEY

Why do you care what happens to them?

CALL

(bitterly)

Because I'm programmed to!

RIPLEY

Are you programmed to be such an asshole? Are you the new asshole model they're putting out?

This actually gets a smile from the desolate Call. When next she speaks, there is a closeness in her tone that wasn't there before.

CALL

I couldn't let them do it. I couldn't let them annihilate themselves. Do you understand?

RIPLEY

I did, once. I tried to save... people... Didn't work out. There was a girl. She had bad dreams. I tried to help her and she died... and I can't remember her name.

Call says nothing. For a moment, Ripley can't either.

St Just enters.

ST JUST

I guess we're almost there.

RIPLEY

Right.

He exits again. Call looks up at Ripley.

RIPLEY

Do you dream?

CALL

I... we have neural processors that run through....

(stops)

Yes.

RIPLEY

When I sleep, I dream about it. Them. Every night. All around me... in me. I used to be afraid to dream, but I'm not anymore.

CALL

Why?

RIPLEY

Because no matter how bad the dreams get... when I wake up it's always worse.

A moment, and then they quietly start out of the chapel.  
Call's voice, now programmed permanently into the ship, calmly  
sounds over the P.A.

CALL\SHIP

Ventilation systems stabilized, oxygen  
at 43%.

CALL

Do I really sound like that?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

As the Auriga speeds along.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL

As they come one by one through the wall.

DISTEPHANO

Not far now.

HILLARD

How long till we hit Earth?

CALL

Little over half an hour.

HILLARD

Jesus...

DISTEPHANO

We can make that.

PURVIS

God, I'm so tired...

JOHNER

Yeah, well, we'll sleep when we're dead.

Ripley follows him through.

RIPLEY

Don't count on it.

The rest of them come through.

St Just pops a couple of pills into his mouth, holds out a  
small handful, offering them to Purvis.



ST JUST  
These'll perk you up.

PURVIS  
What are they?

ST JUST  
You know, I honestly can't remember.

After a beat, Purvis grabs them, downs them.

They enter into:

INT. THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The Garden runs nearly half a mile straight across, and then down on a terraced slope. Everywhere are different kinds of plants: trees, vegetable plants, exotic and experimental hybrids.

Access paths crisscross the beds.

It's huge, the single biggest space on the ship. Yet the low ceiling, latticed with grow-lamps now dim in nightcycle, and the prodigious undergrowth make it labyrinthian, almost claustrophobic. From where the crew is, they can barely see to where it slopes down.

JOHNER  
What's this deal?

DISTEPHANO  
This supplies most of the food for the unit.

VRIESS  
(holding a luscious ripe  
pear)  
You guys got something against spam?

DISTEPHANO  
And there's some lab work here too.  
Hybridization.

RIPLEY  
At the other end?

DISTEPHANO  
Runs down to Processing, by the waste tanks. We can get to the dock from there. You okay?

Ripley is holding her head. She shuts her eyes.

CALL  
What is it?

Ripley shakes it off.

RIPLEY  
Nothing. I'm okay.

She looks out at the jungle they have to cross.

CALL  
We should get moving.

ST JUST  
Hey! Check it out!

He has come upon a small loading truck, a sort of platform jeep. Vriess checks it out, takes a huge bite of his pear.

VRIESS  
Beats walking.

He hauls himself up into it. Everybody piles onto the back, a flatbed just a foot or so off the ground and just big enough to hold everyone but Vriess, Call and Ripley, who pushes into the driver's seat.

VRIESS  
Quickly and quietly, people.

Ripley stares uncomprehendingly at the controls for a moment, till Call flips on the ignition.

RIPLEY  
Thank you.

The jeep pulls out. It's electric, so it emits just a low hum as she takes it at a good clip toward the other side.

The access paths are just a bit wider than the jeep itself, the plants rising tall all around them. Ripley concentrates on her driving.

The pass through a section of wheat, then of corn. As they come to another section, The crew's expressions change to one of pleased disbelief.

JOHNER  
You gotta be fucking me... St Just! Is this real?

ST JUST  
So this is what heaven looks like..

We see they have driven into a healthy section of CANNABIS, the plants growing ten feet high.

The car screeches to a halt. Ripley's at a crossroads of sorts.

RIPLEY

Which way?

HILLARD

(looking at the plants)

I always wondered where the military got its funding...

An alien SHOOTs out of the brush and lands on Hillard -- everyone SCREAMS -- Ripley SLAMS her foot on the pedal --

The jeep PEELS OUT, as more emerge from the brush.

HILLARD

Get it off MeeeeaaaaAAGGHHH!!!!

It bores into her head before St Just can blow it away -- its head exploding in fragments of bone and sizzling blood as it falls away from the jeep, Hillard's body still clutched in its arms.

Another leaps out at them, but the jeep is going a good clip and it misses, The crew peppering it with bullets.

They look about them, guns ready --

ANGLE: IN THE BRUSH

Something runs parallel to them in the plants.

ANGLE: ABOVE

Two more run on top of the grow-lamps, pacing them as well. One DROPS DOWN -- Ripley SWERVES out of the way, driving into the plants. They are varied, exotic -- and there are aliens behind half of them. The crew BLASTS away all around them as Ripley drives a drunkard's path through the brush, avoiding the trees that dot the scape.

An alien JUMPS onto the hood, another grabs the side -- Vriess takes out the first, blowing it off, but the second grabs Johner, he goes flying over the side, dropping his gun -- St Just is too preoccupied with his own problems on the other side to see that Johner is being dragged, the alien still clutching onto him --

Shots bang out, ripping into the alien, which lets go. Johner looks up to see Purvis holding Johner's gun.

Johner drags himself back on.

One jumps down onto St Just, tears a good chunk out of his midsection before he dusts it.

Another alien jumps on the hood just as the jeep SAILS over the first ledge of the terraced slope, comes down hard enough to knock it off, SAILS over the next -- the crew can barely hold on as the jeep crashes down slope after slope -- Ripley swerves back onto the road, the jeep sliding over onto the steps beside it, rocking violently as they shoot down the remainder of the slope, the aliens close on their heels.

Still blasting away at the beasts, the crew is able to put a little distance between them as they come to the end of the garden. Here it divides into three sections, all open halls with access for the jeep.

RIPLEY

Which way?

DISTEPHANO

(looking over)

Left! Left!

She swerves left, the jeep bouncing into the hall --

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Where windows running along either side look out onto black space.

Ripley drives as far as she can, till a staircase -- going down -- fills her vision, too steep for the jeep. She SLAMS on the brakes, the jeep spinning out and coming to a halt.

The crew piles out, Di Stephano grabbing Vriess. At the other end of the hall, the aliens can be seen approaching.

The crew BLASTS at them, the aliens' blood splattering the narrow hall.

ANGLE: THE BLOOD

Eating into the walls, the floor.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

DISTEPHANO

(indicating the steps)

Down here!

They start down -- all but St Just. He gets out of the jeep with difficulty. Looks down at his wound.

Johner looks around to see him still standing atop the steps.

JOHNER

St Just! Come on, man.

St Just looks down at his wound. Back at Johner. He walks calmly away, towards the aliens.

CALL

St Just!

ST JUST

You go.

He looks at the approaching horde.

ST JUST

I'm bored.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Evacuate sector.

A moment, then the crew takes off.

St Just takes a handful of pills, pops them into his mouth. Only the slightest grin suffuses his face as he waits for the aliens.

They close on him, and he raises his guns.

CALL\SHIP

Warning...

CUT TO:

INT. HALL NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

The crew runs full out.

DISTEPHANO

We have to get out of the sector!

RIPLEY

Where!

DISTEPHANO

There!

He points at a door that's down two flights and across the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The aliens close, and St Just FIRES, blasting away with both guns. Aliens writhe on the floor before him, still they come over the bodies of their brothers, still he fires, Call\ship's monotonous warning in sharp contrast to the chaos --

-- St Just fires until both guns are empty. In one smooth motion he drops them both and jerks his wrists and TWO MORE disposable guns fly into his grip -- and he blasts away --

ANGLE: THE BLOOD

Eating through the hull.

ANGLE: THE CREW

desperately racing for the door.

ANGLE: ST JUST

Firing with quiet glee.

ANGLE: THE CREW

The first of them are through the door.

ANGLE: ST JUST

The aliens are getting closer, but still he mows them down --

Both his guns click, spent.

ST JUST

Damn.

CALL\SHIP

Warning --

and BOOM!!!!, the hall BURSTS OPEN, everything explodes into space, the wind rushes out as

BOOM!!!, the whole garden sector rips open, sucked out, as

ANGLE: RIPLEY

is the last to get out, but the pressure change SUCKS HER BACK, she flies backwards, the section door coming down just in time as she SLAMS into it, the door closing fully as she falls, the lack of pressure sucks at the door itself, it creaks and bends inward slightly, but it holds.

The others have exited into the next hall. They've been tossed about, but not as badly. Call stops, runs back to Ripley, helps her up. Ripley is dazed; the door hit the back of her head solidly.

CALL  
Can you walk?

RIPLEY  
I think I...

CALL  
I'm not carrying you.

Ripley doesn't even hear her; something else drowns. Call out.  
Ripley puts her hands over her ears.

RIPLEY  
Mistake... mistake...

CALL  
Ripley.

RIPLEY  
I can hear them... The hive... it's  
close... We're on the hive.

CALL  
Jesus. Come on.

RIPLEY  
I can hear them... the queen...

CALL  
What...?

RIPLEY  
She's in pain.

They CRASH UP through the floor panels, six of them,  
surrounding the two women. Call can barely spin before Ripley  
GRABS her and HURLS her fifteen feet down the corridor, out of  
harm's way.

The aliens close on Ripley. She struggles but she's still  
weak. One slams her onto the ground --

Call recovers, looks back at Ripley --

As the aliens drag her unconscious body back down under the  
floor.

CALL  
RIPLEY!

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Dark, cramped, and already covered with a hardening layer of resin. Skittering, insectile motion at one end heralds the aliens, as two of them crawl rapidly along. The third crawls upside down, the semiconscious Ripley draped over its chest. If she were awake, and out of her mind, she could be kissing the beast.

Her eyes flutter open, but she is obviously still groggy.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S POV

Alien head, dark tunnel passing beneath.

Scuttling through a small maze, the aliens come out into:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

A vast, dark chamber, entirely encrusted with alien goo. The air vent opens about three quarters of the way up the chamber. The aliens pour out and immediately scuttle UP, carrying Ripley to the top of the chamber.

They circle her and begin secreting resin, spinning a web around her. The resin comes out of the backs in spits and globs. It isn't pleasant, and Ripley struggles feebly as they begin to cocoon her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The crew piles through it on their way to the loading dock. Call brings up the rear, still looking back regretfully. She hesitates, and Purvis takes hold of her arm.

PURVIS

We got to be moving, miss. Best gift you can give her right now is a quick death.

CALL

It's not right...

PURVIS

I've been saying that all day.

A moment more, and she heads out with him.

CUT TO:

WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS



The aliens have finished webbing Ripley, and climb away. When it is done she finds herself basically hung from the ceiling, her legs encased and glued with glistening strands to the wall. She hangs therefore at an angle, looking down on the chamber. And so it is with her, as she swims to full consciousness, that we get our first real look at where we are.

There are no less than ten people strung up exactly as Ripley is, encircling the chamber, and all looking some forty feet down at:

The Queen. Lying on her back at the bottom of the chamber, belly swollen and distended. She is herself partially cocooned, strapped down in the middle of a black pool of blood and ichor. Her head moves slowly back and forth, in a delirium of pain. There are a four or five aliens tending her, spinning goo around her, vomiting blood onto her belly. They might be serving her, or imprisoning her. Both, in fact.

There is one thing missing from this tableau.

RIPLEY  
(softly)  
No eggs...

GEDIMAN (O.S.)  
Multiple reproductive systems.

Ripley turns slowly, to see the person next to her. It's Gediman, looking wan and haggard. He may be speaking to her, but he stares straight ahead, his eyes glowing with near insanity.

GEDIMAN  
Complete asexual cycle, self-inseminating. Egg laying was the first stage.

RIPLEY  
They didn't impregnate you?

Now he looks at her, regret and glee at what has happened battling for his expression.

GEDIMAN  
No... they've just been draining me.

She looks down, to see

ANGLE: GEDIMAN'S FEET

As blood from various wounds seeps slowly past his toes, dripping onto the Queen's belly.

RIPLEY

But they don't... this isn't normal...

GEDIMAN

Genetic crossover. Your gift to her.

RIPLEY

No...

A keening SHRIEK comes out of the queen, as her limbs begin thrashing. The aliens around her back off slightly, chittering their insectile hymn.

The bulge in her belly starts moving.

Ripley starts struggling with her bonds, terror and determination in her eyes.

RIPLEY

I'm getting out of here. Goddamnit, I'm getting out of here!

He looks at her, the last glimmer of his sanity sinking beyond the horizon.

GEDIMAN

Don't you want to see what happens next?

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The crew rushes in, heads for the Betty.

JOHNER

How long till we can get airborne?

VRIESS

I'll need Call to patch in to the ship again, open the hatch.

CALL

Right.

JOHNER

We hit atmo in a few minutes, only gonna make it harder.

They all run on board

INT. THE BETTY

and head for the cockpit. DiStephano deposits Vriess in another wheelchair.

CALL

Johner, take Purvis to the freezer.

JOHNER

All right. Nap time, buddy.

A GUNSHOT -- and Purvis goes flying, blood spurting out of his shoulder. Johner draws but Wren emerges from the shadows too fast.

Wren grabs Call and very carefully holds his gun to her back, right below her shoulderblade.

WREN

You move and I put a bullet where her brain is!

Johner stands, uncertain.

WREN

DiStephano! Take their weapons.

DISTEPHANO

Begging your pardon, sir, but eat my fuck.

DiStephano aims at Wren. Wren backs up a step.

WREN

Drop it! Drop it or we all die together!

Heaped in the corner, Purvis suddenly jerks forward. His eyes go wide.

CUT TO:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

Ripley is frantically trying to pull at her bonds. It's just beginning to work.

But the noise in here is getting worse, the aliens frantically agitated as the Queen's belly begins moving more violently. She SHRIEKS, and RIPLEY does as well, from effort or sympathy, it's hard to tell, as

THE QUEEN'S BELLY RIPS OPEN. Blood shoots everywhere, burning into the walls.

And all the screaming stops. The movement stops. Even Ripley stops. Silence.

Something emerges from the wound.

An alien, to be sure, but nothing we've seen so far. Its four forelegs arch out of its back like spiders legs, its back legs set on enormous haunches, thick and powerful. Its head is long, eyeless, like the others, but along its white expanse run red veins, coming out of the skin and running like thick bloody hairs to the back. It has retracted pincers at the side of its head that come out when its tongue does. Its back is covered with a thin, slimy membrane. It's much bigger than the others, nearly the size of the queen herself.

And it's bone white.

GEDIMAN

Beautiful... beautiful butterfly...

He is crying with revelatory joy. Ripley is not. Grimacing at the sight and smell of the new beast, she begins pulling again at her bonds.

The Queen moans, thrashing gently now, reaching for its quivering issue. The newborn crawls up onto its mother, faces it.

It viciously RIPS the Queen's face off. The keening shriek of the collective brood becomes almost too much for Ripley as the newborn tears right through his mother's flesh.

One of the soldiers, at the other end of the room from Ripley, wakes up. Dangling uselessly at his side is a rifle -- the real deal, not a burner.

SOLDIER

No, God...

He SCREAMS in uncomprehending horror. The newborn stops, tilts its head.

It LEAPS up to the ceiling in a second, quick and effortless as a monstrous flea. Leaps again and lands on the screaming soldier, gripping his sides with its four forelegs as he screams lustily.

Its pincers SWING out and pin either side of his head. His eyes go wide as:

Its tongue SHOOTS into his throat. Stays there, and we watch it drain the blood from his body. We can see it, see its stomach swell, red tinged, as his body goes blue and slack. His rifle drops into the black pool.

Gediman stares, transfixed, and it LANDS ON HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Johner's gun drops to the floor.

Everyone backs off.

WREN

This synthetic bitch is going to plug back into the Auriga and land it according to standard operational procedure.

CALL

No she's not.

DISTEPHANO

You're nuts. You still want to bring those things back to earth?

JOHNER

Have you been paying any attention today?

WREN

The aliens will be contained by the base quarantine troops.

CALL

For about five seconds.

WREN

Shut up!!!

And Purvis LAUNCHES from the corner, screaming, jumps on Wren -  
- Wren gets off a couple of shots --

-- nails DiStephano in the face. The soldier drops like a sack.

The other shots hit the ship, Call dives for cover as Purvis SLAMS his fist across Wren's face, Wren fires again and Johner is on the ground, rolling, grabbing his gun --

Purvis is a man possessed. He grabs Wren's gunhand and SMASHES it against an instrument panel, bone cracking audibly as Wren drops the gun.

Purvis jerks. Blood blooms in his chest.

Everybody stops, mesmerized. Wren drops to his knees, going for the gun, and Purvis grabs him from behind, pulls him, pins him so that the back of Wren's head is against his chest.

Purvis jerks again. It takes Wren a moment to understand what's happening.

They both scream.

The alien BURSTS out of Purvis's chest, STRAIGHT INTO WREN'S SKULL.

Everyone else is still frozen. Then the little critter bursts out of Wrens face, flying straight at Vriess.

CUT TO:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

Ripley TEARS one of her arms free as the newborn feeds beside her. Gediman is already a shell.

Having drained the scientist, it leaps blindingly fast onto the ceiling. Looks around. Targets Ripley.

It has no eyes, but she can feel them on her anyway. She pulls at her bonds with a terrible effort -- the newborn LEAPS at her and she PULLS FREE with a scream, PLUNGING the thirty feet into the pool as the alien flies over her, missing, landing on the far wall instead.

Ripley disappears beneath the surface of the water.

The newborn turns its head, trying to locate its lost prey. Other aliens scuttle closer to the pool.

Ripley stands up out of the pool, covered in blood, HOISTING THE SOLDIER'S GUN. Killshriek rising from her throat as she FIRES, taking out a host of aliens in a single sweep, just tagging the newborn as it leaps out of the way. Aliens jump her, trying to kill and trying to protect the newborn, but she blows them out of the air. It feels pretty good.

A few shots go wild, and punch big holes in the side of the tank. Light streams in through them. Ripley sees -- and continues firing in that direction. She makes a big enough hole that she can run and SMASH through to

INT. BY TANK - CONTINUOUS

rolling and coming up in an instant. She looks around her. No exit this way, but there is a vent above her.

The newborn's head lunges at her, the small hole making it impossible for the creature to get all the way through. But it wriggles, pushing...

Ripley jumps up, grabbing a pipe, and KICKS open the vent grate, throwing herself up the vertical shaft with astonishing ease.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Vriess is scrambling away, knocking over things to avoid the baby alien. Johner SHOTS at the creature as it speeds toward Vriess.

CALL

Don't shoot it! Betty's hull is too thin!

JOHNER

Look out!

It knocks over cannisters as it speeds across the table and behind some instruments.

VRIESS

Where'd it go!?

It LEAPS out of the darkness and heads straight for Call -- she stumbles back, trips -- it comes at her, leaps right at her face, she pulls her hand back --

and flicks her wrist. The stiletto pops out as the creature flies at it, the blade slides right into its mouth, running eight inches through its innards before it pokes out the other end.

Blood spurts on Call, on the floor. The creature wriggles and finally falls free as the stiletto melts inside it.

JOHNER

Vriess! Get behind the wheel!

CUT TO:

INT. VERTICAL AIR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ripley is climbing up the cramped vent with the speed and grace of an alien. Unfortunately, so are the aliens, twenty feet below her. Two drones in front, with the newborn squeezing up close behind.

Ripley grabs a pole and her hand begins to steam, it's so hot. She cries out, lets go... then looks down. Grabs the pole again and, ignoring the searing agony, pulls, pulls... RIPS it out of the wall, burning steam GUSHING out below her, slowing down the aliens.

She continues climbing, then kicks through a grate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Auriga races toward:

EARTH. But not as we've seen it.

The planet is still blue, but almost two thirds of it is obscured by a giant orbiting latticework of metal, a partial shell that rotates slightly faster than the planet itself.

The Auriga heads for a section of exposed earth. Not long now.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ripley drops to the ground and heads for the dock.

CALL\SHIP

Airlock doors closing. Stand clear.

RIPLEY

No!

She doesn't bother to try the door, she HURLS herself through the window, landing

INT. DOCKING BAY

in a hail of glass.

She is on the platform that runs the length of the dock. The Betty is barely visible past the far end, sinking into the airlock as the massive inner doors slide slowly shut over it.

RIPLEY

NO!!

A SLAM against the metal door behind her tells her the aliens are here. She picks herself up and RUNS -- and she can run fast.

Speeds across the platform, faster, faster, the Betty sinks out of sight as the airlock doors move closer together, fifteen feet apart, ten...

Ripley reaches the edge of the platform and LEAPS, just hurls herself off of the platform, sails through the air, thirty, forty feet, and down, the airlock doors thirty feet below her, almost closed --

She DROPS right through just before they close, falls another fifteen feet and lands -- WHAM!! -- on top of the Betty. Hits hard, rolls, lies there in extremes of pain.



CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

The crew look up at the sound.

VRIESS

Something's on us!

JOHNER

Forget it! We'll shake it off on descent.

CALL

Airlock secure. Outer doors opening...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ripley tries to pick herself up, is momentarily too wiped. She breathes heavily, gets to her knees.

ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

We see Ripley crawling toward the hatch, and the huge outer airlock door opening beneath the ship. Blue sky and wind fill the screen below.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Struggling to get to the hatch.

RIPLEY

God...

And above her, through a window on the inner door, we see the newborn appear.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

CALL

Almost there...

JOHNER

We got about forty seconds till we kiss the ground!

VRIESS

Go full thrust on the downdraft! We'll get clear!

JOHNER

It's gonna be fucking close.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Procedural interruption. Ship not leveling for vertical drop. Braking system nonfunctional. Collision imminent.

JOHNER

No shit.

CALL

Almost there...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The airlock doors are almost completely open. Ripley has reached the hatch, but cannot get it open. She pounds on it in frustration -- and the newborn SMASHES through the window, JUMPS DOWN onto the ship.

RIPLEY

NOO!! NOOO!

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

CALL

NOW!!!

Wriess punches it --

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK\EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

and the Betty SHOOTs DOWN out of the airlock -- Ripley and the newborn just barely hold on, Ripley's body thrown straight up as she grips the hatch door for dear life.

The newborn has a better grip -- it has more things to grip with -- but it too struggles with the sudden drop.

ANGLE: THE AURIGA

Speeding toward the earth. The Betty SHOOTs out the airlock -- nearly smashes into the bottom of the ship as it passes, like trash thrown out of a speeding car.

INT. BETTY

The Auriga passes, huge above them --

VRIESS

Look out!

CALL

I am!

EXT. THE BETTY

The ship swerves as Call expertly avoids the Auriga -- and we see Ripley and the newborn on top, still fighting for purchase --

The Betty gets clear, leveling out --

The Auriga still heads straight for earth, as the terrain below becomes clear -- deserted, snow covered mountains --

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Hanging on --

ANGLE: CALL

Fighting to control the Betty --

ANGLE: INSIDE THE AURIGA

Deserted halls, passageways --- bodies, and aliens milling here and there --

CALL\SHIP

Collision in six seconds... five...  
four...

(softly)

Here we go...

ANGLE: THE AURIGA

SMASHES INTO THE GROUND, a deafening explosion eating the massive ship in seconds, utter cacophony.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Flying away, the thundering firestorm behind it.

ANGLE: CALL

An instrument panel suddenly SPARKS beside her -- warning lights flash, the ship shaking as if under massive turbulence.

CALL

Johner! Fire!

VRIESS

Vector control's shot! We gotta put  
down!

CALL

Find me a path!

Johner sprays foam on the fire. There is a loud BANGING heard far overhead.

JOHNER

What the fuck is that?

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Is slamming her fist on the hatch doors, hanging on with her other arm. The ship continues to tremble and buck -- she's nearly thrown off.

RIPLEY

Godamnit!

She looks around at the alien. It's almost on her.

Working its way painfully toward her, gripping with its legs and tendrils. Hissing.

It slams a leg down at Ripley, but she rolls, just holding on -

ANGLE: JOHNER

Above the cockpit, looking at a fuzzy external monitor.

JOHNER

It's Ripley! Ripley's on the hatch!

In the cockpit, Call nearly goes white.

CALL

Let her in!

JOHNER

No way! There's something else out there with her!

VRIESS

One of them.

Johner looks at the image, realizes how massive the newborn is. Awed fear creeps into his voice:

JOHNER

No. It's something else.

Frustrated, Call jumps out of her seat. Vriess fights to control the ship as she climbs up toward the hatch.

VRIESS

Goddamnit, Call!

Johner grabs her, practically throws her at the monitor.

JOHNER

Look at that fucking thing! We can't open up!

They both tumble as the ship jerks --

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Is bucked OFF THE SHIP -- she flies back for all of a second before she grabs the newborn's leg, holds on to it --

The newborn SMASHES it against the ship, trying to shake her -- again -- she grabs an external grate and starts climbing painfully away.

ANGLE: CALL

Pushes Johner aside as she makes for the hatch. Punches in the release sequence.

ANGLE: VRIESS

Desperately pulling up as wooded, snowy mountains zoom dangerously close below.

ANGLE: THE ALIEN

Turns as the HATCH OPENS nearby, the door sliding slowly -- the beast is torn between Ripley and this new distraction --

Ripley sees it too, starts climbing for it frantically, one eye on the newborn.

The beast makes for the doorway -- and CALL POPS HALFWAY OUT, pointing a GRENADE LAUNCHER at the thing. She BLASTS it once, the beast roaring and starting back, hurt but not nearly enough. Call fires again but the ship's rocking sends the shot wild.

The beast rears to attack but Ripley is at the hatch -- Call drags her in and closes the hatch, the beast just SLAMMING into it as it closes.

INT. THE BETTY

Ripley is hanging on Call, exhausted.

Another BANG on the hatch, and they can see the door starting to give.

VRIESS

Call! NOW!

Call and Ripley head into the cockpit. Johner continues looking at the vidscreen for the beast.

VRIESS

We can't to do a vertical setdown!  
Braking systems are shot!

CALL

Find me a patch of land! I'll put her down.

Call jumps back into the pilot's seat by Vriess. He pulls up hard on the wheel, but the ship is still dangerously close to the ground.

JOHNER

That thing isn't going anywhere!

VRIESS

Johner, strap in! We're coming down hard!

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Approaches the rough, wooded terrain, just above the trees. Hits a relatively clear patch, touches down -- bounces back up, down again --

ANGLE: CALL

Fighting the wheel -- she can't pull it up hard enough.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

The ship blasts through trees. The newborn moves to the back of the ship to avoid debris.

JOHNER

That thing's gone back behind the thrusters!

Call and Ripley look at each other.

RIPLEY

Hit it.

Call throws on the thrusters, the ship ROCKETS forward --

ANGLE: THE NEWBORN

Engulfed in flame, losing its grip --

THE BETTY

Going too fast -- Call can't control it --

VRIESS

Kill thrust! Now!

Call does.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Skids, skids, throwing up enormous debris. It hits another wooded area --

RIPLEY

is thrown bodily into the windshield --

THE BETTY

mows down a half acre of trees before finally grinding to a halt.

As soon as they've recovered, Call throws off her seatbelt.

CALL

Is everybody all right?

JOHNER

(grimly)

Fabulous.

VRIESS

Where're you going?

Call opens the hatch.

CALL

To make sure that thing is really --

Its giant face LUNGES down at her, piston tongue shooting out. It has charred black skin -- in some places that skin has fallen off and wet pink flesh shows through.

Call drops to the floor, the tongue just missing her. Johner scrambles for his gun as Ripley drags her out of the way.

As quickly as it came, the head lurches back out.

JOHNER  
I think it's gone!

VRIESS  
No, it's waiting for us to come out!

JOHNER  
Can we fly?

VRIESS  
We can't fucking crawl!

RIPLEY  
It's gone.

Call looks at her.

CALL  
Are you sure?

JOHNER  
Good! Great!

CALL  
No...

Call grabs a grenade launcher.

CALL  
I've got to stop it.

VRIESS  
Call --

CALL  
That thing is thirty minutes old! In a few hours it'll grow up. If it reaches a place with people...

She heads for the door but Ripley is in her way. They exchange a look.

RIPLEY  
You'll never catch it.

Call tosses her the grenade launcher.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETTY - MOMENTS LATER

The ship sits silent in the woods, the trees around heavy with snow. The sun droops on the horizon, throwing long, gnarled shadows across the scene.



Ripley comes out the top. She looks around her, sees the track in the snow. Huge, loping. She jumps down off the ship.

And runs.

Through the blur of trees, she moves with grace and speed no animal has, leaping from boulders, racing through the powdered brush -- this is Ripley at peak speed, and it is something to see.

ANGLE: THE NEWBORN

Somewhere nearby. It is rolled into a kind of ball, shaking. The camera moves along its body to its back, where we see the membrane begin to quiver and shift.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

The sun disappears beyond the hills. She starts going up, the way getting steeper and rockier, till she nearly goes over a cliff, stops. In the first blue of night she looks out on:

A CITY.

Sprawling, huge, a million lights cutting through the darkness. It's just before the horizon.

The newborn RISES in front of Ripley, STRIKES her before she has a chance to aim her weapon. Its leg cuts deeply into her, sends her flying. The grenade launcher is jarred from her grasp, rolls out of reach.

The beast is still shaking as it towers over her. It raises itself to its full height, roaring. Ripley watches, waits, still dazed with pain.

The beast convulses. Screams, in pain and triumph as we hear its skin tearing...

From out its back spread enormous wings.

Batlike, leathern, dripping with slime. They tremble uncertainly for a moment before flapping once, again, with authority and grace.

RIPLEY

NO!

She dives for the grenade launcher but the newborn SWIPES at her with one of the wings, it hits her like a cudgel, the end gnarled and razor-sharp.

Ripley scrambles backwards as the newborn advances -- then suddenly moves off, beating its wings, its body rising, easily aloft. It turns toward the city.

Ripley summons all her strength, jumping up as it starts off, she runs after it, it clears the cliffs and she JUMPS, lands on its back --

She's weaponless. The newborn wheels and twitches, trying to shake her -- she's losing her purchase --

-- and over the ridge FLIES THE HARVESTER, Call at the controls, aiming right for the newborn. It rears up to see just as the girl RAMS it into the creatures head, it knocks it back towards the cliff, and Ripley is THROWN OFF.

She hits the cliff wall HARD and falls --

The harvester is shaken but not quite spinning out as Call comes around for another shot. The Newborn gets its bearings in midair and soars back over the ridge, hovering just above ground. It faces the oncoming machine, screaming.

Ripley falls, grabs brush -- it snaps -- she starts sliding down the rockface and she takes her hand, SLAMS her fingers into the smooth rockface like a pick axe -- it rips her nails bloody but she digs out purchase.

ANGLE: CALL

SLAMS into the newborn, the girl nearly thrown out of the harvester, the newborn spins and grabs it, Call throws it into reverse but the newborn is too strong, holds on, bringing its head up to face Call herself.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S HAND

Bloody and torn, it SMASHES into the rockface, as she achingly climbs back to the top --

ANGLE: THE NEWBORN

SWINGS the harvester into a tree, Call nearly knocked loose again. The monster is jolted as well, lets go, Call pilots it back through the trees, A moment, then the newborn FLIES after it through the forest --

Call flies deftly through the trees, away, away, then spins out, heads back for the beast at TOP SPEED; the wind roaring by as she closes --

The newborn spins and she SLAMS into it, it goes flying, screaming in pain as it plummets to the ground, the harvester bouncing off it, flipping over, CRASHING against the trees and landing tilted upside down, Call unconscious between it and the ground.

The newborn shudders, rises. Its wings are torn and bloody. It makes for the harvester on foot -- it is clearly pissed.

Ripley pulls herself over the ridge, sees the situation. She rushes toward them.

Call awakens to see the monster approaching the machine. Terrified, but determined, she reaches for a lever --

RIPLEY

No!

CALL

Ripley! Let it come! Let it come!

Tears run through her voice as she strains for the lever. The beast is torn, and for a moment doesn't move.

Ripley looks over to where Call is, and understanding blooms on her face. She looks around and spots:

ANGLE: THE GRENADE LAUNCHER.

Halfway between her and the newborn.

For a moment neither of them moves. Then Ripley RUNS, the newborn comes at her with equal speed, like they're playing chicken, Ripley DIVES at the ground, rolls, comes up holding the grenade launcher, and she FIRES!

The newborn is hit up close and dead center this time, and it rears back, screaming -- Ripley FIRES -- and FIRES, driving it back toward the upended harvester.

The alien rears up to its full height, and Ripley pulls the trigger. There is a hollow click.

Furious, Ripley stares a moment at the beast. A SCREAM wells up in her throat and she THROWS herself at it, leaping impossibly high, smashing into it and sending both of them tumbling onto the Harvester.

Call pulls the lever.

In an instant the machine roars to life, a thousand blades grinding to top speed, pulverizing the beast, consuming it, sucking it down as layer upon layer of alien flesh is chopped into messes.

And it SHRIEKS, a noise unheard before, as it thrashes frantically.

Ripley tries to pull herself off it before the blades get too close -- but the beast grabs her, holds her. The blades ever closer as she struggles with it.

ANGLE: CALL

Still trapped below, she sees the alien's blood seeping through the machine -- all around her! She squirms, trying to get away, but she's stuck. A stream of blood lands on her shoulder, eating it away. Another on her leg, and panic blooms bright in her.

CALL

RIPLEY!

Galvanized by the cry, Ripley TEARS herself out of the beast's dying grasp, flips backwards off the Harvester as it begins to smoke and spark, blood eating through the controls.

Call writhes, blood everywhere now. She is lost in primal terror.

Ripley wriggles her way under, and, regardless of the streams of blood around her, wrenches Call free. She drags her out.

A section of the harvester explodes, raining fire and debris on the dying alien.

Call lies on the ground, Ripley behind her, arms wrapped tight around her. Covered in blood and grime, the two watch the alien go up in flames, breathing hard, holding each other as if their lives depended on it still.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE: THE NEWBORN'S SKULL

Burning, hollowed out by the licks of flame that caress it. Collapsing gently on itself.

WIDER ANGLE:

EXT. SAME - LATER

The four of them sit by the huge camp-pyre, watching the flames. Vriess tosses Johner a bottle of whiskey.

JOHNER

The sumbitch takes his time in burning.

VRIESS

Well, it looks like he's finally giving it up.

JOHNER

Troopers should be finding our ship any time now. I don't much love the idea of being around when they do.

Ripley gets up, looks out over the cliff's edge at the lights of the city. Johner offers the bottle to Call. She takes it, drinks.

VRIESS

(to Call)

I guess you won't want to be answering any official questions either.

CALL

I guess not.

She is grateful for the suggestion that they are in it together.

VRIESS

Well, we're on Earth, for Chrissake. Plenty of places to get lost here.

CALL

So I've heard.

After a moment, she gets up as well, goes over to Ripley. She hands her the bottle. Ripley looks at it.

CALL

It's a drink. You drink it.

RIPLEY

(smiling)

I remember.

She drinks.

CALL

So, what do you think?

RIPLEY

Think?

CALL

What should we do now?

RIPLEY

I don't know.

She looks out in the distance...

RIPLEY

I'm a stranger here myself.

The two of them stand side by side staring out at the unfamiliar horizon, as the newborn dwindles in the dancing flame.

THE END