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ALIEN III

BY

Walter Hill/David Giler

Revised

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Jan. 17, 1991 (Blue)
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26/1/91 W.H., D.G.

1.

ALIEN III

FADE IN:

1. EXT. DEEP SPACE CREDIT SEQUENCE
1

the void. luxuriously veiled in a star field.

* BEGIN CREDITS: *

1a. quick - a facehugger finger --
2. quick - a face,. under glass, out of focus -- the glass shatters... 2
2a. quick - a monitor -- A colorful catscan of a tendril. Down someone's throat.
2a.
3. quick - acid blood hits the floor, sizzles, eats through insulation wires...
3.
3a. quick - smoke passes a sensor -- 3a.

4. quick - a panel of lights explode on, flashing, urgent, something is very wrong
4.
- 4a. quick - blood seeps through white fabric -- 4a.
5. quick - an exploding bolt -- 5 .
- 5a. quick - hypersleep tube falls away -- 5a.
6. quick - hypersleep tube being vacuum sucked along, packed into the EEV Š
6
- 6a. quick - the EEV floats momentarily in its docking, then drops from CAMERA and away
... 6a.
- 7 then - Ripley's face, quiet, peaceful -- moisture blows across her features ...
7
- * 7a. then - the planet FIORINA 161. grey, lifeless, alone in space
*7a..
8. then - the EEV tumbles by ...
8.

Legend: FIORINA 'FURY' 161

OUTER VEEL MINERAL ORE REFINERY
MAXIMUM SECURITY WORK-CORRECTIONAL
FACILITY

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

Legend: JULY 3RD, 0600.

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

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2.

13. then - the man looking down 13.
then - rolls Ripley's body over ...
- 13a. then - carrying her through the wasteland 13a.
14. then - at the prison facility entrance -- they enter the weathertrap ...
14.
15. INT. BUG WASH - WEYLAND - YUTANI WORK - CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY-161
15.

* Medical Officer Clemens enters carrying Ripley's body - spots three prisoners delousing across the way...

CLEMENS

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

THE PRISONER'S SHOWER AREA

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

CLEMENS

Now! Move!

The convicts grab their clothes

AT A TABLE - BUG WASH

Clemens kneels beside Ripley, checks her eyes

Her lips start to move...

Cradling her head, he tries to hear what she's saying

Ripley suddenly SCREAMS...

Clemens pulls her face close

Turns her head away.

Gagging on black salty water, Ripley coughs up --

Struggling for air as ...

16. EXT. FIORINA - BEACH 16.

A group of prisoners run to the water ...

Prisoners herd half a dozen oxen over a low sand dune --

17. INT. INFIRMARY

17.

Clemens carries Ripley to her bed --

She's out cold ...

18. EXT. FIORINA - BEACH

18.

The EEV ashore, attached to the oxen

19. INT. INFIRMARY 19.

as Ripley's clothes are cut from her --

tank top ...

shorts ...

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3.

20. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - WEYLAND YUTANI

20.

WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY 161

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

FURY 161 - CLASS C PRISON UNIT

IRIS - 12037154 - REPORT EEV

UNIT 2650 CRASH - ONE

SURVIROR - LT RIPLEY -

B5156170 - DEAD CPL. HICKS

L55321 - UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

APPROX. 12 YEARS OLD -

REOUEST EMERG. EVAC.

SOONEST POSSIBLE - AWAIT

RESPONSE SUPT. ANDREWS
M51021

21. INT. EEV
21.

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

22. INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE - COMM ROOM
22.

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

23. INT. INFIRMARY - RIPLEY
23.

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

24. EXT. - FIORINA - BEACH
24.

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

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

The setting sun...

END CREDITS.

*

26. INT. ASSEMBLY HALL
26

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

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4.

26 CONT
26 CONT

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

AARON -
Andrew's general factotum.

* AARON

*

* Alright, Alright. Let's pull it

*

together -- get it going --Right? Right.
Here we go, Mr. Dillon --

PRISONER DILLON

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

DILLON

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

The convicts all raise their right fists -

CLEMENS -

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

GROUND LEVEL

Andrews clears his throat ...

ANDREWS

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

Mumbles among the prisoners.

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

MORSE

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

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5.

26 CONT

26 CONT

*

AARON

*

(to Andrews)

Cheeky bastard, right sir?

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

DILLON

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

ANDREWS

We are well aware of your feelings in this matter.

You will be pleased to know that I have requested a rescue team - Hopefully, they will be here inside of a week and evacuate her A.S.A.P.

(to Clemens)

What's her medical status?

All eyes turn to Clemens.

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

Will she live?

Clemens considers the question.

CLEMENS

Yes. I should think so. -

Pursing his lips. Andrews glances back at Dillon.

ANDREWS

Look, none of us here is naive.

(pause)

It's in everybody's best interests if the woman doesn't come out of the Infirmary until the rescue team arrives. And certainly not without an escort. Right? So we should all stick to our set routines and not get unduly agitated. Correct? All right. Thank you, gentlemen.

27 INT. INFIRMARY
27

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

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6.

27 CONT.

27 CONT

Clemens checks her vital signs...

On a table beside the cot, he finds a syringe with clear liquid... Prepares to give her an injection.

Ripley's eyes snap open.

RIPLEY

What's that?

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Are you a doctor?

CLEMENS

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

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

CLEMENS

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

Pause.

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Here?

CLEMENS

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

He lifts her arm -- gives her the injection.

CLEMENS

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

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7.

27 CONT

27 CONT

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

Yes. Quite nauseous.

RIPLEY

What about the others?

CLEMENS

I'm afraid they didn't make it. This sinks in.

RIPLEY

What?

CLEMENS

They didn't survive.

RIPLEY

I have to get to the ship.

CLEMENS

You're in no condition for that. She stands. Buck naked.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

He turns and opens a closet.

CLEMENS

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

28 INT. STAIRWELL - CONE OF SILENCE
28

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Pilot light for what?

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29 INT. CONE OF SILENCE 29

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Any women here?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

How come you know my name?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Great.

Ripley takes a deep breath and crawls into:

30 INT.EEV

30

Everything is smashed, wrecked...

In the very cramped quarters, Ripley finds a place to kneel.

Clemens follows her inside.

RIPLEY

Where are the bodies?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

There was an android...

CLEMENS

Disconnected. There were pieces of him all over the place. What's left was thrown in the trash. The Corporal was impaled by a support beam straight

through the chest He never knew what hit him.

RIPLEY

What about the girl?

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9.

30CONT

30 CONT

CLEMENS

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

She struggles for control.

Impossible

Her eyes fill with tears.

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

Faceplate is broken.

Probably happened in the crash.

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

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

CLEMENS

What is it?

RIPLEY

Where is she?

CLEMENS

I told you. The morgue.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

It is? I want to see it.

31 INT. MORGUE - STEPS LEADING DOWN

31

CLEMENS

Any particular reason you're so insistent?

RIPLEY

I have to make sure how she died.

CLEMENS

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

Clemens stops at the foot of the stairs

CLEMENS

Was she your daughter?

RIPLEY

No ... She wasn't my daughter.

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10.

32 INT. MORGUE - MAIN FLOOR. THE DRAWER

32

They both look down at the body.

RIPLEY

Give me a moment.

Clemens steps away ...

Ripley begins to examine Newt's corpse.

After a couple of moments Clemens returns

CLEMENS

O.K.?

RIPLEY

No. We need an autopsy.

CLEMENS

You're joking.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

I told you she drowned.

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

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

Ripley doesn't want to hear this.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

Would you care to share this reason?

RIPLEY

Possible contagion.

CLEMENS

What kind?

RIPLEY

I'm not the doctor -- you are.

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11

32 CONT

32 CONT

CLEMENS

You'll have to do better than that.

RIPLEY

Cholera.

CLEMENS

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

She stares at him.

CLEMENS

As you wish.

32A AUTOPSY - TIME CUT
32A

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

He cuts through her rib-cage.

CLEMENS

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

Makes a final cross-lateral incision.

CLEMENS

Still nothing. Satisfied?

She turns away.

CLEMENS

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

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

ANDREWS

Mr. Clemens.

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

What's going on, Mr. Clemens?

AARON

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

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12.

32A CONT

32 CONT

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

Without my authority?

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

Good. But it might be helpful if Lt. Ripley didn't parade around in front of the prisoners, as I am told she did in the last hour. It might also be helpful if you kept me informed

as to any change in her physical status. Or would that be asking too much?

RIPLEY

We have to cremate the bodies.

ANDREWS

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

AARON

(to Andrews)

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

RIPLEY

There is the public health issue.

Looks at Clemens.

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

I thought you said there was no sign of disease.

CLEMENS

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

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13.

32A CONT

32A CONT

An unhappy Andrews turns to Ripley.

ANDREWS

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

RIPLEY

Yes. Obviously for my own personal safety.

ANDREWS

Exactly.

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

ANDREWS

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

33

INT. ABATTOR - STALLS

33

Shiny, tiled walls.

Stalls and pens containing live chickens, oxen, Š

Behind a screen across the way -- various cuts of meat, chicken, lamb, etc., hang from rusted hooks in the arctic gloom... Row upon row of razor sharp knives line a wall by the door. Two prisoners, FRANK and MURPHY, lurch into the room pushing the dead ox on a rusted ore-cart.

FRANK

(puffing)

Well, at least Christmas came early -

MURPHY

How's that -

FRANK

Any dead ox is a good ox

MURPHY

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

FRANK

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

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14.

33 CONT

33 CONT

MURPHY

Speakin' of hosing down, Frank --

FRANK

Yeah?

MURPHY

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

FRANK

What do you mean, if I got a chance?

MURPHY

You know, if you got a chance.

FRANK

Just casual you mean?

MURPHY

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

They manage to get the dead beast out onto the floor --

Wrap chains around the animal's back legs and begin to winch it over head.

FRANK

No problem. Never had any problem with the ladies.

I'd say 'Good day, my dear, how's it going, anything I could do to be of service!' - then I'd give her the look, you know, up down...give her a wink, nasty smile, she'd get the picture.

MURPHY

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

FRANK

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

MURPHY

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

FRANK

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

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

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15.

33 CONT

33 CONT

MURPHY

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah?

MURPHY

What do you think killed Babe?

FRANK

Beats me. Just keeled over.

MURPHY

How old was she?

FRANK

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

MURPHY

Right.

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

MURPHY

What's this?

FRANK

Dunno. Looks like some jellyfish from the beach.

MURPHY

Right.

Tosses it away.

34

OMITTED

34

35

INT. LEAD WORKS - BLAST FURNACE

35

An immense space located in the bowels of the operation.

Vaguely rectangular, the room is carved out of the very rock of the planet.

In the center, there's an enormous pit.

Flames are visible over beveled edges descending to the depths.

On one wall, a series of ducts and fans control oxygen flow into the furnace area
Cranes on tracks running up and down the room can be loaded or unloaded from catwalks
above the pit.

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16.

35 CONT

35 CONT

TWO PRISONERS

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

RIPLEY

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

ANDREWS

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

*

36 BELOW THE CATWALK

36

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

37

THE WALL

37

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

IN THE PIT

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

ON THE CATWALK

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

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17.

37 CONT

37 CONT

ANDREWS

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

dust to dust.

38 INT. ABATTOIR - THE DEAD OX

38

Seemingly begins to dance crazily.

Grotesque.

Something inside the ox trying to break free...

39 CATWALK

39

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

DILLON (O.S.)

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

Andrews puts down the book.

Looks over to Dillon, who has, seemingly uninvited, taken over the service.

DILLON

There aren't any promises. Nothing's certain.

Only some get called. Some get saved.

IN THE FURNACE

the fire rages...

ON THE CRANE

reeling from the heat, the two prisoners reach their breaking point.

Hurling the two canvas bags into the pit, they beat a hasty retreat.

ON THE CATWALK

weeping freely, Ripley watches what used to be Newt and Hicks disappear into the inferno.

Impulsively she takes Clemens' arm for support.

He gives it freely.

Dillon keeps reading:

DILLON

She won't ever know the hardship and grief for those of us

left behind. We commit this body to the void with a glad heart...

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18.

40

IN.THE ABATTOIR

40

on the table, the ox's body is stretched and distorted.

Suddenly, in a moment of carnal frenzy --

A CHEST - BURSTER

explodes from the ox's thorax.

Rockets out of the carcass and tumbles to the floor.

This thing has four legs, Alien head and drooling mouth.

Like a horrifying fawn, it struggles to get legs under it.

Wobbles round the room.

DILLON (OS)

Within each seed there's the promise of a flower. And

DILLON

(to Boggs)
That the way you feel about it?

BOGGS

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

DILLON

(to Golic)
You got anything to say for yourself?

Golic shrugs, grins like an idiot.

DILLON

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

RAINS

Except he smells worse.

BOGGS

And he's crazy.

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20.

43 CONT

43 CONT

DILLON

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

He looks up -

RIPLEY

Enters..

The entire room goes silent.

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

All eyes riveted on her.

She spots Dillon.

Moves to his table...

ANDREW'S TABLE

Andrews watches Ripley as she moves to Dillon.

Not a happy look on Andrews' face.

He turns to Aaron.

ANDREWS

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

AARON

You called it, sir.

DILLON'S TABLE

As Ripley arrives.

Stands opposite Dillon...

He stares straight ahead.

Doesn't acknowledge her presence.

RIPLEY

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

He finally turns to her

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

Really. I guess I must make you nervous.

DILLON

Do you have any faith, sister?

RIPLEY

Not a lot.

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43 CONT 43 CONT

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

I thought women weren't allowed.

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

Thanks.

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

Wait for what.?

DILLON

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

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

44 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL
44

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

What kind of religion?

CLEMENS

I don't know -- some sort of millenarian apocalyptic

Christian fundamentalist brew...

RIPLEY

Ummm.

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22.

44 CONT

44 CONT

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

How did you get this great assignment?

He gestures...

CLEMENS

How do you like your hair cut?

RIPLEY

rubs her head)

Weird.

CLEMENS

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

Pause.

RIPLEY

Are you attracted to me?

CLEMENS

In what way?

RIPLEY

In that way.

CLEMENS

You are rather direct.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

So have I.

He swirls his drink -- looks it her.

26/1/91 - W.H., D.C;.

45 INT. VENTILANON SHAFT
45

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

MURPHY

(now singing)

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

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

MURPHY

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

He hears something in the darkness to his left.
Stopping, he sees a recessed storage area built into the wall of the air-duct...
A gurgling sound is coming from inside.
Curious, Murphy moves closer.
Stopping before the recessed area, Murphy peers inside.
* Sees the Alien --
*
Still fawn like, but growingš
Time stops a second.
* Suddenly, the creature -- spits acid in Murphy's eyes...
*
* Clawing at his face, flesh tom away from his cheeks --
*
Murphy reels backwards.
Smoke pours through his fingers.
Screaming, he slam s into a wall and staggers backwards into
* The fan...
*

Which rips him to pieces --

In a blink of an eye, the walls of the Air-duct are splattered with his remainsš
The fan CLANGS to a ringing stop as Murphy's skin fouls the blade.

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

CLEMENS

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

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

CLEMENS

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

He hands her a glass.

RIPLEY

You're spoiling the mood?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

Yes, possibly.

RIPLEY

Maybe I made another mistake.

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

25.

46 CONT

46 CONT

CLEMENS

How's that?

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

Definitely. Who was the lucky fellow?

RIPLEY

You, dummy.

CLEMENS

I'm not a prisoner.

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

Intercom.

AARON (V.0.)

Clemens.

Clemens moves to the speaker...

CLEMENS

Yes, Mr. Aaron.

AARON (V.0.)

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

CLEMEENS

Something serious?

AARON (V.0.)

Yeah. You could call it that. On-e of the prisoners got diced.

Click.

Clemens turns back to Ripley

CLEMENS

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

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

26.

46 CONT

46 CONT

RIPLEY

Maybe I should come.

CLEMENS

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

As he turns away...

RIPLEY

Not looking very happy.

47 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

47

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

Prisoner JUDE is mopping up.

There is precious little to look at.

The fans been shut down.

Andrews and Aaron look on grimly.

AARON

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

ANDREWS

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

Clemens glances up at Andrews:

CLEMENS

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

AARON

No shit.

ANDREWS

I take it he was pulled into the fan?

CLEMENS

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

AARON

Right...almost happened to me once ... four years . ago ...

I always tell people...keep an eye out for the fans. Nobody listens.

CLEMENS

Except the fan was blowing.

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

27.

47 CONT

47 CONT

Clemens stands, studying the inside of the air-duct.

Moving closer to the recess in the wall, he notices it for the first time. Slowly, he looks inside.

Empty.

There's something running down the wall.

Something appears to have been spilled over the edge of the recess.

AARON

What's that?

CLEMENS

I really don't know...

Andrews pins Clemens with his gaze. Clemens looks away.

Instantly, Andrews is suspicious...

ANDREWS

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

He shepherds the others out of the air-duct.

Alone, Clemens considers the grizzly scene before him...

Returns his attention to the corrosive bum.

48

INT. EEV - CONE OF SILENCE

48

Ripley rummages through the cramped space, moving debris, something.

Beneath some smashed and decimated equipment, secured within the bulkhead, she finds what she's after.

Above a seal on the wall in bold letters, she reads:

FLIGHT RECORDER

DO NOT BREAK SEAL

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

What about the accident?

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

28.

48 CONT

48 CONT

CLEMENS

Very bad. One of the prisoners has been killed.

RIPLEY

How?

CLEMENS

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

Pause.

CLEMENS

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

(re: box)

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

CLEMENS

We don't have anything like that here.

RIPLEY

What about Bishop?

CLEMENS

Bishop?

RIPLEY

The droid that crashed with me.

CLEMENS

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

28/1/91 - W.H., D.G.

29.

49

INT. CANDLE STORE-ROOM

49

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

GREGOR

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

Golic is stuffing food in his mouth.

BOGGS

What the hell does he ever do right?

RAINS

Eat. He's got that down pretty good.

Dillon and Junior appear in the doorway.

DILLON

Golic?

GOLIC

Yeah?

DILLON

Light a candle for Murphy, will you?

GOLIC

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

Golic and his two companions move off..

50

INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

50

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

ANDREWS

Sugar?

CLEMENS

Thank you.

ANDREWS

Milk?

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

30.

50 CONT -

50CONT

CLEMENS

Yes, please. .

Andrews suddenly explodes:

ANDREWS

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

Clemens remains very calm...

CLEMENS

I'm not sure I understand.

ANDREWS

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

CLEMENS

Why?

ANDREWS

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

CLEMENS

I'm a doctor. Not a jailer.

ANDREWS

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

Getting up, Clemens heads for the door.

Andrews pounds his fist on the desk...

ANDREWS

Sit down!

CLEMENS

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

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

31

50CONT

50CONT

ANDREWS

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

(Beat)

Now sit the hell down.

Clemens returns to his chair.

ANDREWS

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

CLEMENS

I'm very grateful.

ANDREWS

Keep your sarcasm's to yourself. Now, is there anything I should know?

CLEMENS

About what?

ANDREWS

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

CLEMENS

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

ANDREWS

That's all?

CLEMENS

Yes.

ANDREWS

Nothing more?

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32.

50CONT

50CONT

CLEMENS

No.

ANDREWS

You're sure?

CLEMENS

Very sure.

ANDREWS

Get out of here.

Clemens rises, heads for the door.

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

51

NIGHT

As the wind shrieks...

A gigantic pit stands open to the roaring sky.

It's piled high with everything the prisoners have discarded.

Standing on a mountain of rusted engines, pneumatic drills and other equipment

RIPLEY

rummaging through miles of wires, tubing and parts.

The wind tears her eyes.

Stopping for a second, she sees...

A HAND

sticking out of a pile of some wiring.

Realizing what she's looking at, she starts digging through the refuse at speed.

Finally, she unearths the remains of -

BISHOP

The Android.

He's a shambles.

Most of his face and lower jaw are gone.

Parts of his neck, left shoulder and back are intact.

At the rear of his mouth is a small speaker.

Grabbing some wire, Ripley starts stuffing them into a bag.

(NOTE: The following attackers are.: Junior, Gregor, William, plus one stunt prisoner).

An arm suddenly comes from behind and grabs her around the neck.

Another arm grabs her shoulders.

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

33.

51CONT

51CONT

Another arm starts to fondle her private parts.

As she struggles

A PRISONER appears, starts to advance on her.

Ripley breaks free of the arms...

Punches the prisoner --

Kicks him in the balls.

But...

An even LARGER PRISONER appears.

It's Junior.

He grabs her -- spread eagles her over a pipe rail.

Two other prisoners appear just behind him.

Dillon suddenly materializes from the dark.

DILLON

Knock it off.

JUNIOR

Jump in the saddle man. You wanna go first?

DILLON

I said knock it off.

JUNIOR

Hey what's it to you, man?

DILLON

It's wrong.

JUNIOR

Fuck you.

Dillon smacks the two prisoners in back.

Junior tries to belt Dillon -- Dillon gut punches him, grabs a metal bar, cracks him twice over the head with it -- time second blow dropping him.

The prisoners cower--

Dillon hits them again - Looks at Ripley--

DILLON

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah. Nothing hurt but my feelings.

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

34.

51CONT

51CONT

DILLON

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

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

Punches him in the mouth...

52 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

52

Deep within the unexplored vastness of the complex.

It's black as night.

Illuminated by the light of his torch --

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

Behind him, Rains lights a candle.

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

The flickering light reveals a hallway.

A very long hallway.

The sign on the wall above Golic reads:

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL

THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

Boggs glances back at Rains

Kneeling, he studies a map at his feet.

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

BOGGS

How many?

RAINS

(checking notes)

This makes a hundred and eighty-six.

Golic shoves some food in his mouth and chews, noisily. He steps over to an abandoned cigarette machine. Kicks the lock off with a bang -- begins loading packs of cigarettes into his duffel ...

Irritated, Boggs turns on him.

BOGGS

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

RAINS

You're not supposed to swear.

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35.

52CONT

52 CONT

BOGGS

Sorry..

Golic swallows.

BOGGS

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

(turning)

How many candles, again?

Boggs doesn't get an answer. He, glances sideways at Rains.

Rains is scratching himself furiously

Stares fixedly down the row of flickering candles.

Golic following his line of sight.

Something very bizarre is happening .

Every few seconds, one of the candles goes out.

BOGGS

What the shit is doing that?

GOLIC

You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS

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

RAINS

What the hell is going on with the candles?

The three prisoners hold their torches- high in the air.

Try to see what's going on.

No deal.

Whatever's snuffing out the candles is too far away to be illuminated by the torches.

BOGGS

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

RAINS

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

(beat).

I guess I'm nominated..

BOGGS

(turning)

Give him your torch.

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

36.

52 CONT

52CONT

Golic hands Rains his torch.

Rains moves down the line of candles.

His companions receding in the distance.

His footsteps echo inside the hallway.

Behind him, he hears Boggs:

BOGGS

Watch your step.

The words echo and reverberate within the enclosed space.

Moving forward, Rains starts to sweat.

Ahead, another candle goes out.

Golic and Boggs are a long ways behind him, now.

Only three more candles to go.

Beyond, there's nothing but a black hole.

Stopping at the last flickering candle, he raises his torch high in the air.

There's nothing there.

Relieved, he starts to relax.

Then he realizes there's a massive glob of blackness off to his right.

It's not reflecting the light from his torch.

* And it's moving.

*

THE ALIEN

rises up, directly in front of Rains.

Now a fully mature creature.

It moves with the speed of a big cat...

In one blurred motion, it is upon him.

Tears open his chest -- leaves a gapping hole in his abdomen.

The last thing Rains hears is his own scream.

INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - GOLIC - BOGGS

Three hundred yards behind, they'd hear Rains' agonized cry and watch the torch flicker out.

Suddenly panicking, Boggs grabs the torch and takes off in the opposite direction.

Golic charges after him.

Rounding corners, charging through the blackness...

A maze of ink-black passageways.

Footsteps reverberate.

Finally catching Boggs, Golic takes back the torch.

Both men are exhausted, completely lost.

Out of breath, unable to speak...

Trying to collect himself, Golic stares around.
Ahead, he see candles flickering in the dark.

BOGGS

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

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

37.

52CONT

52CONT

* Lighting the torch, he peers around in the dark.

*

Leaning against the wall. covered with blood

RAINS

stares blankly at nothing, a look of object terror frozen forever on his face.

Boggs starts to get sick.

He never finishes.

Glancing up on the ceiling, Golic sees

THE ALIEN

crawling across the ceiling like a spider.

At the speed of thought, it leans down and rips off Boggs' head.

Blood flies everywhere, splattering Golic in the face.

His tunic drenched...

Paralyzed with fear, Golic watches the Alien hurls Boggs' helpless body against the wall.

* Still hanging from the ceiling, it stops what it's doing and turns to Golic.-

*

Screaming like a banshee, torch in hand, he runs away into the echoing dark...

53

INT. INFIRMARY

53

Alone, Ripley studies the remains of Bishop.

There's a battery pack in his left shoulder.

She checks the connections.

A spark sizzles.

Using a cable, she connects a terminal in Bishop's smashed thorax to the black flight recorder.

Instantly, Bishop's one eye blinks.

A garbled sound comes out of the small speaker at the back of his mouth.

Shoving her hand into his throat, she gives him an adjustment.

Bishop's voice suddenly becomes audible.

BISHOP

Ripley.

RIPLEY

Hello, Bishop. Can you feel anything?

BISHOP

Yes. My legs hurt.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry that --

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

38.

53 CONT

53 CONT

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

Can you access the data on the flight recorder?

BISHOP

No problem.

She plugs the black box into a connection, wires it to his head. Bishop's one good eye opens and closes.

What remains of his forehead wrinkles in concentration.

BISHOP

I'm home.

RIPLEY

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

Seconds pass.

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

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat. Fire in cryogenic compartment. All personnel report to --

RIPLEY

What started the fire, Bishop?

(no response)

Can you hear me?

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

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

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

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

An eternity.

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

39.

53 CONT

53CONT

BISHOP

Yes .

RIPLEY

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

BISHOP

It was with us all the way.

RIPLEY

Does the company know?

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

And they want it?

BISHOP

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

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

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

BISHOP

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

RIPLEY

You're sure?

BISHOP

Do it for me, Ripley.

She pulls the wires.

Bishop's head rolls onto its side...

54 INT. MESS HALL

54

Golic seated, alone, eating Rice Krispies from a bowl.

Battered, blood-smearred.

Quite mad.

Eric the Cook enters -

Startled at the sight of Golic, he drops a load of plates

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

40.

54CONT

54 CONT

ERIC

Golic?

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

55 OMITTED

55

55A INT. INFIRMARY 55A

Ripley sits alone in the back of the Infirmary.

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

GOLIC

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

DILLON

What about Boggs and Rains?

GOLIC

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

ANDREWS

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

AARON

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

ANDREWS

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

DILLON

Not until we know about the brothers...

(turns to Golic)

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

GOLIC

I didn't do it!

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

41.

55A CONT

55A CON'I'

ANDREWS

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

DILLON

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

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

RIPLEY

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

ANDREWS

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

brutal and ghastly crimes --

GOLIC
I didn't do it!

ANDREWS
Isn't that right, Mr. Dillon?

DILLON
Yeah, that part is right.

RIPLEY
(straight at Andrews)
I need to talk to you. It's important.

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

26/1/91 - W.H., D.G.
42.

56 INT. ANDREWS QUARTERS

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

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

RIPLEY
No. I don't expect anything.

ANDREWS
Quite a story. Yes, Mr. Aaron?

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

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

RIPLEY
What kind of weapons have you got?

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

RIPLEY
What keeps them from killing you?

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

RIPLEY
So no weapons of any kind?

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

RIPLEY
Then we're fucked.

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

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PAGE 42A

56 CONT

56CONT

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

57 INT. INFIRMARY 57

Ripley sits on a cot. Sullen, angry.

Buzz. Intercom:

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

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

43.

57CONT

57CONT

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

That's it?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Really? What's soon?

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

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

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

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

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

CLEMENS

Shock. Not unexpected, given the circumstances.

He examines her throat, checks her glands

CLEMENS

I'd best give you another cocktail.

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

44.

57CONT

57 CONT

GOLIC

(mumbling)

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

Clemens fills a syringe.

CLEMENS

That's quite profound. Thank you, Golic.

In his straightjacket, Golic stares at nothing.

Turning, he grins at Ripley. She looks away.

GOLIC
Are you married?

RIPLEY
Me?

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

He begins to whistle.

CLEMENS
Are you?

RIPLEY
What?

CLEMENS
Married?

RIPLEY
Why?

CLEMENS
Just curious.

RIPLEY
No.

He approaches her with the syringe.

26/1/91 - W.H.. D.G.
45.

57 CONT
57 CONT

RIPLEY
How about leveling with me?

CLEMENS
Could you be a little more specific?

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

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

RIPLEY
Entertain me.

CLEMENS
If you insist ... after my student years, despite the fact that I had secretly become addicted to Morphine, I was considered

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

RIPLEY

I'm sorry.

CLEMENS

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

RIPLEY

Did you serve time here?

CLEMENS

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

He gets up to give Ripley her shot.

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

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

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

THANK YOU.

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

47.

57 CONT -

57 CONT

CLEMENS

So, do you will trust me with a needle?

The ALIEN suddenly drops down from the ceiling behind Clemens -

Rises to its full height -- over eight feet --

Big, black, shiny smooth head moves into the light.

It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side --

moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move, to cry

out -- she can't.

The Alien moves up right behind Clemens -- he should feel its

breath on his neck but he doesn't -- he doesn't turn -- the Alien tears his head off --

Ripley can't scream.

Diaphragm pushes air out -- but no sound.

The Alien moves closer to her.

She can feel his breath --

it evaporates the sweat on her forehead -

a chill runs through her but she still can't move -

The Alien stands alongside her bed.

GOLIC

Hey, you. Get over here. Lemme loose - I can help you.

I wanna be your friend.

The beast turns and looks at Golic, looks back at Ripley -

Pulls itself back up into the overhead Airshaft and is gone.

RIPLEY

Mouth agape.

Scared shitless.

58

INT. MESS HALL

58

Andrews stands before the assembled prisoners,

Aaron seated nearby...

Dillon at the center --

DILLON

All rise, all pray. Blessed is the Lord.

The prisoners rise.

Strike a reverent attitude.

DILLON

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

The prisoners all raise their right fist...

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

58CONT

58CONT

DILLON

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

ANDREWS

begins after ceremoniously clearing his throat.

ANDREWS

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

He moves around the large room.

ANDREWS

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

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

ANDREWS

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

Suddenly a door slams -- Ripley enters ...

RIPLEY

It's here! It got Clemens!

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

49.

58CONT

58 CONT

ANDREWS

Stop this raving at once! Stop it!

RIPLEY

I'm telling you, it's here!

ANDREWS

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

The lights dim.

Prisoner confusion.

What the shit is going on here?

A sound from above --
Puzzled, Andrews looks up.
Only to be snatched away by the beast.
Both gone.
Boom!!
Like that.

59 RIPLEY

59

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

CAMERA WHIP-PANS TO:

MORSE
Fuck!

60 INT. MESS HALL - TIME CUT - LATER

60

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

DILLON

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

61 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL
61

Prisoners David and Martin in the back...

DAVID

It was big. I mean big. And fast.

26/1/91 - W.H., D.G.
50.

61 CONT

61 CONT

KEVIN

I saw it. asshole. I was there.

DAVID

Yeah. But I mean it was big...

Aaron, Dillon, Morse, and all remaining living prisoners --
Frank, Troy, William, Gregor, Junior, Lawrence (crowd),
Jude, Arthur, Kevin, Janni (crowd), Eric, Stunt V, Stunt E, and
Stunt C ...

Ripley sits off by herself, smoking a cigarette.

WILLIAM

Okay, what do we do mates?

Nobody says anything ...

WILLIAM

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

AARON

I guess I'm next in line.

MORSE

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

AARON

Don't call me that! Not now, not ever!
Stands, moves to the center

AARON

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

DILLON

(cuts him off)

I don't want to hear that shit.

(to Ripley)

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

Ripley doesn't respond.

WILLIAM

You take over. You run things here anyway--

DILLON

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

16/1/91 - W.H.. D.G.

51

61CONT

61CONT

WILLIAM

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

RIPLEY

Yeah.

MORSE

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

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

Right.

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

MORSE

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

AARON

Don't call me that! --

MORSE

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

Turns to Dillon -
16/1/91 - W.H., D.G.
52.

61CONT

61CONT

MORSE

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

RIPLEY

Sounds good to me.

Dillon walks over to Morse.

DILLON

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

Morse decides to keep quiet.

AARON

What do we do now?

All eyes on Ripley.

62 INT. MAIN PASSAGEWAY

62

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

Ripley stares at the map

RIPLEY

What's this?

AARON

That connects the infirmary and the mess hall

RIPLEY

Maybe we can go in. flush it out.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

around here.

*

* She points on the map.

*

AARON

*

How do you know that?

*

RIPLEY

*

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

*

17/1/91 - W.H., D.G.

PAGE 52A

PAGE 52A

62 CONT

62 CONT

AARON

*

We don't have any zebras here.

*

She stops, looks at him.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

How about flashlights?

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

26/1/91 - W.H., D.G. 53

63 OMITTED 63

64 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 64

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

They hold torches

AARON

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

A huge door leads into the disposal...

RIPLEY

This is the only way in or out?

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

Right. No fuckin'way.

Ripley moves to the enormous door...

Breaks the seal on a control box and pushes a button.

The big door slides open with amazing speed.

Ripley, Dillon and Aaron stare through the door.

Empty chamber within...

DILLON

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

She's still looking at the map.

RIPLEY

Ummm.

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

You got Something better to do?

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

54.

64 CONT

64 CONT

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

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

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

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

AARON

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

DAVID

Quinitricetyline.

AARON

(resentful)

I knew that.

(checks a notepad)

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

He moves off.

DAVID

Right, 85.

AARON

Don't call me that!

Disappears down the corridor.

RIPLEY

What's this 85 thing?

DAVID

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

David starts to roll one of the drums.

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

55

64A CONT

64A CONT

DAVID

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

65

INT. STORAGE ROOM

65

Troy and Arthur root through a barrel of batteries - testing them with an electric device

Troy looks at huge discard pile.

T'ROY

Dillon says God put us here for a reason.

ARTHUR

Find one fucking battery that works. That's reason enough.

TROY

Fucking miracle. God don't like me.

ARTHUR

Could be worse. Mighta got the paint brush detail.

He tries a flashlight. The beam snaps on.

66 MAIN CORRIDOR

66

From the corridor, prisoners help one another climb onto shoulders, into the dark air ducts in the roof --

66A

AIR-DUCTS - PRISONERS

66A

Prisoners emerge head first, feet first, into the metal pipes.

Unlit flares between their teeth, brushes in hands, they fan out thru the air conditioning like an army of ants --

67

AIR DUCT - KEVIN AND GREGOR

67

Kevin and Gregor crawl thru pipes. They empty containers of fluid, paint the interior surface with Quinitricetyline.

GREGOR

Kevin, you sniffing this stuff?

KEVIN

Uh-huh.

GREGOR

You get what I'm getting?

KEVIN

(giggles)

Yeah. Some weird shit.

55A

67 CONT

67 CONT

GREGOR

Shit's getting you high. Don't breathe it --

KEVIN

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

67A

AIR DUCTS

67A

Inside the labyrinth, the walls glisten with inflammable fluid. Morse crawls upwards, another prisoner heads downwards. Sees tears in his eye. From the fumes.

MORSE

I hate pipes. Ever since I was a little kid. I had a puppy once,

got stuck in a pipe. I can still hear it mewling. Horrible.

PRISONER

Poor thing. What happened?

MORSE

Dunno. I just lit the match and ran.

67B AIR DUCTS

67B

David crawls up a pipe. Finds a broken grill.

DAVID

It's out there

Somewhere, the beast is waiting.

67C

AIR DUCTS

67C

Eric crawls along the cramped pipe, hears the warning --

Scared faces of prisoners - they stop work and listen out for noises -- starting to get scared shitless -

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

56

68

MAIN CORRIDOR

68

Prisoners seal the doors to the Toxic Waste Dump corridor -

69

MAIN CORRIDOR

69

Prisoners pour buckets of junk, spreading puddles with brooms, everyone giddy, eyes watering with the fumes. Tilt up to find -

70

MAIN CORRIDOR - DILLON AND RIPLEY

70

Dillon and Ripley with brooms. She pauses.

DILLON

You miss Clemens, right?

RIPLEY

I didn't know him very well.

DILLON

I thought you two got real close.

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

(smiles)

That's what I thought.

Unexpectedly, she suffers a wave of nausea.
Leaning on a wall, she gags, coughs. Dillon moves to help. She shoves him away.

DILLON

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah.

DILLON

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

70A MAIN CORRIDOR - AARON
70A

Aaron tries to instill order into a group of Prisoners.

AARON

Okay. Listen up. Don't light this fire until I give the signal -
this is the signal -- (He holds up his arm) - Think you can remember that?

PRISONER

Think you can remember to do that?

The prisoners drift off, ignoring him. Aaron left helpless.

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

56A

71 VERTICAL AIR DUCT
71

Low angle of a prisoner, climbing up a vertical air duct. From above, we see him carrying
the
flare between his teeth--

Close up as he carelessly unclenches teeth, flare slips out
From low angle, we see it fall -- down, down, down --

71B INT. MAIN CORRIDOR 71B

Dillon and Ripley hear the clanging noise echo thru the pipes --
They brace themselves for an explosion--

71C VERTICAL AIR DUCT 71C

Until -- CLANG! -- it hangs precariously on a ledge below.
The prisoner inches down the ladder, reaches out, stuns to curl fingers round the flare,
and retrieves it.

A sigh of relief.

The prisoner heads back up the ladder, till -

The Alien suddenly appears through a grate -- attacks - claws sink into the prisoner's
neck -- screams -- from

a low angle, we see him writhing in space, and -- drops the flare.

IN EXTREME SLOW MOTION - the flare tumbles down, down the pipe: - and through a hole,
finally kissing the ground. -- awash with fluid --

And ignites -- BLAAAM!

71 MAIN CORRIDOR 72

Aaron hears explosion in the distance -

AARON

Wait for the fucking signal -

He catches sight of the Alien crossing thru an air duct -

AARON
Shit!

73 AIR DUCTS

73

Fire rips down collapsed mining passageways-- buckets and drums of junk explode -- prisoners run from fire in background past mining machinery -- flames rage across ceiling of corridor

74 MAIN CORRIDOR
74

IN EXTREME SLOW MOTION-

Ripley sees the flames billow from the rear - a split second before the blast hits, she screams -
16/3/91

57

74 CONT 74 CONT

RIPLEY

Down

She dives into a side tunnel, head down .- Aaron follows -the other prisoners hesitate, confused -- turn round to face

Whoomph The delayed sound bang of the explosion -

A fireball tears through like a sudden wind from Hiroshima
the temperature soars -- prisoners don't know what's hit them

Hands scorched -- faces flayed - blistering blackened skin - the fireball sucks away the oxygen

Ripley gulps for air -- tries to stand up -- stumbles --

FROM RIPLEY'S POV: A hallucinatory, dreamlike moment -

The wind sucks prisoners bodies into a clumsy dance of death -- bodies lurching :- legs buckling -
tumbling backwards -- gasping for air -- as sudden heat bends and distorts body movement --

In the mist of chaos, as the fireball gathers speed -

75 AIR DUCTS

75

Flash cuts: air ducts ignite - fire blossoms in a constricted mining tunnel -- prisoner screams, trapped behind bars

76 AIR DUCTS

76

Flash cuts: thru flames, flickering shadows of the Alien scuttling down pipes - prisoners hear the sounds - as it --

Zips over, under, sideways, past them in a flash of an eye -

Till the pipes echo with its sounds. -

77 AIR DUCT

77

Morse leaps like a scalded cat -- grabs a ladder, swings, looks down the Vertical air duct -

Sees the Alien scuttle away from the pursuing fire. He turns -

MORSE

It's over here! Hey, it's here--! It's running away --!

78 AIR DUCTS

78

Prisoners hear him -- sense Victory - so crawl along hot pipes, every movement agony like dancing chickens - Injured prisoners drop down from burning ceiling --

79 OMITTED

79

16/3/91 57A

80 SIDE TUNNELS 80

Prisoners emerge from the pipes -- scenting the beast like hounds -- they race after it with burning flares -- emboldened

PRISONERS

This way -- Torch the fucker - Bum it -- We cut it off
Over this end -

They converge at opposite ends of a side tunnel

PRISONER

Now -- !

A prisoner throws a flare down the tunnel, and -

81 SIDE TUNNEL

81

A plume of fire erupts in the tunnel - escaping from the other side -- Aaron and Frank race from flames -- but not fast enough - Aaron escapes, Frank is engulfed by fire .- falls in flames --

82 MAIN CORRIDOR 82

Dillon rallies his troops -. Ripley races over to Gregor, seriously burned -- Dillon joins her, they beat out the flames Junior cradles wounded Frank in his arms as --

Dillon and Ripley choke on the smoke, look down the tunnel, and see a dreamlike vision --

82A IN THE SAME TUNNEL 82A

The Alien rising before them from the flames -- Its figure extending- to full height back lit by flames, distorted by heat -- like the devil itself --

82B MAIN CORRIDOR 82B

Prisoners make the sign of the cross in fear -- Ripley shouts --

RIPLEY

Now! Close the doors-!

Dillon rushes to seal off the door, as -

INSIDE THE TUNNEL -- the Alien screeches, trapped by the fire --

IN THE MAIN CORRIDOR -- the door slams shut. Then -

WHAM! -- the beast hurls itself repeatedly against the door -
Its screeches soar to horrific pitch, then slowly die out..

A somber silence.

Prisoners exchange glances. Nervous, disbelieving success -

16/3/91

58

82B CONT

82B CONT

DAVID

Did we get it?

ERIC

I saw it. In the fire. Burning like satan...

Dillon looks at Ripley. She gives no sign of triumph.

MORSE

We fried the fucker. Listen. I don't hear it singing no
more for its supper.

They listen. Slowly the Prisoners congregate, tending to the wounded. Frank dies in
Junior's
arms. He looks up at Dillon.

DILLON

Our eyes have witnessed the horror of the beast. Let our
hearts empty of its darkness and fill with your light so our
brothers' deaths be not in vain. Amen.

Junior cradles Frank in his arms. Wipes his face, melted flesh comes away in his hands -
Dillon and Ripley in prayer -

Suddenly a bloodcurdling screech

FROM AN AIR DUCT ABOVE THEM -

WHAM! The Alien drops down in front of them -
Cutting Junior and Frank's body off from the rest -

83 MAIN CORRIDOR

83

IN FOREGROUND - The Alien's leg flails as -
Junior defiantly rises up - insane with grief -- Prisoners grab burning mops, attack tit
beast -
Junior-stands his ground, shouts to the group - to save themselves -

JUNIOR

Run! Run!

Ripley and Dillon face him - an agonizing choice -as -- Junior makes his move -
turns - runs towards the Toxic Waste door -

JUNIOR

Come and get me!

The Alien turns towards Junior - gives chase -- Ripley, Dillon, Aaron and Prisoners run to help him, but -- the Alien bears down on him, as -

MOVING ALIEN'S POV - Junior at the doorway screams -

JUNIOR
Here! Take a shot. fucker!

58A

83 CONT

83 CONT

WHIPLASH TURN AS -- the Alien lunges at Junior

THRU DOORWAY INTO THE TOXIC DUMP -- they both tumble back -

JUNIOR
Now --!

BACK IN MAIN CORRIDOR .. Dillon races thru flames reaches control box - hits button--

FROM INSIDE THE TOXIC DUMP --

Junior screams as -- BAM! the triple doors slam shut A roar of fire. Then silence.

Dillon stares at the doorway - his friend gone. Struggles thru the flames -- impervious to pain -- activates the sprinkler system -

FROM ABOVE THEM --water pours down like rain.

Drenching them - Ripley soaked, staring at the doorway where Junior sacrificed himself - she looks at Dillon - the other prisoners --

Burned
Exhausted.
Frightened.
Strangely innocent
As water cascades over them --

Ripley bows her head.

84 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL
84

Dillon stands before the remaining prisoners --

84A INTERCUT- 84A

graphic silhouettes of the gathering of the bodies.

84B INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 84B

The convicts assembled ...

DILLON

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

He joins the congregation in prayer.

GALLERY

Ripley and Aaron look down at the religious ceremony.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

You're not the religious type -

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

60

84B CONT

84BCONT

AARON

Me? Shit no, I got a job.

Pause.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

Have you heard anything from them?

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

She just looks at him ...

85 INT. INFIRMARY

85

Golic still straight-jacketed...
Guarded by Morse-

GOLIC

Hey, Morse...

Morse just looks at him.

GOLIC

Let me out of this thing.

MORSE

No fucking way.

GOLIC

C'mon man. it hurts.

MORSE

Sorry.

GOLIC

I didn't do nothing.

112/91 W.H.. D.G.

61

85 CONT

85CONT

MORSE

Don't talk to me.

GOLIC

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

MORSE

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

GOLIC

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

MORSE

Fuckin' A. I saw it --

GOLIC

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

MORSE

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

GOLIC

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

MORSE

Yeah.

GOLIC

You're my friend. I love you.
Pause.

MORSE

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

Morse starts to free the straps.

GOLIC

Hey, no problem. Trust me, mate.

Golic is now free.

GOLIC

Where they got it?

1/2/91 - W.H.. D.G.

62

85 CONT

85 CONT

MORSE

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

Golic swings his arms gets his circulation back...

GOLIC

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

Golic rips a small fire extinguisher off the wall.

MORSE

What the fuck you talkin' about?

Smack!

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

GOLIC

No more ciggies for you, mate.

He wanders off.

86 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

86

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

87 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM
87

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

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

RIPLEY
Tell them we trapped it.

AARON
Right. What do we call it?

RIPLEY
A Xenomorph.

AARON
Right. How do you spell it?

RIPLEY
Hereš.
She elbows him aside.
1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

63

87 CONT
87 CONT

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

HAVE TRAPPED XENOMORPH. REQUEST
PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

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

RIPLEY
Right.

An answer starts coming back.

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

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

AARON (V.0.)
See, that's all they ever tell us. Treat us like shit.

More type coming in..

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

RIPLEY

Staring at the message - her worst suspicions confirmed.

88 INT. PASSAGEWAY - AT TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL
88

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

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

ARTHUR
What the hell you talkin' about?
He gets to his feet.

1/2/91 - W. H., D.G.
88 CONT

64

88 CONT

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

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

Golic suddenly lifts a straight razor and slashes his throat.

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

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

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

Golic smiles.

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

Keeps smiling...

*

GOLIC
You just gotta tell me what to do next

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

*

Dead Meat

89 INT. PRISONER CELL BLOCK - DILLON'S CELL
89

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

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

They'll try. They don't want to kill it. We've got to figure out some way to finish it off before they get here
1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

65

89 CONT

89 CONT

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

What's wrong with that?

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

Like I said, what's wrong with that?

Bang! The cell block door opens.
Morse enters.

MORSE

Hey, Dillon!

DILLON

Yeah?

MORSE

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

90 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL
90

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

AARON

(standing over Golic's body)

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

(turning)

What's the matter.

She's sick again.

Leaning on the wall for support, she struggles to get her breath.

MORSE

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

what the fuck are we gonna do?

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

66

90 CONT

90 CONT

AARON

I just said that. You're the dumb prick that let Golic go.
You miserable little shit.

Wham!

He flattens Morse.
Dillon grabs Aaron.

DILLON

Cut that shit out --

AARON

Then tell your fuckin' bozo to shape up! All this shit is
his fault.

Dillon pushes Aaron away...

DILLON

(to Ripley)

What do you think.

Ripley's head is killing her.
Still leaning on the wall. Ripley struggles against nausea.

RIPLEY

I need to get to the EEV.

AARON

Yeah -- Okay. No problem. Why?

RIPLEY

The neuroscamer, I want to use the catscan...

DILLON

You don't look so good.

Morse gets to his feet.

MORSE

Who gives a shit what's wrong with her --vwhat are
we gonna do?

AARON

You want to hit your back again you little dork? Shut the fuck
up and quit causin' panic.

MORSE

Panic! You're so goddamn dumb, you couldn't spell it ---don't
tell me about panic!. We ought to panic! We're screwed!

AARON

Yeah! And who's fault is it?

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

67

90 CONT

90 CONT

DILLON

Both of you. shut up!!

They all stare at each other.

AARON

(to Dillon)

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

MORSE

What about the beach?

AARON

*

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

MORSE

*

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

DILLON

(to Morse)

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

(looks around)

Where'd she go?

91 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

91

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

92 INT. EEV

92

Ripley stripping down in the cramped quarters -
Simultaneously working a small keyboard --

A menu pops into the display screen.

She stares at it.

Then hits the keyboard.

1/2191 - W.H., D.G.

68

92 CONT

92 CONT

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

AARON (V.O.)

You need some help?

She starts at his sudden appearance.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

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

AARON

What do I do?

RIPLEY

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

AARON

Display bio-functions.

RIPLEY

That's it.

Aaron watches the display monitor.

A picture of Ripley's head appears on the screen.

AARON

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

Rapidly changing digital information and additional medical data are superimposed on the image.

Aaron works the keyboard.

A scanner begins moving down Ripley's body.

Her neck and shoulders appear.

He stares at the image on the display as it reveals the interior of Ripley's thorax.

AARON

How do we get some enhancement?

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

68a**

92 CONT

92 CONT**

RIPLEY

Try 'B'

He does

AARON

Nothing

Tries again

AARON

I gotta get a better angel.

Tries alarm

Then a long moment--

1/2/91 W.H., D.G.

69

92 CONT

92 CONT

AARON

Holy shit!

Turns to her.

AARON

*

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

A baby queen alien is clearly revealed, growing inside Ripley's chest.

An embryonic head hangs down toward the pelvis.

RIPLEY

What's it look like?

AARON

Horrible.

*

RIPLEY

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

AARON

Hey, I don't think you want to.

RIPLEY

Do it.

Aaron adjusts the viewscreen.

She takes a long look.

RIPLEY

Okay.

Punching a button, he shuts off the scanner.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

-- Yeah. Help me get out of here -

93 OMITTED 93

94 INT. PRISONER'S CELL BLOCK - DILLON 94

One shot from his fist - Bam! he breaks the window on a fire nose wheel, tears out the small axe secured within -

Holds the axe over his head.

DILLON

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

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

70

94 CONT

94 CONT

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

DILLON

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

DAVID

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

DILLON

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

WILLIAM

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

DILLON

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

A long silence.

DILLON

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

WILLIAM

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

DILLON

Suit yourself.
He turns and walks away...

95 OMITTED

95

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

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

71

96 CONT

96 CONT

AARON

Okay, what do you want to send?

RIPLEY

You got a line back to the Network?

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

RIPLEY

Exactly.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

Sorry, mum -- It's classified.

*

RIPLEY

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

96 CONT

96 CONT

AARON

No fucking way. You are not getting the code!

Angry silence.

AARON

Nothin¹ personal you understand. I think you're okay.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

AARON

Got an ideas?

RIPLEY

It won't kill me.

AARON

Oh yeah. Why?

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

You're gonna go look for it

RIPLEY

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

*

AARON

What attic? We don't have an attic.

*

RIPLEY

It's a metaphor.

*

AARON

Oh.

*

RIPLEY

Wanna come?

*

96CONT

96 CONT

She walks out the door.

AARON

Fuck me.

97 OMIT 97**

98 INT. CORRIDOR - RIPLEY 98*

She holds a torch under the joints of a network of old half-inch rusted out water pipes - satisfied, she jams the torch into a wall junction -- grabs the overhead pipe and gives it a huge yank -- the joint breaks loose - the pipe bends back -- She gives it another turn -- Then grabs the torch again and holds it to the next joint ...

99 INT. INFIRMARY 99

Ripley with a five foot stand of half-inch pipe - *
A flashlight §
She pulls herself up into the overhead air duct -

99A INT. AIR DUCT 99A**

Ripley crawling along -
Flashlight beam cutting through the dark ...

AROUND A CORNER

She peers into the darkness.

RIPLEY
Come on! I know you're here!

Moves forward.

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

Around another corner -

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

Again forward.

Stops.

Did she hear a noise?

RIPLEY
Shit.

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G. 74

99ACONT

99ACONT

Forward again.
Another corner --

99B ALCOVE 99B*

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

RIPLEY - VERY CLOSE

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

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

THE BEAST

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

RIPLEY
You fucker.

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

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

RIPLEY
Come on fucker - kill me!

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

RIPLEY
Bastard.

100 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL
100

Ripley seated alone in the huge, deeply shadowed room.
Head in hands.
Low ebb.
Dillon, carrying his axe, enters ...
1/2/91 - W.H.,D.G. 75

100 CONT 100 CONT
DILLON
You okay?
No response.

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

RIPLEY
It's not going to kill me.

DILLON
Why not?

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

DILLON

Bull shit.

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

How do you know this thing's inside you?

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

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

RIPLEY

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

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

100 CONT

100 CONT

76

DILLON

What the fuck you talkin' about?

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

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

Ripley stands.

RIPLEY

Just do it. No speeches.

Turns her back on Dillon. He raises the axe.

RIPLEY

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

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

DILLON

I don't like losin' a fight, not to nobody, not to nothing. That big one out there's already killed half my guys, got the other half scared

shitless. As long as it's alive, you're not saving any universe -

RIPLEY

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

DILLON

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

She looks at him - frustrated ...

DILLON

Otherwise, fuck you. Go kill yourself.

RIPLEY

We knock its ass off, then you kill me?

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G. 77

100CONT 100 CONT

DILLON

No problem. Quick, painless, easy.

Tears the axe back out of the wall --

101 INT. CELL BLOCK

101

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

DILLON

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

MORSE

What the fuck are you takin¹ about?

DILLON

Killin¹ that big mother fucker.

AARON

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

RIPLEY

Rescue team for who?

AARON

For us.

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

RIPLEY

I'm not so sure.

AARON

Come on - they're gonna take us home.

DILLON

They ain't gonna take us home.

1/2/91 - W.H., D.G.

78

101 CONT

101 CONT

MORSE

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

AARON

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

DILLON

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

AARON

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

DILLON

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

MORSE

How about if I sit here on my ass?

DILLON

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

MORSE

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

RIPLEY

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

AARON

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

101 CONT

101 CONT

RIPLEY

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

PRISONER

You got some kind of plan?

DILLON

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

Dillon kicks a stool across the corridor

DILLON

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

CAMERA begins panning among faces of the remaining prisoners:

PRISONER 1

Yeah. Okay. I'm in.

PRISONER 2

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

PRISONER 3

Yeah.

PRISONER 4

Okay.

PRISONER 5

Right.

PRISONER 6

I'm in.

PRISONER 7

Let's kick its fuckin' ass.

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

80

101 CONT

101 CONT

PRISONER 8

(smile)

You hold it, I'll kick it.

PRISONER 9

(smile)

Right.

CAMERA: stopping on Morse:

MORSE

Fuck it. Let's go for it.

102 INT. LEAD WORKS - VENT TUNNEL -

102

BAIT AND CHASE -

Darkness . By torch light. Morse holds up two huge old electric switches, tries to connect them -- they power main corridor and doors --. but they won't reach. He pull, still inches short.

He pauses, inspects wires, scratches head, when -From below -- a hand reaches up from an air vent, grabs his coat Morse starts. David's angry face pops out -

DAVID

Hurry the fuck up!

MORSE

Bastard.

103 MAIN CORRIDOR

103

Lights flicker on. Some bulbs bum out.

A dull patchy glow. Pools of darkness.

104

ALCOVE

104

Troy watches control panel lights flicker on - except for one.

Thumps panel, light pops on. Takes wires, ties with chewing gum --

Troy checks piston control lever. Turns, and with no confidence whatsoever gives a thumbs up to -

105 ANOTHER ALCOVE

105

Ripley and Dillon, waiting. She looks at Troy.

RIPLEY

When was the last time you used this thing?

DILLON

We fired it up five, six years ago -

RIPLEY

Am you sure the piston's working?

5/3/91

80A

105 CONT

105 CONT

DILLON

Nothin's for sure... Includin' you. Remember, we trap it here first. We pull that lever ... start the piston, then the piston will push the mother fucker right into the mould. End of his ass.

End of story.

RIPLEY

What if someone screws up?

DILLON

Then we're fucked. We've got one chance. One shot at this, that's all. You'll never have time to reset it. Remember, when you pull the lever for a few seconds -- you're gonna be trapped in here with that fucking thing.

RIPLEY

I'll do it. You guys don't drop the ball. I won't.

DILLON

Sister, you'd better be right about that thing not wantin you. Because if it wants out. that's how it's gonna go.

RIPLEY

Where're you gonna be?

DILLON

I'll be around

RIPLEY

What about the others. Where are they?

DILLON

Praying.

106 CORRIDOR

106

A prisoner headbutts the wall -

JUDE

Let's lunch this thing!

He whirls round, smack elbows with Kevin -

107 AT THE END OF A CORRIDOR

107

Their whoops echo round --

David moves out of hiding, torch aloft, listening to the echoes.

Head turns, trying to locate the source direction --

5/3/91 80B

107 CONT 107 CONT

DAVID

For fuck's sake -- sssh!

Echoes -- 'Fuck-sssh, fuck.sssh...'

108 DOWN THE CORRIDOR

108

Gregor peers out from hiding place, torch aloft. sees William deep in prayer, interrupts him --

GREGOR

Hey, Willie? You believe in this heaven shit.

WILLIAM

I dunno.

GREGOR

Me neither.

WILLIAM

Fuck it. What else we gonna believe in? Bit late, now we're stuck here.

GREGOR

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

He laughs...

His laughter hits the walls, booms back, amplified, distorted...

109 CORRIDORS

109

Empty corridors.

The laughter echoes. Then ssshing. More laughter. And more sssshing, reverberating sound - Disembodied voices.

KEVIN

Ssssh.

JUDE

(laughing)

I can't -

KEVIN

Sssssh.

MORSE

Stop going ssssh--!

DAVID

For fucks sake - (etc.)

Track down the maze.

Twisting like a snake thru narrow, restricted corridors.

5/3/91

81

109 CONT 109 CONT

Claustrophobia. Each prisoner isolated. Can't see round comers.

Low-angle track, revealing air vents, wires and pipe work like entrails, as -- Schoolboy laughter mingles with nervous bravura.

109A ALCOVE 109A

The echoes reach Ripley, waiting -

110 CORRIDOR 110

Morse gets nervous. Presses a large button to activate a door.

A whine, the door opens - jams before closing.

Morse gulps. Leans his head warily thru the jammed door

MORSE

Hey, guys? Hold it, hold it I don't know-about this shit. Maybe we should rethink this. I mean, my fuckin' door ain't workin' --... Guys....?

Listens for response. Nobody there.

110A ALONG THE CORRIDOR 110A

A muffled echo reverberates. Prisoners turn to one another.

GREGOR

What the fuck's he saying?

KEVIN

Yeah -

JUDE

OK - over to E - everybody -

KEVIN

Where the fuck's E--?

5/3/91 *
113C CONT'

82

113CCONT'

JUDE

This way -- Get a fuckin' move on --

113D SIDE CORRIDORS
113D

IN ANOTHER SECTOR --

David on his own, running down the corridors -- tries to find the others
Comes across the remains of Vincent -

DAVID

Kevin -- ? Gregor - ? Morse --? I found Vincent<
(No response) - Let's shut this fucker down --

Heads off into darker section of maze -

114 MAIN CORRIDOR
114

Dillon looks over, nods to Troy.

DILLON

Help them.

Troy exits into maze with map. Eric stays guard -
Glances up at Ripley. She checks the lever. Another light gone. She thumps the panel It flickers on Š
A couple's A couple of guys cross the main corridor - Gregor in one direction - Then Morse going the opposite way -

RIPLEY

Where the fuck is he going? Why don't they stick
to the plan--?

DILLON

You're immune. They're not.

RIPLEY

Well, what the hell are they doin'?

DILLON

Improvising.

Her hand goes to the piston lever, Ripley sees Eric staring back at her, sweating --

114B CUT
114B

115 CORRIDOR

David stumbles blindly, through a dark corridor, flare aloft -

DAVID

Here, kitty, kitty, kitty ... HereŠ

Till he emerges from the dark, pulls up short when he sees --
5/3/91

82A

115 CONT

115 CONT

The Alien down the corridor at Jude's door.

He steadies himself. cocks his arm, ready to throw -When the Alien sees him. As David throws

DAVID

Hey, pussycat -- playtime!

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

The Alien crawls crab-like onto the ceiling, scuttles along upside down so that -

From its POV - its prey, David, seems to be running along the ceiling -

David runs -- the Alien gains, spiraling round the corridor like a corkscrew, keeping him in his sights - until -

Round a corner, David slips out of sight, races towards the door - dives through - slams the vertical close

button--

But the door falters - closes slowly - agonizingly-slowly, as -

BAM!! The Alien slams into the door at full speed. Metal buckles. Momentary concussion.

A moment's silence. Until -

The door whine jerks on repeat, and -

An Alien paw punches through the gap in the door, grabbing at David's leg - David leaps onto a ledge, screaming -

As the Alien limbs creep through, flailing hideously, as the door jerks down. down, down. And The Alien foreleg withdraws.

Silence.

Only David's whimpering.

DAVID

Door 3, F channel. Shut... I hope.

115B SIDE CORRIDORS

115B

Troy running in direction of attack, hears voices

115C SIDE CORRIDORS

115C

Morse zigzagging down corridor, nobody in sight -

5/3/91

82B

115C CONT

115C CONT

MORSE

Kevin? Gregor? Where the fuck are you?

K - L-- M-- all locked -- I'm back in A --

115D

SIDE CORRIDORS

115D

Gregor running, opposite direction --

GREGOR

V channel secure - P channel holding

A LONG WAY BEHIND HIM

William, now fretting, losing his way -

WILLIAM

Did you say P - or D? - For fuck's sakes -

UP AHEAD -

Gregor turning round, shouting back to him -

GREGOR

Shut the fuck up -- Move -!

115E

SIDE CORRIDORS

115E

Kevin now unsure of directions, doubling back on himself -

KEVIN

Shit. I'm in R - That's safe -- isn't it? -

115F

SIDE CORRIDORS -

115F

Jude running like crazy -

JUDE

You forgot man. R leads back into F - I'm movin' through F
right now -gonna shut it down -

115G

SIDE CORRIDORS

115G

Troy, disorientated, stops at an intersection -

TROY

F channel? Where the fuck -? There ain't no fuckin' F channel -

Troy runs down the corridor - hesitates - turns down the wrong corridor - into the
creature's path --

Flash cut - Troy Is face -

5/3/91

83

115G CONT

115G CONT

Flash cut -- the Alien rearing up

Ripley at the piston, listens, waits, as the echoes die down -

Silence.

Eric, growing panic -- moves up

Ripley leaves alcove, moves down -- senses his fear - eyes locked like gunfighters in a leone shoot-out

119 CUT 119

120 SCENE MOVED 120

120A SIDE CORRIDOR 120A

Dillon moving down corridors -- finds Troy's remains -- heads back the way he came -

120B CORRIDOR
120B

Morse and Jude run down a corridor, Morse's flare burning aloft, smoke streaming behind them, till -

Jude suddenly slips in the dark noes down hard on the floor, ass flat. He sits unceremoniously, feeling around him, something warm and sticky -

JUDE
For fuck's sake - yuck.

Morse brings his flare down to illuminate, as Jude picks up a handful of something really gross. He stares at it as Morse recoils in horror. Jude looks puzzled up at Morse, back at the guts, then screams -

Stare each other - SCREAM!!

121 MAIN CORRIDOR 121

&122 &122

Ripley hears the screams reverberating - Eric runs back to the lever -- Ripley runs after him

In the background, the Alien tears past across the corridor

Eric starts to pull the lever - Ripley grabs his hand -

5/3/91 83B

121 & 122 CONT 121 & 122 CONT

RIPLEY
Wait!!

She prises his fingers off pushes him away -- Eric slumps down exhausted

122B CUT 122B

123 FROM AN AIR VENT 123

From above, we see Kevin walk slowly past holding his torch aloft. He pauses, hears a noise -

Looks round. Nothing. We tilt down, then up to reveal --

RIPLEY
Where the hell's it gone?

DILLON
Shit - it must be behind the fucking piston -

RIPLEY
Behind it -?

DILLON
Seal the doors - we gotta get it back -

129	CUT	129
130	MOVED	130
131	MOVED	131
132	(OLD) CUT	132
132	(NEW) SIDE CORRIDORS -	132

Dillon races down corridors -

DILLON
Jude --! Morse --!

5/3/91 84A

132B SIDE CORRIDORS 132B

Ripley running --

RIPLEY
Eric --! William -- !

Turns a comer, suddenly comes across the remains of Eric and William --

132C (FORMERLY 120) CORRIDOR
132C

Morse creeps down his corridor. Hears a noise. Checks the direction -- nothing them.
starts to retreat.

Moves backwards, round a comer, ears peeled for the echoes of footsteps, until

BUMP! Morse is hit from behind by Jude, carrying a pair of scissors, point out, like a
weapon. Morse freaks out -

MORSE
What the --?

Morse and Jude stare at one another like Laurel and Hardy -
Morse grabs the scissors, points up -

MORSE
Not like this. (He turns them round. points now facing inwards)...
Like this, moron.

Morse cuffs Jude round the ear --
They separate, opposite directions --

133 (OLD) CUT
133

133 (NEW) (FORMERLY 130) STEEL DOOR
133

The piston grinds past the rear air-lock window port

One down. two to go.

134 MAIN CORRIDOR
134

Dillon runs back to main corridor - screams --

DILLON

Jude! Jude!

135 SIDE CORRIDOR
135

Jude hears Dillon - But in background the Alien suddenly appears -

136 CUT
136

5/3/91 84B

137 SIDE CORRIDOR 137

From its POV -- the Alien runs after Jude -- gets him in its sights -
Jude runs for his life -- the Alien gains, as --

138 SIDE CORRIDOR 138

Ripley running back --
A lurch of nausea. Ripley doubles up in pain. She stops, backs up against the wall.
Immobilished --

139 MAINCORRIDOR
139

Dillon appears in doorway at end of corridor, goading Jude on -

DILLON

Don't look back - As fast as you fucking can -

As Jude runs for his life from
The Alien. looking down - Alien POV -- right on top of him

140 MAIN CORRIDOR
140

As Dillon gets ready to spring the trap, leaps back into the main corridor
The piston a preaching in the background --

140B MOVED 140B

141 SIDE CORRIDOR / DOOR JAMB 141

At the entrance. door, Jude is suddenly snatched into the air by the Allen -
The door slams shut - Blood explodes against the door -
Cascading thru onto -

142 MAIN CORRIDOR 142

Dillon. sensing defeat as -

142A BEHIND PISTON 142A

Ripley shutting down doors - turns -- runs back - hears -

142B (FORMERLY 131) MAIN CORRIDOR 142B

Suddenly piston grinds to a halt - only high-pitched whining -

FROM THE MAIN CORRIDOR

Dillon watches, tense -

FROM A SIDE CORRIDOR

5/3/91

142B CONT 142B CONT

RIPLEY

Oh, fuck -

Seconds tick by -- sparks -- sickening whiffing -

Piston lurches forward again -

142C (FORMERLY 140B) STEEL DOOR 142C

The piston grinds past the middle air-lock window -

Two down, one to go.

143 SIDE CORRIDOR 143

Gregor screams for help, but nobody hears him -

He races down the corridor, ricocheting from comer to comer like a pinball until --

BLAM! He runs smack into - another prisoner, Morse.

They collide. Pick themselves up. Stare at one another in confusion. Tears of nervous laughter, until -

Faster than an express train -

The Alien - from its POV - swings over from on top, races down, flashes past Morse in a blur.-and -

Smashes against Gregor, using its head like a hammer -

It rips his body apart like a toy, and -

Gregor's body falls like pulp in front of Morse, blood showering over him, as he scrambles away -

Helpless to make himself heard above the noise -

Screaming for mercy, as -

Gregor's body is sucked up into the overhead airduct by the Alien, while --

Morse crawls away ... comes to a pair of feet -

Ripley standing there -

Throws her flare at the Alien as it tries to duck into the airvent
-- the thing drops Gregor's ravaged body --

RIPLEY

Come on. you bastard!

The Alien coils up against a wall.

5/3/91

85A

143 CONT

143 CONT

Ripley advances, the creature cringes and spits --

RIPLEY

Come on. I got what you want. Follow me ...
I want to show you something.

Ripley screams at it, the Alien recoils, flicking its tail out

Tail lashes Ripley -- whipping, slashing, cutting -

She tries to fend it off -- grab it -. limbs flailing, when -

Dillon arrives in the doorway, as Ripley turns, shouts --

RIPLEY

(to Dillon)
Get back!

Dillon enters, sees the frightened beast -

The creature roars at him, but Ripley shields him -

Dillon sees, realizes -- grabs Ripley, holds her hostage -

The Alien sees the threat, flips out --

Dillon pulls Ripley back with him into the main corridor, as -

The Alien scuttles to camera upside down, into -

144 MAIN CORRIDOR

144.

The noise still thunders, as -

At the entrance to the mould, Dillon calls out to the Alien -

DILLON

In here -!

Dillon sees the Alien on the ceiling, leap over the door jamb.

RIPLEY

(to Dillon)
Shut it! Now!

Dillon slams the door in front of her, imprisoning them both in main corridor with the
Alien -

Behind it appears Morse -

MORSE

Get out ! Get the fuck out now - !

Ripley shouts over to Morse -

513/91
144 CONT

85B

144 CONT

RIPLEY

Close the door --!

Morse hesitates --

The creature turns, goes for Morse --

RIPLEY

(to Morse)

Now!

144B SIDE CORRIDOR
 144B

Morse slams his door shut, sealing them in .He stares at them -- still alive -- thru the glass -

Then sees the piston grind slowly past the last air-lock window, obscuring, then blocking them from view

Three down, no escape.

He turns and runs -

144C MAIN CORRIDOR
 144C

Near the mould - the piston crunches into the Alien -

Ripley and Dillon am trapped -- no choice - they have to enter the mould -

145 MAIN CORRIDOR 145

As the piston moves forward, the Alien tries to reach its leg around -it -

No space - too tight --

The piston pushes it towards the mould -

146 TOP OF GANTRY 146

Up, up, up --

Morse climbs the ladder up to the crane cab -

147 INSIDE THE MOULD 147

BLAM! The piston wedges them into the mould -

Locking the Alien - and Ripley and Dillon - inside

148 EXT. SURFACE OF PLANET FURY - NIGHT 148*

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

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

The company men arrive.
Guns ready -

150 INT. BUG WASH - AARON 150**

A broad smile.

AARON

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

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

AARON

Right, sir. Warder Aaron - 137512 -

BISHOP II

Where is Lieutenant Ripley. Is she still alive?

AARON

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

BISHOP II

You've seen this beast?

AARON

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

BISHOP II

We know that.

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

151 INT. LEADWORKS - BAIT AND CHASE -
151

CONCLUSION

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

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

152. 152. then - overhead - she can see the gantry moving away 152

then - overhead - she can see the gantry moving away 152

2. 2. her look goes to the entrance as the Alien appears Š 153

RIPLEY
Climb! It's your only chance!

DILLON
What about you!

RIPLEY
It won't kill me!

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

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

DILLON
Yeah - but I don't!

then - mould - the Alien moves closer ...

RIPLEY
Now's your chance - Get going!

DILLON
I'm taking you with me!

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

then - Dillon and Ripley climbing upward ...

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

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

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

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

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

157. then - Dillon fighting the beast -- 157

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

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

steps - they stride along the platform --

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

161. then - Bishop II ---walks to edge of the platform -. sees: 161.

the gantry crane -

the mould -

the furnace -

162. then - Morse operating the levers

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

163

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

88**

163CONT

163CONT.

BISHOP II

Don't do it! No!

164. then - the Alien - now at the top of the mould ... close to Dillon and Ripley

164

165. then - Ripley watches. as the lead pours past her and Dillon in a torrent -
streaming into the mould 165

166. then - the Alien screams, rolls within the molten lead----falls back - swept down
and away by the fiery metal Š 166

167 then - Bishop gazes down ... 167

168. then - a smiling Morse ... 168

MORSE

Eat shit -- you miserable fucker!

169. then - Ripley, Dillon - stare down at the smoking lead within the mould - the
beast has vanished Š 169

170. then - she sees Bishop II and the company men across the way - 170

RIPLEY

They're here!

as Dillon looks off at Bishop II Ripley grabs him -

RIPLEY

Keep your promise!

DILLON

You mean it!

RIPLEY

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

he puts his hands around her throat - hesitates -

RIPLEY

Do it!

DILLON

I can't, I can't do it.

he looks at her, almost pleadingly<

his face turns to horror as he is suddenly pulled backward -

then - Dillon - the Alien. Burning and smoking, has reappeared in the mould - it
snatches Dillon away Š

pulls him under the molten lead -

then - lip of the mould - the Alien's head appears

then - Ripley reaches out for one of the nearby chains

then - the Alien begins to climb out of the mould -

then - Ripley pulling on the chain -

then - large water duct - the chain pulls open the seal - water gushes out

171. then - Ripley being drenched - hanging on for her life - the water cascades --

171

172. then - the freezing water hits the Alien - it's head explodes!! 172

then - a huge explosion! the entire mould goes up --

20/2/91

89

173 then - Ripley still on the chain - buffeted by the blast -- 173

174 then - top of gantry - Morse - also shaken by the concussion -- 174

175 then - the blast slowly subsides ... 175

176 then - Ripley - exhausted ... swinging on the heavy chain - the gantry lurches
toward her -- 176

Morse reaching out to help her on board --

177 OBSERVATION PLATFORM

177

Bishop II and his company watching

178

ON THE GANTRY

178

Dragging herself upright, Ripley grabs the railing and glances down at the furnace
Its cross-like shape blurs, slipping in and out of focus --
Suddenly, she's sick again.
Turning she sees the Company Men come up the stairs from below, led by Aaron

RIPLEY

Don't come any closer. Stay where you are.

AARON

Wait. They're here to help.

Ripley looks at Aaron's simple, trusting face. He steps aside.
The others move in behind him. A hand raised to stop them.
Another wave of nausea overcomes Ripley. Unsure of herself, as -
From the shadows, steps Bishop II. Our first sight -- same as the Droid
Ripley stares at him. She doesn't know what she's seeing.

RIPLEY

Bishop?

He stands still.

The others move in behind them. Bishop II holds up his hand, stops them
Another wave of nausea.

BISHOP II

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

RIPLEY

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

Halting Bishop II watches her step farther out on the gantry -
Something horrible hits Ripley in the chest, knocking the wind out of her.
Struggling for breath, she never takes her eyes off Bishop II

20/2/91 -

89A

89A

178 CONT

178 CONT

BISHOP II

You know who I am.

He gives her a small, comforting smile ..

RIPLEY

Yeah. A droid. Same model as
Bishop. Sent by the fucking Company.

20/2/91
178CONT

90

178CONT

BISHOP II

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

Bishop II holds out a hand.

RIPLEY

You just want to take it back.

BISHOP II

No. We want to take you home. We don't care what happens to it.
We know what you've been through. You've shown great courage

RIPLEY

Bullshit!

BISHOP II

You're wrong. We want to help.

RIPLEY

What does that mean?

BISHOP II

We want to take the thing out of you.

RIPLEY

And keep it.

BISHOP II

Destroy it.

Ripley looks at him. She wants to believe him.

BISHOP II

We admit we made mistakes. We didn't know. But we can make it up to you. All the potential lost, all the time, you can still have children. We'll buy out your contract. Everything you deserve.

RIPLEY

(as if believing)

You're not going to take it back?

BISHOP II

No. We realize now. You're right. But time is important. Let us deal with the malignancy. We've got a surgery room set up on the rescue ship - ready to go.

20/2/91

178 CONT

178 CONT

91

A Company man steps forward.

COMPANY MAN #1

It's very quick. Painless.. A couple of incisions. You'll be out for two hours.

RIPLEY

What guarantee do I have, once you've taken this thing out you'll destroy it?

Bishop II steps forward. Face to face with Ripley.

BISHOP II

You're just going to have to trust me.

Bishop II holds out his hand. A gesture of friendship.

BISHOP II

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

Ripley thinks. Takes her time.

Looks up at Aaron. And Morse.

And back at Bishop II.

Then -

Slides the gate between them

RIPLEY

No -----

Ripley nods at Morse, who hits the control panel The giant crane starts to move, heading out over the furnace.

Bishop II lunges, reaches out, grabbing Ripley.

Ripley breaks free, starts moving out over the furnace.

The Company Troops raise their pulse rifles -

BLAM! Shoot at Morse - takes a bullet in shoulder. Disappears behind control panel -

Aaron starts. Picks up a pipe from the debris --

AARON

You fucking Droid --!!

And smashes Bishop II in the head.
Bishop II writhes on the floor. The troops fire on Aaron, shoot him down.
Bishop II turns.
No wires.
No milk.
Real blood.

BISHOP II

I am not a DROIDDDDDDD!!!!1. I
Ripley clutches her chest -

RIPLEY

It's moving.

20/2/91

91A

91A

178 CONT

178 CONT

The Company Men rush to Bishop II
BISHOP II
You owe it to us. You owe it to yourself.

Ripley smiles like the Mona Lisa ...

RIPLEY

No way ...

Then her face distorts in pain.
Her chest bulges.

20/2/91
178 CONT.

92
178CONT

RIPLEY
It's too late!

BISHOP II
It's not -

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

Extends it above her head.
Choking it -- fighting - killing it -
BISHOP II
Nooooo!!!!

Still shaking the EMBRYO -
She steps off the platform and disappears into the inferno.
Down ...
Down into the pure white flame.
A moment of ecstasy.
A moment of triumph.
Morse on the gantry, sees Ripley fall
MORSE
Those who am dead are not dead.
They have moved up. -- moved higher..
The flames engulf her.
Ripples slowly disappear.
Calm restored.
FADE OUT
FADE UP to --

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

179

A complex maze of rooms and corridors Š.
No sign of life.
Assembly Hall - empty.
Mess Hall - empty.
Furnace - empty. Dust particles floatingŠ.

180 INT. BUGWASH

180

The Company Men shutting the place up.
Morse, bandaged, turns. A last lingering look
Then - Doors slam shut.

181 INT ANDREW¹ OFFICE
181

A weird plastic bird drinks from a Styrofoam cup.
20/2/91

92A

92A

182 INT. CONE OF SILENCE 182

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

183 INT. EEV. 183

Empty/

Lifeless.

A broken glass tube where someone once slept.

Someone who made a sacrifice.

Someone who was victorious.

Then -- over the desolation

A ghostly echo...

White noise from deep space...

Then a crackling message, growing louder

A faint voice audible through static from a badly tuned radio...

Only her last words - from *Alien I* - emerging clearly

RIPLEY

This is Ripley, last surviving member of The Nostromo,
signing off...

Voice fades out

To silence.

FADE.