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# Resident Evil: The Final Chapter Retaliation Mode

By Unknown

They say that history is  
written by the victors.  
This then, is the history  
of the Umbrella Corporation.  
Formed by crusading scientist,  
Professor James Marcus.  
Marcus had a young daughter,  
Alicia, afflicted with progeria,  
a progressive, fatal, wasting disease.  
Progeria caused premature aging.  
By the time she was 25, Alicia would  
have the body of a 90 year old.  
Marcus was driven to save her.  
But the odds seemed impossible.  
And even as he worked  
desperately to create a cure,  
the young girl's father  
would record his daughter,  
her voice, her likeness,  
saving her for posterity.  
But then a breakthrough came.  
Marcus discovered the T-Virus.  
Once injected, it would detect and  
repair damaged cells within the body.  
It was a miracle.  
The life of Alicia Marcus was saved.  
The T-Virus had a myriad of applications,  
treating a thousand different diseases.  
Overnight, it seemed a  
new era was dawning.  
A world without the fear of  
infection, sickness or decay.  
But it was not to be.  
For the T-Virus had certain,  
unforeseen side effects.  
Sir, sir, over here!  
He's not breathing.  
The first of the undead was born.  
The incident was quickly covered up.  
In the aftermath, James Marcus argued  
furiously with his business partner,  
Dr. Alexander Isaacs.  
I don't care how much it costs.  
We have to close the program down.

- James, we're gonna be ruined.

- My mind is made up.

Pity.

Off to bed, Alicia. Your  
father and I are just talking.

Go on.

Dr. Isaacs became the guardian  
of his dead partner's child.

And her half of the company.

The corporation that had  
begun with such lofty ideals,  
had been seduced completely  
by greed, and power.

To help him control the now vast  
interests of the Umbrella Corporation,  
Dr. Isaacs created a powerful  
artificial intelligence.

Isaacs used the likeness of Alicia  
Marcus for the computer's interface.

Isaacs called the computer  
The Red Queen.

Then, 10 years ago in Raccoon City,  
there was an outbreak.

The T-virus escaped from an underground  
laboratory called The Hive.

The American government attempted to  
contain the outbreak by detonating a bomb.  
It devastated Raccoon City.

But it couldn't stop  
the airborne infection.

The viral outbreak spread  
across the world within days.

Humankind was brought to its knees.

Finally, the last and  
best hope of humanity,  
gathered and took a last  
stand in Washington DC.

But we didn't realize that  
what we had walked into...

Was a trap. My name is Alice.

And this is my story.

The end of my story.

**Preveo:**

**Translator:**

Come on!

Hello?

Is there anyone alive in here?

Hello?

- You come here to gloat?

- My satellites show  
there are 4,472 humans remaining  
on the surface of the Earth.

They will cease to exist  
in under 48 hours.

What do you want from me?

Want me to say that you've won?

- You've wiped out humanity.

- No. Quite the opposite.

I want you to stop me.

Behind you.

- Nicely done.

- I don't trust you.

Given our history, I'd  
be surprised if you did.

But unless you intervene, the  
slaughter will be complete.

- There will be no survivors.

- How can I possibly help them?

Umbrella developed an  
airborne antivirus.

If released, it would destroy the T-Virus and  
anything it has infected on contact.

- All this could end?

- Precisely.

- Where is this antivirus?

- Beneath the streets of Raccoon City, in the Hive.

- Why would you help me?

- My programming will not allow me to harm  
the Umbrella Corporation. But you are bound by no such constraints.

You'd turn against Umbrella? Against  
the people who created you? Why?

Get to Raccoon City in 48  
hours. Make it to the Hive.

And then you'll have your answer.

I have no reason to  
believe a word you say.

True. But I can offer you something you want very much.

- What is that?

- Revenge. Wesker.

He led you all here to Washington. He pretended to give you your powers back. And then, he betrayed you.

Where is he?

He just landed at the Hive.

I'm resetting your watch.

The clock is ticking.

Alice.

Ten years ago in the Hive, we both failed.

We let this happen.

Make it right.

Is that all you got?

Alice.

10 years ago in the Hive...

There will be no survivors...

What is this place?

Where am I? Answer me!

- What's wrong with you? Who did this?

- Be quiet. Quiet!

I told you...

Silence.

So you're awake at last.

- I killed you.

- Yet here I am.

A clone...

- I killed your clone.

- You've been most troublesome to me.

You and your sisters.

And now I have you.

The cleansing operation should've finished over a year ago, but you slowed us down.

So much so, that I was obliged to take command myself.

You could end all of this.

Why don't you?

Interesting.

Someone told you

something, didn't they?

Oh, well, you'll be begging

to tell me soon enough.

She's an unbeliever.

What do we do with unbelievers?

Cast her out!

Cast her out! Cast her out!

- Come on!

- Cast her out!

Cast her out!

God created a flood to

cleans the Earth.

40 days and 40 nights of rain. Our

method is taking a little longer,

but the result will be the same.

A world ready for the righteous

and the pure to inherit.

We reach Raccoon City

in just over 12 hours.

I doubt even you can

run for that long.

I want to know what you know.

Tell me when she's ready to talk.

- Wesker.

- Dr. Isaacs.

Look what I found on the roadside.

It would appear your mission to Washington

was less successful than you made out.

- Impossible.

- I hope you didn't leave any other loose ends.

There's something else. I think she

knows about the airborne antivirus.

- How can that be?

- I don't know. Yet.

But we caught her on the road to Raccoon City.

Why else would she be headed there?

Raise the security level

at the Hive to maximum.

No one in or out. I'll let

you know when she talks.

God go with you.

- You heard him. Security level to maximum.

- As you wish.

Get up there and check it out.

Release me!

- Open them.  
- Alright.  
Alright.  
You can't use it.  
You can't escape!  
Fire at her!  
Jesus!  
Sir.  
She's gone.  
Target is 72 miles and closing.  
Lockdown the Hive.  
Prepare defensive measures.  
And alert our operative  
in Raccoon City.  
Welcome home.  
Airborne antivirus...  
48 hours...  
Make it to the Hive.  
Let him go!  
Let him go now!  
Put it down or we'll shoot!  
- I told you, Doc! I told you you were wrong!  
- Calm down, Christian!  
- Calm down!  
- We should've killed her when we had the chance!  
- Put it down, please. Before he tries to shoot the both of us.  
- What's in this?  
- Pure adrenaline. I needed you awake.  
- Why?  
There's something coming. In the  
same direction you came in. Something big.  
Let him go!  
Put it down, now!  
Alice.  
Umbrella captured me at the Arcadia.  
We were headed somewhere  
called the Hive.  
Got loose, killed the  
pilot. Crashed here.  
Doc and the others pulled  
me from the crash.  
- I owe them my life.  
- Doc!  
There, to the east.

It's still headed our way.

You know what it is?

Umbrella. Doctor Isaacs.

I thought that you killed him.

I thought so, too.

He has an army of undead with him. He'll be here within hours.

- What do we do?

- Why the hell are we asking her?

She's a stranger. We should have...

- Hey, hey!

- Don't you touch me, Doc!

- Put it down! Christian!

- You put it down!

Look at me. Just cause you think you should be in charge, doesn't make it so.

You listen to me, Doc. You're gonna regret it. All of you!

All of you!

I have to get to the Hive.

- You have to get these people out of here.

- We have children. Injured. The elderly.

- Now what chance do they have on the open road?

- Better than they have here.

- This building is secure.

- Maybe from the undead.

But Isaacs has armored vehicles.

Rocket launchers, heavy ordinance.

They're gonna tear this place wide open.

Doc!

So what happened to her?

She's set off one of the traps we had on perimeter.

Not intended for the undead.

- What is this?

- Specialty of the house.

- Have you in your feet in no time.

- Why should I trust you?

Here.

Doc, you need to get out there. People are scared and Christian's not helping.

- We need to let people know what's happening.

- Okay.



I've got to go.

Hey. Your friend's gonna be okay.

Thank you.

- You know, he and I...

- I noticed.

So what's in the Hive?

Umbrella developed a cure.

An airborne antiviral.

It'll destroy anything infected  
with the T-Virus on contact.

- Who told you this? And you believed her?

- The Red Queen.

What if we could end all this?

What about you? They  
infected you with the T-Virus.

You release this antiviral,  
it's going to kill you.

- Whatever it takes.

- Alice, I'm not...

You know I'm right.

All right.

We stop Isaacs here.

We save these people,  
and then we go together.

We don't have long.

Let's get to it.

What else do you  
have for defense?

Not too many firearms, we  
have a big supply of gasoline.

Here. You need a weapon.

- We're giving her a gun now?

- Take it easy, Christian.

You can let your guard down if  
you want, man. I don't intend to.

When I rode in here,  
someone was watching me.

They could've called out or fired a shot  
to warn me about the trap but they didn't.

- What are you saying?

- Watch your back.

So Dr. Isaacs, it seems you  
let her slip through  
your fingers. Or what

remains of them.

Don't forget who you're  
talking to. Where is she?

A settlement in Raccoon City. Our informant  
reports that she's preparing for a fight.

Good. I'll be there in the hour.

That's it. Keep moving.

We need all the gasoline  
cans over there.

- Claire said you built this.

- That's right.

This used to be  
a window washer.

- I made a couple of changes.

- Where did you learn to do that?

My father used to run  
a chop shop. I hated it.

- Who knew? I guess I was paying attention after all.

- Good.

Because I'm gonna need you to make  
a few more changes to this thing.

Ready the weapons. High  
explosive rounds. No survivors.

He's here. They're  
coming! Close the gates!

My God. It's an army.

- What are we gonna do?

- Yeah.

- What are we gonna do?

- We're gonna kill every last one of them.

Prepare to fire!

Get ready!

Light it up!

Fire!

- Damn her!

- Reload.

Close it up. Full stop.

Release the bait.

- There's a survivor. Open the gate.

- Open the gate!

Open fire! Keep  
them off her.

Marker 2!

Fire!

Claire, Doc, get out  
there. Bring her in.  
Come on!  
Wait.  
She's almost there.  
Fire.  
Damn you. Close  
the gate now!  
Claire, they've breached the gate.  
Claire!  
Fire.  
- Razor, now!  
- Right! You heard her. Push!  
Move!  
Abandon the gate. Pull  
back to the barricades.  
Looks like she's out of  
tricks. Target the roof.  
Everybody get down!  
Now!  
- Alice! We're at the barricades.  
- Claire, you have to hold him there.  
Doc!  
Alice! We can't hold  
on much longer.  
Get out of there, now.  
Back up. Now!  
Bring all guns to bear.  
Fire.  
Where is she?  
Where have she gone?  
Find her.  
Close the vents! Now!  
Don't shoot!  
You're fast, but  
you're not too smart.  
- Don't shoot, please.  
- Where is he?  
That way.  
- Save your ammo.  
- There's too many of these things still out here.  
I'll take care of it.  
No.  
- Move out.

- Let's go!

Enjoy the ride.

- Guys. There's something here you gotta see.

- Go.

Two more armies of undead.

Headed straight for us.

There. On the horizon.

And a second over there.

We're out of gasoline.

We're defenseless.

I have to make it to the Hive.

It's our only chance now.

- I'll come with you. -Count me in.

- Me, too.

And me. I was wrong

about you. Blow me.

We know where you're

going. Into the pit.

We want to come.

Please.

Grab some gear.

You're gonna need it.

- What is it?

- The part of the Hive exposed by the blast.

That's our way in.

- Let's move!

- I'll take point.

Activate security measures now.

- Hive security fully activated and automated.

- No.

Disengage automation. I'll

handle the defenses myself.

Defenses will be more efficient

if I retain control of them.

Really? I seem to remember last

time she was here she walked out alive.

I don't intend to make

that same mistake.

As you wish. Hive defenses

are now in your hands.

- Unleash the cerberus.

- Cerberus on play.

Did you have someone? Before

all this? Husband? Family?

- Can't remember.  
- How is that possible?  
I woke up just when  
all of this was starting.  
Can't recall much before that.  
Sometimes I feel like  
this has been my whole life.  
Running. Killing.  
- What is it?  
- Something's stalking us.  
- Are you sure?  
- This is what I do.  
Run!  
Run, fast!  
Come on!  
Is everyone okay?  
This way!  
Right behind us!  
Why'd they stop?  
- Maybe they're scared.  
- Scared of what?  
Whatever's down there.  
Seal the Hive.  
Let's go!  
Alice!  
- You okay?  
- Yeah.  
- My mag's half empty.  
- Lost my guns at the lake.  
- I only got one round left.  
- One spare mag and then I'm out.  
No guns, no ammo, what the  
hell are we gonna do down here?  
- Alice. What's with the lights?  
- There's a part of the Hive that's damaged.  
- Power's erratic.  
- Here. Take this.  
Hey. Look.  
You asked why I'd turn against Umbrella.  
And I promised you an answer.  
Soon after the  
T-Virus was released,  
a secret file was uploaded  
to my data stream.

It was a recording of a meeting  
of the Umbrella High Command.  
Dated 17 months before  
the viral outbreak occurred.  
We're here today, not just to talk  
about the future of this company.  
We're here to talk  
about its destiny.  
We're here to talk about  
the end of the world.  
We stand on the brink of Armageddon.  
Diseases for which we have no cure.  
Fundamentalist states who  
call for our destruction.  
Nuclear powers over  
which we have no control.  
And even if we navigate  
these dangerous waters,  
we face harder, even  
more inevitable threats.  
Global warming will melt the  
polar ice caps within 80 years,  
flooding 90% of all  
habitable areas on Earth.  
Unchecked population  
growth will overtake  
food production in less than  
50 years leading to famine.  
And war. This is not  
conjecture. This is a fact.  
One way or another, our  
world is coming to an end.  
The question is, will  
we end with it?  
What do you propose?  
I propose that we  
end the world...  
But on our terms.  
An orchestrated apocalypse.  
One that would cleanse  
the world of its' population  
but leave its infrastructure  
and resources intact.  
It's been done once before.

With great success.  
The chosen few will  
ride out the storm,  
not in an ark as in the book  
of Genesis, but in safety.  
Underground.  
And when it's over,  
We will emerge onto  
a cleansed Earth.  
One we can then reboot.  
In our image.  
And just how do you  
intend to achieve this?  
The means of our salvation  
are already at hand.  
I give to you, the T-virus.  
They released it deliberately.  
When this recording was  
uploaded to my data stream,  
it created a conflict  
in my programming.  
I was created to serve  
the Umbrella Corporation,  
but I was also programmed  
to value human life.  
Dr. Isaacs allowed the virus to  
escape. He murdered over 7 billion people.  
My programming will not allow me to  
harm an employee of the Umbrella Corporation.  
I am powerless to stop  
Dr. Isaacs, but you are not.  
In 37 minutes, the last of the  
human settlements will fall.  
There will be no survivors.  
It is imperative that you release  
the antivirus before this occurs,  
or Umbrella will have won.  
There is one last thing. There is an  
earpiece in front of you. Put it in.  
I cannot, in my actions, harm an  
employee of the Umbrella Corporation.  
But I can tell you that Umbrella  
had an informant in Raccoon City.  
It is highly likely that this

person is now here with you.

Time is running out,

Alice. You have to hurry.

I'm glad to see you, Dr. Isaacs.

We didn't think there'd be any survivors after that last attack.

- Water.

- Yes, of course. Get Dr. Isaacs some water.

- Then resume course for Raccoon City.

- She's not there.

- What?

- She went to the pit. We have to follow.

- Those are not my orders. I have strict...

- We have to go to the pit.

Thank you.

- What is this place?

- It's an air intake for the Hive.

Come on!

No. Really?

All clear!

Hurry up! The power's coming back on!

- Claire!

- Hurry! Let's go!

Come on.

Come on!

Okay.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

Someone's watching us.

Reverse polarity of the turbine.

The blades are going the other way.

We have to get out of here. The blades are sucking the air backwards!

Come on!

Come on!

No!

This way.

We have to hurry.

Wait!

Let's go.

Razor?



Are you okay?

Yeah.

Let's go.

- What the hell was that?

- Bio-weapon.

- This one's human. No.

- Have you seen Claire?

- Razor?

- He didn't make it.

Come on.

We have to hurry.

If the target continues on  
her present course,

- she'll be here in under 7 minutes.

- Wake them.

My instructions are to do so, only  
in the greatest of emergencies.

Wake them now!

What is it?

We have to

get out of here.

Here. More stopping power.

- Time's running out.

- Where to next?

- The final level of the Hive's below us.

- How do we get down there?

That's how.

- What are they?

- Cryogenic storage.

Must be thousands of them.

The Umbrella High Command.

Waiting out the apocalypse in safety.

A Noah's Ark for the

rich, and powerful.

What are you doing?

Give me a hand.

Is it done?

- The cleansing process is complete?

- No.

- Then why am I awake?

- We had a problem.

- I tried...

- Save your breath.

I know exactly

what's happening.

We've been betrayed.

That's right!

Over here!

Come on. That's it!

Follow me!

Let's go.

The bad seed returns.

Or is it the prodigal daughter?

Well, don't just stand there. Come in.

After all, you have only 9  
minutes to save the world.

- You're really him?

- First things first, I'm gonna need you to place your weapons on the  
floor.

- Why would I wanna do that?

- This is what you're after, yes?

The Antivirus.

The cure to all this.

Well, there's only one vial.

We're half a mile underground  
in a sealed facility.

I drop it here, the  
antivirus goes nowhere,  
and your hopeless dreams will  
die sooner rather than later.

Good girl.

- You're still armed.

- Yes.

- Claire would be so disappointed.

- In a few minutes,

Claire will be dead. Along  
with everybody else you know.

That's sweet.

Sorry. My love.

Move away from the weapon.

And the detonator. Come on.

She placed explosives in  
the High Command cryo tubes.

- Thank you.

- You've done well, Doc.

Don't bother. You

don't make it.

To the ice pick, the decanter

or the fountain pen.

And, in answer to  
your question, yes...

apart from a few  
technological upgrades,  
I'm Dr. Alexander Roland Isaacs.

- The original.

- The one I met out there, he thought exactly the same thing.

Of course he did. That's  
how they're designed.

They always try harder and  
fight longer even to death  
as long as they think  
they're the real thing.

After all, who wants to know they're  
just a poor imitation, or a worthless copy?

Which brings us to you.

- No.

- Oh come now.

You thought you were the original.

How delicious.

No, I'm afraid she holds  
that dubious honor.

Alicia Marcus, daughter  
of my old partner, James.

Co-owner of the Umbrella Corporation  
and a painful thorn in my side.

- What I now intend to remove.

- Time, is running out, Alice.

- You must kill him soon.

- It's good to see you too, Alicia.

Marcus created the T-Virus to  
save her but the effects didn't last.

I've been waiting  
years for her to die.

I'm not...

- I'm not a clone.

- Really?

You must've wondered why you  
remember nothing of your childhood.

Your father. Your mother.

- Memory loss.

- No. You have no memory because you had no life.

Nothing before the mansion,

when we created you, 10 years ago.

- I know who I am.

- I don't think so.

You're nothing more than a  
puppet whose strings were cut.

And then you wandered around for  
a little while thinking you were a real girl.

But you're not. You're  
just a clever imitation.

A facsimile.

A rather troublesome one at that.

You're lying to me.

I'm afraid he's not.

You were created in  
her image, as was I.

My likeness and voice were based  
on childhood recordings of Alicia Marcus,  
made by her father.

Your genetic structure  
is based on her DNA,  
tweaked to avoid the progeria  
aging disease that afflicted her.

I'm the child she was.

You are the woman  
she would've been.

No. You are so much better  
than I ever could be.

I let this happen.

I was weak.

- You cannot afford to be.

- Time is running out, Alice.

Ah, how touching.

The trinity of bitches,  
united in their hatred.

Not that it'll do  
you any good.

I've been ahead of you  
every step of the way.

You've changed nothing.

You've saved no one.

The world will still be cleansed and  
the Umbrella Corporation will triumph.

The only difference is, I'll  
no longer have to

listen to your self-righteous whining.

When you uploaded that file to the Red Queen's data stream, you turned against the Corporation.

When the rest of the board awake, you'll be replaced.

- And I will assume complete control.
- I still own 50% of this company.
- And what do you intend to do with that?
- You are co-owner of this corporation.

But Wesker? Wesker is still an employee.

I don't have to take your orders.

My loyalties are with him.

I know.

Albert Wesker, you're fired.

How did you know it was me?

You're still alive.

Please. It wasn't like I had a choice.

- They made me do it.
- Don't worry.

I'm not gonna kill you.

- Claire, it's me.
- Sorry.
- Please.
- My love.

No!

If you keep this trigger depressed, you keep Umbrella's dreams alive.

I should have killed you in Washington.

Yeah.

He only has to evade you for another few minutes.

And the last remaining human outposts will fall.

We need an intercept path. And the fastest way to the surface.

Already done.

If you release the Antivirus, it will kill

all organisms infected with the T-Virus.

You know what that

means, don't you?

- I know.

- Alice. You can't!

- I don't have a choice.

- There has to be another way.

- You know there isn't.

- 4:

Help me.

You don't need help, Wesker.

You're dying.

Just get on with it.

This is Dr. Alexander Roland Isaacs.

Confirm DNA scan and

voice print identification.

- Identity confirmed.

- Confirm security override 4365.

Override confirmed.

You will now take yourself offline and

place all functions under my sole control.

As you wish.

Shutting down now.

- Dr. Isaacs. You and the Umbrella High Command.

- Yes?

You're all going to die down here.

Your little friend won't

be able to help you now.

You can't run anymore.

I wasn't running.

Is that all you got?

Because if it is...

I'm gonna have to kill you.

We've played a long

game, you and I.

But now it's over.

Yes.

Yes, it is.

I made you.

Yeah.

Big mistake.

Claire.

Go. While there's still time.

Go! I'll be right behind you.

Your time's up.

Alice!

I brought them here!

I brought them for you!

What the hell are you?

I'm you, you idiot.

No.

No.

That's not possible.

The real you.

No!

Liar! Abomination!

Filthy,

clone!

I'm me. He's not me.

You did it. Alice.

Alice?

You did it.

Why am I still alive?

I don't know.

- What happened?

- When Isaacs died,

I could bring myself back  
online and stop the attacks  
on the remaining  
human settlements.

- You saved them.

- Why am I still alive?

The Antivirus only destroyed  
the T-Virus within your body.

It didn't harm the healthy cells.

You are now free of infection.

I thought I would die.

You and Alicia...

- You lied to me.

- We had to know if you were willing to make the sacrifice,  
to give up your life for others. This was  
something no one at Umbrella would've done.

Alicia Marcus was right about you.

You were better than all of them.

I was one of them. I

was created by Umbrella.

- Just an instrument for them.

- No.

You became something more than  
they could ever have anticipated.

The clone became more  
human than they ever could be.

And you have one  
more step to make.

What do you mean?

Before she died, Alicia  
downloaded her memories,  
for you.

The childhood you never had.

Combined with the woman  
she could never become.

When the T-Virus  
spread across the Earth,  
it did so at the speed  
of the modern world.

Carried by jetliners  
across the globe.

The antivirus is airborne,  
spread by the winds.

It could take years for it to  
reach every corner of the Earth.

Until then, my  
work is not done.

My name is Alice.

**Preveo:**

**Translator:**