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# Starship Troopers: Invasion

By Flint Dille

I always get the shakes  
before a drop.  
I had the injections...  
hypnotic prep...  
The Federation shrinks  
scanned my brainwaves.  
Everything checked out.  
The doc says it wasn't fear.  
I could've told him that.  
A horse locked in the starting gate  
isn't afraid.  
He's just ready to run.  
A-Team, our mission is to seize  
and control the B Dock area,  
clear away the bugs,  
and evac the survivors.  
Now, once we land, we join forces  
with the K-12 team at the fort.  
It's a standard grab-and-go.  
After the rescue, we return to the ship,  
take off, then we blow  
the fort and the bugs.  
- Are we clear?  
- Loud and clear, sir!  
Go, go, go!  
- Report!  
- Pretty bad, sir.  
- Some of our men are still up our corridor.  
- Then let's get 'em outta there.  
Mech! We're done here.  
Prep to blow.  
- Sir!  
- Holy Man and Chow, on the cover.  
Biggers and Crysoch, hold position.  
The rest of you, follow me.  
We're on a rescue mission, people!  
Lieutenant Daugherty,  
what is your status?  
Too many bugs.  
No way to take back Fort Casey.  
We'll hold 'til the  
John A. Warden evacuates.  
Alesia will stand by for  
immediate evac. Keep me posted.

Roger that.  
Mech, what's your ETR?  
Almost there, sir.  
Done. Let's go!  
- Charleston's down! Medic!  
- I'm on it!  
Have you completed  
loading the crates?  
No, that is your priority.  
What the hell is this about, Carl?  
Wonderful to see you again, Carmen.  
- You commandeered my damn ship.  
- Borrowing it. I'll give it back.  
You're never gonna take  
the John A. Warden from me.  
Guards, I believe Captain Ibanez  
needs an escort to the Alesia.  
What do you want  
with my ship, Carl?  
Carmen, that's classified.  
But I can tell you this:  
This mission...  
Oh, this mission will turn the tide.  
You always were such an asshole.  
And I was always so fond  
of you as well, Carmen.  
See you on Terra.  
Friends always, right?  
A-Team, reload!  
This is A-Team leader  
to Fort Casey.  
- Evacs, come in!  
- About goddamn time.  
It's a little crowded out here.  
Exit now, Dock B.  
- On our way.  
- Show some hustle.  
It's quiet now,  
but that ain't gonna last.  
Evacs coming up! Keep your  
eyes open and your heads down!  
I don't want to lose  
anyone to friendly fire.  
- Who's in charge?

- Acting Commander, sir.  
Major Henry Varro has been  
relieved of duty.  
Relieved? What the hell happened?  
This was a suicide mission  
from the get-go.  
- Fucking headcase!  
- Shut your mouth, Ratzass.  
You wanna be busted like Hero?  
We're outta here.  
Let's get back to the ship.  
Mech, how's it coming  
with that charge?  
Armed and dangerous.  
You have to be kidding me.  
Thanks for waiting, jackass!  
Command, if there are new orders,  
let me know, goddamn it!  
Are we gonna escort  
the John A. Warden or not?  
Behind us!  
Sir, this is Biggers!  
Can't hold anymore! We're...  
Fuck! Sons of bitches!  
Captain Jonah, this is A-Team.  
Landing ship destroyed.  
Boarding directly now.  
Roger that. As soon as you're aboard,  
Alesia will depart.  
Lance formation!  
Fall back to the Alesia!  
Hold formation! Hold formation!  
My arm! My goddamn arm!  
Medic!  
Return to the ship!  
Trig! Move your goddamn ass!  
We're taking off!  
Come on!  
Jump!  
Thanks.  
Any time.  
- Score?  
- 430.  
Give or take.

You gonna do it or what?  
Hit it, maestro.  
Three, two, one...  
Boom!  
Come on, guys.  
This shit ain't over yet.  
Yeah. All right.  
So what the hell happened  
to you guys down there?  
We were right on top  
of a motherfucking anthill.  
Varro saved our ass.  
Then that ESP prick Jenkins  
sent us on a death run.  
Straight into a goddamn hive.  
But you didn't hear that shit  
from me.  
- I'm sorry, did you say something?  
- Attention!  
You can all  
be proud of yourselves.  
We saved some lives.  
And we killed some bugs.  
But we lost  
some good troopers today.  
- Here's to the dead.  
- And to the next man to die!  
Now let's get back to Terra.  
Then we can put some  
real glasses in these hands.  
Hey, check that out.  
What's the matter? You never saw  
a flanker without her armor before?  
Yeah, but they usually  
look like Ratzass.  
- Ratzass?  
- That's what they call me.  
'Cause you don't give a rat's ass  
about anything.  
- What a surprise.  
- Hey...  
You want me to show you  
to the shower?  
I could wash your back.

You don't want to wash my front?

Shut up!

- Captain on the bridge.

- Stand down.

- This is your ship, not mine, Captain.

- Simple respect, Captain Ibanez.

For what happened on  
planet P-Ventamonas alone.

If only more strikes  
were executed that way.

I had a good team.

- What can you tell me?

- About?

Where's my ship? And why does  
Jenkins want it so badly?

Captain, believe me. If I could  
provide you with any information on...

This ship is in pursuit of  
the John A. Warden, isn't it?

I understand your concern for  
the John A. Warden, Captain Ibanez.

But this is the Alesia  
and we command it.

Our orders are to return to Terra.

Then show me that data  
on the John A. Warden's path.

- Where is she headed?

- We don't know, Captain.

We lost her signal  
shortly after we began pursuit.

Please contact me  
when you find the John A. Warden.

Aye-aye, Captain.

Hey, man,

don't write this up, okay?

This is a serious wound.

Could've been a lot worse.

I can't keep something like this  
off the record.

I'm gonna have to  
take your arm, yeah? - Fine.

But, look...

At least do what you can to make sure  
it doesn't get back to my folks.

You can at least do that.

Right, doc?

Let's do this.

Why don't we wait

until the shaking stops?

- The ship will be fine.

- I'm not talking about the ship.

Hey, noob,

dance class is down the hall.

No, it's right here.

Care to dance?

- This ring is for fighting.

- Humor me.

- What's your name?

- Chow.

Well, Chow, I don't usually

dance with guys.

But in your case,

I'll make an exception.

- Who's your money on?

- Ratzass is bigger.

- Not much upstairs, though.

- Whatever, dude.

Ratzass gets in one good solid hit

and Chow's going down.

Shit, if he can ever land a punch.

Chow's fast, man.

All right, fighters.

To your corners.

You back out now,

I won't think any less of you.

When I ring the bell,

come out fighting.

I'm gonna miss you

when you're gone.

Good thing there's not much upstairs.

Don't have to worry about brain damage.

Hey, damage this.

Hey.

Did you see that?

Didn't know you had it in you.

A flash of inspiration.

E-057.

E-057.

Thanks, I really appreciate... it.  
They can't get me a bed  
'til tomorrow.  
Thanks for letting me  
use the comm...  
Tia. Tia Durr.  
- Trig is fine.  
- Otis Hex.  
Bugspray.  
Hey... thanks for the catch.  
At Fort Casey.  
Sleeping with a gun?  
You must know something I don't.  
Morita Triple-X Sniper Rifle.  
Classic.  
You've got a nice smile  
for a soldier.  
Thanks. I think.  
So, up for a little training?  
I think I've had about all  
the target practice I can stand today.  
Yeah, I was thinking about  
something a little more... strenuous.  
You didn't really  
use the intercom, did you?  
Would you like to know more?  
Everyone's doing their part.  
Major Henry Varro.  
One of the most decorated officers  
in the Federation.  
You've run long-range ops  
in places even God's given up on.  
What did you do?  
Why won't you talk?  
And why won't your men talk?  
There are a couple of  
modifications you can score  
on the black market  
when you get to Terra,  
but as far as what  
the Federation paid for,  
- it's still a pretty good prosthetic.  
- Got it. Nice job.  
Don't know what



you're nervous about.  
I bet this looks  
as good as all the others.  
What others? You're my first.  
Matter of fact, you're the first guy  
I've worked on that's actually lived.  
Every commander I've ever served under  
tries to get me to use a regulation gun.  
That is, until they see  
how many I kill with that one.  
Then they don't ask me anymore.  
My parents made that rifle.  
There was an armory  
in my hometown.  
Everyone worked there.  
That is, until the bugs  
melted the place with a plasma bomb.  
Soldiers, civilians...  
Families.  
Everyone died.  
I swore then that I'd kill  
just as many bugs.  
And I do it with that gun.  
That's why you count.  
No. That's why it counts.  
Goddamn you, Carl.  
- Where'd you learn that haymaker?  
- Dance class.  
Shit! I knew it!  
I just felt it!  
We aren't gonna see Terra  
any time soon.  
- You pessimist.  
- Specialist, actually.  
Well, almost.  
Five points short on the ESP test.  
If one more jack had been a diamond,  
I wouldn't be here with you dumbasses.  
You son of a bitch.  
That's how you always know  
when I'm in the shower.  
So, can you tell  
what I'm thinking now?  
Hell, even I know

what you're thinking now.

You make me sick.

What's up, Lieutenant Daugherty?

I thought you were in medical.

Wasn't as bad as it looked.

Glad you two could make it.

At ease.

I wanted to brief you all personally.

First and foremost,

because I know of the great sacrifices

that both the crew of the Alesia

as well as the defenders of

Fort Casey have made

and the great losses

that you've suffered. And second,

I know you could all use

some R&R about now.

Believe me, I've been there myself.

But unfortunately we have a situation.

- What?

- Stow it!

The John A. Warden has gone silent.

The Alesia is the only starship

in the area of last contact.

I've ordered your captain to divert course,

find the Warden and investigate.

Any questions?

Yeah. I think I speak for everyone

from Fort Casey when I say this...

- Shut the fuck up!

- It's okay. Go on.

We're only going in

if Hero takes point.

- Hero?

- Major Henry Varro.

Commander of Fort Casey,

General Rico.

Right.

Arrested by Doctor Carl Jenkins for

insubordination at the battle of Fort Casey.

Fine. If Major Varro chooses to

participate in this mission,

the Mobile Infantry

will accept his service.

However, this will not in any way  
be prejudicial to his trial.

- Is that understood?

- Understood, sir.

We'll probably lose communications  
as you cross the nebula.

Godspeed, Alesia.

Dismissed.

Assemble in the staging area.

A word, Captain Ibanez.

Why did you let him take my ship?

Carmen, it's not your ship.

It belongs to the Terran Federation.

General Rico, perhaps you recall,  
there was a certain young trooper  
who was with me

when the Rodger Young went down.

I vowed that would never happen  
to a ship under my command.

This is not my choice.

I mean, look.

I don't care what you thought  
about Carl back when we knew him  
and I don't care  
what you think about him now.

He's Minister of Paranormal Warfare  
and High Command has authorized him  
to use the John A. Warden.

Look, Carmen...

This is a mission that's so classified,  
I don't even know what the hell is really...

And look how well it's going.

You know the John A. Warden  
like the back of your hand.

I need you to go aboard  
with the insertion team.

I looked at the manifest.

That ship didn't just go dark.

Her signal was turned off.

And you know as well as I do,  
the only one who has the gall  
to run a Federation starship dark  
is Carl Jenkins.

And how do you know

we're even close to my ship?  
Before we lost contact, we analyzed  
some of the scattered signals.  
Calculating course and speed,  
we were able to get  
a good estimate of its location.  
Now, it's not spot-on,  
but we can get you pretty damn close.  
Fine. I'll do it.  
But not to save Carl's sorry ass.  
I'll do it to take back my ship.  
You just be careful.  
We need you back intact  
when this thing is over.  
Thank you, Johnny.  
Hey, Carmen,  
when this thing is over,  
maybe you and I  
can meet at Zim's and...  
Yeah.  
I gotta tell ya,  
this will in no way  
be prejudicial to your trial.  
Come on. I didn't have  
anything to do with any of this.  
I'm just the damn janitor  
trying to clean it up.  
Look, Major, I'm no more enthusiastic  
about saving Carl Jenkins than you are.  
But your men want you.  
And something tells me  
we're gonna need you.  
Lieutenant Daugherty,  
we found the John A. Warden.  
Tell Captain Jonah  
to move to standoff range.  
I'll be right up.  
So, which is it?  
Get these chains off me.  
It'd be too bad if  
a stray shot hit Jenkins.  
Look, I know you're pissed,  
but don't even think shit like that.  
They threw Hero into the brig.

You or me, Holy Man or Kharon,  
what do you think  
they do to grunts like us?  
They'd shove us  
out of a goddamn airlock.  
- So I gotta watch my ass?  
- Yeah.  
But if you're not gonna do that,  
at least watch mine.  
Oh, man! Fuck you!  
Can't believe I'm the only one  
not getting laid around here.  
Looks like you got  
all your bases covered.  
Tell me, Holy Man,  
which one's gonna save you today?  
I can take care of myself.  
Women. They make the highs higher  
and the lows more frequent.  
Are atheists the only  
philosophers you can quote?  
I find that believers such as you  
see so few things worth writing down.  
And I found that  
he who looks so forward to the abyss,  
is simply afraid of the light.  
I'm gonna go get you a pen.  
Wait, did you just make that up?  
No, I'm not writing that down.  
John A. Warden, this is the Alesia.  
Please respond.  
I've tried everything.  
Voice, radio flash...  
- Even lightcode. Nothing.  
- Keep trying, Lieutenant.  
Zoom in on the bridge.  
Maybe they can't hear us.  
They'd have to know  
what our objective is.  
Bridge, this is your captain.  
Respond. Now!  
If you do not respond,  
we will board.  
Board it.

That's not my ship anymore.

Kids?

Husband?

Died on Planet 4976.

Hey, the way I figure it,

the bugs got more reason

to be scared than I do.

I've killed hundreds of them.

They've killed zero of me.

Oh, man.

Listen...

- I want you to do me a favor.

- Yeah?

If I don't make it,

I don't care what happens to my body.

But try to get

my rifle scope, will you?

And have it buried in my hometown.

Look, I don't like funerals.

Do me a favor. Don't get killed.

Okay, boys and girls.

Looks like this is gonna be

my last mission,

so let's make it a good one.

Our job is to retake the John A. Warden,

rescue any and all survivors

and exterminate

any resistance we might find.

- You got that?

- Sir! Yes, sir!

All right, troopers.

Let's get the lady her ship back.

Initiate docking procedure.

Initiating docking procedure.

Team One. Lieutenant Daugherty,

Ice, Trig, Mech, Shock Jock

leading Captain Ibanez

to the bridge.

Team Two. Chase, Kharon, Chow,

Bugspray, Gunfodder,

Ratzass, Holy Man and the rest of you,

you're coming with me to the engine room.

Don't know what we're gonna

find in there, so be ready for anything.

Let's go!

**Gravity:**

**Oxygen level:**

Ready to board  
the John A. Warden.  
We're in. Team One  
moving toward the bridge.  
Team Two boarding.  
Moving toward the engine room.  
Something up ahead.  
No.  
Oh, my God.  
Team Two, we've got bodies  
near the bridge.  
We've got bodies everywhere.  
Man, they've been bug-ripped.  
Infestation confirmed.  
Stay sharp, people.  
Renewing objective.  
Daugherty to Team Two.  
We're on the bridge.  
And it ain't pretty.  
We've got multiple casualties.  
And one dead bug.  
All clear.  
Shock Jock.  
Massive tearing wounds.  
Oh, my God.  
My crew.  
Bridge is secure.  
Team Two, what's your status? Over.  
Entering engine room now. Over.  
Fucking bloodbath.  
Team Two scout.  
I've got dead troopers and bugs.  
- Holy shit!  
- Amen.  
- Why'd they all die here?  
- Focus on the mission, troopers.  
- Chow, prep the engines.  
- Yes, sir.  
Major, I have a survivor.

Well, find him.  
Chow, what's the status on that engine?  
- Give me ten.  
- You got five.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Team One, engines operative in five.  
Is that a real five minutes  
or a sort-of five minutes? Over.  
Hard five.  
And we've got a possible survivor.  
Going to investigate. Over.  
Gunfodder, have team hold position.  
Bugspray and Ratzass, cover Chow.  
Like paint, Major.  
Looks like they were trying  
to make this into a lab.  
- What is that thing?  
- A holding cell.  
To keep a bug inside.  
Now it looks like they were trying  
to keep 'em out and somebody else in.  
Emergency power supply from Alesia  
seems to be working.  
Team One, Team Two,  
gravity restoration in five...  
four, three, two...  
Fuck!  
Internal oxygen level is green.  
I'd feel a whole lot better if I knew  
what happened to those bugs.  
Wouldn't we all?  
Who's there?  
Major Varro.  
What are you doing here?  
You're supposed to be on trial.  
Yeah, well...  
Looks like that plan was about as  
successful as your little experiment here.  
What happened on this ship, Jenkins?  
I hacked her, so she hacked me.  
She? What do you mean "she"?  
Worthy opponent.  
She hacked everything.  
Me, the ship, everything!



Well, of course she did.  
She knew what I was thinking.  
Thoughts become words,  
words become deeds.  
Thoughts become words,  
words become deeds...  
We're gonna get you outta here.  
You and I can settle our score later.  
- Open the door, Jenkins.  
- And let you kill me? No!  
Besides, it's safer in here.  
Safest place on the ship.  
My safe place, yes.  
Safe place. My safehouse.  
Open the door, Jenkins.  
You think it's funny?  
Turning tables? Tables turned?  
I arrested you,  
now I'm the one in the cage.  
You think that's funny?  
Do you? Do you?  
I'll leave your ass here,  
don't think I won't.  
You figure it out while  
we clear the rest of the ship.  
Have this door open  
by the time we get back.  
There's nothing to clear!  
The crew's dead. Everyone's dead.  
Darkness...  
Darkness is your friend.  
Whatever you do,  
don't turn on the lights.  
Let there be light!  
Yes!  
Varro to Chow,  
do not restart the engines!  
Do you copy?  
Don't be afraid of the dark.  
Good job, Chow. Bridge is green.  
Chase!  
Grenade!  
Bugs! We've got bugs!  
Multiple contacts!

Holy shit!  
It's that abyss  
you were talking about.  
Engine room under attack!  
Take positions! They're coming.  
Get back to the airlock!  
Move and fire!  
No!  
I'll draw 'em off! You go!  
No! We're not leaving him!  
Go!  
I'll see you on the other side.  
Holy Man!  
Hold formation and fire!  
Die, bugs!  
You think I give a rat's ass  
if I die?  
This way!  
Get to the airlock.  
Bridge, we're heading to the airlock.  
And they are right on our ass.  
Roger that!  
Goddamn it!  
Chow!  
Run!  
Alesia, we are under  
massive bug attack.  
Request immediate evac.  
Repeat, request immediate evac.  
Roger that.  
Alesia is preparing for your retrieval.  
Let's go.  
This is Alesia.  
Ready for your arrival. Over.  
It's jammed!  
I don't suppose you have  
a good replacement part to fix this.  
You're gonna make it.  
That's right.  
You can't let me die.  
I'm the only one  
of your patients that's lived.  
Open the airlock.  
- Shock Jock, you go first.

- Yes, sir.  
What the hell? Evasive action!  
Shock Jock!  
What the hell just happened?  
The Alesia is gone.  
- Did we just fire on them?  
- Alesia! Captain Jonah!  
Answer me!  
Listen up, everybody.  
We head to the bridge. Now!  
Since when  
is she giving the orders?  
Since we boarded her ship.  
Just asking.  
Bugs!  
I hacked her,  
so she hacked me...  
I hacked her,  
so she hacked me...  
Are you all right, Captain?  
You know,  
if I wanted to run this much,  
I would have  
joined the Mobile Infantry.  
Captain Ibanez to the L-6 base.  
High Command,  
this is the John A. Warden.  
Johnny, please respond.  
Communication is always jaggy  
near wormholes.  
I recommend we position  
ourselves away from the nebula.  
How did the cannons fire?  
And why target our own ship?  
Jenkins tried to warn us.  
Carl is alive?  
- Locked himself in a bugcage.  
- And you're just now telling me this?  
Look, Captain,  
if you're ready for a full debriefing,  
I'm all for it.  
- Hero...  
- Jenkins found a queen on Fort Casey.  
He ordered us to capture it alive.

- What the...

- Tell her the rest, Major.

Yes, Major.

Tell me the rest of it.

I knew trying to take the queen  
would result in heavy casualties.

I wasn't gonna sacrifice my men  
for a bughunt.

So that's why he had you arrested.

But he got the queen after all.

Wait a minute. How the hell  
can a bug control the starship?

You're gonna have to  
ask Jenkins that.

What the...

- We're moving.

- Where?

No idea.

But if the queen is in control...

- We need to stop her from getting there.

- How?

Back to the engine room.

Shut 'em down.

Negative.

Not enough soldiers or ammo.

What the hell are you doing?

- Praying.

- Well, keep it up.

We're gonna need

all the help we can get.

Now we're back in business.

Captain, you need

to take a look at this.

She's heading straight for

the Marhsal Helm wormhole.

It'll take her straight to Earth.

This is Captain Ibanez

to the L-6 base.

Captain Ibanez calling L-6 base.

This is Captain Ibanez

to Johnny Rico.

L-6 base, come in!

This is Captain I...

What the hell are you doing?

If she is in the engine room,  
then I'm gonna hunt her down.

- I'll back you up.

- No.

You stay.

Besides, you'll never be able  
to fit through here.

I'll be back.

You're not gonna stop her?

She's a big girl.

She knows what she's doing.

- Do we?

- I bypassed the circuit board.

If we can gain control  
without being detected...

Strap yourselves in.

I'm not gonna  
sit in that bloodseat.

Do it.

- She's onto us.

- Damn it!

Fire!

General, a Federation starship has just  
emerged from the Marhsal Helm wormhole.

It's...

It's the John A. Warden.

- On screen.

- They're receiving our signal, sir.

- Any response?

- No, sir, they're not responding.

Something's wrong.

Why would they head back  
towards Earth?

Sir, if they keep  
their current trajectory,  
the John A. Warden...

Sir, it's heading straight for us.

John A. Warden,  
this is General Rico. Come in.

John A. Warden,  
this is the L-6 base.

If you do not  
change course immediately,  
we will be forced to engage.

Repeat, the L-6 base  
will take defensive action  
if you do not change course.  
John A. Warden, respond.  
Talk to me, Carmen.  
The L-6 base.  
We've got to warn Johnny.  
- Morse code.  
- We can't use the beacon.  
- She has control of the ship.  
- Yeah?  
She doesn't have control of this.  
General, there's fire on the bridge  
of the John A. Warden.  
Get me a closer look at that ship.  
It's Morse code.  
They're trying  
to send us a message.  
"Repeat, bugs in control."  
How the hell can bugs  
control a starship?  
Goddamn you, Carl.  
Deployment status?  
Sheridan, Ishizuka, and the Franklin  
are heading to intercept.  
The Sheridan has taken  
catastrophic damage.  
The Franklin is critical  
but operational.  
Franklin, disengage.  
Get clear of the John A. Warden!  
The John A. Warden is  
approaching on a crash course.  
Ready to intercept, sir.  
Main cannon armed and ready.  
Carmen...  
- Carl...  
- Commander!  
Open...  
fire!  
- Fire!  
- Sir, we can't fire now.  
They're too close.  
- They missed us.

- Yeah. But why?  
Commander, I have  
the Warden's trajectory.  
It's heading  
straight for the Earth.  
They never meant to ram us.  
We were just in their way.  
This is General Rico  
to Earth Defense Command.  
The John A. Warden is under bug control  
and entering Earth's atmosphere.  
It's what? The John A. Warden?  
Rico, I don't care if John A. Warden  
is on that ship himself!  
If that ship is infested,  
you take it down.  
Just give me  
a chance to do both, sir.  
Rescue our men and gain control.

- Rico...

- Commander, I promise.  
A bug invasion  
will not happen on my watch, sir.  
It better not.  
Spaceborne Command,  
prepare a drop!  
What now?  
Daugherty, you stay here  
and protect the Captain.  
The rest of you... lock and load.  
It's time we exterminate  
that bitch.  
She's trying to crash the ship.  
Do what you have to do!  
I don't know what to do.  
Trig, where are you now?  
Trig, location?  
Trig, come in.  
Trig, respond!  
Where are you, Trig?  
Central storage area.

- Have you found the queen?  
- Oh, yeah.  
This bitch is disgusting.

- Take her out.

- Done.

We're running out of time.

Do you read me?

Loud and clear, Captain.

Shit! In that case...

That's it.

No!

Shit!

Trig.

All hands, prepare for impact!

Magnetic stabilizers on!

All hands, report.

Can anybody hear me?

Hero? Anybody?

Lieutenant...

Thank you.

Rico, you're not a trooper anymore.

Remember that.

I'm always a trooper.

And if there are any of

our men alive on that ship,

I'm getting them out.

Should've known you'd say that.

Kill 'em any way you can.

Kill 'em all!

In T minus 30 we'll send nukes

to sanitize that site.

So be out of there before we hit.

Don't wait for me.

If I'm not out in thirty, nuke it.

Ice!

Holy Man!

What the hell kind of bug is that?

Fuck me!

- I was just starting to believe you.

- Fall back! Now!

Troopers, our mission is to storm

the wreck of the John A. Warden,

rescue our surviving men and kill

every last son of a bitch bug we see.

- Do you understand?

- Yes, sir!

We've got 25 minutes



before they level that site.  
So move fast and remember...  
we're not fighting for  
some rock across the galaxy.  
We're fighting for our home!  
Commence the attack!

- Over here.
- This way?
- Are you all right, Captain?
- Yeah. Thanks.

Come on. Let's get to the airlock  
and get out of here.  
That voice...  
Purging... now!  
Come on, you apes!  
You wanna live forever?  
Kill 'em all!  
She still has the ship.  
Ice, you guard the Captain.  
The rest of you  
are coming with me.  
We're gonna kill the queen  
and take back this ship.  
Good luck.  
Don't worry.  
You'll see your kids again soon.  
But those bugs?  
We're taking their momma down!

- Holy shit!
- Take evasive action!
- Incoming!
- Run and gun!

Listen.  
It's the engine.  
Mech, you still have explosives?  
Some C4.  
Trig. No!  
Trig!  
Trig!  
Oh, no. No.  
Ambush.  
Go, sir. I'll hold 'em off  
for as long as I can.  
Damn.

What the hell?

This is what I've been working on.

T minus 60 to launch.

Starting final countdown.

56, 55, 54...

53, 52, 51...

Carmen, get down!

Johnny.

- Are there any other survivors?

- Four more.

- Heading to kill the queen.

- And...

Jenkins.

- You're still alive?

- I can't die yet.

Not until

we win this war, at least.

So, by controlling the bugs, you...

I can bring us one step closer  
to winning this war.

And I can get you close enough  
to kill the queen.

Then let's get moving.

Let's... negotiate.

Daugherty?

Surrender Jenkins to us  
and we will let you live.

They fear me.

Maybe they just think  
you're an asshole.

Fuck off.

Then you die!

These were the last ones

I could control directly for now.

- If I could've finished my research...

- Then finish it.

So we can end this.

Run.

I said, run!

3, 2, 1.

Launch.

Carl!

Johnny Rico.

I should leave your ass here

to get nuked.

- What do you mean "nuked"?

- Let's go.

Johnny, the landing ship is here.

I'm coming!

We lost contact

with the landing ship.

T minus 50 until impact.

Where's the ship?

No.

They took out the nuke.

She... she's won.

- I still have one.

- One what?

The shuttle I used

to evacuate from Fort Casey.

- Then let's use it!

- She'll never let us leave.

You son of a bitch.

Now, that's not nice.

- Tell 'em.

- I set explosives on the main engine.

What?

Mech, you still have explosives?

Some C4.

Good.

If we put C4 in the main engine,

we can blow up the ship

and the queen with it.

What? Whoa.

We might not make it out in time.

At least they won't.

- Okay.

- Then do it.

- Ratzass, watch his back.

- Yes, sir.

So the extraction team's

been wiped out?

Just ten minutes left.

Johnny, what are you doing?

Get to the shuttle.

Johnny!

Let's go.

Follow me.

Shit!

- Are you Varro?

- Yes, sir.

- Where's Jenkins?

- He's safe.

Varro!

Good.

Make sure he keeps  
everybody else that way.

- He did it.

- 59 seconds.

Where's Johnny?

Captain, take us home.

Aye-aye, sir.

You gonna do it or what?

Three, two, one...

Boom.

I thought the good guys and the hot girls  
always survived in the end.

No, not all of 'em.

Here's to the dead.

And to the next man to die!

I hope you feel better.

Do you realize that you not only  
destroyed my ship and killed my crew,  
but you also put the entire planet  
at risk for infestation?

My apologies for your loss.

But my research is going to  
save an entire galaxy.

Just like I saved you.

It was you.

You told me how to find Hero.

Well, that's classified.

You see, nothing can stop us when  
the three of us are working together.

- Are we, Carl?

- Pardon?

Are we? Working together?

Cheer up, Johnny. You're a hero.

No. No, I'm not.

But I met one.