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Alien: Resurrection

By Joss Whedon

EXT. DEEP SPACE SILENT BLACK.

We sweep slowly across an endless tapestry of stars. Finally she comes

into view:

the U.S.S. AURIGA. A massive research vessel that sits majestically just beyond Pluto's orbit.

We TRACK ALONG the side of the ship, and

INT. AURIGA

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

INT. MEDLAB

Along a row of screens, where we see the first signs of life readouts, lights, data -- all shifting and collating on the blinking screens.

As we move ALONG them, a figure-in a labcoat passes through the frame, then another, leading us along the lab to settle on what looks like a Cryogenic tube, not big enough for a human.

Still TRACKING around it, we glimpse inside some vague, fetal mass encased in a clear, aspic-like gel.

Tubes and cables attached to the mass, running out of the machine.

As we still CIRCLE, the shape begins to be more coherent, till we can see what might even be a face.

Eyes, shut tight. Sleeping. Dreaming.

ANGLE:

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

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

GIRL'S VOICE

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

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

She looks back at the woman but the woman is already more than fifty yards away.

The girl's expression becomes perplexed.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Instruments show a jolt in heart rate, blood pressure.

Scientists note it down, look over at the thing in aspic.

We can tell that time has passed because it is much bigger, nearly the size of a man, and in a new case.

The camera moves in on the cardiograph, then moves down, to show a second one. Tracking a smaller, much faster heartbeat.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

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

ANGLE:

dream

it keeps shifting.

She opens her eyes, but they are dark, whiteless.

She reaches for her chest and begins scratching. Hard.

Tearing at it, as blood wells up, spilling over her sides.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING CHAMBER

And the cause of this dream becomes apparant:

ANGLE:

being cut open with a lasersaw.

We see her body still has a layer of the aspic-slime clinging to it.

And her skin is unnaturally blue. But as we PAN from her chest to her face her identity is unmistakable.

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

WREN:

Careful ... ready with the amnio...

Gediman finishes cutting. Another man steps in with a clamp. Sets it.

Pulls apart the chest.

GEDIMAN:

There she is...

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

GEDIMAN:

Here we go.

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

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

WREN:

Watch it!

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

Everybody looks at each other for a moment.

GEDIMAN:

Well ...

WREN:

The host?

A surgeon looks at Ripley's readings.

SURGEON:

Doing fine.

Gediman looks at Wren, hopefully. Wren nods.

WREN:

Sew her back up.

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

GEDIMAN:

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

Ripley's hand LASHES OUT, GRABS the surgeon's forearm. He yells in pain as her fingers dig into him, the others scramble knocking things over and we HEAR HIS BONE CRACKING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL

Sudden stillness.

Ripley crouches in the middle of a small, dark chamber. She's wide eyed, staring straight ahead in a state of near catatonia. Hair tangled and wild. But at least she's not so blue as before.

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

ANGLE:

A guard stands on the floor above, looking into the cell through the square of glass in the floor, directly above Ripley.

(We see other panes of glass lining the floor, indicating more cells below.)

ANGLE:

She is still for a long while. Then she lifts her hands, looking at them.

Touches her face, her skin.

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

She fingers it thoughtfully. -

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

She looks up, her face unreadable.

CUT TO':

INT. LAB

Ripley is sitting on a table as Gediman draws blood from her.

He deposits it in a test beaker, studies her eyes.

Wren enters, looking at a chart.

WREN:

How's our number Eight today?

GEDIMAN:

Appears to be in good health...

WREN:

(noticing his tone)

How good?

GEDIMAN:

Extraordinary. As in, completely off our projected charts.

(shows him some photos) Look at the scar tissue. See the recession?

WREN:

This is from --

GEDIMAN:

Yesterday!

WREN:

This is good. This is very good.

GEDIMAN:

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

WREN:

Approved.

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

WREN:

Well, it looks like you're going to make us all very proud. She grabs his throat with dazzling speed, applying deadly pressure as she brings his face to hers. Her eyes are burn but lost.

RIPLEY:

Why?

GEDIMAN:

Oh my God...

He is as wide eyed as WREN, and he isn't having his windpipe crushed. After a moment the shock wears off and he slams his hand into the alarm.

Klaxons, red light fire up.

A guard rushes in, levels his weapon at Ripley. After a moment of staring him down, she opens her hand. Wren falls to his knees gasping. The guard FIRES his rifle at her -- a powerful electrical charge lashes out and sends her flying back into the corner.

WREN:

No! No! I'm all right!

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

RIPLEY (wearily)

Why...?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Wren and Gediman watch through a one way mirror as a scientist tests Ripley.

With them is General PEREZ, the man in charge this boat. Ramrod straight and about as gruff as you would expect, he stares at Ripley suspiciously.

ANGLE:

The scientist is holding up cards with pictures on them: house, dog, boat.

Ripley gives answers we can't hear through the glass, looking pissed off and bored.

WREN:

It's unprecedented.

GEDIMAN:

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

PEREZ:

And her memories?

WREN:

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

GEDIMAN:

She's freaked.

Wren shoots Gediman a stern look at his unscientific parlance.

WREN:

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

Certain reactions....

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

TO:

INT HALL - CONTINUOUS

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

GEDIMAN:

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

PEREZ:

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

GEDIMAN:

There's been cases..

PEREZ:

Not like this.

WREN:

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

PEREZ:

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

WREN:

Yes.

PEREZ:

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

WREN:

It's not like the other ones..

Perez punches code, puts his hand on the scanner and the second
observation room door opens..

He steps in, the other two right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO

Darker than the first one, and with two of the heavily armoured guards
by the door.

Apart from-that, identical. Perez turns to the others.

PEREZ:

But there is some genetic mix.

WREN:

Yes.

PEREZ:

Will there be further mutation?

GEDIMAN:

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

WREN:

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

PEREZ:

All right. You can keep it. But secure, under observation, and for God's sake keep it away from here. I don't want any more surprises. And as he speaks the ALIEN RISES RIGHT BEHIND HIM -- it's big, the ridges on its head indicating a young queen -- it hisses and LUNGES at the back of his head.

The reinforced plastic window between them, which we couldn't see, stops it.

As it hits, a thin laser grid buzzes to life, sparks crackling on the alien's face.

Its bile trails darkly on the glass as it backs off.

Perez turns to look at it with the others.

PEREZ:

It took a hell of a lot to get us here.

GEDIMAN:

No shit.

Wren shoots him another look.

PEREZ:

How soon before this one's ovulating?

WREN:

Days.

PEREZ:

Is that normal?

WREN:

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

(After a moment) We're going to need the supplies.

PEREZ:

They're coming. Soon.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

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

GEDIMAN:

"Fork."

The memory comes, and she shakes her head wearily.

RIPLEY (softly)

Fuck....

GEDIMAN (pretending to correct her)

"Fork."

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

RIPLEY:

How did you...

GEDIMAN:

How did we get you? Blood samples from Fiori 16. On ice.

Do you remember that place?

RIPLEY:

Does it grow?

GEDIMAN:

Does it.....Yeah. Rapidly.

RIPLEY:

It's a queen.

GEDIMAN:

How did you know that?

RIPLEY:

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

GEDIMAN:

Company?

WREN (O.S.)

Weyland Yutani.

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

WREN:

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

(to Ripley)

You'll find things have changed a good deal since your time.

RIPLEY:

I doubt that.

WREN:

We're not flying blind here, you know. This is United Systems military, not some greedy corporation. The potential benefits of this race go way beyond urban pacification.

New alloys, new vaccines ... there's nothing like this in any world we've seen.

You should be very proud.

She laughs, bitterly.

RIPLEY:

Oh, I am.

WREN:

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

RIPLEY:

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

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

RIPLEY:

"Them" ...

CUT TO:

INT. HALL CONTINUOUS

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

ENSIGN:

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

We see the Auriga far in the distance Suddenly A SHIP ROARS INTO FRAME, heading for it.

A small vessel, it is every bit dirty and jerry-rigged as the Auriga is pristine.

To accentuate the difference, the sudden roar of its engines is accompanied by HEAVY, THRASHING ROCK MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT CONTINUOUS

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

Behind them stands ELGYN, the leader of the group.

Has the kind of authority that doesn't need to flaunt itself.

Maybe fifty, by the silver in his hair. He speaks into the vidcom

ELGYN:

(good naturedly)

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

He switches off.

RANE:

Wichita stomp?

ELGYN:

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

(to Hillard)

Bring us in on three-oh descent, ride the parallel.

HILLARD:

Darlin', it's done.

ELGYN:

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

He puts his hand on her shoulder, runs it up along her cheek as he exits.

They're more than friends.

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

ELGYN:

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

He proceeds into:

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

It's the largest space in this boat, two stories high. Taking up most of the space are two HARVESTERS, big rusty hovering threshers roughly the size of winnebagos.

As Elgyn enters, we CRANE UP to reveal ANNALEE-CALL working atop one of them.

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

ELGYN:

Call! CALL!

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

ELGYN:

Call!

CALL:

What?

ELGYN:

We're docking! Are the cargo trucks secured?

CALL:

I checked 'em an hour ago.

ELGYN:

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

CALL:

Trust me, boss.

ELGYN (laughs)

Not my style.

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

ELGYN:

How's it looking?

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

ELGYN:

You'll make it good.

VRIESS:

Don't be so sure.

(calls out) Call! Adjust the generator plugs!

ELGYN (straightening up)

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

He exits.

CUT TO:

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

CHRISTIE:

What's our status?

ELGYN:

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

ST JUST:

Oh great. Army food..

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

ELGYN:

those harvesters on their feet.

This'll keep us for a couple of days, assuming the natives are friendly.

CHRISTIE:

We expecting any trouble?

ELGYN:

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

CUT TO:

ANGLE:

thresher inches above his head.

VRIESS:

I'm patched in. Check the sequence timer.

(no answer)

Call?

ANGLE:

A hand reaches in toward the ON switch.

ANGLE:

VRIESS:

Call?

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

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

VRIESS:

Goddamnit!

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

VRIESS Johner! You son of a whore!

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

Thought I'd give you a little haircut there.

VRIESS:

You fuck!

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

JOHNER:

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

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

JOHNER:

Well, you already gave him your feet ...

CALL (jumping down)

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

JOHNER:

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

VRIESS:

Any time.

CALL:

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

JOHNER:

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

He exits, full of annoying bravado.

VRIESS:

That inbred cocksucker.

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

Call looks up at the thresher.

CALL:

I hate machines.

VRIESS:

Well, now we know it works ...

CUT TO:

As it opens to admit the proportionally tiny ship. The bay on the bottom of the Auriga

- the doors are actually OVER the ship, which rises into the airlock.

INT. AIR LOCK

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

INT. BAY

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

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

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

All eight of them emerge, one by one, looking around them. They file

past the silent, uniformed soldiers. The last one suddenly puts a hand on Johner's jacket, stops him.

There is a bulge under it. A green sensor light on the back of the soldier's glove turns red when he touches the bulge.

SOLDIER:

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

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

JOHNER:

Moonshine. My own. Much more dangerous.

SOLDIER:

Sorry, sir.

ELGYN (to Perez)

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

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

He enters from the antechamber, motions for the crew to follow him.

Vriess comes abreast of the soldier.

VRIESS:

Wanna check the chair?

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

CUT TO:

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

ST JUST:

This place is really clean.

JOHNER (to a guard)

Hey. You got any whores on this vessel?

(the guard remains stonefaced)

Any loose women with bad eyesight?

PEREZ:

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

JOHNER:

VRIESS (to Call)

What's the matter?

She is looking around her, somewhat tensely.

CALL:

I don't like army.

HILLARD:

Yeah, join the fucking club.

CUT TO:

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

WIDER ANGLE:

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

PEREZ:

This wasn't easy to come by.

ELGYN:

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

PEREZ:

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

ELGYN:

Just the ones that don't like their every transaction recorded. The fringe element.

I guess that would include you, though, wouldn't it?

PEREZ:

Drink?

ELGYN:

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

Perez pours two whiskeys.

PEREZ (changing the subject)

So where do you go from here?

ELGYN:

Out by the Handle. We've got a couple of harvesters, we can unload 'em

on one of the collectives if Vriess and Call get 'em working.

PEREZ:

Call. Where'd you find her?

ELGYN:

She is severely fuckable, isn't she? - And the very devil with a socket wrench.

I think Vriess somewhat pines.

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

ELGYN:

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

Perez hands a drink to ELGYN.

PEREZ:

This is an army operation.

ELGYN:

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

PEREZ:

Do you want something, Elgyn?

ELGYN:

Just bed and board, couple of days worth. If we're not imposing.

PEREZ:

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

Elgyn drinks to that.

PEREZ:

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

ELGYN (smiles)

I'm famous for it.

They drink.

CUT TO:

The 'cargo' is rolled down the corridor, armed guards flank it. It is

wheeled into:

INT. A CHAMBER

Where Wren and a few others are waiting. Gediman looks a little nervous, not sure this is a good idea.

The cargo is locked into place on the floor and a guard works the electric lock.

It springs open and the guard slides off a side panel.

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

People sleeping inside.

One by one the tubes are hauled to one side of the room as the second unit is wheeled in.

By the end there are ten people sleeping side by side in their tubes in the dark chamber.

The scientists meanwhile retire to INT. AN ADJOINING CHAMBER with a long glass window looking at the chamber.

The last of the guards leaves the chamber and we see the door lock behind them.

Wren starts pushing buttons.

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

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

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

For a moment nothing happens.

One of the sleepers eyes flutter slightly. Opens. All ten eggs open simultaneously.

CUT TO:

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

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

JOHNER:

Ooh.

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

JOHNER:

How about a little one on one?

She keeps dribbling, says nothing.

JOHNER:

What do you say?

RIPLEY:

Get away from me.

JOHNER:

Why should I?

RIPLEY:

Because pain hurts.

He falters a moment at her quiet threat, then:

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

He smiles his ugly smile. She smiles back.

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

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

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

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

Johner comes at her again and she leaps on him, throws him to the ground, snarling,

SHE'S GONNA RIP HIS THROAT OUT WITH HER TEETH.

WREN:

Ripley.

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

Call, standing to one side with Vriess, reacts visibly to the name.

Everybody is slowly backing off. St Just stands with his hands behind his back, as if concealing something.

Call watches in rapt silence.

WREN:

Don't let's have a scene.

Ripley lets go of Johner, stands.

RIPLEY:

He... smells

WREN:

I imagine he does.

JOHNER (barely breathing)

What the fuck are you?

She looks down on him - in both senses of the phrase. - Look around at everyone staring at her.

She wipes the bit of blood from under her nose, flicks it away. Exits.

WREN (to Gediman, amused)

Social skills, less than a hundred' percent.

ANGLE:

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

TO:

A large metal box is being wheeled next to an observation pen. Soldiers surround it, weapons at the ready. Not one of them at ease.

Wren and Gediman watch intently.

WREN:

What's the status on the Queen?

GEDIMAN:

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

WREN:

Did we do something wrong?

GEDIMAN:

I don't know. I think we covered everything. But these redundancies... A soldier lifts a panel in the pen and then doors to the cage come open automatically.

Everyone waits.

A fullgrown alien suddenly bolts into the pen. The soldier shut it as quickly as humanly possible.

WREN:

Father, check security status, observation pen six.

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

FATHER:

Pen six secure, security systems functional at 100%.

WREN:

Good. Now the others.

CUT TO:

We see VARIOUS ANGLES of people at night:

Rane, in, a chamber on the Auriga.

Hillard and Elgyn, in a slightly more lush one.

Perez, in his quarters.

VRIESS, rolling about the Aurigals engine room, looking it over.

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

CUT TO:

A sleep cycle is indicated here by the low lighting and the near emptiness of the room.

Gediman alone is in here, writing observations down in a notebook as he watches the pen.

Inside are three aliens. Two of them seem to be hibernating, curled up in the corner, but the third faces the glass, tilting its head and hissing at it.

Gediman sits right up close to it, his face just inches away from the beast's. It draws back its lips, opens its mouth. The metallic tongue issues slowly forth, dripping with slime.

GEDIMAN (softly, fascinated)

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

The creature hisses. retracts the tongue. Gediman scribbles few notes. Something moves in the dark behind him. Before he can notice, a hand closes on his shoulder.

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

GEDIMAN:

How did you get in here?

RIPLEY:

Beautiful, aren't they?

GEDIMAN:

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

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

He notices that her hand is still on her shoulder.

GEDIMAN:

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

RIPLEY:

I know.

She looks at him.

RIPLEY:

I can hear them.

GEDIMAN (smiling)

Amazing ...

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

GEDIMAN:

Ripley...

RIPLEY:

Shhhhh.

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

She looks at him, smiles.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

As she suddenly awakes, eyes wide, breathing hard.

She has been sleeping, we see, in the same position she was before: squatting in the middle of the room. She looks about her, recovering from the nightmare... Her breathing slows. With a somewhat fatalistic look, she settles back to sleep.

CUT TO:

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

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

JOHNER:

I'm in.

CHRISTIE:

All right.

ST JUST:

Raise you two hundred.

JOHNER:

Oh, fuck you!

CALL:

That's it. I'm out. I'm fucked.

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

CHRISTIE:

That takes me down, too. Johner?

JOHNER:

Uh, Uh, fuck it. I fold.

(to St Just)

What do-you got?

St Just calmly shuffles his cards back into the deck.

ST JUST:

You'll always wonder.

JOHNER:

You asshole.

CHRISTIE:

Johner, your deal.

CALL:

Deal me out. It's not my night.

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

CALL:

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

JOHNER:

Just for coloring.

ST JUST (producing a small vial)

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

CALL Thanks, I'll walk it off.

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

JOHNER:

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

(dealing)

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

CUT TO:

As soon as she is out of sight, Call straightens up, completely sober. She looks around her and takes off toward the restricted areas. She comes to the door and making sure no one is around, star punching in code on the keypad.

CUT TO:

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

TO:

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

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

Call approaches.

She stares down at Ripley a moment. A shadow passes as a guard walks above them,

Call tenses till he is gone. Look's back down at Ripley -- still sleeping.

Call extends her hand, flexes her wrist. The meanest lookin stilletto you've ever seen extends from out her sleeve. it, gotta be a foot long, and sharp enough to shave with.

She lifts back her arm, the better to punch it through Ripley's heart. Ripley shifts slightly. Call stops.

ANGLE:

Her shirt is open enough to show a good portion of the scar. Call hesitates, staring, realization flooding her face.

RIPLEY:

Well?

Call starts, moving back a pace.

RIPLEY:

You gonna kill me or what?

CALL:

There's no point, is there?

A flick of her wrist and the stilletto whips back up her sleeve.

Ripley sits up.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY (smiling)

You mean my baby? CALL

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

RIPLEY:

Curious. I'm the latest thing...

CALL:

Those sick fucks.

She raises her arm, the stiletto gliding out again.

CALL:

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

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

RIPLEY:

What makes you think I would let you do that?

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

CALL:

What are you?

RIPLEY:

Ripley, Ellen, Lieutenant first class, number 36706.

CALL:

Ellen Ripley died two hundred years ago.

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

RIPLEY:

What do you know about it?

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

If I'm not her. What am I?

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

But only God can make a tree.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY (smiling)

Not all the way out.

CALL:

What?

RIPLEY:

It's in my head. Behind my eyes. I can hear it moving. The beast. The smile is gone, some real vulnerability showing through. Call softens, trying a different tack.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

It's already loose.

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

Ripley raises her hand at Call's head -- Call flinches but Ripley stops a few inches away.

Then touches her forehead gently, almost sensually.

RIPLEY:

Once the thought the hope for it ... grows here.... it has found its way.

It will come, because... man will bring it. Bring it forth.

CALL:

You want that.

RIPLEY:

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

CALL:

Not so long as there's breath-in me.

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

Ripley looks at the girl with a world of sadness.

RIPLEY:

I can... make it ... stop...

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

Go. They're coming for you.

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

CUT TO:

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

WREN:

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

(to the men) Where are her friends?

GUARD:

Mess hall, most of them.

WREN:

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

TO:

ANGLE:

Being kicked over.

Elgyn, Hillard and Rane are pushed into the room, sleepy and confused.

Christie, St Just, and Johner are all being herded in by soldiers.

Call is thrown into the group as well.

ELGYN:

What the fuck is going on here?

CHRISTIE:

Looks like a doublecross, boss.

WREN:

Where's the other one? With the chair?

JOHNER (to a soldier)

Get your fucking hands off me!

ELGYN:

Do you mind telling me what the fuck you're up to?

WREN:

Shut up!

(to a guard) Get the general. Wake him up.

ELGYN:

Look, if there's a problem tell me what it is. We can work this out, there is no need to get emotional ...

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

Hands behind his back.

ANGLE:

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

CALL:

They got nothing to do with this, Wren.

ELGYN (to Call)

To do with what?

WREN I don't give a fuck. It's way too late for that. You're all looking at a firing squad.

You hear me?

ELGYN:

I do. St Just?

With lightning precision, St Just raises his hands and blows of the guards away.

He takes out a third to his left without even looking that way.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

GEDIMAN:

What the fuck... You three! Go! Sector two.

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

CUT TO:

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

ELGYN:

Nice and easy, boys ...
Call starts to take off.

CALL:

I'm gonna finish this.
Elgyn grabs her by the hair, roughly pulls her back.

ELGYN:

You're going nowhere, Annalee.

CUT TO:

ANGLE:

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

ANGLE:

We see Gediman and the guard, their backs to us. The aliens-stop pacing. One of them, to the right, looks at the one on the left. Something passes between them. They look back at the humans. At each other.

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

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

see:

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

GEDIMAN:

Oh, God

He bolts for the failsafe but it's too late as the blood eats all the way through - the two aliens DIVE through the hole. just as Gediman

hits the button -- freezing gas fills the chamber but there's nothing to freeze.

GEDIMAN:

No no no!

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

ANGLE:

Their blood has already eaten through two levels.

GEDIMAN:

Christ. They could be anywhere.

He looks up at the guard -- and an alien FLIES UP at him through the hole.

It was hanging on the ceiling below and it pulls him through before he can breathe a decent scream.

The guard just stares, shaking.

CUT TO:

The mexican standoff is getting even more heated.

CHRISTIE:

Who gives a shit! We have to get out of here.

ELGYN:

If Call's got something going here I want to know what it is!

WREN:

You brought her here..

Two more guards rush in. Johner shoves' his gun in Wren's mouth.

JOHNER:

Drop them! I'm not fucking with you!

CHRISTIE (indicating the dead soldiers)

Boss, we got bodies here. It doesn't matter what Call's up to, we're all fucked now.

CALL:

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

WREN (pulls his mouth away)

Elgyn, tell me what you know. If she's alone in this.

HILLARD:

In what?

Johner puts his gun to Call's temple now.

JOHNER:

Does anyone want me to make this simple?

Far away, a SCREAM. Everyone stops. Wren turns slowly in the direction it came from.

WREN:

No...

CUT TO:

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

ANGLE:

We see that the aliens have been freed. Smoke, dead bodies, the plexiglass partition to one 1 cage is cracked and open.

CUT TO:

Ripley sits in the dark, the noise of Chaos just beginning filter in. And she just can't help herself. She is LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

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

PEREZ:

Ensign! Damage Report! Ensign!

Nothing. On one of the screens, an alien is briefly visible. Perez stiffens at the sight of it.

He punches up a different sector. The labs, and here is a badly wounded lieutenant.

PEREZ:

Status!

LIEUTENANT:

Containment is impossible, sir... I think they swept the barracks.
PEREZ (to himself)

A military strike.... Christ Jesus ...

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

CUT TO:

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

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

FATHER:

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

One soldier gets a bead on an alien with his burner - fries it along with two of his friends.

They're out of commission, but the alien is hurt only momentarily. It bounds forward, takes out his face.

FATHER:

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures ...

CUT TO..

INT. HALLWAY BY ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ANGLE:

There is nothing.. Just the floor lights pulsing in succession towards the exit.

Vriess follows their lead, wheeling out.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

Men are rushing into one of the lifeboats. They sit facing each other

in the tiny vessel and strap themselves in. Pere is here, hurrying the soldiers in, pushing back the few who try to crowd in after.

PEREZ:

Bay three! Go!

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

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

TO:

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

CUT TO:

The noise of the explosion - and of a few inside as well - is all around the group.

Father's voice still urges evacuaticion

WREN:

NO!

(to Call)

What have you done?

CALL:

Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. You thought you could control it.

ELGYN:

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

He is pointing at Rane, who nods, standing.

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

CALL (indicating Wren)

He does.

One of the soldiers steps forward. DiStephano.

DISTEPHANO (to Wren)

Sir, we have to go.

(to Elgyn) Let him go. No quarrel.

ELGYN:

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

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

What about Vriess?

JOHNER:

Fuck Vriess!

CUT TO INT. FALL - CONTINUOUS

Vries enters, looking around. He is getting seriously wiggled.

The lights on the floor still pulse. Urging him forward. He obeys.

Something stirs in the rafters. Coiled about the pipes.

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

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

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

He turns the corner, spins around.

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

SERGEANT:

Seal off that sector!

A soldier runs to obey, working the door controls.

VRIESS:

No!

The soldier sees him, but the fear on the boy's face telegraphs his decision.

Vriess starts pumping toward the door. He's strong, picking up speed, but the alien rounds the corner and bolts after him.

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

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

An EXPLOSION far away ROCKS THE SHIP -- the hall tilted momentarily,

Vriess gets a boost as he rockets downhill, the beast still on him,

the door closing, too low for him to clear. He gets there and SLAMS a

lever, his chair FLATTENS out to a dolly position, his head just

CLEARs the closing door as the alien SLAMS into it, Vriess spinning out

and flying off the chair it tilts, landing in a heap next to him.

Lying still on the ground, he listens as the beast slams against the

door a few more times, then fades off.

VRIESS:

Fuck everything....

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

CUT TO:

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

PEREZ:

Muster a squad to search for survivors!

CORPORAL:

Fuck no! Fuck no! Fuck you!

Perez slams him to the ground with his fist.

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

PEREZ:

Shoot it! Fry it!

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

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

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

PEREZ:

NO!

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

Perez is riveted by the sight of: ANGLE: DROPS OF BLOOD

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

PEREZ:

Get out! Everyone! Now!

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

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

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

PEREZ:

Clear the sector!

at the window, the blood is almost through --

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

FATHER:

Warning. Potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

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

Still men are falling over each other, Perez herding them out.

A huge CRACKING sound, and Perez shuts his eyes.

The window explodes outward, the air blowing everything into space.

Debris, vehicles, men, all tangled and dead as they blown out into the black.

ANGLE:

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

ANGLE:

Gates slam down here as well.

ANGLE:

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

FATHER:

Breach contained. Sector five nonfunctional.

CUT TO:

As the crew moves quickly through. They come to a shut door, red lights along it indicating it's locked.

ELGYN (to DiStephano)

Open it.

DISTEPHMO:

I can't.

Johner puts his gun to the soldier's head.

WREN:

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

ELGYN:

Okay, which way?

WREN:

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

ELGYN:

All right.

They turn left, entering

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

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

A shut door separates the chamber from the cells.

ELGYN:

Can you get that one open?

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

Hillard has time. She SCREAMS as her lover's brains come out his mouth.

The beast leaps at the group, scattering them like bowling pins as it claws into one of the guards. Everybody else is scrambling for cover. St Just tries to escape by running past the beast - its tail lashes out, tangling his feet and tripping him up, his head smashing against a pipe.

Another guard hits it with the burner -- it shrieks and lands on him. Johner shoots at it but is far too panicked to hit it.

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

It starts to rise.

CALL:

Christie! Hillard! Come on!

The door rises fully. Ripley stands behind it.

Call starts back, not sure what the woman will do.

Ripley surveys the scene.

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

Looks up.

Everyone watches as the two creatures sense each other. The alien hisses. rears back.

Ripley looks away, contemplative We see a gamut of emotions cross her face, but her posture passive, sacrificial. She does not move.

Everyone watches, too afraid to breathe.

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

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

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

CALL (to a guard)

Shoot it! Shoot them both!

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

The beast recovers first, dodging the next blast and going for Ripley again.

Ripley, on her back, reaches behind her, grabs a table leg and with inhuman strength brings the table down on the monster's head.

She dives at it as it comes out from under....

Call shoots as Ripley hits the alien, they're both fried as Ripley's momentum sends them over a railing and they FALL TWENTY FEET -- the Alien lands with a spine snapping crunch, Ripley only slightly better.

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

JOHNER:

Where are you going?

The creature rolls back onto Ripley, grabbing her with its dying strength. Her face is rigid with pain and anger as she holds it off... its jaws open, dripping shaking...

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

A scream wells up in her throat. A totally animal killshriek that she SCREAMS, victorious, as she RIPS THE ALIEN'S TONGUE OUT OF ITS FACE. She stands, bellows another warrior cry. The crew has gathered near. They watch her, awed, wary. Ripley walks slowly up to them -- up to Call. Ripley looks a tad pissed.

Call tenses, maybe wishing she hadn't shot Ripley as well.

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

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

CHRISTIE:

What the FUCK is going on here?

RANE:

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

JOHNER (to Call)

Make a hell of a necklace...

ANGLE:

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

What do we do?

CHRISTIE:

Same thing we were doing. We get the fuck.

RANE:

What if there's more? Let's stay here and let the army guys deal. Someone will come... I mean, where are the fucking army guys? St Just is very calmly looking up at the rafters, guns drawn

CHRISTIE:

Doctor. You know what that thing is?

WREN:

I do.

CHRISTIE:

And there's others. How many?
The doctor looks around, almost guiltily.

WREN:

Thirty.

JOHNER:

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

RIPLEY:

There'll be more.
Everyone looks around at her. She is squatting in the corner facing away from them.

RIPLEY:

They'll breed. In a few hours there'll be twice that number.
(she stands, approaches them)
So who do I have to fuck to get off this boat?

CHRISTIE:

You bought your ticket when you killed that thing. welcome aboard.

CALL.

Are you fucking crazy? She doesn't care if we....

CHRISTIE (fiercely)

You got no authority here, Call!- Now secure it!

It's the first time Christie has raised his voice, and it has the desired effect.

After a silent moment, Call starts again softly.

CALL:

Christie, she's not human. Wren cloned her because she was carrying an alien in her.

She could turn --

JOHNER:

Nobody cares about your opinion, you bitch, you fucking mole --

CALL:

She'll turn on us! Just like that!

CHRISTIE:

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

CALL:

You can't trust her.

CHRISTIE:

I don't trust anyone. CUT TO: INT. CHAMBER/CELLBLOCK - A BIT LATER
The group is still in the adjoining chamber, but looking here into the cellblock where Ripley had been. DiStephano and St Just come first, guns ready, looking about them.
They are followed by Christie and Wren.

WREN:

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

CHRISTIE:

That likes me fine.

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

ANGLE:

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

JOHNER:

Via con Dios, man.

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

Ripley, bringing up the rear, watches the whole group with a sort of fascinated detachment.

Call looks back at her. Ripley smiles, coldly.

ANGLE:

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

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

The elevator doors open. It is too dark inside to see:

Suddenly sparks fly from the broken overhead in the elevator and a figure appears in the light.

Everyone jolts, about to fire. before they realize it is

VRIESS:

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

JOHNER:

Oh, fuck...

CALL:

vriess!

VRIESS (mock casual)

Hey, whatchyou guys doing? Hey, Annalee.

CHRISTIE:

Thought you were toast for certain.

VRIESS:

You've seen that fucking thing?

WREN (suspiciously)

Where were you?

VRIESS:

I was down by -- what do you mean? I was in maintenance, checking out your oxidation systems.

JOHNER:

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

VRIESS (looking at Call)

She's a what?

JOHNER:

A mole. A fucking spy.

Vriess looks hit harder by that information than anyone.

CHRISTIE:

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

They do.

CUT TO:

ANGLE:

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

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

WREN:

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

ST JUST (sarcastically)

Lucky we.

CHRISTIE:

What about the Betty? Our ship.

WREN:

The dock seems to be intact.

CHRISTIE:

Then we head for it.

JOHNER:

Can we track those fucking things?

WREN:

No.

JOHNER:

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

RANE:

Are you toting a better fucking idea?

WREN:

All of the activity seems'to have been in the aft-sector, by the barracks.

There's no reason to suppose they'd move

RIPLEY:

They won't.

Everybody looks at her.

RIPLEY:

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

CALL:

'The meat' . Jesus.

ST JUST:

They're breeding. How long does that take?

RIPLEY:

Hours.

WREN:

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

CHRISTIE:

Faster we get from here to there, the better.

ST JUST:

With all the devils of hell in between.

JOHNER:

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

No offense.

VRIESS (giving him the finger)

None taken.

HILLARD:

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

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

CHRISTIE:

So what's our route?

WREN:

I'm trying to figure it. we can cut through the labs, but we're blocked on both sides here,

I'm not sure

DISTEPHMO:

Sir? There is the lift.

WREN:

Show me.

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

DISTEPHMO:

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

(points to the center of the shaft)

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

CHRISTIE:

Sounds reasonable.

DISTEPHANO:

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

WREN:

I can override.

DISTEPHMO:

(indicating the route)

Then we head through the labs, then down to the kitchen. To the bottom of the shaft.

Up, through the tunnel, and onto the ship. Home free.

ANGLE:

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

VRIESS:

They never check the chair...

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

VRIESS:

Call.

She looks around and he tosses it to her. The gesture is not accompanied by any show of warmth.

VRIESS:

Try not to shoot your foot off.

WREN:

You people should know --

ST JUST:

We won't shoot at the windows, Doc.

WREN:

No. The aliens, they bleed molecular acid.

CHRISTIE:

That's right, I saw that.

VRIESS:

So did I.

JOHNER:

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

WREN:

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

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

CHISTIE:

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

RIPLEY:

We're moving.

CHRISTIE:

What?

RIPLEY:

The ship is moving. I can feel it.

RANE:

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

VRIESS:

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

CALL She's right.

Call is working the computer now.

CALL:

The ship's been going since the attack.

WREN:

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

DISTEPHANO:

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

CALL (to Wren, pissed)

You were planning to let us know this?

WREN:

I forgot.

HILLARD:

What is homebase?

WREN:

Earth.

CALL:

Oh, God. Oh, you bastard...

JOHNER:

Earth? I'm not going to that fucking slum.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY (not very concerned).

The end.

ST JUST:

That's not our problem.

CALL:

We've got to blow the ship.

CHRISTIE:

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

CALL:

Three hours. Almost.

CHRISTIE:

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

CALL:

Don't you understand what this means?

CHRISTIE:

I understand my hide. And I like it on me. Let's go.

(to Ripley)

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

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

CUT TO:

As they progress. Everyone with a gun has it at the ready. Ripley is a few yards in front.

She stops, sniffs. Listens.

RIPLEY:

Clear.

Johner moves up next to her.

JOHNER:

You've come up against these things before?

RIPLEY:

Yes.

JOHNER:

So what did you do ?

RIPLEY:

I died.

He lags behind a bit, thrown.

JOHNER:

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

DiStephano points to a door.

DISTEPFANO:

This way.

And Ripley leads them in.

CUT TO:

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

Among the debris are three bodies, chests exploded outward.

JOHNER:

Fuck me ...

CHRISTIE:

Let's keep moving.

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

INT..NEXT CHAMBER

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

St Just and Christie spin, weapons up, and almost shoot the figure cowering in the corner.

Everyone else rushes in as he swings the bar before him, eyes wild with terror.

PURVIS:

Get away from me!

CHRISTIE:

Drop the rod, man. Do it!

PURVIS.

Get away...

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

PURVIS:

What's going on?

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

ST JUST:

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

PURVIS:

What ship? Where am I? I was in cryo on the way to Xarem, work crew for the nickel refinery...

I wake up, I don't understand... I saw something... horrible ...

CALL:

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

Ripley SNIFFS. Cocks her head.

RIPLEY:

Leave him.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

He's carrying..

JOHNER:

He's what?

RIPLEY:

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

PURVIS:

Inside me? What?

JOHNER:

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

VRIESS:

It's a bad risk.

CALL:

We can't just leave him.

VRIESS:

I thought you came here to stop them from spreading.

CALL (to Wren, torn)

Isn't there a process, can't you stop it?

ST JUST:

We've got no time for that.

WREN:

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

ST JUST (quietly)

I could do him. Painless, back of the head. Might be the best way.

CALL:

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

PURVIS:

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

They all look at him, a bit sheepishly.

WREN:

A parasite. A foreign element that

Ripley steps in front of the doctor.

RIPLEY:

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

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

PURVIS:

Who are you?

RIPLEY:

I'm the monster's mother.

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

CALL:

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

WREN:

All right.

JOHNER:

Since when are you in fucking charge?

CALL:

Since you were born without balls.

VRIESS:

Ease off, people.

CHRISTIE (to Purvis, herding him along)

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

They move out.

CUT-TO:

still in the same general area, still looking around every corner.

It's been too quiet too long, and the group senses that & They move into

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

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

WREN:

She's gone.

ST JUST:

Who?

WREN:

The Queen.

JOHNER:

Good.

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

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

Suddenly a burner blast FIRES at them, just missing them as they duck. They hear more blasts, not aimed at them, and screams.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Pull back! Pull back!

OTHER SOLDIER (O.S.)

It's on me!

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

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

CALL:

We've got to help them!

RIPLEY:

Can't.

CALL:

You bitch, let go of me!

She does, and Call rises.

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

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

Christie hisses at her.

CHRISTIE:

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

ST JUST:

How many?

RIPLEY:

At least two.

ST JUST:

Think they heard us?

RIPLEY:

Yep.

HILLARD:

Fine by me ...

JOHNER:

Yeah, let 'em come.

CHRISTIE:

Wren. Any other way around?
Wren shakes his head.

CHRISTIE:

We can't just walk in there.
WREN (thinking)
No. No, but they can.

CHRISTIE:

Say again?

WREN:

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

CHRISTIE:

Excellent. Get-ready.
Wren goes over to the failsafe button. The others look out at the aliens.

CHRISTIE:

Okay... (calls out) Hey!

VRIESS:

Hey, guys!

JOHNER:

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

DISTEPHMO:

They're not coming.

JOHNER:

Hey! Fresh meat here!
RIPLEY.
They know it's a trap.

RANE:

Oh, bullshit!

CHRISTIE:

What do we do?

JOHNER:

Shoot the fucking things!

VRIESS:

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

RIPLEY:

Bait.

CALL:

What?

RIPLEY:

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

HILLARD:

Fuck you!

RIPLEY:

DO we want to live? Give em her.

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

Ripley points at Rane.

RIPLEY:

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

CALL:

We ?

JOHNER:

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

CHRISTIE:

Now hold on

DISTEPHMO:

You people are insane.

JOHNER:

Now you're not exactly in the club either, soldier.
People start pointing guns at each other.

RANE:

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

CALL:

Stop this.
Ripley grabs her. Looks at the others.

RIPLEY:

Come on! Do you want to live or not?

(to Call) It won't hurt long.

CALL (terrified)

Noo...

RIPLEY (to Wren)

NOW!

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

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

Everyone is silent, stunned. Breathing hard.

VRIESS (realizes)

Fear.

Ripley nods.

VRIESS:

That's how they knew it was a trap. They couldn't smell the fear.

RIPLEY (looking at Call)

So I gave them some.

JOHNER (gleefully)

Son of a bitch!

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

Ripley and Call are on point. Ripley looks down the hall. Call is staring at her, and

Ripley can feel the girls eyes on her back.
RIPLEY(without looking around)
Did you think I was going to... feed you to them?

CALL:

I think you still might.
Ripley smiles. She may be right.

RIPLEY:

I want to live.

CALL:

And you don't care about anything else.

RIPLEY:

No.
CALL (bitterly)
I guess you're more human than I thought.

RIPLEY:

Why did you come here?

CALL:

To kill you, remember? (after a beat) Because somebody has to.

RIPLEY:

well it's not me. I did my time. Now I just want to...
She stops dead, staring at a door.
CLONING STORAGE FACILITY is written on it. Stencilled beneath that is
'numbers 1-7'.
Ripley stares. Tries the door, which opens.

DISTEPHMO:

That's not the way.

CHRISTIE:

Ripley, we got no time for sightseeing.
Ripley is looking down at her arm, at the 8 tattooed on it.
She looks at Call. Looks back at wren.

WREN:

Ripley... don't.
She enters.

CUT TO:

She stands a moment, staring, before proceeding through it. Call stands in the doorway, others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but none more so than Ripley's Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley. They are lined up like museum exhibits -- or side show freaks. Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through its translucent chest.

In a jar.

Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin cling to Collapsed bones.

Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host -- boneless, bubbling tissue, weak and useless mouth rigged in midmew. Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all. Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

A complete mixture of alien and human DNA.

A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare.

Hooked up wires and machines, it lies on the tilted-table, its head nearly level with

Ripley's as she finally approaches it.

When it opens its eyes, they are hers.

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

NUMBER SEVEN:

Kill ... us ...

Ripley's eyes go saucered as it speaks speaks out of nothing resembling a mouth.

Ripley staggers back a step, shaking now. This is too much to bear...

CALL:

Ripley!

Ripley turns, slowly, still in a fever dream.

Call cocks the grenade launcher with a loud CRACK. Her eyes meet Ripley's.

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

Freezing gas jets fill the room, extinguishing potential spread, but the heart of the firestorm continues to rage in the chamber.

She backs out, the crew waiting for her outside.

The launcher falls loudly to the ground. Ripley turns to Wren, her face rigid with pain.

Wren backs up a step, looking around him for protection that the others have no thought of providing.

CALL:

Ripley... Don't do it.

Ripley stops. weariness suffusing her expression.

RIPLEY:

Don't do what?

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

Call PUNCHES him across the jaw, his head whipping around as collapses to the ground.

Call starts down the hall, not even looking at him.

CALL:

Don't do that.

Feeling his jaw, Wren actually smiles at the absurdity of all this.

It's kind of winning.

Christie helps him up.

CHRISTIE:

Had it coming, Doc.

Johner looks in at the burning lab.

JOHNER:

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

ST JUST:

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

JOHNER:

Chicks, man....

DISTEPHANO:

We go down from here.

CHRISTIE (to Vriess)

We got to lose the chair. Vriess.

VRIESS:

I know.

CHRISTIE:

Kawlang maneuver, all right?

Vriess is pulling a coil of cords from the chair.

VRIESS:

Just like old times...

CUT TO:

A hatch opens. Ripley drops down, surveys the scene. Quiet dark, empty.

Ripley comes up, Call behind her. Ripley sniffs, listens. Closes her eyes. After a beat she starts further in and Call motions for others to follow.

Slowly, they make their way down the corridor. Ripley, Cal ,Hillard , guns drawn.

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

CALL (to Ripley)

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

RIPLEY:

No. You can't.

Ripley looks down. The floor here is covered with a foot or so of dark water.

Ripley steps into it, moves up a few paces. The others gingerly follow. Vriess is facing the back. He looks up.

VRIESS:

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

ANGLE:

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

JOHNER:

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

HILLARD:

What for...?

WREN:

Down here. He is at the front with Ripley and-Call, where the water is waste deep.

He looks down at a stairwell, just the top of the railing visible above

the murky water.

RIPLEY:

There's no other way?

WREN:

We're at the bottom of the ship. Some of the worst damage is down here.

Most of the sections are sealed off.

RIPLEY:

You're sure?

WREN:

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

CALL:

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

WREN:

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

RIPLEY:

I don't like it.

ST JUST:

What's to like?

CHRISTIE (to vriess)

You ready to get wet, partner?

VRIESS:

Oh yeah.

HILLARD:

You sure about the distance?

WREN:

Yes.

CALL:

No locked doors?

WREN:

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

JOHNER:

This sucks.

ANGLE:

He flips caps over the barrel of the gun, slides a panel over the digital readout.

The burner is ready to go, watertight.

DISTEPHMO (to St Just)

You should secure your weapons.

St Just holds up his two guns.

ST JUST:

These are disposables. They can take it.

DISTEPHANO:

Disposables. I heard about those. How many rounds?

ST JUST:

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

DISTEPHANO:

Cool.

ST JUST:

They're big with hitters. 'Cause you throw em away after the job.

Nobody likes throwing away a weapon they're attached to. You know?

He smiles at Di Stephano, who looks a little uneasy about the turn the conversation has taken.

He joins the others who are getting ready to dive..

CALL:

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

A couple of the guys smile.

VRIESS:

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

CHRISTIE (laughing)

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

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

One by one the entire crew slips down into the black water.

CUT TO:

It's all underwater. Visibility is poor. The crew move swiftly and gracefully down the stairs and into the kitchen.

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

They swim. Safety is a good fifty feet away.

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

Johner looks about him, very nervous. Dark spaces. He looks behind. Three aliens are right behind him.

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

Ripley, all the way to the stairs, sees. She hurries the others past her.

They swim frantically for safety, Hillard Wren, Christie and Vriess. Rane is coming along and alien hands grab at him from the darkness, pull him into it.

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

Call is swimming up the staircase, the growing light above indicating the surface.

She is almost to it when she is IN THE WEB.

A net of translucent alien goo, it is spread just six inches below the surface.

Call struggles the goo sticking to her she's running out of air -- as Wren and Christie encounter the same thing -- they all try to tear through it, but they are getting weaker.

Ripley looks back as the last of the crew is passing her, aliens close behind.

She looks up to see the situation and quickly makes for the surface -- but an alien GRABS her foot, holding her down. Now SHE is running out of air KICKS at it, it lets go.

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

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

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

CLOSE UP:

Just BREAKS the surface, she takes in a huge GASP of air, FACEHUGGER

CLAMPS DOWN ON HER.

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

Wren comes up and a hugger LEAPS right at him ,but Call nails it in four shots.

Christie and Vriess break surface and both begin FIRING, back to back, in a circular sweep.

They decimate a number of eggs

ANGLE:

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

In utmost disgust, Ripley PULLS it APART. and the three aliens are COMING RIGHT AT HER.

ABOVE - THE SURFACE

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

CHRISTIE:

Get it! Kill it!

CALL:

The blood'll burn you! Throw it!

He does, and Johner nails it in midflight.

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

ANGLE:

Ripley is grabbed by an alien -- and St Just comes up behind her and shoots it.

They swim up and away from the spreading, lethal bloodpool.

ANGLE:

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

CHRISTIE:

A trap! They set a goddamn ambush!

JOHNER:

Give me that!

He pulls the burner off Di Stephano's body, even as Call is giving him

mouth to mouth.

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

JOHNER (grinning feverishly)

Okay! Everybody out of the pool!

VRIESS:

Let's get the fuck!

Di Stephano sputters back to life. Ripley picks him up with one hand, HILLARD (to Wren)

Which way?

WREN:

Up here.

He takes off, the others following.

WREN:

Up through the lift shaft!

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

ST JUST:

Company!

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

She herds them into the shaft.

CUT TO:

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

WREN:

UP!

He starts climbing. It's not that hard -- there are ladders in each shaft section.

Call comes up behind him. Ripley and others pair off on other ladders. They climb fast, they're three stories up before the aliens begin POUNDING on the metal door, it buckles under their might.

JOHNER:

Move!

WREN:

Not far!

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

ANGLE:

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

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

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

CALL:

Hurry!

WREN:

It's jammed! Shit! Gun!

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

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

Eyes wide and empty.

VRIESS:

NOO!

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

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

She SLAMS against the door, but to no avail.

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

He blows several holes in the nearest alien.

Ripley is furious, maybe surprised just how so. Suddenly an alien RISES OVER THE LEDGE, it's not three feet away from her and she SCREAMS, HURLS herself at it and they both go

FLYING OFF into-space, they hit the wall on the other side, they fall.

RIPLEY GRABS a pole, it practically tears her arm out of her socket but she holds on, the alien isn't so lucky, it plummets unable to find purchase. We see it fall past the unmoving body of Call.

ANGTE:

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

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

VRIESS:

It's on us!

Christie turns, aims -- Vriess grabs the ladder as Christie FIRES, but the alien is too close, it grabs Christie, spurting blood all over him. He SCREAMS, lets go of the ladder

Vriess takes the weight of both as Christie fires again, the alien flying off and down the shaft.

HILLARD:

We gotta go!

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

RIPLEY:

We're locked in.

JOHNER:

Fuck!

PURVIS:

How far to the next door?

DISTEPHANO:

All the way.

RIPLEY:

Then we climb.

They start, moving as fast as they can.

VRIESS (to Christie)

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

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

JOHNER (to Ripley)

Are they going for reinforcements?

RIPLEY:

Fucked if I know.

They climb.

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

Finally:

RIPLEY:

I think I see the door.

PURVIS (exhausted)

Great.

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

HILLARD:

Vriess! Jesus!

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

VRIESS:

We're coming...

Johner scrambles down next to Vriess.

he checks the pulse in Christie's neck.

Vriess, man... he's dead.

Refusing to hear it, Vriess struggles to climb further.

VRIESS:

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

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

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

Vriess shuts his eyes, feeling it. ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

There is silence as Christie's body drops down the black abyss

Until, from up the shaft next to where he fell, we see two ALIENS COMING UP.

PURVIS:

Fuck! Company!

Hillard looks up the shaft.

HILLARD:

How much further?,

JOHNER:

Too fucking far. Let's GO !

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

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

ANGLE:

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

JOHNER:

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

He's addressing this at Ripley, but she's as puzzled as the rest of them.

The lift comes up to them, stops suddenly as emergency brake is flipped.

They wait, guns ready. Out of the hatch pops Call, not especially dead.

CALL:

Get on!

A moment of stunned silence, then they all jump on top of the lift.

Call drops back down inside.

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

HILLARD:

Where are the others?

CUT TO:

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

ANGLE:

Everybody holds on as the lift flies up the shaft.

ANGLE:

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

ANGLE:

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

ANGLE:

Ripley sees the door approaching

RIPLEY:

stop!

ANGLE:

Call hits the emergency button and the lift stops halfway in front of the door -

- giving both Ripley and Call access. Bu the alien is still grabbing for her --

Ripley pries open the doors again, the crew pouring out into the hall.

Ripley follows, jumps down and opens the lift doors

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

Ripley wrenches her free.

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

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

The lift PLUMMIETS, the alien still halfway in.

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

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

ANGLE:

Johner triumphantly sticks his head in the shaft.

JOHNER:

Eat that, fuckneck!!

They all breathe hard, exhausted, before they can muster for the next stretch.

Call stands with her back to them.

VRIESS:

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

CALL:

I'm fine.

DISTEPHANO:

You got body armour on?

CALL:

Yeah. Come on.
Ripley isn't buying.

RIPLEY:

You were Gunshot. I saw.

CALL:

I'm fine!
Ripley spins her around. Call stares at Ripley, sullenly a small trickle of milky white fluid comes from her nostril. Ripley looks down.

ANGLE:

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

JOHNER:

Call's a goddam sythetic!

HILLARD:

Son of a bitch. Little Annalee's just full of surprises.
RIPLEY (quietly)
I should have known.

ST JUST:

Couldn't smell this one out?

RIPLEY:

No, I mean... all that crap about being human - there's no one so zealous as a Born Again.
VRIESS (to Call)
You're an LM7, aren't you? Is that it?

CALL:

Leave me alone.
Her voice shocks her more than anyone her vocal track slip affected by the wounds.
The voice is a shade slow, and echoes strangely.

VRIESS:

Call
CALL (bitterly)

Yes.

ST JUST:

LM7? Shit. That explains a lot.

YRIESS (to Ripley)

The latest and best. They were supposed to revitalize the synthetic industry.

Instead they buried it.

Ripley looks at the girl.

RIPLEY:

They were-too good.

VRIESS:

Oh yeah. Overrode their own behavioral inhibitors. Didn't feel like being told what to do.

The government ordered a recall. Fucking massacre.

HILLARD:

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

Johner starts laughing.

JOHNER:

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

That's rich.

PURVIS (getting anxious)

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

Vriess tries to touch Call's wound.

VRIESS:

Let me see.

Call pulls away.

JOHNER:

Yeah, get your socket wrench, Vriess.

Maybe she just needs an oil change.

RIPLEY:

Let's go.

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

JOHNER:

Can't believe I almost fucked the thing.

ST JUST:

Yeah, like you've never fucked a robot.

ANGLE:

Letting DiStephano lead.

RIPLEY:

DiStephano. Where are we?

DISTEPHANO:

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

RIPLEY:

Can we get to the ship?

DISTEPHANO:

Well, we're a ways out, of the way, but I think we can get through to the garden.

From there, it's down a few levels, it's do-able.

What if the fucking doctor gets there first?

VRIESS:

It's a good point.

DISTEPHANO:

Shit.

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

RIPLEY:

Another way?

DISTEPHANO:

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

(to Vriess) You got tools?

VRIESS:

Yeah, but no torch.

JOHNER:

Fucking blow the door!

HILLARD:

Assface, We're on the top of this thing.
(pointing to the ceiling)
That's hull.

VRIESS:

What about Wren? if he gets in the computer he can really fuck us around.

RIPLEY:

We have to get in too.

DISTEPHANO:

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

HILLARD:

Fuck that.

DISTEPHANO:

And I don't have the security access that Wren does anyway.
Ripley turns to Call.

RIPLEY:

Call.

CALL:

No. I can't.

JOHNER.

Bullshit. She's a damn well talking machine.

CALL:

There's another way.

DISTEPHMO:

Just tell her to access it on remote.

VRIESS:

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

JOHNER:

Just by blinking.

CALL:

I can't.

ST JUST:

No time to get coy, Annalee.

CALL:

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

VRIESS:

You can still patch in manually. You know that.

Call looks over at the group, staring at her. She knows she doesn't have a choice.

DISTEPHANO:

There's ports in the chapel.

RIPLEY:

Come on.

(to the others)

You get started on that wall.

CUT TO:

Ripley and Call enter the small room. Ripley sits in one of the pews, pulls out a bible.

it somewhat resembles a Newton Under the leather flap is a screen

reading.:

HOLY BIBLE. PRE START.

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

CALL:

Don't make me do this.

RIPLEY:

Don't make me make you.

CALL:

I don't want to go in there.

RIPLEY:

Get over it.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

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

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

It looks almost like she's mainlining heroin. She cocks her head.

CALL:

Dammit.

RIPLEY:

Anything?

CALL:

Hold on.

She reaches in her chest, reconnects some tubes. She twitches then shuts her eyes.

It's beginning.

She begins speaking very rapidly, eyes still shut.

CALL:

Breach in sector seven sector three sector nine unstable -- engines operating at eighty

six percent -forty six minutes until earthdock.

Her voice has a slight mechanical quality as she rattles this off. Her eyes open.

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

Then crash it.

TO:

As the crew works at getting the wall panel off,.

TO:

CALL:

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

RIPLEY:

Try to clear us a path to the ship.

CALL:

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

VRIESS:

Unauthorized?

CALL:

Nonhuman.

RIPLEY:

How many?

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

handprint ID...

(like herself)

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

RIPLEY:

And how do you feel about that?

CUT TO:

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

FATHER:

Emergency override validated.

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

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

wren's expression drains.

WREN:

Father, reboot systems on 45V, authorization 'starling'.
Nothing happens. Wren looks about him, beginning to sweat.
Did the aliens do this?

WREN:

Father, locate power drain, report.

Father?

CALL - (on the system)

Father's dead, asshole.

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

She has downloaded her vocal matrix place of Father's.

(She's not just speaking over a PA, she is the PA.)

The door SLAMS back-down, locks clack into place. The doors behind him
open up,

emergency lighting pulsing along toward him.

CALL\SHIP

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

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

CUT TO:

Call pulls the cord out of her port.

RIPLEY:

You got a mean strak.

CALL:

It's done. That should hold the fuck.

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

RIPLEY:

Let me see

CALL:

Don't touch me.

Ripley backs off.

CALL:

You must think this is pretty funny.

RIPLEY:

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

CALL:

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

Ripley shrugs.

RIPLEY:

Not so hard. Not much choice.

CALL:

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

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

CALL:

I'm disgusting.

Her voice is at its slowest here, low and eerie. It's a mechanical problem, but

it sounds just like despair.

RIPLEY:

Do you dream?

CALL:

I ... we have neural processors that run through.... (stops) Yes.

RIPLEY:

When I sleep, I dream about it. Them. Every night. All around me ... in me.

I used to be afraid to dream, but I'm not anymore.

CALL:

Why?

RIPLEY:

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

Purvis enters.

PURVIS:

I guess we're almost there.

RIPLEY:

Right.

He exits again. Call finishes fiddling with her internal wiring. We hear her voice slip back to normal as she says:

CALL:

Let's get going.

CUT TO:

As they come one by one through the wall.

DISTEPHANO:

Not far now.

PURVIS:

God, I'm so tired...

JOHNER:

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

Ripley follows him through.

RIPLEY:

Don't count on it.

The rest of them come through and walk into:

INT. THE GARDEN CONTINUOUS

The Garden runs nearly half a mile straight across, and then down on a terraced slope.

Everywhere are different kinds of plants: trees, vegetable plants, exotic and experimental hybrids.

Access paths crisscross the beds.

It's huge, the single biggest space on the ship. Yet the low ceiling, laticed with grow-lamps now dim in nightcycle, and prodigious undergrowth make it labyrinthian, almost claustrophobic.

From where the crew is, they can barely see where it slopes down.

JOHNER:

What's this fucking deal?

DISTEPHMO:

This supplies most of the food for the unit.

VRIESS (holding a luscious ripe pear)

You guys got something against spam?

DISTEPHMO:

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

RIPLEY:

At the other end?

DISTEPHMO:

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

Ripley is holding her head. She shuts her eyes.

CALL:

What is it?

Ripley shakes it off.

RIPLEY:

Nothing. I'm okay.

She looks out at the jungle, they have to cross.

CALL:

We should get moving.

ST JUST:

Hey! Check it out!

He has come upon a small loading truck, a sort of platform jeep.

Vriess checks it out, takes a huge bite of his pear.

VRIESS:

Beats walking.

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

VRIESS:

Quickly and quietly, people.

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

RIPLEY:

Thank, you.

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

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

Ripley concentrates on driving.

The pass through a section of wheat , then of corn. As they come to another section,

The crew's expressions change to one of pleased disbelief.

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

ST JUST:

So this is what heaven looks like.

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

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

RIPLEY:

Which way?

HILLARD (looking at the plants)

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

An alien SHOTS out of the brush and lands on Hillard everyone SCREAMS

-- Ripley SLAMS her foot on the pedal

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

HILLARD:

Get it off MeeeeaaaaAAGGHRE!!!!

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

Another leaps out at them, but the jeep is going a good clip and it misses.

The crew peppering it with bullets.

They look, about them, guns ready.

ANGLE:

Something runs parallel to them in the plants.

ANGLE:

Two more run on top of the grow-lamps, pacing them as well.

One DROPS DOWN -- Ripley SWERVES out of the way, driving in the plants.

They are varied, exotic -- and there are aliens behind half of them.

The crew BLASTS away all around them Ripley drives a drunkard's path through the brush, avoiding trees that dot the scape.

An alien DROPS onto the hood, another grabs the side -- Vries takes out the first, blowing it off, but the second grabs Johner, he goes flying over the side, dropping his gun.

St Just is too preoccupied with his own problems on the other to see that Johner is being

dragged, the alien still clutching onto him.

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

Johner drags himself back on.

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

Another alien jumps on the hood just as the jeep SAILS over first ledge of the terraced slope, comes-down hard enough knock it off, SAILS over the next -- the crew can barely hang on as the jeep crashes down slope after slope.

Ripley swerves back onto the road, the jeep sliding over onto the steps beside it, rocking violently as they shoot down the remainder of slope, the aliens close on their heels.

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

RIPLEY:

Which way?

DISTEPRMO (looking over)

Left! Left!

She swerves left, the jeep-bouncing into the hall

INT. HALL CONTINUOUS

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

Ripley drives as far as she can, till a staircase -- going -- fills her vision, too steep

for the jeep. She SLAMS on brakes. the jeep spinning out and coming to a halt.

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

can be seen approaching.

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

ANGLE:

Eating into the walls. the floor.

CALL/Ship

Warning. potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

DISTEPHANO (indicating the steps)

Down here!

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

Looks down at his wound.

Johner looks around to see him still standing atop the steps

JOHNER:

St Just! Come on, man.

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

CALL:

St Just!

ST JUST:

You go.

He looks at the approaching aliens.

ST JUST:

I'm bored.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Evacuate sector.

A moment, then the crew takes off.

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

They close on him, and he raises his guns.

CALL\SHIP

warning...

CUT TO:

INT HALL NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

The crew runs full out.

DISTEPHANO:

We have to get out of the sector!

RIPLEY:

Where!

DISTEPHANO:

There!

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

CUT TO:

The aliens close, and St Just FIRES, blasting away with bot guns.

Aliens writhe on the

floor before him, still they cover the bodies of their brothers, still he fires,

Call\ship monotonous of warning in sharp contrast to the chaos

-- St Just fires until both guns are empty. In one smooth motion he

drops them both
and jerks his wrists and TWO-MORE disposable guns fly into his palms
and he blasts away

ANGLE:

Eating through the hull.

ANGLE:

desperately racing for the door.

ANGLE:

Firing with quiet glee.

ANGLE:

The first of them are through the door.

ANGLE:

The aliens are getting closer, but still he mows them down Both his
guns click, spent.

ST JUST:

Damn.

CALL\SHIP

Warning --

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

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

ANGLE:

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

The others have exited into the next hall. They've been tossed about,
but not as badly.

Call stops, runs back to Ripley, helps her up. Ripley is dazed; the
door hit the back of her head solidly.

CALL:

Can you walk? RIPLEY

I think I...

CALL:

I'm not fucking carrying you

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

RIPLEY:

Mistake ... mistake...

CALL:

Ripley.

RIPLEY:

I can hear them, in the hive... it's close...We're on the hive.

CALL:

Jesus. Come on.

RIPLEY:

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

CALL:

What... ?

RIPLEY:

She's in pain.

They CRASH UP through the floor panels, six of them, surrounding the two women.

Call can barely spin before Ripley GRABS her and HURLS her fifteen feet down the corridor, out of harm's way.

The aliens close on Ripley. She struggles but she's still weak. One slams her onto the ground call recovers, looks back at Ripley
As the aliens drag her unconscious body back down under the floor.

CALL:

RIPLEY!

CUT TO:

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

ANGLE:

Alien head, dark tunnel passing beneath.

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

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

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

They circle her and begin secreting resin, spinning a web around her.

The resin comes out of their backs in spits and globs.

It isn't pleasant, and Ripley struggles feebly as they begin to cocoon her.

CUT TO:

The crew piles through it on their way to the loading dock.

Call brings up the rear, still looking back regretfully.

She hesitates, and Purvis takes hold of her arm.

PURVIS:

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

CALL:

It's not right...

PURVIS:

I've been saying that all day, we need your help.

A moment more, and she heads out with him.

CUT TO:

The aliens have finished webbing Ripley, and climb away.

When it is done she finds herself basically hung from the ceiling, her legs encased and glued with glistening strands to the roof. She hangs therefore at an angle, looking down on the chamber.

And so it is with her, as she swims to full consciousness, we get our first real look at where we are.

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

The Queen. Lying on her back at the bottom of the-chamber, belly swollen and distended.

She is herself partially cocooned, strapped down to the at the edge of a black pool of blood and ichor. Her head moves slowly back and forth, in delirium of pain.

There are a four or five aliens tending her, spinning goo around her, vomiting blood onto her belly. They might be serving her, or imprisoning her. Both, in fact.

There is one thing missing from this tableau.

RIPLEY (softly)

No eggs ...

GEDIMAN (OS)

Multiple reproductive systems.

Ripley turn's slowly, to see the person next to her. It's Gediman, looking wane and haggard.

He may be speaking to her but he stares straight ahead, his eyes glowing with near insanity.

GEDIMAN:

Complete asexual reproductive cycle, self-impregnating, we found six different sets of ovaries in her. Egg laying is the first cycle, immature. Redundancies, redundancies ... she'll bring forth legion.

RIPLEY:

They didn't impregnate you?

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

GEDIMAN:

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

She looks down, to see

ANGLE :

As blood from various wounds seeps slowly past his toes, dripping into the pool.

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

The bulge in her belly starts moving.

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

RIPLEY:

I'm getting out of here. Goddamnit, I'm getting thefuck out of here! He looks at her, the last glimmer of his sanity sinking beyond the horizon.

GEDIMAN:

Don't you want to see what happens next?

CUT TO:

The crew rushes in, heads for the Betty.

JOHNER:

How long till we can get airborne?

VRIESS:

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

CALL:

Right.

JOHNER:

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

They all run on board

INT. THE BETTY

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

CALL:

Johner, take Purvis to the freezer.

JOHNER:

All right.. Nap time, buddy.

A GUNSHOT and Purvis goes flying, blood spurting out of his shoulder,

Johner draws but

Wren emerges from the shadows too fast.

Wren grabs Call and very carefully holds his gun to her back right

below her shoulderblades.

WREN:

Fuck with me and I put a bullet where her brain is!

Johner stands, uncertain.

WREN:

DiStephano! Take their weapons.

DISTEPHANO:

Begging your pardon, sir, but eat my fuck.

DiStephano aims at Wren. Wren backs up a step.

WREN:

Drop it! Drop it or we all die together!

Heaped in the, corner, Purvis suddenly jerks forward. His eyes go

wide.

CUT TO:

Ripley is frantically trying to pull at her bonds. It's just beginning

to work.

But the noise in here is getting worse, the aliens frantically agitated as the Queens belly begins moving more violently. SHRIEKS, and RIPLEY does as well, from effort or sympathy, it is hard to tell, as THE QUEENS BELLY POPS OPEN. Blood shoots everywhere, burning into the walls.

And all the screaming stops. The movement stops. Even Ripley stops. Silence.

Something emerges from the wound.

An alien, to be sure, but nothing we've seen so far, its forelegs arch out of its back like spiders legs, its back legs set on enormous haunches, thick and powerful.

Its head is long, eyeless, like the others, but along its white expanse red veins, coming out of the skin and running like thick black hairs to the back.

It has retracted pincers at the side of head that come out when its tongue does.

Its much bigger than the others, nearly the size of the queen herself. And it's bone white.

GEDIMAN:

Beautiful.... beautiful butterfly...

He is crying with revelatory joy. Ripley is not. Grimacing the sight and smell of the new beast, she begins pulling again at her bonds.

One of the soldiers, at the other end of the room from Ripley wakes up.

Dangling uselessly at his side is a rifle -- the real deal, not a burner.

SOLDIER:

No, God...

He SCREAMS in uncomprehending horror. The newborn stops, tilting its

head:

It LEAPS up to the ceiling in a second, quick and effortless as a monstrous flea.

Leaps again and lands on the screaming soldier, gripping his sides with its four forelegs as he screams lustily.

pincers SWING out and pin either side of his head.. His eyes go wide

as:

Its tongue SHOOTS into his throat. Stays there, and we watch it drain the blood from his body. We can see it, see its stomach swell, red tinged, as his body goes

blue and slack. His rifle drops into the black pool.
Gediman stares, transfixed, and it LANDS ON HIM.

CUT TO:

Johner's gun drops to the floor.
Everyone backs off.

WREN:

The fucking robot is going to plug back into the Auriga and land it according to standard operational procedure.

CALL:

No she's not.

DISTEPHMO:

You're fucking nuts. You still want to bring those things back to earth?

JOHNER:

Have you been paying any attention today?

WREN:

I can handle the animals!

CALL:

Fucking shoot me.

WREN:

Shut up!!!

And Purvis LAUNCHES from the corner, screaming, jumps on wren - Wren gets off a couple of shots -- nails DiStephano in the face. The soldier drops like a sack.

The other shots hit the ship, Call dives for cover as Purvis SLAMS his fist across Wren's face, Wren fires again and Jo is on the ground, rolling, grabbing his gun --

Purvis is a man possessed. He grabs Wren's gunhand and SMASHES it against an instrument panel, bone cracking audibly as wren drops the gun.

Purvis jerks. Blood blooms in his chest.

Everybody stops, mesmerized. wren drops to his knees, going for the gun, and Purvis grabs him from behind, pulls him so that the back of Wren's head is against his chest.

Purvis jerks again. It takes Wren a moment to understand what's happening.

They both scream.

Then alien BURSTS out of Purvis's chest, STRAIGHT INTO WRENS SKULL. Everyone else is still frozen. Then the little critter bursts out of Wrens face, flying straight at Vriess. CUT TO: INT. WASTE TANK 5 -

CONTINUOUS:

Ripley TEARS one of her arms free as the newborn feeds beside her. Gediman is already a shell.

Having drained the scientist, it leaps blindingly fast onto the ceiling. Looks around.

Targets Ripley.

It has no eyes, but she can feel them on her anyway. She rips at her bonds with a terrible effort -- the newborn LEAPS at her and she PULLS FREE with a scream, PLUNGING the thirty feet to the pool as the alien flies over her, missing, landing on the far wall instead.

Ripley disappears beneath the surface of the water.

The newborn turns its head, trying to locate its lost prey. other aliens scutter closer to the pool.

Ripley stands up out of the pool, covered in blood, HOISTING THE SOLDIERIS GUN.

Killshriek rising from her throat as she FIRES, taking out a host of aliens in a single sweep, just tagging the newborn as it leaps out of the way. Aliens jump at her, trying to kill and trying to protect the newborns, but she blows them out of the air.

It feels pretty good.

A few shots go wild, and punch big holes in the side of the tank. Light streams in through them. Ripley sees -- and continues firing in that direction.

She makes a big enough hole that she can run and SMASH through to INT. BY TANK - CONTINUOUS

rolling and coming up in an instant. She looks around her. exit this way, but there is a vent above her.

The newborn's head lunges at her, the small hole making it impossible for the creature to get all the way through. But it wriggles, pushing...

Ripley jumps up, grabbing a pipe, and KICKS open the vent grate, throwing herself up the vertical shaft with astonishing ease.

CUT TO:

Vriess is scrambling away, knocking over things to avoid the baby alien.

Johner SHOOTs at the creature as it speeds-towards Vriess.

CALL:

Don't shoot it! Betty's hull is too thin!

JOHNER:

Look out!

it knocks over cannisters as it speeds across the table and behind some instruments. VRIESS

Where'd it go?

CALL:

Don't shoot it!

JOHNER:

Fuck that!

It LEAPS out of the darkness and heads straight for Call, she stumbles back, trips -- it comes at her, leaps right at her face, she pulls her hand back -- and-flicks her wrist The stiletto pops out as the creature flies at it, the blade slides right into its mouth, ramming eight inches through its innards before it pokes out the other end.

Blood spurts on Call, on the floor. The creature wriggles and finally falls free as the stiletto melts inside it.

JOHNER:

Vriess! Get behind the fucking wheel!

CUT TO:

Ripley is climbing up the cramped vent with the speed and agility of an alien.

Unfortunately, so are the aliens, twenty feet below her. Two drones in front, with the newborn squeezing close behind.

Ripley grabs a pole and her hand begins to steam, it's so hot. She cries out, lets go... then looks down. Grabs the pole again and, ignoring the searing agony, pulls, pulls...

RIPS out of the wall, burning steam GUSHING out below her, slowing down the aliens.

She continues climbing, then kicks through a grate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Auriga races toward:

EARTH. But not as we've seen it.

The planet is still blue, but almost two thirds of it is obscured by a giant orbitting latticework of metal, a part shell that rotates slightly faster than the planet itself.

The Auriga heads for a section of exposed earth. Not long now.

CUT TO:

Ripley drops to the ground and heads for the dock.

CALL/SHIP

Airlock doors closing. Stand clear.

RIPLEY:

No!

She doesn't bother to try the door, she HURLS herself through the window, landing

INT. DOCKING BAY

in a hail of glass.

She is on the platform that runs the length of the dock. Betty is barely visible past the far end, - sinking into the airlock as the massive airlock doors slide slowly shut.

RIPLEY:

NO!!

A SLAM against the metal door behind her tells her the aliens are here. She picks herself up and RUNS -- and she can run fast.

Speeds across the platform, faster, faster, the Betty sinks of sight as the airlock doors move closer together, fifteen feet apart, ten...

Ripley reaches the edge of the platform and LEAPS, just hurls herself off of the platform, sails through the air, thirty, forty feet, and down, the airlock doors thirty feet below almost closed

She DROPS right through just before they close, falls another fifteen feet and lands

-- WHAM!! -- on top of the Auriga, hard, rolls, lies there in extremes of pain.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

The crew look up at the sound.

VRIESS:

Something's on us!

JOHNER:

Forget it! we'll shake it off on descent.

Airlock secure. Outer doors opening... . CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ripley tries to pick herself up, is momentarily too wiped. breathes heavily,
gets to her knees.

ANGLE:

we see Ripley crawling toward the hatch, and the huge outer airlock door opening beneath the ship. Blue sky and wind the screen below.

ANGLE:

Struggling to get to the hatch.

RIPLEY:

God'...

And above her, through a window into the docking bay, we see the newborn appear.

CUT TO:

CALL:

Almost there...

JOHNER:

We got about forty seconds till we kiss the ground!
Go full thrust on the downdraft! We'll get clear!

JOHNER:

It's gonna be fucking close.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Procedural interruption. Ship not leveling for vertical drop. Braking system nonfunctional. Collision imminent.

JOHNER:

No shit.

CALL:

Almost there.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The airlock doors are almost.. completely open. Ripley has reached the hatch, but cannot get it open. She pounds on it frustration -- and the newborn SMASHES through the window, JUMPS DOWN onto the ship.

RIPLEY:

NOO!! NOOO!

CUT TO:

INT. BETRY - CONTINUOUS

CALL:

NOW!!!

Vriess punches it

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK\EXT. SKY CONTINUOUS

and the Betty SHOOTs DOWN out of the airlock -- Ripley and the newborn just barely hold on, Ripley's body thrown straight up as she grips the hatch door for dear life.

The newborn has a better grip -- it has more things to grip with but it too struggles with the sudden drop.

ANGLE:

Speeding toward the earth. The Betty SHOOTs out the airlock and nearly smashes into the bottom of the ship as it passes, like trash thrown out of a speeding car.

INT. BETTY

The Akiriga passes, huge above them

VRIESS:

Look out!

CALL:

I am!

EXT. THE BETTY

The ship swerves as Call expertly avoids the Auriga -- and see Ripley and the newborn on top, still fighting for purchase

The Betty gets clear, leveling out --

The Auriga still heads straight for earth, as the terrain below becomes clear -

- deserted, snow covered mountains

ANGLE:

Hanging on

ANGLE:

Fighting to control the Betty

ANGLE:

Deserted halls, passageways bodies, and,aliens milling here and there
CALL\SHIP

Collision in six seconds ... five... four...

(softly)

Here we go...

ANGLE:

SMASHES INTO THE GROUND, a deafening explosion eating the massive ship in seconds, utter cacophony.

ANGLE:

Flying away, the thundering firestorm behind it.

ANGLE:

An instrument panel suddenly SPARKS beside her warning lights flash, the ship shaking as if under massive turbulence

CALL:

Johner! Fire!

VRIESS:

Vector control's fucked! we gotta put down!

CALL:

Find me a path!

Johner sprays foam on the fire. There is a loud BANGING heard far overhead.

What the fuck is that?

ANGLE:

is slamming her fist on the hatch doors, hanging on with her other arm. The ship continues to tremble and buck -- she's nearly thrown off.

RIPLEY:

Godamnit!

She looks around at the alien. It's almost on her.

Working its way painfully toward her, gripping with its legs and tendrils. Hissing.

It slams a tentacle down at Ripley, but she rolls, just holding on

ANGLE:

Above the cockpit, looking at a fuzzy external monitor.

JOHNER:

It's Ripley! Ripley's on the fucking hatch!

In the cockpit, Call nearly goes white.

CALL:

Let her in!

JOHNER:

Fuck no! There's something else out there with her!

VRIESS:

One of them.

Johner looks at the image, realizes how massive the newborn is.

Awed fear creeps into his voice:

JOHNER:

No. it's something else.

Frustrated, Call jumps out of her seat.. Vriess fights to control the ship as she climbs up toward the hatch.

VRIESS:

Goddamnit, Call!

Johner grabs her, practically throws her at the monitor.

JOHNER:

Look at that fucking thing! We can't open up!

They both tumble as the ship jerks

ANGLE:

Is bucked OFF THE SHIP

before she grabs the newborn's tentacle, holds on to it --

The newborn SMASHES it against the ship, trying to shake her again -

- she grabs an external grate and starts climbing painfully away.

ANGLE:

Pushes Johner aside as she makes for the hatch release sequence.

ANGLE:

Desperately pulling up as wooded, snowy mountains zoom dangerously close below.

ANGLE:

Turns as the HATCH OPENS nearby, the door sliding slowly beast is torn between Ripley and this new distraction --

Ripley sees it too, starts climbing for it frantically, one on the newborn.

The beast makes for the doorway -- and CALL POPS HALFWAY OUT pointing a

GRENAD LAUNCHER at the thing.. She BLASTS it once, the beast roaring and starting back, hurt but not nearly enough. Call fires again but the ships rocking sends the shot wild.

she flies back for all of a second

The beast rears to attack but Ripley is at the hatch -- Call drags her in and closes the hatch, the beast just SLAMMING in it as it closes.

INT. THE BETTY

Ripley is hanging on Call, exhausted.

Another BANG on the hatch, and they can see the door starting to give.

VRIESS:

Call! NOW!

Call and Ripley head into the cockpit. Johner continues looking at the vidscreen at the beast.

VRIESS:

We can't to do a vertical setdown! Braking systems are shot!

CALL:

Find me a patch of land! I'll put her down.

Call jumps back into the pilot's seat by Vriess. He pulls up hard on the wheel, but the ship is still dangerously close to the ground.

JOHNER:

That thing isn't going anywhere!

VRIESS:

Johner, strap in! We're coming down hard!

ANGLE:

the trees. Hits a relatively clear patch, touches down -- bounces back up and then down again

ANGLE:

Fighting the wheel -- she can't pull it up hard enough.

ANGLE:

The ship blasts through trees. The newborn moves to the back of the ship to avoid debris.

JOHNER:

That things gone back behind the thrusters!

Call and Ripley look at each other.

RIPLEY:

Hit it.

Call throws on the thrusters, the ship ROCKETS forward ANGLE: THE

NEWBOM:

Engulfed in flame, losing its grip --

THE BETTY:

Going too fast -- Call can't control it

VRIESS:

Kill thrust! Now!

Call does.

ANGLE:

Skids, skids, throwing up enormous debris. It hits another wooded area

RIPLEY:

is thrown bodily into the windshield --

THE BETTY:

mows down a half acre of trees before finally grinding to a halt.

As soon as they've recovered, Call throws off her seatbelt.

CALL Is everybody all right-?

JOHNER:

Where're you going?

Call opens the hatch.

CALL:

To make sure that thing is really dead

Its giant face LUNGES down at her, piston tongue shooting out.

It has charred black skin -- in some places that skin has fallen off
and wet pink flesh shows through.

Call drops to the floor, the tongue just missing her. Johner scrambles
for his gun as

Ripley drags her out of the way.

AS quickly as it came, the head lurches back out.

JOHNER:

I think it's gone!

VRIESS:

No, it's waiting for us to come out!
Can we fly?

VRIESS:

We can't fucking crawl!

RIPLEY:

It's gone.
Call looks at her.

CALL:

Are you sure?

JOHNER:

Good! Great!

CALL:

No...
Call grabs a grenade launcher.

CALL:

I've got to stop it.

VRIESS:

Call

CALL:

That thing is thirty minutes old! In a few hours it'll grow up. If it reaches a place with people...
She heads for the door but Ripley is on her way. They exchange a look.

RIPLEY:

You'll never catch it.
Call tosses her the grenade launcher.

CUT TO:

The ship sits silent in the woods, the trees around heavy with snow. Ripley comes out the top. She looks around her, sees the tracks in the snow.
Huge, loping. She jumps down off the ship.
And runs.
Through the blur of trees, she moves with the grace and speed of an animal, leaping from boulders, racing through the powdered brush this is Ripley at peak speed, and it is something to see.

She starts going up, the way getting steeper and rockier, til she reaches a cliff face, and looks out on:

A CITY.

Sprawling, huge, a million tiny lights cutting through the darknes it's just before the horizon.

The newborn RISES in front of Ripley, STRIKES her before she has a chance to aim her weapon.

Its tentacle cuts deeply into her, sends her flying.

The beast is on her in a second, its enormous jaws missing her head by an inch as she rolls, grabs the grenade launcher, FIRE

The beast is thrown, but just grazed, back on her as she tries to get off another shot, it SLAMS a foot down RIGHT ON HER she SCREAMS, the launcher rolls free, the beast coming in for the kill and over the ridge FLIES THE HARVESTER, Call at the controls. aiming right for the newborn.

It rears up to see it just as the girl RAMS it into the creatures head, it knocks it on its ass, the harvester shaking but not quite spinning out, as Call comes around for another shot.

Ripley scrambles to safety as the Newborn prepares for the oncoming harvester, it whips its tentacles at it but Call swerves at the last second -- The monster spins with it, screaming, sees Ripley and slashes at her. KNOCKS HER OFF THE CLIFF --

She falls, grabs brush it snaps -- she starts slinding down rockface and she takes her hand, SLAMS her fingers into the smooth rock face like a pick axe -- it rips her nails bloody but she digs out purchase.

ANGLE:

SLAMS into the newborn from behind, the girl nearly thrown out of the harvester, the newborn spins and grabs it, Call throws it into reverse but the newborn is too strong, holds on, bringing its head up to face Call herself.

ANGLE:

Bloody and torn, it SMASHES into the rockface, as she climbs back to the top

ANGLE:

SWINGS the harvester into a tree, Call nearly knocked loose again. The monster is jolted as well, lets go, Call pilots the machine back through the trees, the alien watching it, growling --

Call flies deftly through the trees, away, away, then spins out, heads back for the beast at TOP SPEED, the wind roars as she closes

The newborn spins and she SLAMS into it, it goes flying, screaming in pain, the harvester bouncing off it, flipping over, CRASHING against

the trees and landing tilted upside down, Call unconscious between it and the ground.

The newborn shudders, rises, makes for the harvester -- it clearly pissed.

Ripley pulls herself over the ridge, sees the situation, rushes toward them.

Call awakens to see the monster approaching the machine. Terrified, but determined, she reaches for a lever

RIPLEY:

No! Over here!

Calling out to distract it, she runs, waving her arms.

CALL:

Ripley! Let it come! Let it come!

Tears run through her voice as she strains for the lever. The beast is torn, and for a moment doesn't move.

Ripley looks over to where Call is, and understanding blooms on her face.

She looks around and spots:

ANGLE:

Halfway between her and the newborn.

For a moment neither of them moves. Then Ripley RUNS, the newborn comes at her with equal speed, like they're playing chicken, Ripley DIVES at the ground, rolls, comes up holdin the grenade launcher, and she FIPES!

The newborn is hit up close and dead center this time, and it rears back, screaming -

- Ripley FIRES and FIRES, driving it back toward the upended harvester.

The alien rears up to its full height, and Ripley pulls.the trigger.

There is a hollow click.

Furious, Ripley stares a moment at the beast. A SSCREAM wells up in her throat and she

THROWS herself at it, leaping impossibly high, smashing into it and sending both of them tumbling onto the Harvester.

Call pulls the lever.

In an instant the machine roars to life, a thousand blades grinding to top speed, pulverizing the beast, consuming it, sucking it down as layer upon layer of alien flesh is chopped into messes.

And it SHRIEKS, a noise unheard before, as it thrashes frantically.

Ripley tries to pull herself off it before the blades get too close -- but the beast grabs her, holds her. The blades ever closer as she struggles with it.

ANGLE:

Still trapped below, she sees the aliens blood seeping through the machine all around her!

She squirms, trying to get away, but she's stuck. A stream of blood lands on her shoulder, eating it away. Another on her leg, and panic blooms, bright in her.

CALL:

RIPLEY!

Galvanized by the cry, Ripley TEARS herself out of the beast's dying grasp, flips backwards off the Harvester as it begins to smoke and spark, blood eating through the controls.

Call writhes, blood everywhere now. She is lost in primal terror. Ripley wriggles her way under, and, regardless of the streams of blood splattering her, wrenches Call free. She drags her' out.

A section of the harvester explodes, raining fire and debris on the dying alien.

Call lies on the ground, Ripley behind her, arms wrapped tight around her.

Covered in blood and grime, the two watch the alien go up in flames, breathing hard, holding each other as if their lives depended on it still.

DISSOLVE TO.- ANGLE: THE NEWBORN'S SKULL

Burning, hollowed out by the licks of flame that caress it. Collapsing gently on itself.

WIDE ANGLE:

EXT. SAME - LATER

The four of them sit by the huge camp-fire, watching the flames.

Vriess tosses 'Christie a bottle of whiskey.

JOHNER:

The bitch takes her time in burning.

VRIESS:

Well, it looks like she's finally giving it up.

JOHNER:

Troopers should be finding our ship any time now. I don't much love the idea of being around when they do.

Ripley gets up, looks out over the cliffs edge at the lights the city.

Christie offers the bottle to Call. She takes it and drinks.

VRIESS (to Call)

I guess you won't want to be answering any official Questions either.

CALL:

I guess not.

She is grateful for the suggestion that they are in it together.

VRIESS:

Well, we're on Earth, for Chrissake. Plenty of places to get lost here.

CALL:

So I've heard.

After a moment, she gets up as well, goes over to Ripley. She hands her the bottle.

Ripley looks at it.

CALL:

It's a drink. You drink it.

RIPLEY (smiling) I remember. She drinks.

CALL:

So, what do you think?

RIPLEY:

Think?

CALL:

What should we do now?

RIPLEY:

I don't know.

She looks out in the distance...

RIPLEY I'm a stranger here myself

The two of them stand side by side staring out at the unfamiliar horizon, as the newborn dwindles in the dancing flame.

THE END: