

"ALIEN"

by
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and
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Based on screenplay
by
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Story by
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REVISED FINAL

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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "SCENE OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.

Science fiction plucks from within
us our deepest fears and hopes then
shows them to us in rough disguise:
the monster and the rocket.

W.H. Auden

We live, as we dream -- alone.

Joseph Conrad

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Empty, cavernous.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

Circular, jammed with instruments.
All of them idle.
Console chairs for two.
Empty.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Long, dark.
Empty.
Turbos throbbing.

No other movement.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

Long, empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

Distressed ivory walls.
All instrumentation at rest.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

Black, empty.

INT. BRIDGE

Vacant.
Two space helmets resting on chairs.
Electrical hum.
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.
Moments of silence.
A yellow light goes on.
Data mind bank in b.g.
Electronic hum.
A green light goes on in front of one helmet.
Electronic pulsing sounds.
A red light goes on in front of other helmet.
An electronic conversation ensues.
Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.
The lights go off, save the yellow.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Lights come on.
Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.
Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Explosion of escaping gas.
The lid on a freezer pops open.
Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.
Pale.
Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.
Stands.
Looks around.
Stretches.
Looks at the other freezer compartments.
Scratches.
Moves off.

INT. GALLEY

Kane plugs in a Silex.
Lights a cigarette.
Coughs.
Grinds some coffee beans.
Runs some water through.

KANE

Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Another lid pops open.
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT

What time is it.

KANE

(voice over)

What do you care.

INT. GALLEY

Pot now half-full.
Kane watches it drip.
Inhales the fragrance.

KANE
Now Dallas and Ash.
(calls out)
Good morning Captain.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Where's the coffee.

KANE
Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.
Pours herself a cup.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Two more lids pop open.
A pair of men sit up.
Look at each other.

INT. GALLEY

Kane enjoys a freshly-brewed cup.

KANE
Ripley...

Another moment.
And then the sound of another lid opening.

KANE
And if we have Parker, can
Brett be far behind.

Lid opening sound.

KANE
Right.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS
One of you jokers get the cat.

RIPLEY picks up a limp cat out of one of the compartments.

INT. MESS

The crew of the United States commercial starship Nostromo
seated around a table.

Dallas.....Captain
Kane.....Executive Officer
Ripley.....Warrant Officer
Ash.....Science Officer
Lambert.....Navigator
Parker.....Engineer
Brett.....Engineering Technician
Jones.....Cat

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT
Jesus am I cold.

PARKER
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT

Yo.

RIPLEY

Lucky us.

They yawn, stretch, shiver.
Dallas looks over at a flashing yellow light.

KANE

I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.
Yawns.

PARKER

You look dead.

ASH

Nice to be back.

PARKER

Before we dock maybe we'd
better go over the bonus
situation.

BRETT

Yeah.

PARKER

Brett and I think we deserve a
full share.

DALLAS

You two will get what you
contracted for. Just like
everybody else.

BRETT

Everybody else gets more than us.

DALLAS

Everybody else deserves more
than you two.

ASH

Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS

I saw it. Yellow light for my
eyes only...Now, everybody hit
their stations.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

Floor to ceiling data banks.
Another flashing yellow light.
A legend underneath.
COMMAND PRIORITY ACCESS ONLY.
Dallas enters.
Sits at his console.
Removes insignia master computer key attached to
his shirt.
Plug it into the board under the light.
All banks burst into life.
Dallas punches up a computer code on the keyboard.

Legend on the screen...

What's my God damn key.

Print-out from computer answers...

01335 on the binary side.

DALLAS

Thank you Mother.

Dallas punches up the combination on the keyboard.
Immediately start getting a readout.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Above eye level the room is ringed by viewscreens.
All of them blank.
Kane, Ripley, and Lambert enter.
Dallas' seat remains empty.
All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual
consoles.
Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-
backed chair.

KANE

Plug us in.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.
The control room starts to come to life.
Colored lights flicker.
Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE

Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.
Viewscreens glimmer into life.

LAMBERT

Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT

Where's Earth.

KANE

You're the navigator.

RIPLEY

That's not our system.

KANE

Scan.

Lambert hits several toggles.
On the screens the images begin to drift.

ONE OF THE SCREENS

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Factory Starship lumbering with the depths
of inter-stellar space.

Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.
Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.
Length: One and one half kilometers.

Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert pores over charts.
Consults her console.
Puzzled.

KANE

Contact traffic control.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY

This is commercial vessel Nostromo.
Registration number 180246. Do
you read me. Over.

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

KANE
Keep trying.

Turns to Lambert.
Ripley attempting transmission in b.g.

KANE
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT
We're way out in the boondocks
here...

KANE
Keep trying...

LAMBERT
Working on it.

Eureka.

LAMBERT
Found it.

KANE
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT
What the hell are we doing out
here.

KANE
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY
It's not our system.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

PARKER and BRETT in a glass cubicle. Each having a beer.
Huge powerplant stretching before them.
All units on automatic hyper-drive.
Parker hits a switch above his desk. A green light goes on.

PARKER
How's your light?

BRETT
Green.

PARKER
Mine too.

They both take a swig.
Suddenly a beeper signal begins.

PARKER
Christ. What is it now.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
(voice over)

Report to the mess.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

PARKER

I want to know why they never
come down here. This is where
the work is.

BRETT

Same reason we have half a
share to their one, our time is
their time, that's the way they
see it.

PARKER

Well, I'll tell you
something... it stinks.

They move towards the companionway.

INT. MESS

Entire crew present.

DALLAS

Some of you may have figured
out that we're not home.

BRETT

What the hell.

DALLAS

Mother's interrupted the course
of the voyage.
Mother is programmed to interrupt
the course of our voyage if
certain conditions arise. They
have...

(pause)

We've received intermittent
transmission from quadrant points
QBR 157, 052. Somebody's gone
down.

BRETT

So what.

KANE

We're obligated under Section B2...

PARKER

Christ. We're a commercial ship
not some rescue team. This kind
of duty's not in our contract.

ASH

You better read your contract.
Transmissions received in non-
commercial lanes...

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALLAS

We're going in, that's it.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT

Right, we're going in.
(smiles)

Sir.

Dallas turns to ASH.

DALLAS

Can we land on it.

He takes a print-out from Mother out of his hand.

ASH
The other ship did.

DALLAS
That's what I mean.

Studies the print-out.

ASH
It's big enough. Can't see any
reason why not.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTROMO AND REFINERY APPROACHING THE
STAR/PLANET SYSTEM

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas at his console speaking to Ash.

DALLAS
We're coming into range of the
planet. What kind of orbit do
you plan for the cargo.

ASH
Z local vertical mode.

DALLAS
You figure it will hold that.

ASH
You worried about redundancy
management disabling CMGS control.

DALLAS
Yeah.

ASH
CMG control is inhibited via
DAS/DCS. We'll augment with
TACS and monitor through ATMDC
and computer interface.
(pause)
Feel better?

DALLAS
A lot.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Moving within range of the planet.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew strap themselves to their seats.

DALLAS
Prepare for separation and
orbital insertion of the cargo.

Much preparation for separation, etc.

DALLAS
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH
3.45 n/c m² squared (5 psia)

DALLAS
Shout if it changes. Deactivate
probe retract system.

KANE

What about the pressure seal.

Dallas hits appropriate switches.

DALLAS

Now the probe retract system.

Kane hits other equally appropriate switches.

KANE

Okay.

DALLAS

Release captive hatches and
disengage probe.

Kane working switches and buttons.

KANE

Disengaged.

Dallas punches buttons of his own.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Refinery separates from Nostromo.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a viewscreen.

KANE

All free and clear.

DALLAS

Ash.

ASH

Orbital insertion complete.

DALLAS

Okay. The money's safe. Let's
take it down.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Engines coughing to life.

Nostromo begins its descent.

Below night's tide rolls across the planet's surface.

INT. BRIDGE

The viewscreen shimmers.

RIPLEY

Turbulence.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.

A set of brilliant lights switch on.

Cut through the thick atmosphere.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats.

Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence.

PARKER

Chirst. Overloading. What the
hell are we going through.

BRETT

Dust fritzing the compressor.

PARKER

There goes the conversion
stabilizer.

BRETT

I don't know if the digital
solenoid...

PARKER

Forget it. If we don't crash,
dollars to your aunt's cherry
we get an electrical fire...

INT. BRIDGE

The turbulence continues unabated.
Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT

Drop begins...now. Fifteen
kilometers and descending...
twelve...ten...eight and
slowing. Five. Three. Two.
One kilometer and slowing.

DALLAS

Lock tractor breams.

A loud electrical hum.

KANE

Locked.

DALLAS

Kill drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

LAMBERT

Nine hundred meters and dropping.
Eight hundred. Seven hundred.

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

Storm blowing across the night-shrouded surface.
The Nostromo hovers on glowing beams of light.
Landing struts unfold like insect legs.
The ship slams down.
Rocks heavily on massive shock absorbers.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

RIPLEY

We're down.

An enormous vibration.
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.
Light go out.

KANE

Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Another huge vibration.
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR

Huge flash fire whips along corridor.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.
Brett hits the secondary generator switch.
A pressure valve blows.

Another conduit breaks loose.
All lights go out.
They grab hand lights from wall.

INT. BRIDGE

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT
Secondary generator should
kick over.

KANE
Where is it.

Moments. Nothing. Kane grabs emergency headlamp from
facia.
Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
What happened?

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER
(voice over)
God damn electrical fire, that's
what happened.

BRETT
(voice over)
It's big.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Parker fighting an electrical fire on one of his panels.
Brett shouting into his voice-amp.

BRETT
The intakes are clogged. We
overheated and burned out a
whole cell...Christ, it's really
breaking loose down here...

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS
Somebody give me a simple answer,
Has the hull been breached.

Ripley scans her gauges.

RIPLEY
I don't see anything. We've still
got pressure.

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS
Hit the screen.

Kane snaps three toggles.
The screens flicker, but remain black.

KANE
Nothing.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

The wind sounds.
Storm continues to blow around the craft.
A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from
absolute darkness.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

PARKER

4 panel is totally shot, the secondary load sharing unit is out, at least three cells on 12 module are gone.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening to Parker.
Dallas standing over her.
No images on any screens.

RIPLEY

Is that it.

PARKER

(voice over)

Couldn't fix it out here anyway. And we need to reroute a couple of these ducts. Can't really fix them without a whole drydock...

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER

(voice over)

We lost a cell. Some fragments caked up and blew the whole system. We've got to clean it all out and repressurize.

BRETT

(voice over)

Right.

RIPLEY

Get started on 4 panel. I'll be down in five minutes.

She shuts off her voice communicator.

DALLAS

How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY

Fifteen to twenty hours...

DALLAS

Stay on it. What about the auxiliaries.

RIPLEY

Working on it.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Bridge lights come to life.
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.
The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas, Kane, Lambert, and Ash.
Slouched around the bridge.
Drinking coffee.
Occasionally staring at the opaque screens.

DALLAS

Any response yet.

ASH

Nothing but the same transmission

every thirty-two seconds. All
the other channels are dead.

Pause.

DALLAS
Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP

A ring of floodlights comes to life.
Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.
The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dallas stares at the dark screens.

KANE
We can't go anywhere in this.

ASH
Mother says the sun's coming up
in about twenty minutes.

DALLAS
How far from the source of the
transmission.

ASH
Northeast... about 3000 meters.

KANE
Close enough to walk.

DALLAS
Let's run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH
10 percent agron, 85 percent
nitrogen, 5 percent neon...I'm
working on the trace elements.

DALLAS
Pressure.

ASH
Ten to the fourth dynes per square
centimeter.

KANE
Moisture content.

ASH
None. Zero.

DALLAS
Anything else.

ASH
Rock, lava base. And cold...
well below the centrifuge line.

KANE
I volunteer for the first group
going out.

DALLAS
I hear you. Lambert. You too.

Pause.

LAMBERT

Swell.

DALLAS

One more thing. Let's get out
some weapons.

EXT. SHIP - DAWN

Sunrise.

The atmosphere begins to lighten.
Silhouette of the Nostromo becoming dimly visible.
Starship perched on barren rock.
More rolling clouds of dust.
The floodlights automatically shut off.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett laser welding one of the ducts.
Shirts off.
Sweat steaming.
Ripley rewiring one of the panels.
Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER

Hey, Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

PARKER

Do we get to go out on the
expedition or are we stuck here
until everything's fixed.

RIPLEY

You know the answer to that.

BRETT

What about the shares in case
they find anything.

RIPLEY

Don't worry, you'll both get
what's coming to you.

BRETT

I'm not doing any more work unless
we get full shares.

RIPLEY

You're guaranteed by law that
you'll get a share... Now both
of you knock it off and get back
to work.

Parker looks at her.
Snaps on the laser weld.
Starts to join another section of the duct.

BRETT

Right.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock.
All wear gloves, boots, jackets.
Carry laser pistols.
Kane touches a button.
Servo whine.
Then the inner door slides quietly shut.
The trio pull on their helmets.

DALLAS

I'm sending. Do you hear me.

KANE
Receiving.

LAMBERT
Receiving.

DALLAS
All right. Keep away from the
weapons unless I say otherwise.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash descends companionway to blister.
Punches up screens and instrumentation.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

DALLAS
Open the hatch.

Another servo whine.
Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.
Clouds of dust and steam swirl before the three crew members.
A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.
Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The trio walk down the gangplank.
Arrive at surface level.
Their feet striking onto a thick layer of lava rock.
The wind at gale force.

DALLAS
Which way.

LAMBERT
Over here.

DALLAS
You lead.

Lambert walks into the storm.
Followed closely by the others.

LAMBERT
Now I can't see a God damn thing.

ASH
(voice over)
Turn on the finder.

DALLAS
It's on...Ash are you receiving.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash leaning over his console.
Watches them beneath him.
Corresponding images on the screen in front of him.

ASH
See you. Read you. Good contact
on my board.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Getting you clear and free. Let's
keep the line open.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The three crew members push their way along.
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.
The wind and dust continues driving down in dark sheets.
Lambert repeats.

LAMBERT
Can't see more than three meters
in any direction.

KANE
Quit griping.

LAMBERT
I like griping.

DALLAS
Come on.

They wade on, following Lambert.
She halts abruptly.
Confused.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash watches intently.
Images on each screen of the trio.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
I've got it again.

ASH
Any problems.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Yeah. A lot of dust and wind.
Starting to get some fade on the
beam.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The trio moves through a dark limbo.

LAMBERT
This way.

Lambert indicates left.
Moves in that direction.
The others follow.
The storm growing.

KANE
It's close.

They approach a towering rock formation.
The transmission stops.

LAMBERT
It's gone again.

KANE
Did we pass it.

DALLAS
Not unless it's underground.
Let's take a break.

They shelter with the rock formation.
Storm howls round them.
Dallas adjusts headset.
The signal starts.

DALLAS
I've got it again. Let's go.

LAMBERT
How about our break.

DALLAS
No. Let's move on while we've
got the signal, again.

Dallas gets up.

They stand for a moment...

Then move away from the rock formation.
Fossilized into the other side of the rock is a shape.
Fifteen feet tall.
Unseen by the members of the party.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash receiving the video transmission.
Notices something within the formation.
Freezes the image.
Enlarges it.
Enlarges again.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
Then the sun is up.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

Brett and Parker still at work.
Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph...

RIPLEY

You ought to be able to handle
the rest.

PARKER

Don't worry.

RIPLEY

If you run into trouble, I'll be
on the bridge.

BRETT

Right.

She leaves.

PARKER

Bitch.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

Ash still working on the video image.
Enhances the enlargement.
Transfers the image to cathode ray.
The image reveals itself to be a giant form. Indistinct.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY

(voice over)
How's it going.

Ash quickly shuts off the video image.
Hits the intercom.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley at her console.
Looking at Ash on her screen.
Ash's video image not visible to Ripley.

ASH

(voice over)
All right.

RIPLEY

Have you tried putting the
transmission through ECIU.

ASH
(voice over)
Mother hasn't identified it as yet.
It's not a language.

RIPLEY
I'll give it a shot.

ASH
(voice over)
Be my guest.

She pushes some button.
The noise is now heard on her speaker.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Dust clearing.
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Empty landscape.
Then Kane comes up over a rise startled by what he sees.
Suddenly the transmission is deafening.

KANE
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

A gargantuan construction rising from the rock.
Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Noise still at shrill pitch.
All members of the party shouting into their voice-amps.

KANE
Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT
Are you sure. It's weird...

DALLAS
Ash, can you see this.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

ASH
Yeah. Never seen one like it.
Neither has Mother.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Keep checking for enhancement.

ASH
Whatever the transmission is,
it's inside that.

KANE
(voice over)
I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Hold on. Ash, I don't see any
lights or movements. Do you.

ASH
I can't get any reading.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

ASH
(voice over)
It's putting out so much power
I just can't get any reading.

Dallas shuts off his receiver.
Sudden quiet.
A long moment.

DALLAS
It looks pretty dead from here.
We'll approach the base.

They move toward the ship.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

Ash still adjusting image of form in rock.
It suddenly resolves.
A skeleton. Fifteen feet long.
He enlarges the image.

DALLAS
(voice over)
There's only one thing I can...

Dallas' voice fades in and out.
As do their images on the screen.

ASH
Dallas...
(frantically punches
buttons on console)
Dallas...Do you read me.

No reply.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.
Over the speakers Dallas' voice fades in.

DALLAS
(voice over)
No sign of life. No lights...
No movement...

She studies a long series of binary programs...

DALLAS
(voice over)
We're beneath the base.

His voice fades into static.
Disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

The lower part of the entrance filled with dust and pumice.

KANE
Looks like an entrance.

DALLAS
Yeah... Let's move inside...

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

INT. CHAMBER - DAY

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.
Walls covered with shadowy lattices.

Ghostly light filters dust-filled air.
A few meters in an opening appears.
Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.
Only blackness.
He unclips the light from his belt.
Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS
It just goes down... smooth walls.
I can't see the bottom, light
won't reach.

Kane and Lambert come over.
Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS
Let's take a look around here
first.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.
Dallas shines his light about, sees...
A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.
Round opening at the top, empty within.
Then Dallas shines his light on nearby lattice...
Moves closer.

DALLAS
Over here.

They approach.
Train their lights along the floor.
A machine.
On the mechanism, a small bar moves steadily back
and forth.
Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE
Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT
Automatic recording.

Dallas snaps it off.

DALLAS
Now for a look down below.
(looks at Kane)
This is your big chance.

KANE
Okay.

DALLAS
Don't unhook yourself from the
cable. Be out in less than ten
minutes. Read me.

KANE
Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod over the opening in the floor.
Unspools a couple of feet of wire.
Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.
Climbs over the lip and drops it into the hole.
Now hanging by the wire...
Head and shoulders out of the opening.
Kane activates the climbing unit.
Lowers himself into the fissure.

INT. STRUCTURE OPENING

Kane braces his feet against the wall of the vertical shaft.
Switches on his light, points it into the depths.
The beam penetrates only thirty feet or so, then is lost in
darkness.

KANE

Hotter in here. Warm air rising
from below.

He starts down, playing out the line.
Descending in short leaps.
Stops to catch his breath.
Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.
A little sunlight filters from above.
Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole...
A glowing spot of light.

DALLAS

(voice over)
You okay in there.

KANE

Haven't hit bottom yet.
This is work. Can't talk now.

He kicks off and continues down.
Taking longer and longer hops as he gains confidence.
Pausing for a moment to regain his breath, he shines the
light on his instruments.

KANE

I'm below ground level.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.
Gets a readout.
Looks worried.
Speaks into communicator.

RIPLEY

Ash, tell Dallas Mother speculates
that the noise is some kind of
warning.

ASH

(voice over)
I can't tell him anything. I've
lost contact. The transmission
around the ship is killing all
communications.

Pause.

RIPLEY

I'm going out after them.

ASH

(voice over)
I don't think so. We can't
spare the personnel. We've
got minimum takeoff capability
right now. That's why Dallas
left us on board.

RIPLEY

I still think we should go after
them.

ASH

(voice over)
What's the point. In the time
it take to get there. They'll
know if it's a warning.

Ripley looks steadily at Ash on her monitor.
His screen, not visible to her, shows blowup of helmeted,
skeletal head. Not human.

INT. STRUCTURE

Kane resumes his downward climb.
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the shaft disappear.
The tunnel has reached its end.
Below him is a dark, cavernous space.
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS
(voice over)
See anything?

KANE
No...Tunnel's gone. Cave or
something below me. Feels like
the goddamn tropics in here...

He consults his instruments.
Helmet instrumentation strobing softly in the darkness.

KANE
...high nitrogen content, no
oxygen...

Still puffing, he releases his purchase on the stone walls.
Begins to lower himself on power.
Now Kane is dangling free in darkness.
Spinning slowly on the wire as the chest unit unwinds.
Then his feet hit bottom.
Kane grunts in surprise, almost loses his balance.
He flashes his suit lights.
The beams reveal that he is in a large hold.
Row after row of extrusions stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE
This is weird.

DALLAS
(voice over)
What do you mean.

KANE
There's something all over the
walls.

Kane walks across the chamber.
Examines the organic protrusions.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
How long till sunset.

LAMBERT
Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. HOLD

Kane approaches the center of the room.
On the floor are rows of leathery ovoid shapes.
He walks around them.
Shines his light on one.

KANE
It's like some kind of storage
area. Is anybody there. Do
you read me.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Loud and clear.

KANE
The place is full of leathery

things sealed...soft to the touch.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Can you see what's in them.

KANE
I'll give it a look.

He tries to open one of them.
It won't open.

KANE
Strange feeling to it.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Don't open it. You don't know what's in it.

Kane peers closely at the leathery ovoids.
Turns away.
Raised areas begin to appear where he touched it.
He moves his light along the rows.
Turns back to the one he was examining.
Something has changed.
The opaque surface begins to clear.
Object becoming visible within.
Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of it.
He studies it.

KANE
Jesus...

DALLAS
(voice over)
What.

Viscera and mandible now visible.
The interior surface spongy and irregular.
Kane shines the light inside.
With shocking violence, a small creature smashes outward.
Fixes itself to his mask.
Sizzling sound.
The creature melts through the mask.
Attaches itself to Kane's face.
Kane tears at the thing with his hands.
His mouth forced open.
He falls backward.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

DALLAS
Kane...Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

DALLAS
We better haul him out.

LAMBERT
It'll yank him right off his feet if he's not expecting it.

DALLAS
Try him again.

LAMBERT
Kane...Kane...Goddamn it. Answer me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the wench mechanism.

DALLAS
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT

He doesn't answer.

(pause)

Do you think he could have unhooked himself.

Dallas switches on the winch motor.
With a whine, it begins to reel the line in.
After a moment the line tightens with a jerk.
The motor slows, laboring under added weight.

DALLAS

It caught.

LAMBERT

Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS

No, it's coming.

LAMBERT

I can't see anything.

Dallas shines his light down into the hole.
Shakes his head.

DALLAS

Line's still moving.

A long moment.
Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS

Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS

Get ready to grab him.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.
Dangles limply from the wire.
Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS

Look out. There's something on his face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT

What is it.

Kane appears to be completely unconscious.
The life form is still wrapped motionless around his face.

LAMBERT

Oh Jesus.

DALLAS

Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.
Lift him from the hole.

INT. ENTRANCE TO DERELICT - SUNSET

Kane is now pinioned between Dallas and Lambert.
The storm raging through and beyond the entrance...
Dallas begins to assemble travois.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.

And the sun is down.
The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.
Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.
Ripley waiting on the bridge.
Ash stares at his inactive monitors.
Suddenly:

ASH
We've got them. They're back
on the screens.

RIPLEY
How many.

ASH
Three blips. They're coming
this way.

Ripley presses transmitter.

RIPLEY
Dallas, Lambert. Can you read me.

DALLAS
(voice over)
We hear you. We're coming back...
Kane's injured... We'll need some
help getting him in.

Ripley stares at the screen.

ASH
I'll go.

Ash moves from the room.
Ripley remains seated at her console.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois towards landing
leg.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Ash comes down the steps.
Hurries to the inner door lock.
Presses the wall voice-amp.

ASH
Ripley, I'm by the inner lock
hatch.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Okay.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Parker comes running up.

PARKER
What's going on.

ASH
Kane got hurt somehow.

PARKER
How bad.

Ash shrugs.
Brett appears at the top of the companionway.
Puzzled look on his face.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley seated alone in the room.
Dallas appears as a huge image on all screens.
Lambert behind him.
Kane pinioned to Dallas.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY
Right here.

DALLAS
(voice over)
We're coming up. Open the
lock.

RIPLEY
What happened to Kane. I need
a clear definition.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Some kind of organism. It's
attached itself to him. Let
us in.
(long moment)
You hear me. Open the lock.

RIPLEY
If we let it in, the ship could
be infected.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Goddamn it. Open the hatch.

RIPLEY
We've already broken every rule
or quarantine. If we bring an
organism on board, we won't have
a single layer of defense left.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
Open the God damn hatch. We
have to get him inside.

RIPLEY
I can't. If you were in my
position you'd do the same.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I read you. The answer is negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.
A red light goes on.
Servo whine.
Followed by a solid metallic chunk.

ASH
Inner hatch open.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ripley staring at the console.
She can't believe what she sees.
Turns to the viewscreens.
Watches Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

The servo again turns over.
Another clunk.
The outer door has closed.
Red light off.
The inner door slides open.
Dallas and Lambert stagger into passageway.
Carry Kane's body between them.
Dallas pulls off his helmet.

DALLAS
Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH
God.

PARKER
Is it alive.

LAMBERT
I don't know, but don't touch it.

DALLAS
Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT
Right.

Ash and Brett move in carefully to help with the limp burden.

INT. INFIRMARY

Kane's helmet.
Hands begin to open it with a laser cutter.
The helmet separates easily.
The two halves part...
...The life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.
Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.
Tries to pull it free.
Unsuccessful.
The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASH
Let me try.

Ash takes a pair of pliers from a rack.
Carefully grasps the tip of the Creature.
Squeezes tightly.
Leans back.

DALLAS
You're tearing his face.

A trickle of blood appears on Kane's cheek.

BRETT
It's not going to come off without
pulling his whole face off at the
same time.

DALLAS
Let the machine work on him.

The Ash presses a switch.
The machine lights up.
Kane is sucked into a slot on the wall.
Visible inside through the glass layer.
A blinding colored light performs antiseptis.

Two video monitors pop on.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Ripley appears.
Dallas turns and looks at her.
A long moment.

DALLAS
When I give an order, I expect
it to be obeyed.

RIPLEY
Even if it's against the law.

DALLAS
That's right.

Lambert steps forward and slaps Ripley across the face.
Ripley slowly puts her hand to her cheek.

LAMBERT
You were going to leave us out there.

PARKER
Maybe she should have. Who the
hell knows what that is.

BRETT
Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.
A moment.

RIPLEY
Let's call it settled.

Lambert gives her a curt nod.
Ash turns attention to the instrumentation.

RIPLEY
Somebody fill me in.

DALLAS
He went into the structure alone,
we lost radio contact. When we
pulled him out, it was on his face...

ASH
Where did it come from...

DALLAS
Somewhere inside that ship.

PARKER
How the hell is he breathing.

They study the monitors.

ASH
Blood's thoroughly oxygenated.

DALLAS
How. His nose and mouth seem
to be blocked.

ASH
We better look inside his head.

Ash punches three buttons.
An X-ray image appears.
A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.
The Alien is clearly visible.
A maze of complicated biology.
Kane's jaws are forced open.
The creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and
throat.

The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

BRETT

It's got something down his goddamn throat.

ASH

That must be how it's getting oxygen to him.

RIPLEY

It doesn't make sense. It paralyzes him, puts him into a coma, then keeps him alive.

PARKER

Let's kill it. We can't leave the damn thing on him.

ASH

I don't know. At the moment the Creature is keeping him alive. If we remove it we might terminate Kane...

DALLAS

I don't think so. Let's take the chance and cut it off him.

ASH

You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS

That's right.

Slips into surgical gloves.
Presses a switch, Kane slides back out of the booth.

DALLAS

Give me the knife.

Ripley takes a surgical laser blade from the case.
Carefully passes it to Dallas.
He manipulates the knife until he has a comfortable grip.
Flicks a small button with his thumb.
The blade begins to hum.
Dallas advances on Kane's prostrate form.
Touches the scalpel to the Creature.
The electronic blade slices effortlessly downward.
Suddenly a urine-like fluid begins to drip from the wound.

DALLAS

Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.
Starts to hiss.
Smoke curls up from the stain.
Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.
Then drips onto the deck below.
Metal bubbling and sizzling.
More smoke rising, sending the crew into a coughing jag.
The crew jostle their way out of the cabin.
Huddle in the passageway outside, still coughing.
Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound.
In the process, smoke of the fluid gets on Dallas's gloves.
They begin to smoke.
Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.
Then runs out into the corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

BRETT

Shit. It's going to eat through the decks and go out the hull...

He starts to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas wrenches an emergency lamp from a socket.
Hurls himself down a companionway.
The others follow.

DALLAS

There.

A droplet of fluid is sizzling on the ceiling bulkhead.
It oozes down.
Drips to the deck.
Continues to bubble.
Then goes through the bulkhead.

ASH

What can we put under it.

Ripley and Parker charge down the companionway below.

INT. SECOND LEVEL - "C" DECK

Ripley and Parker move cautiously down the passageway.
Look up to the ceiling bulkhead.

PARKER

Don't get under it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas, Brett and Ash crouch by the spot where the acid sizzles.
Ash fishes a pen out of his pocket.
Probes the hole in the deck.

ASH

It's stopped penetrating.

Ripley comes charging back up.

RIPLEY

What's happening.

ASH

I think it's lost steam. No longer active.

Ripley checks the opening.
Ash straightens up.
Starts to put the pen back in his pocket.
Changes his mind and stands holding it by the end.

ASH

I've never seen anything like that, except molecular acid...

BRETT

This thing uses it for blood.

ASH

It's the asbestos that stopped it, otherwise it would have gone straight through.

DALLAS

Wonderful defense mechanism.
You don't dare kill it.

Parker comes up the companionway.

PARKER

It's stopped bleeding.

DALLAS

Yeah. After it penetrated two levels.

RIPLEY

What about Kane.

Starts up companionway.

INT. INFIRMARY

They return.

Kane still motionless on the bunk.

The Alien remains secured to his face.

Wound completely healed over.

PARKER

Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS

Doesn't look like it.

BRETT

Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH

Healed over.

LAMBERT

There must be some way we can get
it off.

And look at Dallas.

ASH

I don't think you ought to try
again. It didn't work out too well
last time.

Dallas gives him a look in return.

Ripley presses a button.

Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.

More buttons pressed.

Display lights up again, showing the different parts of
Kane's body.

ASH

I better get some intravenous
feeding started. So far I can't
tell what the Alien has absorbed
from his system.

The machine begins to process Kane's body.

RIPLEY

What's the stain on his lungs.

The X-ray reveals a spreading dark blot in the chest cavity.

At the center, the stain is completely opaque.

ASH

Whatever it is, it's blocking
the X-ray.

A long moment.

The stain spreads.

BRETT

What happens now.

Ash sets aside his partially melted pen.

Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS

You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett at work in the cubicle.

Parker supervising him.

BRETT
I think I've got it. Give it a try.

Parker pushes a button.
Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER
Nothing.

BRETT
Damn. I was sure that was it.

PARKER
Well, it wasn't. Try the next one.

BRETT
Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
What's happening.

PARKER
This goddamn woman. I'll tell her what's happening. My Johnson is happening.
(punches the communicator)
A lot of hard work. Real work.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

PARKER
(voice over)
You ought to try it sometime.

RIPLEY
I've got the toughest job on this ship...

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY
I have to listen to your bullshit.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

PARKER
Get off my back.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I'll get off your back when 12 module is fixed.

She clicks off.
Parker turns away.

PARKER
Smart mouth broad.

INT. INFIRMARY

Ash running test on the equipment.
Kane respirating on the view screens above.
Still deep within a coma.
All instruments recording his life processes.
The Alien's position unchanged.
Ripley approaches.
Sits near Ash.

RIPLEY
Anything new.

ASH
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY
What about the Creature.

ASH
It's got an outer layer of protein polysaccharides. A lot of Amino Acids for prolonged resistance to adverse environmental conditions... That enough for you.

RIPLEY
Plenty. What's it mean.

ASH
Interesting combination of elements making it one tough little son-of-a-bitch...

RIPLEY
Is that why you let it in.

ASH
I was following a direct order. Remember.

RIPLEY
While Dallas and Kane are off the ship, I'm Senior Officer.

ASH
Yes, of course -- I forgot.

RIPLEY
You also forgot the science division's basic quarantine law.

ASH
No. That I didn't forget.

RIPLEY
You just broke it.

ASH
What would you have done with Kane... His only chance at staying alive was to get into the infirmary.

RIPLEY
By breaking quarantine procedure you risk everybody's life.

ASH
Maybe I should have let him die out there. Maybe I have jeopardized the rest of us...It's a risk I'm willing to take.

RIPLEY
This is your official position as a science officer. Not exactly out of the manual.

ASH
The first position of science is the protection and betterment of human life. I take my responsibility as seriously as you do... you do your job and I'll do mine.

Ripley stands...looks at Ash.
Walks out.

INT. MESS

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.
Cat's Cradle.
Both looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.
His foot tapping with the rhythm.
Beep.
An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH

(voice over)

I think you should have a
look at Kane. Something's
happened.

DALLAS

Serious.

ASH

(voice over)

Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

Ash stares through window.
Dallas joins him.
Ripley appears behind.
A long pause.

DALLAS

It's gone.

Kane's prone form.
The Alien is no longer on his face.
Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.
Face covered with sucker marks.

RIPLEY

The door is closed. It must still
be in there.

ASH

We can't open the door. We don't
want to let it out.

RIPLEY

Yeah, I remember. We can't grab
it. We can't kill it...

DALLAS

Maybe we can catch it.

ASH

As long as we're careful not to
damage it.

INT. INFIRMARY

They enter cautiously.
Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.
Picking up a stainless steel tray.
Looking.
Ash and Ripley do the same.
Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.
Nothing.

Accidentally kicks over a tray.
She stands.
Doesn't see the Alien on a ledge above her.
Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.
It drops on her.
She screams. Twists.
The Alien drops to the floor.
Then lies motionless.
Its skin faded to a dead-looking grey.
Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.
Prods the Alien.
No response.

ASH
I think it's dead.
(looks to Ripley)
You okay.

RIPLEY
Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.
Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.
Quickly closes the lid.
Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.
Bright light trained on the Alien.
The Creature in a supine position.
Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH
Look at those suckers. No wonder
we couldn't get it off him.

RIPLEY
Where's its mouth.

ASH
It's this tube-thing, up in
here.
(carefully extracts
the end of the organ)
It's hardening.
(slips the Creature
under a fluoroscope)
It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY
Let's get rid of it.

ASH
This has to go back. This is
our first contact with a
specimen like this. All kinds
of tests need to be run.

RIPLEY
That thing bled acid. God
knows what it'll do when
it's dead.

ASH
I think it's safe to assume
it's not a zombie... Dallas, we
have to keep this specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS
You're the science officer. It's
your decision.

ASH
Then it's made... I'll seal it
in a stasis tube.

Pause.

RIPLEY

What about Kane.

Ash turns back to the bunk.
Studies the life support gauges.
Kane continues to breathe steadily.

ASH

Running a fever. And still
unconscious. The machine will
bring his temperature down.
His vital functions are strong...
who knows, he may make it.

Ash begins to seal the Alien in a large vacuum tube.

RIPLEY

I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY

How could you leave that kind
of decision to him.

DALLAS

I just run the ship. Anything
that has to do with science
division, Ash has the final word.

RIPLEY

How does that happen.

DALLAS

Same way everything else happens.
Orders from the Company.

RIPLEY

Since when is that standard
procedure.

DALLAS

Standard procedure is do what
they tell you... Besides, I only
know about flying... I haul cargo
for a living.

RIPLEY

Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS

First time. I went five hauls
with another science man. Then
two days before we left Thedus,
replaced him with Ash.

She looks at him.

DALLAS

So what. They replaced my
warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY

I don't trust him.

DALLAS

I don't trust anybody...What's
holding up repairs.

RIPLEY

They're pretty much finished now.

DALLAS

Why didn't you say so?

RIPLEY

There are still some thing left
to do.

DALLAS

Like what?

RIPLEY

We're blind on B and C decks.
Reserve power systems blown...

DALLAS

That's crap. We can take off
without them.

RIPLEY

Is that a good idea.

DALLAS

I want to get out of here.
Let's get this turkey off the
ground.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

The Nostromo's engines roaring.
Belching out streams of superheated air.
The starship vibrates.
Begins to surge forward.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

The crew at their posts.
An electrical hum permeates the air.

RIPLEY

Lock tractor beams.

The pitch of the hum changes.
The ship levels itself.

RIPLEY

Retract leading struts.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

The Nostromo hovering above the ground.
Held on beams of shimmering force.
The landing struts begin folding.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

DALLAS

Take us up.

Lambert bends over the voice amplifier.

LAMBERT

One kilometer on ascension.

INT. PLANET

The Nostromo begins to levitate skyward.
Seemingly pushing upward on the beams of light.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The ship continues vibrating.

DALLAS

Switch on lifter quads.

A powerful, deep throbbing begins.
The vibrations increase.

RIPLEY
(into speaker)
Everything holding together
down there.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in and vibrating.

PARKER
We fix something it stays fixed.

BRETT
Right.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

The starship hovering below cloud ceiling.
Then begins to accelerate through the dense atmosphere.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

All viewscreens operational.

DALLAS
Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT
Engaged.

DALLAS
Altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

PARKER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Dust is clogging the damn intakes
again. We're overloading.

DALLAS
Just hold us together until
we're beyond G1...

The pitch of the engines changes...deepens.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

The ship moves at an acute angle.
Slices through the boiling clouds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett watching the gauges.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Outside the screens, clouds, clouds, clouds.
Another tremor runs through the ship.
The crew's eyes riveted to their instruments.

DALLAS
Let's pick up the money and go
home.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.
Trailing a wake of glimmering dust flecks.
Attached itself to the hovering refinery.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett waves his arms in exultation.

BRETT

We did it

PARKER

Walk in the park. When we fix something it stays fixed.

Big smiles.

INT. BRIDGE

The Nostromo now safely beyond gravity.

DALLAS

Set our course and get us up to light plus four.

Lambert begins punching buttons.

LAMBERT

Feets get me out of here.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo now at light speed.
Preceptible movement in the surrounding universe.
A corona effect emerges.
Stars approaching the Nostromo appear blue.
Receding stars going to amber.
Redshift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

INT. MESS

Parker, Brett, Dallas and Ripley around the table.
Drinking coffee.

PARKER

The best thing to do is just to freeze him. Stop the goddam disease. He can get a doctor to look at him when we get back home.

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

Whenever he says anything you say 'right'. You know that, Brett.

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

What do you think, Parker. Your staff just follows you around and says 'right'. Like a regular parrot.

Parker turns to Brett.

PARKER

Yeah. Shape up. What are you, some kind of parrot.

BRETT

Right.

DALLAS

Knock it off... Kane will have to go into quarantine.

RIPLEY

Yeah. And so will we.

Lambert enters.

LAMBERT
How about a little something to
lower your spirits.

DALLAS
Thrill me.

LAMBERT
According to my calculations...
based on the time spent getting
to and from the planet and the
speed at which it's moving away
from the other...

DALLAS
Give me the short version...

LAMBERT
It'll take us six weeks to get
back on course.

DALLAS
How far to Earth.

LAMBERT
Ten months.

RIPLEY
Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS
Dallas.

ASH
(voice over)
Come and see Kane right away...

DALLAS
Any change in his condition.

ASH
(voice over)
It's simpler if you just come
see him.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

What they see is...Not what they expect.
Kane is sitting up in bed...wide awake.
They enter...

LAMBERT
Kane...Are you all right.

KANE
Mouth's dry...can I have some
water.

Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup and water.
Kane gulps it down in a swallow.

KANE
More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container.
Hands it to Kane.
He greedily consumes the entire contents.
Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS
How do you feel.

KANE
Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH
You don't remember.

KANE
Don't remember anything. I can barely remember my name.

PARKER
Do you hurt.

KANE
All over. Feel like somebody's been beating me with a stick for about six years.
(smiles)
God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY
What's the last thing you can remember.

KANE
I don't know.

DALLAS
Do you remember what happened on the planet.

KANE
Just some horrible dream about smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY
We're on our way home.

BRETT
Getting ready to go back into the freezers.

KANE
I'm starving. I want some food first.

PARKER
I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS
One meal before bed.

INT. MESS

The entire crew is seated.
Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.
The cat eats from a dish on the table.

KANE
First thing I'm going to do when we get back is eat some decent food.

PARKER
I've had worse than this, but I've had better too, if you know what I mean.

LAMBERT
Christ, you're pounding down this stuff like there's no tomorrow.

Pause.

PARKER
I mean I like it.

KANE
No kidding.

PARKER

Yeah. It grows on you.

KANE

It should. You know what they make this stuff out of...

PARKER

I know what they make it out of. So what. It's food now. You're eating it.

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY

What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT

What's the matter.

KANE

I don't know... I'm getting cramps.

The others stare at him in alarm. Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise. Clutches the edge of the table with his hands. Knuckles whitening.

ASH

Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE

Oh God, it hurts so bad. It hurts. It hurts.
(stands up)
Ooooooh.

BRETT

What is it. What hurts.

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony. He falls back into his chair.

KANE

Ohmygooooaaahh.

A red stain.
Then a smear of blood blossoms on his chest.
The fabric of his shirt is ripped apart.
A small head the size of a man's fist pushes out.
The crew shouts in panic.
Leap back from the table.
The cat spits, bolts away.
The tiny head lunges forward.
Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.
Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.
Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.
Wiggles away while the crew scatters.
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.
Kane lies slumped in his chair.
Very dead.
A huge hole in his chest.
The dishes are scattered.
Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT

No, no, no, no, no.

BRETT

What was that. What the Christ was that.

PARKER

It was growing in him the whole time and he didn't even know it.

ASH

It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY

That means we've got another one.

DALLAS

Yeah. And it's loose on the ship.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse. Then they all look at one another. Then at Kane. Dead on the table.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK

Empty.

Parker and Brett descend companioway. They join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALLAS

Any signs.

LAMBERT

Nothing.

ASH

Nothing.

PARKER

Didn't see a goddamn thing.

BRETT

Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY

We can't go into hypersleep with that thing running loose. We'd be sitting ducks in the freezers. We have to kill it first.

LAMBERT

We can't kill it. If we do, it will spill its body acids right through the hull...

BRETT

Son-of-a-bitch.

RIPLEY

We have to catch it and eject it from the ship.

ASH

Our supplies are based on us spending a limited amount of time out of suspended animation. Strictly limited.

RIPLEY

First we have to find it.

DALLAS

No. First we've got something else to do.

He looks at Kane's body through mess doorway.

INT. AIR LOCK

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew looking at Kane's body on view screens.
Silent.
Depressed.

DALLAS
Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS
Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.
He nods to Ripley.
She presses a button.

INT. AIR LOCK

The outer hatch opens.
Yawning space outside.
Kane's body shoots out into eternity.
The hatch closes.

INT. MESS

The crew is assembled.

RIPLEY
I've checked on the supplies.
For about a week we can stay
out of hypersleep.

BRETT
Then what.

LAMBERT
We run out of food and oxygen.

DALLAS
All right, that's what we've got.
A week. It's plenty of time.

PARKER
I say we put on our pressure
suits and blow all the air out
of the ship. That might kill it.

LAMBERT
What a swell idea.

PARKER
What's wrong with it.

ASH
We've got forty-eight hours of
air in our pressure suits and
it takes six months to get home.

LAMBERT
Other than that...A swell idea.

Parker won't give up on this idea.

PARKER
Maybe we could cut some kind
of special lines to the tanks.
Brett and I are pretty good
practical engineers...We got
us back up you know.

RIPLEY
All by yourselves.

ASH

I hate to point this out but
it might be better off without
oxygen. It lived that way long
enough.

RIPLEY

There's another problem. How
do we find it. There's no
visual communication on B and
C decks. All the screens are
out.

DALLAS

We're going to have to flush it
out.

ASH

Sounds great...but how.

DALLAS

Room by room, corridor by corridor.

One of those suggestions that nobody likes.

LAMBERT

And what do we do when we find it.

RIPLEY

Trap it somehow.

BRETT

If we had a really strong piece
of net, we could bag it... I could
put something together. A long
metal rod with a battery in it.
Only take a few hours.

LAMBERT

Why do we listen to this meathead.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS

He might be right...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

INT. INFIRMARY

Dallas enters.

Ash working at a read-out section.

DALLAS

I want to talk.

ASH

I'm a little busy at the
moment.

Pause.

DALLAS

I don't care.

Pause.

ASH

All right, go ahead.

DALLAS

Why did you let the Alien survive
inside Kane.

ASH

I'm not sure you're getting

through to me.

DALLAS

Mother was monitoring his body.
You were monitoring Mother. You
must have had some idea of what
was going on.

ASH

What are you trying to say.

A long moment.

DALLAS

You want the Alien to stay alive
...I figure you have a reason.

ASH

Name one.

DALLAS

Look, we both work for the same
company. I just want to know
what's going on.

ASH

I don't know what the hell you're
talking about. And I don't like
any of the insinuations. The
Alien is a dangerous form of
life...I don't want it to stay
alive any more than you do.

DALLAS

You're sure.

ASH

Yeah, I'm sure. You should be
too.

Dallas walks out.

Ash watches him go.

Stares in his direction a long while...

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.

Staring at the myriad lights of outer space.

Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY

I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS

Are the nets finished.

Pause.

RIPLEY

We've got an hour...Look I
need some relief.

DALLAS

Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY

Let me tell you something. You
keep staring out there long
enough, they'll be peeling you
off the wall.

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS

We're the new pioneers, Ripley.
We even get to have our own
special disease.

RIPLEY

I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

DALLAS

You waited too long.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.

His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew has assembled.

Brett unfolds several yards of asbestos netting.

Hands out five thin rods.

Each of them like metal broom handles.

BRETT

I put portable generators in
each of these. They're insulated
down here. Just be goddamn careful
not to get your hand on the end.

He touches the tip to a metal object.

A blue spark leaps.

BRETT

It won't damage the little bastard
unless its skin is a lot thinner
than ours...It'll just give it a
little incentive.

LAMBERT

Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH

I've taken care of that...tracking
device. You set it to search for
a moving object...It hasn't much
range but when you get within a
certain distance it starts beeping.

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY

What's it key on.

ASH

Micro changes in air density.
Keep it pointed ahead of you.

DALLAS

We'll break into two teams.
Whoever finds it first catches
it in the net and ejects it
from the nearest air lock.

(pause)

For starters, let's make sure
the bridge is safe.

Parker turns on his unit.

Scans it around the room.

LAMBERT

We seem to be okay...If this
damn thing works.

DALLAS

Ash and myself will go with Lambert. Brett and Parker will make up the second team. Ripley, you command it.

They start doling out the equipment.

DALLAS

Channels are open on all decks. We'll be in constant touch.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

Lambert and Dallas carry the net. Ash walks directly behind, carrying the tracking device. He continually scans from side to side. Lambert stops by a stairwell.

LAMBERT

Anything down there.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Ripley move silently along. Ripley ahead of them with the tracker by the stairwell.

RIPLEY

Nothing.

The move on. A small light flashes.

RIPLEY

Hold it. I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense. Start looking around.

BRETT

Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY

Machine's screwed up. I can't tell. Needle's spinning all over the dial.

BRETT

Goddamn, malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side. The needles stabilize.

RIPLEY

No, just confused. It's coming from below us.

They all look down at their feet.

INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down ladder onto an endless oily corridor. They stop at the foot of the companionway... They move down corridor into darkness.

RIPLEY

Okay.

Looks at the tracker. Nods down the passageway. Stops.

RIPLEY

Back this way.

They begin to walk in that direction.
Entering drab section of the ship.
Surrounded by deep shadows.
Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

RIPLEY
I thought you fixed 12 module.

BRETT
We did.

PARKER
Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY
Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY
It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.
Moves with great care.
Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.
Perspiration rivers down her face.
She sets aside the tracker.
Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.
Yanks it open.
Jams the electric prod inside.
A nerve-shattering squall.
Then a small creature comes flying out of the locker.
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.
Very annoyed.
They open the net and release the captive.
Which happens to be the cat.
Hissing and spitting...it scampers away.

RIPLEY
God damn it...hold it.

PARKER
We should have killed it...Now
we might pick it up on the
tracker again.

RIPLEY
Go get it. We'll go on.

BRETT
Right.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.
Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.
Looking for the cat.
Nervous.

BRETT
Jones...Here kitty...Jones...
Goddamn it Jones.

Scratching noises.
A reassuring cat yowl.
Brett moves on.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL

Ripley and Parker walk along.
Tracker signal weakens.
Finally stops.

RIPLEY
Nothing here.

PARKER
Let's go back.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL

Brett enters.
Still looking for Jones.
Another yowl followed by a hiss.
Two eyes shining in the dark.
Jones.
Relieved, Brett moves toward the cat.

BRETT
Here kitty...Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.
Jones hisses.
An arm reaches for Brett.
The Alien.
Now seven feet tall.
Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.
Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.
Brett screams.
To no avail...
In the doorway Ripley and Parker.
They witness the horror.

INT. MESS

The remaining crew assemble.
Long faces.

LAMBERT
Now what.

PARKER
Blast the rotten bastard with
a laser and take our chances.

RIPLEY
No. At its present size it's
holding enough acid to tear a
hole in this ship as big as this
room.

ASH
It wouldn't do any good. It's
self-regenerating. You saw that
when we operated on it.

RIPLEY
The only plan that's going to
work is the same one we had
before. Drive it into an air
lock and blow it out into space.

PARKER
Drive it...The son-of-a-bitch
is huge.

LAMBERT
For once he has a point. How
do we drive it.

RIPLEY
The science department should
be able to help...

ASH

According to Mother, he's a primitive form of encephlepod...

LAMBERT

How come it's a he.

ASH

Just a phrase. As a matter of fact he's both, bisexual or hermaphrodite to be precise.

DALLAS

Skip its sex life. How do we kill it.

ASH

It seems to have adapted to an oxygen-rich atmosphere and it's certainly adapted well for its nutritional requirements. The only thing we don't know about is temperature.

RIPLEY

Curious isn't it...That the Alien is an encephlepod...

ASH

What's so curious about that.

RIPLEY

It's curious because lower species can't adapt as quickly as higher ones. And this one's doing very well. A real survivor. Might even have as good a chance as we do.

ASH

You're getting paranoid again.

RIPLEY

All right. What about the temperature. What happens if we change it.

ASH

Let's give it a try. Most animals retreat from fire.

Pause.

PARKER

I can hook up a couple of incinerating units in about fifteen minutes.

Pause.

DALLAS

Anybody got any better ideas.

Nobody does.

DALLAS

Okay. When Parker's ready, we'll work our way back down to 'C' deck.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Nostromo at light plus four.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Dallas lead.
Armed with flamethrowers.
They descend from companionway.
Suddenly both tracking devices beep frantically.
Sound of rending metal up ahead.
The move forward cautiously.

DALLAS
It's in that food locker.

EXT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 12

More rending noises.

LAMBERT
Jesus. It must be huge.

PARKER
It's got to be using the
airshafts to move around...

Dallas raises flamethrower.

DALLAS
Do these things really work.

PARKER
I made them didn't I.

RIPLEY
That's what worries me.

Dallas indicates door handle.
Parker reluctantly takes it.

DALLAS
Now.

Parker wrenches open door.
Dallas fires a long blast. Another.
Another and another...Silence.
They move inside...

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Charred wreckage.
Packages have been ripped to shreds.
Foodstuffs scattered over the floor.
Carefully, they poke through the smouldering garbage.

RIPLEY
We didn't get him.

DALLAS
This is where he went.

On the wall, a ventilator grill has been ripped open.
They move to the shredded ventilator.
Shine their lights inside the shaft.

DALLAS
This could work for us. The
duct comes out at the starboard
air lock. There's an exit on
the way. But we can close that
off. Then we drive it into the
air lock and blast it into space.

LAMBERT
Yeah. All you have to do is
crawl in the vent with it, find
your way through the maze and
hope it's afraid of fire.

DALLAS
Well Parker, you wanted an
equal share...

PARKER
Yeah.

DALLAS
Get in the pipe.

PARKER
Why me.

DALLAS
I just wanted to see you get
your full share.

PARKER
No way.

RIPLEY
I'll go.

DALLAS
Forget it. You take the
air lock. Parker and Lambert
cover the exit.

No doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

INT. STARBOARD AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

Ripley stands in vestibule.
Looks through the Bulkhead door to air lock.
She throws a switch.
Watches airshaft entrance into air lock open.
The trap is ready.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Parker and Lambert get set.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Ash hands Dallas the makeshift flamethrower.
He fires a couple of short bursts.

DALLAS
It's still working.

ASH
Why do you have to go. Why
didn't you sent Ripley.

DALLAS
It's my responsibility. I let
Kane go into the craft. Now
it's my turn.

ASH
You're the captain. It'll be
harder on the rest of us, if
we lose you.

DALLAS
Nothing I do that Ripley can't.

ASH
I don't agree.

DALLAS
The decision is final.

He removes the master computer key.
Hands it to Ash.

DALLAS
If I don't take it back,
Ripley will need this.

Ash nods.
Dallas turns and climbs into the ventilator opening.
Just large enough to crawl through.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Completely dark.
Dallas turns on his helmet light.
Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS
Do you receive me. Ripley.
Parker. Lambert.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

The hum of vast cooling plants.
Large air shafts run off in different directions.
Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.
Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT
We're in position. I'll try
and pick you up on the tracker.

Parker hefts his flamethrower.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Parker, if it tries to come
out by you, make sure you drive
it back in. I'll push it forward.

PARKER
Right.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Near the starboard air lock.
Ripley pops open the hatch.
The air lock now open and ready.
She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY
Air lock open.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ready.

RIPLEY
Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas begins to crawl forward.
The tunnel is narrow...
Only a foot or two wider than his shoulders.

DALLAS
I'm under way.

Turns a corner.
Several more tight turns.
Instinctively Dallas pulls back.
Raises the flamethrower.
Fires a blast around the corner into the darkness.
It roars loudly in the confined tube.
Smoke drifts back into his face.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

A large rectangular duct in one wall.

PARKER
That's where it's got to come
out, if it leaves the main shaft.

He throws a switch.
A metal pane rises and seals off the opening.

LAMBERT
Let's keep it open. I'd like
to know if anything's coming.

Reluctantly, Parker again throws the switch and raises the
metal pane.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley waiting.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.
Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.
He moves toward the corner.
Fires another blast from the flamethrower.
Then starts crawling down, head first.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT
Beginning to get a reading on
you.

INT. AIR SHAFT

The shaft makes yet another turn.
Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12

Ash staring at the ventilator opening.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.
Clutching his flamethrower.
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS
Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

RIPLEY
Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT

DALLAS
I don't think this shaft goes
much farther... It's getting hot
in here.

He readies the flamethrower.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air
tunnel.
Dallas crawls out and stands.
Moves to a catwalk floor. Looks about.
Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.
Sits.

His feet dangle beneath the catwalk floor to the next level.

DALLAS
Lambert, what kind of reading
are you getting.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Lambert huddled over her tracker.
Puzzled.

LAMBERT
I'm not sure. There seems
to be some kind of double
image.

INT. AIR SHAFT DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

Dallas sitting.
His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the catwalk.

DALLAS
It may be interference. I'll
push on ahead.

Dallas begins to rise.
From below, a gentle movement toward the hanging feet.
A hand reaches up.
Misses his leg as Dallas moves ahead.

Further on.

DALLAS
Lambert, am I coming in any
clearer.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
It's clear all right, but I'm
still getting two blips.
(pause)
I'm not sure which one is
which.

Dallas stops.
Turns around.
Looks back down through the catwalk.
Lowers the nose of the flamethrower, his finger on the
trigger.
From behind him, the hand reaches up.
The Alien is the front signal.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley bends forward.
Hears the sounds of the struggle...
And Dallas' screams.
She cries out.

RIPLEY
Dallas...Dallas...

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker.
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Oh my God.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

Dallas' flamethrower on the table surface.

PARKER

(voice over)
We just found it laying there.
No sign of him. Only a hole
torn through to the central
cooling complex.

The remaining crew standing at the table.

RIPLEY
This puts me in command.

PARKER
Okay.

For the first time he's dropped his bullshit.

RIPLEY
Unless someone's got a better
idea about dealing with the
Alien, we'll continue with the
last plan.

Silence.

RIPLEY
How are our weapons.

PARKER
They're working fine...We could
use more fuel for that one.

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY
Get it.

PARKER
Right.

He leaves.
Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY
Any ideas. From you or Mother.

ASH
Nothing new. Just the one
you're operating under.

RIPLEY
You mean to tell me with
everything we've got, we're
still powerless against the
Beast.

ASH
That's the way it looks.

RIPLEY
I can't believe that.

ASH
I'm sorry captain. what would
you like me to do.

RIPLEY
Go back to Mother and keep
asking questions until you
get some better answers.

ASH
All right...I'll try.

He starts to go.

RIPLEY
Dallas didn't leave the master

computer key with you.

ASH
You didn't get it.

RIPLEY
No.

ASH
Well, we probably won't need
it anyway.

He leaves.

RIPLEY
I know Ash has got the key.

LAMBERT
Why should he lie.

RIPLEY
He knows I want to check up on
him...Without that key we've got
no access to command priority
information.

LAMBERT
Swell.

Lambert shrugs.
They start to leave.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK

Parker selects two full methane cylinders.
He tests them.
Moves out.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

RIPLEY
Did you ever sleep with Ash?

LAMBERT
No. What about you.

RIPLEY
No.

LAMBERT
I never got the impression he
was particularly interested...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker returning with methane cylinder.
Turns a corner.
Comes to an abrupt halt.
A movement in front of him beyond the air lock.
He hesitates.
Then another shadowy movement...

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley and Lambert.
Parker's voice on voice-amp.
Muffled.
Ripley hits a toggle.

RIPLEY
Ripley.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER

Keep it down...

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY

Can't hear you...Repeat...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker whispering.

PARKER

The Alien...It's outside the
main air lock door. Open the
door slowly...When I shout...
close it fast.

INT. BLISTER

Ash listens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker still whispering.

PARKER

Open it...slowly.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley hesitates.
Starts to reply.
Throws switch.

INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK

Low servo whine.
Door opens.
Slowly.
Green light throbbing inside air lock.
Creature looks curiously at it.
Moves onto the threshold.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker watches...

INT. AIR LOCK

Creature move further into air lock.
Fascinated by green light.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER

Now...Now...

INT. BRIDGE

As Ripley moves to throw switch...

INT. AIR LOCK

Suddenly, from out of nowhere a klaxon wails.
The Creature leaps back across the threshold of the air lock.
Bewildered.
Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.
Acid boiling out.
The appendage crushed.
The acid bubbles.
Metal boils in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker watches.
Frozen.
The Alien wrenches itself free.
Comes flying outward.
Smashes Parker down.
Flees.
On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal still boiling.
The outer hatch begins to open.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY

Parker...

Pushes a switch.
Pushes it again.

LAMBERT

What's happening, Parker.

In front of her a green light blinks.
"Inner Hatch Closed."

RIPLEY

Inner hatch sealed. The outer
hatch is open.

LAMBERT

What about Parker.

RIPLEY

I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Air lock open.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker unconscious.

INT. AIR LOCK

The inner hatch still closed.
Metal boils.
The hole growing deeper.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal boiling in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "B" DECK

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.
Regains her balance.
Starts running.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker now half conscious.
Ripley arrives as the hole in door blows open.
Escaping air shrieks.
Flashing sign comes on.
Critical depressurization.

Emergency klaxon.
Simultaneously vestibule doors close either end.
Sealing in Ripley and Parker.
Door nearest to Parker half-closed on one of the methane cylinders.
Leaving large gap.
Windstorm begins as hole in air lock grows.
Ripley reaches for other cylinder.
Begins smashing the jammed cylinder out of door.
Blood froths at their noses and ears.
Cylinder finally is driven out.
The door slams closed.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert watches.
Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"
"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

LAMBERT

Ash, get the oxygen. Meet me at
the air lock.

Rushes out.
Down corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Ripley staggers toward an emergency panel.
At far end of corridor.
Pinging sound.
Misty atmosphere.
Tries to activate the door.
Cannot.
Lambert appears other side of bulkhead.
Activates door from outside.
Rush of oxygen.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Repressurization sounds.
Parker regains consciousness.
Struggles to breathe.
Ripley unable to move.
Breath coming in shallow pants.
Lambert with an oxygen tank.
Ash follows.
Oxygen administered to Ripley and Parker.

Finally.

ASH

You all right.

PARKER

We didn't get it. The warning
went off and it jumped back in
the ship.

ASH

Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY

You tell me.

ASH

What does that mean.

RIPLEY

I guess the alarm went off by
itself.

ASH

If you've got something to say
say it. I'm sick of these coy
accusations.

RIPLEY

Nobody's accusing you.

ASH

The hell you're not.

Sullen silence.

RIPLEY

Go patch him up.

Ash and Parker leave.

Ripley turns to Lambert.

RIPLEY

How much oxygen have we lost.
I want an exact reading.

LAMBERT

You were accusing him.

RIPLEY

If I could find the command
computer key, I could prove it.

LAMBERT

You're still accusing him of
stealing the key.

RIPLEY

You think I'm wrong.

LAMBERT

I don't know. Wrong or crazy.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

INT. BLISTER STAIRCASE

Ripley cautiously descends the stairs to the blister.
Carrying a flamethrower.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER

Looks around the blister.
Satisfied it's deserted.
She puts down the flamethrower.
Methodically begins to search for the key.
Faint tapping sound.
Then stops.
She looks around.
Sees nothing.
Resumes searching near blister window...
Ripley finds key...
Tapping sound.
She whips around to see:
Kane's disfigured face slapping against the plexiglass.
She stifles a scream.
Drops the key onto the curved surface of the blister.
Fishes for it...
Kane's bloated face swings in...
Beneath her.
She grabs the key and bolts up companionway.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

Ripley plugs the key into the board.
Data banks come to life.
She sits at a console.
Thinks for a moment.

Then punches up a code.
Nothing happens.
Punches another combination.
Nothing happens.
Frustration.
Another combination.
One screen comes to life.
Another combination.
She moves to the second keyboard.
Screen One spells out the question:
Question: WHO TURNED ON AIR LOCK 2 WARNING SYSTEM.
Response: ASH
Another code.
Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN.
Response: YES
New code.
Question: WHY
Response: SPECIAL ORDER 937 SCIENCE EYE'S ONLY
She starts a new code.
A hand slams down next to Ripley's arm.
It sinks elbow deep into the computer.
She whips around in her chair.
Faces Ash.
Ripley lashes out with her foot.
Kicks him in the middle.
No effect.
Ripley twists away.
Ash throws a punch at her.
Misses.
She pushes a chair at him.
Overturns the desk...
And runs through bridge into mess.

He moves after her.
Gets her.
Parker and Lambert burst into the Mess.
Lambert falls on Ash's back.
Ash turns to Lambert.
Tosses her across the room.
Returns to Ripley.
Again choking her.
Parker lifts the tracker.
Steps behind Ash.
Swings the tracker...Wallop.
Tears his head off...
Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.
Where his head used to be.
Ash's hands release Ripley.
Search above his neck for his missing head.
He walks backward.
All eyes on Ash's headless body.
He walks the room.
Still feeling for his missing head.

PARKER

A robot, a God damn Droid.

Ash turns on him.
Starts to advance.
Parker hits him again with the tracker...
Again.
Again.
No avail.
Ash begins choking Parker.
Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.
Closes on Ash's back.
Tears away the fabric.
Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.
Ripley tears at the controls buried in the cavity once covered by his head.
Parker's eyes bulge in pain.
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking...
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home...
Ash's grip lessens.
Another stab...electrical flash...
The grip lessens...
Another stab...flash of circuits.

The headless body collapses.
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER

Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.
Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT

Tell me...What the hell's going on.

Pause.

RIPLEY

Let's find out. Wire him back up.

PARKER

What kind of crap is that.

RIPLEY

Do it.

They set to work.
Begin to reassemble the wiring in Ash's head.

RIPLEY

Ash let it on board. Ash let it
grow inside Kane. Ash blew the
warning signal.

LAMBERT

Why.

RIPLEY

Special Order 937.

PARKER

What's that.

RIPLEY

That's what I want to know.

Ash's head is placed on the table.
His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

What is Special Order 937.

ASH

You know I can't tell you that.

RIPLEY

Then there's not point in talking
to you. Pull the plug.

ASH

Special Order 937 in essence
asked me to direct the ship to
the planet, investigate a life
form, possibly hostile and bring
it back for observation. With
discretion, of course.

RIPLEY

Why. Why not tell us.

ASH

Would you have gone.

PARKER

It wasn't in the contract.

ASH

My very point.

RIPLEY

They wanted to investigate the Alien. No matter what happened to us.

ASH

That's unfair. Actually, you weren't mentioned in the order.

LAMBERT

Those bastards.

ASH

See it from their point of view. They didn't know what the Alien is.

RIPLEY

How do we kill it.

ASH

I don't think you can. Not in this ship, given its life support systems. But I might be able to.

RIPLEY

How.

ASH

I don't know quite yet. I'm not exactly at my best at the moment. If you would reconnect...

RIPLEY

No way.

ASH

Don't be so hasty. You'll never kill it without my help.

RIPLEY

We've had enough of your help.

ASH

You've barely got any oxygen left. If you don't go into hypersleep, you'll die with or without the Alien.

RIPLEY

Nice try, Ash.

ASH

I will do whatever I can to help you. I swear it.

PARKER

Pull the plug.

LAMBERT

I agree.

ASH

You idiots. You still don't realize what you're dealing with. The Alien is a perfect organism. Superbly structured, cunning, quintessentially violent. With your limited capabilities you have no chance against it.

LAMBERT

You admire it.

ASH

How can one not admire perfection. I will kill it because I am programmed to protect human life

as you know.

RIPLEY

Even if you have contempt for it.

ASH

Even then.

Bitter and angry.

RIPLEY

Sorry Ash. I don't buy it.

ASH

You egocentric morons. You'll
be ripped to shreds, destroyed
and...

Ripley make a movement.
Ash softens...

ASH

I can only wish you well...

Ripley pulls the plug.

PARKER

He was probably right. We do
need him.

RIPLEY

He was conning us.

LAMBERT

He was programmed to protect
human life.

RIPLEY

He wasn't protecting our human
lives and that's all I care about.
Anyway it's done.

Ripley exits to the bridge.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley in the Computer Annex.
Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY

He's right about one thing.
We've got less than twelve
hours oxygen left.

PARKER

It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT

I don't know about the rest of
you, but I think I prefer a
painless peaceful death to any
of the alternatives on offer.

RIPLEY

We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules.
Suicide pills.

LAMBERT

We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY

I think we should blow up the
ship.

LAMBERT
I'll stick with chemicals if
you don't mind.

RIPLEY
We leave in the shuttle and
then blow up the ship.

INT. AIR LOCK - NARCISSUS

Ripley, Lambert and Parker loading oxygen tanks onto the
Narcissus.

RIPLEY
That's all the oxygen.

PARKER
That's it.

RIPLEY
Now. Let's get the food, shut
off the engines and get out...
Jones. Where's Jones.

PARKER
Who knows.

LAMBERT
Last I saw him was in the mess.

RIPLEY
Go look. We don't want to leave him.

LAMBERT
I don't want to go by myself.

PARKER
Always hated that damn cat.

RIPLEY
I'll go. You load up the food.

They move out.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones lying on Dallas' console.
Ripley comes in.
Smiles.

RIPLEY
Jones. You're in luck.

As she reaches for him, Jones jumps off the console.
Moves away.

RIPLEY
Come on, Jones.

She moves after the cat.
We hear Parker and Lambert over the communicator
from the coolant locker.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
How much do you think we'll
need.

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Lambert loading food.

PARKER
All you can carry.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
God damn it, Jones. Come here.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY
Here kitty...come here kitty...

Jones moves away.

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" DECK

Arms full, Parker moves out of the locker.
Lambert is still making her selection.
A faint light on the tracker.
Unnoticed.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley finally corners Jones.
Finds his box.
Tries to put him in it.
Jones resists.
Ultimately futile.

INT. FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

Parker attempts to pick up the flamethrower.
Can't manage it and the food.
Drops some of the packages.

PARKER
Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

PARKER
Nothing. just hurry up.

The tracker flashes faster.
Now it's noticed.
Parker picks up the flamethrower.

PARKER
Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT
Right now.

The Alien appears out of the air shaft ventilator.
Lambert turns.
Screams.
Unfolding, the Alien grabs for her.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's screams.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

Parker looks back into the locker.
Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.
He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker.
Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER

Goddamn you.

INT. FOOR LOCKER NUMBER 6

The Alien drops Lambert.
Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.
No effect.
The Alien strikes him once.
Killing him instantly.
He now moves to Lambert.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening on the communicator.
Lambert's dying shrieks.
Then the voice-amp goes dead.
Silence.

RIPLEY

Parker. Lambert.

She waits for a response.
But her expression shows that she expects none.
A long moment.
Expectation fulfilled.
Nightmare without end.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley descends, cautiously, holding flamethrower.
Jones left above, squalling.

INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.
Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.
Sees carnage.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" DECK

Ripley running toward engine room.
Out of breath.
Exhausted she stops, gulps for air.
Suddenly, ahead of her, the sound of human weeping.
She moves quietly ahead until the source of the sound is
directly under her feet.
She is standing on a round metal plate.
Ripley starts to remove the disc.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.
Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.
Pitch black.
Ripley arrives at deck level.
Shines her light.
Its arc reveals the Alien's layer.
Bones, shreds of flesh.
Pieces of clothing, shoes.
Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

Something moves in the darkness.
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.
Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.
The body of Dallas inside.

Unexpectedly, his eyes open.
FOCUS ON Ripley.
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS

Kill me.

RIPLEY

What did it do.

Dallas moves his head slightly.
Ripley turns her light.
Another cocoon dangles from the ceiling.
But of a different texture.
Smaller and darker, with a harder shell.
Almost exactly like the ovoids in the derelict ship.

DALLAS

That was Brett...

RIPLEY

I'll get you out of there...
We'll get up the autodoc.

A long moment.
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY

What can I do.

DALLAS

Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.
Raises the flamethrower.
Sprays a molten blast.
Another blast.
The entire compartment bursts into flames.
Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley emerges from below.
Gasps for breath.
Regains control of herself.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

At light speed.
The Nostromo and refinery appear to hang motionless.
Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Ripley enters the power center.
Stares at the massive light-plus engines.
Approaches the main control board.
Begins closing the switches, one by one.
A long moment.
Sirens begin to honk.
Mother speaks.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. The cooling units for
the light-plus engines are not
functioning. Engines will over-
load in four minutes, fifty seconds...

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley running toward the "B" deck companionway.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.
Remembers Jones.

INT. "A" TO "B" LEVELS - COMPANIONWAY

Jones howling.
In his box.
Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flamethrower.
Jones hisses.
Fur rises.
Ripley stops, and stares down corridor toward Narcissus.
The Alien can be heard thrashing about the shuttle craft.
Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room, leaving
Jones on "B" level companionway.

INT. COMPANIONWAY TO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL

Ripley bounds down the companionway.
Her footsteps clanging metallically throughout the ship.
A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes, twenty seconds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

The door crashes open, Ripley comes pounding in.
The chamber filled with smoke.
Engines whining dangerously.
Ripley breaks out in perspiration from the intense heat.
She runs to the controls.
Begins throwing the cooling unit switches back into place.
The sirens continue sounding.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY

Mother, I've turned all the
cooling units back on.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Too late for remedial action.
The core has begun to melt.
Engines will overload in two
minutes, thirty-five seconds.

A moment.
The Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley runs back down the corridor.
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling...

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in two minutes.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

She reaches companionway.
Picks up Jones.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS

Ripley staggers towards the air lock.
The Narcissus berthed beyond.
She drags Jones and raises the flamethrower.
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.
Then advances down the passageway.
Goaded on by the computer.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will explode
in ninety seconds.

She makes it to the vestibule.
Looks into the shuttle.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. VESTIBULE

She turns and dashes back.
Grabs the cat box.
Runs back toward the shuttle.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Attention. The engines will
explode in sixty seconds.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley enters on the run.
Hurls the cat box toward the front.
She dives into the control chair.
Hits the "launch" button.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

The retainer clips drop away.
A blast of ram jets.
The shuttle is launched from the mother ship.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley frantically straps herself in.
G-forces from the shuttles acceleration pulling against her.

EXT. SPACE

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mother ship.
The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.
All is strangely serene.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.
Reaches and grabs the cat box.
The cat yowling within.
Ripley hugs the box to her chest.
Hunches her head down over the container.

EXT. SPACE

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.
Finally becomes a small point of light.
Then it blows up.
Transforms into expanding orange fireball.
Pieces of metal flying in all directions.
And then the refinery explodes.
200,000,000 tons of fuel blasting silently into the cosmos.

INT. NARCISSUS

The shockwave hits the shuttle craft.
Jolting and rattling everything within.
Then all is quiet.
Ripley unhooks herself from her straps.
Rises, and goes to the back of the escape craft.
Stares out through the porthole.
Face bathed in orange light.

EXT. SPACE

Piece of debris float past.

The boiling fireball fades into nothingness.
The Nostromo has ceased to exist.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and crew mates.
A very long moment.
Then, behind her, the lethal hand emerges from deep shadow.
The Alien has been in the shuttle-craft all along.
The cat yowls.

Ripley whirls.
Finding herself facing the Creature.

Ripley's first thought is for the flamethrower.
It lies on the deck next to the Alien.
Next she glances around for a place to hide.
Her eye falls on a small locker containing a pressure suit.
The door standing open.
She begins to edge toward the compartment.
The Creature stands.
Comes for her.
Ripley dives for the open door.
Hurls herself inside.
Slams it shut.

INT. LOCKER

A clear glass panel in the door.
The Alien puts its head up to the window.
Peers in at Ripley.
Their faces only two inches apart.
The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.
The moaning of the cat distracts it.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Alien moves to the pressurized cat box.
Bends down and peers inside.
The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley knocks on the glass.
Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.
The Alien's face is instantly back at the window.
Getting no more interference from her, the Creature
returns to the cat box.
Ripley looks around.
Sees the pressure suit.
Quickly begins to pull it on.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Alien picks up the cat box.
Shakes it.
The cat moans.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley is halfway into a pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Creature throws the cat box down.
Very hard.
Picks it up again.
Hammers it against the wall.
Then jams it into a crevice.
Begins to pound the container into the opening.
The cat now beyond all hysteria.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley pulls on the helmet, latches it into place.
Turns the oxygen valve.
With a hiss, the suit fills itself.

A rack on the wall contains a long metal rod.
Ripley peels off the rubber tip.
Revealing a sharp metal point.

INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER

Ripley inhales.
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Creature rises.
Faces the locker.
Catches the steel shaft through its midriff.
The Alien clutches at the spear.
Yellow acid begins to flow from the wound.
Before the fluid can touch the floor...
Ripley reaches back and pulls the switch.
Blows the rear hatch.
The atmosphere in the shuttle immediately sucked into space.
The bleeding creature along with it.
Ripley grabs a strut to keep from being pulled out.
The Alien shoots past her.
Grab's Ripley's ankle with an appendage.

EXT. NARCISSUS

Ripley now hanging halfway out of the shuttle-craft.
The Alien clinging to her leg.
She kicks at it with her free foot.
The Creature holds fast.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley looks for any salvation.
Grabs the hatch level.
Yanks it.
The hatch slams shut, closing Ripley safely inside.

EXT. NARCISSUS

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.
Within the vacuum of space.
The top of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

INT. NARCISSUS

Acid starts to foam along the base of the hatch.
Eats away at the metal.
Ripley stumbles forward to the controls.
Pushes the ram jet lever.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

The Creature struggling.
Jet exhaust located at the rear of the craft.
The engines belch flame for a few seconds.
Then shut off.
Incinerating, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.
Peers through the glass.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The burned mass of the Alien drifts slowly away.
Writhing, smoking.
Tumbling into the distance.
Pieces dropping off.
The shape bloats, then bursts.
Spray of particles in all directions.
Then smoldering fragments dwindle into infinity.

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

Now repressurized.
Ripley is seated in the control chair.
Calm and composed, almost cheerful.
Cat purring in her lap.
She dictates into a recorder.

RIPLEY

I should reach the frontier in
another five weeks. With a
little luck the network will
pick me up...This is Ripley,
W564502460H, executive officer,
last survivor of the commercial
starship Nostromo signing off.

(pause)

Come on cat.

She switches off the recorder.
Stares into space.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT

THE END