

[Crack] COMPUTER: Stasis interrupted. Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat, fire in cryogenic compartment. All personnel... report to emergency escape vehicle launch pod. Deep-space flight will commence in T-minus twenty seconds. [Alarm sounds] [Heavy breathing] [Alarm buzzes] MAN: Get going! SECOND MAN: Jesus Christ! THIRD MAN: Hell of a way to land! FRANK: Get the torch. RAINS: How many? Don't know. Three, maybe four. MURPHY: Frank, can we hurry? It's going to be forty below in five minutes. Aah! [Barks] RAINS: I'm going to kill that thing. FRANK: That stupid dog of yours. Get it out! RAINS: I hate that thing. Get rid of the dog. MURPHY: He's gone. RAINS: Not a bad way to go, huh? Ha ha ha. MURPHY: Frank, let's go! FRANK: Wait! One of them's still alive. CLEMENS: All right. We'll need all of those. CLEMENS: That's it. OK. All right. [Men shouting orders] [Barking] ANDREWS: This is rumor control. Here are the facts. As some of you know, a 337 model EEV... crash-landed here at 0600 on the morning watch. There was one survivor... two dead, and a droid that was smashed beyond repair. The survivor is a woman. [Prisoners chattering] PRISONER: Is she pretty? I've taken a vow of celibacy. PRISONER: So have we all! MORSE: That also includes women. We've all taken the vow! I'd like to say I do not appreciate Company policy... allowing her to intermingle with inmates and staff! What brother means is we view the presence of any outsider... especially a woman, as a violation of the harmony... a potential break in the spiritual unity. We're aware of your feelings in this matter. You will be pleased to know I have requested a rescue team. Hopefully, they will be here inside of a week... and evacuate her ASAP. PRISONER: Don't give us that! What's her medical status? She's not badly damaged. She's unconscious. I can't be more specific now. Will she live? I think so. ANDREWS: It's best for all that she stay in the infirmary... until the rescue team arrives. And certainly not without an escort, right? AARON: Sir. Gentlemen! We should all stick to our set routine... and not get unduly agitated, correct? All right. Thank you, gentlemen. All right. PRISONER: Better get here soon, or there won't be much left. RIPLEY: What's that? Just a little cocktail of my own mix. An eye-opener. You a doctor? My name is Clemens. I'm Chief Medical Officer here. - Here? - Fury 161. It's one of Weyland-Yutani's backwater work prisons... it grieves me to say. Do you mind? CLEMENS: It's basically a stabilizer. We have a big problem with lice. I'll give you some clippers for your private parts. RIPLEY: How did I get here? CLEMENS: You crash-landed in an EEV... evidently separated from your mother ship... before you hit our atmosphere. How long were you in hypersleep? Coming out that way can jolt your system. I'll be sick for a couple of weeks. CLEMENS: Indeed. [Sighs] Where are the others? They didn't make it. - What? - They didn't survive. I have to get to the ship. Have to get to the ship. You're in no condition. Want to get me some clothes, or should I go like this? Given the nature of our indigenous population... I would suggest clothes. They haven't seen a woman in years. Neither have I, for that matter. CLEMENS: This used to be a 5,000-convict facility... but it's been reduced to a custodial staff of twenty-five. - Why? - Keep the pilot light on. RIPLEY: Pilot light for what? CLEMENS: Blast furnace. Natural methane. We have a

foundry, Lieutenant Ripley. The inmates forge lead sheets for toxic waste containment. RIPLEY: How do you know my name? CLEMENS: It's stenciled on the back of your shorts. PRISONER: Hey! Pick them up! PRISONER: Release the cable! RIPLEY: Where are the bodies? CLEMENS: We have a morgue. We put them there until the investigators arrive... in about a week. There was a droid. CLEMENS: Disconnected. There were pieces of him all over. We put what was left on the rubbish tip. The corporal was impaled by that safety support. He never knew what hit him. And the girl? CLEMENS: She drowned in her cryo-tube. I don't think she was conscious... when it happened. Um, I'm sorry. CLEMENS: What's the matter? - Where is she? - In the morgue. I have to see her. God, there you are! I've been looking everywhere for you! Where you been, huh? [Whimpering] Come here. You OK? Let me see, Spike. Are you OK? Let me see. What have you been sticking your face into? Did somebody do this to you? What kind of animal would do this to a dog? Um... could I have a moment alone, please? CLEMENS: Yes, of course. Forgive me. KEVIN: What's she doing? CLEMENS: OK? No. We have to do an autopsy. - What? - I told you. We have to make sure how she died. And I told you she drowned. RIPLEY: I'm not so sure. I... I have to see inside of her. CLEMENS: You're disorientated. Half your system... RIPLEY: I have a very, very good reason. Perhaps you'd like to share it. Possible contagion. CLEMENS: What kind, exactly? - Cholera. - Cholera? There hasn't been a case of cholera for two hundred years. Please. [Yawns] Everything's in place. There's no sign of infection. No indication of disease. Careful. Lungs. Flooded with fluid. Ergo, she drowned. Now, since I'm not a complete idiot... want to tell me what we're really looking for? ANDREWS: Mr. Clemens. Superintendent. I don't believe you've met Lieutenant Ripley. ANDREWS: What's going on, Mr. Clemens? AARON: That's right, sir. What's going on? Well, first... the lieutenant is feeling much better, I'm happy to say. Second, in the interest of public health... I am performing an autopsy. Without my authority? There didn't seem to be time, but it's turned out all right. - There's no contagion. - Good. It might help if she didn't parade before the prisoners... as I'm told she did in the last hour. It might also be helpful if you kept me informed... as to any change in her physical status. Is that asking too much? We have to cremate the bodies. Nonsense. We'll keep them on ice till the rescue team arrives. AARON: On ice. There is the public health issue. The lieutenant feels there's still the possibility... of a communicable infection. ANDREWS: You said there was no sign of disease. CLEMENS: It appears the child drowned... but without the benefit of proper laboratory tests... it's impossible to be absolutely certain. I would consider it unwise to tolerate... even the possibility of an unwelcome virus. An outbreak of cholera... would look extremely bad on a report, would it not, sir? AARON: Ahem. ANDREWS: We've twenty-five prisoners in this facility... all double-Y chromos... all thieves, rapists, murderers, child molesters... all scum. Just because they've taken on religion... doesn't make them any less dangerous. I try not to offend their convictions. I don't want to upset the order. I don't want ripples in the water... and I don't want a woman walking around giving them ideas. I see. For my own personal safety. Exactly. I'll leave the cremation

details to you, Mr. Clemens. ANDREWS: They may use the furnace... but I want everyone in lockup by 2200 hours. ANDREWS: "We commit this child and this man... "to Your keeping, O Lord." "Their bodies have been taken... "from the shadow of our night." "They have been released from all darkness and pain." "The child and the man... "have gone beyond our world." "They are forever... "eternal, and everlasting." [Barking] "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." DILLON: Why? Why are the innocent punished? [Dog whimpers] DILLON: Why the sacrifice? Why the pain? There aren't any promises. Nothing's certain. some get saved. She won't ever know the hardship and grief... for those of us left behind. We commit these bodies to the void... with a glad heart. [Growling] DILLON: For within each seed... there is a promise of a flower. And within each death, no matter how small... there's always a new life. A new beginning. Amen. PRISONERS: Amen. PRISONER: It's fucking weird. Only a woman survived that crash. SECOND PRISONER: What trouble can she cause? THIRD PRISONER: She's already changed everything. PRISONER: What are we supposed to do with her? PRISONER: I mean it. [Man laughs] PRISONER: Not around here, that's for sure. PRISONER: Hello. I just wanted to... say thanks for what you said at the funeral. My friends would have appreciated... You don't want to know me, lady. I'm a murderer and rapist of women. Really. Well, I guess I must make you nervous. DILLON: Do you have any faith, sister? Not much. We've got a lot of faith here. Enough even for you. I thought women weren't allowed. We've never had any before, but we tolerate anybody... even the intolerable. Thank you. DILLON: That's just a statement of principle, nothing personal. We've got a good place to wait here. And until now... no temptation. CLEMENS: Dillon and the rest of the alternative people... embraced religion, as it were, about five years ago. Take two. RIPLEY: I'm on medication? CLEMENS: Hardly. RIPLEY: What kind of religion? CLEMENS: Some sort of apocalyptic, millenarian... Christian fundamentalist... - Right. - Exactly. CLEMENS: When the Company wanted to close the facility... Dillon and the rest of the converts wanted to stay. with two minders and a medical officer. And here we are. How did you get this wonderful assignment? How do you like your new haircut? It's OK. Now that I've gone out on a limb for you with Andrews... damaged my less-than-perfect relationship with him... and briefed you on the humdrum history of Fury 161... can't you tell me what you were looking for? Are you attracted to me? In what way? In that way. You're very direct. I've been out here a long time. MURPHY SINGING: In the year 7510 If God's a-comin', he oughta make it by then Maybe he'll look around and say Guess it's time for the judgment... Yecchh! [Singing] In the year... Hey, Spike. Spike? Spikey. Are you down there? What are you doing? Aah! I really appreciate your affections. But I am aware that they deflected my question. In the nicest possible way, of course. RIPLEY: You're spoiling the mood. I have a job to do. I want to know why we had to cremate the bodies. and I had to be sure what killed her. Anyway, I made a mistake. Possibly. Now I've made another. What's that? RIPLEY: Fraternizing with a prisoner. Physical contact. It's against the rules, isn't it? I'm not a prisoner. RIPLEY: You have a bar code on the back of your head. That does deserve an

explanation. Now is not the moment. [Intercom buzzes] AARON: Mr. Clemens. Mr. Aaron. AARON: Superintendent Andrews would like you to report... to ventshaft twenty-two on the second quadrant... now. We've had an accident. CLEMENS: Something serious? AARON: You could call it that. One of our prisoners has been... diced. CLEMENS: Sorry. I have to go. Official duties. ANDREWS: Who was it? Murphy. How do you know? That's his boot. I gave him the assignment, sir. He was a wanker. No apologies, Mr. Aaron. It wasn't your fault. CLEMENS: Not much to say, is there? Death was instantaneous. AARON: No shit. ANDREWS: He was pulled into the fan? Sudden rush of air, except... AARON: Right. Almost happened to me once. I've told them so many times, "Stay away from the fans." Nobody bloody listens. Except the fan was blowing. - What's that? - I don't know. ANDREWS: I want to see you in my quarters in 30 minutes. AARON: Got any ideas? CLEMENS: Here you are. Wandering around unescorted... is really going to piss Superintendent Andrews off. Want to tell me about your accident? A prisoner has been killed. - Really? - Hmm. - How? - In the air shaft. CLEMENS: Poor sod backed into a nine-foot fan. I found something at the accident site... just a bit away from where it happened. A mark. A burn. Rather like the one you found on the girl's cryo-tube. I want to help, but I need to know what's going on... or what you think is going on. If you really want to help... find a computer with audio capabilities... so I can access this flight recorder. What about Bishop, the droid that crashed with me? I can point you in the right direction. I can't join you. I have a previous engagement. Listen to me, you piece of shit. You screw with me again, I'll cut you in half. I'm sorry. I don't think I understand. At 0700 hours, I received word from the network. This is the first high-level communication... this installation has ever received, to my knowledge. They want this woman looked after. They consider her to be high-priority. - Why? - I have no idea. Why did you let her out of the infirmary? This accident with Murphy... is what happens when one of these dumb sons of bitches walks around with a hard-on. I'm a doctor. You're the jailer. We both know exactly what you are. ANDREWS: Sit down. It might be better if I left. I find you unpleasant to be around. You do? Isn't that lovely? Consider this, Mr. Clemens. Would you like me to explain your sordid history... to your new found friend? For her personal edification, of course. Now sit the hell down. Now... is there anything I should know? [Thunder] Aah! PRISONER: Shut up! Fucking bitch. Shut up, you bitch. RIPLEY: Goddamn it, let go of me! Fuck you! No! PRISONER: Shh, shh, shh. RIPLEY: No, goddamn it! PRISONER: Aah! RIPLEY: Aah! DILLON: You OK? You son of a bitch! Take off. I got to re-educate some of the brothers. We got to discuss some matters of the spirit. BOGGS: How many? RAINS: This makes one hundred seventy-six. BOGGS: Can't you chew a little quieter? I'm trying to figure out how big this compartment is. I can't think with this goddamn noise. GOLIC: You're not supposed to swear. BOGGS: I'm sorry. We've encircled this entire compartment once. - Hey! - What? GOLIC: Swearing. BOGGS: It's OK to say "shit." It ain't against God. RAINS: What the hell is going on with the candles? Must be the wind from one of the ventshafts... backwash from the closest circulating unit. If they go

out, we'll be lost. RAINS: Somebody will have to re-light them. RAINS: Guess I'm nominated. Watch your step, brother. [Clang] RAINS: OK, who are the comedians? [Hissing] Aah! Aah! Aah! GOLIC: Go! RAINS: Aah! BOGGS: Come on! Quick! Grab it! Here! RAINS: Help me! BOGGS: Go! Fucking go! BOGGS: Go on! Quick! Run! GOLIC: Aah! BOGGS: Give me that. [Clang] BOGGS: Aah! Get this fucking thing off me! Aah! - Aah! - No! [Electronic surge] Hey. [Distorted computer voice] Hello, Ripley. RIPLEY: Hi, Bishop. How you feeling? My legs hurt. Hey, listen, I'm sorry. BISHOP: It's OK. I'm just a glorified toaster. How are you? Ah, I like your new haircut. Can you access the flight recorder? No problem. I'm home. RIPLEY: What happened on the Sulaco? Why were our cryo-tubes ejected? [Female computer voice] Stasis interrupted. Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat. Fire in cryogenic... RIPLEY: What happened? What started the fire, Bishop? Can you hear me? The fire was electrical. It was in the subflooring. It's very dark here. I'm not what I used to be. RIPLEY: Just tell me. Does the recorder indicate anything? Was there an alien on board? Yes. Is it on the Sulaco? It was with us all the way. Does the Company know? The Company knows everything that happened on the ship. It all goes into the computer and gets sent back to network. Then they want it. I hurt. Do me a favor. Disconnect me. I'd rather be nothing. You're sure? Do it for me, Ripley. [Electronic surge] GOLIC: It wasn't me! I didn't do it! It was... It was the dragon. Feeds on minds. Nobody can stop it. What about Boggs and Rains? Got slaughtered like pigs. It wasn't me. It wasn't me. ANDREWS: Stark raving mad. It's no one's fault, but he should've been chained up. AARON: You called it, sir. Mad as a fucking hatter. Keep him separated from the rest. Don't want him causing a panic. Clemens, sedate this poor idiot. Not until we know about the brothers. Now, now, pull yourself together. Talk to me now. Where are Boggs and Rains? ANDREWS: Hopeless. You won't get anything out of him. We'll send out a search team. We'll have to assume this bastard murdered them. You don't know that. He's never lied to me. He's crazy, he's a fool, but he's not a liar. RIPLEY: He's telling the truth. I'd like to talk to him about this... this dragon. It's a dragon. ANDREWS: You're not talking to anyone, Lieutenant. I'm not interested in your opinion. You don't know the facts. He's a convicted multiple murderer... known for particularly brutal crimes. Isn't that right, Mr. Dillon? DILLON: Yeah... that part's right. RIPLEY: Then I'll talk to you. It's important. ANDREWS: When I'm finished with my official duties... I'll be pleased to have a little chat. Yes? ANDREWS: Let me see if I have this correct, Lieutenant. It's an eight-foot creature with acid for blood... and it arrived on your spaceship. It kills on sight and is generally unpleasant. You expect me to accept all this? No, I don't expect anything. Quite a story, Mr. Aaron. Right, sir. It's a beauty. Never heard anything like it. Expect not. Tell me, Lieutenant, what would you suggest we do? What kind of weapons have you got? This is a prison. It's not good to allow prisoners access to firearms. Keeps them from killing you. Yeah. There's no way to escape. When the supply ship arrives, the Company will eliminate it. This is a maximum security prison... and you have no weapons of any kind? We have carving knives in the abattoir... a few more in the mess hall... some fire

axes scattered about the place. That's all? We're on the honor system. Then we're fucked. No, you're fucked. Confined to the infirmary. Quarantined. Mr. Aaron will escort you. You'll be safe from any large, nasty beasts while you're there. [Intercom buzzes] AARON: Report to the mess hall. Andrews wants a meeting. Mess hall right away, people. RIPLEY: Isn't there any way off of this place... some way to escape? No. Supply ship comes every six months. - That's it? - That's it. Fuck. CLEMENS: They're sending somebody to pick you up soon. Really? What's soon? I don't know. Nobody's ever been in a hurry to get here before. Do you want to tell me what you and Andrews talked about? No. That's a bit uncharitable. How are you feeling? Not so hot. Ahem. Sore throat, sick to my stomach, pissed off. That's understandable, given the circumstances. Perhaps I should give you one of my special cocktails. GOLIC: Why does everybody blame everybody? Nobody's perfect. We're only human. I don't know a perfect human. Nobody I know. You married? Me? GOLIC: Get married, have kids. Pretty girl. I used to know lots of them back home. They used to like me... for a while. You're going to die, too. CLEMENS: Are you? What? Married. RIPLEY: Why? Just curious. No. How about leveling with me? When I asked how you got assigned here... you avoided the question. When I asked about the prison I.D. tattooed on your head... you ducked me again. CLEMENS: It's a long, sad story... and more than a little melodramatic. Try me. If you insist. After my student years... despite the fact that I'd become secretly addicted to morphine... I was considered to be most promising... I was considered to be most promising... a man with a future. During my first residency, I did a 36-hour stretch in E. R... so I went out, and I got more than a little drunk. Then I got called back. Boiler had blown in a fuel plant... and there were thirty casualties. Eleven of them died... not from the accident... I got seven years in prison and my license reduced to a 3-C. At least I got off the morphine. I'm sorry. I think I was let off lightly. You served your time here? I got to know this motley crew quite well... so when they stayed, I stayed. Nobody else would employ me. Do you still trust me with a needle? [Hiss] Aah! ANDREWS: Once again, this is rumor control. Here are the facts. At 0800 hours, prisoner Murphy... through carelessness on his part... was found dead in ventshaft 17. He seems to have been sucked into a ventilator fan. [Panting] At about 2100 hours... prisoner Golic reappeared in a deranged state. Prisoners Boggs and Rains are missing. There seems to be a good chance they have met with foul play... at the hands of prisoner Golic. We need to organize and send out a search party. Volunteers will be appreciated. It's fair to say our smoothly running facility... has suddenly developed a few problems. I can only hope we are able to all pull together... over the next few days until the rescue team... arrives for Lieutenant Ripley. It's here. It got Clemens. - Stop this raving. - I'm telling you, it's here! Get that foolish woman back to the infirmary. Aah! [Prisoners shouting] MORSE: Fuck! WILLIAM: What do we do now? Who's in charge? Organize! We got to organize, right? Right. I guess I'm next in line. Eighty-five's in charge? Jesus! Don't call me that. AARON: There's no way I can replace Andrews. He was a good man. You didn't appreciate him. DILLON: Aaron, we don't want to hear that shit now. Sister, what about you?

You're an officer. Show us a little leadership. WILLIAM: Forget Shirley Temple. You take charge. You run things here anyway. DILLON: No fucking way. I'm not the officer type. I just take care of my own. WILLIAM: What does this fucking beast want? Is this mother going to try for us all? - Yeah. - Jesus! MORSE: Ain't that sweet? How do we stop it? Ahem. RIPLEY: We have no weapons, correct? Right. I haven't seen one exactly like this before. Moves differently. Can we seal off this area? AARON: No chance. The installation's ten miles square. There's six hundred air ducts. RIPLEY: What about video? I see closed-circuit monitors everywhere. The video system hasn't worked in years. Nothing much works here. We've got a lot of technology, no way to fix it. Eighty-five is saying we've got no entertainment center... no climate control, no video system... no surveillance, no freezers... no fucking ice cream, no rubbers, no women, no guns. All we got here is shit. What are we talking to herfor? She brought the fucker. Why don't we shove her head through the fucking wall? DILLON: Morse? Why don't you shut the fuck up? Right. Right. What will we do? RIPLEY: What's this? AARON: Leads from the mess hall to the infirmary. It's a ventilation shaft. RIPLEY: Then we go in there. Flush it out. AARON: There's miles and miles of tunnel through there. RIPLEY: It won't go far. It'll nest in this area. Right around... here. How do you know that? It's like a lion. It sticks close to the zebras. Zebras? Oh, right. But running around in the dark... are you kidding? Once you get out the main shaft, there's no overheads. Don't we have flashlights? Thousands, but no batteries. Nothing works. Torches? Do we have the capacity to make fire? Most humans have enjoyed that privilege since the Stone Age. No need to be sarcastic. AARON: Never been used. They meant to dump nuclear crap there. Never did. It's clean inside. This the only way in or out? That's right. Walls are six-feet-thick, solid steel. You're saying we get something in there... there's no way it can get out? That's right. No fucking way. [Aaron whistles] AARON: This is where we keep it. I forget what it's called. DAVID: Quintitricetyline. AARON: I knew that. Right. I've got to get these section arrangements... organized with Dillon for the paintbrush... so, um... - David. - You organize these drums. DAVID: Right, Eighty-five. AARON: And, uh, don't call me that. What's this "Eighty-five" thing? Couple of us sneaked a look at his personnel file. It's his I.Q. I saw a drum of this stuff fall into a beachhead bunker once. The blast put a tug in dry dock for seventeen weeks. Great stuff! DILLON: Let me get this straight. You want to burn it down and out of the pipes... force it in here, slam the door, and trap its ass? RIPLEY: Right. And you want help from us Y-chromo boys? Got something better to do? Why should we put our ass on the line for you? RIPLEY: Your ass is already on the line. The only question is... what will you do about it? PRISONER: What is this stuff? KEVIN: Man, this stuff stinks! DILLON: So you miss Doc, right? RIPLEY: What makes you say that? DILLON: I thought you two got real close. I guess you've been looking through some keyholes. DILLON: That's what I thought. RIPLEY: Oh! I hate this place. DAVID: There's definitely something in here with us. AARON: Don't light the fire until I give the signal. This is the signal. Got it? Can you remember that? Aah! Aw, shit! Aah! Aah! Aah! B... Waitfor the

fucking signal! RIPLEY: Get down! PRISONER: Aah! DILLON: We got to find the sprinklers! We got to help these guys! PRISONER: Aah! DILLON: Come on! RIPLEY: Get to the waste dump! Don't open the door! MORSE: Dillon, over here. Here's another one. DILLON: Aw, Jesus. This makes ten. AARON: Fucking great! Now what are we going to do? You OK? Piss on her! The fucking thing's loose. What do we do? AARON: I said that, you miserable shit! DILLON: Cut that shit out. AARON: Tell yourfucking bozo to shape up! What do you think? I think I have to get to the EEV. Why? What's up? RIPLEY: I just have to use the neuroscanner. You don't look good. Who cares? What do we do? Want a smack in the mouth, wanker? Shut the fuck up. Stop causing panic! Panic? You're so stupid, you couldn't spell it. We ought to fucking panic! Shut up, both of you! DILLON: Shut up! Well, I'm out of ideas! Surprise me. MORSE: What about outside? AARON: Sun's not up for two days. It's forty below zero. The rescue team's ten hours away. You want to let this thing have us for lunch? I want you to get everybody that's left together. Go down to the furnace. Need any help? AARON: I didn't mean to scare you. You shouldn't wander around alone. RIPLEY: Do me a favor and run this keyboard, will you? AARON: OK. AARON: What do I do? RIPLEY: Hit "B" or "C." What's "C"? AARON: "Display biofunctions"? RIPLEY: That's it. OK, we're hot. Now what? RIPLEY: Let it run a cycle. AARON: It's realfuzzy. Hit enhancement. RIPLEY: Keep looking. I don't know how to read this stuff. RIPLEY: Hemorrhaging will show as a dark patch. RIPLEY: Look for... hairline fractures through the base of the skull. Little white lines. What is it? I think there's one inside you. That's not possible. What does it look like? Horrible. I have to see it. Freeze it. I'm sorry. AARON: It's up. What do you want to say? RIPLEY: Tell them the whole place is toxic. Are you kidding? Then the rescue team will turn back. Yeah. I know. AARON: What are you talking about? Our only hope is that they kill this fucker. Maybe they can do somethingfor you... freeze you, an operation. They've got the technology. If this organism gets off the planet... it'll kill everything. The Company doesn't care about that. They just want it for their bio-weapons division. So we can't let them come here. Fuck you. I'm sorry you've got this thing inside you... but I'm getting rescued. I don't care about the prisoners. I've got a wife, a kid. I go home next rotation! I know this is hard. I'm going to send this message. I need thatfucking code. Listen, you stupid little shit! This has got to be done. There are no alternatives! AARON: You're not getting it! No fucking way! Look... it's nothing personal, understand? I think you're OK. Thanks. Have you got any ideas? RIPLEY: I don't know. Maybe I'll go find it. We'll see how smart it is. AARON: You're going to look for it? Yeah. I have a pretty good idea of where it is. It's just down there... in the basement. AARON: This whole place is a basement. It's a metaphor. Want to come? Fuck me. [Hiss] Where are you when I need you? [Hiss] RIPLEY: Don't be afraid. I'm part of the family. You've been in my life so long, I can't remember anything else. Now do somethingfor me. It's easy. Just... Just do what you do. [Drops pipe] RIPLEY: Oh! It won't kill me. You're supposed to be laying low. What are you talking about? It's a queen... an egg-layer. It can make thousands more like the one



here. Still sounds like bullshit to me. If that thing's inside you, how did it get there? [Sighs] When I was in hypersleep, I guess. I don't have much time... and I can't do what I should. I need you to help me. I need you to kill me. What are you talking about? I'm dead anyway. I can't survive it... but the one inside me can generate thousands more. It has to die... so somebody's got to kill me. Are you up to it? You don't have to worry about that. No speeches. No prayers. [Clang] - What's going on? - I don't like losing a fight. [Drops ax] DILLON: Not to nobody, not to nothing. That damn thing out there has already killed half my men... got the other half scared shitless. As long as it's alive, you're not going to save any universe. RIPLEY: You said you'd kill me. Youfucking coward! I want to get this thing, and I need you to do it. If it won't kill you, maybe that helps us fight it. Otherwise, fuck you! RIPLEY: Dillon? We waste this thing, then you take care of me. DILLON: No problem. Quick, easy, and painless. DILLON: You die sitting here on your ass, or you die out there. At least we take a shot. We owe it one. MORSE: What are you talking about? DILLON: Killing that big motherfucker! MORSE: Doesn't mean we should fight it. Give us a break! AARON: You have to be nuts! I've got a wife... Nobody cares about you, Eighty-five. You're not a believer. You're a fucking Company man! OK, I'm a Company man and not a fucking criminal. You keep telling me I'm dumb. I'm smart enough not to have a life sentence! PRISONER: Fuck you! AARON: I'm smart enough to wait for firepower to show up... before we fight this thing! DILLON: Right. Just sit on your asses. Fine. MORSE: How about if I sit here on my ass? DILLON: No problem. Oh, I forgot. You're the guy that's made a deal with God to live forever. And all the rest of you pussies can sit it out, too. Me and her will do all the fighting. MORSE: OK. I want to see it dead, too. I hate the fucker! It killed my mates, too! Why the fuck can't we wait to have guns on our side? Why go on some fucking suicide run? RIPLEY: Because they won't kill it. They might kill you just for having seen it. AARON: That is crazy! That is horseshit! They will not kill us! When they first heard about this thing... it was "crew expendable." The next time, they sent in Marines. They were expendable, too. who found God at the ass-end of space? You think they're going to let you... interfere with their plans for this thing? They think we're... we're crud. They don't give a fuck about one friend of yours... that's... that's died. Not one. PRISONER: Have you got a plan? DILLON: This is a lead works, isn't it? All we got to do is lure the beast into the mold... drown it in hot lead. MORSE: Right. How do we do that? GREGOR: What are we going to use for bait? Aw, fuck! DILLON: You're all going to die. The only question is how you check out. Do you want it on your feet... or on yourfucking knees... begging? I ain't much for begging. Nobody ever gave me nothing... so I say fuck that thing! Let's fight it! MORSE: Fuck it! Let's go for it! PRISONER: OK. SECOND PRISONER: Fuck me. THIRD PRISONER: Let's kick its fucking ass. FOURTH PRISONER: What if it runs at us? FIFTH PRISONER: That's a fucking good idea. When did you use this place last? DILLON: We fired it up five, six years ago. RIPLEY: You sure the piston is gonna work? DILLON: There's nothing for sure in this place. We trap it here first, then you pull the lever. The piston will push the motherfucker into the

mold. One of the guys will pour the lead. What if somebody screws up? We're fucked. You got one chance. We'll never have time to reset it. Remember, when you pull the lever, for a few seconds... you'll be trapped in here with thatfucking thing. If you guys don't drop the ball, I won't. Because if it wants out, that's how it's going to go. Through that alcove, through you. RIPLEY: Where are you going to be? I'll be around. Where are the others? Praying. - I have a problem with this. - What part? Running around in a dark maze with that thing chasing us. Lead it down channel "B" to the piston chamber. I'll close the doors behind you. What if it won't cooperate? What if we get lost? This was her idea. I don't know about this shit. Hey, guys! My door ain't working! What the fuck's he saying? I think we'd better rethink this thing! [Scream] KEVIN: Did anybody hear anything? Come on! Come and get me, youfucker! It's behind me! It's started. KEVIN: It's still behind me! It's in channel "B"! KEVIN: You guys! Shut the doors! Must be heading over to channel "A"! This thing is really pissed off! - Did you say "B"? - No, "E"! - You said to stay here! - Move yourfucking ass! Morse? Kevin? Yoo-hoo! Hey, fuckface! Come and get me! Take your best shot! Kevin, where are you? PRISONER: A-7 closed. Aah! Over in the east wing! Door B-7 safe! - You, too? - Yeah! Over to "E," everybody! - Where the fuck is "E"? - This way! Here... Here, kitty, kitty, kitty. Here, kitty, kitty. Oh, my God. Oh, my... You bastard! It's coming! It's coming down! Jeez, it's coming! It's after us! Shut the fucking doors! That was the plan! Jesus, it's on the fucking ceiling! Dillon! Anybody! This is not a drill! Kevin! Gregor! Where the fuck are you? [Echoes] Now we're back in "A"! Door three, "F" channel closed! I hope. Fuck. - What the fuck are you doing? - What? You'llfuck kill someone, you moron! Aah! DILLON: Morse! [Morse screaming] DILLON: Kevin! Gregor! All they have to do is run down the corridor. Stay here. Where the hell is it? [Door opens] [Shouting] Aah! ERIC: Aah! RIPLEY: No! Don't start the piston! No! We have to trap it! No! What are you doing? It's gone! No! No. It's gone. OK? OK. Uhh. KEVIN: Aah! DILLON: Kevin! Don't struggle! Don't move! No! Don't struggle. Come on, Kevin! Come on! Come on! Come on! RIPLEY: Take the piston! DILLON: Come on, it's all right. It's OK. It's OK. It's all right, Kevin. Kevin. Kevin! Kevin. [Hiss] Leave him. Leave him. He's dead. Lure it in. Shit. How much time? DILLON: I'm not sure. Four or five minutes. We've got to get it back in here before the piston seals this place up! Let's move it! [Shouting] Help me! DILLON: Jude! JUDE: Dillon! Help me, Dillon! It's coming at me! Don't look back, Jude! Run as fast as youfucking can! JUDE: Help me! God! Please! Jesus Christ! Thank God you're here. Warder Aaron, sir. 137512. Not many of us left. Where is Lieutenant Ripley? Is she still alive? If she's alive, she's in the furnace. She's in the lead works with the beast. Wouldn't wait. MORSE: Jesus Christ. I thought you were the fucking beast, youfuck! [Laughter] MORSE: Aah! Wanker! Move. Come on, you bastard. Come on! Come on, get out of there! Come here! DILLON: Ripley, we're running out of time! Ripley, where are you? RIPLEY: No! Come on. Get out of there! DILLON: What the fuck is wrong with you? Let it go! Ripley. RIPLEY: Yeah! It's working! DILLON: Scream. Let it follow us. We got to get it in front of the piston. RIPLEY: It's

following us! DILLON: Motherfucker, come on! Come and get us! Come on! Come on, come on. Come on, motherfucker! Come on. RIPLEY: Come on! Get the door! Get the door! DILLON: Morse! - Now! - Shut it, Morse! - Now! - Shut the fucking door! MORSE: I'm going for the lead! - What about you? - I'm staying. DILLON: Bullshit! There'll be ten tons of hot lead in here. I want to die! We got a deal! Remember? It dies first, then you! I'm not moving without you! Now get going! Dillon! DILLON: I've got to hold it here. What about me? God will take care of you now. No! DILLON: Pour the lead. Fuck you. - No! - Pour it, Ripley! DILLON: Go on! God damn it! Pour the lead, Ripley! Come on! Come on, that's all you got? Fight, motherfucker! Come on! RIPLEY: Morse! Morse, over here! [Dillon screaming] - Ripley! - Pour the lead! [Dillon screaming] RIPLEY: Pour the lead! Pour it! MORSE: Aah! Ha ha ha! I hate bugs! MORSE: Ripley! It's burning hot! Hit the sprinklers! Douse the fucker! Ohh! [Hiss] Gotcha! MORSE: Yes! RIPLEY: Don't come any closer. RIPLEY: Stay where you are. Ripley. Bishop? I'm here to help you. RIPLEY: No more bullshit. I just felt it move. You know who I am? You're a droid, same model as Bishop... sent by the fucking Company. No. I'm not the Bishop android. I designed it. I'm very human. The Company sent me here to show you a friendly face... to demonstrate how important you are to us... to me. RIPLEY: You want to take it back. BISHOP II: We want to kill it and take you home. RIPLEY: Bullshit. You're wrong. We want to help. RIPLEY: What does that mean? BISHOP II: We're going to take that out of you. RIPLEY: And keep it? Can't let it live. Everything we know would be in jeopardy. You don't want to take it back? Ripley, time is important. We've got a surgical bay on the rescue ship. Come with me. You still can have a life. Children. Most important, you'll know it's dead. Let me help you. What guarantee do I have... once you've taken it out... that you'll destroy it? You'll have to trust me. Please? Trust me? No. BISHOP II: What's this going to achieve? MORSE: Aw, Jesus! Aah! Aah! RIPLEY: Morse. Will you help me? MORSE: What do you want me to do? BISHOP II: It was a mistake! There was no need for any of it! AARON: Fucking android! BISHOP II: Ripley, think of all we could learn from it. It's the chance of a lifetime! You must let me have it. It's a magnificent specimen. What are you doing? No! [Hiss] - Come on, you, get going. - Aw, fuck you! [Static] RIPLEY'S VOICE: Ash, Captain Dallas. Cargo and ship destroyed. I should reach the frontier in about six weeks. With a little luck, the network will pick me up. This is Ripley... last survivor of the Nostromo... signing off.