

Bio-readouts are all in the green. Looks like she's alive. Well, there goes our salvage, guys. How are we today? Terrible. Well, better than yesterday, at least. - Where am I? - You're safe. You're at Gateway Station. Been here a couple of days. You were pretty groggy at first, but now you're OK. Looks like you've got a visitor. Jonesy! Come here! Hey, come here! How are you, you stupid cat? How are you! Where have you been? Guess you two have met, huh? I'm Burke. Carter Burke. I work for the company. But... Don't let that fool you. I'm really an OK guy. I'm glad to see you're feeling better. They say that all the weakness and disorientation should pass soon. That's just natural side effects of such a long hypersleep. Or something like that. What do you mean? How long was I out there? Has no-one discussed this with you yet? No. But, I mean, I don't... ... Recognise this place. No, I know. Uh... OK. It's just that, uh, this might be a shock to you. - It's longer... - How long? Please. 57 years. What? That's the thing. You were out there for 57 years. You had drifted right through the core systems. And it's really just blind luck... ... That a deep-salvage team found you when they did. It's one in a thousand, really. You're damn lucky to be alive, kiddo. You could be floating out there forever. You OK? Uh... Oh! You OK? Oh! God! Nurse! Please! Someone get in here now! No! Now! Hold! Please! Hold her! Kill me! No! Bad dreams again? - You want something to help you sleep? - No. I've slept enough. Jonesy... Come here. Shh! It's all right. It's all right now. It's over. Hi. Sorry I'm late. Been running behind all morning. Is there any word about my daughter? Uh... I think we should worry about the hearing now. I read your deposition... ... And it's great. If you stick to that, we'll be fine. There are gonna be a lot of heavyweights in there. Feds, Interstellar Commerce Commission,... ... Colonial Administration, insurance company guys. Do you have any news about my daughter? Well, we did come up with some information. Why don't we sit down? I was hoping to wait until after the inquest. Uh... Amanda Ripley McClaren... Her married name, I guess? Age 66. And that was at the time of her death,... ... which was two years ago. I'm real sorry. Amy... She was cremated... ... And interred at Westlake Repository, in Wisconsin. No children mentioned. I promised her... ... That I would be home for her birthday. Her eleventh birthday. Ohh... They'd like to go back to this point about the override destruct order. I don't understand this. We have been here for three and a half hours. How many different ways do you want the same story? Look at it from our perspective, please. Please? You admit to detonating the engines of, and thereby destroying, an M-Class star freighter. An expensive piece of hardware. 42 million in adjusted dollars. That's minus payload, of course. The lifeboat's flight recorder corroborates some elements of your account. In that, for reasons unknown, the Nostromo set down on LV-426,... ... An unsurveyed planet at that time. That it resumed its course, and was subsequently set for self-destruct by you... ... For reasons unknown. Not for reasons unknown. I told you. We set down there on company orders to get this thing, which destroyed my crew... ... And your expensive ship. The analysis team found no physical evidence of the creature you describe. Good! That's because I blew it out of the goddamn air lock. Like I said. Are there any species like this hostile organism on LV-426? No. It's a rock. No indigenous

life. Did IQ's just drop sharply while I was away? Ma'am, I already said it was not indigenous. It was a derelict spacecraft. An alien ship. It was not from there. Do you get it? We homed in on its beacon. And found something never recorded once in over 300 surveyed worlds. A creature that "gestates... ..inside a living human host". - Yes. These are your words. - "And has concentrated acid for blood. " - That's right. Look, I can see where this is going, but I'm telling you that... ..those things exist. - Thank you, Officer. That will be all. Please! You're not listening. Kane - The crew member... Kane, who went into that ship, said he saw thousands of eggs. Thousands. Thank you. That will be all. Goddamn it, that's not all! If one of those things gets down here, that will be all! Then all this bullshit that you think is so important... You can kiss all that goodbye! It is the finding of this court of inquiry that... .. Warrant Officer E Ripley,... .. NOC 14472,... .. Has acted with questionable judgment... .. And is unfit to hold an ICC licence as a commercial flight officer. Said licence is hereby suspended indefinitely. No criminal charges will be filed against you at this time, and you are released... .. On your own recognisance for a six-month period of psychometric probation,... .. To include monthly review by an ICC psychiatric technician. These proceedings are closed. That could have been... Better. - Look, I think... Ripley? - Van Leuwen. Why don't you just check out LV-426? Because I don't have to. The people there have never complained about any hostile organism. What do you mean? What people? Terraformers. Planet engineers. They set up atmosphere processors to make the air breathable. Takes decades. It's what we call a Shake 'n' Bake colony. How many are there? How many colonists? I don't know. 60, maybe 70, families. Do you mind? Families. Jesus! I'll be down in maintenance, OK? - Al? - What? - Hey, Al. - What? Remember you sent some wildcatters out past the alien range last week? Yeah. One of them's on the horn. Says he's on to something. Wants to know if his claim will be honoured. Why wouldn't his claim be honoured? Because you sent them on company orders, maybe? Christ! Some honch in a cushy office on Earth says "Go look at a grid reference". We look. They don't say why and I don't ask. I don't ask because it takes two weeks to get an answer out here. And the answer is always "Don't ask". So what do I tell this guy? Tell him, as far as I'm concerned, if he finds something, it is his. - Lydecker? - What? You kids are not supposed to be on this level! Get out of here! You go in places we can't fit! So? That's why I'm the best! Knock it off! If I catch you playing in the air ducts again, I'll tan your hides. Mom, all the kids play... Annie, come and have a look at this, will ya? Folks, we have scored big this time. What is it, Dad? I'm not sure. Let's see if we can't get a closer look at this thing. - Shouldn't we call in? - Let's wait till we know what to call it in as. That's about as close as we can get. Should we take a look inside? You kids stay inside. I mean it. We'll be right back. - OK. - Bye. Timmy, they've been gone a long time. It'll be OK. Dad knows what he's doing. Mayday! Mayday! This is Alpha Kilo Two Four Niner calling Alpha Control! This is Alpha Kilo Two Four Niner! Hi, Ripley. This is Lieutenant Gorman of the Colonial Marine Corps... Ripley, we have to talk. We've lost contact with the colony on LV-426. I don't believe this. You guys throw me to the wolves... ..and now you want me to go back

out there? Forget it. It's not my problem. - Can I finish? - No. There's no way. You wouldn't be going in with the troops. I can guarantee your safety. These Colonial Marines are tough hombres. They're packing state-of-the-art firepower. There's nothing they can't handle. Am I right? We've been trained to deal with situations like this. Then you don't need me. I'm not a soldier. We don't know what's going on out there. It may just be a downed transmitter. But if it's not... ... I would like you there as an advisor, and that's all. What's your interest in all this? Why are you going? The corporation co-financed that colony along with Colonial Administration. We're doing a lot of terraforming, building better worlds... Yeah. I saw the commercial. Look, I don't have time for this. I've got to get to work. Oh, right. I heard you're working the cargo docks. That's right. - Running loaders and forklifts. - Yeah. So? Nothing. I think it's great that you're keeping busy. And I know it's the only thing that you could get. There's nothing wrong with it. What would you say if I told you I could get you reinstated as a flight officer? The company's already agreed to pick up your contract. If I go. If you go. Come on, that's a second chance, kiddo. Get out there and face this thing. Get back on the horse. Spare me, Burke. I've had my psych evaluation this month. Yeah, I know. I've read it. You wake up every night,... ..soaked in sweat... - I said no! And I mean it! Now please leave. I am not going back! And I am... I would not be any good to you if I did. OK. Shh. Would you do me a favour? Just think about it. Thanks for the coffee. Aagh! Ohh! Hello. Ripley? You OK? Just tell me one thing, Burke. You're going out there to destroy them, right? Not to study. Not to bring back. But to wipe them out. That's the plan. You have my word on it. All right, I'm in. And you, you little shithead,... .. You're staying here. They ain't payin' us enough for this, man. Not enough to have to wake up to your face, Drake. What? - Is that a joke? - Oh, I wish it were! Hey, Hicks. Man, you look just like I feel. All right, sweethearts, what are you waiting for? Breakfast in bed? Another glorious day in the Corps! A day in the Marine Corps is like a day on the farm. Every meal's a banquet, every paycheck a fortune. Every formation a parade. I love the Corps! Man, this floor is freezing! - You want me to fetch your slippers? - Gee, would you, sir? Look into my eye. Fall in, people! Come on, let's go. I hate this job. Crowe! Wierzbowski! On your feet! I'm talking about breathing, not this frozen shit. Yeah, Top, how about it? All right, first assembly's in 15, people. Shag it! Hey, mira. Who's Snow White? She's supposed to be some kind of consultant. Apparently, she saw an alien once. Whoopee-fucking-doo! Hey, I'm impressed. ;Qu bonita! Hey, Vasquez. Have you ever been mistaken for a man? No. Have you? Oh, Vasquez! You're just too bad. Hey, Top, what's the op? It's a rescue mission. You'll love it. There's some juicy colonists' daughters we have to rescue from their virginity. Dumb-ass colonists! What's this crap supposed to be? - Cornbread, I think. - It's good for you, boy. Eat it. I sure wouldn't mind getting more of that Arcturian poontang. Remember that time? - But the one that you had was male! - Doesn't matter when it's Arcturian, baby! - Hey, Bishop. Do the thing with the knife. - Oh, please... All right! I don't wanna see that, man. Come on, man. All right! Hey, what are you doing, man? What are you doing? - Don't

move. - Quit messing, Drake! Bishop! Hey, man! - Do it, Bishop. - Hey, not me, man! Yeah, you. Don't move. Trust me. Aaaaggghhhhhh! All right, knock it off. Thank you. Enjoy your meal. That wasn't funny, man. - Lieutenant Gorman? - No. - Mr Burke? - Yeah, thanks. Looks like the new lieutenant's too good to eat with the rest of us grunts. The boy's definitely got a corncob up his ass. I thought you never missed, Bishop. You never said an android was on board. Why not? It never occurred to me. It's common practice to have a synthetic on board. I prefer the term "artificial person" myself. Right. - Is there a problem? - I'm sorry. I didn't even... Ripley's last trip, the syn... The artificial person... ..malfunctioned. - Malfunctioned? There were problems and... a few deaths were involved. I'm shocked. Was it an older model? Yeah. The Hyperdyne Systems 120-A-2. The A-2s always were a bit twitchy. That could never happen now with our behavioural inhibitors. It is impossible for me to harm, or allow to be harmed, a human being. You sure you don't want some? Just stay away from me, Bishop. Guess she don't like the cornbread, either. Squad! Atten-hut! Officer on deck! As you were. Quickly, quickly. Settle down. All right, listen up! Morning, Marines. I'm sorry we didn't have time to brief you before we left Gateway... - Sir? - What is it, Hicks? Hudson, sir. He's Hicks. What's the question? Is this gonna be a stand-up fight, sir, or another bug hunt? All we know is there's still no contact with the colony,... .. And a xenomorph may be involved. - Excuse me, sir. A what? - A xenomorph. It's a bug hunt. What exactly are we dealing with here? Ripley? I'll tell you what I know. We set down on LV-426. A crew member was brought back with something attached to his face,... ..some kind of parasite. We tried to get it off. It wouldn't come off. Later, it seemed to come off by itself and die. Kane seemed fine. We were all having dinner. It must have laid something inside his throat, some sort of embryo. He started... Um, he... Look, man, I only need to know one thing: Where they are. - Go, Vasquez, kick ass! - Anytime, anywhere. Somebody said "alien". She thought they said "illegal alien" and signed up! - Fuck you, man. - Anytime, anywhere. Are you finished? I hope you're right. I really do. Yeah, OK, right. Thank you, Ripley. We also have Ripley's report on disk. I suggest you study it. One of those things managed to wipe out my entire crew in less than 24 hours. If the colonists have found that ship, there's no telling how many have been exposed. Do you understand? Anyway, we have it on disk, so look at it. Any questions? What is it, Private? How do I get out of this chickenshit outfit? You secure that shit, Hudson. All right. Now listen up. I want this thing to go smooth and by the numbers. I want DCS and tactical database assimilation by 0830. Ordnance loading, weapons strip and drop-ship prep details. We have seven hours. Now move it, people! You heard the man, and you know the drill! Assholes and elbows! Hudson, come here. Come here! I don't care if you are short, Hudson. Get it done! - Sarge, you'll get lip cancer smoking those! - Corporal, I want this loading lock sealed! - How many more, Spunkmeyer? - Last one. Good. Take it away. Clear behind. Did you check number three? Is this the non-op? I feel like kind of a fifth wheel. Is there anything I can do? I don't know. Is there anything you can do? Well, I can drive that loader. I have a Class Two rating. Be my guest.

Where you want it? Bay twelve, please. We're a team and there's nothing to worry about. We come here, and we gonna conquer, and we gonna take some. Is that understood? That's what we gonna do, sweethearts. Gonna go and get some. All right, people, on the ready-line! - Are you lean? - Yeah! - Are you mean? - Yeah! - What are you? - Lean, mean Marines! Get on the ready-line! Get some today! Get on the ready-line! Move it out! Move it out, goddamn it! Get hot! One, two, three! Get out! Get out! Get out! Move it out! Move it out! Move it out! One, two, three, four! One, two, three! Absolutely badassess! Let's pack 'em in! Get in there! Move it! - Let's go, let's go! - One, two, three, four, five, six! I want combat seating. You know your places. Get those weapons stowed. Let's go! Come on, settle down, people. Lock 'em in, Hudson. Ready to get it on? You know it! OK, Bishop, let's go. Roger. I'm ready, man. Ready to get it on! Go! Stand by. Cross-locking now. Pre-launch auto-cycle engaged. Primary couplers released. Hit the internals. Confirm cross-lock and drop stations secured. Affirmative. All drop stations secured. Stand by. Ten seconds. Stand by to initiate release sequencer. On my mark. We're on an express elevator to hell! Going down! Two, one, mark. Whoo-hoo! Switch to DCS ranging. - 2-4-0. Nominal to profile. - We're in the pipe. Five by five. - We're picking up some hull ionisation. - Got it. Rough air ahead. We're in for some chop. How many drops is this for you, Lieutenant? Simulated. How many combat drops? Uh, two... ... including this one. - Shit! - Oh, man! Range 0-1-4. Turning on final. I got a bad feeling about this drop. You always say "I got a bad feeling about this drop". OK, OK. When we get back without you, I'll call you folks. All right. Let's see what we can see. Everybody on-line. Looking good. Drake, check your camera. There seems to be a malfunction. That's better. Pan it around a bit. Good. I'm ready, man. Check it out. I am the ultimate badass! State-of-the-badass-art! You do not wanna fuck with me. Check it out. Hey, Ripley, don't worry. Me and my squad of ultimate badassess will protect you. Check it out. Independently targeting particle-beam phalanx. Whap! Fry half a city with this puppy! We got tactical smart missiles,... ... Phase plasma pulse rifles, RPGs... We got sonic electronic ballbreakers! We got nukes. We got knives, sharp sticks... Knock it off, Hudson! All right, gear up. Two minutes, people. Get hot. Somebody wake up Hicks. - Coming around for a seven-zero-niner. - Terminal guidance locked in. Where's the damn beacon? Oh, I see it. - That's the atmosphere processor? - Yep, that's it. Remarkable piece of machinery. Completely automated. We manufacture those, by the way. OK, Ferro. Take us in low over the main colony complex. Storm shutters are sealed. There's no visible activity. All right. Hold at forty. - Roger. - Give me a slow circle of the complex. Structure seems intact. They still have power. OK, Ferro. Set down on the landing grid. Immediate dust-off on my clear, then stay on station. Down and clear. Ten seconds, people. Look sharp! I want a nice, clean dispersal this time. Let's go! Move it out! Head 'em out! First squad up, on-line. Hicks, get yours in a cordon. Watch the rear. Vasquez, take point. Let's move! Move up. Hudson, run a bypass. Second squad, move up. Flanking positions. Second squad, on-line. You set? Go on. Second team, move inside. Hicks, take the upperlevel. Sir, you copying this? Looks like hits From small-

arms fire. We got some explosive damages, probably seismic survey charges. Are you reading this? Keep it tight, people. Hicks, Hudson, use your motion trackers. Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. Quarter and search by twos. OK, Dietrich, Frost, you're up. It's right in there. - Now! - Now! Good one, Hudson! Uh, sir, we have a negative situation here. Uh, moving on, sir. Wait, tell him to... Hicks, back up. Pan right. There. You seeing this? Looks melted. Somebody must have bagged one of Ripley's badguys here. Acid for blood. If you liked that, you're gonna love this. Quit screwing around. Second squad, what's your status? We just finished our sweep. Nobody's home. Roger. Sir, this place is dead. Whatever happened here, we missed it. The area's secured. Let's go check their computer. - It's not secure. - The area's secured. First team, head for Operations. - Hudson, get their CPU on-line. - Affirmative. Hicks, meet me at the south lock. We're coming in. He's coming in. I feel safer already. Pendejo jerkoff! Sir, we got the CPU on-line. No problem. Good. Stand by in Operations. OK, let's go. Are you all right? Yes. Sir... They sealed off this wing at both ends. Welded the doors, and blocked off the stairs with heavy equipment. But it looks like the barricade didn't hold. - Any bodies? - No, sir. Last stand. Must have been a hell of a fight. Yeah, looks that way. All right, Drake, this way. You should be able to cut through the med lab to Operations. Lieutenant. Gorman. Are those the same ones? Careful, Burke. Looks like love at first sight to me. Oh, he likes you, Burke. Two are alive. The rest are dead. Surgically removed before embryo implantation. Subject: Marachuk, John J, died during the procedure. They killed him taking it off. Yo, Hicks. I think we got something here. - Behind us. - One of us? Apone, where are your people? - Anybody in D-Block? - Negative. We're all in Operations. - Talk to me, Frosty. - Let's keep moving, baby. - It's moving. - Which way? It's coming straight for us. Straight up. - Fuck! - Hold up! Ripley. Hey... Shh, it's all right. - It's all right. - Grab her, Corporal. Don't be afraid. Come on. We won't hurt you. Shh... it's all right. It's OK. Come on out. Come on. Easy, easy. I got her! Ow! Damn! - Don't let her go! - She's under the grill! - Frost, get your light up here. - Where'd she go? Shine the light! Down here. Here. Here. Keep back. Don't scare her. - Grab her, man! We're gonna lose her! - Damn it! Wait! It's OK. It's all right. Don't be afraid. See? Wait! No, you don't! It's OK! You're gonna be all right now! Shh! Easy! Easy! It's gonna be OK. It's all right. You're gonna be OK. Shh, shh, shh! Easy. Easy. - What's her name again? - Rebecca. Now think, Rebecca. Concentrate. Just start at the beginning. Where are your parents? Look, Rebecca... Gorman, give it a rest, why don't you? Total brainlock. Physically she's OK. Borderline malnutrition, but no permanent damage. Come on. We're wasting our time. Try this. It's a little hot chocolate. There you go. Whoop. That good, huh? Uh-oh. I made a clean spot here. Now I've done it! Guess I'll have to do the whole thing. Hard to believe there's a little girl under all this. And a pretty one, too. You don't talk much, do you? - Smoking or non-smoking? - Just tell me what you're scanning for. PDT's. Personal data transmitters. Every colonist had one surgically implanted. If they're within 20 clicks, we'll read it out here. So far, zippo. I don't know how you managed to stay alive, but you're

one brave kid, Rebecca. Newt. - What did you say? - Newt. My name's Newt. Nobody calls me Rebecca... ... Except my brother. Newt. I like that. I'm Ripley. It's nice to meet you. And who is this? Hm? Casey. Hello, Casey. What about your brother? What's his name? Timmy. Is Timmy around here, too? Maybe hiding like you were? Any sisters? Mom and Dad? Newt, look at me. - Where are they? - They're dead, all right? Can I go now? I'm sorry, Newt. Don't you think you'd be safer here with us? These people are here to protect you. They're soldiers. It won't make any difference. Need anything else? Hello, Bishop. Do you need anything else? No. Nice pet you got there. Magnificent, isn't it? Yo! Stop your grinnin' and drop your linen! Found 'em. They alive? Unknown, but it looks like all of 'em,... ... Over at the processing station,... ... Sub-level three,... ... Under the main cooling towers. It looks like a goddamn town meeting. Let's saddle up, Apone. Aye, sir. Let's go, people. They ain't payin' us by the hour. Head 'em out! OK, Frost, you're driving. It's OK. Don't worry. It'll be OK. I wanta straight Vdeployment. Second team on leftflank. Advance on axialsix-six-Four. Tracker on-line. Set the V-gain to filterR-Fambient. Hudson, tracker on-line. Left andright, little buddy. 40 metres in, bearing two-two-one, there shouldbe a stairwell. Check. Got it. You wantsub-level three. Let's go, people. Hudson, you got the point. Hicks, watch our tails. Nice and easy. Check those corners. Check those corners. Watch your spacing. You heard the man. Don'tbunch up. Your transmission's showing break-up. Probablygetting interference From the structure. Use those lights. Next one down, and proceed on a two-one-six. Roger, that's a two-one-six. I'm not making that out too well. What is it, Hudson? You tellme, man. I only work here. What is that? I don't know. Proceed inside. Watch yourfiire and checkyour targets. Remember we're looking For civvies in here. Easy. Tighten it up, Frost. We're getting a little thin. Nice and easy. Looks like some sort of secreted resin. Yeah... But secreted from what? Nobody touch nothing. Busy little creatures, huh? - Hot as hell in here. - Yeah, man, but it's a dry heat. Knock it off, Hudson. - Lieutenant, what do those pulse rifles fire? - Ten-millimetre explosive-tip caseless. - Standard light armour-piercing round. Why? - Look where your team is. They're right under the primary heat exchangers. So? So, ifthey fire their weapons in there, won't they rupture the cooling system? - Yeah. She's absolutely right. - So what? This whole station is basically a big fusion reactor. Right? So she's talking about a thermonuclear explosion and "Adis, muchachos". Oh, great. Wonderful. Shit! Look. Uh... Apone. Look. We can't have any firing in there. I want you to collect magazines from everybody. - Is he fuckin' crazy? - What do we use? Harsh language? - Flame units only. - Sir, I... Just do it, Sergeant. Andno grenades. All right, sweethearts. You heard the man. Let's have 'em. Come on, Vasquez. Clear and lock. Damn! You, too. Give it up, Ski. Crowe, I want it now. Give it up. Right on, Vas. Let's go, Marine. Give it up. Frost, you got the duty. Open that bag. - Thanks a lot, Sarge. - Hicks, cover our ass. Head 'em out, people. I like to keep this handy, for close encounters. I heard that. Anymovement? Nothing. Zip. Holy shit! Newt, go sit up front. Go on! Now! Steady, people. Let's fiinish oursweep. We're still Marines, and we gotajob to do. Keep itmoving.

Easy. - Top! - What? We got a live one! - You're gonna be all right. - Please... Kill me. Stay calm. We'll get you out. It's gonna be all right. - We've got to gether out! - What is it, Dietrich? Convulsion! Ohh! Dietrich, get back! Get back! Aagh! Aagh! No! Frost, flamethrower! Get back! Flamethrower! Move! Movement! What's the position? I can't lock in! Talk to me, Hudson! Multiple signals! They're closing! Go to infrared, people. Look sharp! What's happening, Apone? We can't see anything in here. Pull your team out, Gorman. I got readings in front and behind! Where, man? I don't see shit. He's right. There's nothing back here. Something's moving and it ain't us! Shit! Tracker's off-scale, man. They're all around us, man! Jesus! Maybe they don't show up on infrared at all. Aagh! Aagh! Frost! Aagh! Come on! Aagh! Jesus Christ, Apone! What is going on! Wierzbowski and Crowe are down! Dietrich! Crowe! Sound off! Frost! Frost! Wierzbowski! Wierzbowski! Let's rock! Yeah! Who's firing? Goddamn it! I ordered a "hold fire". They're coming out of the goddamn walls in swarms! Uh, Apone, I want you to lay down a suppressing fire with... Vasquez! Drake! Hold your fire! Are you copying me? Lay down a suppressing fire... ... with the incinerators, and fall back by squads. Say again? All after incinerators. Lay down a suppressing fire with the incinerators, and fall back... Aagh! Sarge! Apone,... ... Talk to me. Apone? - Talk to me! - He's gone! Get them out of there! Now! - Shut up! - Hicks, whoever's left, get the hell... - Shut up! - Goddamn it! Where's Apone? Where's Apone? The Sarge is gone! Let's get the Fuck out of here! Let's go, Marines! Hudson? Vasquez? - Hudson, look out! - Get it! Hudson! - Hicks! Hicks! - It's too much! Fall back! I told them to fall back. - I told them to fall back. - They're cut off! Do something! Fuck! Keep movin'! Hold on, Newt. Ripley, what the hell are you doing! Turn around! That's an order! - Get off me! - Goddamn it, that's an order! You had your chance, Gorman. Come on! Come on, Drake! Let's move it! Come on! Let's go! Let's go! It's blocked, man! We got to go around! Open the door! Hicks! Drake! We are leaving! Get them, Vas! Run for it! Shit! - Let's go! - Drake, come on, man! Drake, come on! Aagh! - Aaaghhh...! - No...! Fire in the hold! - He's gone! - No! Drake's out there! Put it out! Drake's coming! He's gone! No, he's... Not! Forget him! He's gone! Get on the goddamn door! Eat this! Aagh! Ripley! Go, go, go! Whoa! Oh! It's all right! We're clear! Ripley, you've blown the transaxle! You're just grinding metal! Come on, ease down. Ease down. Ease down! Ease down. You OK? I'm all right. Get away from me, man! - Lieutenant. - What happened to Gorman? I don't know... Maybe a concussion. - But he's alive. - No, man, he's dead! - Wake up, pendejo! I'm gonna kill you! - Back off! Right now. Somebody get me a first-aid kit. Hey. Hey, look! The Sarge and Dietrich aren't dead, man. Their signs are real low, but they ain't dead. - Then we go back in there and get them. - I ain't going back! You can't help them! You can't. Right now they're being cocooned just like the others. Oh, dear Lord Jesus, this ain't happenin', man. This can't be happenin', man. This isn't happenin'! We've got seven canisters of CN-20. I say we roll them in there and nerve-gas the whole fuckin' nest. It's worth a try, but we don't know if it'll affect 'em. Let's bug out and call it even. Why even talk about it? I say we take off and nuke the entire site from orbit. It's the



only way to be sure. - Fuckin' A! - Hold on one second. This installation has a substantial dollar value attached to it. They can bill me. OK, look. This is an emotional moment for all of us, OK? I know that. But let's not make snap judgments, please. This is clearly an important species we're dealing with,... ... And I don't think anybody has the right to arbitrarily... ...exterminate them.

- Wrong. Yeah. Watch us. Maybe you aren't up on current events, but we just got our asses kicked, pal! Look, I'm not blind to what's going on,... ... But I cannot authorise that kind of action. Well, I believe Corporal Hicks has authority here. Corporal Hicks is... This operation is under military jurisdiction. Hicks is next in chain of command. Am I right, Corporal? Yeah. Yeah, that's right. Yeah. Look, Ripley, this is a multimillion-dollar installation, OK? He can't make that decision. He's just a grunt. No offence. None taken. - Ferro, do you copy? - Standing by. - Prep for dust-off. We need immediate evac.

- Roger. On our way. I say we take off... Nuke the site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure. Let's do it. Let's go! Pick it up, Hudson. Pick it up, baby. All right. Set him down here. Move it, Spunkmeyer. We're rolling. Hold on a second. There's something... Just get up here. I'm in. Ramp closing. Spunkmeyer. Goddamn it. Well, where the fuck... Run! Well, that's great. That's just fuckin' great, man. Now what the fuck are we supposed to do? We're in some real pretty shit now, man! Are you finished? You all right? I guess we're not gonna be leaving now, right? I'm sorry, Newt. You don't have to be sorry. It wasn't your fault. That's it, man. Game over, man! Game over! What the fuck are we gonna do now? What are we gonna do? Maybe we could build a fire, sing a couple of songs. Why don't we try that? We'd better get back cos it'll be dark soon, and they mostly come at night. Mostly. That's everything, right? This is absolutely everything we could salvage out of the APC wreckage. We got four pulse rifles with about 50 rounds each. That ain't so good. We got 15 of these M-40 grenades. Don't touch that. Dangerous, honey.

- Is that the only flamethrower? - Yeah. It's only half full, but it's functional. And another one's damaged. I don't know about that one. But the good news... We got four of these robot sentries... ... with display and scanners intact. They really kick ass. They'll come in handy. How long after we're declared overdue can we expect a rescue? 17 days. 17 days? Hey, man, I don't wanna rain on your parade, but we're not gonna last 17 hours! Those things are gonna come in here like they did before, and... Hudson! Hudson! This little girl survived longer than that with no weapons and no training. Right? - Why don't you put her in charge? - You better start dealing with it, Hudson. Listen to me. Deal with it, because we need you... ... And I'm sick of your bullshit. Now get on a terminal and call up a floor-plan file. Do you understand? Construction blueprints. Anything that shows the layout. Are you listening? Yeah. I need to see air ducts, electrical access tunnels, sub-basements,... ... Every possible way into this complex. We don't have much time. OK. - OK, I'm on it. - Hudson... Just relax. I'll be in med lab. I'll check on Gorman, continue my analysis. Fine. You do that. So this service tunnel must be how they're moving back and forth. Right. It moves from the processing station right into the sub-level here. Come down on that. OK, come over. Hold it. Go back. OK, punch that

in right there. - No. It's back here. - OK. Well, there's a pressure door at this end. Couldn't we put a remote sentry unit in the tunnel... ...and then seal that door? - But we gotta figure on them getting in. That's right, so... ... we repair the barricades at these two intersections... ... And weld plate steel over these ducts here, and here,... ... And here. Then they can only come at us from these two corridors. Right. Then we put the other sentry units here... ... And here. Right? - Right. - Outstanding. Now all we need is a deck of cards. All right, let's move like we've got a purpose. - Affirmative. - Affirmative. Do your thing, baby. Vasquez, let's get the hell out of here. - A and B sentries are in place and keyed. - Roger. Stand by. Arming now. Test it, Hudson. - Do it! - Fire in the hole! OK! Let's get the hell out of here! We're sealing the tunnel! Come on, baby. For what it's worth... Here, I want you to put this on. What's it for? It's a locator. Then I can find you anywhere in the complex... On this. It's just a precaution. Thanks. Doesn't mean we're engaged or anything. All right, what's next? Last stop. Get in. Scoot down. That's good. Now you lie here and have a nap. You're very tired. I don't want to. I have scary dreams. Well, I bet Casey doesn't have scary dreams. Let's take a look. Nope. Nothing bad in there. See? Maybe you could just try to be like her. Ripley, she doesn't have bad dreams... ... Because she's just a piece of plastic. Right. I'm sorry, Newt. There. My mommy always said there were no monsters. No real ones. But there are. Yes, there are, aren't there? Why do they tell little kids that? Most of the time it's true. Did one of those things grow inside her? I don't know, Newt. That's the truth. Isn't that how babies come? I mean, people babies? - They grow inside you. - No. That's very different. Did you ever have a baby? Yes, I did. I had a little girl. Where is she? She's gone. You mean dead. Here. Take this. For luck. How's that? Don't go! Please! Newt, I'm gonna be right in the next room. And you see that camera? I can see you through that camera,... ... All the time, to see if you're safe. I'm not gonna leave you, Newt. I mean that. That's a promise. You promise? I cross my heart. And hope to die? And hope to die. Now go to sleep,... ... And don't dream. Sneak. The molecular acid oxidises after the creature's death, completely neutralising. Bishop, that's interesting, but it gets us nowhere. I'm trying to figure out what we're dealing with here. Let's go through it again. They grab the colonists and immobilise them to be hosts for more of these. So there would have to be a lot of these parasites. One for each colonist. A hundred at least. Yes, that follows. Each one of these things comes from an egg, right? So who's laying these eggs? I'm not sure. It must be something we haven't seen yet. Hey, maybe it's like an ant hive. - Bees, man. Bees have hives. - You know what I mean. There's, like, one female that runs the whole show. - Yes. The queen. - Yeah, the mama. And she's badass, man. I mean big. - These things ain't ants. - I know that! Bishop, I want these specimens destroyed as soon as you're finished with them. Mr Burke said they were to be kept alive in stasis for return to the company labs. He was very specific about it. Those two specimens are worth millions to the bio-weapons division. If you're smart, we can both come out of this heroes,... ... And we will be set up for life. You're crazy, Burke. Do you know that? You really think you can get a dangerous organism like that past ICC quarantine?

How can they impound it if they don't know about it? But they will know about it, Burke. From me. Just like they'll know you were responsible for the deaths of 157 colonists. - Wait a second! - You sent them to that ship. I just checked the colony log: directive dated 6-12-79, signed Burke, Carter J. You sent them out there and you didn't even warn them. What if that ship didn't even exist? Did you think about that? I didn't know. So now if I make a major security situation out of it, everybody steps in... ... And there's no exclusive rights for anybody. Nobody wins. So I made a decision and it was wrong. It was a bad call, Ripley. A bad call. Bad call? These people are dead, Burke! Have you any idea what you've done here! I'm gonna make sure they nail you right to the wall. You won't sleaze your way out of this one. Right to the wall. Ripley. You know, I expected more from you. I thought you'd be smarter than this. I'm happy to disappoint you. What is it? What's going on? - They're coming. - Where? In the tunnel. Here we go. A and B gun tracking and firing. Multiple targets. Look at those ammo counters go. B gun's down 50 per cent. It's a shooting gallery down there! 60 rounds left on B. 40... 20... 10. B gun's dry. 20 on A. Ten... ... Five... That's it. Jesus! They're wall-to-wall in there. They're at the pressure door. Man, listen to that. Bishop here. I'm afraid I have some bad news. Well, that's a switch! It's very pretty, Bishop, but what are we looking for? That's it. Emergency venting. That's beautiful, man. That beats it all. How long till it blows? Four hours... ... with a blast radius of 30 kilometres, equal to about 40 megatons. - We got problems. - I don't fuckin' believe this! Vasquez, close the shutters. Why can't we shut it down from here? The crash caused too much damage. An overload was inevitable at this point. Oh, man! And I was getting short! Four more weeks and out. - Now I'm gonna buy it on this rock! - Give us a break! Four more weeks. Oh, man! We need the other drop-ship from the Sulaco. Can't we bring it down on remote? How? The transmitter was on the APC! It's wasted! I don't care how, but we'd better think of something! Think of what? We're fucked! We're doomed! Shut up! What about the colony transmitters? The uplink tower at the other end? The hard-wiring between here and there was damaged. We can't align the dish. Somebody has to go out there. Take a portable terminal and patch in manually. Oh, yeah, sure! With those things running around? You can count me out. - We can count you out of everything. - I'll go. - Why don't you go, man? - I'll go. - What? - I'll go. I'm the only one qualified to remote-pilot the ship. Yeah, right, man. Bishop should go. Good idea! Believe me, I'd prefer not to. I may be synthetic, but I'm not stupid. How long? This conduit runs almost to the uplink assembly. 180 metres. - Say 40 minutes to crawl down there,... - Right. ...an hour to patch in and align the antenna,... ... 30 minutes to prep the ship, and about 50 minutes flight time. It's gonna be close. - Good luck. - See you soon. Watch your fingers. Vaya con Dios, man. This is unbelievable! 20 metres and closing. 15. How many? Can't tell. Lots. D gun's down 50 per cent. C gun's right behind it. It ain't stopping 'em. It ain't stopping 'em! 150 rounds on D. Come on, baby. Come on! 100 rounds. Come on, come on! D gun's down to 20. Ten. Damn it! Wait! They're retreating. The guns stopped them. You're right. Next time they walk right up and knock. Yeah, but they don't

know that. They're probably looking for other ways to get in. That'll take 'em a while. - Maybe we got 'em demoralised. - Shut up. I want you two walking perimeter. Move! Hey, listen. We're all in strung-out shape,... ... But stay frosty... ... And alert. We can't afford to let one of those bastards in here. All right. Vmonos. How long's it been since you got any sleep? 24 hours? Hicks, I'm not gonna end up like those others. You'll take care of it, won't you? If it comes to that, I'll do us both. Let's just make sure it doesn't come to that, all right? All right. Hey, I want to introduce you to a personal friend of mine. This is an M-41A pulse rifle, 10 millimetre,... ... with an over-and-under 30 millimetre pump-action grenade launcher. Feel the weight. OK. What do I do? Pull it in tight here. - Right. - Lean into it. All right, now it will kick some. When the counter reads zero here, you... - I press this up? - That's right. Get another one in quick. Slap it in hard. - Right. - Now you're ready to rock 'n' roll. - What's this? - The grenade launcher. I don't think you want to mess with that. You started this. Show me everything. I can handle myself. Yeah, I noticed. How do you feel? All right, I guess. One hell of a hangover. - Look, Ripley, I just want... - Forget it. Excuse me. Shh, shh, shh. It's OK. It's OK. Newt. Wake up. - What? - Be quiet. We're in trouble. Agh! Move, Newt! Hey! Help! Help! Hicks! Say again, Bishop? You've got it into auto-refuel mode and it's sequencing right? That's right. Good. Stay on it. Get back to me when you've activated the launch cycle. - He's at the uplink tower. - Terrific. - Hicks! Hicks! - Help! Help! Hicks! Help us! Break the glass! Break it, break it! I'll try. Ripley, I'm scared. Me, too. Stay here. It's the med lab. Hudson! Vasquez! Meet me in med lab! We got a fire! We're on our way. They're coming. Newt. Urgh! Aagh! Shoot it out! - Hudson! - Jesus! Oh! Christ, kid, look out! - Over there! - Yeah! - Ready? - Yeah! Hudson! Yeah, all clear. Nailed the other one. It's history, man. Jesus! Burke. It was Burke. I say we grease this rat-fuck son of a bitch right now. It just doesn't make any goddamn sense. He figured that he could get an alien back through quarantine... ... if one of us was impregnated. Whatever you call it. And then frozen for the trip home. Nobody would know about the embryos we were carrying,... ... Me and Newt. Wait, now. We'd all know. Yes. He could only do it by sabotaging certain freezers on the way home. Namely, yours. Then he could jettison the bodies and make up any story he liked. Fuck! He's dead. You're dog meat, pal. This is so nuts. I mean, listen... Listen to what you're saying. It's paranoid delusion. It's really sad. It's pathetic. Burke, I don't know which species is worse. They don't fuck each other over for a goddamn percentage. All right, we waste him. No offence. No! He's got to go back... They cut the power. How can they cut the power? They're animals! I want you two checking the corridors! Move! Gorman, watch Burke. Newt, stay close. - I'll go this side. - You do that, man. - Anything? - There's something. It's inside the complex. You're just reading me. No, it ain't you. They're inside the perimeter. They're in here. Hudson, stay cool. Vasquez? Hudson may be right. - Get back, both of you. - The signal's weird. Must be some interference or something. There's movement all over the place! Get back to Operations. It's game time. Newt. Seal the door. Hurry! Come on! Come on, get back! Work fast. Cover your eyes, Newt. Don't look at the

light. Movement. Signal's clean. Range: 20 metres. They found a way in, something we missed. We didn't miss anything. 18... 17 metres. Something under the floor, not in the plans. - 15 metres. - Ripley! Definitely inside the barricades. Let's go! - That's right outside the door. Get back! - This is a big fuckin' signal. - How you doing, Vasquez? - Almost there. That's it. 12 metres. 11... 10... - They're right on us. - 9 metres. - Remember, short controlled bursts. - 8 metres. 7... 6... - That can't be! - It's reading right, man! You're not reading it right. 5 metres, man - 4! What the hell! - Oh, my God! - Give me the light! There they go! Get 'em! - Come on! - Get 'em! Do something, Gorman! Look out! Look out! There's more of 'em! Get to medical! Do it! Now! Hudson! Look out! Aagh! Now! Burke! Open this door! Burke! Open it! Agh! Let's go! Let's go! Fall back! Go! Die, motherfucker! Burke! Hudson! Hudson! Motherfucker! Come on! Come on! Come and get it, baby! I don't got all day! Come on, you bastard! Come on, you too! You want some of this? Fuck you! Aagh! Fuck you! - Hicks! - Hudson! Come on, Hicks! Go! It's locked! Got it! Let's go! Go! Go! Move, Gorman! Seal it! Burke! Goddamn you! Open this door! Get back! - Hurry up! - Gorman, get out of the way! - Ripley, this way! - What? Wait. Get behind me. Whatever you're gonna do, do it fast! - Hicks! - Come on, let's go! Move! - Which way to the landing field? - This way. Go right! This way! This way. - Which way? - Straight ahead and left. Bishop, do you read me? Come in. Over. The ship is on its way. ETA 16 minutes. Good! Stand by there! We're on our way! - Which way now? - That way. - No, wait! This way! - Are you sure? Vasquez, move! - Right up here! It's just up here! - Hicks! We're almost there! Newt, wait! Newt! Vasquez! Go! Ohh! Ohh, no...! Newt! Up there! There's a short cut across the roof! Hicks! You always were an asshole, Gorman. Newt! - Ripley! - Newt! Hicks! Hicks, get her! Hurry! Oh! Hold on, Newt! - I'm slipping! - Don't let go! - Ripley! - Hold on! - Help! - Gotcha! I gotcha! Newt! No! Come on! We can find her with this! Stay where you are, Newt! - Ripley...! - We're coming! Ripley! This way. She's close. Newt! Ripley! Where are you! Can you hear me! - Newt! - Here! I'm here! Where? Newt, are you OK? Gonna have to cut it. Climb down, honey. We've got to cut through. Newt? Now don't move. Stay very still. OK. We're almost there. Hang in there, OK? Hicks! Hurry! - I know! - I mean it! Newt, just stay still! Aagh! - Almost there! - No! Newt! No! No! - Let's go! - No! They don't kill you! They don't kill you! They... - She's alive! She's alive! - All right! I believe you! She's alive! We've got to go! Now! Hicks... Get it off! Aagh! Get it off! Aagh! Here! Go! Come on, you can make it! Bishop! How much time? Plenty! 26 minutes! - We're not leaving! - We're not? - Ripley... - Bishop, she's alive. There's still time. In 19 minutes this area is gonna be a cloud of vapour. - Hicks, don't let him leave. - We ain't going anywhere. - See you, Hicks. - Dwayne. It's Dwayne. Ellen. Don't be gone long, Ellen. Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately. You now have 15 minutes to reach minimum safe distance. Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately. You now have 14 minutes to reach minimum safe distance. Ripley! Ripley! Grab on to me! Hold on! Let's go! Behind us! Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately.

Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately. You now have four minutes to reach minimum safe distance. Come on, goddamn it! Hold on to me! Attention. Emergency. All personnel must evacuate immediately. You now have two minutes to reach minimum safe distance. No! Bishop! Goddamn you! Close your eyes, baby. Look! Come on! Come on! Punch it, Bishop! It's OK. We're OK. Hey. We made it. I knew you'd come. He's gonna be all right. He's just out. I had to give him another shot for the pain. We need a stretcher to carry him up to medical. OK. I'm sorry if I scared you. That platform was becoming too unstable. I had to circle and hope that things didn't get too rough to take you off. Bishop... - You did OK. - I did? Oh, yeah. Go! Move! No! Here! Here! Run! Here! Get away from her, you bitch! Come on! Come on! Aagh! Aagh! Aagh! Ripley! Ohh...! Aagh! Bishop! - Mommy! - Oh, God! Not bad for a... Human. Are we gonna sleep all the way home? All the way home. Can I dream? Yes, honey. I think we both can. Sleep tight. Affirmative.