

My mommy always said there were no monsters. No real ones. But there are. We've seen no additional defects. She's perfect. Mm-hmm. Careful. Two centimeters. Okay. Yeah. Ready with that amnio. Oh. And... there it is. No. Be careful. Jesus. Clamp. What about her? Can we keep her alive? How's the host? - Doing well. Sew her back up. Excellent work, everybody. And how is our Number 8 today? Appears to be in good health. Hmm? How good? Excellent, as in completely off our projected charts. Look at the scar tissue. See the recession? This is from three days ago? Exactly. Oh, this is good. This is very good. You're gonna make us all very proud. No. Don't. I'm all right. Now try this. - Hand. - Close. Glove. Number 8? Fruit. Good. Cherries. It's unprecedented. Totally. She's operating... at a completely adult capacity. What about her memories? There are gaps. - And some degree of synaptic dissonance. - You know this. She's freaked. Come on. It has connective difficulties, caused by a biochemical imbalance, causing emotional autism. Certain reactions All right, wait a second! It has memories. Why does it have memories? Well, I'm guessing, but... inherited memories, passed down generationally at a genetic level... by the aliens, like its strength. Plus a, uh, highly evolved form of instinct. An unexpected benefit from the genetic crossing. Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho. I see. Stupid me. Ofcourse. An unexpected benefit of the genetic process. Oh! And I didn't even think of that! Let's try this one. Ripley? Ripley. Ripley, what is it? Ripley? Ripley? You're not thinking termination? Oh, boy, am I thinking termination. General, we do not perceive this to be a problem. Ellen Ripley died trying to wipe this species out. For all intents and purposes, she succeeded. I'm not anxious to see her taking up her old hobbies. That won't happen. We won't tell her. Oh, I see. And that's supposed to comfort me? Identification, please. Please try again. Thankyou, General Perez. Bottom line is, she looks at me funny one time, I'm putting her down. Okay, as far as I'm concerned, Number 8... is a meat... by-product. Her Majesty here is the real payoff. When does she start producing? Days. Less maybe. We need the cargo. I told you, it's on its way. Fork. - Fuck. - It's-It's "fork." How did you How did... we get you? Yes. Hard work. We used blood samples... from Fiori Sixteen on ice, where you died. We've remade you. We cloned you. Fiori Sixteen. Does that ring a bell? Are you remembering something? - Does it grow? - Yeah. Very rapidly. It's a queen. How did you know that? She'll breed. You'll die. Everyone in the company will die. In the In the- In the company? Weyland-Yutani. Ripley 8's former employers. Terran growth conglomerate. They had... defense contracts under the military. Oh, they went under decades ago, Gediman. Way before your time. Bought out by Wal-Mart. Fortunes of war. I think you will find that, uh, things have changed a great deal since your time. I doubt that. We're not flying blind here, you know. It's United Systems Military, not some greedy corporation. Oh. Well, it won't make any difference. You're still gonna die. How do you feel about that? I wish you could understand what we're trying to do here. The potential for this species goes way beyond urban pacification. New alloys, new vaccines. Nothing like this we've ever seen on any world before. You should be very proud. Oh. I am. And the animal itself- wondrous. The potential, unbelievable, once we've tamed them. Roll over. Play dead. Heel?

Mm-hmm. You can't teach it tricks. Why not? We're teaching you. Hey, son, I'll give you my authorization code. It's E-A-T-M-E. I'm sorry, sir. Could you repeat that? Little prick. You know, no matter how many times you see it, the sight of a woman all strapped up in a chair like that just What? Just bring us in on a 3-0 descent, would ya? And ride the parallel. Darlin', it is done. Good girl. You, uh, want anything there, trigger? Hmm. Yeah. How 'bout a cup of coffee? Anything else, while your mouth's warm, I mean? Little milk. Hey, don't cut thrust till about 600 meters, and we'll give 'em a little scare. Vriess. Call. Lock down. We're gonna dock. - Hey, Call? - Yep? What has two thumbs, one eye, a pink tongue... and screws like a god? What? Two thumbs, one eye, a pink tongue... and screws like a god? What? Time to enjoy some of the general's hospitality, Christie. Great. Army food. Yeah. It'll do till we get the family wagon up to spec, I reckon. Yeah. That is if the natives are friendly. How's that? Good. We expecting any, uh, trouble? Nah. From Perez, I doubt it. But you never know. We've been there before. What is wrong with you? Just a little target practice. Vriess isn't complaining. Goddamn it! Johner, you son of a bitch! Come on, man. You didn't feel a thing. You are an inbred motherfucker, you know that? I'll take the knife back now. Whoa. Call, forget it. He's been sucking down too much home brew. The knife. Son of a bitch! Don't push me, little Call. You hang with us for a while, you'll find out I am not the man with whom to fuck! It's about time we start associating with a better class of people. I am Father. Welcome to the U.S.M. Auriga. Step forward for contraband and weapons search. Please report any infectious diseases... to the medical officers. Levels 7 through 12 are off-limits to civilians. Thank you for your cooperation. Go. Get your hands up, please, sir. What? Could you get your hands up, please? There are no weapons allowed on board, sir. My own recipe. Way more dangerous. Nice welcome, Perez. What the hell is this? What, are you afraid the six of us are gonna hijack your damn ship or what? Just a minor concern that one of your asshole crew members... is gonna get drunk and put a bullet through the hull. We happen to be in space, Elgyn. No shit. How you been? Wanna check the chair? Elgyn, these were very, very hard to come by. So was our cargo. - You're, uh, not about to plead poverty on me, are you, General? - No. Just saying very few people deal in cash nowadays. Just the ones don't like to keep business records. - Yourself, for example. - Drink, Elgyn? Constantly. Now, I'm gonna take a wild guess here, General, but I'm thinking whatever you got going on here, it, uh, ain't exactly approved by Congress. Who's the... new filly you got on board, Elgyn? Call. Little girl playing pirates. She makes an impression. She is severely fuckable, ain't she? Mighty handy with a monkey wrench too, I might add. I think Vriess has got a bit of a light in his eye for her. Fine little ass like that'd make a man walk. You know what I mean? Mind you, uh, I think she's just a tad curious... about, uh, this little transaction of ours. I mean, I can't say as I blame her. It's awfully cloak-and-dagger stuff. It's a military operation. - Really? - Mm-hmm. Correct me if I'm wrong, but, uh, I was under the impression that, uh, most army medical labs don't have to operate outside of regulated space. - What do you want, Elgyn? What can I do for you? - Me? - Yeah. - Oh, two days bed and board. You know, Vriess might

wanna snag a part here or there, whatever. I mean, uh, if it's not imposing. I don't see any problem. Couple of conditions though. Ah. Conditions? Not you... nor any of your... formidable crew members... will go anywhere near... restricted areas. Rule number two: No trouble. Good behavior. Good behavior. - No fights. - No fights. Mi casa es su casa. Please direct cargo to med lab center, area "G." Follow the lit path. Do not deviate. stable. Life-forms intact. Stasis uninterrupted. Med lab center is off-limits to civilians. Thankyou. Oh. Hey. Chill. Oh, please.. You know I can't lay off the tall ones. How you doin'? How about a little one-on-one? What do you say? You got some moves on you, girl. Oh, man. Mm-hmm. Well, now, if you don't wanna play basketball, I know some other indoor sports. Come on, now. Give me the ball. Okay, I got a new game. Tag! Ripley? Ripley. You've had enough fun. What the hell are you? Something of a predator, isn't she? Yes, she continues to make us all very proud. We're coming up on just one minute and 30 seconds left... to order this one-of-a-kind collector's item. Jesus Christ, Johner, what do you put in this shit, battery acid? Just for color. So, we're a fast learner. Now here's a fine item.. This is a really good show, man. It's from the Gut Cutter's Celebration Collection, makers of premier knives and edge ware. The knife features a stainless steel blade, perfect for any use in hunting or in the home. The pro handle is made from authentic antique plywood... and stained in brilliant colors for an uncanny charm. Hey, man, that shit is not easy to come by! Why don't you take a walk outside? ...to a cutting edge that will rip through anything Great! I'm so sorry. Now I smell like this shit! If bitches can't handle this shit, bitches should stay away from this shit! Go to bed. Fucking bitch. Identification, please. Please try again. - Thankyou, General Perez. Well? You gonna kill me, or what? There's no point, is there? They've taken it out of you. Where is it? Is it on the ship? You mean my baby. I don't get it. If they took it out, why are they keeping you alive? Well, they're curious. I'm the latest thing. Look. I can make it all stop. The pain, this nightmare. That's all I can offer you. What makes you think... I would let you do that? Who are you? Ripley, Ellen, Lieutenant First Class, number 36706. Ellen Ripley died You're not her. I'm not her. Who am I? You're a thing, a construct. They grew you in a fucking lab. And now they brought it out of you. Not all the way out. I can feel it... behind my eyes. I can hear it moving. You gotta help me stop this thing before it gets loose. It's too late. You can't stop it. It's inevitable. Not as long as I'm around. You'll never get out of here alive. I don't care. Really? I can make it stop. Go on. Get out of here. They're looking for you. I think you're gonna find that this was very ill-advised. Where are her friends? They're in the mess hall, sir. Well, you find them, now. Quietly. What the hell is going on here? Smells like a double-cross, boss. Where's the other one? With the chair? Don't ever touch me. Ever. You wanna tell us what this is? You wanna tell me who you're workin' for. What? - Wren, they got nothing to do with this. - To do with what? Do you know what the penalties for terrorist activity are? No goddamn terrorists on my crew. Call, there something you wanna tell me? Look. I don't care whether you knew or not. You brought a terrorist on board a military vessel. And as far as I am concerned, you all die with her! Do you understand?

Yeah. I understand. Christie. Down! Freeze! Stop! Drop your weapons! And you! Drop that piece of shit, or I blow his head off! - Can't do that, man. - Drop it now! - Can't do that. They're attached to me. - I'm not fucking with you! You're all under arrest for a code eight, which is concealed weapons, and a code 1 2, which is murder! Release Dr. Wren! Kiss my ass. Put down your weapons and assume the fucking Everybody okay? Real easy, soldier boy. Security. Get up! There is a serious problem in the mess hall. You lie to me now, little girl, I will cut your throat and leave you here to die, you understand me? This is security, Section 2.. We do not read you. Hello? Goddamn it! Hello? We do not copy you. Please repeat. Hello? Please repeat. Gediman! He's conducting illegal experiments. He is breeding some sort of- Ice the goddamn mole!! Listen to me! He is breeding an alien species. More than dangerous. If those things get loose, it's gonna make the Lacerta plague look like a fucking square dance! Shut up! Listen. Your attention, please. Security breach, med lab, Level 1 5. Go. Let's get back to the Betty. Doctor and soldier boy here can see us to the door. What about Vriess?? Fuck Vriess. Your attention, please. Unauthorized opening of cage three. Unauthorized opening of cages five, seven, eight, 1 0- - Move it! Now! Evacuation. - Go! Go now! - Evacuation. This is not a drill. - Evacuation. - Move it! Go! Get on board! Your attention, please. Nonhuman presence detected, Levels 21 , 23, Level 38, Level 39. - Evacuation. Proceed to lifeboats. This is not a drill. Thank you for your cooperation. - - I'll give you holes, you slimy bastard! Move it! Let's go! - Final lifeboat ready for launch. - Get aboard! Go! Complete evacuation now. Grenade. Alert. Alert. Evacuation incomplete. Civilian presence detected in area "H." Warning. Main vessel declared uninhabitable. Elgyn, come on. Let's move, man. Yeah. Elgyn? Elgyn, where are you? Elgyn, where are you? Elgyn? Elgyn! God. Elgyn? Elgyn? Elgyn! Elgyn! Easy, Hillard! Christie, give me a hand here! Get him up! Give me a hand here! Come on! Let's get him up! Move out of the way! No! Ah, shit. What the fuck did this? What's in this place? - Call, get down! - What the fuck is that? Don't shoot! It's in front of the hull! What is that? Come on, man. Time to go. Time to go! Get back! - Damn! Call, time to go! Come on, Call! Get the goddamn door open! We can't open it! We can't open the door! - We gotta go back!! - I'm not going back! You go back! What the fuck? Was it everything you hoped for? Leave him alone! What do we do now, man? Same thing we're doing. Get the hell outta here! What if there's more? I say we stay here, man. Let the army guys deal. Where the fuck are the army guys? They're dead! Well, then we don't need this asshole anymore. - Step back! - No, you step back! - Stop it! - You got no authority here! Doctor, that thing that killed my partner, that's your pet science project? Yes. - Let me do him right now, man! - I should let him do you right now! How many more are there? How many more are there? Twelve. - Twelve? - Twelve. Twelve. There'll be more. So, who do I have to fuck to get off this boat? I can get you off. Maybe not the boat, but- Let's get out of here. No, wait a second here. She was the host for these monsters. Wren cloned her because she had one inside her. She's not human. She was part of his experiment, and she will turn on us in a second. I don't give a shit what she is. She's too much of a risk. We have to

leave her. - She comes. - We can't trust her! I don't trust anyone. If we're gonna survive this mess, we all stick together. Agreed? Hillard, we gotta go. It's not over. We gotta get to the Betty. Make a nice souvenir. I can't believe you did that. Did what? Killed one of 'em. It's like killing your own kind. It was in my way. Oh, man! Who were you expecting, Santa Claus? - - Thought you were toast for certain, man. Shit. Where's Elgyn? Oh, shit. Hey, man, what if we get to the Betty and they're all over it? - All the activity's been in the aft sector by the barracks. Why would they move? - They won't. If they send anyone out, it'll be, uh, here, where the meat is. Yeah. Well, I say if we wanna make any decent time, I say we ditch the cripple. - No offense, man. - None taken. Nobody is left behind. Not even you, Johnner. - What's the quickest way out of here? - After the cooling tower, there's a freight elevator. It runs from the top of the ship down to Engineering Level 1 deck. - Take us straight to the dock. - Sounds reasonable. Let's do it. We're moving. - What? The ship is moving. I can feel it. The ship has stealth run. There's no way you can tell. She's right. The ship's been go since the attack. That's a standard emergency procedure. That's right. Any serious problem, and the ship autopilots back to home base. And you were planning on letting us know this? Nobody asked. - What's home base? Earth. Oh, great. - Bastard. Earth? I'd rather stay here with the things, man. How long until we get to Earth? Three hours almost. We gotta blow the ship. Call, you're not blowing this ship. Not while we're on it, okay? We get out of this shit, you do as you please, all right? Earth, man. What a shit-hole. It's clear. Hey, Ripley. I heard you, like, ran into these things before. That's right. Wow, man. So, like, what did you do? I died. Not that way! Ripley. Ripley, come on. Ripley, we got no time for sightseeing here. Ripley, don't. Hel Kill... me. Kill me. Don't do it, Ripley. Don't do what? What's the big deal, man? Fuckin' waste of ammo. Let's go. Must be a chick thing. Am I dreaming, or is this not the shit we brought with us? Yeah, it's the same shit. Stinks in here, man. Let's keep moving. Get away from me! Get away from me! Drop the rod, man. Get away from me! - Do it! - Get away from me. Get away from me. Who are you people? What's happening here? Calm down. What's happening here is we're getting the fuck off this ghost ship, okay? Ship? What ship? Where am I? I was in cryo, right? On my way to Xarem, right? Work crew for the nickel refinery, right? I wake up. I know I don't understand. Oh, God. Uh, I s- I saw I saw horrible things. Look, you're coming with us. It's too dangerous for you here. Leave him. Fuck you. We're not leaving him here. He's got one inside of him. I can smell it. Inside me? Inside me? What's inside me? Hey, man. I don't want one of those things birthing anywhere near my ass. It's a bad risk. - What's inside me? - Look, we can't just leave him here. - I thought you came here to stop 'em from spreadin'. - What's inside me? - There's gotta be a process. Can't you stop it? - Got no time for that. - I can't do it here. The lab is out of order. - What's inside me? I could do him. Back of the head. Painless. It might be the best way. - What's inside me? - No, there's got to be another way. What if we freeze him? What's in-fuckin'-side me? A parasite! Foreign element. There's a monster in your chest. These guys hijacked your ship, and they sold your cryo tube... to this... human, and he put

an alien inside of you. It's a really nasty one. And in a few hours, it's gonna burst its way through your rib cage... and you're gonna die. Any questions? Who are you? I'm the monster's mother. Look, he comes with us, we freeze him on the Betty, - then the doctor can remove it later. - Fine with me. Since when were you in goddamn charge? - Since you were born without balls! - Ease off, people. All right. You come with us. You might even live. Get twitchy on me, and you'll be shot. Let's move out. It's a mess down there! Is this the only way? Vriess, we gotta lose the chair. I know. Kawlang maneuver, all right? Yeah, just like old times. Yeah. Must be the cooling tanks. Somebody must have opened the valves. The nasties couldn't have done this, could they? We're at the bottom of the ship. We have to go through the kitchen, maybe 90 feet, to the freight elevator on the other side. - I don't like it. - What's to like? This sucks! - Wren, are you sure about the distance? - Yes. - You ready to get wet, partner? - Yeah. Hey, uh, do your weapons fire underwater? - Yeah, they're disposables. They can take it. - Disposables? Hey, I heard about those. Yeah. - How many rounds? - Twenty. Split points give you a good hole, even at the smaller caliber. Oh. Hey, that's cool. Yeah. They're big with hitters 'cause you, uh, throw 'em away after the job. Nobody likes to throw away a weapon they're attached to. You know what I mean? Yeah. Guess I don't have to tell everyone to take a deep breath. Hey, Christie, do me a favor. When we hit the surface on the other side, no backstroke, okay? - -Jesus Christ! They set a goddamn trap. It's a goddamn ambush! Distephano! It won't break. Give me your weapon. You really are way too trusting. No! You killed her! You bastard! I'll get you! Father, lock the door. Christie! Climb! Climb! I'm doin' it, man! Come on! Come on! It's jammed! Move it! It's jammed! Get off my foot, bitch! Get off me! Johner! Get off me! Get off me! Aaah! Johner! Die, motherfucker! Do it, man! Hey! Real nice party, ain't it? Christie! Christie! Christie! No! Christie! What are you doing? Don't do it! Don't! We can make it! No! - Damn! This way. Come on! Baby, am I glad to see you. I was sure that asshole got you. Are you hurt? I'm fine. You got body armor on? Yeah. Come on. You took it in the chest. I saw it. You're a robot? Son of a bitch! Our little Call is just full of surprises. I should have known. No human being is that humane. I thought synthetics were supposed to be all logical and shit. You're just a big old psycho, girl. - You're a robot? - You're a second gen, aren't you? You're an Auton. Robots designed by robots, right? Hah! Oh, yeah. That's right. I remember. Now, they were supposed to revitalize the synthetic industry. Instead, they buried it. They didn't like being told what to do. Government ordered a recall. Now, I heard I had I had heard... that only a few- just a few- had gotten out intact. Man, I never, never thought that I would see one! Great. She's a toaster oven. Can we leave now? How long before we land? Just under two hours. Hey, Vriess. You got a socket wrench? Maybe she just needs an oil change. I'm sorry. Access denied. I can't believe I almost fucked it. Yeah, like you never fucked a robot! You know, if Wren gets in the computer, he could really screw us. We gotta find a terminal.. No, there's no console on this level. We'd have to go back. Well, we can't go back. - And I don't know any of Wren's access codes. - Help me. Call. No. I can't. Right. You're the new model droid. You can access

the mainframe by remote. No, I can't. I burned my modem. We all did. Call, you can still patch in manually. You know that. There's ports in the chapel, up there. Call. You're programmed for that? Don't make me do this. Don't make me make you. I don't want to go in there. It's like my insides are liquid. It's not real. Get over it. You can blow the ship before it reaches Earth... and kill them all. Just give us time to get out first. Damn it. Anything? Hold on. Breach in Sector 7, Sector 3. Sector 9 unstable. Engines operating at 41 Eighty-six minutes until Earth dock. We burned too much energy. I can't make critical mass. I can't blow it. Then crash it. Yeah. I'm okay. I'm okay. Really. I feel good. Ground level recalibrated. Uninhabited quadrant. Braking systems off-lined. Acceleration increase. Time until impact now Try to clear us a path to the Betty... and start her up. Okay. Please wait. Emergency override in console 45V, Level 1 . It's Wren. He's almost at the Betty. Father, locate the power drain. Report. Father? Father! Father's dead, asshole. Intruder on Level 1 . All aliens, please proceed to Level 1 . You got a mean streak. Damn it. Let me see. - Don't touch me. - Come on. You must think this is pretty funny. I'm finding a lot of things funny lately, but I don't think they are. Why do you go on living? How can you stand being what you are? Not much choice. At least there's a part of you that's human. I'm just Look at me. I'm disgusting. Why did you come here? To kill you, remember? Before the recall, I accessed the mainframe. Every dirty little covert op the government ever dreamed of is in there. And this-you, the aliens, even the crew from the Betty- I knew if they succeeded, it would be the end of them. Why do you care what happens to them? Because I'm programmed to. You're programmed to be an asshole? You're the new asshole model they're putting out? Come on. I couldn't watch 'em do it. I couldn't let 'em annihilate themselves. Do you understand that? I did once. I tried to save... people. It didn't work out. There was this girl. She had bad dreams. I tried to help her. She died. Now I can't even remember her name. I guess we're almost there. Right. Do you dream? I Well, we have neuroprocessors that- Yes. When I sleep, I dream about them it. Every night. All around me, in me. I used to be afraid to dream, but I'm not anymore. Why? Because no matter how bad the dreams get, when I wake up, it's always worse. - It's not so far now! - God, I'm so tired. Sleep when you die, man. Oh, no. This is bad, right? - I think we're near the nest. - Well, then we'll go another way. We don't have time. We got nearly 90 minutes. - Not anymore. - What are you saying? - What did you do, robot? - Let's go. Come on. Hey! You want to die here with your little brothers and sisters, that's cool! But I plan to live past today! If this little hunk of plastic is pulling any shit, I'm gonna kill her! Kill you! Does that compute? Or do I have to draw you a schematic? Hey! You want another souvenir? - How far are the docks? - A hundred yards. Ripley. Come on. Ripley, we have to go. I hear them. I hear them. They're so close. Ripley. It's the queen. She's in pain. - Ripley! Ripley! Wait! Oh, my God. We gotta be moving. The best thing you can do is pray for a quick death. Come on. Come on. It's not right. I've been saying that all day. It's up to you now, Call. I need you to patch into the ship again and open the hatch. Johner, we should put Purvis in the freezer now. All right, little buddy. Nap

time. Oh! Nobody moves, or I put a cap... right where this little droid's brain is. Distephano, take the weapons. Begging your pardon, sir, but fuckyou! Oh, fine. Then I kill her, and you kill me, and we all die, and nobody goes home! Now drop the weapon. Then this little synthetic bitch... is gonna plug into the Auriga, and she is gonna take us right back to home base, according to the standard emergency procedures. - No, she's not. Are you crazy? You still want to bring those things back to Earth? - Haven't you been paying any attention today? - Ah, the intellectual speaks. Stay there! Listen, if you don't Don't you ever shut up? Why does nobody listen to me? I told you. At first, everything was normal. The queen laid her eggs. But then she started to change. She added a second cycle cell. So, this time there is no host. There are no eggs. There is only her womb... and the creature inside. That is Ripley's gift to her: a human reproductive system. She is giving birth for you, Ripley, and now she is perfect! You are... a beautiful, beautiful butterfly. No. No. No. Ah, look. Look. Beautiful, beautiful little baby. Look. It thinks you're its mother. Come on. Come on. Yeah. Come on. Civilian vessel on line. Emergency departure authorized. All right. She's hot. I'll open the Auriga's air locks, pull the holding clamps on your mark. Right. I-I just need to find, uh, the, uh the vertical thrust lock. Are you sure you guys can fly this thing? Yes! - Launch status is go. - No! Ripley. - Hey. - I thought you were dead. Yeah, I get that a lot. Why are we still here? Uh, I'm just, uh, finding the, uh, manual override. - For Christ's sake. Hey, Ripley. Good memory. Excuse me. Ripley's back, man. Is that it? Nope. You can't fly one of these things too, can you? Are you kidding? This piece of shit is even older than I am. - - Goddamn it. We've still got breach. The hatch. - I closed it. - Fixed the goddamn hatch a hundred times, man! I'll get it. I'll get it. Approaching Earth's atmosphere. Window of departure now 46 seconds. Call, we have to go. - Call. We've gotta get out of here. Window of departure now 20 seconds. Grab on to something, Call. We're outta here. Come on, baby. - This thing is gonna fall apart. Pressure's unstable! Go help Call turn on the auxiliary pump! Distephano? Come on! Step on it! Hey, I'm not the mechanic here, Ironsides! I mostly just hurt people! Shit. Call! Call, get back up here! Call! Call! Ripley! Hey, Ripley! Johner, where are you, you son of a bitch? - Get on it, bastard! - What am I supposed to do? Grab the sticks. Put her down. Oh. Ripley! Oh, no! Oh, no! I'm sorry. No! U.S.M. Auriga will impact in five seconds. Four. Three. Two. One. Thank you. - What's burnin'? - Us! Shit! You're right! So this is Earth, huh? This is Earth. This is my first time here. I suppose the military will be sniffing around here pretty soon. Bet you're not too anxious to see them. Not really. You know, a person could get pretty lost around here if they wanted to. What do you think? What should we do? I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself.