

Have you got any biscuits over there? Here's some cornbread. I am cold.

- Still with us, Brett? - Right. - Oh, I feel dead. - Anybody ever tell you you look dead? Oh, yeah. Right! I just forgot something, man. Before we dock, I think we ought to discuss the bonus situation. Brett and I, we think we deserve full shares. Mr Parker and I feel the bonus situation has never been on an equitable level. You get what you're contracted for, like everybody else. Yes, but everybody else gets more than us. Dallas, Mother wants to talk to you. Yeah, I saw it. Yellow light's for my eyes only. OK, get dressed, huh? Parker? I haven't finished my coffee. It's the only thing good on this ship. Morning, Mother. - Right? - OK. Plug us in. Thank you. - Where is Earth? - You should know. It's not our system. Scan. I can't believe this. Contact traffic control. This is commercial towing vehicle Nostromo, out of the Solomons, registration number 180924609, calling Antarctica traffic control. Do you read me? Over. Commercial towing vehicle Nostromo, out of the Solomons. Registration number 180924609. - Nothing. - Keep trying. Calling Antarctica traffic control. Do you read me, Antarctica? Over. I've found it, just short of Zeta II Reticuli. We haven't reached the outer rim yet. That's hard to believe. What the hell are we doing out here? Don't know. What the hell are you talking about? That's not our system. I know that. Do you ever notice how they never come down here? This is where the work is, right? Same reason we get a half share to their one. Our time is their time. Same old shit, man. I think I know why they don't come down. It's because of you. You have no personality. - You happen to be in my seat. Can I have it? - Yes. Of course. Sorry. What's happening now, baby? Well, some of you may have figured out we're not home yet. We're only halfway there. - What? - Mother's interrupted our journey course. Why? She's programmed to do that should certain conditions arise. They have. It seems she has intercepted a transmission of unknown origin. - She got us up to check it out. - A transmission? Out here? What kind of a transmission? Acoustical beacon that repeats at intervals of 12 seconds. - SOS? - I don't know. - Human? - Unknown. - So what? - We are obligated under Section... I hate to bring this up, but this is a commercial ship, not a rescue ship. - Right. - It's not in my contract, this kind of duty. And what about the money? If you wanna give me some money, I'd be happy to oblige. Let's go over the bonus situation. I'm sorry, can I say something? There is a clause which states "Any systematised transmission indicating intelligent origin must be investigated... I wanna go home and party. Parker, will you just listen to the man? ...on penalty of total forfeiture of shares." No money. - Well, yeah! - We're going in. Yeah. We're going in. Can we all hear that, Lambert? - Good God. - Doesn't sound like any radio signal I know. - Maybe it's a voice. - We'll soon know. Can you home in on that? What was the position? All right, it found the quadrant. Ascension: Six minutes, 20 seconds. Declination: 39 degrees, two seconds. OK. Put that on the screen for me. All right. Well, that's it. It's a planetoid. 1200 kilometres. - It's tiny. - Any rotation? - About two hours. - What about gravity? You can walk on it. Approaching orbital apogee. Mark. Equatorial orbit nailed. DOR's in line. - Status on the lifters? - Give me an AC pressure reading. Prepare to disengage from platform. Disengage.

Clear. Money's safe. Let's take her down. - Roll 92 degrees, port yaw. - Prime the port. I'm not getting anything. Turbulence. Locked and floating. You can drop us any time now. Initial damping's going off. Hold on, people, there's going to be a little bump. What the hell was that? Pressure drop. Must have lost a shield. Let's go with it. I'm still not getting anything. Yeah. Dropping off now. Still dropping. There we are, we've got it. Take her down. Navigation lights on. Kill drive engines. What the hell happened? - Somebody give me an answer! - Is the hull breached? I don't see anything. We still have pressure. - Push the screen. - Why? Secondary load-sharing unit is out. Three of the four cells are gone. - Is that it? - No, hold on. We can't fix it out here anyway and we need to reroute a couple of these ducts. Dry-dock time. Dry-dock. Tell him to dry-dock! We couldn't fix it out here anyway. We've gotta reroute all these ducts. In order to do that, we've got to dry-dock. What else? Some fragments caked up. We've got to clean it out and repressurise it. How long before we're functional? - Look... - 17 hours, tell her. At least 25 hours. Get started. I'll be right down. - What the hell's she coming down here for? - She better stay the fuck out of my way. Any response yet? No, absolutely nothing, except the same transmission every 12 seconds. All the other channels are dead. Kick on the floods. We can't go anywhere in this. Mother says the sun rises in 20 minutes. - How far to the source of transmission? - Northeast. Just under 2,000 metres. Walking distance? - Can you give me an atmospheric? - Yes. It's almost primordial. There's inert nitrogen, high concentration of carbon dioxide crystals, methane... - I'm working on the trace elements. - Anything else? Yes. There's rock, lava base. Deep cold, well below the line. I'll volunteer to be in the first group to go out. Yeah, that figures. - You, too, Lambert. - Swell. You'd better break out the weapons. - I can't see a goddamn thing! - Ash, are you receiving? Good contact on my board. Clear and free. Keep the line open. Let's go. Hey, Ripley. Hey, Ripley, I want to ask you a question. If they find what they're looking for, do we get full shares? Don't worry, Parker, you'll get whatever's coming to you. I'm not gonna do any more work until we get this straightened out. Brett, you're guaranteed by law to get a share. - What? - Why don't you just fuck off? - What? - What did you say, Rip? If you have any trouble, I'll be on the bridge. Hey, Ripley, come back here! - Son of a bitch. - What's the matter? Can't see a goddamn thing. Quit griping. - I like griping. - Come on, knock it off. - Ash, can you see this? - Yes, I can. I've never seen anything like it. It's very bizarre. You said it. All right. Moving on to second... position. What is it? Let's get outta here. We've got this far. We must go on. We have to go on. Will you say that again? Shit! Ash, as you can see, it's hard to describe. I'm going back to the console. Dallas! Come on down here. There's something different here. I don't know what it is, but if we can get up that wall, we can find out. Alien life form. It looks like it's been dead a long time. Fossilised. Looks like it's grown out of the chair. Bones are bent outward. Like he exploded from inside. I wonder what happened to the rest of the crew. Let's get the hell outta here. Dallas! Lambert! Come on over here! Come on. - What have you got? - See what you make of this. It doesn't look like an SOS. Well, I... It looks like a warning. - I'm gonna go out after them. -

What's the point? I mean, by the time it takes to get there, they'll know if it's a warning or not. Yes? Are you OK down there? - Can you see anything? - I don't know... A cave. I don't know, but it's like the goddamn tropics in here. What the hell is this? The pit is completely enclosed. And it's full of leathery objects, like eggs or something. There's a layer of mist covering the eggs that reacts when broken. Kane? Are you all right? Yeah, I'm OK. All right. I'm OK, I just slipped. It appears to be completely sealed. Wait a minute, there's movement. It seems to have life. Organic life. - Are you there, Ripley? - I'm right here. - OK, Ripley. I'm at the inner lock hatch. - Right. Are you there, Ripley? We're clean, let us in. - What happened to Kane? - Something attached itself to him. What kind of thing? An organism. Open the hatch! If we let it in, the ship could be infected. You know the quarantine procedure. - 24 hours for decontamination. - He could die. Open the hatch. Listen to me. We break quarantine, we could all die. Could you open the goddamn hatch? We have to get him inside! No. I can't, and if you were in my position you'd do the same. Ripley, this is an order. Open that hatch, do you hear me? - Yes. - Ripley, this is an order! Do you hear me? Yes. I read you. The answer is negative. Inner hatch open. My God. What the hell is that? Jesus Christ. What is that, man? - Hey, how the hell's he breathing? - He still alive or what? And why don't you guys freeze him? How come they don't freeze him? What's going on in there? - What the fuck is going on? - You bitch! - Jesus Christ! - Hey! Hey! - You were gonna leave us out there! - Hey, break it up. When I give an order, I expect to be obeyed! - Even if it's against the law? - You're goddamn right! She has a point. Who the hell knows what that is? How are we gonna get that off of him? - How are we gonna get it off? - Just a minute! I'll get some instruments. Right. Now, if I make an incision here to try and remove one of the digits from his face... You're gonna do what? Finger. I'll try and get this finger off. Get this cleating on there... - It's tearing his scalp! - I know! It's not coming off without tearing his face off with it. We'll have to take a look at him inside. How come they don't freeze him? How come you guys don't freeze him? You can take your mask off. - What's it got down his throat? - I would suggest it's feeding him oxygen. Paralyzes him, puts him in a coma, then keeps him alive. What the hell is that? - We've got to get it off him. - Just a minute. Let's not be too hasty. We don't know anything about... it. We're assuming it's feeding him oxygen. If we remove it, it could kill him. I'll take that chance. Let's cut it off him now. - You take responsibility? - Yes, yes. Get him out of there. Where do you want to do this? We'll make an incision just below the knuckle there. - Right here? - Stand by. Good God! That crap's gonna eat through the hull. I think it's going to eat through the goddamn hull. Come on! What's going on? This way. Next deck. There it is. Don't get under it! Looks like it's stopping. Take a look at this, man. Brett, give me your pen. Give it to me, quick. Come on, come on! Don't get any on your arm. It's stopped. I haven't seen anything like that, except molecular acid. It must be using it for blood. It's got a wonderful defence mechanism. You don't dare kill it. What about Kane? Here's your pen back. - What do we do now? - Leave Kane to Ash. You get back to work. Oh... What...? OK. Try

it. - Damn it. I felt sure that was it. - Try it again. Feel like I've been in this place a month. We shouldn't have landed here in the first place. We shouldn't have landed on this damn ball, I know that. The sooner we patch this thing up and get outta here, the sooner we can go home. This place gives me the creeps. It's amazing. What is it? I'd say it's, um... I don't know yet. - Do you want something? - Yes, I, uh... A little talk. How's Kane? He's holding. No changes. And, uh, our guest? Well, as I said, I'm still collating, actually. But I have confirmed that he's got an outer layer of protein polysaccharides. He has a funny habit of shedding his cells and replacing them with polarised silicone, which gives him a prolonged resistance to adverse environmental conditions. Is that enough? That's plenty. What does it mean? - Please don't do that. Thank you. - I'm sorry. It's an interesting combination of elements, making him a... tough little son of a bitch. And you let him in. I was obeying a direct order, remember? Ash, when Dallas and Kane are off the ship, I'm senior officer. Oh, yes. I forgot. You also forgot the Science Division's basic quarantine law. - No, that I didn't forget. - Oh, I see. You just broke it. What would you have done with Kane? Hm? You knew his only chance of survival was to get him in here. Unfortunately, by breaking quarantine, you risk everybody's life. Maybe I should have left him outside. Maybe I've jeopardised the rest of us, but it was a risk I was willing to take. It's a pretty big risk for a science officer. It's not exactly out of the manual, is it? I do take my responsibilities as seriously as you. You do your job and let me do mine. Yes? - Where's Dallas? - In the shuttle. - Why? - Something's happened. - Serious? - Interesting. Ripley, meet me in the infirmary right away. - Where is it? - Well, I don't know! - We have to try and find it. - Let's check it. Dallas, please be careful. Sorry. No, not in the corner! Have one of these. Just in case. Kane? Are you OK? - I didn't see it. Was it in the overhead? - It was up there somewhere. - My God. - Cover the damn thing, will you? It's alive. We've got to have a look at this. Excuse me. - It seems dead enough. - Good. Let's get rid of it. Ripley, for God's sake, this is the first time we've encountered a species like this. It has to go back. All sorts of tests have to be made. Ash, are you kidding? This thing bled acid. Who knows what it will do when it's dead? I think it's safe to assume it isn't a zombie. Dallas, it has to go back. I'd soon as not burn it at the stake, but you're the science officer. - It's your decision, Ash. - Dallas! - You won't make me change my mind... - I'm not trying to change your mind. I just want you to listen... Will you listen? - How can you leave that decision to him? - I just run the ship. Anything scientific, Ash has the final word. - How does that happen? - That's what the company wants. - Since when is that standard procedure? - Standard procedure is to do what they say. - What's happening with the repairs? - They're pretty much finished. - Why didn't you tell me? - There's still some things to do. We're blind on B and C decks, the reserve power system's blown... That's horseshit. We can take off without that. - We can. You think that's a good idea? - Look, I just wanna get the hell outta here. Dust in the intakes. Number two's overheating. Spit on it for two minutes, for Christ sake! We're hot and we're getting hotter. Engine room, red clip status. - One kilometre on ascension. - Engage artificial gravity. - Engaged. - I'm altering

the vector... now. Inhibit CNG. - Struts retract. - Struts retracted. Walk in the park! When we fix something, it stays fixed. Don't we, Brett, baby? Right! We should freeze him. If he's got a disease, why don't we stop it there? - We can get to a doctor back home. - Right. Whenever he says anything, you say "Right", Brett, you know? Right. Parker, your staff just follows you around and says "Right"! Just like a parrot. - Shape up! What are you, a parrot? - Right. Come on, knock it off! - Kane's gonna have to go into quarantine. - Yes, and so are we. - How about something to lower your spirits? - Thrill me, will you, please? According to my calculations, based on time spent... - Give me the short version. How far to Earth? - Ten months. Oh, God. Yes? - Dallas, I think you should see Kane. - Has his condition changed? - It's simpler if you come. - We're on our way. Right. How are you feelin'? - How are you doing? - Terrific! Next silly question? Oh, thank you. Do you remember anything about the planet? What's the last thing you do remember? I remember some horrible dream about smothering and... Anyway, where are we? - Right here! - We're on our way home. Back to the old freezerinos! - I've got to have something to eat first. - I need something to eat myself. One more meal before bedtime. I'm buying. Hey, that's a break! The first thing I'm going to do when I get back is to get some decent food. I can dig it. I've eaten worse food than this, but then I've tasted better. You pound down the stuff like there's no tomorrow. I'd rather be eating something else, but right now, I'm thinking food. You should know, you know what it's made of. I don't wanna talk about what it's made of. I'm eating this! What's the matter, man? The food ain't that bad, baby! What's wrong? What? What? - This is serious. - Kane! Get the spoon! - Get it into his mouth! - I'm trying! Oh, God! - Dallas? - Yeah. - Anything? - No. You? Nothing. - Did you see anything? - No. Inner hatch sealed. Anybody want to say anything? This is just an ordinary prod, like a cattle prod. It's got a portable battery. It's insulated from here to here. Just make damn sure nobody puts their hand on the end of it. It shouldn't damage the bastard unless its skin is thinner than ours. But it will give him a little incentive. Now we just have to find him. I've taken care of that. I've designed this tracking device. You just set it to search for a moving object. Hasn't got much of a range, but within a certain distance, it gives off a signal. What does it key on? Micro changes in air density. Gimme a demo. See? And again... Gotcha. Two teams. Ash, Lambert and I. Ripley, you take Parker and Brett. Catch it, put it in the airlock, get rid of it. The channels are open on all decks. I want you to communicate, keep in touch at all times. Let's go. I thought you fixed 12 module. We did. I don't understand it. The circuits must have burned out. - What have we got here? - Damn it, hold your light over here. Yeah, that's it. I don't know if this is going to work. - Put this in there. - Right. Check the insulation. Shit... According to this, it's within five metres. Micro changes in air density, my ass. It's within five metres. Be careful. - Hey, don't creep up on me with that thing. - You guys stick together. - Whoa, whoa now... - What? Parker, Brett, it's in this locker. In where? Here, take it. I got it, I got it. Wait. All right, Parker? When I say. - All right. Now. - Easy. - Don't let him go! - What the hell are you doing, man?! It's the cat. Hey, look, now. We had to bag it. Now we might pick it

up on the tracker again. - I'll... I'll... - Go and get it, man. You get him, we'll go on. Here, kitty! Here, kitty, kitty. Kitty crap. Jones! Jonesy? Here, Jonesy! Jonesy? Here, kitty, kitty, kitty. Here, Jonesy! Jonesy? Here, kitty, kitty. Kitty, kitty, kitty. Jonesy. Kitty, kitty. Kitty, kitty, kitty. Jonesy? Hey. Hey, come on, Jonesy. Come on, baby. That's a kitty. Come on, baby. That's a kitty. Hey, I'm not gonna hurt you. Come on. Brett! Brett! Brett! Whatever it was, it was big. No question. It's... It's using the air ducts to move around. Could he want Brett alive? - What? - Could Brett be alive? No. I mean, I... I don't think so. Now, this air shaft may work to our advantage. It leads up to and comes out in the main airlock. There's only one big opening along the way. We can cover that up and then we drive it into the airlock and zap it into outer space. The son of a bitch is huge! I mean, it's like a man. It's big! Kane's son. Come on, Ash. The science department should be able to help. How can we drive it? It's adapted well to our atmosphere, considering its nutritional needs. But we don't know about temperature. - OK, temperature. What if we change it? - Let's try it. Most animals retreat from fire. Fire, yeah. Parker, can you rig three or four incinerator units? - Who gets to go into the vent? - I do. No. You and Ash, take the main airlock. Parker, Lambert, you cover up that maintenance opening, please. - I'm at the first junction. - Dallas, I'm right here. - Parker? - Yeah. - Lambert? - In position. I'm trying to get a reading. - The airlock is open. - OK, Ripley. Ready. All right, I've got a reading on you now. Open the hatch to the third junction. OK, I'm through. I'm moving on. Dallas, hold on. I think I got it. - Yes, I've got it. - Where? It's somewhere around the third junction. OK. Moving on. It is right around there. Dallas, you're gonna have to be careful. All right. I've reached the third junction and I'm going down. What the hell's the matter with that box? Dallas, hold your position for a minute. I... - I've lost the signal! - What? You sure? Are you sure it's not there? It's got to be around there. Check that out, Lambert. You may be getting interference. Dallas, are you sure there's no sign of it? It is there! It's gotta be around there! Dallas? All right. Am I clear? I wanna get the hell outta here. Oh, God! It's moving right towards you. Move! Get out of there! Move! Dallas! Move, Dallas! Move, Dallas. Get out! No! Not that way! The other way! Dallas? - No. - Take it easy. Dallas! We found this laying there. No blood. No Dallas. Nothing. - I don't hear anybody sayin' nothing. - I'm thinking. Unless somebody has got a better idea, we'll proceed with Dallas's plan. What?! And end up like the others? Oh, no. You're out of your mind! - You got a better idea? - Yes. I say that we abandon the ship. We get the shuttle and get the hell out of here, and hope somebody picks us up. Lambert, shh. - The shuttle won't take four. - Then why don't we draw straws? I'm not drawing any straws. I'm for killing it now! OK. Let's talk about killing it. It's in the air shafts... Will you listen to me, Parker? Shut up! Let's hear it. Let's hear it. - It's using the air shafts. - We don't know that... That's the only way! We'll move in pairs. We'll go step by step and cut off every bulkhead and vent until we have it cornered, then we'll blow it the fuck out into space. Is that acceptable to you? If it means killing it, yeah. But we have to stick together. - How are our weapons? - The weapons are fine. This

one needs refuelling. Will you get it, please? - Ash, go with him. - No, I can manage, Ash. Don't follow me. Ash! Any suggestions from you or Mother? No. We're still collating. You're what? You're still collating? I find that hard to believe. - What would you like me to do? - Just what you've been doing, Ash. Nothing. I've got access to Mother now, and I'll get my own answers, thank you. All right. There is an explanation for this, you know. I don't wanna hear your goddamn explanation! Parker. Lambert? Ash! Will you open the door? Let me by, Ash. What the hell are you doing? Get her up! Get her up, get her up! It's an android! Jesus... It's a robot! Ash is a goddamn robot. God! Holy shit! Help me get this fucking thing off! God... Oh, Jesus... Oh, God. Oh, God. How come the company sent us a goddamn robot? They must have wanted the alien for the weapons division. He's been protecting it right along. - Parker, will you plug it in? - Um... I don't know... Because he may know how to kill it. Ash, can you hear me? Yes, I can hear you. What was your special order? You read it. I thought it was clear. - What was it? - Bring back life form, priority one. All other priorities rescinded. The damn company! What about our lives, you son of a bitch?! I repeat, all other priorities are rescinded. How do we kill it, Ash? There's gotta be a way of killing it. - How do we do it? - You can't. That's bullshit! You still don't understand what you're dealing with, do you? The perfect organism. Its structural perfection is matched only by its hostility. You admire it. I admire its purity. A survivor, unclouded by conscience, remorse, or delusions of morality. Look, I've heard enough of this and I'm asking you to pull the plug. Last word. I can't lie to you about your chances, but... you have my sympathies. We're gonna blow up the ship. We'll take our chances in the shuttle. - Blow up the ship. - Good. Come on. When we throw the switches, how long do we have? - Ten minutes. - No bullshit. Or else we won't need no rocket to fly through space. We'll need coolant for the air support system. You two go down and get all the coolant you can carry. I'll get the shuttle ready. I'll give you about... about seven minutes. Come back up here, I'll shut the switches off and we'll blow this fucker off into space. - Ready? - Take care of yourself. Seven minutes. Take it easy. Jones? Jones? OK, check the bottles. Jones? - How are you doing? - Fine. OK, go ahead. Jones? Kitty, kitty, kitty. Come here, Jones, come here. Jones. Come here, boy. Come here. Nice kitty. Jones? Jones? Come here. Come here, sweetheart. Jones. Jones. Jones. Jones. Jones! Goddamn it. Now I've got you. Come on, sweetheart. Nice kitty. Oh, my God... - Get out of the way! - I can't. Get out of the way! It's gonna kill us! I can't! - For Christ sake, get out of the way! - Parker... Lambert... Get out of the way, Lambert! Lambert! Lambert... Parker... Get ready to roll! Parker? Danger. The emergency destruct system is now activated. The ship will detonate in T minus ten minutes. The option to override automatic detonation expires in T minus five minutes. Dallas? Brett. Kill me. Kill me... The option to override automatic detonation expires in T minus three minutes. The option to override automatic detonation expires in T minus one minute. The option to override detonation procedure has now expired. Mother! I've turned the cooling unit back on! Mother! The ship will automatically destruct in T minus five minutes. You bitch! Goddamn it!

Jones. You now have one minute to abandon ship. The ship will automatically destruct in T minus one minute. I got you, you son of a bitch. It's all right. All right, it's nice to see you, too. It's OK. Come on. You... are... my lucky star. You are my... lucky star. You... Lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky... OK. Oh, come on. You are... my lucky star... You... ...my lucky star... You are my lucky star... You are my lucky... You... are my lucky star... Final report of the commercial starship Nostromo. Third Officer reporting. The other members of the crew - Kane, Lambert, Parker, Brett, Ash and Captain Dallas - are dead. 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. Come on, cat.