

ALIEN

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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1.

FADE IN:

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

1 INT. ENGINE ROOM

1

Empty, cavernous.

2 INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

2

Circular, jammed with instruments.

All of them idle.

Console chairs for two.

Empty.

3 INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

3

Long, dark.

Empty.

Turbos throbbing.

No other movement.

4 INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

4

Long, empty.

5 INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

5

Distressed ivory walls.

All instrumentation at rest.

6 INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

6

Black, empty.

7 INT. BRIDGE

7

Vacant.

Two space helmets resting on chairs.

Electrical hum.

Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.

Moments of silence.

A yellow light goes on.

Data mind bank in b.g.

Electronic hum.

A green light goes on in front of one helmet.

Electronic pulsing sounds.

A red light goes on in front of other helmet.

An electronic conversation ensues.

Reaches a crescendo.

Then silence.

The lights go off, save the yellow.

8 INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

8

Lights come on.

Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.

Vault door opens.

9 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

9

Explosion of escaping gas.

The lid on a freezer pons open.

Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.

Pale.

Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.

Stands.

Looks around.

Stretches.

Looks at the other freezer compartments.

Scratches.

Moves off.

10 INT. GALLEY

10

Kane plugs in a Silex.

Lights a cigarette.

Coughs.

Grinds some coffee beans.

Runs some water through.

KANE

Rise and shine, Lambert.

11 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

11

Another lid pops open.

A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT

What time is it.

KANE

(voice over)

What do you care.

12 INT. GALLEY

12

Pot now half-full.

Kane watches it drip.

Inhales the fragrance.

KANE

Now Dallas and Ash.

(calls out)

Good morning Captain.

DALLAS

(voice over)

Where's the coffee.

KANE
Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.

Pours herself a cup.

13 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

13

Two more lids pop open.

A pair of men sit up.

Look at each other.

14 INT. GALLEY

14

Kane enjoys a freshly-brewed cup.

KANE
Ripley --

The sound of another lid opening.

KANE
Parker.

Another moment.

And then the sound of another lid opening.

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

Lid opening sound.

KANE
Right.

15 INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

15

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS
One of you jokers get the cat.

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

16 INT. MESS

16

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

Dallas - Captain

Kane - Executive

Ripley - Warrant Officer

Ash - Science Officer

Lambert - Navigator

Parker - Engineer

Brett - Engineering Technician

Jones - Cat

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT
Jesus am I cold.

PARKER
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT
Yo.

RIPLEY
Lucky us.

They yawn, stretch, shiver.

Dallas looks over at a flashing yellow light.

KANE
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.

Yawns.

PARKER
You look dead.

ASH
Nice to be back.

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

BRETT

Yeah.

PARKER

Brett and I think we deserve a full share.

DALLAS

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

BRETT

Everybody else gets more than us.

DALLAS

Everybody else deserves more than you two.

ASH

Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS

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

17 INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

17

Floor to ceiling data banks.

Another flashing yellow light.

Dallas enters.

Runs through access procedure.

Inner door opens.

Dallas moves to the console chair.

Sits.

Dallas punches the keyboard.

Legend on the screen: ALERT OVER MONITORING FUNCTION FOR MATRIX DISPLAY AND INQUIRY

Mother prints out: OVERMONITOR ADDRESS MATRIX (columns of categories beneath)

Dallas picks one and types out: COMMAND PRIORITY ALERT

Mother replies: OVERMONITOR FUNCTION READY FOR INQUIRY

Dallas: WHAT'S THE STORY MOTHER

CUT TO:

18 INT. BRIDGE

18

Above eye level the room is rigged by view screens.

All of them blank.

Kane, Ripley, Lambert and Ash enter.

Dallas seat remains empty.

All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual consoles.

Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-backed chair.

KANE

Plug us in.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.

The control room starts to come to life.

Colored lights flicker.

Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE

Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.

View screens glimmer into life.

LAMBERT

Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT

Where's Earth.

KANE

You're the navigator.

RIPLEY

That's not our system.

KANE
Scan.

Lambert hits several toggles.

On the screens the images begin to drift.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS

A moving image of a starfield,

19 EXT. NOSTROMO

19

The Factory Starship lumbering within the depths of interstellar space.

Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.

Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.

Length: One and one half kilometers.

Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

20 INT. BRIDGE

20

Lambert pores over charts.

Consults her console.

Puzzled.

KANE
Contact traffic control.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY
This is commercial vessel Nostromo
out of Houston. Registration number
180246, calling Antarctica Traffic
Control. Do you read me? Over.

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

KANE
Keep trying.

Turns to Lambert.

Ripley attempting transmission in b.g.

KANE
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT
We're way out in the boondocks
here.

KANE
Keep trying.

LAMBERT
Working on it.

Eureka.

LAMBERT
Found it. Just short of Zeta II
Reticuli. We haven't even reached
the outer rim yet.

KANE
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT
What the hell are we doing out
here.

KANE
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY
It's not our system.

21 INT. ENGINE ROOM

21

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

22 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

22

Parker and Brett in a glass cubicle.

Each having a beer.

Huge power-plant stretching before them.

All units on automatic hyper-drive.

Parker hits a switch above his desk.

A green light goes on.

PARKER

How's your light.

BRETT

Green.

PARKER

Mine too.

They both take a swig.

Suddenly the beeper signal begins.

PARKER

Christ. What is it now.

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

Report to the mess.

23 INT. OILY CORRIDOR "C" LEVEL

23

PARKER

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

BRETT

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

PARKER

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

They move towards the companionway, leading up to "B" level.

24 INT. MESS

24

Entire crew present.

DALLAS

Some of you may have figured out that we're not home. We're only halfway back to Earth.

BRETT

What the hell.

DALLAS

Mother's interrupted the course of
the voyage.

KANE

Why?

DALLAS

She's programmed to do that if
certain conditions arise. They
have.

Pause.

DALLAS

Seems Mother intercepted a
transmission of unknown origin. She
got us up to check it out.

RIPLEY

Transmission? Out here?

LAMBERT

What kind of transmission?

DALIAS

An acoustic beacon. It repeats at
intervals of 12 seconds.

KANE

Is it an S.O.S?

DALIAS

Unknown.

RIPLEY

Human.

DALIAS

Unknown.

BRETT

So what.

KANE

We're obligated under Section B2 --

PARKER

Christ. I hate to say this but
we're a commercial ship not a
rescue team. This kind of duty's
not in our contract -- but if it's
for some money --

ASH

You better read your contract. Any systematized transmission indicating possible intelligent origin must be investigated. At penalty of total forfeiture.

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALIAS

We're going in, that's it.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT

Right, we're going in.
(smiles)

Sir.

Dallas turns to Ash.

DALIAS

Can we land on it.

ASH

Somebody did.

DALLAS

That's what I mean.

25 INT. BRIDGE

25

Dallas, Kane, Ripley and Ash stand around the illuminated map table.

Lambert sits at the radio directional console.

DALLAS

Okay. Let's all hear it.

Nods at Lambert.

She switches on the audio system.

Hissing.

Static. Then --

An ungodly sound.

Eight seconds worth.

KANE

Good God.

Static.

Lambert switches off the loudspeakers.

RIPLEY

What the hell is it. It doesn't sound like any radio signal I've ever heard.

LAMBERT

Maybe it's a voice.

Disturbing moment.

DALLAS

We'll know soon.

(looks at Lambert)

Have you homed in on it.

LAMBERT

I've found the quadrant. We're close. It's coming from ascension 6 minutes 20 seconds, declination minus 39 degrees 2 seconds.

DALLAS

Show me that on a screen.

Lambert punches buttons. One of the view screens flickers, and a small dot of light appears.

DALLAS

Can you get it a little closer.

LAMBERT

No, you have to look at it from this distance. That's what I'm going to do.

The screen zooms to a small planetoid.

DALLAS

Smart ass.

LAMBERT

That's it. Planetoid. Diameter 1200 kilometers.

KANE

Tiny.

DALLAS

Any rotation.

LAMBERT
Yeah. 'Bout two hours.

DALLAS
Gravity?

LAMBERT
Point eight six.

ASH
You can walk on it --

26 EXT. NOSTROMO - MODEL

26

moving within range of the planet.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
Approaching orbital apogee. Mark.
20 seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen --

Continues to count down.

KANE
(voice over)
Roll 92 degrees starboard yaw.

High above the planet.

The factory ship rotates.

Engines fire briefly.

27 INT. BRIDGE

27

ASH
Equatorial orbit nailed.

28 EXT. NOSTROMO

28

Now within the planet's orbit.

The planet rolling by underneath.

29 INT. BRIDGE

29

DALLAS
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH
3.45 n/c m (5 psia).

DALLAS
Shout if it changes.

ASH
You worried about redundancy
management disabling CMGS control.

DALLAS
Yeah.

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

DALLAS
A lot. Prepare to disengage from
platform.

30 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

30

PARKER
L alignment on port and starboard
is green.

BRETT
Green on spinal umbilicus
severance.

31 INT. BRIDGE

31

LAMBERT
Crossing the terminator. Entering
night side.

32 EXT. NOSTROMO

32

Below, night's curtain rolls across the sphere's surface.

33 INT. BRIDGE

33

LAMBERT
It's coming up. It's coming up.
Stand by. Stand by. Fifteen
seconds. Ten...Five. Four. Three.
Two. One. Lock.

DALLAS
Disengage.

34 EXT. NOSTROMO

34

The tug disengages from the platform.

35 INT. BRIDGE

35

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a view screen.

RIPLEY
Umbilicus clear.

KANE
Precession corrected.

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

36 EXT. NOSTROMO

36

The tug begins its arc toward the dark surface.

37 INT. BRIDGE

37

LAMBERT
Dropping. 50/000 meters. Down.
Down. 49.000 meters. Entering atmosphere.

Jones sits on window platform and watches cloud approaching.

38 EXT. NOSTROMO

38

The ship drops into the thick cloud layer.

39 INT. BRIDGE

39

RIPLEY
Turbulence.

DALLAS
Navigation lights on.

40 EXT. NOSTROMO

40

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.

A set of brilliant lights switch on.

Cut through the thick atmosphere.

41 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

41

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats.

Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence.

PARKER

What was that.

BRETT

Pressure drop in intake 3. Must've lost a shield.

(punches buttons, checks his gauges)

Yep. 3's gone. Dust pouring in the intake.

PARKER

Shut her down, shut her down,

BREIT

What do you think I'm doing.

PARKER

We've got an engine full of dust.

BRETT

I'll bypass it and vent the stuff back out.

PARKER

What the hell are we going through. If we don't crash, dollars to your aunt's cherry we get an electrical fire.

42 INT. BRIDGE

42

The turbulence continues unabated.

Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT

Approaching point of origin.
Closing at 20 kilometers, 15 and
slowing. Ten. Five. We're directly
above the source of the
transmission.

DALLAS
What's the terrain.

LAMBERT
Something coming up. Looks good.
There. Flat. It'll do. Mark.

DALLAS
Let's go with it. Take her down.

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

DALLAS
Activate lifter quads.

A throb of jets.

KANE
Quads on.

DALLAS
Kill drive engines.

The main engines fall silent.

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

43 EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

43

Storm blowing across the night-shrouded surface.

The Nostromo hovers on glowing beams of light.

Landing struts unfold like insect legs.

The ship slams down.

Rocks heavily on massive shock absorbers.

44 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

44

RIPLEY

We're down.

An enormous vibration.

The panels in the room flash simultaneously.

Lights go out.

KANE

Lost it. Lost it.

45 INT. ENGINE ROOM

45

Another huge vibration.

An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

46 INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

46

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.

Brett hits the secondary generator switch.

A pressure valve blows.

Another conduit breaks loose.

All lights go out.

They grab hand lights from wall.

47 INT. BRIDGE

47

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT

Secondary generator should kick over.

KANE

Where is it.

Moments. Nothing. Kane grabs emergency headlamp from facia.

Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS

What happened.

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER
(voice over)
Goddamn dust in the engines, that's
what happened. Electric fire.

BRETT
(voice over)
It's big.

48 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

48

Parker fighting an electrical fire on one of his panels.

Brett shouting into his voice-amp.

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

49 INT. BRIDGE

49

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

Ripley scans her gauges.

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

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS
Hit the screen.

Kane snaps three toggles.

The screens flicker, but remain black.

KANE
Nothing.

50 EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

50

The wind sounds.

Storm continues to blow around the-craft.

A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from absolute darkness.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

PARKER

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

51 INT. BRIDGE

51

Ripley listening to Parker.

Dallas standing over her.

No images on any screens.

RIPLEY

Is that it.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER

(voice over)

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

BRETT

(voice over)

Right.

RIPLEY

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

She shuts off voice communicator.

DALLAS
How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY
Fifteen to twenty hours --

DALLAS
Stay on it. What about the auxiliaries.

LAMBERT
Working on it.

52 EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

52

Bridge lights come to life.

Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.

The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

53 INT. BRIDGE

53

Dallas, Kane, Lambert and Ash.

Slouched around the bridge.

Drinking coffee.

Occasionally staring at the opaque screens.

DALLAS
Any response yet.

ASH
Nothing but the same transmission every thirty-two seconds. All the other channels are dead.

Pause.

DALLAS
Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. SHIP

54

A ring of floodlights comes to life.

Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.

The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

55 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

55

Dallas stares out the windows at the swirling storm,
illuminated by the external floodlights.

KANE

We can't go anywhere in this.

ASH

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

DALLAS

How far from the source of the
transmission.

ASH

Northeast -- about 3000 meters.

KANE

Close enough to walk to.

DALLAS

Can you run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH

Almost primordial. Inert nitrogen.
A high concentration of carbon
dioxide crystals. Methane. And
ammonia, also frozen. I'm working
on the trace elements.

DALLAS

Pressure.

ASH

Ten to the fourth dynes per square
centimeter.

KANE

Moisture content.

ASH

98.p.p. It's wet. With high vapor
content.

DALLAS

Anything else.

ASH

Rock, lava base. Deep cold -- well below the line.

KANE

I volunteer for the first group going out.

DALLAS

I hear you. Lambert. You too.

Pause.

LAMBERT

Swell.

DALLAS

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

56 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

56

Parker and Brett laser welding one of the ducts.

Shirts off.

Sweat steaming.

Ripley rewiring one of the panels.

Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER

Hey Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

You know the answer to that.

BRETT

What about the shares in case they find anything.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

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

RIPLEY

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

Parker looks at her.

Snaps on the laser weld.

Starts to Join another section of the duct.

BRETT

Right.

57 INT. MAIN AIRLOCK - DAWN

57

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock.

All wear gloves, boots, jackets.

Carry laser pistols.

Kane touches a button.

Servo whine.

Then the inner door slides quietly shut.

The trio pull on their helmets.

DALLAS

I'm sending. Do you hear me.

KANE

Receiving.

LAMBERT

Receiving.

Lambert isn't happy.

DALLAS

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

58 INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

58

Ash descends companionway to blister.

Punches up screens and instrumentation.

59 INT. MAIN AIRLOCK - DAWN

59

DALLAS

Open outer hatch.

Another servo whine.

Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.

Clouds of dust and steam swirl before the three crew member.

A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.

Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

60 EXT. PLANET - DAWN

60

The trio walk down the gangplank.

Arrive at surface level.

Their feet striking onto a thick layer of lava rock.

The wind at gale force.

DALLAS

Which way.

LAMBERT

Over here.

DALLAS

You lead.

Lambert walks into the storm.

Followed closely by the others.

LAMBERT

Now I can't see a goddamn thing.

ASH

(voice over)

Turn on the finder. It's tuned to
the transmission. Let it lead you.

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

61 INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

61

Ash leaning over his console.

Watches them beneath him.

Corresponding images on the screen in front of him.

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

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

62 EXT. PLANET - DAWN

62

The three crew members push their way along.

Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.

The wind and dust continues driving down in dark sheets.

Lambert repeats.

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

KANE
Quit griping.

LAMBERT
I like griping.

DALLAS
Come on.

LAMBERT
What a wonderful little place.
Totally unspoiled.

They wade on, following Lambert.

She abruptly halts.

Confused.

63 INT. BLISTER - DAWN

63

Ash watches his viewscreens intently.

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

ASH
Any problems.

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

64 EXT. PLANT - DAWN

64

The trio moves through a dark limo.

LAMBERT
This way.

Lambert indicates left.

Moves in that direction.

The others follow.

The storm growing.

KANE
I'm losing it.

They approach a towering rock formation.

The transmission dies out.

LAMBERT
It's gone again.

They shelter under a grotesque rock.

Storm shrieks round them.

KANE
Now we're really blind.

DALLAS
Should be dawn soon.

Dallas adjusts headset.

DALLAS

Ash. If you hear me. How long until daylight.

Some static.

ASH

(voice over)

Sun's coming up in about ten minutes.

KANE

We should be able to see something then.

LAMBERT

Or the other way around.

Something to think about while waiting.

65 INT. BLISTER - DAWN

65

Ash checking instruments.

66 EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

66

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.

Then the sun is up.

67 INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

67

Brett and Parker still at work.

Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph.

RIPLEY

You ought to be able to handle the rest.

PARKER

Don't worry.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

Right.

She leaves.

PARKER

Bitch.

68 EXT. PLANET - DAY

68

The three figures stand and move away from the rock formation.

There is enough daylight to see where they are walking.

The signal begins to fade in again.

69 INT. BLISTER - DAY

69

Ash watches video images of the three.

Now moving again.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

How's it going.

70 INT. BRIDGE

70

Ripley at her console.

ASH

(voice over)

All right.

RIPLEY

Have you tried putting the transmission through ECIU.

ASH

(voice over)

Mother hasn't identified it as yet.

RIPLEY

I'll give it a shot.

ASH

(voice over)

Be my guest.

She punches some buttons.

The noise is now heard on her speaker.

71 EXT. PLANET - DAY

71

Dust clearing.

Three tiny figures against the landscape.

72 EXT. PLANET - DAY

72

Empty landscape.

Then Kane comes up over a rise startled by what he sees.

Suddenly the transmission is deafening.

KANE
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

A gargantuan spaceship rising from the rock.

Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

73 EXT. PLANET - DAY

73

Noise still at shrill pitch.

All members of the party shouting into their voice amps.

KANE
Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT
Are you sure. It's weird --

DALLAS
Ash, can you see this.

74 INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY

74

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

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

DALLAS
(voice over)
Keep looking for enhancement.

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

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

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

ASH
 I can't get any reading.

75 EXT. PLANET - DAY

75

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

Dallas shuts off his receiver.

Sudden quiet.

A long moment.

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

They move toward the ship.

76 INT. BLISTER - DAY

76

Ash readjusts his instrumentation.

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

Dallas' voice fades in and out.

As do their images on the view screens.

ASH
 Dallas --
 (frantically punches
 buttons on the console)
 Dallas -- Do you read me?

No reply.

77 INT. BRIDGE - DAY

77

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.

Over the speakers Dallas' voice fades in.

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

She studies a long series of binary programs.

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

His voice fades into static.

Disappears.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DERELICT - DAY

78

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

KANE
Looks like an entrance.

DALLAS
Yeah -- Let's move inside --

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

79 INT. CHAMBER - DAY

79

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.

Ghostly light filters dust-filled air.

A few meters in an opening appears.

Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.

Only blackness.

He unclips the light from his belt.

Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS

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

Kane and Lambert come over.

Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS

Let's take a look around here
first.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.

Dallas shines his light about, sees --

A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.

Round opening at the top, empty within.

Then Dallas shines his light on nearby wall.

Moves closer.

DALLAS

Over here.

They approach.

Train their lights along the floor.

A machine.

On the mechanism, a small bar moves steadily back and forth.

Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE

Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT

Automatic recording.

Dallas snaps it off.

DALLAS

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

KANE

Okay.

DALLAS

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

KANE

Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod across the opening in the floor.

Unspools a couple feet of wire.

Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.

Climbs over the lip and drops into the hole.

Now hanging by the wire.

Head and shoulders out of the opening.

Kane activates the climbing unit.

Lowers himself into the fissure.

80 INT. SHAFT OPENING

80

Kane braces his feet against the wall of the vertical shaft.

Switches on his light, points it into the depths.

The beam penetrates only thirty feet or so, then is lost in darkness.

KANE

Hotter in here. Warm air rising from below.

He starts down, playing out the line.

Descending in short leaps.

Stops to catch his breath.

Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.

A little light filters from above.

Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole.

A glowing spot.

DALLAS
(voice over)
You okay in there.

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

He kicks off and continues down.

Taking longer and longer hops as he gains confidence.

Pausing for a moment to regain his breath, he shines the
light on his instruments.

KANE
I'm below ground level.

81 INT. BRIDGE - DAY

81

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.

Gets a readout.

Looks worried.

Speaks into communicator.

RIPLEY
Ash. Urgent. Mother has deciphered
part of the transmission. I'm
afraid it may not be an S.O.S.

ASH
(voice over)
Then what is it.

RIPLEY
She thinks it may be a warning.

A beat.

Continuing static.

RIPLEY
We've got to get through to them.
Right away.

ASH
(voice over)
It's no use. Once they went inside
we lost them completely.

Pause.

RIPLEY
I'm going out after them.

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

RIPLEY
I still think we should go after
them.

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

Ripley looks steadily at Ash on her monitor.

His screen, not visible to her, shows blowup of helmeted,
skeletal head. Not human.

82 INT. DERELICT CARGO HOLD

82

Kane resumes his downward climb.

Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the
shaft disappear.

The tunnel has reached its end.

Below him is dark, cavernous space.

Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS
(voice over)
See anything.

KANE
No -- Cave or something below me.
Feels like the goddamn tropics in
here --

He consults his instruments.

Helmet instrumentation strob ing softly in the darkness.

KANE
 -- high nitrogen content, no oxygen
 --

Still puffing, he releases his purchase on the stone walls.

Begins to lower himself on power.

Now Kane is dangling free in darkness.

Spinning slowly on the wire as the chest unit unwinds.

Then his feet hit bottom.

Kane grunts in surprise, almost loses his balance.

He flashes his suit lights.

The beams reveal that he is in a large hold.

Row after row of extrusions stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE
 This is weird.

DALLAS
 (voice over)
 What do you mean.

KANE
 There's something all over the
 walls.

Kane walks across the chamber.

Examines the organic protrusions.

83 INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE

83

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
 How long till sunset.

LAMBERT
 Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

84 INT. HOLD

84

Kane approaches the center of the room.

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

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

DALLAS
(voice over)
Loud and clear.

KANE
The place is full of leathery
things. Like the one up above. They
seem to be sealed.

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

KANE
I'll give it a look.

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

KANE
Strange feeling to it.

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

Kane peers closely at the leathery ovoids.

Turns away.

Raised areas begin to appear where he touched it.

He moves his light along the rows.

Turns back to the one he was examining.

Something has changed.

The opaque surface begins to clear.

Object becoming visible within.

Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of it.
He studies it.

KANE
Jesus --

DALLAS
(voice over)
What.

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

85 INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE

85

DALLAS
Kane -- Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

DALLAS
We better haul him out.

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

DALLAS
Try him again.

LAMBERT

Kane -- Kane -- Goddamn it. Answer me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the winch mechanism.

DALLAS
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT
He doesn't answer.
(pause)
Do you think he could, have unhooked himself.

Dallas switches on the winch motor.

With a whine, it begins to reel the line in.

After a moment the line, tightens with a Jerk.

The motor slows, laboring under added weight.

DALLAS
It caught.

LAMBERT
Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS
No, it's coming.

LAMBERT
I can't see anything.

Dallas shines his light down into the hole.

Shakes his head.

DALLAS
Line's still moving.

A long moment.

Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS
Get ready to grab him.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.

Dangles limply from the wire.

Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS

Look out. There's something on his
face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT

What is it.

Kane appears to be completely unconscious.

The life form is still wrapped motionless around*his face.

LAMBERT

Oh Jesus.

DALLAS

Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.

Lift him from the hole.

86 EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

86

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.

And the sun is down.

The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.

Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

87 INT. BRIDGE/INT. BLISTER - DUSK

87

INTERCUT:

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.

Ripley waiting on the bridge.

Ash stares at his inactive monitors.

Suddenly:

ASH

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

RIPLEY

How many.

ASH

Three blips. They're coming this way.

Ripley presses transmitter.

RIPLEY

Dallas. Dallas. Can you hear me.

DALLAS

(voice over)

We hear you. We're coming back.
Kane's injured -- We'll need some help getting him in.

ASH

I'll go.

Ash moves from the blister.

Ripley remains seated at her console.

88 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

88

Parker and Brett listening over the intercom.

89 EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

89

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

90 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIRLOCK

90

Ash comes down the steps.

Hurries to the inner lock door.

Presses the wall voice-amp.

ASH

Ripley, I'm by the inner lock hatch.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

Okay.

91 EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

91

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

92 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIRLOCK

92

Ash waiting.

93 INT. BRIDGE/EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

93

Ripley seated alone in the bridge.

Dallas and Lambert stand at base of landing leg, supporting Kane between them.

INTERCUT AND VOICE OVERS:

DALLAS

Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY

Right here.

DALLAS

We're coming up.

They move onto lift.

RIPLEY

What happened to Kane.

Pause.

DALLAS

Some kind of organism. It's attached itself to him. We've gotta get him to the infirmary.

RIPLEY

I need a clear definition.

DALLAS

Just open the hatch, Ripley.

RIPLEY

Wait a minute, if we let it in, the ship could be infected. You know the quarantine procedure. Twenty-four hours for decontamination.

DALLAS

He could die in twenty-four hours.
Open the hatch.

RIPLEY

Listen to me, if I break quarantine
we may all die.

LAMBERT

Open the Goddamn hatch. We have to
get him inside.

RIPLEY

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

94 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

94

Parker and Brett listen.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

DALLAS

(voice over)

Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

I read you. The answer is negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.

A red light goes on.

Servo whine.

Followed by a solid metallic clunk.

ASH

Inner hatch open.

95 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

95

Parker and Brett react.

96 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

96

Ripley's console flashes.

INNER HATCH OPEN.

She can't believe what she sees.

97 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

97

Dallas and Lambert stagger into passageway.

Carry Kane's body between them.

Dallas pulls off his helmet.

DALLAS

Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH

God.

PARKER

Is it alive.

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT

Right.

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

98 INT. INFIRMARY

98

Kane's helmet.

Hands begin to open it with a laser cutter.

The helmet separates easily.

The two halves part...

...the life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.

Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.

Tries to pull it free.

Unsuccessful.

The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASH
Let me try.

99 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

99

Lambert, Parker and Brett watch through the infirmary window
Ripley appears.

Lambert turns and looks at her.

A long moment.

LAMBERT
You were going to leave us out
there.

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

BRETT
Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.

A moment.

RIPLEY
I was trying to do my job. Let's
leave it at that.

Lambert gives her a curt nod.

RIPLEY
What happened out there.

LAMBERT
We went into the derelict. There
were no signs of life -- That
transmission must have been going
for centuries.

RIPLEY
What about the crew.

LAMBERT
Only found one of them -- Looked
like he'd been shot.

RIPLEY
And Kane --

LAMBERT

He volunteered to search the lower level alone. He found some kind of eggs. We told him not to touch them. Something happened in there -- When we pulled him out, it was on his face.

100 INT. INFIRMARY

100

ASH

We better let the machine work on him.

Ash presses a switch.

The machine lights up.

Kane is sucked into a slot in the wall.

Visible inside through the glass layer.

A blinding colored light performs antisepsis.

Two video monitors pop on.

Ash punches three buttons.

An X-ray image appears.

A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.

The Alien is clearly visible.

A maze of complicated biology.

Kane's Jaws are forced open.

The Creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and throat.

The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

DALLAS

It's got something down his Goddamn throat.

ASH

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

DALLAS

It doesn't make sense. It paralyzes him, puts him into a coma, then keeps him alive. We have to get it off him somehow.

ASH

At the moment the Creature is keeping him alive. If we remove it we might terminate Kane --

DALLAS

We have to take the chance and cut it off him.

ASH

You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS

That's right.

Dallas presses a switch, Kane slides back out of the booth.

Ash takes a surgical laser blade from the case.

He manipulates the knife until he has a comfortable grip.

Flicks a small button with his thumb.

The blade begins to hum.

Touches the scalpel to the Creature.

The electronic blade slides effortlessly downward.

Suddenly a urine-like fluid begins to drip from the wound.

ASH

Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.

Starts to hiss.

Smoke curls up from the stain.

Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.

Then drips onto the deck below.

Metal bubbling and sizzling.

More smoke rises.

Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound.

In the process, some of the fluid gets on Dallas' gloves.

They begin to smoke.

Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.

They run into the corridor, coughing and choking from the fumes.

101 INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

101

BRETT

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

They start to run for the companionway.

102 INT. PASSAGEWAY "B" DECK

102

Dallas wrenches an emergency lamp from a socket.

Hurls himself down a companionway.

The others follow.

DALLAS

There.

A droplet of fluid is sizzling on the ceiling bulkhead.

It oozes down.

Drips to the deck.

Continues to bubble.

Then goes through the bulkhead.

RIPLEY

What can we put under it.

They charge down the next companionway below.

103 INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR "C" DECK

103

Dallas moves cautiously down the passageway.

Followed by Ripley, Parker and Brett.

104 INT. MAINTENANCE AREA "C" DECK

104

They enter the maintenance area.

Look up to the ceiling bulkhead.

The acid bubbles.

PARKER
Don't get under it.

The acid drips to the deck.

Continues to sizzle.

Slower.

RIPLEY
Looks like it's losing steam.

Dallas fishes a pen out of his pocket.

Probes the hole in the deck.

DALLAS
It's stopped penetrating.

BRETT
Yeah. After it penetrated two levels.

Dallas straightens up.

Starts to put the pen back into his pocket.

Changes his mind and stands holding it by the end.

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

BRETT
This thing uses it for blood.

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

They start back towards the companionway.

They return.

Kane still motionless on the bunk.

The Alien remains secured to his face.

Wound completely healed over.

PARKER
Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS
Doesn't look like it.

BRETT
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH
Healed over.

LAMBERT
There must be some way we can get
it off.

Ash looks at Dallas.

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

Dallas gives him a look in return.

Ripley presses a button.

Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.

More buttons pressed.

Displays light up again, showing the different parts of
Kane's body.

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

The machine begins to process Kane's body.

RIPLEY
What's the stain on his lungs.

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

At the center, the stain is completely opaque.

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

A long moment.

The stain spreads.

BRETT
What happens now.

Ash sets aside his partially melted pert.

Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS
You go back to work.

106 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

106

Brett at work in the cubicle.

Parker, supervising him.

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

Parker pushes a button.

Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER
Nothing,

BRETT
Damn. I was sure that was it.

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

BRETT
Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
What's happening.

PARKER
This goddamn woman. I'll tell her
what's happening. My Johnson is
happening.

(punches the
communicator)
A lot of hard work. Real work.

107 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

107

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

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

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY
I have to listen to your, bullshit.

108 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

108

PARKER
Get off my back.

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

She clicks off.

Parker turns away.

PARKER
Smart-mouth broad.

109 INT. INFIRMARY

109

Ash running test on the equipment.

Kane respirating on the view screens above.

Still deep within a coma.

All instruments recording his life processes.

The Alien's position unchanged.

Ripley approaches.

Sits near Ash.

RIPLEY

Anything new.

ASH

He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY

What about the Creature?

ASH

It's got an outer layer of protein polysaccharides. Plus it's constantly sloughing off cells and replacing them with polarized silicon. Which gives it prolonged resistance to adverse environmental conditions -- That enough for you?

RIPLEY

Plenty. What's it mean.

ASH

Interesting combination of elements making it practically invulnerable.

RIPLEY

Is that why you let it in.

ASH

I was following a direct order.
Remember.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

Yes, of course -- I forgot.

RIPLEY

You also forgot the science division's basic quarantine law.
No. That I didn't forget.

RIPLEY

You just broke it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

By breaking quarantine procedure
you risk everybody's life.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH

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

Ripley stands looks at Ash.

They walk o.s.

110 INT. MESS

110

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.

Cat's Cradle.

Both looking bored.

111 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

111

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

112 INT. NARCISSUS

112

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.

His foot tapping with the rhythm.

Beep.

An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH
(voice over)
I think you should have a look at
Kane. Something's happened.

DALLAS
Serious.

ASH
(voice over)
Interesting.

Dallas exits.

113 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

113

Ash stares through window.

Dallas joins him.

Ripley appears behind.

A long pause.

DALLAS
It's gone.

Kane's prone form.

The Alien is no longer on his face.

Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.

Face covered with sucker marks.

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

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

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

DALLAS
Maybe we can catch it.

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

114 INT. INFIRMARY

114

They enter cautiously.

Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.

Picking up a stainless steel tray.

Looking.

Ash and Ripley do the same.

Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.

Nothing.

She stands.

Doesn't see the Alien on a ledge above her.

Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.

It drops onto her.

She screams. Twists.

The Alien drops to the floor.

Then lies motionless.

Its skin faded to a dead-looking grey.

Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.

Prods the Alien.

No response.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.

Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.

Quickly closes the lid.

Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.

Bright light trained on the Alien.

The Creature in a supine position.

Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

Where's its mouth.

ASH

It's this tube-like thing, up in
here.

(carefully extracts the
end of the organ)

It's hardening.

(slips the Creature under
a fluoroscopy)

It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY

Let's get rid of it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH

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

Pause.

DALLAS

You're the Science Officer. It's
your decision.

ASH

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

Pause.

RIPLEY

What about Kane.

Ash turns back to the bunk.

Studies the life support gauges.

Kane continues to breathe steadily.

ASH

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

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

RIPLEY

I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

115 INT. BLACK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

115

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY

How could you leave that kind of decision to him.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

How does that happen.

DALLAS

Same way everything else happens. Orders from the Company.

RIPLEY

Since when is that standard procedure.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS

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

She looks at him.

DALLAS

So what. They replaced my warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY

I don't trust him.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

They're pretty much finished now.

DALLAS

Why didn't you say so?

RIPLEY

There are still some things left to do.

DALLAS

Like what?

RIPLEY

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

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Is that a good idea.

DALLAS

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

Belching out streams of superheated air.
The starship vibrates.

117 INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE**117**

The crew at their posts.

DALLAS
How do we look down there?

118 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE**118**

Parker and Brett.

PARKER
Okay, but remember this is a patch job. If we hit too much turbulence the cells will blow -- and that's all she said.

BRETT
So take it easy.

119 INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE**119**

DALLAS
I hear you. Ripley, take us up a hundred meters and retract the landing struts.

RIPLEY
Up a hundred.

120 EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE**120**

The Nostromo lifts off, hovers above the ground on beams of shimmering flame.

The landing struts begin folding.

121 INT. BRIDGE - DAY**121**

We hear the thump as the struts retract.

RIPLEY
Struts retracted.

DALLAS

Okay, Ripley, it's all yours.

Ripley pushes a lever forward. The engines begin to thunder

RIPLEY
Rolling up the G's.
(pushes mere buttons)
And here we go.

122 EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

122

The ship begins to surge forward.

Accelerating upward through the dense atmosphere.

123 INT. BRIDGE - DAY

123

LAMBERT
One kilometer on ascension.

RIPLEY
Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.

The ship lurches.

LAMBERT
Engaged.

RIPLEY
I'm altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

DALLAS
What was that?

In answer, the intercom beeps.

PARKER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Starboard quad's overheating. I'm
shutting it down.

DALLAS
Just hold us together till we're
beyond G1, that's all.

The pitch of the engines changes.

124 EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

124

The ship moves at an acute angle.
Slices through the boiling clouds.
Black smoke pouring from one engine.

125 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

125

Parker and Brett in a frenzy of activity.

BRETT

Dust is clogging the damn intakes
again. Number two's overheating.

PARKER

Spit on it for two more minutes.

126 INT. BRIDGE - DAY

126

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

127 EXT. NOSTROMO

127

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.
Trailing a wake of clouds.

128 INT. BRIDGE

128

The crew cheer.
Wave their arms in exultation.

RIPLEY

We made it. Damn. We made it.

129 INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

129

Parker breaks open a can of beer.

PARKER

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

130 INT. BRIDGE

130

DALLAS

Let's pick up the money and go
home. Put her in the garage.

131 EXT. NOSTROMO

131

Above the planet.

The Nostromo rendezvous with the refinery.

132 INT. BRIDGE

132

DALLAS

Set course for Earth. Then fire up
the big ones and get us up to light
plus four.

RIPLEY

With pleasure.

LAMBERT

Feets get me out of here.

133 EXT. OUTER SPACE

133

The Nostromo now at light speed.

Perceptible movement in the surrounding universe.

A corona effect emerges.

Stars approaching the Nostromo appear blue.

Receding stars going to red.

Red shift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

134 INT. MESS

134

Parker, Brett, Dallas and Ripley around table.

Drinking coffee.

PARKER

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

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

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

Parker turns to Brett.

PARKER

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

BRETT

Right.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Yeah. And so will we.

Lambert enters.

LAMBERT

How about a little something to lower your spirits.

DALLAS

Thrill me.

LAMBERT

According to my calculations -- based on the time spent getting to and from the planet and the speed at which we're moving away from the other --

DALLAS
Give me the short version -- How far to Earth.

LAMBERT
Ten months.

RIPLEY
Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS
Dallas.

ASH
(voice over)
Come see Kane right away --

DALLAS
Any change in his condition.

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

135 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

135

What they see is not what they expect.

Kane is sitting up in bed, wide awake.

They enter.

LAMBERT
Kane -- Are you all right.

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

Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup and water.

Kane gulps it. down in a swallow.

KANE
More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container.

Hands it to Kane.

He greedily consumes the entire contents.

Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS

How do you feel.

KAKE

Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH

You don't remember.

KANE

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

PARKER

Do you hurt.

KANE

All over. Feel like somebody's been beating me with a stick for about six years.

(smiles)

God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY

What's the last thing you can remember.

KANE

I don't know.

DALLAS

Do you remember what happened on the planet.

KANE

Just some horrible dream about smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY

We're on our way home.

BRETT

Getting ready to go back into the freezers.

KANE

I'm starving. I want some food first.

PARKER

I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS
One meal before bed.

136 INT. MESS

136

The entire crew is seated.

Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.

The cat eats from a dish on the table.

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

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

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

Pause.

PARKER
I mean I like it.

KANE
No kidding.

PARKER
Yeah. It grows on you.

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

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

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY
What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

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

The others stare at him in alarm.

Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise.

Clutches the edge of the table with his hands.

Knuckles whitening.

ASH
Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

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

BRETT
What is it. What hurts?

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony.

He falls back into his chair.

KANE
Ohmygooaaahh.

A red stain.

Then a smear of blood blossoms on his chest.

The fabric of his shirt is ripped open.

A small head the size of a min's fist pushes out.

The crew shout in panic.

Leap back from the table.

The cat spits, bolts away.

The tiny head lunges forward.

Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.

Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.

Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.

Wriggles away while the crew scatters.

Then the Alien being disappears from sight.

Kane lies slumped in his chair.

Very dead.

A huge hole in his chest.

The dishes are scattered.

Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT

No, no, no, no.

BRETT

What was that. What the Christ was
that.

PARKER

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

ASH

It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY

That means we've got another one.

DALLAS

Yeah. And it's loose on the ship.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.

They all look at one another.

Then at Kane.

Dead on the table.

137 INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK

137

Empty.

Parker and Brett descend companionway.

They Join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALIAS

Any signs.

LAMBERT

Nothing.

ASH

Nothing.

PARKER

Didn't see a goddamn thing.

BRETT

Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY

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

LAMBERT

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

BRETT

Son-of-a-bitch.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

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

RIPLEY

First we have to find it.

DALLAS

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

He looks at Kane's body seen through mess doorway.

138 INT. AIR LOCK

138

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

139 INT. BRIDGE

139

The crew looking at Kane on view screens.

Silent.

Depressed.

DALLAS
Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS
Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.

He nods at Ripley.

She presses a button.

140 EXT. NOSTROMO

140

The outer hatch opens.

Kane's body shoots out into eternity.

Dwarfed by the giant ship.

The hatch closes.

141 INT. MESS

141

Empty.

Completely cleaned up

Parker, Brett and Ripley enter from one side.

Dallas, Lambert, Ash from the other.

DALLAS
Any sign on your side.

RIPLEY
Nothing. It must have gone below
somehow.

They sit.

DALIAS
We're going to have to catch it and
eject it from the ship.

ASH

Sounds great -- but how.

DALLAS

Room by room, corridor by corridor.

RIPLEY

That could take forever.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

We can't go into the freezers with
that thing running loose. Remember
what the other one did to Kane's
helmet. We'd be sitting ducks.
We've got to kill it first.

LAMBERT

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

PARKER

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

LAMBERT

What a swell idea.

PARKER

What's wrong with it.

ASH

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

RIPLEY

There's another problem. There's no
visual communication on B and C
decks. All the screens are out.

LAMBERT

And what do we do when we find it.

DALLAS

Trap it somehow.

BRETT

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

LAMBERT

Why do we listen to this meathead.

Dallas turns it over.

DALIAS

He might be right. For once --

142 EXT. OUTER SPACE

142

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

143 INT. NARCISSUS

143

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.

Staring at the myriad lights of outer space.

Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY

I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS

Are the nets finished.

Pause.

RIPLEY

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

DALLAS

Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY

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

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

DALLAS

You waited too long.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.

His arms move around her.

144 INT. BRIDGE

144

The crew has assembled.

Brett unfolds several yards of asbestos netting.

Hands out five thin rods.

Each of them like metal broom handles.

BRETT

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

He touches the tip to a metal object.

A blue spark leaps.

BRETT

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

LAMBERT

Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH

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

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY

What's it key on.

ASH

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

DALLAS

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

(pause)

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

Parker turns on his unit.

Scans it around the room.

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

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

They start doling out the equipment.

DALLAS

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

145 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

145

Lambert and Dallas carry the net.

Ash walks directly behind, carrying the tracking device.

He continually scans from side to side.

Lambert stops by a stairwell.

LAMBERT
Anything down there.

146 INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

146

Parker and Brett move silently along.

Ripley ahead of them with the tracker by the stairwell.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

They move on.

A small light flashes.

RIPLEY
Hold it. I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense.

Start looking around.

BRETT
Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker,

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

BRETT
Goddamns malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side.

The needle stabilizes.

RIPLEY
No, Just confused. It's coming from
below us.

They all, look down at their feet.

147 INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL

147

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down ladder into an endless oily corridor.

They stop at the foot of the companionway.

They move down corridor into darkness.

RIPLEY

Okay.

Looks at the tracker.

Nods down the passageway. Stops.

RIPLEY

Back this way.

They begin to walk in that direction.

Entering drab section of ship.

Surrounded by deep shadows.

Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

RIPLEY

I thought you fixed 12 module.

BRETT

We did.

PARKER

Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.

Move around two turns.

RIPLEY

Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY

It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.

Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.

Moves with great care.

Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.

Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.

The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.

Perspiration rivers down her face.

She sets aside the tracker.

Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.

Yanks it open.

Jams the electric prod inside.

A nerve-shattering squall.

Then a small Creature comes flying out of the locker.

Eyes glaring, claws flashing.

Instinctively, they throw the net over it.

Very annoyed.

They open the net and release the captive.

Which happens to be the cat.

Hissing and spitting, it scampers away.

RIPLEY

Goddamn it -- hold it.

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

Go get it. We'll go on.

BRETT

Right.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.

Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.

Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

148 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL

148

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.

Looking for the cat.

Nervous.

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

Scratching noises.

A reassuring cat yowl.

Brett moves on.

149 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL

149

Ripley and Parker walk along.

Tracker signal weakens.

Finally stops.

RIPLEY
Nothing here.

PARKER
Let's go back.

150 INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL

150

Brett enters.

Still looking for Jones.

Another yowl followed by a hiss.

Two eyes shining in the dark.

Jones.

Relieved, Brett moves toward the cat.

BRETT
Here kitty -- Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.

Jones hisses.

An arm reaches for Brett.

The Alien.

Now seven feet tall.

Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.

Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.

Brett screams.

To no avail.

In the doorway Ripley and Parker.

They witness the horror.

151 INT. MESS

151

The remaining crew assembled.

Long faces.

Dallas sits with a layout in front of him.

Parker stands anxiously by the doorway.

PARKER

Whatever it was it was big. Swung down on him like a giant fucking bat.

Dallas looks up.

DALLAS

You're absolutely sure it dragged Brett into a vent.

RIPLEY

It disappeared into one of the cooling ducts.

PARKER

No question. It's using the air shafts to move around.

DALLAS

Like Jones --

LAMBERT

Brett could still be alive.

RIPLEY

Not a chance. It snapped him up like a rag doll,

LAMBERT

What does it want him for.

ASH

An incubator perhaps.

RIPLEY
Or food.

A shiver.

LAMBERT
Either way it's two down and five
to go.

PARKER
I say we blast the rotten bastard
with a laser and take our chances.

DALLAS
No way. If it's as big as you say,
it's holding enough acid to bum a
hole in this ship as big as this
room.

ASH
Shooting it is not going to help
us. It's self-regenerating. You saw
that when we operated on it.

Dallas runs his fingers over the diagram.

DALLAS
The shaft could work for us. That
duct comes out at the main air
lock. There's only one big opening
on the way. But we can cover that.
Then we drive it into the airlock
and blast it into space.

PARKER
Drive it -- I'm telling you the
son-of-a-bitch is huge.

RIPLEY
The science department should be
able to help --

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH
We could try it. Most animals retreat from fire.

DALLAS
Parker, how long to hook up three or four incinerating units.

PARKER
Give me twenty minutes.

LAMBERT
Only one thing left. Who gets to crawl in the vent with it.

A pause.

LAMBERT
Parker, you always wanted a full share.

DALLAS
Cut it out. Parker, Lambert, you cover the maintenance level exit. Ripley, you and Ash take the airlock.

There's no doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

152 EXT. OUTER SPACE

152

Nostromo at light plus four.

153 INT. AIRLOCK - VESTIBULE

153

Ripley stands in vestibule.

Looks through the Bulkhead door to air lock.

She throws a switch.

Watches airshaft entrance into air lock open.

The trap is ready.

154 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

154

Parker and Lambert get set.

155 INT. AIR SHAFT**155**

Completely dark.

Dallas turns on his helmet light.

Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS

Do you receive me. Ripley. Parker.
Lambert.

156 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA**156**

Die hum of vast cooling plants.

Large air shafts run off in different directions.

Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.

Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT

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

Parker hefts his flamethrower.

DALLAS

(voice over)

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

PARKER

Right.

157 INT. AIRLOCK - VESTIBULE**157**

Near the airlock.

Ripley pops open the hatch.

The airlock now open and ready.

She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY

Air lock open.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ready.

RIPLEY
Ready.

158 INT. AIR SHAFT**158**

Dallas begins to crawl forward.

The tunnel is narrow...

Only a foot or two wider than his shoulders.

DALLAS
I'm under way.

Turns a corner.

Several more tight turns.

Instinctively Dallas pulls back.

Raises the flamethrower.

Fires a blast around the corner into the darkness.

It roars loudly in the confined tube.

Smoke drifts back into his face.

159 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA**159**

A large rectangular duct in one wall.

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

He throws a switch.

A metal pane rises and seals off the opening.

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

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

160 INT. AIRLOCK VESTIBULE

160

Ripley.waiting.

161 INT. AIR SHAFT

161

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.

Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.

He moves toward the corner.

Fires another blast from the flamethrower.

Then starts crawling down, head first.

162 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

162

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT

Beginning to get a reading on you.

163 INT. AIR SHAFT

163

The shaft makes yet another turn.

Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

164 INT. AIR SHAFT

164

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.

Clutching his flamethrower.

Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS

Ripley.

165 INT. AIRLOCK VESTIBULE

165

RIPLEY

Read you clear.

166 INT. AIR SHAFT

166

DALLAS

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

He readies the flamethrower.

167 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA**167**

Parker readies his weapon.

168 INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY**168**

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air tunnel.

Dallas crawls out and stands.

Moves to a catwalk floor. Looks about.

Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.

Sits.

His feet dangle beneath the catwalk floor to the next level

DALIAS

Lambert, what kind of reading are you getting.

169 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA**169**

Lambert huddled over her tracker.

Puzzled.

LAMBERT

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

170 INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY**170**

Dallas sitting.

His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the catwalk.

DALLAS

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

Dallas begins to rise.

From below, a gentle movement towards the hanging feet.

A hand reaches up.

Misses his leg as Dallas moves ahead.

Further on.

DALLAS

Lambert, am I coming in any clearer.

LAMBERT

(voice over)

It's clear all right. But I'm still getting two signals.

(frightening pause)

I'm not sure which one is which.

Dallas stops.

Turns around.

Looks back down through the catwalk.

Lowers the nose of the flamethrower, his finger on the trigger.

From behind him, the hand reaches up.

The Alien is the front signal.

171 INT. AIRLOCK VESTIBULE

171

Ripley bends forward.

Hears the sounds of the struggle...

And Dallas' scream.

She cries out.

RIPLEY

Dallas -- Dallas --

172 INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

172

Lambert and Parker. Hearing it all.

RIPLEY

(voice over)

Oh my God.

Then silence.

173 INT. MESS

Dallas' flamethrower on table surface.

PARKER

(voice over)

We just found it laying there. No sign of him. No blood. Nothing.

Ripley, Ash and Lambert standing by the table.

Lambert obviously still shaken.

PARKER

Ripley this puts you in command.
It's okay with him.

She nods.

RIPLEY

Unless someone's got a better idea about dealing with the Alien, we'll proceed with Dallas' plan.

LAMBERT

And wind up the same way. No thanks.

PARKER

You've got a better idea.

LAMBERT

Yes. Abandon ship. Take the shuttle craft and get the hell out of here. Take our chances on getting picked up later.

The unsaid alternative.

ASH

You are forgetting something.
Dallas and Brett may not be dead.
It's a ghastly probability perhaps,
but not a certainty.

RIPLEY

Ash is right, We've got to give it another try. We know it's using the air shafts. Let's take it level by level. This time we'll laser seal every bulkhead and vent behind us until we corner it.

PARKER
I'll go along with that

Lambert doesn't answer.

RIPLEY
How are our weapons?

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

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY
Then you'd better get it. Ash, you go with him.

Parker looks at Ash.

PARKER
I can manage

He leaves.

Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY
Any other thoughts. From you or Mother.

ASH
Nothing new. Still collating.

RIPLEY
I can't believe that.

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

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

ASH

All right -- I'll try.

He leaves.

174 INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK**174**

Parker selects two full methane cylinders.

He tests them.

Moves out.

175 INT. MESS**175**

Ripley sits beside Lambert.

RIPLEY

Try to hang on. You know Dallas
would have done the same for us.

LAMBERT

All I know is you're asking us to
stay and get picked off one by one.

RIPLEY

I promise you. If it looks like it
won't work, I'll boil us out of
here.

176 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL**176**

Parker returning with methane cylinder.

Turns a corner.

Comes to an abrupt halt.

A movement in front of him beyond the airlock.

He hesitates.

Then another shadowy movement...

177 INT. BRIDGE**177**

Ripley and Lambert.

Parker's voice on voice-amp.

Muffled.

Ripley hits a toggie.

RIPLEY
Ripley.

178 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

178

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER
Keep it down --

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

179 INT. BRIDGE

179

RIPLEY
Can't hear you -- Repeat --

180 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

180

Parker whispering.

PARKER
The Alien -- It's outside the main airlock door. Open the door slowly -- When I say -- close it fast and blow the outer door.

181 INT. BLISTER

181

Ash listens.

182 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

182

Parker still whispering.

PARKER
Open it -- slowly.

183 INT. BRIDGE

183

Ripley hesitates.

Starts to reply.

Throws switch.

184 INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK**184**

Low servo whine.

Door opens.

Slowly.

Green light throbbing inside air lock.

Creature looks curiously at it.

Moves onto the threshold.

185 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL**185**

Parker watches.

186 INT. AIR LOCK**186**

Creature moves further into air lock.

Fascinated, by green light.

187 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL**187**

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER

Now -- Now --

188 INT. BRIDGE**188**

As Ripley moves to throw switch --

189 INT. AIR LOCK**189**

Suddenly, from out of nowhere a klaxon wails.

The Creature leaps back across the threshold of the air lock.
Bewildered.

Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.

Acid boiling out.

The appendage crushed.

The acid bubbles.

Metal boils in door.

190 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

190

Parker watches.

Frozen.

The Alien wrenches itself free.

Comes flying outward.

Smashes Parker down.

Flees.

On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

191 INT. AIR LOCK

191

Metal still boiling.

The outer hatch begins to open.

192 INT. BRIDGE

192

RIPLEY

Parker --

Pushes a switch.

Pushes it again.

LAMBERT

What's happening, Parker.

In front of her a green light blinks.

"Inner Hatch Closed."

RIPLEY

Inner hatch sealed. The outer hatch
is open.

LAMBERT

What about Parker.

RIPLEY

I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

193 EXT. NOSTROMO

193

Air lock open.

194 INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

194

Parker unconscious.

195 INT. AIR LOCK

195

The inner hatch still closed.

Metal boils.

The hole growing deeper.

196 INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" DECK

196

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.

197 INT. AIR LOCK

197

Metal boiling in door.

198 INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "B" DECK

198

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.

Regains her balance.

Starts running.

199 INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

199

Parker now half conscious.

Ripley arrives as the hole in door blows open.

Escaping air shrieks.

Flashing sign comes on.

Critical depressurization.

Emergency klaxon.

Simultaneously vestibule doors close either end.

Sealing in Ripley and Parker.

Door nearest to Parker half-closed on one of the methane cylinders:

Leaving large gap.

Windstorm begins as hole in air lock grows.

Ripley reaches for other cylinder.

Begins smashing the jammed cylinder out of door.

Blood froths at their noses and ears.

Cylinder finally is driven out.

The door slams closed.

200 INT. BRIDGE

200

Lambert watches.

Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"

"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

LAMBERT

Ash, get the oxygen. Meet me at the airlock.

Rushes out.

Down corridor.

201 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

201

Ripley staggers towards an emergency panel.

At far end of corridor.

Pinging sound.

Misty atmosphere.

Tries to activate the door.

Cannot.

Lambert appears other side of bulkhead.

Activates door from outside.

Rush of oxygen.

202 EXT. NOSTROMO

202

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

203 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

203

Repressurization sounds.

Parker regains consciousness.

Struggles to breathe.

Ripley unable to move.

Breath coming in shallow pants.

Lambert with an oxygen tank.

Ash follows.

Oxygen administered to Ripley and Parker.

Finally.

ASH
You all right.

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

ASH
Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY
You tell me.

ASH
What does that mean.

RIPLEY
I guess the alarm went off by itself.

ASH

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

RIPLEY
Nobody's accusing you.

ASH
Like hell.

Sudden silence.

RIPLEY
Go patch him up.

Ash and Parker leave.

Ripley turns to Lambert.

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

LAMBERT
Why were you accusing him.

RIPLEY
Because I think he's lying, And if
I can get into his tape records,
I'll prove it.

LAMBERT
It could have been an accident.

RIPLEY
You think I'm wrong.

LAMBERT
I don't know. Wrong or crazy.

RIPLEY
Thanks.

204 INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

204

Ripley hurriedly taps out the five-digit code.

Rams thumb against identiprint.

The inner door opens.

Data banks come to life.

She sits at the console.

Thinks for a moment.

Then punches up a code.

Nothing happens.

Punches another combination.

Nothing happens.

Frustration.

Another combination.

One screen comes to life.

Another combination.

She moves to the second keyboard.

Screen One spells out the question:

Question: WHO TURNED ON AIRLOCK 2 WARNING SYSTEM.

Response: ASH

Another code.

Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN

Response: YES

New Code.

Question: WHY

Response: SPECIAL ORDER 937 SCIENCE EYES ONLY.

She starts a new code.

A hand slams down next to Ripley's arm.

It sinks elbow deep into the computer.

She whips around in her chair.

Faces Ash.

He smiles.

ASH

Command seems a bit too much for you. But then leadership is always difficult under these circumstances.

Ripley slowly backs up out of the chair.

Keeps it between them.

Plays for time.

RIPLEY

The problem's not leadership, Ash.
It's loyalty.

She circles toward the door.

Ash still smiles.

And moves forward slightly.

ASH

I think we've all been doing our best. Lambert's getting a little pessimistic but we've always known she's on the emotional side.

All charm.

RIPLEY

I'm not worried about Lambert right now. I'm worried about you.

She starts to turn.

He steps toward her.

ASH

All that paranoia coming up again.

With that he reaches out.

Ripley bolts by him into the corridor.

Ash chases her through the bridge and into the mess.

Three bulkhead doors slam down behind them.

Ash catches her.

Parker and Lambert burst into the mess.

Lambert falls on Ash's back.

Ash turns to Lambert.

Tosses her across the room.

Returns to Ripley.

Again choking her.

Parker lifts the tracker.

Steps behind Ash.

Swings the tracker.

Wallop.

Tears his head off.

Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.

Where his head used to be.

Ash's hands release Ripley.

Search above his neck for his missing head:

He walks backward.

All eyes on Ash's headless body.

He walks the room.

Still feeling, for his missing head.

PARKER
A robot, a goddamn Android.

Ash turns on him.

Starts to advance.

Parker hits him again with the tracker.

Again.

Again.

No avail.

Ash begins choking Parker.

Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.

Closes on Ash's back.

Tears away the fabric.

Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.

Ripley tearing at the controls buried in the cavity once covered by his head.

Parker's eyes bulge in pain.

Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking.

Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home.

Ash's grip lessens.

Another stab, electrical flash.

The grip lessens.

Another stab, flash of circuits.

The headless body collapses.

Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER

Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.

Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT

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

Pause.

RIPLEY

There's only one way to find out.

PARKER

What's that.

RIPLEY

Wire his head back up. Ash has been protecting the Alien from the beginning. He let it on board. He let it grow inside Kane. He blew the airlock warning.

LAMBERT

But why.

RIPLEY,

The corporation, must have picked up the transmission. We happened to be the next ship going by. They put Ash on board to check it out and make sure we followed something Mother calls Special Order 937.

PARKER

Great, you got it all figured out. Now tell me why we've put this sonofabitch together.

RIPLEY

We have to find out what else they're holding back.

Ash's head is on the table.

His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

Ash, can you hear me.

ASH

Yes I can.

RIPLEY

What was Special Order 937?

ASH

That's against regulations. You know I can't tell you.

RIPLEY

Then there's no point in talking. Parker, pull the plug.

Parker reaches for the wires.

Ash quickly reacts.

ASH

My orders, in essence, directed me to reroute the ship to the source of the signal. There we were to investigate a life form, almost certainly hostile, and bring it back for observation. Using discretion, of course.

LAMBERT

Why. Why didn't you warn us?

ASH

Because you might not have gone in.
The shares notwithstanding.

PARKER

You and the damn company. What
about our lives, man.

ASH

Expendable I'm afraid. It wasn't
personal. Just the luck of the
draw.

Cold comfort.

RIPLEY

The transmission was a warning.

ASH

Yes, and frighteningly specific.
The derelict spacecraft landed on
the planet. Like Kane, they
encountered one of the Alien
spores. Before they all died, they
managed to set up the warning.

RIPLEY

How do we kill it.

ASH

I don't think that you can. But I
still might be able to help you.
I'm not exactly at my best at the
moment. If you would reconnect --

RIPLEY

Nice try Ash, but no way.

ASH

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

LAMBERT

My God. You admire it.

ASH

How can you not admire the simple symmetry it presents. An intergalactic parasite, from time immemorial, capable of laying dormant for infinite periods. Its sole purpose to destroy other species merely to recreate itself, for life an anti-life.

PARKER

I've heard enough of this shit.

RIPLEY

We built you. You're supposed to be part of our survival equipment.

ASH

You gave me intelligence. With intellect comes the inevitability of choice. I have had the rare honour of witnessing one of those moments when a major evolutionary step is taken. Two highly successful species in immediate competition for resources and survival. I am loyal only to discovering the truth. A scientific truth demands beauty, harmony and above all simplicity. The problem between you and the Alien will produce a simple and elegant solution. Only one of you will survive.

PARKER

I say pull the plug.

LAMBERT

I agree.

Ripley starts to undo the wires.

Ash smiles.

ASH

A last word, a legacy if you will.

Ripley pauses.

Most of the wires undone.

Ash's voice slowing.

ASH

Maybe it's intelligent. Maybe you
should try to communicate with it.

RIPLEY

Did you.

ASH

Please let my grave hold some
secrets.

Ripley pulls the plug.

RIPLEY

Good-bye Ash.

205 INT. DARK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

205

Ripley in the Computer Annex.

Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY

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

PARKER

It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT

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

RIPLEY

We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules.

Suicide pills.

LAMBERT

We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY

I think we should blow up the ship.

LAMBERT

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

RIPLEY

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

206 INT. CORRIDOR "B" DECK

206

Ripley, Parker and Lambert walk rapidly down the corridor.

RIPLEY

We're gonna get the hell off the
ship and blew it up.

PARKER

And take our chances in the
shuttle.

RIPLEY

Right. We'll need coolant for the
life support. You round up all you
can carry. I'll start preparing the
shuttle.

They move out.

207 INT. NARCISSUS

207

Ripley enters the Narcissus.

Cautious at first.

Then hurries to throw switches.

Twists her hair back as she works feverishly.

Stops as she hears Jones miaowing over the intercom.

RIPLEY

Jones --

Ripley runs out of the Narcissus, leaving doors open.

208 INT. BRIDGE

208

Jones lying on Dallas' console.

Ripley comes in.

Smiles.

RIPLEY

Jones. You're in luck.

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

RIPLEY
Come on, Jones.

She moves, after the cat.

We hear Parker and Lambert over the communicator from the garage.

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

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT TO

209 INT. GARAGE

209

Parker and Lambert loading coolant cylinders.

PARKER
All you can carry.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Goddamn it, Jones. Come here.

210 INT. BRIDGE

210

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY
Here kitty -- Come here kitty --

Jones moves away.

211 INT. FOOD LOCKER "B" DECK

211

Arms full Parker moves out of the locker.

Lambert is still making her selection.

A faint light on the tracker.

Unnoticed.

212 INT. BRIDGE

212

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

213 INT. FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

213

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

PARKER
Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

PARKER
Nothing. Just hurry up.

The tracker flashes faster.

Now it's noticed.

Parker picks up the flamethrower.

PARKER
Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT
Right now.

The Alien appears out of the air shaft ventilator.

Lambert turns.

Screams.

Unfolding, the Alien grabs for her.

214 INT. BRIDGE

214

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's scream.

215 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOOD LOCKER

215

Parker looks back into the locker.

Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.

He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker.

Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER

Goddamn you.

216 INT. FOOD LOCKER

216

The Alien drops Lambert.

Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.

No effect.

The Alien strikes him once.

Killing him instantly.

He now moves to Lambert.

217 INT. BRIDGE

217

Ripley listening on the communicator.

Lambert's dying shrieks.

Then the voice-amp goes dead.

Silence.

RIPLEY

Parker. Lambert.

She waits for a response.

But her expression shows that she expects none.

A long moment.

Expectation fulfilled.

Nightmare without end.

218 INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY**218**

Ripley descends cautiously, holding flamethrower.

Jones left above, squalling.

219 INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK**219**

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.

Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.

Sees carnage.

220 INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL**220**

Ripley running toward engine room.

Out of breath.

Exhausted she stops, gulping in air.

Suddenly, ahead of her, the sound of human weeping.

She moves quietly ahead until the source of the sound is directly under her feet.

She is standing on a round metal plate.

Ripley starts to remove the disc.

221 INT. UNDERCARRIAGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4**221**

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.

Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.

Pitch black.

Ripley arrives at deck level.

Shines her light.

Its arc reveals the Alien's lair.

Bones, shreds of flesh.

Pieces of clothing shoes.

Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

Something moves in the darkness.
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.
Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.
Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.
The body of Dallas inside.
Unexpectedly, his eyes open.
FOCUS ON Ripley.
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS
Kill me.

RIPLEY
What did it do.

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

DALLAS
That was Brett --

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

A long moment.
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY
What can I do.

DALLAS
Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.

Raises the flamethrower.

Sprays a molten blast.

Another blast.

The entire compartment bursts into flames.

Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

222 INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

222

Ripley emerges from below.

Gasps for breath.

Regains control of herself.

223 EXT. OUTER SPACE

223

At light speed.

The Nostromo and refinery appear to hang motionless.

Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

224 INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

224

Ripley enters the power center.

Stares at the massive light-plus engines.

Approaches the main control board.

Begins closing the switches, one by one.

A long moment.

Sirens begin to honk.

Mother speaks.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

225 INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

225

Ripley running toward "B" deck companionway.

226 INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR

226

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.

Remembers Jones.

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

227

Jones howling.

In his box.

Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

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

228

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flamethrower.

Jones hisses.

Fur rises.

Ripley stops, and stares down corridor toward Narcissus.

The Alien can be heard thrashing about the shuttle craft.

Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room, leaving Jones on "B" level companionway.

229 INT. COMPANIONWAY J1TO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL

229

Ripley bounds down the companionway.

Her footsteps clanging metallidally throughout the ship.

A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload in
three minutes, twenty seconds.

230 INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

230

The door crashes open, Ripley comes pounding in.

The chamber filled with smoke.

Engines whining dangerously.

Ripley breaks out in perspiration from the intense heat.

She runs to the controls.

Begins throwing the cooling unit switches back into place.

The sirens continue sounding.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload in
three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY

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

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

A moment.

Then Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

231 INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY

231

Ripley runs back down the corridor.

Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload in
two minutes.

232 INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

232

She reaches companionway.

Picks up Jones.

233 INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS**233**

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

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will explode in
ninety seconds.

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

234 INT. NARCISSUS**234**

Ripley scans the narrow deck.
Empty.

235 INT. VESTIBULE**235**

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

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. The engines will explode
in sixty seconds.

236 INT. NARCISSUS**236**

Ripley enters on the run.
Hurls the cat box toward the front.
Dives into the control chair.
Hits the "Launch" button.

237 EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

237

The retainer clips drop away.

A blast of ram jets.

The shuttle is launched from the mothership.

238 INT. NARCISSUS

238

Ripley frantically straps herself in.

G-forces from the shuttle's acceleration pulling against her.

239 EXT. SPACE

239

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mothership.

The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.

All is strangely serene.

240 INT. NARCISSUS

240

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.

Reaches and grabs the cat box.

The cat yowling within.

Ripley hugs the box to her chest.

Hunches her head down over the container.

241 EXT. SPACE

241

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.

Finally becomes a small point of light.

Then it blows up.

Transforms into expanding orange fireball.

Pieces of metal flying in all directions.

And then the refinery explodes.

200,000,000 tons of gas bloating silently into the cosmos.

242 INT. NARCISSUS**242**

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

243 EXT. SPACE**243**

Pieces of debris float past.
 The boiling fireball fades into nothingness.
 The Nostromo has ceased to exist.

244 INT. NARCISSUS**244**

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and crew mates.
 A very long moment.

Then, behind her, the lethal hand emerges from deep shadow.
 The Alien has been in the shuttle-craft all along. The cat yowls.

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

Hurls herself inside.

Slams it shut.

245 INT. LOCKER**245**

A clear glass panel in the door.

The Alien puts its head unto the window.

Peers in at Ripley.

Their faces only two inches apart.

The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.

The moaning of the cat distracts it.

246 INT. NARCISSUS**246**

The Alien moves to the pressurized cat box.

Bends down and peers inside.

The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

247 INT. LOCKER**247**

Ripley knocks on the glass.

Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.

The Alien's face is instantly back at the window.

Getting no more interference from her, the Creature returns to the cat box.

Ripley looks around.

Sees the pressure suit.

Quickly begins to pull it on.

248 INT. NARCISSUS**248**

The Alien picks up the cat box.

Shakes it.

The cat moans.

249 INT. LOCKER**249**

Ripley is halfway into the pressure suit.

250 INT. NARCISSUS**250**

The Creature throws the cat box down.

Very hard.

Picks it up again.

Hammers it against the wall.

Then jams it into a crevice.

Begins to pound the container into the opening.

The cat now beyond all hysteria.

251 INT. LOCKER**251**

Ripley pulls on the helmet, latches it into place.

Turns the oxygen valve.

With a hiss, the suit fills itself.

A rack on the wall contains a long metal rod.

Ripley peels off the rubber tip.

Revealing a sharp steel point.

252 INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER**252**

Ripley inhales.

Kicks the door open.

253 INT. NARCISSUS**253**

The Creature rises.

Faces the locker.

Catches the steel shaft through its midriff.

The Alien clutches at the spear.

Yellow acid begins to flow from the wound.
Before the fluid can touch the floor.
Ripley reaches back and pulls the switch.
Blows the rear hatch.
The atmosphere in the shuttle immediately sucked into space.
The bleeding Creature along with it.
Ripley grabs a strut to keep from being pulled out.
The Alien shoots past her.
Grabs Ripley's ankle with an appendage.

254 EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE**254**

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

255 INT. NARCISSUS**255**

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

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.

Within the vacuum of space.

The tip of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

256 INT. NARCISSUS**256**

Acid starts to foam along the base of the hatch.
Eats away at the metal.

Ripley stumbles forward to the controls.

Pushes the ram jet lever.

257 EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

257

The Creature struggling.

Jet exhausts located at the rear of the craft.

The engines belch flame for a few seconds.

Then shut off.

Incinerated, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

258 INT. NARCISSUS

258

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.

Peers out through the glass.

259 EXT. OUTER SPACE

259

The burned mass of the Alien drifts slowly away.

Writhing smoking.

Tumbling into the distance.

Pieces dropping off.

The shape bloats, then bursts.

Spray of particles in all directions.

Then smoldering fragments dwindle into infinity.

260 INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

260

Now repressurized.

Ripley is seated in the control chair.

Calm and composed, almost cheerful.

Cat purring in her lap.

She dictates into a recorder.

RIPLEY

Final report of the Commercial Starship Nostromo. Third Officer reporting. The other members of the crew -- Kane, Lambert, Parker, Brett, Ash, and the Captain Dallas are dead. The cargo and the ship destroyed. I should reach the frontier in about six weeks. With a little luck the network should pick me up. This is Ripley, last survivor of the Nostromo, signing off.

She switches off.

261 INT. NARCISSUS

261

Ripley in hypersleep.

262 EXT. OUTER SPACE

262

The shuttlecraft Narcissus sails into the distance

FADE OUT

THE END