

"ALIEN"

by

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and

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Based on screenplay

by

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Story by

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"ALIEN"

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM

1

Empty, cavernous.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

2

Circular, jammed with instruments.  
All of them idle.  
Console chairs for two.  
Empty.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

2-A

Long, dark.  
Empty.  
Turbos throbbing.  
No other movement.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

2-B

Long, empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

2-C

Distressed ivory walls.  
All instrumentation at rest.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

3

Black, empty.

INT. BRIDGE

4

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.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

4-A

Lights come on.  
Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.  
Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

5

Explosion of escaping gas.  
The lid on a freezer pops 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.

INT. GALLEY

6

Kane plugs in a Silex.  
Lights a cigarette.  
Coughs.  
Grinds some coffee beans.  
Runs some water through.

KANE

Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

7

Another lid pops open.  
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT

What time is it.

KANE

(voice over)

What do you care.

INT. GALLEY

8

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.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

9

Two more lids pop open.  
A pair of men sit up.  
Look at each other.

INT. GALLEY

10

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.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

11

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.

INT. MESS

12

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

Dallas.....Captain  
Kane.....Executive Officer  
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.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

13

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 OVERMONITORING 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:

INT. BRIDGE

14

Above eye level the room is rigged by viewscreens.  
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.

Cont.

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.  
Viewscreens 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 15

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO 16

The Factory Starship lumbering within the depths  
of inter-stellar space.  
Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.  
Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.  
Length: One and one half kilometers.  
Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

INT. BRIDGE 17

Lambert pores over charts.  
Consults her console.  
Puzzled.

KANE  
Contact traffic control.

Cont.

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.



INT. ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

18

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.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR "C" LEVEL

19

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.

INT. MESS

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?

Cont.

DALLAS

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

X

KANE

Is it an S.O.S.

DALLAS

Unknown.

RIPLEY

Human.

DALLAS

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.

DALLAS

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.

DALLAS

Can we land on it.

Cont.

ASH

Somebody did.

DALLAS

That's what I mean.

OUT 20-A

INT. BRIDGE

21

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.

Cont.

Lambert punches buttons. One of the viewscreens 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...

EXT. NOSTROMO - MODEL

22

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.

Cont.

High above the planet.  
The factory ship rotates.  
Engines fire briefly.

INT. BRIDGE

23

ASH  
Equatorial orbit nailed.

EXT. NOSTROMO

23-A

Now within the planet's orbit.  
The planet rolling by underneath.

INT. BRIDGE

24

DALLAS  
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH  
3.45 n/c m<sup>2</sup> (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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

24-A

PARKER

L alignment on port and starboard  
is green.

BRETT

Green on spinal umbilicus  
severance.

INT. BRIDGE

24-B

LAMBERT

Crossing the terminator. Entering  
night side.

EXT. NOSTROMO

25

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

INT. BRIDGE

26

LAMBERT

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

DALLAS

Disengage.

EXT. NOSTROMO

27

The tug disengages from the platform.

INT. BRIDGE

28

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.

EXT. NOSTROMO

29

The tug begins its arc toward the dark surface.

INT. BRIDGE

29-A

LAMBERT  
Dropping. 50,000 meters. Down.  
Down. 49,000 meters. Entering  
atmosphere.

Jones sits on window platform and watches cloud approaching.

EXT. NOSTROMO

29-B

The ship drops into the thick cloud layer.

INT. BRIDGE

30

RIPLEY  
Turbulence.

DALLAS  
Navigation lights on.

EXT. NOSTROMO

31

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.  
A set of brilliant lights switch on.  
Cut through the thick atmosphere.



INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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.

BRETT

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.

INT. BRIDGE

33

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.

Cont.

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.

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

34

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.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

35

RIPLEY

We're down.

Cont.

An enormous vibration.  
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.  
Lights go out.

KANE  
Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

36

Another huge vibration.  
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

OUT 36-A

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

37

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.

INT. BRIDGE

38

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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

39

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...

INT. BRIDGE

40

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.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

41

The wind sounds.  
Storm continues to blow around the craft.  
A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from  
absolute darkness.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

42

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.

INT. BRIDGE

43

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 here 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.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

44

Bridge lights come to life.  
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.  
The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

OUT

45

INT. BRIDGE

46

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:

EXT. SHIP

46-A

A ring of floodlights comes to life.  
Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.  
The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

46-B

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.

Cont.

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.

OUT 47

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

48

Parker and Brett laser welding one of the ducts.  
Shirts off.  
Sweat steaming.

Cont.



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.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

49

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.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

50

Ash descends companionway to blister.  
Punches up screens and instrumentation.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

51

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.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

52

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.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

53

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.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

54

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.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

55

Ash watches his viewscreens intently.

X

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.

EXT. PLANT - DAWN

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.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

56-A

Ash checking instruments.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.  
Then the sun is up.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

58

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.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

58-A

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.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

59

Ash watches video images of the three.  
Now moving again.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY

(voice over)  
How's it going.

INT. BRIDGE

60

Ripley at her console.

ASH

(voice over)  
All right.

RIPLEY

Have you tried putting the  
transmission through ECTU.

ASH  
(voice over)  
Mother hasn't identified it  
as yet.

X

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.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 61

Dust clearing.  
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 62

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 63

A gargantuan spaceship rising from the rock.  
Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 64

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.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY 65

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

Cont.

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.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

66

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.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

67

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 viewscreens.

Cont.

X

ASH

Dallas...  
(frantically punches  
buttons on the console)  
Dallas...Do you read me.

No reply.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

67-A

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:

EXT. DERELICT - DAY

68

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.

INT. CHAMBER - DAY

69

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.

Cont.

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.

INT. SHAFT OPENING

70

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.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

71

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.

X

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.

INT. DERELICT CARGO HOLD

72

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 strobing 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.

INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE

73

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS

How long till sunset.

LAMBERT

Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. HOLD

74

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.

INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE

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.

OUT 75-A X

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

75-B

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.

INT. BRIDGE/INT. BLISTER - DUSK

76

NOTE: INTERCUT.

Cont.



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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

pre 76-A

Parker and Brett listening over the intercom.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

76-A

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

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

77

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.

Cont.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)

Okay.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

77-A

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

OUT

78

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

79

Ash waiting.

INT. BRIDGE/EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

80

Ripley seated alone in the bridge.  
Dallas and Lambert stand at base of landing leg,  
supporting Kane between them.

NOTE: 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.

X

X

RIPLEY  
I need a clear definition..

DALLAS  
Just open the hatch, Ripley.

Cont.

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 God damn hatch. We have  
to get him inside.

RIPLEY

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

80-A

Parker and Brett listen.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

81

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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

81-A.

Parker and Brett react.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

82

Ripley's console flashes.  
INNER HATCH OPEN.  
She can't believe what she sees.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

83

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 burden

INT. INFIRMARY

84

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.

ASE

Let me try.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

84-A

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.

INT. INFIRMARY

84-B

ASH

We better let the machine work on him.

Cont.

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 antiseptis.  
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  
God damn 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.

Cont.

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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

85

BRETT

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

They start to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY "B" DECK

86

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.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR "C" DECK

87

Dallas moves cautiously down the passageway.  
Followed by Ripley, Parker and Brett.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA "C" DECK

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.

INT. INFIRMARY

89

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.

Cont.



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.

Cont.

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 pen.  
Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS

You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

90

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.

Cont.

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.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

91

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.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

92

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.

INT. INFIRMARY

93

Ash running test on the equipment.  
Kane respirating on the viewscreens 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.

ASH

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.

Cont.

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.

X

INT. MESS

94

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.  
Cat's Cradle.  
Both looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

95

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS

96

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.

Cont.

Serious. DALLAS

ASH  
(voice over)  
Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

97

Ash stares through window.  
Dallas joins him.  
Ripley appears behind.  
A long pause.

It's gone. DALLAS

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.

INT. INFIRMARY

97-A

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.

Cont.

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 fluroscope)

It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY

Let's get rid of it.

Cont.

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.



INT. BLACK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

98

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 Theodus, 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.

Cont.

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.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

99

The Nostromo's engines roaring.  
Belching out streams of superheated air.  
The starship vibrates.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

100

The crew at their posts.

DALLAS  
How do we look down there?

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

100-A

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.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

DALLAS

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

RIPLEY

Up a hundred.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

101

The Nostromo lifts off, hovers above the ground on beams of  
shimmering flame.  
The landing struts begin folding.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

102

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 thunde:

RIPLEY

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

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

103

The ship begins to surge forward.  
Accelerating upward through the dense atmosphere.

OUT 104-  
106

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

107

LAMBERT

One kilometer on ascension.

RIPLEY

Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.  
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT

Engaged.

Cont.

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.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

108

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

109

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.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

110

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

EXT. NOSTROMO

111

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

INT. BRIDGE

111-A

The crew cheer.  
Wave their arms in exultation.

RIPLEY

We made it. Damn. We made it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker breaks open a can of beer.

PARKER

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

INT. BRIDGE

111-C

DALLAS

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

EXT. NOSTROMO

111-D

Above the planet.  
The Nostromo rendezvous with the refinery.

INT. BRIDGE

112

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.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

113

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.

INT. MESS

114

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...

X

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.

OUT 115

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW 116

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.

KANE  
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.

Cont.

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.

INT. MESS

117

The entire crew is seated.  
Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.  
The cat eats from a dish on the table.

Cont.



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.

KANE

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.

Cont.

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

Ohmygooooaahh.

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 man'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.  
Wiggles 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.

Cont.

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.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK

118

Empty.  
Parker and Brett descend companionway.  
They join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALLAS

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...

Cont.

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.

INT. AIR LOCK

119

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE

120

The crew looking at Kane on viewscreens.  
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.

EXT. NOSTROMO

121

The outer hatch opens.  
Kane's body shoots out into eternity.  
Dwarfed by the giant ship.  
The hatch closes.

INT. MESS

122

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.

DALLAS

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.

Cont.

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.

DALLAS

He might be right. For once...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

123

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

OUT

124

INT. NARCISSUS

125

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.

Cont.

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.

Cont.

DALLAS

You waited too long.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.  
His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE

126

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.

Cont.



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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

127

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.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

128

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.

Cont.

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

Goddamn, 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.

INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL

129

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.

Cont.

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.

Cont.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.  
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.  
Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL 130

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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL 131

Ripley and Parker walk along.  
Tracker signal weakens.  
Finally stops.

RIPLEY

Nothing here.

PARKER

Let's go back.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL 132

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.

INT. MESS

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.

Cont.

DALLAS

No way. If it's as big as you say, it's holding enough acid to burn 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 air lock 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 air lock.

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

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Nostromo at light plus four.

OUT 134-  
135

INT. AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

135-A

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.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

135-B

Parker and Lambert get set.

OUT 136

INT. AIR SHAFT

137

Completely dark.  
Dallas turns on his helmet light.  
Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS

Do you receive me. Ripley.  
Parker. Lambert.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

138

The 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.



INT. AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

Near the air lock.  
Ripley pops open the hatch.  
The air lock now open and ready.  
She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY  
Air lock open.

DALLAS  
(voice over)  
Ready.

RIPLEY  
Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT

140

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.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

141

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.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

142

Ripley waiting.

INT. AIR SHAFT

143

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.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

143-A

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT

Beginning to get a reading on  
you.

INT. AIR SHAFT

143-B

The shaft makes yet another turn.  
Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

OUT 144 X

INT. AIR SHAFT

145

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.  
Clutching his flamethrower.  
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS

Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

146

RIPLEY

Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT

147

DALLAS

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

He readies the flamethrower.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

148

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

149

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.

DALLAS

Lambert, what kind of reading  
are you getting.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

149-A

Lambert huddled over her tracker.  
Puzzled.

Cont.

LAMBERT

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

X

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

149-B

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.

X

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.

X

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

150

Ripley bends forward.  
Hears the sounds of the struggle...  
And Dallas' scream.  
She cries out.

RIPLEY

Dallas...Dallas...

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker.  
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY  
(voice over)  
Oh my God.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

152

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.

Cont.

ASH  
All right...I'll try.

He leaves.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK

153

Parker selects two full methane cylinders.  
He tests them.  
Moves out.

INT. MESS

154

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 bail us out  
of here.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

155

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...

INT. BRIDGE

156

Ripley and Lambert.  
Parker's voice on voice-amp.  
Muffled.  
Ripley hits a toggle.

RIPLEY

Ripley.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

156-A

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER

Keep it down...

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

INT. BRIDGE

156-B

RIPLEY

Can't hear you...Repeat...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

157

Parker whispering.

PARKER

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

X

INT. BLISTER

157-A

Ash listens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

157-B

Parker still whispering.

PARKER

Open it...slowly.

INT. BRIDGE

158

Ripley hesitates.  
Starts to reply.  
Throws switch.

INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK

159

Low servo whine.  
Door opens.

Cont.



Slowly.  
Green light throbbing inside air lock.  
Creature looks curiously at it.  
Moves onto the threshold.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 159-A

Parker watches...

INT. AIR LOCK 159-B

Creature moves further into air lock.  
Fascinated by green light.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 159-C

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER

Now...Now...

INT. BRIDGE 159-D

As Ripley moves to throw switch...

INT. AIR LOCK 159-E

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.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 160

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"

	85
INT. AIR LOCK	161
Metal still boiling. The outer hatch begins to open.	
	<u>OUT</u> 162
INT. BRIDGE	163
	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.	
EXT. NOSTROMO	163-A
Air lock open.	
INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL	164
Parker unconscious.	
INT. AIR LOCK	165
The inner hatch still closed. Metal boils. The hole growing deeper.	
INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" DECK	166
Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.	
INT. AIR LOCK	167
Metal boiling in door.	

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "E" DECK

168

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.  
Regains her balance.  
Starts running.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

169

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.

INT. BRIDGE

169-A

Lambert watches.  
Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"  
"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

LAMBERT

Ash, get the oxygen. Meet me at  
the air lock.

Rushes out.  
Down corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

169-B

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.

EXT. NOSTROMO

170

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

171

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.

X

Sullen 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.

OUT 172-  
173-A

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

174

Ripley hurriedly taps out the five-digit code.  
Rams thumb against indentiprint.  
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 AIR LOCK 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.

Cont.

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.

Cont.

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.

X

PARKER

What's that.

X

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.

X

LAMBERT

But why.

X

Cont.



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 sonnofabitch 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.

Cont.

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 you're limited capabilities you have no chance against it.

Cont.

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. It's 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.

Cont.

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.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

175

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.

Cont.

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.

INT. CORRIDOR "B" DECK

175-A

Ripley, Parker and Lambert walk rapidly down the corridor.

RIPLEY

We're gonna get the hell  
off the ship and blow 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.

INT. NARCISSUS

175-AA

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.

INT. BRIDGE

175-B

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:

INT. GARAGE

175-C

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.

INT. BRIDGE

175-D

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY  
Here kitty...Come here kitty...

Jones moves away.

INT. FOOD LOCKER - "B" DECK

175-E

Arms full Parker moves out of the locker.  
Lambert is still making her selection.  
A faint light on the tracker.  
Unnoticed.

INT. BRIDGE

175-F

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

OUT 176-  
184

INT: FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

185

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.

INT: BRIDGE

185-A

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's scream.

INT: CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOOD LOCKER

186

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.

INT. FOOD LOCKER

186-A

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.

INT. BRIDGE

187

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.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

187-A

Ripley descends cautiously, holding flamethrower.  
Jones left above, squalling.

INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK

187-B

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.  
Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.  
Sees carnage.

OUT 188

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

189

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.

INT. UNDERCARRAIGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4.

190

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.  
Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.  
Pitch black.

Cont.



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.

99

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL 191

Ripley emerges from below.  
 Gasps for breath.  
 Regains control of herself.

EXT. OUTER SPACE 192

At light speed.  
 The Nostromo and refinery appear to hang motionless.  
 Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

OUT 193

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE 194

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 over-  
 load in four minutes, fifty seconds...

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL 194-A

Ripley running toward "B" deck companionway.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR 194-B

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.  
 Remembers Jones.

INT. "A" TO "B" LEVELS - COMPANIONWAY 194-C

Jones howling.  
 In his box.  
 Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK 195

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.

INT. COMPANIONWAY INTO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL 196

Ripley bounds down the companionway.  
Her footsteps clanging metallically throughout the ship.  
A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE 197

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.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY 198

Ripley runs back down the corridor.  
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling...

MOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Attention. Engines will overload  
in two minutes.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY 198-A

She reaches companionway.  
Picks up Jones.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS 199

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.

INT. NARCISSUS 200

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. VESTIBULE 201

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.

INT. NARCISSUS 202

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

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE 203

The retainer clips drop away.  
A blast of ram jets.  
The shuttle is launched from the mother ship.

INT. NARCISSUS 204

Ripley frantically straps herself in.  
G-forces from the shuttle's acceleration pulling against her.

EXT. SPACE 205

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mother ship.  
The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.  
All is strangely serene.

INT. NARCISSUS

102

206

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.

EXT. SPACE

207

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

208

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.

EXT. SPACE

209

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

INT. NARCISSUS

210

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.

103

INT. LOCKER 211

A clear glass panel in the door.  
 The Alien puts its head up to 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.

INT. NARCISSUS 212

The Alien moves to the pressurized cat box.  
 Bends down and peers inside.  
 The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

INT. LOCKER 213

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.

INT. NARCISSUS 214

The Alien picks up the cat box.  
 Shakes it.  
 The cat moans.

INT. LOCKER 215

Ripley is halfway into the pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS 216

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.

INT. LOCKER 217

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.

104

INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER 218

Ripley inhales.  
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS 219

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.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 220

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

INT. NARCISSUS 221

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

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 222

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.  
Within the vacuum of space.  
The tip of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

INT. NARCISSUS 223

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.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 224

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

X

225

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.  
Peers out through the glass.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

226

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.

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

227

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.

INT. NARCISSUS

227-A

Ripley in hypersleep.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

228

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT

THE END