ALIEN

Revised Final Draft
by
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and
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Based on screenplay
by
Dan O'Bannon
Story
by
Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett

June 1978

Brandywine Productions,
10201 West Pico Boulevard,
Los Angeles,
California 90064
Science fiction plucks from within us our deepest fears and hopes then shows them to us in rough disguise: the monster and the rocket.

W.H. Auden

We live, as we dream --- alone.

Joseph Conrad
SL 99 + 3 4 5 + 6. TRACK SHOT ROUND BRIDGE.
SL 100 1a + b + 2a + b. CLOSE ON HELMETS.
SL 101 - 1. CLU. KANES HELMET.
SL 102 + 4 + 6. CLOSE KANES N.V. SCREEN.
SL 108 + 1 - 2. LAMBERTS SCREEN.
SL 164 + 2 + 4. TRACKING SHOT.

SL 209 + 1 + 2. CORRIDOR BY INFIRMARY WINDOW.
SL 211 + 1. EMPTY CORRIDOR PAN L.R.

SL 269 + 2 - 3. CLS. EMPTY OILY CORRIDOR.
270 + 1 - 2. AS 269 WITH LADDER.
364 + 1 - 2. MATTE SHOT.
369 + 1. INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM CUT AWAY.
Sometime in the future

1. INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM
   Empty, cavernous.

2. INTERIOR ENGINE CUBICLE
   Circular, jammed with instruments.
   All of them idle.
   Console chairs for two.
   Empty.

2a. INTERIOR OILY CORRIDOR 'C' LEVEL
   Long, dark.
   Empty.
   Turbos throbbing.
   No other movement.

2b. INTERIOR CORRIDOR 'A' LEVEL
   Long, empty.

2c. INTERIOR INFIRMARY 'A' LEVEL
   Distressed ivory walls.
   All instrumentation at rest.

3. INTERIOR CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE 'A' LEVEL
   Black, empty.

4. INTERIOR BRIDGE
   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 background.
   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.
SL 99 + 3456. MASTER on HELMETS.
SL 100A+B. 1+2. A cam clu KANE'S HELMET.
B. LOW S KANE'S HELMET.
SL 101+A. clu KANE'S HELMET.
SL 102 + 4+6 clu KANE'S X.V. SCREEN.
SL 162, 235 A+B. A cam. OPEN IN BLACKNESS.
B. CAM RIGHT ON KANE.
SL 163+2. RIGIDER KANE WAKES UP.
SL 165, 5, 6, 8 KANE INTO MESS.
SL 166+3, 910. KANE TO CALLER.
SL 167+2, 3. X.V. INSERT.
Continued

Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.
The lights go off, save the yellow.

4a INTERIOR  CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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

5 INTERIOR  HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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.

6 INTERIOR  GALLEY

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

KANE
Rise and shine, Lambert.

7 INTERIOR  HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Another lid pops open.
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT
What time is it.

KANE  V.O.
What do you care.
SL 162 + 235. A+V. A U.S. VAULT.

SL 166 + 39 + 10. DU KAVE INTO GALLEY.

SL 167 - 2 + 3. V. S. S.

SL 172 + 99.

SL 175.

SL 177.

SL 178.

SL 180.

SL 181.

SL 182.

SL 183.

SL 184.

SL 185.

SL 186.

SL 187.

SL 188.

SL 189.

SL 190.

SL 191.

SL 192.

SL 193.

SL 194.

SL 195.

SL 196.

SL 197.

SL 198.

SL 199.

SL 200.
8 INTERIOR GALLEY

Pot now half-full.
Kane watches it drip.
Inhales the fragrance.

KANE
Now Dallas and Ash.

He calls out.

Good morning Captain.

DALLAS V.O.

Where's the coffee.

KANE

Brewing.

Lambert walks into the kitchen.
Pours herself a cup.

9 INTERIOR HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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

10 INTERIOR GALLEY

Kane enjoys a freshly brewed cup.

KANE

Ripley ...

The sound of another lid opening.

Parker.

KANE

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.
SL 127. S. B. 7. 8. 9. Open outside with hand round
SL 128 r. l. 6. 7. 8. 10 r. l. Master time
SL 129. r. l. 2. 3 + 4. Master cover. 3 shot fischer + knife Ak
SL 130 + 1. 2. 3. As for 129.
SL 131 + 2 + 4 Reverse cover 2 shot ripley + bell.
11 INTERIOR HYPERSLEEP VAULT

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.

12 INTERIOR MESS

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.
SL 128 + 1.6 + 8.10 + 11 MASTER PARK.
SL 129 + 1.2.3.4. MASTER COVER PARKER KANE + ASH.
SL 130 + 1.2.3 APRIL 129.
SL 131 + 2 + 4. REVERSE COVER 2 SHOT. RIPLEY + BRETH.
SL 138 + 2.3.5 + 6. MELS: DALLAS ENTERS.
SL 139 + 1 + L AS ABOVE.
SL 140 + 4.5 + 6 REVERSE INTO ANNEX.
PARKER
Before we dock maybe we'd better
go over the bonus situation.

Yeah.

Brett
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.

13x
INT BRIDGE
Dallas enters and walks across to computer annex

140.
INTERIOR
COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

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
CS DOORWAY TRACKS BACK CREW ENTER BRIDGE
(TIGHTER SHOT)

C/UP DALLAS IN DOORWAY

HAND HELD WIDE SHOT ASH x KANE
ASH AT HIS CONSO
ASH CONSO STARTING ON TV SCREENS

MLS DOWN GANGWAY ASH x KANE

C/SHOT KANE.

SLAME
81 T 3 S F CREW INTO BRIDGE.
82 T 1 2 AS 81 BUT TIGHTER LENS.
83 T 1 2 3 4. DALLAS IN DOORWAY, + PXT.
84 T 4 5 6. ACROSS ASH CONSOLE. ASH SITS DOWN.
85 T 1 2 F 3. AS 84. TIGHTER LENS.
86 T 1 3 4. M.C.S. ASH'S MONITOR. W/ KANE'S V.S.O.F. G.C.

SL 11 T 2 3. MED SHOT LAMBERT AND RIPLEY SIT IN BGD.
SL 12 T 1. CLOSER LAMBERT.
SL 14 T 1 2 3. COVER ON RIPLEY.
SL 16 T 2 3 4 5. MIS RIPLEY.
SL 17 A. BIG OL RIPLEY.
SL 18 T 1 2 3 4.
SL 30 T 1 2 3 ACROSS KANE, LAMBERT IN BGD.
SL 31 T C/S KANE.
SL 32 T C/UP KANE.
SL 37 T 2 3. DALLAS INTO BRIDGE. CREW FOLLOW.
SL 38 T 2 3. NO ABOVE BUT LIGHTER.
SL 39 T 1 2. BUT WITHOUT TRACKING.
SL 57 A 68 C/U RIPLEY.

RE-TAKE.
SL 75 T 4 5. WIDE SHOT ACROSS KANE'S CONSOLE.
SL 76 T 1. AS SL 75 BUT CLOSER.
SL 77 T 1 2. C/U KANE.

INSERTS
SL 103 T 1 2 3. KANE'S
SL 104 T 1. FOR SCAN.
SL 105 T 2 3. LAMBERTS.
SL 111 T 1 2. RIPLEYS.
13 Continued

DALLAS

Thank you Mother.

Dallas punches up the combination on the keyboard. Immediately starts getting a readout.

14 INTERIOR BRIDGE

(JULY 3)

Above eye level the room is ringed by viewscreens. All of them blank.
Kane, Ripley and Lambert and Ash enter.
Dallas’ seat remains empty.
All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual consoles.
Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-backed chair.

KANE

Plug us in.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.
The control room starts to come to life.
Colored lights flicker.
Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE

Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.
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.
SL 11+2+3. MED SHOT LAMBERT.
SL 12+1. CLOSER ON LAMBERT.
SL 14+1.2+3. COVER ON RIPLEY.
SL 17+1. CLU RIPLEY
SL 18+2.3+4. CLU RIPLEY
SL 30. ACROSS KANE, LAMBERT IN BD.
SL 31. C/5 KANE
SL 32. C/UP "
SL 57. 4 L 8. CLU RIPLEY

RETAKES.
SL 75+9+5. WIDE SHOT ACROSS KANE’S CONSOL
SL 76+1. AS SL 75 ON CLOSER
SL 77+1.2. CLU KANE.

K.V. SCREENS
SL 104+1. SCAN OF STAR SYSTEM KANES
SL 109+1.2. LAMBERTS.
BURKE: Working on it.

LAMBERT: Keep trying.

KANE: Now here we're way out in the boonie.

LAMBERT: You got a reading yet?

KANE: Nothing.

Lambert.

KANE: Nothing. Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPPLE: Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPPLE: Read me over.

LAMBERT: Registration number 180246. Port 04, head 04.

RIPPLE: Reply switches on her transmission unit.

Contact traffic control.

KANE: Consults her console.

Lamont watches over charts.

INTERIOR BRIDGE

17 1/8. 10/5 5/1/8. 35 3/8 5/1/8. 11/5 7 1/7 7 1/7

Battered exterior covered with dark study.

Betrayed: one and one half kilometers.

Capacity: 200,000,000 tons.

Pertinent tidal and meteor.

The factoty5 starship lumbering within the depths

EXTREME NOSTITOMO

A moving image of a starfield.

ONE OF THE SCREENS

104
Sl 11:2.3 MED SHOT LAMBERT.
Sl 12+1. CLOSER ON LAMBERT.
Sl 14+1.2.3. COVER ON RIPLEY.
Sl 15+1. CLOSE ON RIPLEY.
Sl 16 . 2345. M/S. RIPLEY.
Sl 17+1. BEG. DU RIPLEY.
Sl 18+2.3.4. DU RIPLEY.
Sl 30. ACROSS KANE, LAMBERT IN BAD.
Sl 31. C/S KANE.
Sl 32. \up.

Sl 57 4 6 8. DU RIPLEY.

**RETAKE.**
Sl 75 4+5. WIDE SHOT ACROSS KANE'S CONSOLE.
Sl 76+1 AS SL 75 BUT ROGER.
Sl 77+1 2. DU KANE.

K.V. SCREENS INSERTS

Sl 109. 1+2 LAMBERTS.

Sl 332. A+B TEST NATTE SHOT. A WIDE SHOT. FROM DOORWAY TWO SHOT.

B. COVER BRET.

Sl 333.4+3. A+B AS 332.

Sl 334+1.3 A+B. A CAM. M/S BRET.

B CAM. NIGHTS BRET.

Sl 33S.2+3. A+B. A CAM. M/S PARKER.

B. DU PARK.

364 NATTE.
365 NATTE.
362T. A+B. 2+3.
362.1+2. A+B.

A CAM. MED WIDE SHOT.
B. DU BRET.

A CAM. AS 362. NIGHTS.
B. PARKER.
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.

LAMBERT
I know."

17  Continued

17a INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

365

18 INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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 V.O.
Report to the mess.

364

365 A/B
SL 132 + 5.6 + 7. MASTER. WIDE SHOT. ASH KANE LAMBERT
SL 133 + 2.34 + 6. ALTERNATIVE MASTER to 132.
SL 134 + 1.2. COVER. RIGHT 3 SHOT ASH KANE DALLAS
SL 135 + 235 + 7. COVER COMPLEMENTARY for BRETT.
SL 136 + 4.5. REVERSE on LAMBERT + RIPLEY. PAN TO DALLAS over
SL 137 + 4.5. close ASH.

SL 267 + 13567. C/S CORRIDOR.
SL 268 + 1. AS 267 but TIGHTER LENS
19 INTERIOR OILY CORRIDOR 'C' LEVEL

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.

20 INTERIOR MESS

Entire crew present.

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

What the hell.

BRETT

DALLAS
Mother's interrupted the course of the voyage. Our journey.

Why?

KANE

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?
SL 135 + 2 + 3 + 5 + 7. Cover Complimentary for Brett.
SL 137 + 4 + S clg. Ash.
30th June, 1978

20 Continued

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

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.
Sl. 64 + 7 8.10 + 11. MASTER Shot Crew.
Sl. 65 + 2 3 4 + 6. Tight 4 shot cover.

A.V. Screens.
Sl. 114 + 1 2 3 4 5. B. Close up for rifle's hand into Screen
Sl. 115 + 1 3 + 4. LAMBERT Screen
Sl.

Sl. 132 + 5 6 + 7. MASTER wide shot. ASH KANE LAMBERT +
Sl. 133 + 2 3 4 + 6. A/V Master.
Sl. 134 + 1 2. COVER LIGHT 3 shot. ASH KANE DALLAS
Sl. 135 + 2 3 5 + 7. COVER on BRET.
Sl. 136 A + S. Reverse on LAMBERT. VAN TO DALLAS ON END
Sl. 137 + 4 A + S. Clu ASH.
June 30th, 1978

20 Continued

Sir.

DALLAS
Can we land on it.

ASH
Somebody did.

DALLAS
That's what I mean.

INTERIOR BRIDGE

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.
SL. 64. +810+11. MASTER. Shot Crew
SL. 65. 2 3 4+6 tight 4 shot. cover

I.V. Screens
SL 115x1.3 A for "Planet Zoom"
June 30th, 1978

21 Continued.

Looks at Lambert.

DALLAS
Have you homed in on it.

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

DALLAS
Show me that on a screen.

Lambert punches buttons. One of the 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

KANE
Tiny.

DALLAS
Any rotation.
SL 11.2.3. MED SHOT LAMBERT.
SL 12+1. CLOSER ON LAMBERT.
SL 13+1. C.U. LAMBERT.
SL 15+1. C.U. RIPLEY.
SL 17+1. C.U. RIPLEY.
SL 18+2.3+4. C.U. RIPLEY.
SL 19+2.3. C.U. DALLAS.
SL 20+1.2. C.U. DALLAS

SL 21
SL 22
SL 24. M.C.S. RIPLEY.
SL 25. M/S ASH.
SL 29. KANE WITH LAMBERT IN B.S.P.

SL 64+7.8.10+11. MASTER SHOT CREW.
SL 65+2.3.4+6. TIGHT 4 SHOT.

N.V. SCREENS INSERTS

SL 106+1. LAMBERT S SCREEN.
SL 120+1. L.3456. CLOSER ON ASH S SCREEN.
21 Continued

LAMBERT
Yeah. 'Bout two hours.

DALLAS
Gravity?

LAMBERT
Point eight six.

ASH
You can walk on it ...

22 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO MODEL

Moving within range of the planet.

LAMBERT V.O.
Approaching orbital apogee. Mark. 20 seconds. Nineteen, Eighteen ...
(continues to count down)

KANE V.O.
Roll 92 degrees starboard yaw.

High above the planet.
The factory ship rotates. ENGINE'S FIRE BRIEFLY

23 INTERIOR BRIDGE

ASH
Equatorial orbit nailed.

23A EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

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

24 INTERIOR BRIDGE

(DOLLY)

DALLAS
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH
3.45 n/c m² (5 psia).

ASH
You worried about redundancy management disabling CMGS control.
SCENE 24a  ENGINE ROOM

All positive except on S.B. three we've got 53R still out. No problem, she's just down eleven per cent.

Grid status.


D.U.F. medium.

On the track.

Okay, she's burning hot and blue.
SL 11 MED SHOT
SL 12+1. CLOSER
SL 13+1 C/U L.
SL 17 C/U KIPLEY
SL 19+2+3 C/U DALLAS.
20+1+2
SL 24 M/S RIDLEY
SL 25 M/S ASH.

A.V. SCREEN INSERTS

SL 106+1. LAMBERTS
SL 116+2+3+4+5 DALLAS.

SL 336+3+4 A+B. A/CAM. HAND HELD close PARKER.
B/CAM C/U PARKER.

SL 338+1.2.3 A+B. A/CAM. M/C S. BRETT.
B/CAM C/U BRETT.
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.

24A INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

PARKER
L alignment on port and starboard is green.

BRET
Green on spinal umbilicus severance.

24B INTERIOR BRIDGE

LAMBERT
Crossing the terminator. Entering night side.

25 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

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

26 INTERIOR BRIDGE

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

DALLAS
Disengage.

27 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

The tug disengages from the platform.
Gravity’s getting thick. Attitude grids are dimming. I can drop the G. field and feed it in to help.

**TWO DALLAS**
Right. Do it.

To the others.

Inertial damping’s going off. Hold on people, there’s gonna be a little jolt.

Bump, bump.

**ONE RIPLEY**
All right, we’re good, we’re hot and climbing again, we can hold her even if a quad goes out.

**THREE LAMBERT**
Great, but what if your mass capacity’s off center.

**RIPLEY**
I’ve already re-routed a quad monitor to give us a reservoir of power on S.B. 3 and alert the attitude the minute it goes out.
SL 11.1.2   MED SHOT LAMBERT.
SL 12+1   CLOSER ON LAMBERT.
SL 13+1   C/U LAMBERT.

SL 17. C/U KIPLEY
SL 18. C/U RIPLEY.
SL 19.2+3  C/U DALLAS

SL 20. 1+3  
SL 21  
SL 22  
SL 23  
SL 23 RIPLEY
SL 26  M/C ASH 
SL 29  M/SHANE WITH LAMBERT IN BED.

TV. SCREENS INSERTS.

SL 10B+1. LAMBERT
SL 10+1.2.3. LAMBERT
SL 110+1.2.3. RIPLEY
SL 117+1.2. DALLAS
28 INTERIOR BRIDGE

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a viewscreen.

RIPLEY
Umbilicus. Clear.

KANE
Precession corrected.

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

29 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

The tug begins its arc toward the dark surface.

29A INTERIOR BRIDGE

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

Jones sits on window platform and watches cloud approaching.

29B EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

The ship drops into the thick cloud layer.

30 INTERIOR BRIDGE

Turbulence.

RIPLEY

DALLAS
Navigation lights on.

31 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO

Tug-module hydroplaning downward. A set of brilliant lights switch on. Cut through the thick atmosphere.
SL 336 34 A+B Acam Hand Held Close Parker
Beam Clu Parker

SL 338 1.23 A-B Acam M.C.S. Brett
B Clu Brett
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.

Brett punches buttons, checks his gauges.

BRETT

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.
SL 21 C/U DALLAS
SL 22 " " RIPLEY
SL 23 " " ASH
SL 26 M/S ASH
SL 29 M/S KANE WITH ASH
SL 33 M/S LAMBERT

A.V. SCREEN

SL 107 1-2-3 LAMBERT
SL 110 1-2-3 RIPLEY
SL 113 SHOT OF TURBULANCE
SL 117 DALLAS
SL 120 C/U ASH'S

CONTINUED

(after DALLAS' line, let's go with it. Take her down.)

DALLAS
Let me know when Mother will let us drop the struts. I want to do it early ... Manually, just in case.

ASH
Slipstream still awfully bumpy under the keel, but she's dropping off now.

Pause.

ASH
She's still dropping off.

A beat.

DALLAS
There we are. We've got it.

C/U DALLAS
Crank her down.

RIPLEY
Shock deflectors. Locked. Jacks neutral. Positive. Moving. Dopplers all clear. Unfolding. Unfolding. Green lights - two ... three ... five ...

A beat.

RIPLEY
Four and one. Locked and floating. You can drop us any time now, we'll catch it.

CONTINUES TO SCRIPT

LAMBERT
DROP BEGINS!!! NOW!
FIFTEEN KILOMETERS AND DROPPING SLOWLY.

DALLAS
ACTIVATE LIFTER QUADS KANE.
SL 21 C/U DALLAS
SL 22 " " RIPLEY
SL 23 " " ASH
SL 29 M/S KANE WITH LAMBERT IN BED
SL 33 M/S LAMBERT

A/V SCREEN'S INSERTS

SL 107 1.2.3 LAMBERTS
SL 110 1.2.3 RIPLEYS
SL 113 SHOT OF TURBULANCE
SL 117 DALLAS
SL 120 1.0 ASHS
(after DALLAS' line, "let's go with it. Take her down.")

ONE DALLAS
Let me know when Mother will let us drop the struts. I want to do it early ... Manually, just in case.

TWO ASH
Slipstream still awfully bumpy under the keel, but she's dropping off now.

Pause.

TWO
She's still dropping off.

A beat.

TWO
There we are. We've got it.

ONE DALLAS
Crank her down.

TWO RIPLEY
Shock deflectors. Locked. Jacks neutral. Positive. Moving. Dopplers all clear. Unfolding. Unfolding. Green lights - two ... three ... five ...

A beat.

Four and one. Locked and floating. You can drop us any time now, we'll catch it.

CONTINUES TO (script)

LAMBERT
DROP BEGINS...NOW.
FIFTEEN KILOMETERS AND DROPPING. SLONING.

DALLAS
ACTIVATE LIFTER QUADS

KANE
QUADS ON.

DALLAS
KILL DRIVE ENGINES.

LAMBERT
9 HUNDRED METERS AND DROPPING, 800. 800.
30th June, 1978

INTERIOR BRIDGE

The turbulence continues unabated. Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

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

DALLAS
What's the terrain.

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

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

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

DALLAS
Activate lifter quads.
SL 21 C/U P DALLAS
SL 22 " "
SL 26 M/S ASH
SL 27 C/S "
SL 29 M/S KANE WITH LAMBERT IN B/50.
SL 33 M/S LAMBERT
SL 35 WIDE S SHOT

SL 73. 1A+1B 2A+2B. 3 SHOT ACROSS ASH, DALLAS & RIPLEY.
SL 74. 1A+1B 2SIDE ANGLES WITH KANE.
SL 328 A. B.

A. CAM M/S BRENN
B. CAM BRENN.

IN SCREENS INSERTS

SL 107. 1. 2. 3. LAMBERTS
SL 112. 1. 2. RIPLEYS
SL 113. 1. 2. 3. 4. B/C/6 & LANDING.
SL 117. 1. 2. DALLAS.
SL 120. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.
33 Continued
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.

34 EXTERIOR PLANET NIGHT

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.

35 INTERIOR BRIDGE NIGHT

(Seven 4)

We're down.

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

KANE
Lost it. Lost it.
SL 73. 1a+b 2a+b. 3 shot across A/B
SL 74. 1a+b 2a+b. Side angles with Kane.
36 **INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM**

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

36a **INTERIOR OILY CORRIDOR**

Huge flash-fire whips along corridor.

37 **INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE**

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.

38 **INTERIOR BRIDGE**

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT
Secondary generator should kick over.

KANE
Where is it.

Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
What happened.

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER V.O.
God damn electrical fire, that's what happened. **ELECTRIC FIRE**

BRETT V.O.
It's big.
SL. 73. 1A+B 2A+B. Three shots across ash.
SL. 74. 1A+B 2A+B. Side angles with Kane.
SL. 78. 2+4. In Bridge. Kane, Ripley, Dallas.
SL. 79+1. A. Slate 78 but tighter lens.
SL. 80+1. B. Slate 78.
SL. 341+1. 3A. 5+6 A+B. A. Dunn and Brett.
B. Old Parker then two shot.
INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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 ...

INTERIOR BRIDGE

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.

EXTERIOR SHIP NIGHT

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

INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

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

Ripley listening to Parker.
Dallas standing over her.
No images on any screens.

RIPLEY

Is that it.

PARKER V.O.

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

DALLAS

What else.

PARKER V.O.

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

BRETT V.O.

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
RIPLEY

Working on it.

44 EXTERIOR SHIP NIGHT

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

45 DELETED
SL 44+1 2+3: Clu LAMBERT. With ASH - DALLAS KANE BACK.
SL 45+1 2 3 56: MLS ASH with DALLAS KANE ENTER.

SL 121: ASHS TV SCREEN. - 1 2+3

DALLAS

PARKER V.O.

We need a call. Some turbulence caused us to stop. We'll be ready for a couple more units.

BRETT V.O.

Right.

KERRY

Get the group on & present. I'll be gone in the minutes.

DALLAS

Tell the office to call me. Function.

KERRY

Films to twenty percent.

DALLAS

So it is. After report the situation.

KERRY

Remember.

DALLAS

FUNCTION name: MIGHT.
INTERIOR BRIDGE

Dallas, Kane, Lambert and Ash.
Sloshed 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

EXTERIOR SHIP

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

CUT

INTERIOR BRIDGE NIGHT

Dallas stares at the dark screens.
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.
SL 44.1.2+3. CU CUMBERLAND WITH ASH-DALLAS+KANE. IN BG.
SL 45.1.2.3 SL MLS ASH WITH DALLAS+KANE.
SL 121.1+2-3. ASH'S W. SCREEN.
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.
SL 342 A.B. 1.56 A. Low Shot M.S. Brett.
   B. Close Cover 2 shot Brett-Parker

   B. M.C.U. Ripley.
Parker and Brett laser-welding one of the ducts. 
Shirts off. 
Sweat steaming. 
Ripley re-wiring 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.

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock. 
All wear gloves, boots, jackets. 
Carry laser pistols.
SL 141-2 5 7 8. MS in Airlock
SL 142-1 2 AS 141 BUT WIDER LENS
SL 144A-B-C 1 2 3 4. ACHE. US to PLATFORM COMING DOWN
B CAM       CLOSER COULD
C - US AS A BUT TIGHTER LENS.
}

SL 145 AB+C. AS 149.
BUT USING ACTORS.

SL 148-1 2 3. WS ASH.
Continued

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.

INTERIOR ASH'S BLISTER DAWN

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

INTERIOR MAIN AIR LOCK DAWN

DALLAS
Open outer hatch.

Another servo whine.
Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.
Clouds of dust and steam swirl before the three crew members.
A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.
Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

EXTERIOR PLANET DAWN

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.
SL 147 -1 +2. LAMBERT ENTERS RIGHT WITH DALLAS-KANE.
SL 149 +1B, 2A+2B. ACAM. AS ASH ON CHAIR IN BLISTER.
SL 150 +1A+1B, 2A+B. AS 149 BUT TIGHTER LENS.
SL 151 +1A+1B, 2A+B, 3A+B. ACAM OVER ASH SHOULDER.
BCAM DU ASH.
Continued

You lead.

Lambert walks into the storm.
Followed closely by the others.

LAMBERT

Now I can't see a God-damn thing.

ASH V.O.

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

DALLAS

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

INTERIOR ASH'S BLISTER DAWN

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 V.O.

Getting you clear and free. Let's
keep the line open.

EXTERIOR PLANET DAWN

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.
SL 151 + 1.23 A+B
CAM OVER ASH SHOULDER
BEAM CLU ASH

447 + 1. LANDSCAPE THRU LASER BEAM.

258 + 1.2.3 A+B. CULLEY SHOT.

262 + 2.4. 3 SHOT WALK THRU CULLEY

INSTRUCTIONS

MAP and CONTOUR

EXTENSION RARE, 4.10.20

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS
July 17th 1978

54 Continued

They wade on, following Lambert.
She abruptly halts.
Confused.

55 INTERIOR BLISTER DAWN

Ash watches his viewscreens intently.

LAMBERT V.O.
I've got it again.

ASH
Any problems.

DALLAS V.O.
Yeah. A lot of dust and wind.
Starting to get some fade on the beam.

56 EXTERIOR PLANET DAWN

The trio moves through a dark limbo.

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.
SL 149 A B + 2 A + 2 B. ACAM A HS ASH.
B. CLU ASH.
SL 150 A B + 2 A + B. AS 149 BUT LIGHTER LENS.
SL 151 A B + 1.2.3 A + B. ACAM.

SL 342 A B. 4.5.6 7 + 8 ACAM. LOW SHOT BRETT PARKER.
BCAM. CLOSE 2 SHOT BRETT PARKER.

SL 343 A B 3456. ACAM. CLU. RIPLEY.
B. MCU.
INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett laser-welding one of the ducts.
Shirts off.
Sweat streaming.
Ripley re-wiring one of the panels.
Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER
Hey Ripley, I got a question.

RIELEY
Yeah.

PARKER
What about the shares in case they find anything.

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

BRETT
We're not doing any more work unless we get full shares.

RIELEY
You're guaranteed by law that you'll get a share ... Now both of you knock if 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.

Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph ...

RIELEY
You ought to be able to handle the rest.

PARKER
Don't worry.

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

Right.

She leaves.

Bitch.

BRETT

PARKER
July 17th 1978

56  Continued

DALLAS
Should be dawn soon.

Dallas adjusts headset.

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

Some static.

ASH V.O.
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.

56a INTERIOR  BLISTER  DAWN

Ash checking instruments.

57  EXTERIOR  THE NOSTROMO  SUNRISE

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

58  INTERIOR  ENGINE CUBICLE

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.
SL 40-1234567-8
SL 41-1
SL 151-123 A+B


SL 259-1. Sun. Culley
SL 260-1, 2, 3. 3 shot from Culley.
July 17th 1978

58 Continued

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

BRETT
Right.

She leaves.

PARKER
Bitch.

58a EXTERIOR PLANET DAY

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.

59 INTERIOR BLISTER DAY

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

59a RIPLEY'S VOICE COMES OVER

RIPLEY V.O.
How's it going.

60 INTERIOR BRIDGE

Ripley at her console.

ASH V.O.
All right.

RIPLEY
Have you tried putting the transmission through ECIU.

ASH V.O.
Mother hasn't identified it as yet.

RIPLEY
I'll give it a shot.

ASH V.O.
Be my guest.

She punches some buttons.
The noise is now heard on her speaker.
I.V. SCREEN
SL 113 1.2.3.4
SL 149 1.8 2A 2B
SL 150 1A+B 2A+B As 149 but tighter lens
SL 152 A.B.C. LS DERELICT
SL 153 1.2 A+B ACAM inside looking out
BCAM side angle
SL 251 A.B.1 ACAM MARGE V. Wide
BCAM Low Shot
SL 252 A.B. As 251
SL 253 1.2.3 CLU DALLAS then KAINS + LAMBERT
254 1.2 L.S. Wide shot EMPTY LANDSCAPE
255 1.2 L.S. Wide between rocks with trio
256 1.2 L.S.
257 1.2.3 3 Shot
61 EXTERIOR PLANET DAY
Dust clearing.
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

62 EXTERIOR PLANET DAY
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.

63 THEIR P.O.V. DAY
A gargantuan spaceship rising from the rock.
Clearly of non-human manufacture.

64 EXTERIOR PLANET DAY
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.

65 INTERIOR ASH'S BLISTER DAY
Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

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

DALLAS V.O.
Keep looking for enhacement.

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

SL 113 1 2 3 + 4. Old Screen.

SL 149 1a 2a + 2b. Acam 155 ASH Beam Clu ASH.

SL 150 1a + B 2a + B. As 149 but tighter.

SL 152 ABC. 155 156. Derelict.

SL 153 AB. Inside Derelict looking out.

B Side Angle.
Continued

KANE V.O.
I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS V.O.
Hold on, Ash, I don't see any lights or movements. Do you.

ASH
I can't get any reading.

EXTERIOR PLANET DAY

ASH V.O.
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.

INTERIOR BLISTER DAY

Ash still adjusting image of form in rock. It suddenly resolves.
A skeleton. Fifteen feet long.
He enlarges image.

ASH REAJUSTS HIS INSTRUMENTATION.

DALLAS V.O.
There's only one thing I can ...

Dallas's voice fades in and out. As do their images on the viewscreens.

ASH

Dallas ...
Frantically punches buttons on the console.

ASH
Dallas ... Do you read me.

No reply.
SL 40.7 8.
SL 46.23.4. mcs RIPLEY.
SL 47.1.2 3 4. mcs RIDLEY ALTERNATIVE.
SL 48.2 tighter shot RIPLEY without VOICE.

I.V. Screens.
SL 122.1 2 3 Ripley in ASH. CONSOLE SCREEN.
SL 123.1 2 3 Button + Switch.

152 abc. LS DEREK.
153 a+b. A inside DEREK looking out.
B side ANGLE.
SL 261 a+b. 1.2 4. Acam. low shot BONE CORRIDOR.
SL 263 ab cd HAND HELD POVs. WALKING up down.
SL 262.1 2 3. Acam. low shot. B covered LS.
SL 265 1 2 3 HAND HELD. Empty BONE CORRIDOR.
SL 266 a b.
414 2 3 6 8 9 10 11 a b. Acam. lower shot over BONE MASTER. from CRANE.

415 2 3 4. BACK OF KANE'S HELMET OVER LEDGE. HENRY FRANCIS.
417 1 2 4 5 6. a  b. (Matt). high wide angle down on SHOE SOCKETS.
418 3 5 6. B.C.L. KANE on LEDGE + HENRY DALLAS + LAMBERT.
419 2 3 a b. Acam. DALLAS + LAMBERT.
BLANK KANE.

420 1 2. du KANES FEET.
INTERIOR BRIDGE DAY

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.
Over the speakers Dallas's voice fades in.

DALLAS V.O.
No sign of life. No lights ...
No movement ...

She studies a long series of binary programs ...

DALLAS V.O.
We're beneath the base.

His voice fades into static.
Disappears.

EXTERIOR STRUCTURE DAY

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.

INTERIOR CHAMBER DAY

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.
Walls covered with shadowy latticework.
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.
421 A.B. 1. 2. ACAM. ACU KANE, THEN DALLAS + LAMBERT. B. MASTER, WIDE SHOT.

422 3. A.B. ACAM. WIDE 3 SHOT B. CLOSE COVER.

459 A.B. 2. 3. ACAM. ACU COVER, DALLAS OVER Jockey. B. CAM. ZOOM OUT TO SEE HOLE.

460 1. A.B. ACAM. ACU COVER DALLAS. B. NIGHT ON CHEST HOLE.

461 1. 2. ACU LAMBERT BY Jockey.

A PIPE
Continued

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 lattice...
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.

DALLAS

This is your big chance.

KANE

Okay.

DALLAS

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

KANE

Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod across the opening in the floor.
Unspools a couple feet of wire.
Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.
Climbs over the lip and drops into the hole.
Now hanging by the wire ...
Head and shoulders out of the opening.
SL 40 7 8
SL 49 2 3 456
SL 49 1 A 2 B. ASH ALCAN HIC
SL 450 1 A + B 3 A + B. AS 199 BUT TIGHTER.
SL 452 1 2 3 45 7. KANE LOWERED.
July 5th 1978

Continued

Kane activates the climbing unit.
Lowers himself into the fissure.

INTERIOR SHAFT OPENING

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 V.O.
You okay in there.

KANE
Haven't hit bottom yet.

KANE
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.

INTERIOR BRIDGE DAY

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.
Gets a readout.
Looks worried.
Speaks into communicator.
SL 40 + 7 + 8
SL 49 + 2.345 + 6. MCLs Ripley.
SL 98 + 1.2. CLU CAX sitting on window ledge.
SL 149 + 18 2a + b = 1. ASH ACAN LS
B CAN CLU.
SL 150 + 1 a + b 2a + b. A 4° but tighter.
July 5th 1978

71  Continued

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

ASH V.O.
Then what is it.

RIPLEY
She thinks it may be a warning.

A beat.
Continuing static.

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

ASH V.O.
It's no use. Once they went inside
we lost them completely.

Pause.

RIPLEY
I'm going out after them.

ASH V.O.
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 V.O.
What's the point. In the time it
takes to get there. They'll know if
it's a warning.
422 A B 3 4 S  Acan Dallas Lambert 422
B 3 4 S  Acan Dallas Lambert 422

452  Kane Lowered
452  Kane Lowered

72 INTER
Kane lowers the tool. Sudden movement of the shaft causes a jolt. The tool hits the wall. Below, the crew are working Deep in the shaft...
Kane resumes his downward climb.
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the shaft disappears.
The tunnel has reached its end.
Below him is dark, cavernous space.
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS V.O.
See anything.

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

He consults his instruments.
Helmet instrumentation strobing softly in the darkness.

KANE
... high nitrogen content, no oxygen ...
416 A+B. 1. 2. 3.  A.CAM.  MASTER.  B.CAM.  CLU COVER.

422 A.B. 3. 4. 5.  A: DALLAS + LAMBERT.  WIDE SHOT
   B.  .  .  .  CLU.

445 A.B.  ACAM Matte  B.CAM. COVER KANE LOWERED.
446+2.35 A.B.  ACAM CLOSE COVER  WALK ALONG CAUSEWAY.
   B.CAM.  MLS

448+345 A.B.  A.CAM.  CLU COVER.
   B.CAM MASTER.

451.1.23+4. INSERT HAND INTO BEAM
457+2456+7.  KANE POU FROM CAUSEWAY
   S 6+7  ... UNDER BEAM.
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 V.O.
What do you mean.

KANE
There's something all over the walls.

Kane walks across the chamber. Examines the organic protrusions.

INTERIOR CHAMBER ABOVE
Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
How long til sunset.

LAMBERT
Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INTERIOR HOLD
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 V.O.
Loud and clear.
B: " " " TIGHTER.

SL 450 + 3 456+7. A+B ACAM. KANE WITH FACE HUGGER
B: " " " TIGHTER " " "

SL 456+1. HAND HELD CLOSE ECG KANE P.O.V.
Continued

KANE Those

The place is full of leathery things sealed... soft... the touch, like the one up above... they seem to be sealed.

DALLAS V.O.

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 V.O.

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...

What.

DALLAS V.O.

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.
454.1.2.3. Kane with face hugger. Hauled up.
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 ... God-damn 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.
Continued

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.

---

**INTERIOR. ENTRANCE TO DERELICT. SUNSET**

Kane is now pinnioned between Dallas and Lambert.
The storm raging through and beyond the entrance...
Dallas begins to assemble travois.
SL A1+1. clu RIPLEY + CAT.
SL 42+1. 2 4+5. MLS RIPLEY + CAT.
SL 43+3. CLOSER THAN 42. (Ridley likes 42 better.
SL 50+4.5.6+7. RIPLEY.
SL 51+1. LIGHTEN RIPLEY.
SL 52+1.2. RIGHT ON RIPLEY.

SL 96+1.23 2 97+1. 3 CLU CAT
SL 149+1B+2A+B. ACAM MLS ASH.
SL 150+1A+B 3 A+B. LIGHTEN Math 149.
SL 151+1.23 A+B
30th June, 1978

75b EXTERIOR THE NOSTROMO SUNSET-STORM

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.

76 INTERIOR BRIDGE / INTERIOR BLISTER DUSK

NOTE: INTERCUT.

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.
Ripley waiting on the bridge.
Ash stares at his inactive monitors.
Suddenly:

ASH
We’ve got them. They’re back on the screens.

RIPLEY
How many.

ASH
Three blips. They’re coming this way.

Ripley presses transmitter.

RIPLEY
Dallas. Dallas. Can you hear me.

DALLAS’ V.O.
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.

76 pre-a INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett listening over the intercom.
SL 50 - 4.5 - 6 + 7. RIPLEY.
SL 51 + 1. LIGHTER ON RIPLEY.
SL 52 A + 2. LIGHT ON RIPLEY.

SL 143 + 1. 2. INT MAIN AIRLOCK DALLAS + LAMBERT DRAG.
SL 146 + 1. 2. 3. ABC. ACAM. L.S PLATFORM.
B. CLOSED COVER.
C. L.S. HIGH END SHOT.

SL 359 + 3. A. HAND HELD. M.L.S. IN AIRLOCK.
SL 360 + 1. A + B. ACAM. HAND HELD. AS PER 359
B. CAM. CLOSE COVER. DALLAS.

SL 361 + 1. 2. A + B. A. HAND HELD. LOW SHOT. 1. WIDE.
B. CAM. NIGHT TWO SHOT.
SL 366 + 1 + 2. M.L.S. AIRLOCK DOOR.
30th June, 1978

76a EXTERIOR LANDING LEG NIGHT
Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois towards landing leg.

77 INTERIOR PASSAGeway NEAR AIR LOCK
Ash comes down the steps.
Hurries to the inner lock door.
Presses the wall voice-amp.

ASH
Ripley, I'm by the inner lock hatch.

RIPLEY'S V.O.
Okay. "RIGHT."

77a EXTERIOR LANDING LEG NIGHT
Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

78 DELETED

79 INTERIOR PASSAGeway NEAR AIR LOCK
Ash waiting.

80 INTERIOR BRIDGE / EXTERIOR LANDING LEG NIGHT
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 - WE'RE READY TO COME IN.

They move onto lift.
SL 50 4.56+7 RIPLEY.
SL S1 1 TIGHTER ON RIPLEY
SX S2 1+2 TIGHT ON RIPLEY
July 8th, 1978

80  Continued

RIPLEY
What happened to Kane.

Pause.

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

RIPLEY
I need a clear definition.

DALLAS
Just open the hatch, Ripley.

RIPLEY
Wait a minute. If we let it in, the ship could be infected. You know the quarantine procedure. 24 hours for decontamination.

DALLAS
He could die in 24 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.
SL 50 + 456 + 6 Ripley
SL 51 + 1. Light on Ripley.
SL 52 + 1 + 2. Night on Ripley.
SL 53 + 2.3.4.5.6. Do cover on Ripley.
June 30th, 1978

80a INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
Parker and Brett listen.

81 INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

DALLAS V.O.
Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY V.O.
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.

81a INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
Parker and Brett react.
SL 50 + 4.56 + 7. RIPLEY
SL 51 + 1 LIGHTER ON RIPLEY
SL 52 + 1 + 2 LIGHT ON RIPLEY
SL 53 + 2.3.4.5 + 6 CLU COVER ON RIPLEY

SL 213 + 12 S67. CLU HELMET
SL 214 + 2.3.45 + 6 B.C.LU HELMET AND ZOOM OUT.
SL 215. CLU ON HELMET OF HEAD
SL 218 A+B 1.345 A. CAM WIDE SHOT
B. CAM FROM OUTSIDE

SL 220 + 2 + A+B
A. CLU ASH
B. CLU DALLAS

366 +1 + 2 MLS AIRLOCK DOOR
INTERIOR BRIDGE NIGHT

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

INTERIOR PASSAGeway NEAR AIR LOCK

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.

INTERIOR IN Firmary

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.
SL 210 + 3467 + 10. WIDE SHOT 3 GROUP.
219. 7 3 4. LU DALLAS
220 + 2 + 4 A+B A cam C U ASH
B cam C U DALLAS

SL 222 + 1 2 3. INSERT ON FACE HUGGER'S. C U G S.
SL 223 + 2 + 4. WIDE ANGLE to WINDOW
Ash takes a pair of pliers from a rack.
Carefully grasps the tip of the Creature.
Squeezes tightly.
Leans back.

DALLAS
You're tearing his face.

A tickle of blood appears on Kane's cheek.

DALLAS
It's not going to come off without pulling his whole face off at the same time.

ASH
LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE HIM.

INTERIOR  CORRIDOR  OUTSIDE INFIRMIARY WINDOW

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.
I mean how come you thought that thing on board ...

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.
SL 224-1+3. Wide angle to window.
SL 225-3.4+5. Right cover Ash. and Dallas.
SL 226-1.2+3. L.I.S. across infirmary. Parker/Ripley/Lam.

230. Against and screen.
231. On right screen - body heat
232. Left innards
233 A B RH. A can wide B tight
234 A B RH. B tight.
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...

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

84b INTERIOR INFIRMARY

Ash presses a switch.
The machine lights up.
Kane is sucked into a slot in the wall.
Visible inside through the glass layer.
A blinding colored light performs antisepsis.
Two video monitors pop on.
Ash punches three buttons.
An X-ray image appears.
A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.
The Alien is clearly visible.
A maze of complicated biology.
Kane's jaws are forced open.
The Creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and throat.
The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.
SL 214. 2 4SB. CLU ON HEAD.
SL 217. A S. B.C.U. ALIENS FINGER
SL 221. 1 2. + 4 A + B. ACAM. CLU DALLAS
Beam CLU ASH.
SL 224. 1 + 3. WIDE ANGLE TO WINDOW.
SL 225. 3 4 + 5. NIGHT COVER ASH + DALLAS.
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. 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.
SL 212 - 1, 2, 3, 4, close on DOOR.
SL 274 - 9, 10, 13. WIDE SHOT over BENCH. BRETT DOWN LADDER.
DALLAS PARKER & RIPLEY.
SL 275 - 1. AS SL 274. NICHIE.
SL 353 - 45678. WIDE SHOT. ALL ENTER.
SL 355a - B. REVERSE OF 353. A cam. CU DOOR OPEN.
BEAM WIDE SHOT. ENTER.

August 24th, 84b

Continued.

Dallas enters at the front door. In the room:
They both turn to Dallas:
They react to something in the room.

INTER.

They speak.

INTER.

Dallas looks about.
Hurls his hat on the floor.
The other enters.

A drop of blood appears.
It oozes from his mouth.
Drips to the floor.
Continues talking.
Then goes out.

They close.

INTER.

Dallas enters.
Followed by:

They close.

INTER.
Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound. In the process, some of the fluid gets on Dallas's gloves. They begin to smoke. Dallas leaps back, pulls them off. They run into the corridor, coughing and choking from the fumes.

**INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY**

**BRETT**

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

They start to run for the companionway.

**INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' DECK**

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.

**INTERIOR MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR 'C' DECK**

Dallas moves cautiously down the passageway. Followed by Ripley, Parker and Brett.
sl 274.9.10.13. NIDE SHOT.
sl 275.11. AB 274
sl 276 alb. 456 ACAM. clu CEIUNG. + PEN
B 2 SHOT RIPLEY - DALLAS.

sl 277 alb. 1+2. ACAM. clu RIPLEY.
DCAM clu DALLAS.

sl 278 alb. 2456 ACAM MCU BRETT.
BCAM MCU PARKER.

sl 279 alb. 1+2. ACAM clu BRETT
BCAM clu PARKER.

N. B. The re...
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.

BRETT
Wonderful defense mechanism. 
You don’t dare kill it.

They start back towards the companionway.

RIPLEY
WHAT ABOUT KANE.

N.B. The rest of this scene on page 46 is now deleted.
SL 227-2+4 A.B.  A.CAM WIDE SHOT ASH LAMBERT
B. " CLU LAMBERT.

SL 229-1+2 A+B
A.CAM. TIGHT ON FACE HUGGER.
B.CAM. WIDE SHOT.
Continued

RIPLEY

What about Kane.

Starts up the companionway.

INTERIOR INFIRMARY

They return.
Kane still motionless on the bunk.
The Alien remains secured to his face.
Wound completely healed over.

PARKER
Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS
Doesn't look like it.

ASH
"No".

LAMBERT
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH
Healed over.

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

Ash looks at Dallas.

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

Dallas gives him a look in return.

Ripley presses a button.
Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.
More buttons pressed.
Displays light up again, showing the different parts of Kane's body.

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

The machine begins to process Kane's body.
SL 56+56+7. clu RIPLEY.
SL 228+123 A/B
ACAM. WIDE ANGLE
BCAM. CLOSE COVER PARKER RIPLEY DAW

344 A/B. 1.3567. A. WIDE SHOT PARKER + BRETT.
B. COVER FOR PARKER.

345 A/B. 1.2.4.5.
A. NIGHT BRETT.
B. COVER FOR PARKER.

346 A/B. 1-2.
A CAM. clu BRETT.
B CAM. clu PARKER.

347.1. clu COVER PARKER.
Continued

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.

INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett at work in the cubicle.
Parker supervising him.

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

Parker pushes a button.
Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER
Nothing.

BRETT
Damn. I was sure that was it.

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

BRETT
Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY V.O.
What's happening.
INTERIOR  ENGINE ROOM  CUBICLE

Brett at work in the cubicle.
Parker supervising him.

Brett
It feels like we've been here for a week.

Parker
They should have listened to us in the first place.

Brett
Right. We never should have landed on this frigging planet.

Parker
Let's face it, the sooner we patch this mother up the sooner we get out of here. This place gives me the creeps.

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.
235. 1. 2. 3. Pan round room, Ash & Ripley
236. 2. 4. duo Ripley
Continued

PARKER
This god-damn woman. I'll tell her what's happening. My Johnson is happening.

He punches the communicator.

PARKER
A lot of hard work. Real work.

INTERIOR BRIDGE NIGHT

PARKER V.O.
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.

INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

PARKER
Get off my back.

RIpley V.O.
I'll get off your back when 12 module is fixed.

She clicks off.
Parker turns away.

PARKER
Smart mouth broad.

RIpley "MR NICE GUY"

INTERIOR INFIRMARY

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.
Continued

RIPLEY
Anything now?

ASH
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY
What about the creatures?

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 ...

RIPLEY
That enough for you?

ASH
Plenty. What's it mean.

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
Look, what would you have done with Kane ... you know. His only chance at staying alive was to get into the infirmary.
SL 424A+B 2345
A. CAM "LOW SHOT CLOSE DALLAS."
B. OPEN LONG SHOT PAN TO DALLAS.
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. 
Walks out.     THEY WALK OUT.

INTERIOR MESS

INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INTERIOR NARCISSUS
Dallas listening to a primitive tape. His foot tapping with the rhythm. Beep. An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS
Dallas.

ASH     V.O.
I think you should have a look at Kane. Something's happened.
SL 238.1, 2, 3. Low v. wide shot. All enter.
240-1, 2, 3. Cover on Ash.
243, 3, 4. High shot down BC. GJU Kane.
INTERIOR CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

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

DALLAS

It's gone.

Kane's prone form.
The Alien is no longer on his face.
Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.
Face covered with sucker marks.

RIPLEY

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

ASH

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

RIPLEY

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

DALLAS

Maybe we can catch it.

ASH

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

INTERIOR INFIRMARY

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.
242 + 3456 + 7. Close on Ripley.
244. Low shot. Alien drops onto Ripley.
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.

DALLAS

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 he extracts the end of the organ.

ASH

It's hardening.

He slips the Creature under a flurescope.

ASH

It's dead. No life sign whatever.
RIPLEY
Let's get rid of it.
ASH
This has to go back. This is our first contact with a specimen like this. All kinds of tests need to be run.

RIPLEY
That thing bled acid. God knows what it'll do when it's dead.
ASH
I think it's safe to assume it's not a zombie ... Dallas, we have to keep this specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS
You're the Science Officer. It's your decision.
ASH
Then it's made ... I'll seal it in a "zombie 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.
DALLAS + RIPLEY

RIPLEY

She looked up from the letter she was typing and noticed the time on her watch. It was almost ten o'clock. She knew she had to hurry if she was going to finish the report before the deadline.

DALLAS

You're the executive officer.

ANN

I'm just a secretary. I can't do that.

RIPLEY

You're the executive officer. That's your job.

ANN

I know, but I'm just not good at it. I'm not trained for it.

RIPLEY

What are you good at then?

ANN

My skills are better suited to administrative tasks. I'm not good at handling people or making decisions.

RIPLEY

You need to learn to manage people and make decisions. It's part of your job.

ANN

I know, but I just don't feel comfortable with it.

RIPLEY

You need to step out of your comfort zone and take on new challenges. That's how you grow.

ANN

I understand... I'll try my best.
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.

DALLAS
Why didn't you say so.
Sl 36 WIDE 5 SHOT.
Sl 54. 2. 3 + 4. Pan from Lambert onto Ripley.
Sl 55. du DALLAS. +7 8.9+10
Sl 58 2. 3 4 5 6 du LAMBERT
Sl 90. 8. 10+12. MASTER. DALLAS + RIPLEY
Sl 91+7 89+10. - REVERSE to 90. DALLAS + RIPLEY

LV SCREEN
Sl 113. 1. SCREEN ON TAKE OFF

Sl 337 a+b. 1.2.4. ACAM M.C.S. PARKER
BCAM BLK C/LU PARKER

Sl 339-1.2. a+b
ACAM M.C.S. PARKER BRETT
BCAM. C/LU. BRETT.
Continued

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.

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

INTERIOR  BRIDGE  SUNRISE
The crew at their posts.

DALLAS
How do we look down there?

INTERIOR  ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
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.

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

RIPLEY
Up a hundred.

EXTERIOR  PLANET  SUNRISE
The Nostromo lifts off, hovers above the ground on beams of shimmering flame.
The landing struts begin folding.
SL 34 M/S LAMBERT
SL 54 + 2 3 + 4 M/S RIPLEY
SL 55 + 7 8 9 + 10 CLU DALLAS
SL 58 + 2 3 4 5 6 CLU LAMBERT

SL 337 A B 12 + 4 A/CAM M/C S. PARKER
B/CAM CLU PARKER

SL 339 1 2 A B A/CAM M/C S BRETT
B CLU
INTERIOR BRIDGE DAY

We hear the thump as the struts retract.

RIPLEY
Struts retracted.

DALLAS
Okay, Ripley, it's all yours.

Ripley pushes a lever forward. The engines begin to thunder.

RIPLEY
Rolling up the G's.

Pushes more buttons.

RIPLEY
And here we go.

EXTERIOR NOSTROMO DAY

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

INTERIOR BRIDGE DAY

LAMBERT
One kilometer on ascension.

RIPLEY
Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT
Engaged.

RIPLEY
I'm altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

DALLAS
What was that?

In answer, the intercom beeps.

PARKER’S VOICE
Starboard quad's over-heating. I'm shutting it down.

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

The pitch of the engines changes.
SL 34 MS LAMBERT
SL 54 + 2.3 + 4 MS KIPLEY
SL 55 + 7 8 9 + 10 CLU DALLAS,
SL 58 + 2 3 4 5 + 6 CLU LAMBERT

A.V. SCREEN.
SL 118 + 1 2 3 DALLAS SCREEN.

SL 337 a/b 1.2 + 4 ACAM M.C.S. PARKER.
BAM CLU PARKER.

s. 339 a/b 1 2 A + B ACAM M.C.S. BRETT
108 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO DAY
The ship moves at an acute angle.
Slices through the boiling clouds.
Black smoke pouring from one engine.

109 INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
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.

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

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

111a INTERIOR BRIDGE
The crew cheer.
Wave their arms in exultation.

RIPLEY
"Shit, we made it." Damn, we made it.

LAMBERT
"Course we did, honey."

111b INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE
Parker breaks open a can of beer.

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

111c INTERIOR BRIDGE
Let's pick up the money and go home.
Put her in the garage.
SL 34 m/s LAMBERT.
SL 54 + 2.3 + 4 m/s RIPLEY.
SL 55 + 789 + 10 du DALLAS
SL 58 + 2 3 4 5 + 6 du LAMBERT.

SL 337 A.B. 1 2 4. A cam. M.C.S. PARKER.
B cam. B sq. DU PARKER.
111d EXTERIOR  NOSTROMO

Above the planet.
The Nostromo rendezvous with the refinery.

112 INTERIOR  BRIDGE

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

RIPLEY
With pleasure.

LAMBERT
Feels get me out of here.

113 EXTERIOR  OUTER SPACE

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.
Redshift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

114 INTERIOR  MESS

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 it's moving away from the other ...

DALLAS
Give me the short version ...

LAMBERT
It'll take us six weeks to get back on course.

DALLAS
How far to Earth.

LAMBERT
Ten months.
245 r. l a-b
A. Close KANE
   B. Wide Shot.

245 r. l a b
Acam. Close Cover KANE
   B. Night 3 Shot. RIPLEY DALLAS LAMBE

246 r.
247 r. l a b
   +3:
   Acam. Close Cover PARKER
   B. Nighter 3 Shot RIPLEY DALLAS LAMBE

248 r. 6 r. f.
249 r. 1 r. 3.
   CLU ASH.
   CLU BRETT.
RIPLEY

Christ.

Beep

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH V.O.

Come see Kane right away ...

DALLAS

Any change in his condition.

ASH V.O.

It's simpler if you just come see him.

245a/b

246a/b 247a/b 248 249

116 INTERIOR

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

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.

More.

KANE

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

PARKER

Do you hurt.

KANE

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

Kane smiles.

KANE

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.
INTERIOR MESS

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

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

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

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

Pause.

PARKER
I mean I like it.

KANE
No kidding.

PARKER
Yeah. It grows on you.

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

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

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY
What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

KANE
I don't know... I'm getting cramps.
172. 123457 ABC. "ALIEN OF THE CHEST.
173. 1234 A BC. "ALIEN SNARLING."
174. 4 + 5 INSERT PLANET FROM BLOOD DRIPPING FROM BODY ONTO BIRD.

175. ABC. "ALIEN OUT OF BODY"
176. 1. INSERT BIRDS
Continued

The others stare at him in alarm.
Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise.
Clutches the edge of the table with his hands.
Knuckles whitening.

ASH

Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE

Oh God, it hurts so bad. It hurts.

It hurts.

Stands up.

KANE

Ooooooh.

BRETT

What is it. What hurts.

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony.
He falls back into his chair.

KANE

Ohmygoonaahh.

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.
Wriggles away while the crew scatters.
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.

Kane lies slumped in his chair.
Very dead.
A huge hole in his chest.
The dishes are scattered.
Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT

No, no, no, no.
175 A.B.C.  
A. Low Shot.  
B. Low Side Shot A & B with Lambert.  
C. 4 Shot. Ridley Brett Parker + Dave.

### August 1st,

117  Continue

Slowly.

They are seated.  
Then Dead.

A parade.

Back.

He puts them to bed.

117a EXT.

The window.

118  DEL.

119  DEL.
August 1st, 1978

117 Continued

BRETT
What was that. What the Christ was that.

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

ASH
It used him for an incubator.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.
They all look at one another.
Then at Kane.
Dead on the table.

A pause.

DALLAS
Parker. Take Brett and close off the immediate area. Make sure we're secure.

Back in command.

RIPLEY
We've got to find it and kill it.

DALLAS
Not yet. First we've got something else to do.

He places his hand lightly on Kane's brow.

117a EXTERIOR OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo on its mordant path.

118 DELETED

119 DELETED
SL 61+1.345 TRACKING SHOT CREW ON BRIDGE
SL 62+1.2 TRACKING SHOT TIGHTER THAN 61.
SL 63+12.3 MIS OVER CONSOLE.

SL 177+1 A+B A. CAN WIDE SHOT ACROSS DALLAS-LA.fl
B. CAN BACKER BRETT. RIPLEY

SL 178+5 B. 6A+6B A. WIDE SHOT PARKER BRETT. RIPLEY
B. WIDER ANGLE.

SL 179+3 A. 4A+B A. TIGHT 3 SHOT PARKER LAD BRETT+RIPLEY
B. ASH DALLAS BRETT.

SL 180+1 A+B 2A. TIGHTEN COVER THAN ABOVE
INTERIOR BRIDGE

DALLAS

See anything?

BRETT

RIPLEY

Nothing. It must have gone below somehow.

BRETT

What the fuck was that?

Mr. Ash, you're the science man... you must know.

ASH

I wish I did. I don't know...

DALLAS

It must've used him as a host - an incubator or something. Anyway we're going to have to catch it and eject it from the ship.

ASH

How precisely do you propose to do that?

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. Stricly limited.

RIPLEY

We can't go into the freemers with that thing running loose.

BRETT

Remember what the other one did to Kane's helmet. We'd be sitting ducks.
August 2nd, 1978

120 INTERIOR BRIDGE
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.

121 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO
The outer hatch opens.
Kane’s body shoots out into eternity.
Dwarfed by the giant ship.
The hatch closes.

122 INTERIOR MESS
Empty.
Completely cleaned up.
Parker, Brett and Ripley enter from one side.
Dallas, Lambert. Ash from the other.

        DALLAS
Any sign on your side.

        SEE ANYTHING.

        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.
PARKER

While we're sitting here shooting our mouths off, that thing is running around the ship. I'm scared. I want a weapon - I wanna kill that thing now!

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

Oh yeah, what a swell idea.

PARKER

Well it wasn't my idea to bring that God-damn thing on the ship in the first place - it was you geniuses' idea.

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 aren't.

BRETT

Come again? What?

RIPLEY

Everything's out down there. We're blind.

LAMBERT

And what do we do when we find it?

DALLAS

What d'you mean what do we do ...! We trap it somehow and eject it from the ship!

BRETT

Yeah, trap it - I could put some nets together and we could bag it ..

LAMBERT

Huh - nets! Why do we listen to this weatherhead?

BRETT

Well if you can come up with something better ...!

DALLAS

He might be right.
DALLAS
Room by room, corridor by corridor.

RIpley
That could take forever.

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

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

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

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

Lambert
What a swell idea.

Parker
What's wrong with it.

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

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

Yeah, I could put something together.
A long metal rod with a battery in it.

DALLAS

How long would it take to make?

PARKER: What do you think, PARKER?

BRETT: A few hours.

DALLAS: I don't know — 20 minutes, to an hour.

Let's do it.

(Pause)

20 minutes to an hour —
more like 2 or 3 with those two,

ASH

RIGHT.
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 ...
ASH
I'm a little busy at the moment.

Pause.

DALLAS
I don't care.

Pause.

ASH
All right, go ahead.

DALLAS
Why did you let the Alien survive inside Kane.

ASH
I'm not sure you're getting through to me.

DALLAS
Mother was monitoring his body. You were monitoring Mother. You must have had some idea of what was going on.

ASH
What are you trying to say.

A long moment.

DALLAS
You want the Alien to stay alive ... I figure you have a reason.

ASH
Name one.

DALLAS
Look, we both work for the same company. I just want to know what's going on.

ASH
I don't know what the hell you're talking about. And I don't like any of the insinuations. The Alien is a dangerous form of life ... I don't want it to stay alive any more than you do.
DALLAS
You're sure.

ASH
Yeah, I'm sure. You should be too.

Dallas walks out.
Ash watches him go.
Stares in his direction a long while ...

INTERIOR NARCISSUS
Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.
Staring at the myriad lights of outer space.
Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY
I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS
Are the nets finished.

Pause

RIPLEY
We've got an hour ... Look I need some relief.

DALLAS
Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

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

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

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

RIPLEY
I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.
SL 66+1.2 close down mapping table.
SL 67+1 as above but tighter.
SL 68+3 4.5+6 master group shot.
SL 69+12 cover for master. Tighter LEN than 68.
SL 70+12 3+4 reverse master cover 3 shot.
SL 71+1 as SL 70 but tighter lens.
SL 72+1.2 as SL 70-71 but than them.
Continued

DALiAS
You waited too long.

RIPLEy
Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.
His arms move around her.

INTERIOR BRIDGE
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 god-damn 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.
SL 68.3 A.56 MASTER GROUP SHOT.
SL 69+1.2 MASTER COVER.
SL 70+1.234 REVERSE MASTER COVER.
SL 71+1. REVERSE MASTER COVER. TIGHTER LENS THAN 70.
SL 72+1.2 AS SL 70+1.4 BUT TIGHTER THAN THEM.
SL 354+5.78 10+11. OPEN M.S. ALL.
Continued

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.

DALLAS
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. OK LET'S GO.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'A' LEVEL

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.

INTERIOR ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

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.
SL 287-1, 2, 3. MLS Ripley, Brett, Parker. Down ladder.
SL 290-3, 4, 5. Empty corridors.

Details:

They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation.


They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation.

128
Parker, Brett, Parker, down ladder.

129

INTERIOR

Ripley, Brett, Parker. They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation. They carry out the evacuation.

Looks around.

Nods down.

They begin to move. They begin to move. They begin to move. They begin to move. They begin to move.
Continued

RIPLEY

Hold it. I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense.
Start looking around.

BRETT

Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY

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

BRETT

God-damn, 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.

INTERIOR MAINTENANCE 'C' LEVEL

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.
SL 288 + 2.34 - L S WIDE DOWN OILY CORRIDOR.
SL 280 + 1.24.
SL 281 A+B. 234. A CAM LOW SHOT.
B.CAM WIDEShot
SL 282 A+B. 2 A CAM close on Cat.
B. M.C.S LOCKER
SL 283 A+B. 45L. A CAM LOW SHOT on CAT.
B.CAM SIDE SHOT 'CAT'.
SL 284 A+B. A low SHOT 3 SHOT.
B.C DOWN on CAT.
SL 285 + 256. BRETT + PARKER.

They move...

They move...

Parke...
Continued

We did.

Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.
Move around two turns.

Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

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.

God-damn it ... hold it.

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

Go get it. We'll go on.

Right.

Brett
292. 1.2.5. WIDE SHOT. BRETT. WALK IN R.
293. 1.2.6. WIDE LS. ACROSS GARAGE.
294. 1.2.6. WIDE SHOT BRETT.
295. 2.3.6 7 9. BRETT C/U.
296. 3.4.6. M.S. BRETT.
297 + A.B. 1.3 4 5 6. ACAM. LOW SHOT CAT. THEN BRETT.
B.CAM. M.S.
298. A.B. A. LOW SHOT SKIN.
B.CAM. BRETT.
299. LOW SHOT BETWEEN ROCKETS. BRETT + CAT.
300. 1.2.3. AS 299 BRETT'S FEET.
301. 3.4.5. 6 7 8 9. CAT INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM.
302. 1.2.3.8 A.B. ACAM. PAN UP TO CAT BRETT.
B.CAM. MASTER WIDE SHOT.
303. 1.2.3. AS 302 ALTERNATIVE.
304. 12.3.4.5. HAND HELD BRETT'S POV LANDING LEGS.
305. 1.2. MASTER POV.
306. 4.5.6. CLU. BRETT. WATER ON FACE.
307. 1.2.3A+B. ACAM. HIGH SHOT STRAIGHT DOWN.
B. MASTER.
308. 1.3.4.6A+B. ACAM.
309. A. INSERT SHIELDS - SHADOW OF CAT.
310. 2.4.5.7. ACAM. B.CLU. CAT.
311. 1.2.4S. A. BU BB.
A.CAM. MUTE SHOT ALIEN.
312. A.CAM. M.S. BRETT.
312A.B. 1234S. ACAM. CLOSE ALIEN TAIL UP BACK.
B.CAM.
313A.B. A.B.CAM. CLOSE DOWN TAIL ALONG GROUND.
314A.B. ACAM. M.S. BRETT.
B.CLU.
315. 1.2. INSERT. FEET WALKING.
316. 3A.B. A.CAM. M.S. ALIEN.
Alien Swinging

Hand Held: M.S. Alien. Head to Chest.
45678 A.B. A. Cam. Low Shot Alien.
B. Cam. Clu Alien. Head Etc.
645 A.B. A. Cam. Side Shot Brett.
B. Cam Cover Alien.
42 A.B. A. Cam. Alien Hand on. Then Passe Ripley Enter.
B. Cover R.S. Feet.
2 A.B. A. Cam. As 321. Tight.
B. " " "
463910 A.Cam. Ripley + Parker Run In.
B. Cam. M.S. Alien + Brett Off the Floor.
A. Blood + Water onto Lens.
457 A.B. A. Close Brett.
B. Clu " Profile.
7 A.B. A. Cam. M1 Clu Alien.
B. Big Clu " Head.
B. Covering. Struggle on Floor."
Continued

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

INTERIOR EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA 'C' LEVEL

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.
Looking for the cat.
Nervous.

BRETT

Jones ... Here kitty ...
Jones ... God-damn it Jones.

Scratching noises.
A reassuring cat yowl.
Brett moves on.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'C' LEVEL

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

Nothing here.

RIEPLY

Let's go back.

PARKER

INTERIOR UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM 'C' LEVEL

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 undercarrriage strut in reverse position.
Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.
Brett scream.
To no avail ...

In the doorway Ripley and Parker.
They witness the horror.
Sl 181: 2A+B. MASTER. A cam. M/S. DALLAS ASH PARKER.
   B cam. SIDE SHOT.

Sl 182+2 A+B. MASTER CLOSE COVER. A cam. DALLAS ASH.
   B cam. CLU RIPLEY.

Sl 183+1 A+B. COVER A cam. CLOSE ASH.
   B cam. LAMBERT.

Sl 185+1.2. CLU COVER PARKER.
-5A. Tail through legs.
-3B. Tail into back.
-8A/B. Alien swings down. (Foot shot.)
-9A. Alien takes Brett up and Parker and Ripley run into shit (Blood on floor) Pan up to Parker.
-10B. Alien takes Brett up Parker and Ripley run in blood drops onto Parker's face etc.
-4A. Crushing Brett's head. (Cut Brett.)
-6A. Use for P.T. reaction to Alien. (Cut Brett.)
-9B. Good for hands around head. (Cut Brett.)

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.
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
I 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.
August 4th, 1978

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

DALLAS
No way. If it's as big as you say, it's holding enough acid to 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 airlock. There's only one big opening on the way. But we can cover that. Then we drive it into the airlock and blast it into space.

PARKER
Drive it ... I'm telling you the son of a bitch is huge. You didn't see it? It looks -- it looks, man-shaped now.

ASH
Why not? -- It's Kane's son.

DALLAS
Knock that off!

RIPLEY
We've got to find a weapon that'll work against it. The science department should be able to help.

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

ASH
We could try it. Most animals retreat from fire.
PARKER
I say we blast the rotten bastard with a laser and take our chances

into space.

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

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.
August 4th, 1978

Continued

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

PARKER
Give me twenty minutes.

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

A pause.

LAMBERT
Parker, you always wanted a full share.

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

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

Nostromo at light plus four.

INT. MOTHER

INTERIOR  PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

Parker and Dallas lead.
Armed with flame-throwers.
They descend from companionway.
Suddenly both tracking devices beep frantically.
Sound of rending metal up ahead.
They move forward cautiously.

DALLAS

It's in that food locker.

THE FOOD LOCKER

EXTERIOR  FOOD LOCKER NO. 2

More rending noises.

LAMBERT

Jesus. It must be big.

PARKER

It's got to be using the airshafts to move around . . .

Dallas raises flame-thrower.

DALLAS

Do these things really work.

PARKER

I made them didn't I.

RAPLEY

That's what worries us.

Dallas indicates door handle.
Parker reluctantly takes it.

DALLAS

Now.
Parker wrenches open door.
Dallas fires a long blast. Another.
Another and another . . . Silence.
They move inside . . .
Charred wreckage.
Packages have been ripped to shreds.
Foodstuffs scattered over the floor.
Carefully, they poke through the smouldering garbage.

RIPLEY
We didn't get him.

DALLAS
This is where he went.

On the wall, a ventilator grille has been ripped open.
They move to the shredded ventilator.
Shine their lights inside the shaft.

DALLAS
This could work for us. The duct comes out at the starboard air lock. There's an exit on the way.
But we can close that off. Then we drive it into the airlock and blast it into space.

LAMBERT
Yeah. All you have to do is crawl in the vent with it, find your way through the maze and hope it's afraid of fire.

DALLAS
Well Parker, you wanted an equal share ...  

Yeah.

PARKER

DALLAS
Get in the pipe.

Why me.

PARKER

DALLAS
I just wanted to see you get your full share.

No way.

PARKER

I'll go.

RIPLEY
S. 327 + 3. 6. P.O.V. IRIS
288 + 2. 3. 4. + 7 A + B. A. 2 SHOT PARKER + LAMBERT.
B. Clu PARKER

S. 329 + 1 A + B
A. LAMBERT + PARKER
B. Clu LAMBERT.

S. 401 + 7. II. WIDE ANGLE FAST TRACK.
S. 402 + 1. WIDE SHOT RIPLEY - ASH POO.
S. 403 + 2. + 3. SIDE SHOT M.C.S. RIPLEY + ASH.

DATABASE

To start with, take in the area.

Keep calm and go on.

I have nothing to do now.

I might as well have a go at this.

Help Pank and get ready to count.

Keep going, no use getting hot.

I have nothing to do now.

I have nothing to do now.
INTERIOR  AIR SHAFT EXIT

Ripley and Ash stand in the vestibule.
Look through the bulkhead to the airlock.
Ripley throws a switch.
They watch airshaft entrance into airlock open.
The trap is ready

RIPLEY
Do you really think this will work.

ASH
It could.

RIPLEY
And this is really the best Science
Division can come up with.

ASH
I'm afraid so.

A long look from Ripley.

ASH
I'm doing all I can.

RIPLEY
Is that right.

ASH
That's right.
DALLAS
Forget it. You take the air lock. Parker and Lambert cover the exit.
No doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

Ripley stands in vestibule.
Looks through the Bulkhead door to Airlock.
She throws a switch.
 Watches airshaft entrance into Airlock open.
The trap is ready.

Parker and Lambert get set.

Ash hands Dallas the makeshift flame-thrower.
He fires a couple of short bursts.

DALLAS
It's still working.

ASH
Why do you have to go. Why didn't you send Ripley.

DALLAS
It's my responsibility. I let Kane go into the craft. Now it's my turn.

ASH
You're the captain. It'll be harder on the rest of us, if we lose you.

DALLAS
Nothing I do that Ripley can't.

ASH
I don't agree.

DALLAS
The decision is final.

He removes the master computer key.
Hands it to Ash.
S. 328 A/B 2.34.7. ACAM 2 SHOT PARKER + LAMBERT

S. 329 A/B ACAM. LAMBERT + PARKER
B. CLU LAMBERT

S. 404 A/B CLU ASH

463 A/B 2.3.5678. ACAM, L.S W CORRIDOR
BCAM 2ND CORRIDOR WITH IRIS

136

CONT.

137

INT.

Ash 11:10
Dallas 11:10
Just...

138

INT.

Comp.

Dallas 11:10
Flip...

139

INT.

The

Large

Parker

Lambert

Parker
Continued

DALLAS
If I don't make it back, Ripley will need this.

Ash nods.
Dallas turns and climbs into the ventilator opening.
Just large enough to crawl through.

INT. AIR SHAFT

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

DALLAS
Do you receive me, Ripley.
Parker, Lambert.

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

Parker hefts his flame-thrower.

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

Right.

PARKER

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 V.O.
Ready.
328/AB 23.47
AM 2 SHOT
CAM PARKER

329/1 A/B
A. LAMBOR + PARKER
B. VU LAMBERT

468 A/B +2 456
A. OPEN L.S. CORRIDOR
B. VU COVER

468 A/B +2 456
CAM L.S. CORRIDOR

468 A/B +2 456
CAM L.S. CORRIDOR

139
CONTINUES

140
INTER

Dallas
The test
Only

141
INTER

A large

142
INTER

A metal

143
INTER

Dallas
Ahead
He makes
He moves
Fires
Then...
RIPLEY

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT

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 flame-thrower.
Fires a blast around the corner into the darkness.
It roars loudly in the confined tube.
Smoke drifts back into his face.

INTERIOR MAINTENANCE LEVEL EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

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.

INTERIOR AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley waiting.

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT

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 flame-thrower.
Then starts crawling down, head first.
SL 38 A+B. ACAM 2 SHOT PARKER + LAMBERT.
B. CAM PARKER.

SL 329 A+B. ACAM LAMBERT + PARKER
B. CAM C/U LAMBERT.

464+1 2456 A.B.A.L.S. CORRIDOR.
B. C/U COVER INTO MIRROR.

465+1 RACK IN. FLAME THROWER IN. FRONT OF CENS. P.O.V.

466+1 INSERT SLIME.

467+1 2. C/U DALLAS.

468+1 TRACKING SHOT DALLAS'S P.O.V. UP CORRIDOR TO LADDER.

469+1 2. 3 A+B A. OPEN LS CORRIDOR
B. C/U DALLAS.
INTERIOR MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT
Beginning to get a reading on you.

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT

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

INTERIOR FOOD STORAGE LOCKER

Ask staring at the ventilator opening.

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.
Clutching his flame-thrower.
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS
Ripley.

INTERIOR AIR LOCK VESTI-HULE

RIPLEY
Read you clear.

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT

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

He readies the flame-thrower.

INTERIOR MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Parker readies his weapon.

INTERIOR AIR SHAFT DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGE WAY

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air tunnel.
Dallas crawls out and stands.
Moves to a cat walk floor. Looks about.
Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.
Sits.
328 A/B  A CAM  2 SHOT PARKER + LAMBERT
B CAM  PARKER

329 A/B  A CAM  LAMBERT + PARKER
B CAM  CLI LAMBERT

469+1.23 A/B  A CAM  LS. CORRIDOR
B - CLI DALLAS

470+345 A/B  A CAM
B

471+245678 A/B  A CAM  M/S LADDLE WELL
B CAM  A LITTLE CLOSER

472+1  CLOSE ON ALIENS HEAD LUNGE FORWARD.

149 Continue
His feet...

149a INTERIOR
Lambert
Puzzle

149b AIR SHOT
Dallas
His feet...

Frightens them...
Continued

His feet dangle beneath the cat walk floor to the next level.

**DALLAS**
Lambert, what kind of reading are you getting.

**INTERIOR MAINTENANCE LEVEL**  **EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA**

Lambert huddled over her tracker.
Puzzled.

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

**AIR SHAFT DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY**

Dallas sitting.
His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the cat walk.

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

Frightening pause.

**LAMBERT V.O.**
I'm not sure which one is which.

Dallas stops.
Turns around.
Looks back down through the cat walk.
Lowers the nose of the flame-thrower, his finger on the trigger.
From behind him, the hand reaches up.
The Alien is the front **signal**
August 7th, 1978

150 INTERIOR  AIR LOCK  VESTIBULE

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

RIPLEY
Dallas ...  Dallas ...
sc 328 a/b  329 a/b

151 INTERIOR  EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker. 
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY V.O.
Oh my God.

Then silence.  s-186 a/b.

152 INTERIOR  MESS

Dallas’s flame-thrower on table surface.

PARKER V.O.
We just found it laying there. No 

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 
have to continue with Dallas’s plan.

LAMBERT
And wind up the same way. No thanks.

PARKER
You’ve got a better idea.
August 7th, 1978

Continued

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.

RIPTLEY
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.

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

Indicating Dallas's flame-thrower.

PARKER
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.
Continued

RIPLEY
Any other thoughts. From you or Mother.

ASH
Nothing new. Still collating.

RIPLEY
I can’t believe that.

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

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

ASH
All right... I’ll try.

He leaves.

INTERIOR MAINTENANCE AREA C' DECK

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

INTERIOR MESS

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.
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INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

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...
s/ 59-1. 23 + 4. LAMBERT+RILEY A-CONSOLE.
s/ 60-1 + 2 AS SO1 BUT NICOLET LENS.
INTERIOR BRIDGE

RIPLEY
Ripley.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL
Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER
Keep it down...
Up the corridor, the movement stops...

INTERIOR BRIDGE

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

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL
Parker whispering.

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

INTERIOR BLISTER
Ash listens.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL
Parker still whispering.

PARKER
Open it ... slowly.

INTERIOR BRIDGE
Ripley hesitates. Starts to reply. Throws switch.
SL 59 + 1.2.3 + 4 master LAMBERT RIPLEY.
SL 60 + 1.2. AS S9 but TIGHTER LENS.
INTERIOR AIR LOCK 'B' DECK

Low servo whine.
Door opens.
Slowly.
Green light throbbing inside air lock.
Creature looks curiously at it.
Moves onto the threshold.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

Parker watches...

INTERIOR AIR LOCK

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

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER

Now ... Now ...

INTERIOR BRIDGE

As Ripley moves to throw switch ...

INTERIOR AIR LOCK

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.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'B' LEVEL

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"
SL 59-123-4 MASTER LAMBERS + RIPLEY

SL 60-1.2 AS 59 BUT TIGHTER LENS
INTERIOR  AIR LOCK

Metal still boiling. The outer hatch begins to open.

DELETED

INTERIOR  BRIDGE

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.

EXTERIOR  NOSTROMO

Air lock open.

INTERIOR PASSAGE NEAR AIRLOCK 'B' LEVEL

Parker unconscious.

INTERIOR  AIR LOCK

The inner hatch still closed. Metal boils. The hole growing deeper.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAY 'A' DECK

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.
59.123.4. LAMBERT at Consolé.
60.1.2. AS 59 BUT TIGHTER.

P.S. 2.

R.M.I.

LAMBERT

M.M.

What's happening? Peter.

In front of me is a large iron fixture.

Three handles. Change.

Better... The other.

LAMBERT

What about Peter.

RIMET

I have't heard. Take over.

Please settle one of the bridges.

M.E. STATION.

Please open.

P.S. 2.

A.M. R.M.I.

LAMBERT

What about Peter.

RIMET

I have't heard. Take over.

Please settle one of the bridges.

M.E. STATION.

Please open.

P.S. 2.

A.M. R.M.I.
INTERIOR AIR LOCK

Metal boiling in door.

INTERIOR PASSAGEWAYS 'B' DECK

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

INTERIOR PASSAGE NEAR AIRLOCK 'B' LEVEL


INTERIOR BRIDGE

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.

PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK 'B' LEVEL

Ripley staggers towards an emergency panel. At far end of corridor. Pinging sound. Misty atmosphere.
Tries to activate the door.
Cannot.
Lambert appears on other side of bulkhead.
Activates door from outside.
Rush of oxygen.

EXTERIOR    NOSTROMO

Plume of vapour freezes in the vacuum.

INTERIOR    PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK 'B' LEVEL

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
The hell you're not. LIKE HELL
Ripley cautiously descends the stairs to the blister.

Satisfied, it's deserted. Spots a partially-concealed tape.

Ripley moves to the blister chair.

Carrying a flame-thrower. One which Ash has been studying. Faint tapping sound stops.

INTERIOR: BLISTER STRATEGY

RIPLEY

I don't know, wrong or crazy.

You think I'm wrong. LAMBERT

Because I think he's lying and if I can get into his tape records... LAMBERT

It could have been an accident. LAMBERT

Why were you accusing him. LAMBERT

He was lying about the record. LAMBERT

Ripley turns to Lambert.

How much oxygen have we lost. RIPLEY

I want an exact reading. RIPLEY

Go patch him up. RIPLEY

Asth and Parker leave.

Sullen silence.

July 17th 1978

Page 92
She looks around.
Sees nothing.
Puts tape up on video screen.
An X-Ray of Kane's upper torso taken when he was lying in the infirmary.
Suddenly it reveals a life form.
Something is obviously growing in Kane's chest.
Ash knew.
And said nothing.
Ripley mutters coldly.

**RIPLEY**
You bastard. You knew it was growing in him all the time.

She stares at the damning evidence . . .
Tapping sound.
She whips around to see
Kane's disfigured face slapping against the plexiglass.
Wrapped in the shroud he was buried in.
She stifles a scream.
Her flame-thrower rolls onto the curved surface of the blister.
She fishes for it . . .
Kane's bloated face swings in . . .
Beneath her.
She grabs the weapon and bolts toward the staircase.

---

**INTERIOR - INFIRMARY**

Ash finishing medical tests on Parker.
Slaps Parker on shoulder.
Everything's okay.
Ash exists.
Possibly toward . . .

---

**INTERIOR - COMPUTER ANNEX**

Ripley hurriedly taps out the five-digit code.
Rams thumb against Identiprint.
The inner door opens.
Data banks come to life.
She sits at the console.
Thinks for a moment.
Then punches up a code.
Nothing happens.
Punches another combination.
Nothing happens.
Frustration.
Another combination.
One screen comes to life.
Another combination.
She moves to the second keyboard.
Screen One spells out the question:
Question: WHO TURNED ON 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.
Sl 189. 46 + 8 10 II. Ripley into Mess.
Sl 190. 68 + 10 II. CL Ripley.
Sl 191. 2 3 + 4. BLW Ripley.
Sl 192. 3 + 5 6 + 8 9. 10 12 13 1K 19. CLU Ash.
Sl 193. 1 2. First into Hall.
Sl 194. 4 + 5 6 + 7. Lou Shok. Ripley onto floor.
Sl 195. 1 3 6 7 19. Double thrown about.
Sl 196. A + B 1 3 4. ACAM CLU ASH.
Sl 198. A + B. Flanner into Mess.
B. Tight cover. Packar.
Sl 198. A + B. ASH. Rolling about.
Sl 200. A + B.
July 17th 1978

174 Continued

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.

CONT. INTERIOR MESS

Ash catches her.
Parker and Lambert burst into the mess.
Lambert falls on Ash's back.
s. 202 A. B. 1234. A. cu PARKER
B. Tight Down on ASH
s. 201 A + B. 1234. WIDE SHOT. PARKER - RIPLEY - LAMBERT
s. 203 A - B. ACAM. Low WIDE SHOT. LAMBERT - RILEY - PARKER
123. BCAM. COUNTER.
Continued

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 god-damn android.

Ash turns on him.
Starts to advance.
Parker hits him again with the tracker ...
Again.
Again.
No avail.
Ash begins choking Parker.
Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.
Closes on Ash's back.
Tears away the fabric.
Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.
Ripley tearing at the controls buried in the cavity once covered by his head.
Parker's eyes bulge in pain.
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking ...
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home ...
Ash's grip lessens.
Another stab ... electrical flash ...
The grip lessens ...
Another stab ... flash of circuits.
The headless body collapses.
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER
Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.
Lambert looks at Ripley.

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

Pause.
SL 204. T2.3 WIDE ACROSS TABLE.
PARKER RIPLEY LAMBERT.

SL 205 + 2.567. 3 SHOT.
SL 206 + 1. CLIP RIPLEY.
SL 207 + 1. CLIP PARKER + LAMBERT.
SL 208 + 1. 5. ASH'S HEAD
203 A+B

10th August 1978

Page 95

174 Continued

RIPLEY

Let's find out.

There's only one way to find out.

PARKER

What's that

RIPLEY

Wire his head back up

Cut

RIPLEY

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

LAMBERT

But why

RIPLEY

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

PARKER

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

RIPLEY

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

ASH

Ash's head is on the table. His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

Ash, can you hear me.

ASH

Yes I can
SL 205-2567 3 SHOT
SL 206-1 Clu Ripley
SL 207 Parker + Lambert
SL 208-1.58 ASH
RIPLEY  
Y...our.  
What was/Special Order 59?  
ASH  
That's against regulations. You know I can't tell you that.  
PARKER  
Pull the plug.  
RIPLEY  
God-damn you, ASH  
Then there's no point in talking. Parker, pull the plug.

Parker reaches for the wires. Ash quickly reacts.

ASH  
The order, 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.  
GOOD GODELIBERT

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, you son of a bitch!

ASH  
Lives... Expendable I'm afraid. Nothing 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.
SL 205 + 2567. 3 SHOT.
SL 206 + 1. CLU RIPLEY.
SL 207 PARKER + LAMBERT.
SL 208 ASH
ASH

You can't.

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...d...just tell me how...ah!

Ripley

I had enough of your

HELP, ASH!

ASH

My God...

You know. You still don't realize what you're dealing with. This alien is a perfect organism. Superbly structured, cunning quintessentially violent. With you're limited capabilities you have no chance against it. Don't stand a chance.

Lambert

You admire it... don't you?

ASH

How can you not admire the simple symmetry it presents. An intergalactic parasite, too tiny to notice, capable of laying dormant for infinite periods. It's sole purpose to destroy other species merely to recreate itself, for life and anti life.

Parker

I don't know about the rest of you...

I've heard enough of this shit. I'm telling you, pull the plug...

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.
SL 205+2567 SHOT
SL 206+1 CLU RIPLEY
SL 207 PARKER JAMBER
SL 208 ASH
PARKER
I say pull the plug.

LAMBERT
I agree

Ripley starts to undo the wires
Ash smiles.

ASH
A last word, a legacy if you will...

Ripley pauses
Most of the wires undone
Ash's voice slowing

ASH

Perhaps intelligent. Maybe you should try to communicate with it.

RIPLEY
Did you... did you, Ash?

Please let my grave hold some secrets.

Ripley pulls the plug.

Goodbye.

\*\*\* The rest of this scene is now deleted. Therefore Sol74 continued on Page 98 should be deleted.\*\*\*

LAMBERT
It's all over.

PARKER
Not for me, it's not.

RIPLEY
No, it's not. We're going to blow up the ship. We'll leave in the shuttle and blow up the ship.

PARKER
Let's go - come on.

(Pulls Lambert up)

They exit.
174 Continued

Ripley makes a movement. Ash softens ...

ASH
I can only wish you well ...

Ripley pulls the plug.

PARKER
He was probably right. We do need him.

RIPLEY
He was conning us.

LAMBERT
He was programmed to protect human life.

RIPLEY
He wasn't protecting our human lives and that's all I care about. Anyway it's done.

Ripley exits to the bridge.

175 INTERIOR  BRIDGE  DARK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE


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

PARKER
It's all over.

Gloom.

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

RIPLEY
We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules. Suicide pills.
905.6 8 10 11. Teach Bach on Ripley—Parker Lambert
LAMBERT
We're not. Huh.

RIPTLEY
I think we should blow up the ship.

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

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

INTERIOR  CORRIDOR 'F' DECK

Ripley, Parker and Lambert walk rapidly down the corridor.

RIPTLEY
We're gonna get the fuck off the ship and blow it up.

PARKER
And take our chances in the shuttle.

RIPTLEY
Right. We'll need hydro-collated methane for the life support. You round up all you can carry. I'll start preparing the shuttle.

They move out.

INTERIOR  NARCISSUS

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.

RIPTLEY
Jones ...

Ripley runs out of the Narcissus, leaving doors open.
SL. 87 A + B. WIDE SHOT RIPLEY LOOKS FOR CAT.

SL 92 A + B. A CAMERA LOW SHOT OVER UNITS.

SL 93 A + B. CUE RIPLEY CAT PICK-UP + EXIT.

SL 93 A + B. CLOSE COVER RIPLEY.

SL 23 A + B. NIGHT ON 'GREENLY TOYS'.

SL. 370 + 2.4.5. WIDE SHOT LAMBERT + PARKER INTO ROOM.

SL. 373 + 3.4. AS 370 BUT TIGHTER.

SL. 314 A + B. 4E + T. A CAM. COVER SHOT.

SL. 314 A + B. B CAM. MAIN REACTIONS SHOT.

SL. 376 A + B. 1.2.3. A CAM. PARKER.

SL. 377 A + B. B CAM. LAMBERT THRU SIDE OF COFFER.
175b INTERIOR BRIDGE

Jones lying on Dallas's 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 food locker.

LAMBERT V.O.
How much do you think we'll need.

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT

Page 100 Scene 175c INTERIOR GARAGE

Parker and Lambert loading coolant cylinders.

Continued as per script.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY V.O.
God-damn it, Jones. Come here.

175d INTERIOR BRIDGE

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

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

Jones moves away.

175e INTERIOR FOOD LOCKER NO. 6 'B' DECK

Arms full Parker moves out of the locker.
Lambert is still making her selection.
A faint light on the tracker.
Unnoticed.
SL 87 A+8+10. WIDE SHOT RIPLEY LESSON FOR CAT.
SL 88 A+8+5+8+T RIPLEY INTO BRIDGE.
B 2 3 4 5 6+7. CAT BOX.
SL 89+4 2 3 4 S. CLU RIPLEY.
SL 92+2 4 5 6+7 A+8.
A CAM LOW SHOT OVER LINK.
B - CLU RIPLEY + CAT PICK-UP + EXIT.
SL 93 A+8 2 3 4. CLOSE COVER RIPLEY.
B+23. NIGHT ON GREEDY TOY.
SL 94+1 L 2 3AB CAM A CAM CLOSE ON CAT.
B - COVER.
SL 95+1 L 2 3 4. CLOSE CAT.
SL 348+3 4 5 6 A+8S. A CAM. M.C.S. LAMBERT.
MASTER -> B CAM. WIDE SHOT. OPEN DOORWAY.
SL 379+1 5 7 8 A+8S.
A CAM. NIGHT COVER PARKER.
B CAM. NIGHT COVER INTO ROOM. THEN DOWN TO BOTTOM.
SL 380+1 L 2. INSERT TRACKER.
SL 381+1 L 2 A+8
ACAM. SIDE ANGLE WIDE. ALIEN.
BLAM. COVER NIGHT ALIEN PAST LAMBERT.
SL 382 A+8 2 4 5 6. A CAM. WIDE SIDE ANGLE ALIEN.
BLAM. CLOSE ALIEN. THEN LAMBERT.
SL 383+1 2 3 A+8
A CAM. OVER LAMBERT'S SHOULDER ALIEN.
BLAM. CLU LAMBERT.
SL 384+2 3 4 5 78910+H. CLOSE COVER ALIEN.
SL 39A+8 2 3.
A CAM. WIDE SHOT ALIEN.
B - TIGHTER.
SL 386 A+8 2 3.
A CAM. AS 385 TIGHTER LENS.
B - AS 385 LOWER.
SL 387 A+8 1 3 4 5 6+7. A CAM. CLU LAMBERT.
BLAM. LOW SHOT TOWARDS SHELVES.
SL 389 A+8 2 3. A CAM. CLU PARKER.
B CAM. WIDE SHOT PARKER.
87.

175f INTERIOR BRIDGE


176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184 DELETED

185 INTERIOR FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR OUTSIDE

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

    PARKER
    God-damn.

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 flame-thrower.

    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.

185a INTERIOR BRIDGE

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's scream.

186 INTERIOR CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOOD LOCKER

Parker looks back into the locker. Unable to use the flame-thrower without hitting Lambert. He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker. Wielding the flame-thrower like a club.
271.34 + 6 A/B. A cam wide ls. down corridor. B. cam clu cover. 

Retake.


330 A/B 1.2.3.4. A cam. hand held. low shot. B. LS. Ripley.

331 A/B 1.3.4.5.6. A hand held. from underneath man hole. opening. B. down onto Ripley.

367.2 45678. Vertical up ladder.

368 + 256 891011 A+B A cam clu Ripley. B. cam wide shot Ripley.

395 + 1.3.567+11 A/B A. cam. MLS Ripley. B. clu.

396 A/B 1.2.4.5 A. cam. wide shot slime then pan to Dallas. B. cam. clu Dallas.

398 A/B 4.5.678 A. cam. wide shot Ripley pov. up at bre B. cam clu.

399 A/B 4.5.6.7 A/B A cam. hide cover on Ripley. B. clu.
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.

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.
Still carrying flame-thrower, Ripley starts downwards.
Pitch black.
Ripley arrives at deck level.
Shines her light.
Its arc reveals the Alien's lair.
Bones, shreds of flesh.
Pieces of clothing, shoes.
Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

Something moves in the darkness.
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.
Flame-thrower 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...
Sl 352 A/B + 357. A Cam. Low shot Ripley enters
B Cam. Close cover shots.

Sl 357 + 358 Insert Chinese Tinkling

Sl 397 A/B
A. Cam. Wide shot Dallas
B. Cam. Close Dallas

Sl 400 + 2.3.4 + 6 A/B
A. Cam. Wide shot. Ripley fires gun
B Cam. M.S. cover.
190 Continued

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

A long moment.
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY
What can I do.

DALLAS
Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.
Raises the flame thrower.
Sprays a molten blast.
Another blast.
The entire compartment bursts into flames.
Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

191 INTERIOR CORRIDOR 'C' LEVEL

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

192 EXTERIOR OUTER SPACE

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

193 DELETED

194 INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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
Attention. The cooling units for the light-plus engines are not functioning.
Engines will overload in four minutes, fifty seconds ...
SL 273 + 23. RIPLEY DOWN LADDER + RUNS.
SL 291. 1. 2. 3. 4 + 5. RIPLEY MB. DOWN LADDER
SL 350 + 3. 4. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11 + 12. MS STEAMING CORRIDOR.
RIPLEY RUNS INTO ROOM.
SL 356A + B. 1. 2. 3. 4 + 5 ACAM. LOW WIDE SHOT RIPLEY.
BCAM. CLU COVER RIPLEY.
SL 408 + 1. INSERT. CLU. CAT BOX.
SL 409 + 1. 2. 3. 5 + 6. A. B.
ACAM. RIPLEY UP LADDER.
BCAM. CLU. CAT BOX
SL 410 + 1. 2. CLU. COVER RIPLEY
SL 411 + 1. 3. 5. 6. 7. 8. A. B
ACAM. RIPLEY ALONG CORRIDOR
BCAM. CLU. COVER RIPLEY
SL 413 + 2. 3. 4. 5 A. B
ACAM. HAND HELD. POW. ALIEN
BCAM. CLU. COVER
194a INTERIOR OILY CORRIDOR 'C' LEVEL

Ripley running toward 'B' deck companionway.

194b INTERIOR 'B' LEVEL CORRIDOR

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.
Remembers Jones.

194e INTERIOR 'A' TO 'B' LEVELS COMPANIONWAY

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

195 INTERIOR 'B' LEVEL CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flame-thrower.
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.

196 INTERIOR COMPANIONWAY INTO OILY CORRIDOR 'E' LEVEL

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

MOTHER'S VOICE

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

197 INTERIOR ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

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

Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.
SL 272. 2 to 7. RIPLEY'S ROO. RUNNING.
SL 273: 56. RIPLEY RUN TO LADDER.
SL 350: 134679101112. RIPLEY RUN OUT OF ENGINE ROOM.
SL 356 A+B. ACAM. LOW WIDE SHOT RIPLEY
BCAM. CLU COVER.
SL 412: 135691011 A+B.
ACAM. OPEN M.S RIPLEY
BC. CLOSE COVER.
RIPLEY
Mother, I've turned all the cooling units back on.

MOTHER'S VOICE
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.

INTERIOR OILY CORRIDOR COMPANIONWAY
Ripley runs back down the corridor.
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling ...

MOTHER'S VOICE
Attention. Engines will overload in two minutes.

INTERIOR 'B' LEVEL COMPANIONWAY
She reaches companionway.
Picks up Jones.

INTERIOR 'B' LEVEL CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS
Ripley staggers towards the airlock.
The Narcissus berthed beyond.
She drags Jones and raises the flame-thrower.
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.
Then advances down the passageway.
Goaded on by the computer.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Attention. Engines will explode in ninety seconds.

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

INTERIOR NARCISSUS
Ripley scans the narrow deck ... empty.
SL 425 A.B. + 1.2 6 + 8. A.CAM. NIDE L.S. FON DERELT.
B.CAM. C.U. RIDLEY.

SL 426 A. B. = 45.6 + 8 A. + B. A.CAM. SINSAT RIPLEY.
B.CAM. C.U. RIPLEY.

SL 427 A. B. 1.2 + 3. A.CAM. C.U. COVÉR RIPLEY.

"Zoom."
201 INTERIOR VESTIBULE

She turns and dashes back.
Grabs the catbox.
Runs back toward the shuttle.

MOTHER’S VOICE
Attention. The engines will explode
in sixty seconds.

202 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

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

203 EXTERIOR NOSTROMO OUTER SPACE

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

204 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

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

205 EXTERIOR SPACE

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

206 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.
Reaches and grabs the catbox.
The cat yowling within.
Ripley hugs the box to her chest.
Hunches her head down over the container.

207 EXTERIOR SPACE

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.
SL. 428-4678 A+B. ACAM. WIDE SHOT. RIPLEYS.
SL. 432+3.45678. MS. RIPLEYS P.O.V.
SL. 433+34.56. REVERSE COVER FROM IN CLOSET.
437+1. RIPLEY P.O.V. BEFORE GOING INTO CLOSET.

SEPARATE FOOTAGE OTHER PLACE
October 4th, 1978

208 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

The shockwave 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.

209 EXTERIOR SPACE

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

210 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

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

Ripley rises from the seat.
Moves to the rear of the craft.
Picks up the cat box.
Removes Jones.
Puts him in the hypersleep vault.

She goes to the locker.
Pauses.
Looks around.
Uneasy.
The angel passes.
Continues to the locker.
Opens the door.
A large shape in the locker.
Illuminated.
Becomes a space suit.
She reaches behind it for a robe.
Closes the door.
Mirrored in the window glass movement in the wall behind her.
She doesn't see it.
SL 434 A/B  A WIDE SHOT Ripley
B C/U COVER FOR UNDESS/INCT.

SL 435 1. 23 789.  M/S ALIEN WIDE SHOT LYING
SL 436 2. 3 INSERT ALIENS RESTING HAND.
SL 438 A/B 1. 2. 3. A CAM. CU ALIEN.
B.CAM. M/S. TO ALIEN.

SL 439 3. 456. MS COVER. Ripley THRU PIPES.
SL 440 1. COVER ON ALIEN TRACKING ALONG BACK
OF HIM.

441 2. 456. HAND HELD. REVERSE ON Ripley,
RUNNING AWAY.

442 A/B. 456. A.CAM. THRU HELMET. P.O.V.
MAIN > B.CAM. OPEN WIDESHOT. ALIEN.
LYING ON SHELF. STEAM.

B CAM. T. STAT. ALIEN.
T.3. INSERT ON HELMET.
2 B 1. 456 A3942.

444 A/B 2. 3 4567. A.CAM. M/S OF ALIEN RIPLEYS.
P.O.V. THRU HELMET.
B.CAM. LOW SHOT. ALIEN.
SL 434 A/B A WIDE SHOT RIPLEY
B. CLU COVER FOR UNDRESS INC.

SL 473 A/B - 35678. A. CAM. WIDE LOW SHOT IN CLOSET.
B. CLU COVER RIPLEY.

SL 474 +1.23 A/B A CAM. SIDE SHOT CLU RIPLEY LOOKS THRU WINDOW.
B. CLU COVER THRU WINDOW.

SL 475 A/B +1.23 A CAM. SIDE ANGLED HELMET ON
B. CLU THRU WINDOW.

SL 476 A/B +2.3.45 AS CAM. WIDE ANGLE RIPLEY OUT INTO CHAIR.
B. CLU COVER.

SL 477 A/B +1.2 A CAM AS FOR 476. ON LIGHTER LENNS. RACK IN.
B. CAM STATIC CLU COVER.

SL 478 +1.2457 A/B A CAM BCLU RIPLEY IN CHAIR.
B. CLU COVER.

SL 479 +1.2457 A/B A CAM WS RIPLEY IN CHAIR. FIRES GUN. ZOOM IN
B. CAM STATIC WIDE SHOT.

SL 480 +1.23 A/B A CAM CLU COVER AIMING GUN.
B. INSERT CLU END OF GUN BARBS.

SL 481 +1.23 A/B A CAM. CLU RIPLEY PRESSING BUTTONS.
B. CLU RIPLEY FACE.
October 4th, 1978

210 Continued

She moves back to the hypersleep vault.
Then turns to a panel on the wall and begins to program the hypersleep.
A pipe in the wall moves.
Becomes the tail of the Alien.
The head appears.
The Alien has extruded itself into the machinery on the wall.
Chameleon like.
Ripley quickly backs off.
Races for the locker.

211 INTERIOR LOCKER

Ripley looks out of the locker window.
Waiting for the Alien to attack.
Instead it returns to its position in the wall.
Building its new lair.
She watches for a moment.
Then puts on the space suit.
Exits the locker.

212 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

Ripley comes out.
Increased movement in the wall.
She moves to the rear console.
Picks up the flame-thrower.
The Alien moving in the wall.
She sits in the console chair.
And straps herself in.
The Alien remains in the wall.
She must now provoke it.
She fires a blast at it with the flame-thrower.
The Alien screams.
And comes out of the wall.
She fires another blast.
Another scream.
The Alien continues to advance toward her.
Moving straight through the flame toward her.
He reaches for her.
She hits a button on the console.
Blows the rear hatch.
The Alien is frozen still for a moment.
Then ejected out of the Narcissus.
S1 430 +1. INSERT CENTRAL CONSOLE.
S1 431 +1. 34589 11. 13. 17. RIPLEY
October 4th, 1978

213 EXTERIOR NARCISSUS CUTER SPACE

The Alien is hurled out the craft. He hangs suspended in space. Travelling at equal speed.

214 INTERIOR NARCISSUS

She shuts the hatch. Moves to the front of the craft. Turns on the drive engines.

215 EXTERIOR NARCISSUS CUTER SPACE

Jet exhausts located at the rear of the craft. The engines belch flame for a few seconds. Then shut off. Incinerating the Alien.

216 INTERIOR NARCISSUS LATER

Now re-pressurized. 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.
SL. 429. 2. 3. 4. M.S. ZOOMING CLU RIPLEY IN HYPER SLEEP

14 PANTIES ONLY.
October 4th, 1978

217  EXTERIOR  CUTER SPACE

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

218  INTERIOR  NARCISSUS

Quiet.
Except for the gentle hiss of the life support.
Ripley rests peacefully in the hypersleep vault.

FADE

- THE END -

NOTE: Scenes 219 to 228 deleted.