***Background to the storyline:***

***Fifty seven years after Ellen Ripley survived her disastrous ordeal, her escape vessel is recovered after drifting across the galaxy as she slept in cryogenic stasis. Back on earth, nobody believed her story about the "Aliens" on the planet LV-426. After the "Company" orders the colony on LV-426 to investigate, however, all communication with the colony is lost. The Company enlists Ripley to aid a team of tough, rugged space marines on a rescue mission to the now partially terraformed planet to find out if there are aliens or survivors. As the mission unfolds, Ripley will be forced to come to grips with her worst nightmare, but even as she does, she finds that the worst is yet to come.***

 **The troopers are suiting up for the drop. Strapping on**

 **their bulky COMBAT-ARMOR...interlocking plates like**

 **football padding. They tape their wrists. Draw on**

 **segmented boots. The sole cleats CLACK like hooves**

 **on the deck plates. Lockers SLAM.**

 **WEB BELTS. PACKS. HARNESSES. HELMETS. COM-SETS.**

 **Their fingers move methodically over the fastenings.**

 **It has its own rhythm...CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.**

 **APONE**

 **Let's move it, girls! On**

 **the ready line. Let's go,**

 **let's go.**

 **INT. DROP-SHIP - APC 40**

 **Ripley, wearing a flight jacket and headset, files into**

 **the ship with the hulking troopers. Inside they pass**

 **directly into the APC we saw loaded earlier and take**

 **seats facing each other across a narrow aisle. They will**

 **drop already strapped into their ground vehicle for**

 **rapid deployment. A KLAXON SOUNDS, signalling**

 **depressurization of the cargo lock.**

 **Hudson prowls the aisle, his movements predatory and**

 **exaggerated. Ripley watches him working his way toward**

 **her.**

 **HUDSON**

 **I am ready, man. Ready to get**

 **it on. Check-it-out. I am the**

 **ultimate badass...state of the**

 **badass art. You do not want to**

 **fuck with me. Hey, Ripley, don't**

 **worry. Me and my squad of**

 **ultimate badasses will protect you.**

 **Check-it-out...**

 **He slaps the SERVO-CANNON controls in the GUN BAY**

 **above them.**

 **HUDSON**

 **Independently targetting**

 **particle-beam phalanx. VWAP!**

 **Fry half a city with this puppy.**

 **We got tactical smart-missles,**

 **phased-plasma pulse-rifles,**

 **RPG's. We got sonic eeelectronic**

 **ballbreakers, we got nukes, we**

 **got knives...sharp sticks --**

 **Hicks grabs Hudson by his battle harness and pulls him**

 **into a seat. His voice is low, but it carries.**

 **HICKS**

 **Save it.**

 **HUDSON**

 **Sure, Hicks.**

 **Ripley nods her thanks to Hicks. MOTORS WHINE and the**

 **craft lurches. Burke, next to Ripley, grins eagerly**

 **like this is a sport fishing trip.**

 **BURKE**

 **Here we go.**

 **She looks like she's in a gas chamber waiting for the**

 **pellet to drop.**

 **EXT. SULACO 41**

 **The drop-ship lowers from the cargo-lock on a massive**

 **launch rig. The night side of Acheron yawns below...**

 **enigmatic.**

 **INT. COCKPIT 42**

 **Ferro and Spunkmeyer run rapidly through the switches.**

 **FERRO**

 **Initiate release sequencer on my**

 **mark. Three. Two. One. Mark!**

 **EXT. SULACO - DROP-SHIP 43**

 **Hydraulic WHINE. Clamps SLAM BACK. The ship drops.**

 **INT. DROP-SHIP - APC 44**

 **Apone, stalking the aisle, snatches for a handhold.**

 **Bishop, Burke and Gorman groan at the sudden gees.**

 **Ripley closes her eyes...the point of no return.**

 **EXT. DROP-SHIP 45**

 **It screams down through the stratosphere, plunging**

 **into dark turbulence.**

 **INT. COCKPIT 46**

 **Beyond the canopy is gray limbo. The craft shudders**

 **and lurches.**

 **FERRO**

 **(icy calm)**

 **Switching to DCS ranging.**

 **SPUNKMEYER**

 **Two-four-o. Nominal to profile.**

 **Picking up some hull ionization.**

 **FERRO**

 **Got it. Rough air ahead.**

 **INT. HOLD - APC 47**

 **TIGHT ON HICKS asleep in his harness.**

 **FERRO**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **Stand by for some chop.**

 **TIGHT ON GORMAN as the ship begins to buck, his eyes**

 **closed. Pale. Sweating. He rubs his hands on his**

 **knees repeatedly.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **How may drops is this for you,**

 **Lieutenant?**

 **GORMAN**

 **Thirty-eight...simulated.**

 **VASQUEZ**

 **How many combat drops?**

 **GORMAN**

 **Well...two. Three, including**

 **this one.**

 **Vasquez and Drake exchange do-you-believe-this-shit**

 **expressions. Ripley looks accusingly at Burke.**

 **INT. COCKPIT 48**

 **FERRO**

 **Turning on final. Coming around to**

 **a seven-zero-niner. Terminal**

 **guidance locked in. Where's**

 **the damn beacon?**

 **EXT. DROP-SHIP 49**

 **It emerges from the low cloud ceiling. From the twilight**

 **haze ahead the distant colony LANDING BEACONS become**

 **visible.**

 **INT. HOLD - APC 50**

 **Stumbling as the ship pitches, Ripley makes her way**

 **forward to the MOBILE TACTICAL OPERATIONS BAY (MTOB),**

 **a control console lined with monitor screens. She**

 **joins Burke watching over Gorman's shoulder as the**

 **Lieutenant plays the board like a video director.**

 **TIGHT ON MONITOR CONSOLE REVEALING screens labelled with**

 **the names of the troopers. Two for each soldier. The**

 **upper screens show images from the IMAGE-INTENSIFIED**

 **VIDEO CAMERAS in their helmets. The lower screens are**

 **BIO-MONITORS: EEG, EKG, and other graphic life-function**

 **readouts. Other screens show EXTERIOR VIEWS.**

 **GORMAN**

 **Let's see. Everybody on line.**

 **Drake, check you camera. There**

 **seems to be a...**

 **CLOSE ON DRAKE as he whacks himself on the head with**

 **an ammo case. A familiar malfunction.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(o.s)**

 **...that's better. Pan it around**

 **a bit.**

 **APONE**

 **Awright. Fire-team A. Gear up.**

 **Let's move. Two minutes.**

 **Somebody wake up Hicks.**

 **A clatter of activity as they don backpacks and weapons.**

 **Vasquez and Drake buckle on their smart-gun body**

 **harnesses.**

 **Ripley watches the AP station loom on the exterior**

 **screens.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **That the atmosphere processor?**

 **BURKE**

 **Uh-hunh. One of thirty or so,**

 **all over the planet. They're**

 **completely automated. We**

 **manufacture them, by the way.**

 **EXT. SHIP - AP STATION 51**

 **The tiny ship circles the roaring tower. A metal**

 **volcano thundering like the engines on God's Lear jet.**

 **INT. HOLD - APC 52**

 **Gorman plays with the controls, zooming the image of**

 **the colony.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(to Ferro via mike)**

 **Hold at forty. Slow circle of**

 **the complex.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **The structure seems intact. They**

 **have power.**

 **On the screen the colony buildings loom in and the low**

 **visibility like wrecks of freighters on the sea floor.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(to Apone)**

 **Okay, let's do it.**

 **APONE**

 **Awright! I want a nice clean**

 **dispersal this time.**

 **Ripley turns as Vasquez squeezes past her.**

 **VASQUEZ**

 **You staying in here?**

 **RIPLEY**

 **You bet.**

 **VASQUEZ**

 **(turning away)**

 **Figures.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(to Ferro via mike)**

 **Set down sixty meters this side**

 **of the telemetry mast. Immediate**

 **dust off on my 'clear,' then stay**

 **on station.**

 **APONE**

 **Ten seconds, people. Look sharp!**

 **EXT. COLONY COMPLEX 53**

 **Landing beacons sweep harsh light across the wet Tarmac.**

 **The ship roars down, extending the loading ramp. Slams**

 **down on hydraulic LANDING LEGS. The APC hits the ground**

 **a moment later, pulling away from the ship as it leaps**

 **up in a cloud of spray and peels off, circling.**

 **The APC pulls to the edge of the complex. The CREW DOOR**

 **opens. Troopers hit the ground running. Spread out.**

 **They drop behind immediate cover. Apone scans with**

 **him image intensifier visor lowered.**

 **APONE'S P.O.V. through the starlight-scope visor.**

 **Bright as a sunny day, though contrasty and lurid, we**

 **SEE the colony buildings. Trash blows in the street.**

 **No other movement.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **First squad up, on line. Hicks,**

 **get yours in a cordon. Watch the**

 **rear.**

 **APONE**

 **Vasquez, take point. Let's move.**

 **Sprinting in a skirmish line, Apone's team advances on**

 **the colony main entry-lock. Parked tightly across the**

 **doors are two heavy-duty tractors. Vasquez reaches one**

 **of the tractors, looks inside. The controls are ripped**

 **out, as if by a crowbar or axe. She moves on.**

 **EXT. COLONY BUILDING 54**

 **Vasquez reaches the main doors, Drake flanking on the**

 **right. Apone tries the door controls. Nothing.**

 **APONE**

 **Sealed. Hudson, run a bypass.**

 **Hudson, all business now, moves up and studies the**

 **door control panel. He pries off the facing and starts**

 **clipping on the bypass wires.**

 **APONE**

 **First squad, assemble on me at**

 **the main lock.**

 **The wind roars around the bleak structures. A neon sign**

 **creaks overhead. Hudson makes a connection. The door**

 **shrieks in its tracks and rumbles aside. It jams**

 **partway open. Apone motions Vasquez inside. She**

 **eases over the wrecked tractor, through the doors.**

 **The others follow.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **Second team, move up.**

 **Flanking positions.**

 **INT. COLONY - MAIN CONCOURSE 55**

 **DOLLYING SLOWLY FORWARD, following Vasquez and Apone as**

 **they move into the broad corridor. A few emergency**

 **lights are still on. Wind moans along the concourse.**

 **Pools of water cover the floor. Farther down, rain drips**

 **through blast holes in the ceiling. Evidence of a**

 **fire fight with pulse-rifles.**

 **ON VASQUEZ moving forward. Taut. Alert. Her smart-gun**

 **cannon swinging slowly in an arc. She studies the**

 **video aiming monitor, looking down rather than ahead.**

 **Their footsteps echo.**

 **INT. APC 56**

 **Ripley watches as the bobbing images reveal the empty**

 **colony building.**

 **GORMAN**

 **Quarter and search by twos. Second**

 **team move inside. Hicks, take the**

 **upper level. Use your motion**

 **trackers.**

 **INT. MAIN CONCOURSE - SECOND LEVEL 57**

 **Hicks leads his squad up the stairwell to second level.**

 **They emerge cautiously. An empty corridor recedes into**

 **the dim distance. Hicks unslings a rugged piece of**

 **equipment. Aims it down the hall. He adjusts the**

 **"gain." It remains silent.**

 **HICKS**

 **Nothing. No movement.**

 **They pass rooms and offices. Through doors they see**

 **increasing signs of struggle. Furniture overturned.**

 **Papers scattered...floating sodden in the puddles.**

 **INT. APC 58**

 **Ripley et al watching.**

 **BURKE**

 **Looks like my room in college.**

 **Nobody laughs.**

 **INT. SECOND LEVEL 59**

 **Hicks' group passes several burnt-out rooms. There are**

 **no bodies. In several offices the exterior windows are**

 **blown out, admitting wind and rain. Hicks picks up a**

 **half-eaten donut beside a coffee cup overflowing with**

 **rainwater.**

 **INT. LOWER LEVEL - QUARTERS 60**

 **Apone's men are searching systematically in pairs. They**

 **pass through the colonists' modest apartments, little**

 **more than cubicles. Hudson, on tracker, flanks Vasquez**

 **as they move forward. Hudson touches a splash of color**

 **on the wall. Dried blood. His tracker BEEPS.**

 **Vasquez whirls, cannon aimed. The BEEPING grows more**

 **frequent as Hudson advances toward a half open door. The**

 **door is splintered partway out of its frame. Holes**

 **caused by pulse-rifle rounds pepper the walls. Vasquez**

 **eases up to the door. Kicks it in. Tenses to fire.**

 **Inside, dangling from a piece of flex conduit, a**

 **junction-box swings like a pendulum in the wind from a**

 **broken window. It clanks against the rails of a child's**

 **bunkbed as it swings.**

 **INT. DROP-SHIP - APC 61**

 **Ripley watches Hicks' monitor.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **Wait! Tell him to...**

 **(plugs in**

 **headset jack)**

 **...Hicks. Back up. Pan left.**

 **There!**

 **TIGHT ON MONITOR as the image shifts, revealing a**

 **section of wall corroded almost through in an irregular**

 **pattern.**

 **TIGHT ON RIPLEY knowing what it is.**

 **HICKS**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **You seeing this okay? Looks**

 **melted.**

 **Burke raises an eyebrow at Ripley.**

 **BURKE**

 **Hmm. Acid for blood.**

 **HICKS**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **Looks like somebody bagged them**

 **one of Ripley's bad guys here.**

 **INT. FIRST LEVEL 62**

 **Hudson is looking at something.**

 **HUDSON**

 **Hey, if you like that, you're gonna**

 **love this...**

 **WIDER ANGLE showing the trooper standing beneath a**

 **gaping hole. Another hole, directly beneath, is at his**

 **feet. The acid has melted right down through two levels**

 **into the maintenance level. Revealing pipes, conduit,**

 **equipment...eaten away by the ferocious substance.**

 **APONE**

 **Second squad? What's your status?**

 **HICKS**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **Just finished our sweep.**

 **Nobody home.**

 **APONE**

 **(to Gorman)**

 **The place is dead, Sir. Whatever**

 **happened, we missed it.**

 **INT. APC 63**

 **Gorman turns to the others.**

 **GORMAN**

 **All right, the area's secured.**

 **Let's go in and see what their**

 **computer can tell us.**

 **(into mike)**

 **First team head for operations.**

 **Hudson, see if you can get their**

 **CPU on line. Hicks, meet me at**

 **the south lock by the up-link**

 **tower...**

 **INT. FIRST LEVEL 64**

 **GORMAN**

 **(voice over)**

 **...We're coming in.**

 **HUDSON**

 **(cupping his mike)**

 **He's coming in. I feel safer**

 **already.**

 **VASQUEZ**

 **(sotto voice)**

 **Pendejo jerkoff.**

 **EXT. COLONY COMPLEX 65**

 **Lights arc across the dormant buildings as the APC turns**

 **onto the "main drag." It trundles down the rutted**

 **street, throwing up sheets of filthy water as the**

 **massive wheels hit pondlike potholes. Windblown rain**

 **lashes across the headlights.**

 **Hicks emerges from the south lock just as the APC rolls**

 **up close to the entrance. The crew-door slides back.**

 **Gorman emerges, followed by Burke, Bishop, and**

 **Wierzbowski. Burke looks back to see Ripley stop in the**

 **APC doorway, eyeing the ominous colony structure. She**

 **meets his eyes. Shakes her head "no." Not ready.**

 **HUDSON**

 **(voice over;**

 **filtered)**

 **Sir, the CPU is on-line.**

 **GORMAN**

 **Okay, stand by in operations.**

 **(to those present)**

 **Let's go.**

 **INT. APC 66**

 **The crew-door cycles home with a clang. Ripley sits in**

 **the dark interior, lit by the tactical displays. The**

 **wind howls outside, an incredibly desolate sound. She**

 **hugs herself. Alone. Unarmed. She knows she's in a**

 **tank, but remembers the acid. Leaps up. Hits the door**

 **switch.**

 **EXT. APC - SOUTH LOCK 67**

 **The crew-door opens and Ripley emerges. In time to see**

 **the lock doors rumbling closed.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **(shouting)**

 **Burke!**

 **The wind snatches her words away. The crew door whines**

 **shut behind her. She walks to the exterior lock**

 **door-controls and studies them. She punches some**

 **unfamiliar buttons. Nothing happens. She looks really**

 **nervous, alone in the howling wind. She hits another**

 **button. The door-motors come to life and she relaxes**

 **a little. Glances behind her. AND SCREAMS! There's**

 **a face right there! Right at her shoulder. She jumps**

 **back, gasping for breath.**

 **WIERZBOWSKI**

 **Scare you?**

 **RIPLEY**

 **Christ, Wierzbowski!**

 **WIERZBOWSKI**

 **Sorry. Hicks said to keep an**

 **eye on you.**

 **He gestures for her to precede him inside.**

 **INT. CONTROL BLOCK CORRIDOR 68**

 **Ripley catches up with the others as they move into the**

 **bowels of the complex.**

 **GORMAN**

 **(to Burke)**

 **Looks like you company can write**

 **off its share of this colony.**

 **BURKE**

 **(unconcerned)**

 **It's insured.**

 **ON RIPLEY as they move along the corridor...reacting to**

 **the fact that she is back in alien country. She sees**

 **the ravaged administration complex. Fire-gutted offices.**

 **Hicks notices her looking around nervously. He motions**

 **to big Wierzbowski with his eyes and the trooper casually**

 **falls in beside her on the other side, rifle at ready.**

 **a two-man protective cordon. She glances at Hicks. He**

 **winks, but so fast maybe it's something in his eye.**

 **Trooper Frost emerges from a side corridor ahead.**

 **FRONT**

 **Sir, you should check this out...**

 **He leads the way into the corridor.**

 **INT. CORRIDOR 69**

 **This wing is completely without power. The troopers**

 **switch on their pack lights and the beams illuminate**

 **a scene of devastation worse than they have seen. Her**

 **expression reveals that Ripley is about to turn and flee.**

 **FROST**

 **Right ahead here...**

 **They approach a barricade blocking the corridor, a**

 **hastily welded wall of pipes, steel-plate, outer-door**

 **panels. Acid holes have slashed through the floor and**

 **walls in several places. The metal is scratched and**

 **twisted by hideously powerful forces, peeled back like**

 **a soup can on one side. They squeeze through the**

 **opening.**

 **INT. MEDICAL WING 70**

 **They pack-lights play over the devastation of the**

 **colonists' last ditch battle. The equipment of the med**

 **labs has been uprooted to add to the barrier. The walls**

 **are perforated by pulse-rifle fire and acid. Scorched**

 **by untended fires to bare metal. A few instruments glow**

 **with emergency power.**

 **WIERZBOWSKI**

 **Last stand.**

 **GORMAN**

 **No bodies?**

 **FROST**

 **No, Sir. Looks like it was a**

 **helluva fight.**

 **TIGHT ON RIPLEY transfixed by something.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **(low)**

 **Over there.**

 **The others turn and approach, seeing what she sees. She**

 **has entered a second room, part of the med lab area. In**

 **a storage alcove at near eye level stand seven**

 **transparent cylinders. STASIS TUBES. They glow faintly**

 **with an eerie violet light given off by the field which**

 **preserves the specimens inside.**

 **They look like jars containing SEVERED ARTHRITIC HANDS,**

 **the palsied fingers curled in a death-rictus.**

 **Structurally they are more like spiders with sickening**

 **translucent skin, a flacid scrotal body, gill-like**

 **organs underneath drifting in the suspension fluid.**

 **Something you definitely do not want on your face, for**

 **example.**

 **BURKE**

 **Are these the same...?**

 **Ripley nods, unable to speak. Burke leans closer in**

 **fascination. His face almost touching one cylinder, is**

 **lit by its glow.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **Watch it, Burke...**

 **The creature inside lunges suddenly, slamming against**

 **the glass. Burke jumps back. From the palm of the**

 **thing's handlike body emerges a pearl-escent TUBULE.**

 **like a tapered piece of intestine, which slithers**

 **tonguelike over the inside of the glass. Then it**

 **retracts into a sheath between the "gills."**

 **HICKS**

 **(to Burke)**

 **It likes you.**

 **Only two of the creatures seem to pulse with life.**

 **Burke taps the other stasis cylinders but the**

 **hand-things remain inertly clenched.**

 **BURKE**

 **These are dead. There's just**

 **the two alive.**

 **On top of each cylinder is a file folder. Ripley takes**

 **a folder from above one of the live specimens. Inside**

 **is a medical chart printout with handwritten entries.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **(reading)**

 **Removed surgically before embryo**

 **implantation. Subject: Marachuk,**

 **John L. Died during procedure.**

 **(looking up)**

 **They killed him getting it off.**

 **HICKS**

 **Poor bastard.**

 **They are startled by a LOUD BEEP. They turn. Hicks**

 **is intent on his motion tracker, aimed back toward the**

 **shattered barricade. BEEP. BEEP.**

 **HICKS**

 **Behind us.**

 **He gestures at the corridor they just passed through.**

 **RIPLEY**

 **One of us?**

 **GORMAN**

 **(into headset)**

 **Apone...where are your people?**

 **Anybody in D-Block?**

 **APONE**

 **(voice over; filtered)**

 **Negative. We're all in Operations.**

 **Vasquez swings the smart-gun to ready position on**

 **its support arm, locking it with an authoritative**

 **CLICK. She and Hicks head toward the source of the**

 **signal, the others following.**

 **INT. CORRIDOR 71**

 **Hicks' tracker is reading out more rapidly. They**

 **turn into the kitchens, a stainless steel labyrinth.**

 **Ripley hangs back. Then realizes there is nothing**

 **behind her but darkness. She catches up to the group.**

 **INT. KITCHENS 72**

 **The troopers enter, their lights bouncing around the**

 **stainless steel surfaces.**

 **HICKS**

 **It's moving.**

 **Vasquez is scanning, gaze intense. The other troops**

 **grip their weapons tightly.**

 **VASQUEZ**

 **Which way?**

 **Hicks nods toward a complicated array of food**

 **processing equipment. They move forward, weapons**

 **leveled.**

 **Ripley shuffles forward in the dark. Wierzbowski**

 **trips over a metal cannister, sending it CLANGING.**

 **Ripley half climbs the wall.**

 **Hicks' tracker beeps steadily. The beeps merge.**

 **Become a solid tone. CRASH. Something moves in the**

 **dark, toppling a rack of stockpots.**

 **ON VASQUEZ pivoting smoothly to fire. In the same**

 **instant Hicks' rifle slashes INTO FRAME. Slams**

 **Vasquez' barrel upward. A STREAM OF TRACER FIRE rips**

 **into the ceiling, the rounds SEARING LIKE LIGHTNING.**